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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 after years.

NOVEMBER 28, 1924

GOD WILL PROVIDE:—Take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Where-withal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Matthew 6:31, 33.

PRAYER:—O Lord, we would live by faith and not by sight. For Thou hast given us Jesus Christ, and with Him Thou wilt also freely give us all things.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS, THE GOOD NEW DAYS

Three hundred and three years ago the Pilgrim Fathers celebrated the first American Thanksgiving.

And it was different only in time and setting from the one celebrated in Salem and throughout the United States yesterday. The spirit was the same.

Those were the good old days on the bleak New England coast. These are the good new days in a far flung republic with wonderful opportunities and advantages and comparatively greater creature comforts.

Thanksgiving is the oldest, as it is the most purely American, of our national feast days. It is destined to last as long as the Stars and Stripes float over the homes of a grateful people.

But are we preserving the spirit of the day? Does it mean as much as it did to our Puritan forefathers? The best way to answer that question is to discover exactly what that spirit was? And the only way to do that is to go back to the records of the first Thanksgiving celebration.

The first winter at Plymouth was a hard one for the Mayflower colonists. More than half their number died. They lost neither faith nor hope, however. Next spring they sowed corn, wheat and barley and were rewarded with an abundant harvest. In the fall of 1621 they held their first Thanksgiving feast.

Edward Winslow described that original festival in a letter to England, which has been preserved, of which the following is a part:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might after a more special manner rejoice together, after we had gathered the fruits of our labors; they foure in one day killed as much fowle, as with a little help beside, served the company almost a week, at which time amongst other recreations, we exercised our Arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their great king, Massasoyt, with some ninetie men whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five Deere which they bestowed on our Governor and upon the captain, Myles Standish, and others."

From this authentic account of the first Thanksgiving we gather that recreation and feasting were the features of the day. The colonists were hospitable, they called in the Indians; they hunted deer and fowl and had a gorgeous three-day feast; it was also an occasion for sports and competitions—they exercised their arms. They probably had a shooting match. They may have pitched horseshoes.

Evidently they were animated by the twin spirits of optimism and hospitality. Happiness is gregarious. Joy was born twins. (And feeding ninety Indians for three days must have been some feed, as could be amply proved by some Salem pioneer grandmothers still in the flesh who remember the last Indians at their back doors on Thanksgiving days here; the very last one, "Old Quinaby," for whom the Oregon Electric station was named, having died from his last Thanksgiving feed, from the sheer over loading of his capacious stomach—a wonderful tribute to the culinary talents of these same grandmothers; for Quinaby died happy, and he had to die some day.)

After 300 years has that spirit changed? Are not optimism and hospitality now firmly established as the leading American characteristics?

Moreover, allowing for the stupendous changes wrought in our civilization by a tercentenary of progress, is not the human nature behind the Thanksgiving of 1924 much the same as the human nature behind the Thanksgiving of 1621?

The miracle of the loaves and fishes has repeated itself. The five deer and the few small fowl have multiplied into the tons of turkeys and beeves and chickens and cranberries and mince pies that today feed the multitudinous American.

Athletic sports and motor races are the same "exercising of arms" indulged in by the first Pilgrims. We have no Indians—or not a sufficient number of them in most of our communities—to call in as chief participants of our modern bounty. But we have poor in our almshouses and crippled children and unfortunates pressed by want and the aged and infirm in county institutions and prisoners in our jails; and these the nation never forgets to include in our feast of gratitude to the Giver of all good things.

We are too apt to belittle the present in comparison with the past and to believe our Pilgrim ancestors possessed virtues that we have lost today. If we study the authentic documents of those far off times instead of being led by the myths and romances that have grown around them we shall find our men and women in 1924 are as religious, as brave, as optimistic, as self helpful, as hospitable and as human as were the first grateful Americans of 1621, exercising their arms, enjoying their first successful harvest and hobnobbing with the wild aborigines.

The Thanksgiving days that followed the first by the Pilgrim Fathers were not fixed. They might be early or late, and some lean years they were omitted. The last Thursday in November has been generally observed since the time of Abraham Lincoln. But Oregon had a chief executive, Governor Penoyer, in the nineties, who held that the fourth Thursday was the correct date; and so we had two celebrations. That would have been appropriate this year, had this been a November with five Thursdays, since the wonderful outcome of the recent elections. But there are some Oregon people who will read this and be doubtful if a second feed like that of yesterday would be conducive to their health.

THE DAY AFTER

When the Plymouth Fathers landed on the famous rock they proceeded to form their life post-

posed and adjust themselves to new conditions. At the end of the first year when the crops were raised and starvation no longer stared them in the face they de-

cided to have a celebration. To celebrate it was necessary to have meat in abundance. The hunters took their guns and went out into the woods and killed wild turkeys and ever since that time turkeys have been associated with Thanksgiving, as it was Thanksgiving day and it has come to be more of a day of feasting than it has of a day of prayer. This is not so bad, either.

Why shouldn't we feast after a year of abundance? Why shouldn't we celebrate by treating our stomachs to a right good portion of turkey? Why shouldn't we have channery sauce as a garnish? Why shouldn't we drink sweet cider on that day?

But that was yesterday. The day after is stale. Somebody has said that nothing was more insipid than turkey the day after Thanksgiving. This isn't true. This may be true with a few of the gormands, but it is not true of the average man. There is not a family in the country that had turkey yesterday that does not have the remains today if that family is thrifty. Soup and the pickings the next day are mighty inviting, and we do not like the idea of cultivating a tendency to throw the unused remnants away. We need to be economical, and we need at the same time to get the good out of the turkey and turkey soup is nearly as good as the turkey itself.

However, we have started on another year and it looks like we were going to have a mighty good time—sunshine and rain in abundance has made the fruit prospects unsurpassed. Oregon is prepared to go on a boom. Before another Thanksgiving a linen mill will be running in Salem. We have reason to believe there will be a beet sugar factory here by that time also, and with our other progress it is going to be a great year for Salem and a great year for Oregon. Then during the next year we have the legislature to look forward to. It means a boarding house boom for all of these men to come here. They have to eat and none of them use their credit.

So, take it all together, it looks pretty good for Salem, pretty good for Oregon, pretty good for the United States, and we are happy to say better for the world than it is for some years.

HAS IT FAILED?

The recent World war was brought on by the assassination of an Austrian duke, a trivial affair, which shows how eagerly a pretext was wanted. England, however, has just given an exhibition that jars the league of nations, and the friends of the league will be mighty sorry to see that England is the nation that does the offending.

There was assassination in both cases. England will probably get away with it because there is no great power back of her to support Egypt. That country must get down on its knees, pay its indemnities and be humiliated in every way it is asked to.

A great war resulted from the assassination of the Austrian arch duke. Out of this war came the league of nations, which many people have hoped would be the instrument for the ending of all war, but England, the moment it suits her whim or purpose, takes direct action, leaving the league of nations standing on a limb, powerless, and not even consulted. Egypt will make its peace with Great Britain as best it can, for it is too weak to fight out the issue alone, and the penalty of rejection of the British demands would be British re-occupation of Egypt and reversion of the Egyptian government to the dependent status that had long existed prior to the World war.

And, meanwhile, what about the league of nations and article 11 of the covenant?

Article XI. Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the league or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole league, and the league shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. In case any such emergency should arise, the secretary general shall, on the request of any member of the league, forthwith summon a meeting of the council.

Sir Eric Drummond of Great Britain is secretary general of the league.

INTERNATIONAL GATEWAY

The Panama canal has more than vindicated itself, and it becomes increasingly important as the business interests of the country grow. James J. Hill, the empire builder, was one of the first who saw the uses of the canal.

We have before us the Panama Canal Record of October 29 which shows the destination of all the tonnage passing through in September last. More than half the total tonnage passing through the canal that month was coast to

coast traffic, ships bearing cargoes from the Atlantic to the Pacific ports and vice versa.

The total Pacific-bound tonnage in September was 990,197 tons. Of that total, 687,710 tons originated on the east coast of the United States. Nearly one-half of the westbound tonnage passing through the canal in September was for the west coast of the United States—478,321 tons. If to that is added 82,924 tons for the west coast of Canada, it is seen that much more than half of the west-bound tonnage came to California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.

The total eastbound movement through the canal in September was 986,076 tons. Of that considerably more than half, namely 570,318 tons went from the west coast of the United States, and 95,316 tons went from the west coast to Canada.

This large business indicates that the canal serves a real purpose, but despite all the noise it has no bearing on the rivers and harbors appropriations which it is thought to vindicate. The canal is one thing; dumping money into the inland rivers and harbors is quite another thing.

FOREST CONSERVATION

It is a fact that we took our conservation ideas too far a few years ago. It is also lamentably true that the reaction swung too far the other way. What is needed is to have the public feel a responsibility. Forest fires are the result of carelessness, but the thing we wish to mention now is the planting of trees, reforestation. The trees all over the north-west are going to be cut down, are being cut down very fast, and here must be some plan devised to start new trees growing. Nature's reforestation is slow and unsatisfactory. The work to be done right must be done by men.

The man who satisfies his conscience when challenged as to his conservation work by replying, "I have shot woodpeckers" does not know apparently that woodpeckers only go after worms in rotten trees. Our consciences are entirely too easily satisfied when it comes to the destruction of our forests. We need to quicken them and to appreciate the responsibility each individual has in preserving the forests and placing trees.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

There is a good deal of agitation now and the hot-heads are insisting on reading the progressive out of the republican party. It is true some of our most conspicuous leaders were absent without leave. Under military rules they might be cashiered and dismissed from the services of the party, but this it not a military country. This is a country of moral suasion and the course of wisdom is to conciliate and bring these recalcitrant voters back. It is estimated that two million of the votes received by La Follette were republican votes. To drive him and his followers out of the party would sound the doom of the republican party. The democratic party has always a solid south to depend upon, and if we drive two million voters to the democratic party in ordinary years they can win. This is a time for republicans to hold their heads and count the cost of reading any man out of the party who does not voluntarily go.

NEVER A TERRITORY

A subscriber called The Statesman by phone and asked us if California had ever been a territory. The question was referred to the state librarian, and according to the best records in that office it was not. The United States came into possession of California on August 15, 1846, and they had a military form of government, although it was irregular.

In 1849 a convention was held to decide whether to ask for territorial or state government. The latter won and application was made for admission to the union. Congress adjourned, however, without taking action, and it was not until Sept. 9, 1850, that California was admitted to the union. There does not seem to be any record of the territorial form of government having been put into operation at any time.

There is just one way to cut government costs and that is to lessen the number of offices, lessen the number of employees and insist on full hours for those who do work; cut off graft, like the rivers and harbors bills, and address ourselves generally to economy. In state affairs the only way to reduce taxes is to spend less. It is not enough to get a dollar's worth of service for a dollar's worth of expenditure. It is easy to have too much service, and that is what we have been getting in Oregon and the United States, both. We want just a little less service which would mean a little less taxation.

President Coolidge deprecates the use of Christmas trees. He is wrong in this. Christmas trees should be grown as a business. There was a time when there was the same complaint made against baby beef, but it died down because it was unreasonable. The Christmas tree opposition is unreasonable. In the first place a cedar can function no better than to bring Christmas cheer to a home. In the next place the trees can be easily planted for that purpose and not allowed to grow over four or five years old. It is a sentimentality that is not justified by the fact that causes its opposition.

They are good advertisers—these show people. In Kansas City where the income publication list is being investigated, an actress brought the action on getting the publicity.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 320

THE DECISION ALLEN DRAKE FORCED LILLIAN TO MAKE

With fingers deft and speedy, Lillian helped me prepare the sandwiches for which Allen Drake had asked. Then I poured the coffee intended for Smith into a vacuum bottle and put it and the sandwiches, wrapped in a napkin, on a tray.

"There," I said in a tone which I am afraid registered distaste for my task.

"I know," Lillian said sympathetically. "It is a pill to prepare food and drink for that beast out there. You'd much rather brew him some nice poison like that with which he tried to kill you. But it's in a good cause, my dear, and you've done it beautifully. Now for this coffee tray. Coffee pot—hot water pot—cream—sugar—cups and saucers—spoons. There's that correct. I'll take it. Better bring the other to the library, too. Allen will come back there for it."

Characteristically, she had taken the heavier tray, and had whisked into the hall before I could protest. I followed her swiftly and found Dr. Pettit coaxing the library fire to life, while Tom Chester, in an armchair drawing up close to the blaze, was making a manful effort to sit upright, though he was shivering violently.

"Coffee, now, Doctor?" Lillian was asking as I came into the room, and set Smith's tray on a stand in the corner ready for Allen Drake's demand. The physician nodded a curt assent, and I gave him a silent SOS above his shoulders. I crossed the room to her, and bent to her perturbed whisper.

"How many lumps for young Chester?" I've clean forgotten. "Three," I whispered back with a sudden remembrance of the pleasure young Chester had taken in the coffee I invariably served when he had been a guest at our home. Without a home, and still mourning the loss of his mother, he had been pathetically grateful for our hospitality.

"Thank you," she dropped them in with a practiced hand, added cream judiciously and handed me the cup.

"Make him drink it," she added, and I obediently crossed the room to Tom Chester's side.

A Smiling Rebu ke.

"Here is your coffee, Mr. Chester," I said, and he looked up with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "Thank you," he answered gratefully, stretching a shaking hand for the cup. I put it into his hands, but kept my own upon it, and it was lucky I did so, for otherwise it would have crashed to the floor.

"Let me steady it for you," I said in matter-of-fact tones, as he flushed painfully. "Here!" I slipped one hand behind his head, for I have often fed Mother Graham, when she has been very weak, and with the other held the cup to his lips almost drained of color. He drank gratefully, as a thirsty child might do, but had not finished when Allen Drake came back into the room.

I saw him halt perceptibly in the doorway, then he came forward with a sneering little smile upon his lips.

"What a touching tableau!" he

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The idea of having one way traffic in the rear of the Salem postoffice is taking, right off the reel. Also the idea of having policemen on the busiest downtown corners at the rush hours.

Using sand to disperse clouds isn't new. The go-getters have been doing that for centuries.

Men don't work so hard these days. It took six of them to rob just one store in Pittsburg.

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Thanksgiving Greetings

We wish to express our appreciation at this opportune time for the patronage and loyalty of our many friends.

To you we extend the heartiest of Thanksgiving greetings.

The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon