

The Oregon Statesman

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"DANGERS OF THE PRESS."

Professor Justin Miller of the University of Minnesota, addressing a convention of college teachers of journalism, remarked recently:

"The chief dangers of the press are from commercialization and from the smug editor who thinks whatever is right. Higher standards obtain in the smaller towns, where the editor is known and is personally responsible."

Prof. Miller is not the only man in the United States who realizes this thing. The fact is, every observing man and woman in the country realizes it.

There are many great metropolitan newspapers, and strings of newspapers, of the Democratic faith, in the United States—

And all of them put together have not the influence the Louisville Courier-Journal had when Henry Watterson was its editor; or that the New York Sun had when Charles A. Dana was in charge—and the Sun under Dana did not enjoy a great circulation, compared with the big newspapers of the metropolis.

The Marion, Ohio, Star, with 7771 sworn circulation in 1918, and perhaps not many more than 20,000 subscribers at any time, had more influence on the thought of the country, when the late President Harding was its editor, than is now wielded by all the string of great metropolitan dailies owned by Munsey—several of them in the city of New York.

There is no metropolitan newspaper in the whole country that has greater prestige than the Emporia, Kansas, Gazette, which had less than 4000 sworn circulation in 1918, and perhaps has not many more subscribers now than The Statesman—some where around 6000. William Allen White is the editor of the Emporia Gazette, and his printed word is gospel where it is most read, and wherever it is copied throughout the country.

There was a time in the history of Oregon when The Statesman was known as "the Oregon Bible." It was in the days when Asahel Bush was the head and front of the Democratic party in this state. The Statesman was a weekly paper then, and could not have had a wide circulation, with the sparse and scattered population.

It is perhaps well for the country that the "commercialized press"—the great metropolitan newspapers—have not a weighty influence upon the thought of the United States. Special interests are too often predominant in the direction of their policies; and many of them are edited from the cash till.

It is perhaps well that the small city dailies, whose editors are known and personally responsible, have greater authority with the masses in their policies and expressed opinions than is granted to the man who merely draws his weekly pay or annual salary and is not known to his readers, as is the case with nearly all the writers in the editorial as well as the news columns of the big papers; the "commercialized press."

And there is no imputation, either, that the majority of the great newspapers are venal, or that the writers on them are not able and sincere. But they are impersonal. They are mere cogs in great business wheels; in a business conducted like any other big commercial enterprise, for the profits that accrue and the dividends that are earned.

JUST A WANT AD

(Portland Journal)

On the seat below, are a man and a woman in the middle age of youth. They are not of the leisure class. Yet they sit still enough, and contentedly enough, watching their little girl as she runs to and fro and plays some game of her own on the tiled floor.

When the first edition comes, the object of their waiting appears. The woman grasps the paper eagerly. With hands that tremble she turns the leaves. She reaches the close-set pages that are filled with the want ads. Her eyes run down the columns hurriedly. The little girl goes on playing, unnoted by either.

Now the woman reaches something that interests her. An index finger marks the place. She speaks to the man. At once it is clear why he sat looking straight before him without attempting to peer over her shoulder. The eyes behind the dark glasses see dimly. He brings the item she indicates close, but even then reads so slowly that she snatches the paper from him and reads aloud. A smile brightens his face.

The item is in the "Help Wanted" column. Evidently it quickens their hopes.

The little girl is called from her play. She turns reluctantly from the smooth floor and turns her nose disdainfully at the slow rain outside. But would the father and mother be so anxious to be first at the place where work offers which they think they can do, if there were no little girl in whom they want to keep the spirit of play, serenely unmindful of food, clothes and shelter that must be struggled for?

Who knows? Who knows whether the parents and child as they hurry out will reach in time the place where help is wanted? Who knows how often human drama waits in the wings while a simple want ad holds the center of the stage?

THE PUBLIC AND THE RAILROAD

A gentleman representing the railroads made a speech here recently in which he attacked all progressives in the most violent manner. He did not conceive that they possessed good sense or honesty. Here is something about the road for which he is working:

A resolution introduced in the house and sponsored by the secretary of the interior and the secretary of agriculture charges that the Northern Pacific Railroad company has violated the law, has grabbed millions of acres of valuable land in excess of its rights under its land grant and, by adroit manipulation, has "swapped" large areas of commercially valueless lands for the finest land it could find in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

the secretary of the interior to withhold his approval of the adjustment of the Northern Pacific land grant and to stop the issuance of further patents until a congressional inquiry can be made. The resolution affirms that from sales of its granted lands the Northern Pacific has received \$156,118,583, nearly double the original cost of constructing the roads.

While that resolution was being introduced in the house, J. B. Campbell, a member of the interstate commerce commission, was testifying before the senate committee on interstate commerce that the transcontinental roads had piled up thousands of violations of the fourth section of the interstate commerce act, which had never been given a hearing by the commission. The fourth section is that part of the law which prohibits the charging of a higher rate for the shorter haul than is charged for the longer haul.

"Is there any possibility of working the situation out without legislation?" asked Senator Pittman of Nevada. "I don't think so," replied Commissioner Campbell. "I have tried my persuasive powers and have written dissenting opinions, which I have read to you."

Some people have an idea that the railroad problems can be solved by beating the dissatisfied over the head. That has been done so long that one would believe the futility had been thoroughly proved. The railroads must appear before the bar of public opinion and show clean hands and give a square deal. There is very little corporation-beating in Oregon. What this country wants is a square deal all around, but it does not want the railroads to be sending pseudo farmers to beat actual farmers over the head. The farmers of Oregon are too intelligent to stand and take a beating of this kind. They know enough to step aside and do some pummeling themselves.

A COMPARISON

The present Senator Elkins of West Virginia seems to be running true to form. The first Senator Elkins came into the public eye from New Mexico in the Star Route frauds. He made the assertion that what he did was his own private business and no affairs of the public. Steve Elkins is not in the senate, but his son is there, and he is just as arrogant as the father started out to be.

There is just one thing for Senator Elkins to do and that is to resign. If he does not do that, we cannot see how the senate can help expelling him. There are precedents for this. A senator from Kansas who was not one-tenth as bad as Elkins was forced to resign or face expulsion by the senate.

Senator Lodge called upon the president to urge the expulsion of Daugherty from the cabinet. Senator Borah also demanded the retirement of Daugherty. Will these men let senatorial courtesy interfere with justice? Daugherty is not charged with personal corruptness, but the republicans refuse to keep a tainted man in the cabinet. This man Elkins defiantly admits his transactions and dares the public to take action. This ought not to be left to the public. The senate ought to purge itself. The Elkins name would not be dishonored by action of the senate; the family has not made it sufficiently respectable for that. We hope that Senator Elkins thinks it over for a while and decides to resign. If he does not, it is up to the senate to fire him. The fact that he is a republican makes it all the worse. Of course, he is not much worse than McAdoo, but McAdoo has been thoroughly exposed and no organization can expel him.

PUT IT OVER AGAIN

The progressives and democrats have amended the Mellon bill, leaving the surtax at 44 per cent. The standpat republicans fought to the end. There was a time when they could have compromised at 27 1/2 per cent, but running true to form, the reactionaries insisted that the progressives must make all the concessions and save the face of the party. The progressives refused to do this and voted with the democrats. It is a great pity this has happened, but the responsibility lies at the door of the standpat republicans, who would rather scuttle the ship than let the progressives get a foothold. As long as the reactionaries have blind leaders the party will be humiliated in this way.

THESE INVESTIGATIONS

We hear a great deal of criticism about the investigations made by congress. They are expensive, but they keep the public political air comparatively clean. Some people do not see the necessity of thunder and lightning.

A congressional investigation is thunder and lightning to politics, and some fellows once in a while declare it is hell. It is true that without these investigations graft would go uncovered. The department of justice has never been able to hunt out grafters and bring them to justice in the regular channels of the court.

WALSH AND POMERENE

Senator Walsh is said to be so fanatically in earnest that he can hardly see straight in the oil investigation. He opposed the appointment of Pomerene, a fellow democrat, as one of the investigators because he thought he had a faint detection of the smell of oil. At the same time this righteous man gave McAdoo a clear bill of health and declared that there was not even an odor of oil when the man had been slushing in oil since he had retired from the cabinet.

SERVES HIM RIGHT

Admitting later that he had no evidence whatever, Vanderlip went into the graveyard at Marion, Ohio, and sought to defame the memory of President Harding. He tried to pass it off as a public service, saying it was to dispose of a rumor, but the editor of the Marion Star has just sued for \$600,000. Vanderlip will learn to reverse himself and think before speaking.

LISTEN YE

The Portland chamber of commerce is a bird, but it flies funny. It has appointed a committee to investigate cooperation. This committee has worked arduously and no doubt intelligently and finds that cooperation is not a remedy; that it will not help the wheat, or anything else.

The Portland chamber of commerce takes itself very seriously, but the state takes it with levity.

Objection to the appointment of George B. Christian, Jr., as a member of the federal trade commission caused that gentleman to ask that his appointment be withdrawn. By the way, this was the last personal appointment that Coolidge had received as a legacy.

The homicide rate in America is about twelve times as high as it is in England. Statistics show that an American is about a dozen times as likely to become the subject of a coroner's inquest which will find him killed by person or persons known or unknown that is an Englishman.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 108

THE WAY MADGE, LILLIAN AND KATIE GOT HOME

I do not know how long Lillian, Katie and I lay exhausted, quivering and silent upon the mossy carpet of the thicket from which, unperceived, we had witnessed the terrible accident to the man whom Katie had come to meet. But it must have been fully ten minutes before any of us gained voice enough to speak.

As for myself, I felt only the natural shock of seeing a man so nearly killed before my eyes, but I knew that my companions were more strongly interested.

That Katie had some intimate personal knowledge of this man which had terrorized her into creeping from her home so many evenings to meet him, I could not help but believe. And I knew that Lillian had counted upon overhearing Katie's talk with the man in the belief that she would learn something which would aid her in her secret investigation for the government. Lillian was intensely disappointed at this failure of her plan, but I shrewdly suspected that Katie's whole soul, once the first terrible shock had passed, was a paean of joy.

"Forgive me, Katie, for handling you so roughly," Lillian broke the silence at last, with voice as unruffled as if we were rocking on the veranda at the farmhouse. "But I wouldn't permit a single sound to betray us. I want to keep track of that fellow in the hospital, and I can't do it if anybody knows I ever heard of him before."

"Oh!" Katie's voice was a frightened wail. "Den you don't think dot man he die?"

Lillian Quiets Katie.

"Do you want him to die, Katie?" There was no trace in Lillian's quiet voice of the curious interest which I knew was her's at the girl's betraying outbreak. "Do I want heem to die?" Katie repeated, then her voice rose in hysterical repetition. "Do I want heem to die? Yes, Missis Underwood, I want heem to die so dead one million angels can't bring heem back to life."

There was something almost ghoulish in the girl's intensity, but if what I began to suspect were true, I could not find it in my heart to censure her very strongly. Lillian, however, was prompt in repression.

"Hush!" she said in low but firm tones. "The man is probably dead by this time, but if he isn't, there's no need to scream your wish so that any chance passerby may hear. That car may not be the only one to pass by here tonight, or there may be other cyclists along, or people walking. We'll keep perfectly still for an other five minutes, and then get out of here and back on the home trail as quietly as we can. And pray that we don't meet anybody."

"I Ask You Something." The prayer apparently was answered, for when at the end of the

time she had named we stole noiselessly out of the thicket there was no sound to indicate that any one but ourselves was astir in the dark woods. And we made our way safely back to the farmhouse with no more terrorizing sound in our ears than the occasional call of a screech owl.

As we came into the farmyard, Katie halted suddenly. "Our rooms all dark," she said worriedly. "I wonder were dot Jeem is."

The kitchen door opened, and Mother Graham's relieved face was framed in the light that streamed out.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're back!" she said. "I've been worried pretty nearly out of my mind since you've been gone, for I fear something had happened to you. By the way, Katie, Jim left word that he had to go away for a day or two. He said this note he left would explain. He must have had word from somebody awful sudden, but I don't know how he got it, for here hasn't been a telegraph messenger or anybody with the mail here all day."

Her face and eyes betrayed the strong curiosity she felt concerning the contents of the letter she held out to the girl. But Katie spoke no word in answer.

She stretched out her hand for the letter, and when she had received it, she turned it over and over with such a look of pitiful wonder on her face that I felt my throat fill up. I think the truth flashed upon her in that moment. Then she turned to me with a new, strange dignity.

"You pless excuse, Meessis Graham, I like to go by my own room."

"Of course, Katie," I hesitated for a minute, then added lamely enough. "Would you like me to come with you?"

She gave me a wan little smile far sadder than tears. "Thank you, Meessis Graham, you so goot to me, but you pless excuse, not shoost now. Bimeby, maybe eef you no busy, I coom ask you sometings."

(To be continued)

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

The Diversity Edition—

Which will be the name of The Statesman Annual, will be out next Thursday. It will contain about 40 pages.

That will also be the annual poultry Slogan number. It will carry the poultry message to thousands of new people—the message that this is the best poultry country on earth; and prove it.

If you can help in proving this, or rather in adding proofs of the fact, please do so—and do it early. Do it now.

Col. W. B. Barrum, of Ottawa, Canada, arrived in Salem yesterday. Superintendent Robert Crawford, of the state flax plant, is home, or due home. The matter of growing the flax for 1924 will now be taken up and decided in the next few days.

It was made plain, in the annual Bee Slogan number of yesterday, that all that is needed to make a bee boom here is plenty of late bee pasture—the sweet clovers, Hungarian vetch, Scotch broom, etc. The bee men will do the rest; the bee men and the bees.

The chemical value of the human body has been estimated at 98 cents. But its spiritual worth is beyond the price of all the gold and silver and precious stones ever sold over a jeweler's counter.

The same doors are said to be in service at St. Peter's, in Rome, as were opened for worshippers 1100 years ago. It seems that slamming a door shut is what wears it out.

Frank A. Vanderlip admits there was no foundation for his mud-slinging. He was once a newspaper reporter and ought to know better than to repeat Washington gossip, which changes like a kaleidoscope and is more insubstantial than a moonbeam.

FEDERATION HAS ACTIVE SESSION

(Continued from page 1)

climbing roses and vines, and also of a flower bed near the entrance to the park.

Dr. E. E. Fisher, reporting for the Cherrians, said that an aggressive program had been laid out for this year. This program, he said, was to include visits by the Cherrians to neighboring communities.

C. E. Albin, reporting for the Kiwanis club, said that as one of the objectives for this year, all members of the club had been requested to use a postscript line to all letters, stating in each letter one of the various products in which Marion county excels.

Mrs. Ora F. McIntyre, president of the Business and Professional Women's club, was inclined to think that the various men's clubs of the city were not sufficiently interested in the work and purposes of the women's business organization.

Things To Do

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller.

Snoppyquop Land

Where Nothing Seems Queer



Here's the Dust Hound, one of the best little floor walkers ever! If you lose a collar button just page this obliging Snoppyquop and he'll have it in a minute for you. What ashes are to the ashean, dust is to the Dust Hound. He not only "chases dirt," he eats it alive. Want the floor swept? Mcrely ask him, "Dost thou?" and he dusteth! He trots around on all fours with his face on the floor, poking his nose into this corner and under that sofa, and pretty soon the room is clean and Dusty is as full and contented as a Billy goat after an hour's spree in a can factory. You'll probably say he hasn't much sense to go snooping about eating dust, hairpins, old pieces of second-hand chewing gum, cigarette butts, burned matches and bits of thread and paper. Well, you're right, he hasn't—he's not only an empty dome, his head is worse than empty—it's a vacuum.

president of the Salem federation of clubs, the organization now includes 31 of the active clubs of the city.

Cap'n Zyb

THE GHOST WALKS

Now, this gentleman whose picture is printed below might be almost any one. He looks like a perfectly good American business man, congressman, or senator. Then again, he might be a famous artist or an inventor, or a clergy-

KNOW THIS MAN?



man. But he is not any of these and never was. The artist has played a trick on you with this picture. He took a great figure from history, drew a picture on his statue, and then put eyes in his head and an American costume on him. The picture is one of Julius Caesar. He doesn't look nearly as ferocious as the stories they tell about him, does he?

He looks as though he's do very nicely for the corner grocer or a family doctor or a lawyer. Maybe if they had let him wear clothes, like he has on in this drawing, he would have been more peaceful.

OTHER SCHOOL ROOMS While you sit in your quiet classroom at school with boys and girls at neat desks around you, scholars in foreign lands are learning their lessons in quite a different fashion. The Moorish Rahab's classroom, for instance, is in a shady corner out-of-doors with the desert sand at his feet for a slate on which to write the lesson.

The Chinese boy's teacher thinks he isn't studying unless he shouts his lessons at the top of his lungs all the time. When a boy has yelled to his satisfaction, he marches up to the teacher, hands the book to her, turns so that his face is to the class, and tells them all he knows. There are no girls in the class, for they are kept at home to help their mothers with the housework.

Yoski-San, the Japanese boy, goes to school like the American schoolboy, but he takes off his shoes at the door before he enters. Instead of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet which are found in the English language, the Japanese language employs forty-seven, and when Yoski-San writes them, he uses a little paint brush instead of a pen.

In Arabia and North Africa little students sit cross-legged on the ground while they recite their lesson of verses from the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible, in a sing-song unison.



FINDINGS DISAPPROVED

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The findings in each case of the seven naval officers acquitted of charges of negligence by the court martial held after the wreck of seven destroyers last September 8 on the California coast are disapproved in endorsements placed on the court martial records by both Secretary Denby and the judge advocate general of the navy.

The endorsements were made public tonight by the navy department with a statement noting that disapproval of the findings by the secretary did not serve as a basis for re-trial of the cases, but was "simply an expression of the secretary's view of the court's action."

Lusitania awards to America aggregating \$1,000,000 were handed down by the mixed claims commission.

There is Big Money in Raising Purebred Chickens

Hundreds of poultry men have grown wealthy raising purebred chickens. Here is an opportunity for you to do the same. Fourteen tris of world champion chickens, with records of from 375 eggs to 315 eggs a year will be given FREE to ambitious people. Send name and address to Purebred Chicken Editor, Northwest Poultry Journal, Salem, Oregon, Dept. A, and full information will be mailed.

Better Than a Mustard Plaster MUSTEROLE For Coughs and Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and All Aches and Pains. ALL DRUGGISTS 35c and 65c, jars and tubes Hospital size, \$3.00

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We carry in stock over 115 legal blanks suited to most any business transactions. We may have just the form you are looking for at a big saving as compared to made to order forms.

Some of the forms, Contract of Sale, Road Notice, Will forms, Assignment of Mortgage, Mortgage Forms, Quit Claim Deeds, Abstracts form, Bill of Sale, Building Contract, Promissory Notes, Installment Notes, General Lease, Power of Attorney, Prune Books and Pads, Scale Receipts, Etc. These forms are carefully prepared for the Courts and Private use. Price on forms range from 4 cents to 16 cents apiece, and on note books, from 25 to 50 cents.

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