

The Oregon Statesman

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R. J. Hendricks, Editor; J. L. Brady, Manager; J. L. Hendricks, Editor; J. L. Hendricks, Editor; J. L. Hendricks, Editor

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R. J. HENDRICKS, President; CARLE ABRAMS, Secretary; J. L. BRADY, Vice-President

BUSINESS OFFICES: Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 141-145 West 36th St.; Chicago, Marquette Building, W. B. Grothwohl, Mgr. (Portland Office, 301 Worcester Bldg., Phone 6637 Broadway, G. F. Williams, Mgr.)

TELEPHONES: Business Office 583; News Department 583; Job Department 583

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"SELLING OREGON TO OREGONIANS."

What could be more timely than the campaign of the Portland Realty Board to sell Oregon to Oregonians!

"Why I like to live in Oregon," is example of the kind of discussion now taking place at the board's weekly luncheons. A series of such addresses is a means by which it is proposed to sell Oregon, to the board's own members, and through those members to the Oregon people themselves.

There could be no plan more timely. The endeavor might well be extended throughout the state. Other business clubs in Portland could effectively join the movement.

It is a kind of education that is sorely needed in this state. We are familiar with what we have, and do not sense our many advantages in comparison with other states and other peoples. We put too low an appraisal on our privileges, our surroundings and our comforts because we have never been anywhere or have forgotten the discomforts and disadvantages under which we struggled when we lived somewhere else.

In California, for example, every resident is a booster for California, and the most they have to boost is sunshine. Every Californian gets up in the morning and goes to bed at night with "sun-kissed" or "sun-made" on his lips. And with the highest respect for that splendid state, it may be added that much of its "sun-kissed" is barren land and bleak hills, that an Oregonian wouldn't live on, and a lot of the "sun-made" stuff is growing in Oregon and branded with a California label.

But the plan works. California is well sold to Californians. And Californians are selling it to the rest of the world, and selling it at an immense profit.

It's the thing to do in Oregon. The pessimist can be shown things in Oregon that he never heard of, or he wouldn't be a pessimist. Tell every Oregonian the whole of the wonderful story of what Oregon does for and gives to him, and every Oregonian will be an optimist about his state.

And when every Oregonian becomes a believer in Oregon, and a spokesman for Oregon, Oregon will go on the map of the United States in brighter and more beautiful colors than ever before. The Portland Realty Board has hit upon a worth-while plan. Don't you think so?

The above is the gospel The Statesman has been preaching for many, many years, and with especial intensity with its Slogan campaigns for nearly five years—

But there is one statement in the above, from the Portland Journal, that needs correction. It is this: "We are familiar with what we have."

We are not, in any degree of thoroughness. The Statesman is proving this, week after week. New values and added advantages by comparison are showing up all the time.

Oregon is a wonder state. It stands out in natural advantages in many ways. No one has to be an optimist to believe this. He needs to be only a realist. The truth about Oregon is good enough. If every Oregon man, woman and child could be led to learn the truth, and learn it thoroughly, about this land of diversity, this country of opportunity, we would have no pessimism—

And we would be as great boosters as the people of California are—

And we would have much more to boast. If the Portland Realty Board can put over their idea, and put it over thoroughly, Oregon will become the most prosperous state in the Union; with a prosperity built upon the basic industries that will mean Gibraltar prosperity; built upon an annual flow of new wealth every year from her basic industries that will make her the wonder of the world.

WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson is dying. The end of a remarkable life comes peacefully and he says he is ready. He is a man of conquest the inevitable.

Mr. Wilson will stand in history as one of the great presidents. He had an outstanding personality. He had courage to a marked degree and he believed in himself as few men are able to do. He was a great phrasemaker and could say in terse language what the people wanted to hear.

This came because he was perhaps the most scholarly man who ever occupied the white house. He was always a student with a faculty of making values in the abstract but was not always happy in his judgment of men. He had a will power that has seldom been equaled and never surpassed. He was a one man president. He had advisers, of course, all presidents must have, but he differed with everyone. His cabinet functioned as his personal secretaries. He was the head of every portfolio and to him was reported everything that was done. He had a character so strong that he held men by his will and his cabinet held together better than the average.

Mr. Wilson, of course, was charged with many things—and of one he was always guilty. He was a partisan president. He tried to be non-partisan when the war came on but made a sorry figure in such a role. The man's mind was essentially partisan; he

just naturally saw only one side and that was his side. This did not interfere with his administration except when the war came on. Up to that time his partisanship was accepted as usual but accepted just the same. Being a war president, fate put him in a peculiar niche; but it also immortalized him. In the conduct of the war there was the usual personal scandal, but none of it ever reached the president. He could never be charged with dishonesty or with a lack of patriotic intention. He believed with all his heart that everything he did was best for the country. And Mr. Wilson did think a lot of things through—more than any other president.

Mr. Wilson made one colossal mistake which has been recognized alike by friend and foe. He went to Paris. From that time he worked at a disadvantage. People said he was ambitious and that rarely fails to prove fatal to public men.

Mr. Wilson did not dominate the peace table and when he came home he was unable to secure a ratification of his treaty. No good can come from recounting the reasons here, but under similar circumstances Harding appointed both democrats and republicans and got away with it. Wilson appointed his personal friends and quarreled with them when the spot light centered on them. He even quarreled with Colonel House, his interpretative shadow. But that is history now. A great man is passing. The nation is mourning the loss of a man who honored the nation.

Partisanship has no place in recounting his deeds and fixing his place in history. He has made his record and it belongs to history. It is our judgment that when values are made Mr. Wilson will live as one of our outstanding presidents. His individuality, his devotion to the welfare of the country, his integrity and his almost ruthless determination to always have his own way made him a figure upon which was centered all the venom and malice that usually is scattered among many men. He never ran away from a fight, never shifted responsibility, never hesitated to step in and assume the leadership. He was president in trying times—in times that required just such a leader. He believed in himself and never hesitated to impress his will upon his party in the country generally.

Mr. Wilson was recognized as a great democrat, always; but he will henceforth receive recognition as an administrator, as a man of affairs, and as a statesman. He was a consummate politician, but he was also always a partisan and in every act believed earnestly that he was doing the best for his country. Now that the partisan necessities have passed, we can view the man as he was, a great figure emerging out of the school room where his training fitted him for strenuous leadership as the head of a nation that was upset for years and finally embroiled in war. With an iron hand Mr. Wilson held his leadership until his physical powers failed. Then, and only then, did he loosen his firm grasp on affairs. The last eighteen months of his administration was a tragedy which will not be permitted to dim his fame. The man and the president had done enough up to this time to leave his fame secure.

Speculation is idle as to what would have happened had the president's health not failed him. No man can tell. But every man knows that this intrepid fighter would have come mighty nearly shaping things his way.

CASTLE BUSINESS

It is amusing to watch the attempt of the wets to befog the prohibition issue in claiming that if one paragraph in the constitution is violated, the violator is immune in another paragraph of the same law. If a man's castle contains a still, mash and moonshine is it his castle or is it a distillery. Or if the castle contains illicit intoxicating liquors is it his castle, or a store room for contraband goods.

The complacency of some prosecuting officers and some peace officers whose duty it is to detect and punish crime is very astonishing to the average citizen. These same officers rear back in their chairs and say "Bring on the prisoners, I am here, but be very careful you do not in any way violate any of the inherent rights of the accused." These words are almost verbatim the words of the chief of police of Salem, presumably after a conference of the city administrators.

American citizenship is a sacred trust, and all should obey the law. Furthermore, all should see that their friends and neighbors do the same. If a man, passing along the street, sees a dog fight he will inform his friends and possibly his family. Also, if he sees a man stealing chickens from his neighbor he is horrified, and immediately reports the act, but if he sees a boot-legger selling booze he shuts up like a clam, declaring it is none of his business. Our citizenship will uphold and protect our private rights and should be held sacred. It should be the duty of any citizen to report a violation of any part of the constitution, as we would a dog fight or a theft of a chicken.

OIL

The oil scandal has reached its slimy hands out and made a first class job of besmirching McAdoo. It is considered such a good job that McAdoo will not be considered much of a presidential candidate. However, now that we are in this terrible mess we must go to the bottom of it. We must go to the fundamentals. Were the leases in the public interest? Secretary Denby affirms that he became convinced that "the oil was being lost to the government"; that it was being drained away or was in danger of being drained, from the sinking of wells on lands adjacent to the government reserves.

Secretary Denby offers the further defense that "it would have taken at least six months to deliver fuel oil to the navy from the ground to the coast, and the purpose of providing for oil storage at seaport contemplated in the leases was that there might be an instantly available war reserve of fuel for the fleet." Amid all the sound and fury,

palpably emitted for partisan ends, there was danger that this vital point would be obscured. Fortunately, the house naval committee, with a deep understanding of the situation, decided to examine Secretary Denby and other naval officials and interior department officials, to determine whether the Sinclair and Doheny leases are in the best interests of the government.

Appearances against ex-Secretary Fall are dark and damaging. But that is no reason why the public should leap to the hasty conclusion that Secretary Denby has acted improperly. He should not be condemned until shown to be corrupt or incompetent.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION

There is nothing like doing a good job well when you undertake to recommend a man. Here is one from the Columbus Ohio Recorder which might be used as a model for all recommendations that want to raise the limit to the sky:

"Professor George W. Tush has developed into a basis of no mean ability, and is a valuable acquisition to St. Paul A. M. E. choir, and the deficit in the musical rendition of the choir is very pronounced when his excellent voice is absent. Tush sings like he likes to, as though he means it and with deliberation, and utters his words so you can understand about what he is singing. Mr. Tush is also an instructor of a

COMING OF THE KINGDOM

(Copyright 1924, San Jose Mercury, San Jose, Calif.) Our lives are what we make them, and the kingdom of heaven, when we reach it, will be of our own building. For according to the Master the kingdom is not akin to the kingdoms of this world that come with outward show of worldly pomp and power, but is an inward state or condition of our souls. This kingdom will be established for us when our hearts have been purified so that our souls are in harmony with the soul of God, so that we shall always know what His will for us is and have the ability and power to do it.

If then, we are to believe the words of Jesus instead of the dogmas of the theologians, we shall reach heaven not by a miraculous transportation to a locality, but by an inward transformation of our own beings. Whether this transformation come to us instantly, miraculously, or by the orderly and gradual processes of spiritual growth and development does not so much matter. The all-important things are the order of its coming and the certainty of our ability to reach it.

The Master does not limit the coming of this kingdom to some future state of existence. Although He does not specifically state that it may be of this life as well as some other, the plain inference is that it may be; that it will have come for us when God rules our inward lives as He now rules the outward universe.

And is this kingdom simply a gift from the Father, or have we some duty, must we put forth some effort, in order to attain it? The plain teaching Jesus, as revealed in the Gospels, is that if the task of bringing this heavenly transformation in us is not very largely ours, it certainly can not come to us without our effort; that we can not even make progress toward it without such effort. Moreover, experience and observation should teach us, independently of the Scriptures, that nothing that is really worth while can be acquired without effort. The things that do come to us without this effort do not bring to us the fullness of blessing that these things do for which we have striven, which we have earned or acquired for ourselves, which we have merited. Indeed, the principal value of success in our business is not the wealth it brings, but the development we get in our efforts to reach it. Education is much more valuable for the mental growth and strength which come as an incident to one who labors, as labor he must, to acquire it. The wealth that may come to us as a gift or an inheritance from another, lacking the development which its acquirement brings, is not always an unmixed blessing.

Not only is it true that we shall never come to the kingdom of heaven by supinely and lazily waiting for someone, even Christ or God, to take us to it, but it is also true that it will never come to us until we have made the necessary effort to bring it. We can not even make progress toward it or toward any degree of spiritual strength without this effort. To believe otherwise is to shut one's eyes to the plain, uniform, positive teachings of Jesus. Not all people, not even all Christians, appreciate the supreme importance of attaining this inward kingdom of heaven. Few have come to know that when we are only constantly seeking it with singleness of heart and earnest and determined purpose, all other things that are worth while "are added unto us." But nearly all yield unconscious admiration to Christian character and would be glad if they had attained such development that they could themselves manifest some of the spiritual, the heavenly graces.

All should, therefore, be interested in the processes of the coming of this kingdom in us and our part in bringing it. The first indispensable requisite to its coming is our own attitude toward it. We must want it. Something more is required, however, than a weak, spasmodic and unfruitful desire for the things of the spirit since without them we can not escape the inharmonies, imperfections, sins and resulting suffering and unhappiness of the carnal life. Weak desires prompt us to no effort. The young man would not even start upon the struggle to attain success in business, to say nothing of making any progress toward it, unless his life was filled with the desire and determination to reach it. The student would never get far in the acquirement of an education unless his thoughts and ambitions were constantly dominated by his longing for knowledge.

The same is true of the man who would be a Christian, who would reach this heavenly condition, who would acquire any degree of spiritual life or strength. He must be ready—glad to make the necessary sacrifices and to put forth the labor without which any degree of attainment is impossible. In his quest for the things of the spirit he must have something of the fervor of the Psalmist, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord! my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

This is, of course, not at all in harmony with the ideas of our fathers, who believed that we had nothing to do but to cast all our burdens, sorrows and sins upon Jesus, who would not only bear them for us during our sojourn here, but when this life ended and the general resurrection came would immediately transform us into angels and bear us away to the pictured local heaven where we would forever enjoy, not what we had striven to make ourselves worthy to enjoy, not what we had merited, but what He had merited. Such a belief is utterly destructive of all spiritual ambition and can produce nothing but religious and spiritual stagnation. Fortunately Jesus taught no such thing. His words as they come to us in the Gospels are one great clarion call to us to watch, pray and labor without ceasing in the effort to bring our lives into harmony with Him so that we may become His living epistles.

whole lot of ability and a number one stationary engineer."

FOOLISH CONTENTIONS

Now comes Mr. Hoff, state treasurer, wanting still another site for the boys' industrial school. This horse play will soon give rise to a suspicion that for some reason none of the men want the site secured. It should be such an easy matter when there are so many sites offered, to select one that would answer every purpose. Governor Pierce has a site that ought to meet every objection. Sam Kozar has a sight against which not a single valid objection can be made, and Mr. Hoff is just throwing a monkey wrench into the machinery. The pity of it.

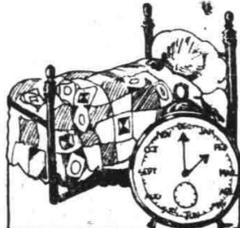
A PRUNE MARKET

The prune market is moving fairly satisfactorily, but it will not move entirely so until we major on markets. There is no question about the product any more. We can always produce enough. The question is about finding a market. It is the selling end that must cause the concern from now on. If we center on markets we can find a dealer in the United States alone for more than double the prunes we are now producing.

Walla Walla is very much provoked because the health commission broadcasted unfavorable conditions. It was a mistake to broadcast it. These things should be kept at home and told at home.

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PUTTING IT OVER ON THE GROUNDHOG



The year-clock began to stir and buzz with a jangling sound. The groundhog turned over in his bed, muffled the alarm and yawning, said, "That means it's February. Time for me to get up." He rubbed his eyes, sleepily. "Such a nuisance, this early rising—and I got to bed so late last fall." The groundhog washed his face in cold water, brushed his hair and went out to look for his shadow. "It really isn't time for the sun to come up yet," he observed. "I may as well doze a few minutes," and was soon in a deep slumber. When he awoke the sky was gray and dark. "I don't believe the sun's coming out today," mourned the groundhog, "and that means I've got to stay up for the summer. I never wanted to crawl back in my soft bed so badly in my life." Just at that moment a bat flew along. "What are you doing, flying around in the daytime?" demanded the groundhog. "It isn't daytime, it's evening," replied the bat.

"Well, I'll declare! I must have slept all day! What sort of weather was it, sunny or gray?" "Don't ask me," replied the bat. "You know how blind I am." "Ha, ha!" laughed a rabbit in passing. "You slept so soundly there in the sun, you don't know what sort of a day it was, do you?" "Thank you, brother," smiled the groundhog, "for telling me the sun shone. That's what I was trying to find out," and he started for his hole. "Hold on there," cried the rabbit. "You didn't see your shadow, did you?" "Why, no, not exactly," the groundhog apologized, "but I would have if I hadn't gone to sleep. I can always see my shadow when the sun shines." "You really ought to take a few lessons in being logical," scolded the rabbit, "because the point isn't whether the sun shone or not, but whether you saw your shadow or not. I admit if the sun hadn't shone you couldn't have seen your shadow, but the ridiculous part is, the sun did shine and still you didn't see it." "He's right," agreed a raccoon and a fox, who had just joined the party. "You can't pull any tricks on us to bring six weeks more of bad weather." And they guarded the groundhog's hole to keep him from crawling back in. "It does seem to me you're putting it over on me, but I'm too sleepy to start a quarrel," grumbled the poor old groundhog. "But if you'll just go away and let me have my rest, I'll promise six weeks of good weather," and he went to sleep again.

Answer to today's picture puzzle: Since the strong man is lifting 500 pounds, it would take four strong men to lift two thousand pounds or a ton.



EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Albany, Or., Feb. 2, 1924. Editor Statesman: Dear Sir: After reading an article in your valuable paper under date February 1, 1924, and title "Should be Barred," I can't keep myself from adding a few lines. Your article is very true, sorry to say, and funny is putting it mild, but I say let's not bar these silly love letters written by our rich old men. Maybe they will read them again in the papers and get help to themselves, at least we would think so and you know people are always wanting something for nothing, and the Rich Old man is the most popular now to the young lady who wishes to get married and go on living just the same and rich old hubby will soon die and leave much money and "Oh, Bob, what a nice time we will have—you won't even have to work and we can go to Honolulu on our honeymoon." Yes, let them go on the same as ever and we will have the movies on the front pages of our best papers and everybody can see them free of charge, and the movie houses will go broke and our Poor Rich Old Silly Fools will all die of broken hearts unless they get wise. —A READER.

Highland, Feb. 1, 1924. Editor of Statesman: A few days ago an article appeared in your daily paper in relation to the "first dwelling house built in Salem" and you sent out a "call" for a person or persons who would be willing to take the first step toward turning this historical building into some permanent position to be kept as a memorial for the years to come. I have been thinking since reading that article I would gladly be the one to make a start and the more I consider the question the more I am inclined to offer myself and undertake the task which presents itself. I have not wealth to offer but with interest, love and effort am very sure I could accomplish just a little as it takes years to put all things in suitable shape and as you have given out of this timely call I take this method of answering through your worthy paper, hoping this will meet the approval of every missionary in Salem and all who wish for the best interests of our fair city. A missionary's daughter in good faith, MARY L. WALLER.

FUTURE DATES

- February 8 to 14—National Boy Scout week. February 12, Tuesday—Lincoln Day dinner, Salem Kiwanis club, 6:30 o'clock Hotel Marion. February 12, Tuesday—Annual Ladies night, Kiwanis club. February 16, Saturday—Hotel men of Oregon to meet in Salem. February 19, Saturday—Dedication of statue "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds. May 16, Friday—Primary election in Oregon. June 10, Tuesday—Republican national convention meets in Cleveland. June 24, Tuesday—Democratic national convention meets in New York.

McMAHAN MAY RUN

The Oregon Voter contains this notice of political action that may be still more interesting reading later on: "State Representative L. H. McMahan, of Marion county, is so positive and emphatic in his disgust at Mayor-Potentate-Candidate Baker's candidacy for Republican nomination for senator, and his contempt of Speaker Kubi's so deep-rooted, that no one need be surprised if he turns up at the last minute as an independent Republican candidate for United States senator against the winner of the regular nomination. McMahan has a vitriolic tongue. He can lash a man or measure with a vengeance born of a conviction that only a social revolution can secure to the "common people" their rights before the law and society. "A correspondent describes him as 'Salem's most picturesque character.' We are not sure about the use of the superlative degree. But he is a sinewy reminder of frontier days, quick on the trigger in repartee, a right dangerous adversary in debate. He is a former newspaper man, now a lawyer by trade. McMahan does not seek publicity, but once he gets started publicity seeks him. He has fought many public improvements in Oregon with his nimble pen, and braved courageously the ignominy of seeing public opinion sweep past him. If he runs for the senate McMahan will get a lot of votes. He could torpedo George below the mayor's bulwarked water-line before Hizzoneer could shift his course. Kap Kubi's K K K platform would be dipped in corroding acid by McMahan ere the campaign was under way. And who among the Democratic candidates, with the possible exception of Strayer, could long escape unscathed from the ripping attack that he could make upon their platform as it bears upon McMahan's conception of what constitutes social justice for the farmer, the laborer, and the alleged victims of the so-called capitalistic class?"

SALEM WAS PIOUS

The Oregon City Enterprise has been looking over its files and finds this published in 1868: "Salem is Pious Place—The town of Salem is essentially a pious place and the inhabitants thereof are, generally speaking, a God fearing and law-abiding people. There are seven or eight churches, besides the Methodist church south, which is out of repair and not running any more. There are few whiskey shops, the meaner sort being frequented only by constitutional democrats. To all appearances Salem is a straight-laced, pacific, orderly, church-going town, with very little of the humorous in her composition. But, when fun has worked to the surface, it becomes contagious and irresistible, and folks laugh with a recklessness and continuity perfectly dismaying to the unhappy victims, says the Unionist."

Past Exalted Rulers Will Receive Honors

Honor will be paid to the past exalted rulers of the Salem Elks lodge, No. 336, at the Thursday

Cap'n Zyb

MR. GROUNDHOG SAYS— Somewhere else in this paper today you will probably see a few remarks about the groundhog—the old codger who comes out to see his shadow. If he sees it, the weather is supposed to be bad for the next six weeks. Here is the



absolutely truthful story of how this tradition came about. One February Second the ground-hog came out from his burrow and the sun was shining brightly (it was midnight.) In fact, the sun shone so brightly that it was comparable to moonshine. This went to the groundhog's head, giving him a sunstroke. He immediately became dizzy and started spinning on his tail, as shown above. I happened to be walking along near his home about that time, saw this awful sight of a crazed groundhog spinning on his tail and administered first aid. The groundhog was grateful and crawled back into his hole. A newspaper reporter also saw this strange sight, and he is the person responsible for printing the story that because the groundhog saw its shadow there would be six weeks of bad weather. As a matter of fact, the groundhog was too dizzy from spinning on his tail to see anything. —CAP'N ZYB.

meeting. Although the lodge was organized in 1896 and has 27 past rulers, 26 of these are living, and a majority are expected to be present Thursday night. The late George Rose, who served as ruler in 1904-05, passed away last fall. Names of the past rulers and their terms of office are as follows: John Knight, 1896-97; W. J. D'Arcy, 1897-98; F. T. Wrightman, 1898-99; P. H. D'Arcy, 1899-1900; W. D. McNary, 1900-01; F. W. Durbin, 1901-02; W. H. Byrd, 1902-03; H. H. Olinger, 1903-04; George L. Rose, 1904-05; A. H. Steiner, 1905-06; Charles L. McNary, 1906-07; W. Carlton Smith, 1908-08; H. E. Albert, 1908-08; B. O. Schucking, 1909-10; A. S. Benson, 1910-11; Charles V. Galoway, 1911-12; Roy Buckingham, 1912-13; Aug. Hucklestein, 1913-14; M. L. Meyers, 1914-15; A. J. Anderson, 1915-16; Louis Lachmund, 1916-17; Walter E. Keyes, 1917-18; H. J. Wenderoth, 1918-19; Charles R. Archerd, 1919-20; E. A. Kurtz, 1920-21; Roy D. Byrd, 1921-22, and D. G. Drager, 1922-23. It may cost more to drink yourself to death now, but it doesn't take nearly as long.