

The Oregon Statesman

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THE RELIGION OF JESUS

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It is recorded that one came to the Master asking, "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" The answer of Jesus was remarkable for its simplicity. He entered upon no long, learned and occult religious disquisition, difficult or impossible of being understood by the simple or the unlearned; no deep, theological discussion of the relation between man and God and of what is demanded in order that the infinite may be propitiated and may forgive and receive the finite creature whom He himself has created.

"There came one running, and knelt to Him, and asked Him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

"And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, and that is God. Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honor thy father and mother.

"And he answered and said unto Him, Master, all these have I observed from my youth.

"Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross and follow me."

Did Christ, then, neglect to advise the man that the road to eternal life leads through some narrow, exclusive, theologically prescribed, sectarian door? Did He forget to tell him that it is to be found by a species of intellectual legerdemain calculated to make the world believe—perhaps to convince ourselves—that our souls are white and spotless, when, as a matter of fact, they are as black as midnight with selfishness, greed and hatred, inharmonious, and secret, sinful thoughts and desires? In effect, the Master told this man that eternal life is to come as a result of a pure and blameless life; by "loving one's neighbor as one's self," as He adds according to another record of this same incident; by taking up the cross and humbly following the Master—not, of course, outwardly with lip professions and service, but inwardly, actually in thought, life and deed.

One of the strangest things in human history is how out of the simple, straightforward, easily-understood, pure, spiritual philosophy of Jesus men have builded hundred of differing, conflicting, hair-splitting, warring theologies; how upon His demands for individual purity, honesty, unselfishness, all-embracing love and charity men have created cold, merciless, cruel and proscribing creeds and dogmas; and for the universal fatherhood of the God of love whom He preached, and his appeal for the brotherhood of man men have substituted hatred, anathemas and eternal damnation.

Is it not about time that the Christian world got away from all perversions of, all libels upon, the religion of Jesus and came back to the true spirit of Christ as exemplified in the Gospels. If the best that these cold, merciless, hair-splitting, proscribing theologies can do toward the Christianizing of the world is the hatred, murder, bloodshed and suffering of the past decade, would not the world be justified in consigning them all to the religious scrapheap, if necessary, in order to enable it to get back to the two commandments of Jesus, upon which, He declares, hang all the law and the prophets? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength;" "and thy neighbor as thyself." If by substituting for these "the commandments and doctrines of men" it has been found impossible to restrain professed Christians from flying at each other's throats, would it not be well for religion to confine itself largely to emphasizing the necessity for general obedience to these two commands and the establishment in the hearts of men of the real spirit of Christ?

His spirit is the only league of nations that the world needs—the only one that will prevent wars. Uninspired by this spirit, if the world make elaborate written international agreements to prevent wars, they will be as powerless to accomplish the end sought as have the finespun theologies and the dogmas and creeds of the past. Put a little of His spirit into the hearts of men, and love, justice and charity will soon make guns and warships obsolete. If half the efforts, lives and treasure spent in the last three hundred years by so-called Christian nations on destruction, wars and conquest had been intelligently and unselfishly devoted to the general development of this Christ spirit, the world would not now be struggling to recover from the effects of the most hellish war of history.

Is it not about time that somebody tore the masks from religious delusions, pretense and hypocrisy and tried to make the world know that, no matter how many brands of sectarianism there may be, there is but one Christianity; that no matter what kind of religion one may think he has gotten, until he is born again—until his life is changed—until he has displaced the low ambitions, passions and desires of the natural, physical, animal man by something of the very spirit of Christ, he has not yet achieved Christianity? Christianity is pure thinking and living, righteous doing and unselfish love for and service to others; it is living the golden rule, overcoming the hatreds and inharmonies of the natural man, and walking in such actual companionship with God,

with Christ, as to be constantly conscious of the holy presence. It is even more than these things; but having less than these, one has no Christianity worthy of the name. Let us, therefore, not try to fool our Maker, belittle Christ and insult the intelligence of the world by holding ourselves out as followers of Christ, until we can show something of His life in our own; until we have by His help really overcome at least the coarsest and basest of the human passions, frailties and sins. And the words of the Perfect Man, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, and that is God," shame and rebuke the tendency in us toward sactimoniousness and self-righteousness, no matter how sure we may think we are of the life eternal.

Georges Carpentier has sailed for home and we don't yet know how his name is pronounced.

Sir Oliver Lodge has theories about the sun spots; but we don't fall for Sir Oliver's theories as we once did.

Dr. Wesley Wait of Minneapolis says he worked out the theory of relativity 20 years ago. In that case why did Wesley Wait?

One of Mr. Edison's questions is answered by the news that a condor pursued for the whole course of 700 miles an airplane in which Signor Rolandi, an Italian, recently flew from Lima to Cuzco.

Dr. Charles Russ, the British bacteriologist, reports the discovery, confirmed by eminent physicists, that the ray from the human eye has power to create motion. The practical application of the discovery is yet to develop but it will be a great boon to occult "science."

Alfred Scattergood, head of the Quaker relief organization in Germany which has provided 150,000,000 meals for poor children, has a family name that takes one back to the pages of "Pillgrim's Progress"; its appropriateness is ideal. The honors just bestowed on him at Berlin before his departure are a sincere expression of gratitude; the relief work of the Society of Friends has made a deep and lasting impression throughout Europe.

The Palestine Development league, composed of the minority group of the Zionist organization of America and including among its leaders Justice Brandeis, Judge Julian W. Mack, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Nathan Straus and Mrs. Mary Fels, proposes to raise and spend a minimum of \$5,000,000 on the development of Jewish enterprises in the Holy Land, by proved business methods. It is a good guess that the millions will be well spent.

The official warning from the state commissioner of agriculture of Massachusetts, Mr. Gilbert, against sowing the seeds of the Flanders poppy is to be regretted, but is evidently necessary. Such deep sentiments, since the World war, have associated themselves with the poppies of Flanders Fields, made forever famous by Col. McRae's poem; that very many of us would be glad to see them growing in rich profusion in this country. But the scientific warning that their growth cannot be controlled and that they tend to do an injury to agriculture must be heeded.

FINISH THE JOB.

When they tell you or you tell yourself that it really doesn't make much difference, to let it go this time, that you can do it tomorrow or next week or next month or any old time—or that Joe or John or Jim or Jack will fix it for you—or it's too late or too early, or too hard or too easy, or too inconvenient or too ANYTHING—once you've started something, FINISH THE JOB! And argue about it afterwards.

Finish the job out of principle! Finish it out of habit! Finish it out of doggedness or cussedness, only FINISH IT! Whether you like it or not, plug up the holes! Stop up the leaks! Patch up the ruffled edges! Once you've started something, FINISH THE JOB! And think it over afterwards.

At some time or another the religion of thoroughness has been ingrained into every successful man in these United States. If you want to be numbered among them, if you would bask in the sunshine and enjoy the sunsets and escape the shadows, if you want to get into "Who's Who" and to determine "What's What," if you're dissatisfied with being a kicked-and-cuffed-about dog in a conscienceless machine—once you've started something, FINISH THE JOB!

taunting, laughing or jeering—and donning their duds and slaming the door and rushing pell-mell downstairs—YOU—get a hustle on! Shake your legs and hands! And heart and head! And FINISH THE JOB!

In the name of common sense, in the name of justice to yourself and the man who butters your bread, in the name of everything and everybody you hold near and dear, by the token of success for which you're striving, fighting, working, denying yourself and doing your darndest to pliffer a place in the sun—once you've started something—FINISH THE JOB!

FOUNDATION OF MORALS

We are going to have a better moral tone— When young men again put the word "virtue" in the place now occupied by "vamp;"

When young girls look to a youth's character before they look to his car;

When the risque story is banished—from mixed company at least;

When modesty supplants style; When jazz is relegated to the jungle from whence it came;

When the "animal" dances are recognized for what they really are and the dance again becomes the poetry of motion instead of a hop, skip and jump;

When we stop confusing "smartness" with intellect and cleverness with brains and ability; When parents set a real example and regain control of their sons and daughters;

When we stop trying to make a "front" and living for the impression upon other people who don't care anyway and come back to life within our means and life for our own families—the God-fearing, Satan-defying, soul-satisfying life which we all love best down in our hearts and which alone brings true happiness and contentment.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

REGULAR PINK TEA.

One of the New York clergy men made public criticism of the women of the Roosevelt family because they were represented at the Dempsey-Carpentier imbroglia. Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt retorts that it was a very ladylike affair and could not bring a blush of shame to any matron. There have been scraps at church meetings in which the principals were unable or unwilling to shake hands at the windup. At this mixup everybody was good natured and even the Frenchman was cordial and fraternal with his opponent. It was about as brutal as a nuptial supper. The enemies of public boxing will have to dig up something else as a horrible example.—Los Angeles Times.

A FOOL THERE WAS.

A fool there was who bought a car— To tell the truth, there many are of those who do this selfsame thing— And swore: "I'll burn the roads, by jing, In spite of any motor cop Who tries to bring me to a stop! The law he represents I spurn And he will very quickly learn That, when I wish to take a spin, He'll have to fly to run me in! So, on the gas he sets his toe And, pressing downward, makes her go A pace of sixty miles an hour, Or more, if it is in his power, Regardless of congested streets And other hindrances he meets. He steps upon the liquid gas Just like the reckless, brainless ass He is, and at full speed he goes Until a somersault he throws, Or runs into a moving train And spills his microscopic brain Although to doing so, worse, He ends his speeding in a hearse. —W. H. Bagby.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

It was a big Saturday— In what should be the dull season. What will a Saturday in Salem look like in September and October? T. G. Albert, caretaker of the automobile camp grounds, says many more people would stop in Salem if they could find houses to rent. Most of those who do stop are obliged to buy homes or farms. It is one thing after another at the dehydration plant. The bear crop will be on the heels of the loganberry crop early in August,

HEADS NEW POLAR EXPEDITION.



Sir Ernest Shackleton will sail from London late in August with a party of explorers to chart 10,000 miles of remote Antarctic regions. The enterprise will be known as the Shackleton-Rowett Oceanographic and Antarctic Expedition.

and the evergreen blackberries will crowd the beans—and so on through the procession of fruits and vegetables suitable for dehydrating.

It is a far cry from Salem, Oregon, to New York's Gotham, but facts are facts. The managers of the Salem district Sunday school parade thought there might be 500 in line; there were 1500 in yesterday's march-past. The much advertised wet parade held recently in New York boasted that a million marchers would step to the protest of the Volstead law and the eighteenth amendment. Accountants tallied less than 17,000 actual marchers, made up of the rag-tag and bobtail of the most undesirable and least desired foreign elements who stay in America but live and think in European submerged sink-holes. The comparison provides food for thought.

The paving work is being rushed; but it cannot be rushed too much. The sun shines gloriously now, but the night cometh, and the rain, when no man can work on roads.

The Statesman is saying good morning to a long list of new subscribers on the farms of Marion and Polk counties, this morning, about the time the gray streaks of dawn dance on the misty mountain-tops of the cerulean Cascades. Good morning—and good luck!

This is Salem chautauqua week. There will be entertainment and instruction beyond anything Salem has had before in this particular.

93-Year-Old Woman is Honored at Olympia

OLYMPIA, Wash., July 6.—Mrs. Helen Elizabeth Taylor, 93-year old member of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, was re-elected color bearer for the organization in Washington for the 16th time at the annual elections held here recently. Despite her years, Mrs. Taylor is planning to attend the national encampment of the order at Minneapolis this year.

Big Positions Are Open for Really Big Men

But before you can successfully hold one of these positions you must be 100% efficient. Weak or defective eyes probably do more to decrease efficiency than any other one ailment. Prepare for bigger things by getting those eyes tended to NOW.

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often organized by men who did not even know the difference between a cut-back and a close-up, not to mention the distinction between an ordinary platonic kiss and the lingering fade-away, were trumpeted by stock salesmen who pointed to great financial achievements by well known film makers as an assurance that investors would soon receive gobs of dividend checks, the report indicated.

But the investigating committee discovered that most of these wildcat schemes died without leaving a foot of film to posterity. It then started a campaign of warning to the public.

This, the association claims, has been successful. "The danger of this sort of investment has been called to the public's attention with such force," its statement said, "that very few, if any, new producing companies have attempted to sell stock within the past six months."

CORRECTED BY A PURIST

"Trains stop in the center of the platform," read the purist as he waited for a B. R. T. subway train. "They don't any such thing," he snorted. "They stop in the middle of the platform. How can the platform have a center when it has no circumference?"—New York World.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE—FINE LARGE YOUNG Guernsey-Durham cow, fresh, 6005 Ferry St. LOST—VEST POCKET KODAK AND case, at Spang's Landing, with name Elsie Gilbert. Return to 235 North 15th. Reward.

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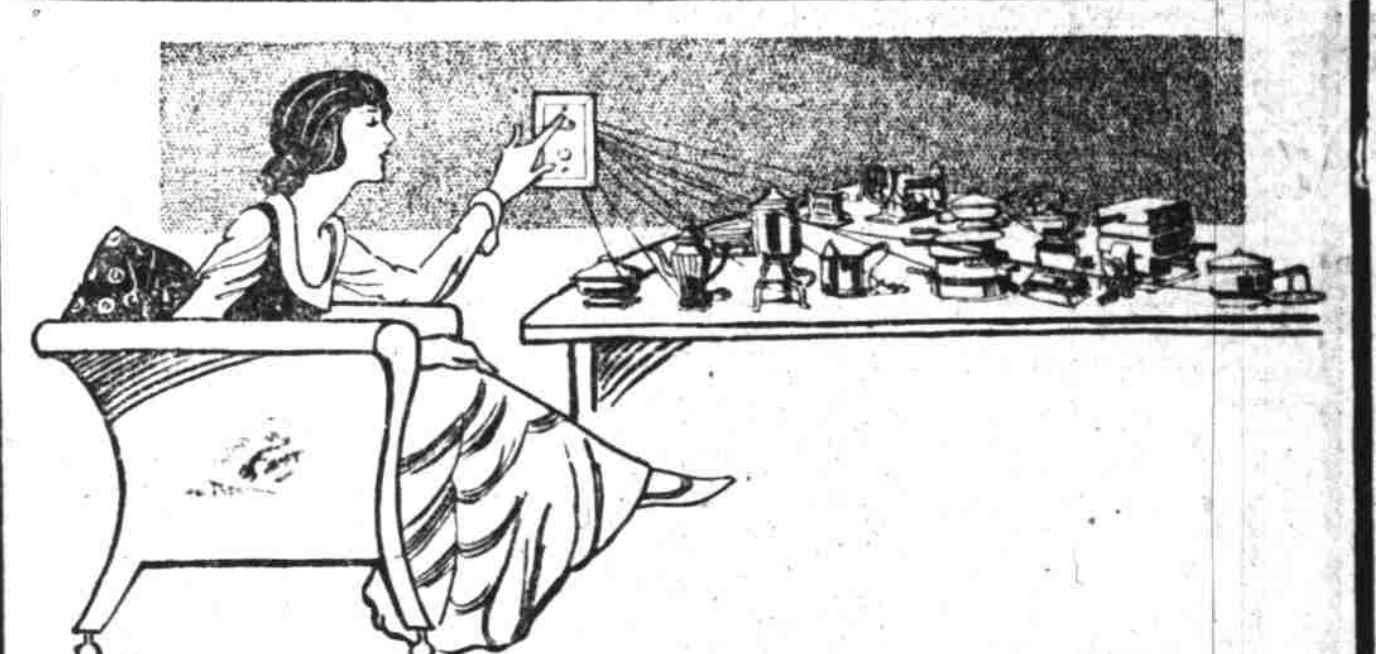
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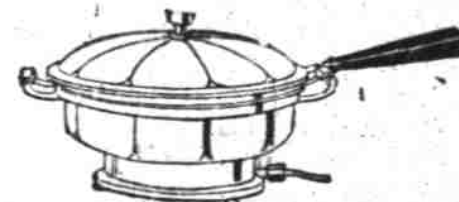
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