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BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER

Prepared by Radio BIBLE SERVICE Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 If parents will have their children memorize the daily Bible selections, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in later years.

June 11, 1924

AND END TO WORRY:—Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Philippians 4:6,7.

PRAYER:—Our Blessed Lord, Thou didst promise us peace, not as the world giveth. Evermore purify our hearts, and enable us to trust Thee, and Thou wilt give us peace.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY AND PRESIDENT DONEY

In the nine years during which the destinies of Willamette University have been under the direction of Dr. Carl Gregg Doney, wonderful progress has been made.

The status of the school has been raised from that of a struggling college to the stature of a great educational institution, on the way to certain greater things in the substantial life of its expanding field.

The place Willamette university fills and is destined to fill is well outlined in a paragraph of Dr. Doney in his report to the board of trustees in their annual meeting yesterday, as follows:

"The demand for Christian character is made from all quarters and it is being widely acknowledged that intellectual achievements are a menace unless attended by a guiding morality. There are strong reasons for wondering if man has not endangered his very greatness by unduly stressing mentality and neglecting righteousness. He has created a Frankenstein monster without a soul. It will kill him unless a controlling soul be provided, and that is nourished by religion."

"It is well, therefore, that the Christian college increasingly make its saving contribution to society," said Dr. Doney in his report.

This Christian college is increasingly making its saving contribution to society. Previous to the past few years the graduating classes were very small, and now that they are much larger, and growing in size, the reputation of the school will be correspondingly extended, and its chances for more rapid growth and widening usefulness constantly enhanced.

But now, worn down by the grinding work of standing at the head of all the activities of Willamette university, and by the responsibilities attendant upon directing the institution in its sure course towards greater things, Dr. Doney is informed by medical experts that he has burned his life's candle at both ends; that he has come to a point where he must slow down the human engine, or he will land in the ditch.

So, yesterday, he tendered his resignation as president of Willamette university to the board of trustees at their annual meeting. He made it final. He did not mince words. He had broached the subject at the February meeting of the board at Portland, but the members of the executive committee thought then that a definite break might be avoided. He had talked the matter over confidentially with several Salem members of the board, beginning several weeks ago.

The board of trustees did not accept the resignation yesterday. They referred the matter to the executive committee, containing the names of some of the greatest friends of the university, who have contributed very largely to the endowment funds and other funds of the old school.

The feeling at the meeting of the board of trustees was voiced, unanimously, as one of deep regret at this possible parting of the ways.

At this imminent loss to the educational circles of the Pacific Northwest of one of its shining lights. Trustees spoke yesterday who have known all the great men of the past who have headed old Willamette, and it was the sentiment that Dr. Doney has been in all things the peer of the best of them, and in some respects the greatest of them all—and it is patent to any observing man that he has been privileged to make the largest contribution of any one man to the work of placing Willamette university in its rightful position as a great institution; on firm foundations that make its increasing usefulness certain.

Dr. Doney is a big man. He is brilliant of mind and great of heart. He has the graces and manners and the instincts and qualities of a true Christian gentleman. He has a vision that carries his mind beyond the immediate horizon. He is leaving a place that it will be hard to find another man to fully fill.

Perhaps a way may be found by the members of the executive committee to retain Dr. Doney as the directing head of the institution, relieved of some of the burdensome duties that have ground him down.

But the wonderful and beautiful words in which he feelingly conveyed the announcement of his resignation do not leave much of a basis for such a hope. The form and the tone of them sounded the note of finality.

The model prison of the United States, and of the entire world, at Stillwater, Minnesota, which is self supporting and wage paying to all its workers, through the manufacturing of farm machinery and binder twine and rope, is having great difficulties now in securing its raw supplies of sisal for its binder twine, from Yucatan, Mexico, owing to the disturbed conditions of the republic south of us. In this respect, the Oregon penitentiary, on its way to the same proud distinction, will have a decided advantage. The raw materials will be raised here; may be raised within sight of our prison in sufficient quantities to keep it going for all time. Our raw material is flax, and by the same sign it may be supplemented by hemp. Do not be discouraged over dry weather. The flax and hemp crops of last year are on hand. There will be large additional supplies of flax produced this year, though some of the fields may be very short, or entirely fail. Flax may be held over indefinitely, and become more valuable year after year, if kept in the dry; increasing 10 per cent in value the first year. We will always have plenty of raw materials, produced at home. The troubles of Mexico will not bother us.

THE CONSTITUTION

For 135 years people have had a constitution and yet they seem to know mighty little about it. They have taken it as a matter of course, and accepted it as the law of the land.

The American people need their constitution, and there is constant

need of study and understanding of that constitution. History is replete with warnings, as the president said recently, that "the world has always contained a dangerously large proportion of people who have believed that the way of progress was by way of destruction. The eagerness of the extremist, the revolutionist, is un-

quenchable. The only assurance against their machinations is to be found in the inculcation among the people of sound ideas of government."

In their patriotic wisdom the founders of the republic and the framers of the constitution knew all that in the beginning.

In the last year there has been a realization of the danger that comes from lack of information of the fundamental laws of the land. Really we know very little about what the laws mean. One reason is that there are so many of them that they cannot all be followed. The other is that the constitution, the greatest of all documents, is almost unknown to the average citizen. He admires it very much, and can pronounce an eulogy upon it that would bring tears of patriotic joy to an Indian cigar sign, but driven to details upon eloquent orator can not quote one paragraph in the constitution and if driven still further into the corner will admit he never read the document. We are composed largely of a nation of non-constitution readers.

DOES NOT WANT TO RUN

We are more firmly convinced than ever that La Follette must be goaded into the race of running for the presidency. He has occupied a great position in America and has been a beneficial influence. His influence will be gone if he permits personal ambition to take him out of the republican party.

The country needs men like La Follette, men with courage to speak, but the penalty of such men is that they can not receive presidential nominations. They are good for the party, yet it is not good politics to nominate them.

La Follette, of course, can not control the republican national convention. He never has. The Wisconsin delegation has voted for him every four years since 1908, and will continue to do so, but he has been bright enough to know that he never will win the presidency. Should the election come into the house there are enough democrats and republicans who understand each other on the side to prevent the election of La Follette. The leaders of both parties would recognize the calamity of having this man as president. The presidency is not a place for the bull in the china shop to perform to the satisfaction of the people. In other words it would never do to make the people so nervous as they would continue to be with La Follette as president.

THE VICE PRESIDENT

Of course there is going to be a lot of talk about the vice president and despite the altruistic hopes of the president, the candidate is going to be straight politics. The country in general is for Lowden, and here's hoping he will be drafted.

The candidacy of Hoover is unfortunate. He does not want the place. He has already a part in the administration and is performing valuable work. Mr. Hoover is one of the biggest men in the United States and some day ought to be president. It would be a great pity to bottle him up in the vice presidency. His friends should spare him this sacrifice. He is probably America's greatest executive in political life, but a plicable nondescript could fill the vice presidency were it not for the possibility of succeeding to the presidency.

LEARNING TO SWIM

There are so many natatoriums in the country, so many opportunities to learn to swim that there does not seem to be any excuse for people being unable to master the water. It seems that someone is drowned almost in our neighborhood every day. Certainly every Sunday has its list of tragedies. Swimming is a fine exercise and it is nice to splash around in the water, but no one has any right to venture in the water who cannot swim.

HOLDING THE WOMEN

When it was found that there were women persisting in voting in the primaries and that the bosses could not control them, there was started in New York and elsewhere efforts to hold conventions in order to shut the women out. The bosses knew that the women would never attend the caucuses if they knew in advance every caucus would be packed, as they had been packed for 50 years. The women were expected to retire and the men figured they would be once more in control. It must be admitted that this is an adroit scheme, and while out of power the fertile brains of the bosses have been active at work trying to master the situation and ride back.

NOT FOR BURTON

A man named Dr. Burton, a college professor, is a candidate for vice president. In the first place the country tried to elect a college professor president. It didn't work satisfactorily. In the second place the average college professor is not in touch with the life of today. He may be a trained rhetorician, but he is not trained in the rough-and-tumble of life. It might inspire a few people to have a classical presentation of the issues with a speaker correctly attired from head to foot, but the public will not be satisfied. They want a man who lives as they live; who can throw a bull by its tail at a picnic, or pitch a horseshoe over his head in a game. In fact they want a real fellow to do the talking, and Dr. Burton is anything but that. He may be an improvement over Nick Butler, and we rather think he is, but he is not material for the speaking end of the national campaign.

TOO LATE

The wheat farmers are assured that they will only have half a crop this year, which means the wheat troubles will solve themselves, but the farmers will be minus the money they should have had had the McNary bill passed. The country was assured that the wheat question would settle itself, and sure enough it is doing it, so far as bushels are concerned, but the farmers are just as poor as they were, and just as much pressed for money with which to pay their taxes.

One of these days the farmers are going to find their power and when they do something will be doing every minute of that day.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

Since the women were enfranchised there has been a determined effort to minimize their influence and interest in politics. The move for the establishment of the old convention system is simply a move to discourage women in politics. That is one reason why any ticket so nominated would be beaten in the primaries. The women would take their revenge. Both the old parties must recognize the women and give them a fair division of offices.

The Fun Shop
 MAXSON RECALL JONES
 GUEST ROOM MOTTO

—By Molly Anderson Haley.
 This room is yours, Dear Guest, but please

Don't take too many liberties. Not charging people for their keep. Makes our overhead pretty steep.

So don't shake ink around the floor.

Or pin your laundry to the door. Stow surreptitiously apple cores. Away within the bureau drawers.

Yank down the windows when it rains. (It keeps the curtains free from stains)

And oh, Dear Guest, our soul entreats.

If you must smoke, don't burn the sheets.

And when you strike your matches spare

Our one and only antique chair. So watch your step, if you'd meet the test.

And win the title, "Welcome Guest!"

Friend of the Family: "I'll give you a penny for a kiss, Marjorie."

Marjorie: "No, thank you. I can earn more taking castor oil." —Jack W. Watkins.

Dr. Traprock Sends an Open Letter to Seth Hoskins.

Sir: In a recent issue you have seen fit to cast distinct aspersions on my veracity, referring particularly to my relation of the great fish which came so near causing a serious accident in the old Erie canal. It is not my habit to bicker with my readers. They either take what I tell them as gospel or I leave them strictly alone.

In simple justice to myself and my larger public, I feel called upon to make a single, brief statement. It was due entirely to the commotion created by the incident upon which you squirt your inky doubts that the state of New York formally decreed the complete abolition of the old canal and the construction of the great barge canal at an expense of many millions of dollars—a canal large enough in its entire length to admit a fish such as I had hooked and a canal boat side by side.

Need I say more?

The canal is there, silent witness of my veracity.

My advice to you, sir, is to go and jump in it. Yours,

—Walter E. Traprock, FRSSEU.

The Pursuit for Prizes

The craze for contests has even reached the suburbs.

Mr. Smith, a prominent real-

estate of one of the most fashionable districts, was recently seen pushing a wheelbarrow toward the local Main street. Upon the barrow was a large hamper of soiled clothes.

"How come and whither?" a friend inquired who met him.

Mr. Smith lowered the handles of the plebeian vehicle, straightened his back, and, after taking off his hat, mopped his fevered brow.

"That darn Chinese laundry-man has offered a Mah Jongg set for the biggest bundle sent him this week," he snorted, "and my wife is determined to win it."



DREAMS COST MONEY—ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU MARRY ONE.

Jingle-Jangles

Bow-legged children suffer from croup.

A hair on the comb is worth two in the soup.

—H. Morton.

The nightingale sure can sing. But, oh, my gosh, a bee can sting!

—Bertha Youngblood.

How to Write What We Want

Jokes.

A joke is a form of humor which is written in dialogue. It is something witty; a jest; or witticism.

The best joke—the one we can accept—is the one where the funny answer has what is known as the "punch" or "kick." Just as you do not like forced humor when your friends speak it, so do FUN SHOP readers rebel at our using a joke wherein the answer is forced, and lacks sparkle. Jokes must be written so that the final punch will bring explosive laughter.

Now, you can create a joke, or you can fashion one about funny incidents that happen all about you. After you have written what you believe is a very, very humorous joke, try it on a few intimate friends. If they survive, and tell you it's good, send it in to us post-haste.

The best rollicking jokes come from the public—not from professional humorists.

So go to it with a vim! You can write a lot of jokes we can accept. Do not become discouraged if we do not accept your contributions at first. Keeping everlastingly at it usually brings success.

Tomorrow: Epigrams)

That's Different

Ethel: "I don't see why you should be angry with Jack just because he tried to guess your age, my dear."

Clara: "But he did!"

—E. S. Draschnack.

Our Own Horoscope Department

Hazel Trill: If you were born on June 9, Hazel, you are a child of Chanticleer, which is the old sanskrit word for Chicken. Accordingly, you are very attractive to the opposite sex, since most men between the ages of 8 and 80 are by nature, chicken-hearted.

Many Chanticleer women have been known to vamp a handsome male in 31-5 minutes, which is 12-3 seconds under Cleopatra's record.

As to your general health, you are apt to develop general paralysis when there are dishes to be washed or other household projects, but once on a dance floor your recovery is almost instantaneous.

The history of the love life of Chanticleer women is quite unique. In early life they are always engaged to six men at the same time, ranging from a coal baron to a famous movie star; then, when about 36, they marry the corner drugist and help wait on the soda fountain.

The meanest woman in the world is the wife who begrudges her husband the few words he says when he talks in his sleep.

Readers are requested to contribute. All humor, epigrams (or humorous mottoes), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesque, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for at regular rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, should bear name of this newspaper and should be addressed to the Fun Shop Editor, The Oregon Statesman.

"It may be hard to a rich man to enter de Kingdom of Heaven," said Rastus to the preacher, "but hit's just as hard to a po' man to stay on de earth."

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND
 CHICHESTER'S PILLS
 Sold by Druggists Everywhere



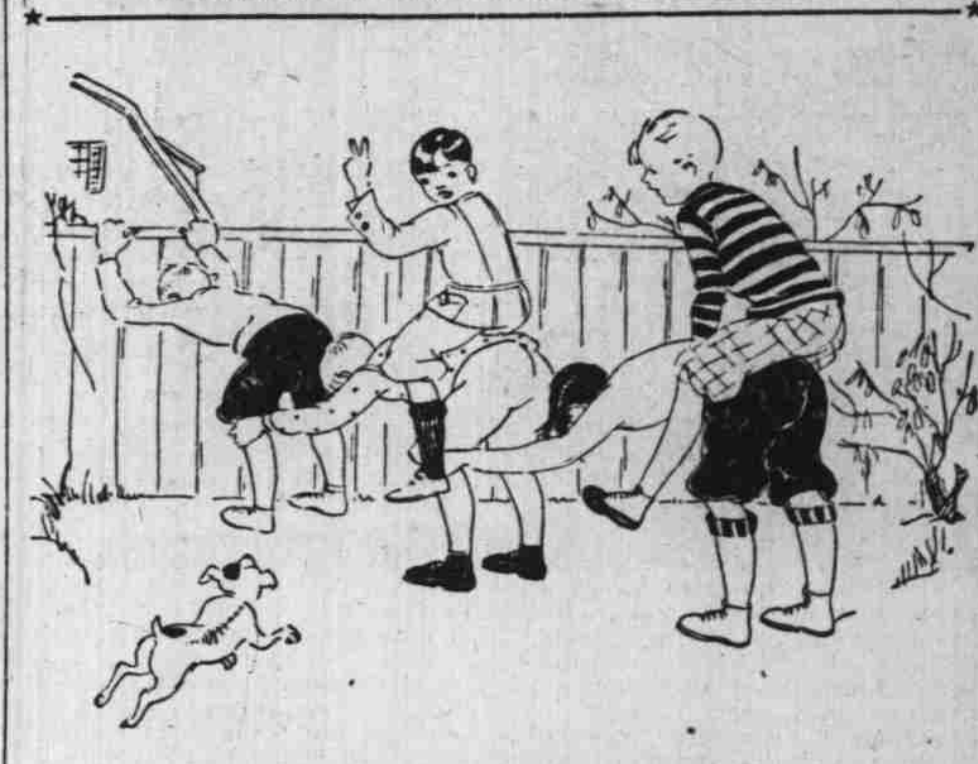
The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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Edited by John M. Miller

LIVELY GAMES TO PLAY AT CAMP



Buck Buck Is a Real Boys' Game

In between hikes and swims and fishing trips at camp boys like to play games—good games with lots of punch and noise and action. This is one of a series of games that are funmakers, either at camp or right in your own back yard.

"Buck, Buck, How Many Fingers U." is a game for regular boys. It is played with two equal sides, three or more boys on a side. One side takes "down," which means that the boys on that side form a line with one man at their head, called the "lamppost," upon whom the whole line depends. The boys following the first one place their heads between the legs of the boy in front of them, grasping his legs with their hands in order to steady themselves and thus form a strong bridge-like line.

After the boys have taken their positions the boys on the other side, standing back of them about ten feet or more, one after another run and leap upon the line as in leap-frog. When they have all leaped the first man holds a certain number of fingers on the hand up, calling out, "Buck, Buck, How Many Fingers Up?" The last man of the side that is down calls out the number which he thinks the man on top is holding up. If he guesses correctly, then the side that was down gets to leap. If he fails to guess, however, then his side stays down and the same side gets to leap again.

If any member of the side that is leaping touches the ground in any manner when he jumps, then that places his side down. Each jumper must hold the position he is in when he strikes the line. Also, if the side that is down does not hold up the other side, then they are not allowed to guess how many fingers are up, but have to take their place down again.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

PROTESTS COURSE OF STUDY

Editor Statesman:—

In a recent paper published by one of the Junior High Schools in Salem I read the following: The 9-A Occupation classes have been studying the geographical location of cities all over the world that have been mentioned in the discussion of different occupations. It is surprising to know how ignorant some members of the classes are of geography, but under Mr. W.—'s supervision we expect to improve our minds greatly.

Do you know, my heart went out in sympathy to that teacher who besides doing what he is paid to do is trying also to do what was left undone by teachers in the grades lower down.

Not so long ago I had an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with a young woman in high school. The more I knew of her the greater grew my amazement. At last one day I dropped all else and set myself to find out what that girl knew, if anything. I wish I had saved my list of questions, but here are a few I remember:

Could she bound Oregon I should say not! After much racking of her brains she could remember five presidents of the United States. Lincoln was not among them; nor could she say who was president at the present time. Asked if she knew who is king of England she replied doubtfully, "There was a George third, but I believe he's dead now, isn't he?" In her opinion the biggest river in South America was the Yukon. I asked her the circumference of the earth but she declined to make a guess at it. Seeking to lead her gently to it, I asked her what she thought might be the distance through. After some hesitation she ventured to say it might be a million miles through. Why, she didn't even know whether the sun rose in the east or the west. That isn't a joke; it's the solemn truth, for she asked me that very question herself in all seriousness. And how could you expect the dear girl to know when she couldn't point out the four directions to save her life?

You will wonder of course, how that country girl ever broke into high school. So did I until one day quite of her own accord she announced that she would never have passed her eighth grade test had not "teacher" been kind enough to help her answer the questions.

Ah! I once asked a county superintendent if it were not required by law that at least one district director should be present when the eighth grade test is given. The reply I received was: "Yes, such was formerly the custom, but what good was it? The presence of the director only frightened the

pupils half to death" (the timid little dears!) "so that they were unable to do themselves justice in their examination and," went on the superintendent, "I, for my part am broadminded enough to believe our teachers are honest and can give those tests without supervision."

Which is all very well, but unfortunately it does not follow that because the superintendent is broadminded the teachers are honest—not all of them. And if you will just take the trouble to observe you will notice that there are some teachers who never fail, year after year, to pass every one of their eighth grade pupils. Some of us could have so much more faith in them if only once in a while there would be a failure. But never that. If they don't pass in May then after school is out they can always take the June test at teacher's home and there is no chance that even the dullest will fall there.

Oh, these eighth grade graduates! Sometimes they bring their questions to talk over with me after examination is past. One girl explained that she had had to omit the question. Name some states in which cotton is raised. "What? I cried. "You don't know where cotton grows?" She admitted she did not. "Perhaps in Alaska," I suggested. She assented, then on second thought, "No, not Alaska, that's where they get gold." (Gold and cotton, it seems cannot come from the same region.) "Maybe Minnesota?" I ventured next. Well, for all she knew.

Now, I leave it to anyone of average intelligence to say how much of either the history or geography of this country can be known by a young woman who has no notion where cotton is grown.

The same girl told me she had been unable to state the cause of the Revolutionary war. "But I know now," she went on, with a little air of triumph, "for since the examination C" (another graduate) has told me. The cause of that war was—hated!"

While I am at it, I can not resist telling you this one: Three years ago the eighth grade pupils were in their test requested to locate the river Marne. "I don't know WHERE that river is," said the sweet girl graduate who had brought me her questions. "Teacher said that she had looked EVERYWHERE, and SHE couldn't find any river by that name." Can you beat it?

Which reminds me that on the day of the burial of the Unknown Soldier quite a number of school girls were at my home. Imagine my surprise when entirely by accident I discovered that not one of them had heard of the great funeral being held that day. Worse yet, I soon found that they didn't have any idea what Armistice day was all about. One of them decorated the graves. The others were discreetly silent. Yet our district had been warmly commended for its patriotism in refusing to hold school that day.

And now, Mr. Editor, having said what I have said, perhaps it would be kinder not to give my name, but just to sign myself what in truth, I am,

AN INTERESTED ONLOOKER.

GET ONE LIKE THIS

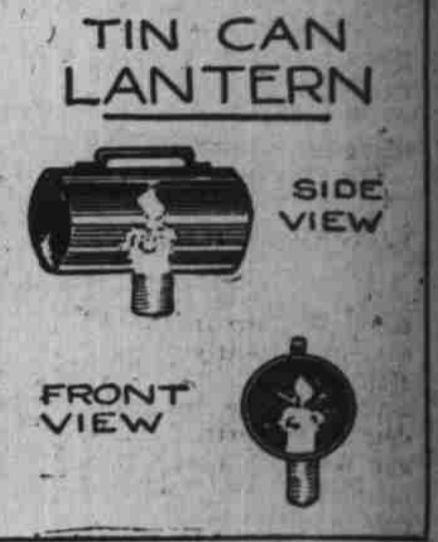
This thing is so simple to make that all I'm going to say about it is to get a tin can, punch a hole in it for the candle, stick a tin handle on it by driving in a couple of nails for rivets and you are all set.

It won't be long until camping trips get under way and a thing like this tin lantern will come in pretty handy. How much camping have you fellows done? I hope you like it as well as I, although I hate like the dickens to have to put up a tent when the rain is just slushing all around.

Another thing I hate to do when on a camping trip is to have to cook for the crowd, if there are more than three in the party. Gee, I think I'd rather go hungry than peel a bushel of potatoes, and it seems to me that three people on a camping trip can eat just about that many every day.

Write and tell me about your camping experiences.

—CAP'N ZYB.



Sounded That Way
 Flapper: "Did you see 'Oliver Twist,' Aunt?"
 Aunt: "Hush, child, you know I never attend these modern dances."

Woman Offender Is Given Fine Penalty by Justice

Unmoved by copious gobs of tears shed by a fair lady, Judge P. J. Kuntz stood his ground in the justice court Monday and sentenced Mrs. Fay Smith Panchio to the county jail when she said she was unable to pay the \$75 fine imposed upon her by late Judge after she had been arrested for having no operator's license. The arrest was made by Kenneth Bloom, state traffic officer.

Least the sentence imposed sound too severe, it is pointed out that Mrs. Panchio recently broke into fame and jail, in Portland when she was arrested for driving at the rate of 70 miles an hour. She was sentenced to 70 hours in jail, a fine of \$75 and had her drivers' license revoked for one year.

But the iron doors of the county jail did not close behind her for a friend came to the rescue with \$75 in cash and obtained her release. The key to her automobile was returned only after Deputy Sheriff Sam Burkhardt had located a driver for her.

Mrs. Panchio gave her address as the Sargent Hotel, Grand Avenue and Hawthorne, Portland, though she recently came north from Los Angeles.

Possibly the report of Dr. Sun of China is alive is also exaggerated.

ACHES AND PAINS ALL DISAPPEARED

Feels Like a Youngster After Using Korex, He Says

"I am 68 years old," says W. D. Luttrell of Lincoln, Nebraska, "but since taking korex compound I feel like I was 39. Since using it I have gained 21 pounds and have never felt better in my life. Aches and pains have all disappeared. There is nothing too good to say for korex. It has made me young again."

Hundreds of others have made equally enthusiastic reports about the delightful relief experienced after using korex in cases of depleted vigor, weakness after the flu, poor circulation, lack of appetite, aching muscles and low glandular activity