

MYSTERY

By W. T. RIGDON

Salem, Oregon, Feb. 10, 1919.
In the spring of 1913 I made a trip to the Southland. Many incidents of the trip made such an impression upon my mind that it has been impossible for me to forget them, or even crowd them to the unused departments of my mental storehouse.
As our ship passed over the place where the dreaded Columbia river bar once existed, striking terror to the very soul of even the hardened mariner, I thought of the mighty change which has been wrought by the genius of man, which shines out as clear as day in that long line of jetty on either side of that now perfectly safe entrance to one of the finest rivers on the globe.
A satisfactory and efficient plan for improving that hazardous entrance was once hid in mystery. The optimist was looking forward to some genius who would solve the mystery and thereby bring the Oregon country within reach of the world's trade-commerce. The pessimist was saying the thing could not be done. It was impossible to hold a deep channel against these two contending forces: the inward rush of the sea

and the outward push of the great river. The sands would pile up at the neutralized point and obstruct navigation in spite of all that could be done to prevent it.
Congress wrestled with the problem; legislators wrangled over the matter, and all Oregon busied herself with every suggestion imaginable, and hoped without prospect, until Captain Eades solved the mystery for the whole world, where similar conditions exist. No doubt thousands are now enjoying the fruits of that solution without even knowing that such a mystery ever existed, or ever heard of Captain Eades. As we rounded the outer point of the jetty, the old ocean spread out before us in its awful immensity, as far as the strained eye could reach, until a gentle horizon came to its relief and forbade a more extended vision. Thus the mind was left free to contemplate the great mystery of this huge body of dissolved hydrogen with all its unfathomable mysteries. Always moving, never for one moment resting, yet never wearying or tiring. Always here (maybe) came from nowhere, going nowhere, continually running, but never leaving. Contaminated by every land, muddied by every storm; feeding upon decaying vegetation; feasting upon carrion of every description, yet possessing a laboratory of inexhaustible resources for purifying the physical world.
Millions of thoughts like these ran through my brain as my vision was alternated between the great expanse on my right and the waving trees and pleasant hills on my left. The different composition of the various and numerable strata which showed along cliffs at every conceivable angle in different places carried my mind back to the study of geology and Halesy's speculations on the earth's construction, also the more recent writings of our own Ormsby McKnight Mitchell and his rather successful attempt to harmonize the mysteries of the earth's construction with the Mosaic story of the six days of creation. Still I could only say mystery, mystery, all is mystery.
As our good ship rounded that mighty bulwark of nature, the wonderful Point Loma and brought within our view the beautiful city of San Diego, a fine development of the first habitation of the white man on the soil of California, we began to school ourselves to leave on deck the swaggering step which had been

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NOTICE—None of the employees (or members of their families) of the Salem Baking Co., nor any of the faculty or students now enrolled at the Capital Business College are eligible to enter this contest.
Begin now to save Dixie Bread Wrappers and Labels. The Voting Contest is on. Either enter yourself, or if your school days are over help some young friend to enter.

HANDICAPPED

To have hindrances and obstacles placed in one's way. This a serious matter for one to be handicapped in the business of life, yet this is just what happens to young people who start without a proper training for business.

THE CAPITAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

is a school that affords a training to remove handicaps, natural or otherwise, so that one may start a business life with the right chance of making good. One should be prepared to do a few things well. That is the mission of this school—to teach a few things well. Our graduates succeed. Call, let us talk about a course of study. Students may enter at any time.

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After looking around a little while through the business streets of the interesting city, I asked for the show places. I was directed to the Cliff Gardens. After a three-mile ride on the street car I stepped off at the entrance gate of the most beautiful spot I had ever visited. For a time I paced through the beautiful walks and tried to absorb the spirit of the place. The high stone fence on the south is a marvel of patient and painstaking construction which contrasts pleasantly with the precipitous bluffs on the north, east, and west of an enclosure of but a few acres.
Still within these few acres can be found almost every choice and rare flower, plant, shrub and tree obtainable. Also a few rare animals from the proud and haughty elk with his annual antlers, to the interesting diminutive Guinea pig. Also rare birds which range in sizes from the rich plumaged and awkward moving ostrich to the little brown wren and the gyroscooping humming bird. The contrast from the proud and powerful ship sailing, the almost limitless pace, along a thousand miles or more of bluffs and hills and mountains for two days and nights to a miniature world encompassed within a few acres, was most telling on my nerves.

I had been looking upon the big things; thinking of states and continents and oceans and worlds; all of which had been an audience for me while I was contemplating upon the mysteries of nature. "But now," I said, "what is the use of straining one's imagination almost to the breaking point by scaling mountain peaks, or delving into the innermost depths of the earth or wandering through millions of miles of barren space to find the mysteries of creation, when myriads of them lie at our very feet."
While my mind was reelling in contemplation, my muscles refused longer to sustain me on my feet without a period of rest. So I sat down in one of the many convenient and comfortable benches provided for sightseers.

At this juncture a man with an air of "If you wish to learn anything ask me; I know it all" approached me and took a seat beside me. "You are a stranger here, are you not?" "Yes sir," said I. "I am either a stranger to the place or the place is a stranger to me. I am trying to solve some of the mysteries of nature." I said, "I have traveled thousands of miles to view the mysteries of nature, and now I find them all right here in this little enclosure. Well, maybe, not all, but surely enough to hold the interest and attention of mankind for ages to come," said I. "Oh, pshaw," said he, "you are away off; there are no mysteries here, nothing mystical, nothing you understand it all, all this labyrinth of creation?" "Certainly," said I. "There's nothing to it. John Spreckles put this all up. It's a gift from Mr. Spreckles to the city of San Diego. All these rare flowers and plants and trees and birds and animals were obtained at his expense and are maintained at his pleasure. He keeps a bunch of men here the year round in order that the place may be in prime condition three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. There are no mysteries in this world worth thinking about. I prove all things, hold fast to that which is good and let the rest go to the wind." "Yes," said I, "the wind bloweth where it listeth and ye hear the sound thereof, but ye know not from whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. A mystery unto me all things are mysterious until solved in knowledge," said I. "Well," said he, "what I know, I know, what I feel, I feel, what I see, what I hear, I hear. So I accept nothing till I prove it. I walk in the broad daylight of knowledge and trust only in the five senses of my nature, and I live and enjoy myself with the things that come within the reach of my faculties. No mysteries for me, if you please."

"Well," I asked, "I would you like to take a little walk around and explain to me some of these rare plants?" "Quite willing," said he. "Come this way. Now this is a century plant which blooms but once in a hundred years." "Have you seen it bloom?" said I. "Oh, no," said he. "Why said I, 'does it not bloom annually?'" "Oh, I don't know," said he. "Well, here's the cactus bed, with fifty varieties; all different in form and appearance. Some look like a ball of wool yarn flattened at the vertical poles, then stuck full of sharp coarse needles. Look at this one. It has a long wide thorny leaf, tough as leather. This one here is still an odd one. It has no leaves at all, just like a long fluted column like a Corinthian porch support and looks at a distance like a fancy fence post. See this one with its long, slim, leafless stalk, crooked and twisted like a writhing snake." "Well," said I, "why does cactus grow in so many forms?" "Oh, I don't know," said he, "but the whole family is partial to high barren ground. Step over here and see the Japanese garden in miniature. See that little pine tree only 12 inches high. Perfectly healthy and vigorous and seven years old. And that little cedar tree less than two feet high and fully as old as that one on the bluff half a hundred high." "Why," said I, "almost every forest tree is represented here in this dwarf kindergarten, and for what purpose were they made?" "Oh, I don't know," said he. "Come, look at this bed of beautiful flowers. Every color of the rainbow can be found in this bed, with a million blends to give variety. Did you ever see anything to compare with this?" "No, surely not," said I, "I do not understand it." "O, shucks, it is very simple. All these colors came from a mixture of tiny seeds planted to zether. It would take me too long to explain these flowers."

"Come and look at the birds. See that curiosity with his long black plumage and naked head and neck. He has all the appearance of a buzzard, while he is hardly large enough to devour a big dead grasshopper. And here is another little make-believe with his head and neck covered with such a heavy coat of feathers that he looks like a Siberian soldier at Christmas time. Why did the creator build birds on such widely different plans?" said I. "Oh, I don't know," said he. "But just look at that humming bird stand perfectly stationary in a horizontal position while it sucks the honey from a hanging flower. And then look at that big, awkward ostrich flap his wings without being able to lift himself from the ground." "Well," said I, "he can't fly any more than a horse can fly. Why should he have wings at all?" "O, I don't know," said he. "Well, what do you know anyway, my friend? You told me that you walked in the broad daylight of knowledge; you took no stock in mystery, and now I find that the world is just as mysterious to you as it is to me."

"Two tiny seeds may so closely resemble each other that you are unable to discover a difference, yet when planted in the same soil, cultivated the same, treated the same in every respect, will produce plants with no resemblance; one producing a white flower, the other a brilliant red flower, one growing on a soft glossy stem, the other on a rough thorny stalk. And so this mystery, unfathomable, runs throughout all creation. Growth itself, is a mystery of mysteries. Again, why should all young plant life in the open sunlight, take on a green color? There is nothing in the sunlight, nothing in the soil, nothing in the atmosphere that would indicate that a power was lurking in a tiny seed to draw from these elements the various colors of the rainbow. And although the chemist with a sufficient laboratory may discover these colors and produce them as well as the tiny seed, yet it is beyond the power of man to discover which seed will produce the violet blue or the red, pink or white carnation. No chemist in the world can discover which seed will produce the pleasant or the unpleasant odor."

"Ah! These things are wrapped in awful mystery which will, with millions of others remain unsolved to the end of time. Life is a very great mystery. God is the sum of all mysteries and must ever be so, while we inhabit this globe. All His are mysterious. We adore mystery and nothing but mystery. We live in mystery. We commune in mystery. We teach and walk and talk in mystery. Some mysteries we solve. Then they cease to be mysteries and lose our adoration. A world without mysteries would be as dry and expressionless as a sandhill; as uninteresting as a plate of diamonds before a hungry pig."

"By this time my newly found friend was looking at me with amazement. So I said to him, 'Please, sir, hereafter do not be so sure you know everything. Seek for knowledge. Get all the light you can. God is the great embodiment of wisdom and holds the key to all mysteries. Through Him and Him alone, can they be solved. Study Him, learn of Him. Harmonize with Him. Trust in Him. Walk by faith and not by sight, alone. Faith, hope, trust, confidence are the mysteries with which to bridge us over the chasm that separates this world from endless eternity.'"

"Oh! Pshaw," said he, "you talk like a crazy man. I really believe you're batty. Good night."

ARMENIA ALSO HAS ITS FOURTH
July 31 Is Independence Day in Territory Recently Occupied by Turks
LONDON, Feb. 14.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press)—Armenia's Fourth of July is January 21. On that day a year ago her independence was proclaimed.
It was a critical and anxious moment when Armenia took her memorable step, General Arsené Torom, leader of the Armenian military mission now here, told a representative of The Associated Press, harassed on all sides by Turks, Kurds and other hostile tribesmen, with Turkish troops preparing a big offensive in which the Tartars and Georgians were making ready to participate, with all communications cut and no help expected, Armenia's plight seemed hopeless. But with unshaken confidence in the power of the allies to triumph in the end, representatives of the population gathered at the ancient city of Garine, better known as Erzerum, and solemnly proclaimed the independence of Armenia, comprising Great Armenia, Little Armenia and Cilicia, and formally put the country under the protection of England, the United States, France and Italy.
Shortly before noon a procession formed and marched to military headquarters where it was received by General—then Colonel—Torom, chief of the Erzerum garrison. The procession was composed of citizens, provincial delegates, members of the Armenian Council of Defense, clergymen, educators, representatives of various Armenian committees, delegations from the Mussulman population, a Russian army commander, Lieutenant General Odechelidze, his staff, and the staff and line officers of the Armenian forces.
The tri-colored Armenian flag, made and presented by orphans of the town of Vaspouraxan, was hoisted, and while the crowd was cheering, a salute of 101 guns was fired from the citadel.
Colonel Torom, seated on a horse in the middle of a square formed by the Armenian soldiers, gave the command, "Present Arms." Then, saluting the flag with his sabre,

he proceeded to read the Act of Independence.
The proclamation sketched the early history of Armenia, recounting the country's struggles and sufferings at the hands of the Turks and declared: "Armenia has been waiting during 550 years, suffering and bathed in blood, for the hour of its final deliverance. Today that hour has at last struck."
General Torom plans to visit each of the principal allied nations and to go to the United States in the spring. To the correspondent he said:
"It is, I hope, only a question of weeks, perhaps of days, before the independence of our country is recognized by the allied powers."

Thousands of Germans Disappointed by Mails
COBLENZ, Jan. 11.—Thousands of residents of Coblenz have relatives or friends in the United States and during the first few weeks of American occupation there was a line of postoffices with letters for those across the Atlantic. The Germans had gained the false impression that they could communicate with people in the United States by use of the army's mail service.
The residents of Coblenz and other towns in this vicinity continued to stream into the United States branch postoffice each day in such numbers that eventually, at the request of the authorities, notices were published

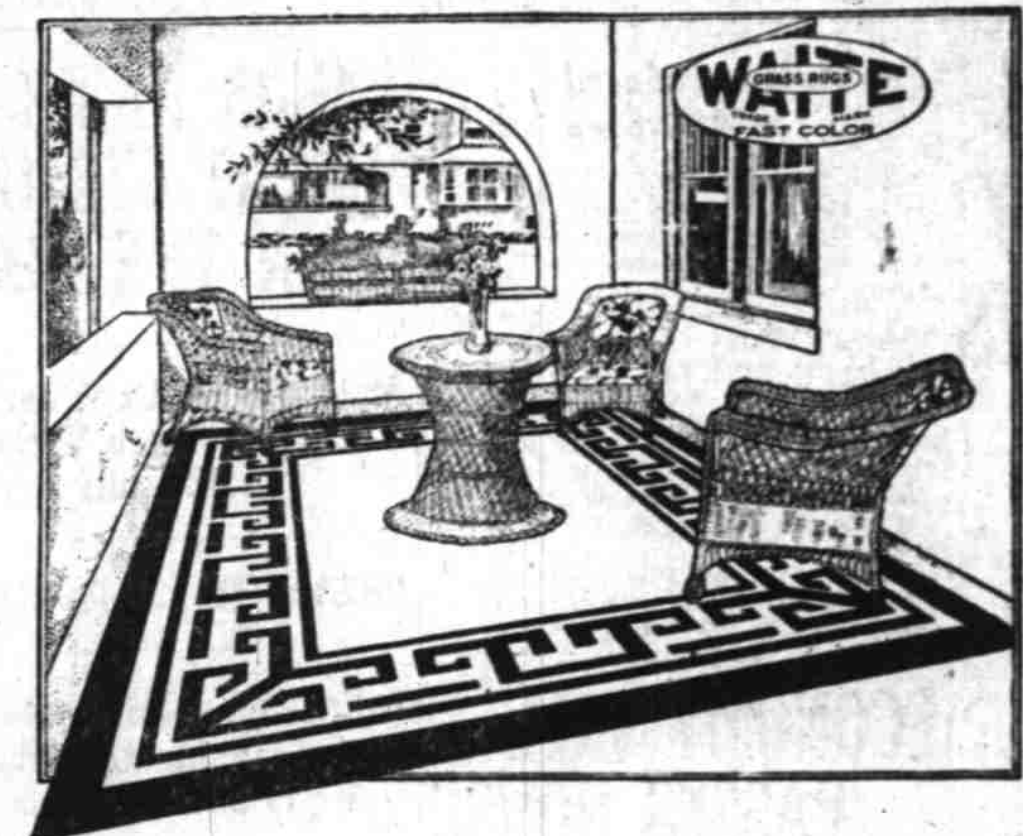
in the German newspapers explaining that no German mail was being received for the United States. Americans of the army of occupation are not allowed to use the German mails for communication with enemy subjects residing either within or without the occupied zone.

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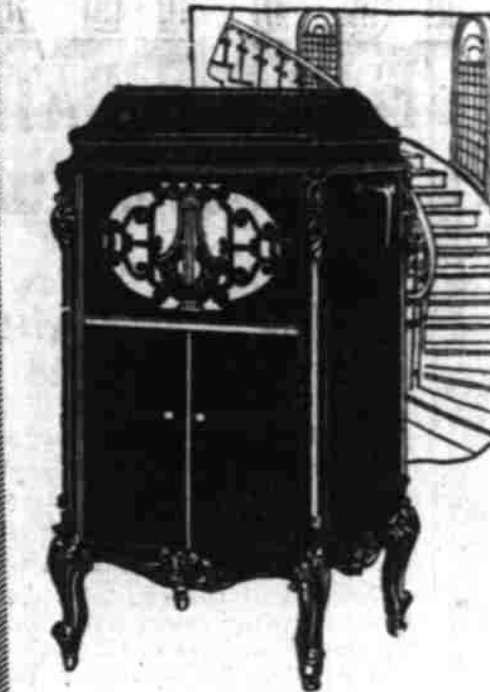
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