

The Oregon Statesman

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BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER

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

June 21, 1924 BEGIN THE DAY RIGHT.—Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust; cause me to know the way wherein I should walk for I lift up my soul unto thee. Psalm 143:8.

PRAYER.—Gracious God, so cleanse us by Thy Spirit that every morning we may behold Thy face with Thy righteousness.

OUR NEW IMMIGRATION LAW

The immigration law under which we are working is more restrictive than any legislation on the subject that this country has ever before adopted.

It fixes for three years the quota of immigrants of any nationality admissible to the country at two per cent of the number of that nationality in the country in the year 1890—

And this will mean, if the quotas are filled, about 160,000 a year; mostly from northern Europe; mostly the so called Nordic peoples—

And it provides that after three years the whole number of immigrants shall be limited to 150,000 a year, divided among the nationalities according to the national origin of the whole population; the latter provision involving a survey of national origins.

In point of the number of immigrants admitted, this new and stringent legislation takes us back seventy-eight years, for the number of immigrants in the year 1846 was 154,410 and the number in the year next following that, 1847, had increased to 234,968; and from that time onward it increased at a dizzy rate of speed, reaching 427,823 in 1854. The Civil war checked the inflow, but by 1873 it had again reached the figure of 459,803.

The greatest number ever received was in the year 1907, when it had amounted to 1,285,349. That a return to this or a still greater figure by this time, but for some form of sharp restriction, was indicated by the fact that, in spite of the suspension due to the World war and to a more rigid restriction, the number of immigrants in 1923 was 522,919. In the present state of matters in Europe, the inflow by this time would certainly have exceeded 2,000,000 a year, even if it had not gone greatly beyond that sum.

In the '40s and '50s, when immigration first rose to a high figure, the country was in great part unsettled, and laboring hands were much needed. Conditions also favored the ready assimilation of the immigrants. But the great inflow from southern Europe in the years preceding the World war changed the racial qualities of our immigrants.

Our cities are congested with foreign populations who to a great extent cherish their own languages and customs, and who tend to imitate the national vices rather than the national virtues. A loud and insistent call for restriction had gone forth, even from the older immigrants, and it has been heeded.

An excellent principle which is embodied in this new law is in the provision that takes away the responsibility for the selection of immigrants abroad—in so far as selection is practiced—from the steamship companies, and puts it upon United States consuls. Immigrants are required to fill up a certificate which is intended to guarantee us against the admission or attempted entrance of those who are outside the requirements.

This transfers a great share of the examination of immigrants to the other side of the water, where logically it belongs. It will tend to prevent the congestion, the hardships, the scandals, of Ellis Island.

Promulgations on the administration of the new law, if wisely made and intelligently adhered to, will bring about a simplification of control that will allow of a sifting on the other side of the Atlantic that will prove beneficial.

That will keep our country from being used as a dumping ground for undesirable; for people who would have great difficulty in finding congenial places and proper employment in this country, and who would tend to become public charges here.

Canada carefully selects her prospective immigrants. We should do the same. If this cannot be well done through the proper administration of the present law, provision for strengthening its administration ought to be provided by Congress.

Our melting pot is being run to capacity now. We must not add too much to its overburdened capacity.

many right here in the Willamette valley, and will have in the next ten years.

PROPERLY EXPLAINED

A dear good lady who is a very devoted republican writes the Oregon Statesman that her feelings are hurt because of the apparent profanity attributed to the republican vice presidential candidate. She does not believe in harsh things and harsh words, but also she does not believe that we are quite fair to General Dawes. Here is one paragraph from her letter: "I want to protest against the flippancy of the newspapers in referring to the expressions by General Dawes. I am one of his greatest admirers, but I do not admire him as a profane man, and do not believe that the public ought to get that idea of him. He is not a profane man but a good useful American. I notice that his call for Helena Maria has been distorted into almost profanity. It is unfair."

"I once knew a young girl named Helen Hunt who found a glove at church. That night the minister announced that if anyone had lost a glove they could go to Helen Hunt for it. Straightway the remark was distorted and it was looked upon as a consignment of poor Helen to a place she did not care to go.

"Let us be fair and give Helen Maria her just dues and not have her appear as a distorted creature before the public."

We gladly give this explanation and if there is any other doubting republican we commend it to them.

SHIFTING NOT AN EVASION

There are those who insist that shifting taxes is the same thing as evading taxes. Since the beginning of government there has been an outcry against the burden from taxation. When Pompeii was excavated it was discovered that at the time of the catastrophe there was a vigorous tax reduction campaign being waged and placards promised a reduction if Marcus Agracius was elected tax collector. Since that time we have had the same old story and probably always will have.

In Oregon we are trying desperately to shift the burden of taxation so that the result will be fair, yet we are met with the same old thing, that we are imposing a new tax and allowing certain people to evade. Certainly there has been enough tax evasion in the last 1900 years that it is time for a square deal, and certain it is that a shifting of the taxes in an earnest effort to make a better distribution of the burden is to be commended and not set down as an evasion.

IT IS GONE

There is no use in paying any further attention to the farm labor party organized in St. Paul. It was a fiasco pure and simple. It was like a bumble bee—largest when first hatched. When it was assembling the noise made caused a good many people to believe there was something really back of it. When it met it was found to be a noisy aggregation, beating tom-toms to prevent the public from taking a true measure of the convention. However, the communists talked fairly, yet they never failed to get in their work. The nominees are unimportant, and the party will not get enough votes to pay very much attention to them.

There is just one point however, and that shows how far apart the discontended elements are. It is impossible to get them together under one tent. They are individualistic and they are not going to get behind any one candidate. The campaign this year will be between the republicans and the democrats.

A REVERSION The Rhode Island senate was treated to an injection of poisonous fumes. It is difficult to understand that this happened in the year 1924. It sounds like primordial times. The savages never did anything worse than this and they didn't call themselves civilized. Such things indicate how close the average man is to the primeval. He doesn't have to scratch very much off his back to see the skeleton of the aborigine. Our boast of civilization on such occasions as this finds expression in diabolicalism that causes the gravest concern as to our capacity for self-government.

FUTURE DATES June 22, Sunday—Idaho County picnic at Fairgrounds. June 24, Tuesday—Democratic caucus at convention meets in New York. June 29, Sunday—Salem Elks picnic at Silverton park. July 15 to 25—Chastanote season at Salem. June 21, Saturday—Marion county Sunday school picnic. June 27-28—Educational conference.

PARTY GOVERNMENT

By JOHN T. ADAMS, Chairman of the Republican National Committee

This is a government of parties. It is the only practical, responsible form of popular government yet devised. There can be no elimination of the party system unless we are to have a complete change in the form and character of our government.

There can be no such thing as a substitution of personal responsibility for party responsibility in public affairs. For each citizen to look to some one official for the responsibility of the conduct of the government rather than to a majority party would mean political chaos. Under such conditions there would be no way to fix responsibility, and there would be no one from whom all the people could demand an accounting for the manner in which their affairs were administered. As it now is, and as it should be, a political party standing for certain policies is commissioned to demand an accounting for the manner in which their affairs were administered.

As in any organization worthy of the name, loyalty is the first requirement in political organizations. Party loyalty is not only necessary to the successful conduct of party organization, but it is a great civic virtue. Every citizen should belong to some party, be loyal to it, and actively participate in its organization.

my mother-in-law take it into her head to say or do? She had confined her remarks to my ears upon the first occasion, but I had no assurance that she would not express her disapproval of his presence in the house before Lillian, or even before Tom Chester himself. At the bare thought of the last contingency I shivered involuntarily and glanced up to see Lillian looking at me with whimsical sympathy.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 194. THE WAY MOTHER GRAHAM MADE HER APPEARANCE

"It's a crime to disturb you," Lillian said softly, as she smiled down at me. Marion, sound asleep, was cuddled against my shoulder, and, indeed, I was not far from slumber myself, despite the fright and excitement I had just undergone.

With infinite care we moved the curly head from my shoulder to the pillow. Then, with Lillian's hand aiding me, I slipped from the bed without disturbing Marion's slumber. I waited until we were out of the room before answering her regretful little speech.

"It's a crime for me to be so near sleep," I answered, "when you are so troubled, but I'll defy anybody to croon 'The House That Jack Built' very long without dozing." "So that's the way you put her to sleep," Lillian commented. "It's always sure fire, isn't it? Pity we can't work it on your mother-in-law."

We were at the stairs by this time, well out of earshot, but Lillian spoke in as subdued a whisper as though Dick's formidable parent were at her elbow. And even after we reached the kitchen, to which, a little to my surprise, Lillian led the way, she kept her voice to a murmur.

"What will you take to make a pot of your unparalleled coffee?" she asked, peering with practiced housewifely air into the kitchen stove, after she had softly closed the door leading to the dining-room. "I see Kate prudently has her wood fire all laid for breakfast, but it won't hurt her to build it again, and I simply shall lie down in the corner and pass out to slow music if I don't have a cup of coffee soon."

"You never knew me to refuse one, did you?" I asked, taking down the percolator as she applied a match to the shavings in the stove. "But I warn you that closed door won't keep the aroma of this from Mother Graham's nostrils. If every keyhole and crack in the house were stopped up, she'd smell coffee brewing and want a cup. I'll put in enough for her."

Madge Is Apprehensive. "Of course. Make a pot while you're about it, for we shall have a guest with us in a few minutes. Now I'll interview the refrigerator and the pantry, and see what sort of a snack I can rout out for a hungry man." I turned to the coffee-grinder and stared at her in amazement. "Tom Chester will be here in minutes," she said. "That's, he will be if my hunch as to Smith's probable homeward course holds true. I never knew a youth his age who wasn't. And practically every returned soldier's a coffee fiend, so get busy."

The Boys and Girls Statesman The Biggest Little Paper in the World Edited by John M. Milligan Copyright, 1922, Associated Editors.

A STORY OF TWO BOYS AND THEIR STRING OF FISH

One afternoon Bennie Seaman took his fishing pole, dug up a few choice angleworms for bait, and started across town for the river. As he got to the corner, he



heard his small brother Don's piping voice call out: "You're goin' fishin'! Let me go, too!" "Now, you're too little to go," replied Ben, walking on. The smaller boy begged so that Bennie finally consented. Little Brother tagged along and while Ben sat on the bank waiting for a big catch, he played in the sand.

Bennie sat quietly for an hour or more and all he caught was three tiny sunfishes. He knew if he carried such small ones through the streets, his friends would hoot at him. He was just wondering what to do when Little Brother began to beg to be allowed to carry them. "They're just about his size," grinned Ben as he handed over the small prizes to the six-year-old.

Don carried home the fishes as proudly as though they had weighed a couple of pounds apiece. The next time Bennie went fishing he asked his little brother to go, thinking that maybe his catch might not be large again and Little Brother could relieve the embarrassment by carrying the string.

Bennie fished and he fished. He didn't have even one nibble. Finally he called to Little Brother who was building a sand tunnel: "I'm going in swimming. You hold the pole and if we get a bite, you call me." The smaller boy was delighted to be given an opportunity to fish, so while Bennie paddled around in the water he sat very still waiting his luck.

Bennie swam up the river faster than he intended. When he came back to within sight of Don, he saw the boy struggling with something that was almost pulling him into the water. Bennie

meat? That plate looks like a lunch set out for the laundress on the tubs. "I forgot it, I fancy," I said apologetically, willing to eat any amount of humble pie to keep her placated. "I'll fix it right away." "See that you do," she retorted, and I went to the pantry to get the parsley with an ironical little smile quirked my lips. I too, like a touch of green around a plate of cold meat, but I had not dared thus to embellish the one in my hand for fear my mother-in-law would accuse me of trying to make the table attractive for Tom Chester.

I purposely lingered over my task as long as I dared, and was rewarded when I returned by the sight of Mother Graham drinking the cup of coffee for which she had waited. She drained the cup, poured herself a second cup, disdaining our proffer of it, and rose with the cup in her hand.

"I'll just take this upstairs with me," she said. "Now, Mrs. Underwood, please remember what I told you." That Proves Nothing. She marched out of the room—there is no other word to describe the gait—with the cup of coffee held out like a band leader's baton. We waited tensely until the closing of her room door told us that she was safe for the night, and then we laughed, noiselessly, but consumingly, until we were almost helpless.

"You can't guess, I suppose," Lillian said at last, wiping her eyes. "What I'm to remember." I shook my head, although a shrewd notion of her meaning had come to me. But I could not acknowledge it to Lillian. "I'm to see that you conduct yourself with the propriety and general demeanor of an 18th century matron," she said. "If you were a convent-bred young thing about to meet the world for the first time she couldn't be more solicitous. So do promise you'll behave. Look here, if you dare to take that, or your mother-in-law seriously, I'll—I'll spank you, if it's the last thing I ever do." Her sudden change of manner

THE ANIMAL STATESMAN ARE YOUR GODD LOOKS RUINED BY STRAIGHT HAIR? PAULINE PEACOCK PERMANENT WAVING MARKET PRICE GOES UP! GOOSE LAYS GOLDEN EGGS!

President Coolidge As He Is To-day Shown by Photograph for Which He Posed in Washington



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