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A BOOSTER POLITICAL CAMPAIGN

The political campaign that is opening in Oregon starts off as a booster campaign; and in that respect it is unique—

And if it can be kept in that domain, and the usual recriminations and mud-slinging avoided, and all religious and race hatreds side tracked and junked, it will be a fine thing for Oregon.

We have a great state in natural possibilities, which are largely undeveloped: which are crying for development—

Why not talk of water powers instead of oil scandals?
Of loganberries instead of past labor troubles?
Of prunes instead of peanut politics?

Why not, instead of pointing with pride to past political records or with scorn to forgotten political failures, talk about fax and filberts?

Why not, instead of glittering generalities, talk about walnuts and strawberries, and apples and pears, and corn and cherries, and raspberries and gooseberries?

Why not, instead of recriminations that get us nowhere, exploit our possibilities as the greatest state in the Union for selsey and poultry, and all the other things in which we excel or may excel?

Why not make stump speeches about our great timber resources?

Why not tell the voters of our wonderful scenery?

Why not have a campaign that will overlook personalities, but prove to the people who go to the polls that they have the most wonderful state in the Union?

Why not lay aside the cut and dried and dead and gone political methods of the past, and have a real campaign that will give our people an Oregon spirit like the famous California spirit that makes our sister state the cynosure of all longing eyes that are cast towards the West?

Such a campaign would be a great advertising stunt—

It would be worth all it would cost, in publicity value alone, with a lot to spare for good measure.

If this thing should go over big this time, it might be improved upon in future campaigns—

We might bring about a condition in which no one would dare put up his head for political preferment unless he could qualify on a knowledge of what crops we can grow profitably here; or that we can grow to better advantage or at greater profit than other sections can produce them.

We might add another qualification—a knowledge of the manufactures and manufacturing possibilities of this state; what mills and factories we should go after and get. They are doing something of the kind at Los Angeles, though not through political platforms, and they are boasting that they are getting two new factories every day in the year, with an occasional new one on Sundays.

We have heard of the cry of there being too much politics in business—

So let us in Oregon turn the thing around and put more business into politics, and finally eliminate politics entirely, and make it all business—

Sending our elected officials after the things we need to make it possible for men to make more money on the land and have more and better jobs in the cities and towns, and thus contribute concretely to the foundations of contentment and happiness, instead of mooning abstractedly about them and indulging in mere glittering generalities.

There is an idea here that is worth thinking about. The working out of the idea would make the Oregon political way unique. It would attract world wide attention. People would come from far places to see how it worked; and they would get the spirit and stay and help make it work better.

It would be direct action; getting down to brass tacks.

It would lead to our spending tens of thousands of dollars in looking and diverting the people routed to southern California and bringing them here to see our superior offerings, instead of hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising in the East, and the whole effort merely resulting in a greater desire of the average Easterner to see California. Why not go after them while they are footloose, and some of them footsole, and take advantage of the short cut and the short haul?

Seriously, there is a lot in this idea of divorcing politics from business, or rather of substituting business for politics, and going out after the things we need in a way that will get results. If we can get a million new people and ten thousand new factories in Oregon in the next ten years, by putting politics out of business and putting straight business in its place, then Oregon will have done something for herself that will work in bringing other millions and other tens of thousands of factories.

—THE FABCH CONTINUES—

If there was any doubt as to a farce being staged in Washington, the proceedings of the last two days will dispate that doubt.

Mr. McLean, who has been hunted like a vicious tiger, knew absolutely nothing. His story was so straightforward and fair that he was only cross-examined slightly. The country had been led to believe that McLean was a devil, who insidiously corrupted the administration. He testified that he never owned a share of oil stock in his life and that he had never seen either Doheny or Sinclair. It would have been hard to have had a more complete blow-up than this, yet the democrats are turning gleefully to some other victim and attempting to assassinate his character in order to make political capital.

Here is another chapter. The divorced wife of a suicide, with more brains and carefully planned wit, told the story of duplicity which has shocked the senators but had no bearing on the Daugherty case whatever. In all her stage play she had the decency never to mention Daugherty, and never identified that her husband, and never chided to separate himself from her, even to taking his

own life, had any dealings with Daugherty whatever. If there is anything in the world a divorced wife would not know it would be the inside workings of her former husband's business affairs. It is just another evidence of how far astute the inquisitors have gone in order to make political capital. In the last month Senator Walsh has lost the major part of his reputation. He is being revealed day by day as a deliberate, cool investigator, but a contemptible politician who is maliciously trying to ruin the republican party. He cannot think this is patriotism, and it is a sorry service he is rendering his country.

"GET REPUBLICANS GOAT"

As plainly as if the motto were framed and hung in the committee room, the Walsh investigating committee has for its motto "Get Republicans Goat." At first Walsh had universal support, and his committee performed a distinct public service. It uncovered Fall and his crooked dealings, but the investigating did not stop at aiding the public service; it went as far as it could legitimately, and then, with malice aforethought, turned itself into an inquisitorial body, the sole purpose of which

was to get the goat of the republicans, from the president down. Nothing was sacred; every avenue of life was invaded; every public utterance distorted; every dispatch misinterpreted. An inconsequential messenger stated that he had mentioned this oil business to Underwood and Curtis. Curtis was grilled all over the country as besmirched with oil, and Underwood was not even called before the committee. It is too much to think that the people will not make values and see that Underwood was just as guilty as Curtis, and neither of them guilty of any wrong doing.

At first we feared that this would hurt the republican party, but it has now been disclosed that the republican party is not a party of grafters. The grafters have been rooted out mercilessly, and despite all the efforts of the democrats, they are unable to hang crime on the republican party, or any of its present distinguished members.

It is time to cry out for decency, for fair play, but even if this is not secured, if the present malicious policy is continued, the public is not being fooled.

IT IS WRONG

The Oregon Statesman does not intend to dignify H. H. Stallard by seriously going to the bat with him in any extended argument, only that it says Stallard is a political adventurer. He does not belong anywhere; he does not contribute anything for the well-being of the world.

Mr. Stallard's attack on the Oregon Agricultural college is an appeal to the bleachers against a well played game. The Oregon Agricultural college is the pride of the state. Stallard takes to himself too much credit when he says he knew as much 20 years ago as the college knows now. He does not know as much now as the college did 20 years ago, and he never will know as much as it did 20 years ago. He cannot grasp the idea of scientific agriculture. It suits his purpose to remain poor minded.

Possibly this man is dreaming the dreams of the bolshevik or the French revolutionist, the first consideration of which was to "keep the people poor and hungry and you will keep them angry enough to do anything."

In view of its splendid work, in view of the great results being obtained every year, and in view of the great service the Oregon Agricultural college is rendering to the people of the state we protest against this appeal to ignorance and prejudice and insist that a man that is running for United States senator should be big enough to have a constructive, rather than a destructive, policy. Stallard will not do.

ABE EVANS

The case of Abe Evans, now in the penitentiary awaiting execution, is attracting much attention on account of its unusual features. Abe for the first time told his story when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was pronounced. Had the story been told sooner it might have had an effect on the jury. Abe dramatically invited all the judges and the prosecuting officers to witness his execution. Some papers are at a loss to understand what it all means. Our idea is that it does not mean anything. Abe is illiterate, but he has that social streak in him that marks the good fellow.

Abe will die in June under the Mosaic law. He has stated in his careless way that he wants to either be hung or walk out a free man. There is no chance of the latter and a big chance of the former.

All of these deaths are legal murders, and some of these days the conscience of the state of Oregon will be aroused and we will do away with capital punishment. Abe Evans is not worth much to the world in life, but he can help do away with the application of the Mosaic law.

LET THEM IN

Under the present laws the women of Oregon have the same right to hold political office as the men. They are not getting their share of offices. They are not getting equal recognition with the men. The plan to have double clubs, one composed of men and another composed of women, is a selfish one to keep the women from exercising their proper influence in public affairs. The women and the men should be in the same club. Their political purposes are the same; but as long as the politicians keep them apart, so long will the women get the worst of it.

FIGHTING THE BILL

The Northwest Miller is violently opposed to the McNary bill, and declares that it is an adroit attempt to undermine the economic

with I was nearer you. I get positively homesick for you sometimes. Love to all the dear ones. Affectionately yours,
"Katherine Sonnot Bickett."
Lillian was sitting bolt upright long before I had finished. As the last words came from my lips she drew a sibilant breath.
"Was ever anything more directly an intervention of Providence?" she asked. "The next thing is to get Katherine here as quickly as possible. When is that letter dated?"
I turned quickly to the heading: "Three days ago."
Lillian moaned an instant. "Will that do?"
"She said Jack was going 'with in the week.' That leaves four days at the longest. Too long! Katherine must know that we want her, and be preparing to come on, so she can start as soon as he does. There's no other way. Madge, you've got to 'go into a decline.' Isn't that what our grandmothers called it? Then Jack, dear, will have his scruples appeased."
There was the faintest tinge in her tone of something which I had remarked in the days before Jack and Katherine were married—an almost contemptuous disapproval of my brother-cousin, which she generally succeeded in concealing from me. But whenever her secret aversion did betray itself, I always ignored it carefully.
"I'll agree to contract anything from T. B. to heart failure," I said lightly. "But you'll have to give me the details."
"Easy," she declared succinctly, the light of creation in her eyes. "Just hand me that portfolio beside you, will you please?"
I gave her the worn leather case which holds Lillian's most important papers, and she drew from it a package of telegraph blanks, improvised a desk from a thick magazine, and set to work upon the message she wished to send.
As I watched her I whimsically reflected upon the elaborate writing-case which an admiring friend had once presented to her, and which she had conscientiously tried to use for a week. Then she had read the riot act, and had gone back to her magazines.
"There!" she said at last, handing me the result of her concentration. "Will that do?"
"Madge in serious nervous condition." I read. "Needs loving yet professional care. In view of your husband's absence, could you come to her for awhile? Imperative we know your decision immediately. If you decide affirmatively, please plan start day of husband's departure if possible. Madge most anxious to see you. (Signed) "Lillian Underwood."
I smiled at her with rueful amusement. "I think that ought to turn the trick," I said.
(To Be Continued.)

THE LESSON OF AUSTRIA

After the war Austria went to work. It was in worse condition than Germany, but it has now recovered to such an extent that it has asked to be released from the guardianship of the league of nations. Had Germany done the same the major part of its trouble would now be behind that country. But Germany was not tempered right to withstand the graft of France, and both Germany and France are worse off now than when the war ended.

A GREAT PITY

The untimely death of two aviators at Silverton has called forth great sorrow. It was so unnecessary. We must enforce a rule that only licensed aviators can have charge of a machine. This youth was not licensed and only had 17 hours practice. Of course, he took his own life first, but that is not the question. The public could not spare his life. We must have efficiency before we have flying.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

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CHAPTER 125

WHY LILLIAN TELEGRAPHED KATHERINE BICKETT.

Lillian extended her hand for Katherine Bickett's letter, reconsidered, and let her hand drop to her side again.

"Please read it to me," she said. "I have a beastly headache."

She gestured to a low chair, and sank back into her own as she spoke. I looked keenly at her, noticing the lines etched deeply at the side of her mouth—sure sign of nervous strain with Lillian—and then I realized that the question of providing proper espionage for the wounded man in the hospital was worrying her more than she had betrayed to me.

"Of course," I answered, settled comfortably into the low chair and began to read:

"Dearest Madge," the letter began. "I can imagine you turning to the signature of this and murmuring: 'Katherine Sonnot Bickett—where have I heard that name?' And I cannot blame you, for I have been the worst correspondent ever in these last few months. Even now, I have not the time to write you the long letter which is your due, and which I long to pen. But I must tell you our news.

"You know, of course, how long it has taken Jack to recover his health, shattered in the war. I do not think he is fully recovered yet, but perhaps I am too femininely fearful, as he puts it. At any rate, he has a wonderful chance in South America, but it is on a job where he cannot possibly take me. Of course, his idea is for me to stay safely here in our home until he comes back, months, perhaps a year from now. But you know that is something I could not possibly do. I should go stark mad with inaction.

Lillian Has An Idea.

"So, when Jack has gone, I am going to take up my old profession again in a neighboring city, near enough for me to see to our little home. But I am saying nothing to him about it, for perhaps you remember his attitude toward wives working for an income. So please do not mention my decision when you write, although unless you reply to this the day you receive it, your letter will not reach me until after Jack has gone, for he leaves within the week.

"I suppose I am a very bad wife to deceive Jack thus, but I have carefully submitted to his strictures upon earning money while he was with me, though sometimes it has been hard to refrain from rebelling under the circumstances. But I simply cannot obey this last demand. And there is such need for nurses. I am sure I shall do splendidly. I have managed not to get rusty by helping the local aid societies whenever there has been illness among the poor people of the town.

"I will send you my new address when I know it. How I

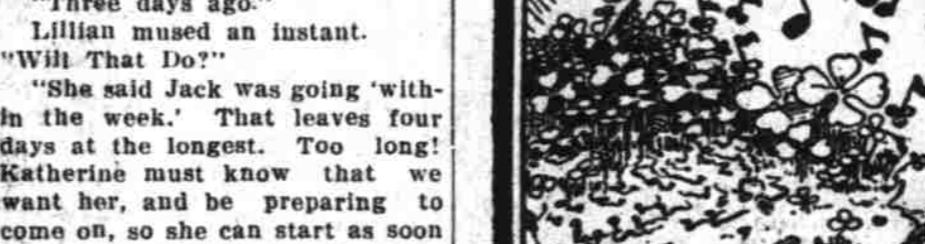
The Boys and Girls Statesman

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WHO IS THIS MAN ST. PATRICK?

Are you wearing the green for St. Patrick next Monday? You will be interested in reading these facts about his life. St. Patrick was the apostle who introduced Christianity into Ireland. When he was a boy of sixteen he was carried away by pirates from his home and sold into slavery. His master employed him as a winoherd, and so he spent many years until he was able to go to the continent and study for the priesthood. After he had been ordained a bishop, he went back to Ireland to begin the hard task of turning the people from their tree-worship to the religion of the Druids.

Snoppyquop Land Ireland



You have probably all heard how St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland many hundreds of years ago. Long before St. Patrick, there was another worthy man named St. Snoppy McQuop who tried the same stunt only in a different way. Being a Snoppy, he had a trick nose. St. Snop resolved to get the troublesome snakes out of his native land, and thought that leading them out with music, like the Pied Piper led the rats out of Hamelin, would be better than driving them out. So he stuck his shillalah under his wing, struck up some snakey music on his nose, and marched to the south of Ireland. The snakes followed the Saint, but the unusual weight of the Saint and all these snakes was too much for the little island, and the southern end sank beneath the sea, while the northern end went up into the air, and so they all slid off into the water. "Even Cork won't float in this country," said St. Snop.

Correct this sentence: "The roses," repeated the husband; "why, have you forgotten that this is our fourteenth anniversary?"

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There is hope for a people so long as it has enough respect for law to watch the traffic signals.

You can judge of his wealth by the degree of his wrath when a speed cop dares to molest him.

FUTURE DATES

March 15, Saturday—Flag tournament opens at Ilhief golf links.

March 18, 14 and 15—State interscholastic basketball tournament, Willamette gymnasium.

March 14-15, Friday and Saturday—Twenty-fifth annual convention of Marion County Sunday School Council of Religious Education.

March 14 and 15, Friday and Saturday—Marion county Sunday school branch of religious education meets at Stayton.

March 19, Wednesday—Prize growers meet at Dalis.

March 19, Wednesday—Annual concert, Women's auxiliary YWCA, Methodist church.

March 27, Tuesday—County Community federation to meet at Salem Heights.

April 13, Sunday—Evangelistic campaign opens at army.

April 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.

June 27-28—Educational conference, University of Oregon, Eugene.

Faculty Beats Ninth Graders to a Frazzle

One of the most interesting games of the season was played yesterday afternoon on the McKinley school baseball diamond when the all-star faculty team played the Ninth grade boys. Due to extraordinary administrative ability of the umpire, Mrs. L. Clark, the all-star faculty team won by a large margin, running up to a score of 27 to 3. All efforts of the regular school team and the subs were unable to even up the lead the stars made in the first inning. A large crowd of students and former students witnessed the game.

CITY OF SALEM

M. POULSEN Will be a candidate for City Recorder at the primaries May 16th. He promises efficient service and strict and impartial law enforcement.

GEO. W. STONEK Announces his candidacy for City Recorder at the primaries May 16th. His slogan: Give honest and fair treatment to all.

JOHN B. GIBBY Will be a candidate in the primaries of May 16th for reelection as Mayor of Salem. If chosen, he will devote the same attention to the affairs of the city government that he has been giving, with the hope of helping to accomplish still greater efficiency in the city government, and of still further aiding in the growth and development of Salem.

MARION COUNTY

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LANE MORLEY Republican candidate for County Assessor of Marion county. Has an American family of five. Heavy taxpayer. School teacher for 12 years; five years successfully in grocery business in Salem.

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A. (STUB) SMITH Will be a candidate in the Republican primaries May 16th for Constable of the Salem district. Resident of Salem nearly 40 years. If nominated and elected, he will do his duty and play no favorites.

U. G. BOYER Will later announce his candidacy for County Clerk of Marion county.

C. G. GROVES Will be a candidate for Constable in the Republican primary election May 16th. Has served for many years in capacities qualifying him for the duties of the place. If nominated and elected, he will give the duties of the office his most faithful attention, without fear or favor.

Visit Our Millinery Department Best in this City

Big assortment of flowers and trimmings—Ready to Wear Hats.

The very newest. We have the style and quality—Low Prices.

240 and 248 North Commercial Street

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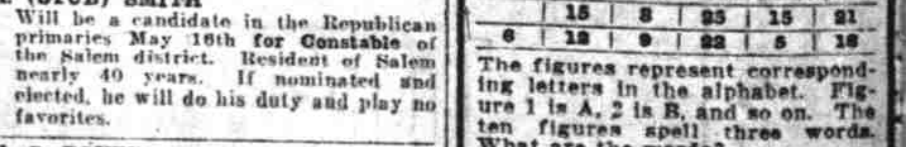
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Cap'n Zyb

A little piece of soft leather, a bit of soft parchment, a clip, and you have the calf skin screacher.



Place this contraption in your mouth—in the roof of the mouth with the fringed leather end toward the lips. Now exhale sharply through the mouth. At first you won't get any sound at all, because it takes a little practice to make this thing work.

Another thing to be careful of is to get the parchment leather as thin as possible or the screacher will also refuse to screech. After a little practice you will be able to do all sorts of stunts with this screacher—even