

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

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## A REMARKABLE FUNERAL SERMON

The funeral service for Mrs. W. H. Odell, who died in Salem, Friday, July 4th, was held at the First Methodist Church last Monday afternoon. Mrs. Odell was born in Ohio, lived a number of years in Kentucky, and came to Oregon twenty-five years ago last month. For a number of years General and Mrs. Odell made their home in Salem, but the last years of her life were spent in Portland. At the church beautiful and appropriate music was rendered, Dr. R. N. Avison read St. Paul's statement on immortality and offered prayer, and the memorial address was given by Rev. John Parsons, a former pastor of First Church, now residing in Portland. He spoke without manuscript or notes, so that the following summary of a very remarkable funeral sermon falls short of doing it full justice. Dr. Parsons said in substance:

St. Paul, after one of his great declarations on the future life and the eternal glory, said "Comfort one another with these words." It is not the body that counts in a service like this, but the soul. We bury the body, and it returns to the dust whence it came; but the soul is on high, and its possibilities will be realized in the presence and splendor of God.

Human life is divinely made and divinely endowed, but it is like a tree. The roots of our life are in the ground, in the kingdom of death; but the branches soar toward heaven, and take hold on eternity. The body is made of minerals, sustained by vegetables and animals, and when life's work is done one is like a child asleep on Nature's bosom. But is that all? Is that the goal of life? No, no! Longfellow insisted that life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal; and he added, "Dust thou art, to dust returneth, was not spoken of the soul."

What then is the goal of life? Consider the parable of the vine. A vine puts forth its tendrils, feeling after a trellis, or a support; and when the trellis is found it climbs into the light, spreads itself in the sunshine, and becomes beautiful and fruitful. It has found the goal of its life, and it is happy in the achievement. It is similar with the soul. We feel after God, if happily we might find Him. The Bible speaks of the garden of God. In that garden Jesus is set as a trellis, or support. Faith and hope and love are the tendrils of the soul, which take hold of the trellis, and the soul is lifted into the light and sunshine of the face of God. The result is beauty, the beauty of holiness, and fruitfulness, fulfilling the words of Christ: "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." Such a soul has reached its goal, the end for which it was made, and it is happy. Hope rises into certainty, and glory seems sure. God gives grace and glory.

This is the tree of life in the midst of the world. O tree of the Endless Life! Thy flowers are beautiful, thy fruit is delicious! Job said to God, "Thou shalt call, and I will answer. His thought was of the spring time, when the sun bids nature to rise out of its grave, and the call is obeyed. Out of the sanctuary of sorrow Job came, saying, I know that my redeemer liveth; and when his sorrows were overpast the good man said to God: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." It is good to listen to God, but it is better to see Him. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is a choice beatitude. Job was at home in God's tree of life, and its fruit was sweet to his taste. What confidence in God filled his life! And what radiant hope leaped in his soul!

David is remarkable for his vision of God, and his triumphant hope. He saw the unseen Infinite in cloud and sky, field and forest, mountain and river—all were symbols of a present God. And he likened Him to a shepherd, leading the souls of men into green pastures, and beside still waters. Think how he faced the shadow of the valley of death! He was fearless in the assurance that God would be with him and that the rod and staff of the Almighty would be his strength and support! God was a tree of life to his soul; he ate the fruit of the tree, and he was satisfied.

What a great experience was given to Isaiah! I see him there in the death chamber of the king, where he saw the Lord high and lifted up. Angels proclaimed the splendor of God, and other celestial hosts said the whole earth is full of His glory. In the splendor of that vision everything was changed; even death was destroyed, and victory snatched out of the hand of the grave. It was Victory supreme. This is the fruit of the tree of life, and Isaiah found it on the topmost boughs of the tree.

St. Paul was a man with a great hope, and a clear vision of spiritual realities. He said he was living in a tent, a temporary dwelling place; but he was getting ready to move into a house, a building of God, a place not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Indeed, he told Timothy that Jesus abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. One of his great sayings is this: TO DIE IS GAIN. Why is it gain to die? Because Death means life. And life with no sin to stain it, no temptations to harass it, and no death to intercept its work.

But the fruit of this wonderful tree is not confined to the Bible. Bacon wrote an essay on Death. He calls Death a friend of ours; and he said if we are not ready to receive Death when he calls, we are not at home. Adelaide Proctor wrote a poem on a "Tryst with Death," and she says, "I am footsore and very weary, but I travel to meet a friend." That friend is Death. It means that Jesus gave a new interpretation of death; he is no longer the king of terrors, but one of God's beautiful Angels. Indeed, did not the Master say, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also! Really, it is no enemy that takes us there. Miss Proctor saw a friend in the keeper of the Golden Gate.

When a man died on Flander's field his comrades spoke of him as having gone West. The West is another word for hope.

Hope dwells in the light of setting suns. One writer speaks of that great river of the West, which men call immortality; and another wrote this beautiful prayer, "Glorify for us the West when we shall sink to final rest!" Faber had seen people die as the day was dying, with a suggestion of victory and glory, and he wrote:

"How pleasant are thy paths, O Death: Ever from toil to rest Where a rim of sealike splendor runs, Where the days bury their golden suns, In the dear hopeful West!"

To eat of the fruit of the Tree of Life is one of the rights and privileges of the sons and daughters of the family of God, and this good woman enjoyed that right. Plato thanked God for three things. First, that he was born a man, and not a beast; second that



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he was a Grecian, and not a barbarian; and third, that he was a philosopher. Mrs. Odell knew the dignity of human life, prized her inheritance as a Christian, and looked at life and its problems in philosophical way.

She grew to God like a flower, or a tree. She did not suppress and stamp out the upliftings of her spirit. Faith, hope, love, conscience, were sacred realities in her life, and she allowed them to come to flower and fruitage in her character. So her chief adornment was what St. Paul calls the graces of the Spirit.

Besides, she kept on speaking terms with God. Her life was a life of prayer. And in her last days when the organ of the mind failed to function as of old, the spirit did not forget its morning and evening prayer. Prayer brings the soul to God, and she kept in touch with Him to the last.

Finally, her faith expressed itself in terms of service. Her motto might well have been that of the Master himself, "I am among you as one that serves." For such Longfellow would say, "There is no death." We shall take the body to Lee Mission cemetery, and leave it there; but her spirit is forever with the Lord.

It was a great bargain day in Salem. Of course. It pays to advertise.

President Wilson knocked the daylight out of the daylight saving repeal measure.

More fruit associations may be all right. But the great thing needful is more fruit.

Prices slumped in Germany on the announcement of the lifting of the blockade. Old H. C. L. is on the skids the world over, though the progress downward may be slow in some countries.

An aged English parson says the world is coming to an end on December 1. He says he can prove it by the Bible. That's nothing. The world came to an end for the Huns last Saturday.—Exchange.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw did not live long enough to see the full fruition of her life work for woman suffrage, but the coming day was purpling the eastern skies when God touched her and she slept.

A Turkish court martial has condemned to death Enver Pasha, Talat Bey and Djemel Fasha, the leaders of the Turkish government during the war. Now, if this order is carried out by the Turks themselves, they will show themselves at last on road to reform—though ever so short a way.

A British society which is trying to keep the Sabbath day holy after its own ideas charges theatrical managers and amusement purveyors with "attacking the people's right to the Sabbath day's rest." Of course, the society is right in suggesting that Sunday should not be made a day of noise for those who desire quiet. For this reason, restrictions on Sunday games are regarded as necessary by those people here in Massachusetts who are asking for a law that will legalize baseball. But "rest" nowadays is regarded as synonymous with relaxation or amusement, and theatrical managers are not attacking the

people's right to rest, but are providing people with the sort of rest they demand.—Springfield Republican.

### "JUST AN IDEA."

It was just an "idea"—that was all that he had— Columbus—those ages ago. It was just an "idea"—but we ought to be glad. For it gave us our country, you know.

It was just an "idea" in George Stevenson's mind. When he saw the steam jostle the kettle. But the railroads made brothers of all mankind. With their wonderful horses of metal.

It was just an "idea" Thomas Edison caught. But the light without flame we got from it. With another "idea" was the phonograph brought— And the "movies" that came like a omet.

So—next time you hear someone say, with a sneer, "I'll not pay that—for it's just an idea!"

Remind him that there isn't a thing that he uses That doesn't date back to this source he abuses.

And, tell him, there isn't a tool or machine That he handles, or works with, or ever has seen But he'll find it, if he trouble to trace it, begad As "just an idea" in the brain of a man.—Popular Engineer.

### TAPS.

(Used by permission of Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, owner of the copyright, issued 1900.)

Fading light Dims the sight. And a star rems the sky. Gleaming bright From afar drawing night, Falls the night.

Dear one, rest! In the west Sable night Lulls the day on her breast, Sweet, good-night! Now away to thy rest.

Love, sweet dreams! Lo, the beams Of the light Fairly moon kiss the streams, Ah, so soon! Peaceful dreams!

### THEY DESERVE IT.

Chicago Methodists have started a campaign for an increase in the salaries of Methodist ministers. Not only clergymen of the Methodist church, but those of many other religious denominations, are entitled to more money. The country is beginning to recognize more fully the

### FUTURE DATES.

June 29 to July 13—Methodist Centenary celebration at Columbus, Ohio July 5 to 13—Annual convention of the Christian church at Turner, July 22. Wednesday—William J. Bryan speaks in Salem. August 14, 15, and 16—Elks state convention at Klamath Falls. September 22-27—Fifty-eighth Oregon state fair.

value of the public school teachers and is slowly increasing their pay. Why, then, should the public at large realizing the worth of the preacher of the gospel, hesitate to make life more comfortable for him? True, the church is not a state institution and no one is compelled to contribute toward its maintenance; but if millions of right-thinking people did not voluntarily tax themselves in order to keep the churches alive society and government in America would soon find themselves on the downward road.

### PUT A TAG ON IT.

"When we flailly bury the hatchet with Germany it will be just as well to note carefully where it is buried."—Oregonian editorial, July 11.

Sure as your life you've struck it right: You've made a good suggestion; The bloody thing we'll put from sight.

Nor leave its whereabouts in question. When treaties meet the common fate Of simply cheap old scraps of paper; When leagues of love are turned to hate, The hatchet only cures the caper.

When tyrants rule upon the throne And grind their subjects with the ratchet You cannot force them to atone, Unless you use the trusty hatchet.

A nice soft word or pleasant smile May palliate your senses, Bit mixed with gall or purest guile. The hatchet only clears the trenches.

It may be badly nicked and rusted. The handle also broke or bent. But when repaired it may be trusted And on its ugly mission sent. —W. T. Rigdon.

### PHILOSOPHER'S WEATHER.

(James Whitcomb Riley.) It ain't no use to grumble or complain.

It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice. When God sorts out the weather and sends rain, Why rain's my choice.

In this existence dry or wet Will overtake the best of men. Some little slips o' clouds'll shet The sun off now and then.

They ain't no use as I can see In mortals sicut as you and me A faultin' Nature's wise intents And hookin' horns with Providence

It ain't no use to grumble or complain. It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.

For when God sorts out the weather and sends rain, Why rain's my choice.

### UNCLE SAM'S NEW ARMY.

From now on and forever more (2) liquor is to be in this country only for scientific, medicinal and sacramental purposes. Now let America prepare for a rush enlistment in the grand army of the sick, scientific and saintly!—Exchange.

"YOU MUST NOT HATE ANY." I expected my seatmate, but I am glad to die for my country. In the sight of eternity, I know now it is not enough to love only your own country. You must love all, and not hate any.—Edith Cavell.

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## NAVY TO BUILD BLIMP HANGARS

Trans-Pacific Flight in Big Balloon Thought Early Probability

WASHINGTON, July 12.—Acting under specific authority granted in the new naval appropriation bill, the navy department soon will start construction on two of the largest dirigible hangars in the world. Rear Admirals Taylor and Parks, heads repairs and yards and docks, respect of the bureau of construction and lively, today had instructions to speed up the preparation of the working plans, as an expenditure of about \$3,500,000 for two hangars to house flying machines of the Zeppelin type has been authorized. They will be located on the seaboard, probably in New Jersey, and possibly on the same site.

Ground area necessary for the construction of a double hangar will be about one square mile. Each hangar will be about 800 feet long, 250 feet wide and from 150 to 200 feet high. It is probable that all steel construction will be used and officials estimate that from six to eight months will be needed for their erection.

Big Ship to be Bought Provision for the purchase abroad of a Zeppelin type airship at a cost



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not to exceed \$2,500,000 is made in the naval bill, and the construction in this country of a similar machine at a cost of \$1,500,000. It is probable that the machine purchased abroad will be of the British R-34 model although larger. It probably will be flown to this country by an American crew, the only other alternative being to attempt to tow it by cables made fast to a ship. Negotiations looking to the purchase have already been entered into with foreign nations. After experiments with the foreign craft the construction of an improved American built machine will be started. Secretary Daniels said tonight that he had no further statement to make regarding the rumored trans-Pacific flight. Naval officers believe, however, that such a flight will be attempted shortly after the navy comes into possession of its first cruising dirigible.

## Doctor Tells How to Detect Harmful Effects of Tobacco Try These SIMPLE TESTS

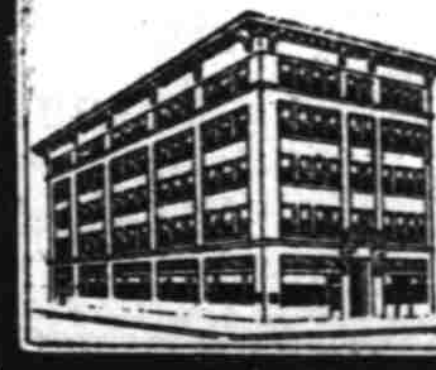
New York: Doctor Connor, formerly of Johns Hopkins hospital, says: Many men who smoke, chew or sniff incessantly and who are seemingly healthy are suffering from progressive organic ailments. Thousands of them would never have been afflicted had it not been for the use of tobacco, and thousands would soon get well if they would only stop the use of tobacco. The chief habit forming principle of tobacco is nicotine, a deadly poison which, when absorbed by the system slowly affects the nerves, membranes, tissues, and vital organs of the body. The harmful effect of tobacco varies and depends on circumstances. One will be afflicted with general debility, others with catarrh of the throat, indigestion, constipation, extreme nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, lack of will power, mental confusion, etc. Others may suffer from heart disease, bronchial trouble, hardening of the arteries, tuberculosis, blindness or even cancer or the common affliction known as tobacco heart. If you use tobacco in any form you can easily detect the harmful effects by making the following simple tests: Read aloud one full page from a book. If, in the course of reading your voice becomes muffled, hoarse and indistinct, and you must frequently clear your throat, the chances are that your throat is affected by catarrh and it may be the beginning of more serious trouble. Next, in the morning before taking your usual smoke, walk up three flights of stairs at a regular pace then stop. If you find that you are out of breath, your heart beat is forced, trembling or irregular, you may be a victim of functional or organic heart trouble. If you feel that you must smoke, chew or sniff to quiet your nerves, you are a slave to the tobacco habit, and are positively poisoning yourself with the deadly drug, nicotine. In either case you have just two alternatives—keep on with the self-poisoning process irrespective of the dangers and suffer the consequences, or give up the habit and escape the dangers. You can overcome the craving and stop the habit in a very short time by using the following inexpensive formula. Go to any drug store and ask for Nicotol tablets, take one tablet after each meal, and in a comparatively short time you will have no desire for tobacco, the craving will have left you. With the nicotine poison out of your system your general health will quickly improve. Note—When asked about Nicotol tablets, one of our leading druggists said: "It is truly a wonderful remedy for the tobacco habit; away ahead of anything we have ever sold before. We are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the money to every dissatisfied customer, and we would not permit the use of our name unless the remedy possessed unusual merit." Nicotol tablets are sold in this city under an iron-clad money-back guarantee by all up-to-date druggists, including D. J. Fry—Advertisement.



### BANKING BY MAIL

ONE of the particularly good points about the bank-by-mail feature of United States National service—is that at this busy season the Farmer does not have to drop things and make a trip to town to transact his banking. Both deposits and withdrawals can be handled in this way.

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United States National Bank Salem Oregon