

Business Office... Telephone: 106... Entered at the Post Office in Salem, Ore. n. as second-class matter.

November 3, 1926

THE HEEDED CRY—"They cried to God... and He was entreated of them; because they put their trust in Him." 1 Chron. 5:20.

OREGON SAFELY REPUBLICAN

Election returns early this morning indicate that Oregon is safely in the Republican column—

With L. L. Patterson victorious in the race for governor and Frederick Steiwer in what appears to be a safe lead for United States senator—

And all the other candidates on the Republican ticket given either good or sweeping majorities.

As to the vote of the rest of the state on the measures, the returns will necessarily be slow—

But Marion county has recorded herself as generally safe and sane—

And the attitude of her voters on abolishing the fish wheels and on the so-called housewives' measure is especially gratifying.

There is some doubt, on the face of the latest returns, concerning the political majority in the senate, but the house will evidently be Republican.

There is a good deal of satisfaction in the thought that Oregon has not added to the doubt as to the senate.

Election night is not as exciting around newspaper offices as it was in the old days. They are centers for the reception of the news, and bear the work and expense of gathering it; but the radio keeps the crowds at their homes in comfort.

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP

(By Yusuke Tsurumi; an address upon the occasion of a dinner to American guests given by the Rotary Club of Tokyo; from the Rotarian magazine for November.)

I have returned to Japan from a long lecturing tour in America. I spoke on Japan in America and I am now speaking no America in my own country. I can speak on the strength of my own experiences.

On both sides of the great ocean there exists a growing consciousness that we must understand each other.

Nobody can change facts. The important thing is the interpretation of facts. And for the correct interpretation we need a kindly spirit.

In other words, we must build international friendship on the solid rock of reason and emotion. I do not think a friendship built on mere sentiment will last long.

However, knowledge is not enough. We need a right attitude of mind. There are people whose minds are closed to good qualities of other nations.

In good old feudal days, a frog of Osaka heard of the splendor of Kayoto, the seat of the emperor and the rival town of Osaka. He wanted to see the town.

They met on the top of a hill between the two cities. They found out that they were bent on the same purpose. Then they realized that they were standing at the highest spot which commanded the view of the two towns.

It is particularly so between the East and the West. We are under the constant temptation to justify our own culture and civilization.

I said before that we must build our friendship on reason and emotion. Viewed from the standpoint of emotion, international friendship is nothing but the sum total of individual friendships.

International friendship is perhaps one of the last acquired virtues of mankind. It is still a new thing for us. It needs education.

The reason why I emphasize friendship among individuals is because I think that we have not yet reached to the stage where the intercourse of nations as such is entirely satisfactory.

International friendship naturally leads us to the subject of international peace. We have been accustomed too much to talk about war.

When we talk about international affairs we are apt to dwell on the dissimilarities between nations. I wonder whether it is not wiser to lay more emphasis on the similarities.

Roller skating at the Dream Land Rink, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday from 7:30 to 10:30 p. m. Ladies admitted free. General admission 10 cents. Skating 25c.

Roberta Risks It

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE After paying the garage man, Mrs. Smith's chauffeur waved his hand and was off, well satisfied.

"Crazy! Celia. What an awful thing to say! But I wonder she isn't. Never a moment alone, day or night—always watched—it's enough to drive anyone insane."

"Never mind. It won't last long now. We'll get her out." "But how, Peter? HOW?"

"Gosh! you're a dyed-in-the-wool planner, aren't you? How the deuce do I know how? Same way I got next to Cody, maybe. Luck. There's always a way if you watch for it."

"What's that for?" she asked. "Sleuthing stealthily by night," he replied, grinning as he prepared to secure it to the running board.

"Idiot!" said Roberta; but she marveled at his foresight, not full appreciating all the values of a college career.

"There she is," he said, chuckling. "That's Janet. Now watch." He strode briskly to meet her, and when she described him everything about Janet McDougall stiffened—her grip on the handle of the bag, her spine and shoulders, the muscles of her face, her lips.

"Bully for you, Janet! There's the car. Come along." He tried to relieve her of her burden, but she clung to it, her glance sternly taking note of his dyed hair, darkened eyebrows, and chauffeur's livery.

"Let be. I'll be no 'bidia' here," she announced in the broad Scots into which strong emotion always threw her, though ordinarily her nationality was evidenced only by a burr.

"Sh! Don't give me away. There's a lady over here who's in trouble and I want you to help her."

"Oh yes, you will. Dinna be camsteary, noo." Twinkling, he urged her with a phrase she had used for years in his own obstinate moments.

"I'll no be gaein' wi' ye. Ye'll be gielin' me ma pockmanty—" "Please, Janet!" Roberta swept aside her veil, disclosing her delicate, anxious face and eyes softly pleading.

"We'll be in worse trouble than we are now, if you don't. It's my trouble—about my little sister—and Mr. Brazenose is trying to help me. You can't go back tonight, anyway. It's too late. Come with us, and if you want to go home in the morning, you may. I promise. Please!"

"Aweel—gin ye promise..." Piggy gave her a boost from behind, tossed the portmanteau into the tonneau after her, and they shot out of Greenfield at a speed making the old Scotswoman gasp.

Before they reached Fitzwilliam Roberta had confided to her the whole story, and nothing more was heard about Janet's returning to New York. She warned them that no good ever came of defying parental authority and quoted at length from the Guild Buik to prove it; she grimly prophesied a prison cell or the hangman's noose—preferably both—for the sion of the house of Brazenose, and said that both he and the bit lass were loopy limmers—but she stayed.

Undertaking to serve both their Nash leads the world in motor car values. Beautiful display of new models at the F. W. Petty-John Co., 265 N. Com'l.

Quality painting, both varnish and lacquer work, in our modern equipped paint shop. Washing, greasing and night service; tire repairs. Wood's Auto Service Co.

Acclimated ornamental nursery stock, evergreens, rose bushes, fruit and shade trees at Peary's. Season in season. We have our own nurseries. 178 S. Com'l.

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COOLIDGE CASTS BALLOT WITH HOME TOWN FOLKS

Mrs. Alice R. Reckahn, her housekeeper. During their hour at home, several of their more intimate Northampton friends entered to chat for a while.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—(AP).—Vice President Charles G. Dawes and Mrs. Dawes voted at noon at the vice president's home in Evanston. The vice president spent eight minutes in the polling booth marking his ballot.

THREE KILLED IN ITALY DISTURBANCES FOLLOW ATTEMPT ON PREMIER'S LIFE

ROME, Nov. 2.—(AP).—Three persons have been killed in the disturbances throughout the country following the attempt on Premier Mussolini's life at Bologna Sunday.

Living and Loving

"At Least I've Heard So!" If only Lady Gossip were a woman of her word. If only, once having said a thing, she would stand by it.

But she isn't and she doesn't. Very likely the reason is because the words are never really her own but always somebody else's. Literally she takes them out of other people's mouths, and without being caught at her petty pilfering.

For questionable as is Lady Gossip's method of gathering news, it is crafty. She's an eavesdropper, is the baggage, with a decided preference for the back door rather than the front one.

It is pretty generally conceded, however, that all the facts in a case seldom seep through the keyhole. Inside information has the only real news value. To make all the excuse possible for the Lady we suppose this is why Gossip is frequently "gets things twisted," why from her we hear news not as it really is, but as it might be!

Whisper heard and repeated by babbling to babbling swells to torrential speech, rises in a raging sea of slander.

The Great War is a thing of a past not so far distant, but even now we hear its harsh echoes. International problems that arose at its close still perplex the universe. Questions propounded those years ago to this day remain unanswered.

But Lady Gossip, with her sharp tongue and her long one, is busy at her malicious job of arousing dissension.

"Paris is the least pleasant place in the world right now," declares the returning tourist. "At least I've heard so. I didn't go there myself. A friend of mine told me he had heard prices there were sky-high, every shopkeeper turned bandit; that waiters were discourteous and the populace so hostile that it is dangerous for an American to venture out alone in some quarters."

If this were a report of that tourist's own experience we might credit it. But—"At least I've heard so!" This only another of Lady Gossip's stories. And this time no less an authority on the subject whereof he speaks than Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, ambassador to France, give the lie direct to her slander.

The stories of French inhospitality and tales to the effect that it is unsafe for Americans to travel in France, can only be put down as bally nonsense!

Mr. Herrick has lived in France a long while and is intimately acquainted with the land and its people. When he flatly declares there is no ill will in France toward Americans we prefer to believe him rather than take stock in the report of a casual friend of a casual tourist.

Especially since Mr. Herrick none too subtly suggests that any friction which may have arisen between the children of the two republics is less the fault of the French hosts than of the visiting party.

I believe the average American is safe in France.

Bits For Breakfast

Now for work— Politics having adjourned. It is a Republican year in Oregon— And let us hope both houses of congress are of the same complexion.

For a man who does nothing, according to his detractors, who are very few and growing less in number, Congressman Hawley does very well on election day, thank you. The fact is, he is one of the big men of the lower house. He is authority on many subjects, and a great help to new members.

The judges and clerks of election had a hard day's (and night's) work. Those in Marion county were uniformly ladies and gentlemen. The newspaper reporters can testify to that.

The Slogan pages of The Statesman will tell about the progress of the Liberty industry tomorrow. We are getting more nuts on Liberty all the time, and we cannot get too many. This is a branch of horticulture in which we have a natural monopoly. What we need is to take full advantage of this monopoly.

Vibbert & Todd Electric Store, High at Ferry Sts. Everything electrical. Good service and low prices are bringing an increasing trade to this store.

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F. E. Stafer's Harness and Leather Goods Store, 170 S. Com'l. Suit cases, valises, portfolios, brief cases, gloves and mittens. Large stock. The pioneer store.

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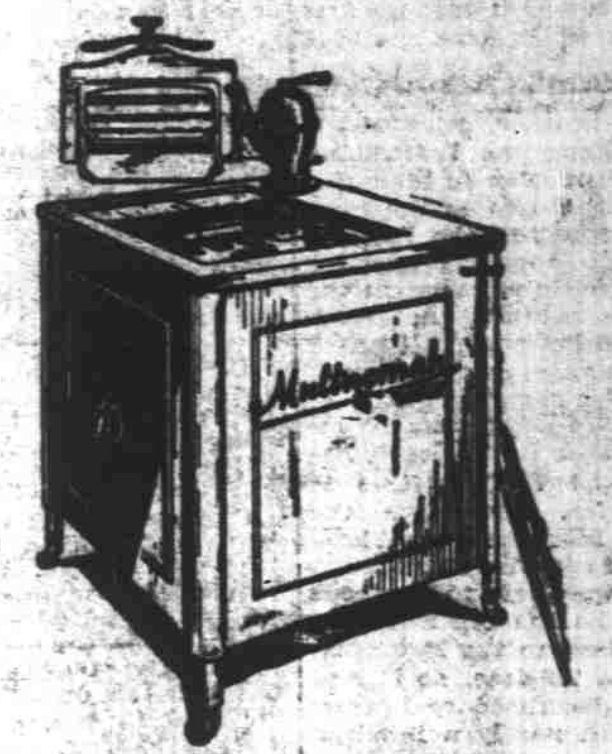
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Bonesteel Motor Co., 474 S. Com'l., has the Dodge automobile for you. All steel body. Lasts a lifetime. Ask Dodge owners. They will tell you. The Pontiac Six is out-selling because it is built to outlast. It displays unflinching sturdiness and dependability. See it on display at Vick Bros.

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