

The Oregon Statesman

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THE STRENGTH OF CHEERFULNESS

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The cheerful man is a joy to his associates, while the grouch is a breeder of discouragement and gloom. The cheerful man sees beauty in those with whom he mingles and everywhere in the world, and this beauty makes his own heart glad and his nature buoyant and active.

Those who have spent one or more summers in the region north of the Arctic Circle, where the sun is seen both day and night for many weeks, tell us that the rapidity with which all kinds of vegetation advance under the continuous sunshine is almost past belief; that vegetation grows and comes to maturity in only a fraction of the time required in the summer of the temperate zone.

There are spiritual rays that emanate from the life divine that shine into the hearts and souls of men who turn their life to Him to receive and be blessed by them. These spiritual rays give life to the soul, and those who seek and absorb them grow in spiritual stature and unfold into spiritual maturity and perfection.

The one who wallows in sadness and exults over gloom justifies his attitude by the statement that misfortune is im-

pending in every life, and he is wisely preparing himself to receive the shock of disaster when it comes. But such a statement is not true. His attitude weakens his powers of resistance and lessens his ability to meet and overcome misfortune if it should overtake him.

But if misfortune or calamity should overtake one, gloom and despondency will not aid him to meet these conditions successfully and help him to overcome them. Gloom and despondency darken the vision, paralyze one's powers and deaden the life.

If misfortune finally overtakes the cheerful man who has refused to permit his life to be weakened by the impending disaster, he is able to meet it with clearer vision that opens to him possible means of escape, and the strength he has conserved gives him power to go the way that leads to ultimate success and brightness.

God loves the happy heart, and men see a reflection of heaven in the cheerful countenance of the man whose life is radiant with gladness. The good will of his brothers sustains the cheerful man, and the strengthening power of the infinite life sustains him when times of trial and sadness come to him.

The way of the moonshiner is hard. Were you satisfied with any variety of the weather yesterday?

Born Feb. 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln, the greatest exponent of democracy the world has known.

Uncle Joe Cannon may have little opposition in case he runs again, so it is announced. Sure Mike. His Illinois district has the habit of voting for him, and it would be hard to shake it off.

I am speaking on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln and to men who count it their peculiar privilege that they have the right to hold Lincoln's memory dear and the duty to strive to work along the lines that he laid down. We can pay most fitting homage to his memory by doing the tasks allotted to us in the spirit in which he did the infinitely greater and more terrible tasks allotted to him.—Theodore Roosevelt.

It took his countrymen full four years to find Abraham Lincoln out. By the light of the campfires of victorious armies they learned to see the outline of his gigantic figure, to assess the integrity of his character, to comprehend the majesty of his conscience, and, when at last they looked upon his career face as the nation reverently bore his body to the grave, through their

The Junior Statesman

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In The Pirates' Cave

Ollie Clark Makes a Speech About Pirates

THESE pirate fellows—the old timers—were some pirates. Take Ollie Clark's word for it. Last week at the meeting of the Pirate Six in our cave in Herb Wood's back yard, Ollie got up from his soap box and says he had a few words to tell us about pirates, so we all says all right, and Ollie went ahead. Here's what he had to say:

"Pirates were a pretty rough bunch," says he. "If a man was an outlaw and had a desperate and brutal character he'd make a good pirate. On the Spanish Main. They were havin' their biggest times in piratin' about 150 years ago. The Spanish main was their best working field, for it was being traveled a lot by ships going back and forth from the new land, America, and all of them were pretty well loaded with valuables. These pirates would band themselves together and supposin' one day they decide they'll get busy and steal something. They got to have a boat. So they pick out one that's layin' in harbor, and some dark night they sneak up on'd overpower the guard and take possession of the boat. This ain't hard to do for the boats in harbor wasn't guarded very heavy because nobody ever suspected that pirates would attack. If it happened that the boat they'd swiped wasn't big enough to stand sailing far out to sea, the pirates would have to stay

island and there bury their plunder, planning to return for it some day.

"After that they'd start out after more ships and plunder. That's the way they'd work. How'd you fellows like to have been real pirates?"

Well, we all thought it over for a few minutes and then we decided all at once that none of us would have enjoyed being so tough as all that, though we sure would like to sail out in boats the way those real pirates did and go some place where you can do as you please.—AL STUBBS, Scribe of the Pirate Six.

ONE REEL YARNS

LINCOLN'S CHUM My father knew a fine old man who used to talk of when Abe Lincoln was an awkward lad, for they were playmates then. Just think of it! A chum like that! To work with him and play before the humble cabin door when "chords" were put away! I guess that I wouldn't ask much more of life if I could be the man that father knew, and say that Lincoln played with me.

I like to close my eyes and think what sort of boy he was—a fine, big-hearted kind of lad that fellows liked because they knew he'd always treat them square and never pick a fight with boys that weren't as big as he. He knew it wasn't right. Find of serious-faced, I guess, ungainly-like, and slim—but gee! I'd give the world to have a chum as fine as him. To store in Memory's treasure-house those lazy, sunny hours, of fishing in the singing creek, and hunting woodland flowers, of learning all the secrets wise that nature had to tell, and spending forehead-wrinkled days in learning how to spell; to the and watch the kindly sky cloud-castles floating free, together talking, boy-like, of "what I'm going to be."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Mrs. Dwight A. Hoag

In eighteen hundred nine, my child, In Hardin county, in Kentucky, On February 12th, was born A babe one could not say was lucky As far as home and wealth concerned The little fellow, and yet he had A treasure that no gold could buy— The angel mother of the lad. When nine years old he lost his wealth. Now, LOST her do I really mean? Nay, nay, a mother's love and care Are ever present though not seen. "All that I am I owe to her." He said in later years, you know, And facing hardships grave and mean He came through all as white as snow. I wish I'd seen him floor the boy Who smashed the turtle's shell that day. "The tender hearted ones are brave," Is true as many often say. I wish I'd seen him stop, dismount, While other lawyers left him there, Pick up the baby birds and place Them in the nest with tender care. I wish I'd heard him make that speech: "Fourscore and seven years ago—" That day at Gettysburg, when soul Made all his face to seem aglow. A man of sorrow was our "Abe." And just as mist began to clear— The war was o'er and victory won— He died when joy and peace were near. O, had I been near him that night The assassin's hand to check and stay. But like the rest I'd been too late, And not have known till dead he lay. Yes, PEACE was near for " Honest Abe," A PEACE that none could ever mar; And he again was with his mother, Where pain and sorrow never are. But then we'll always mourn his death; 'Twas hard for us to have him go Just then before we'd time to thank Him; and he still was needed so. But let us each bestir ourselves Right now, before it is too late, And do what's right, and brave, and best, For what he saved—OUR SHIP OF STATE.

Salem, Oregon. Route 1.

Wells wrote a diary that will keep his place in the list of reference books, but his work, faithfully as it was done, has not stirred Young America's blood as it was stirred by Farragut in the rigging of the Hartford or Winslow tearing the Alabama to pieces with his relentless fire.

On the sea thus it is, and so is it on the land. The Revolutionary committees on military supplies are not mentioned in one school for a hundred that echo the stories of the men who compelled Burgoyne and Cornwallis to surrender. Eaton's capture of Derne has been told in histories that do not refer to contemporary debates on military problems. What boy who reads of Jackson at New Orleans thinks of the civilians of that day? In the days of our conflict with Mexico William L. Marcy was in the war department, few men of his time approached him for executive ability; he ranks with the strongest of our secretaries of state, but when we think of the Mexican war, it is Taylor, though outnumbered yet victorious, and Scott marching over the mountains, who are the heroes.

Those who can remember our Civil war speak of the ability with which Seward managed our foreign affairs, of the powers of Chase in the treasury, of the sleepless energy of Stanton in the war department. But unquestionably the younger generation know more of Grant than of all the statesmen of that day save the man in the White House. There are a thousand who have sung "Marching Through Georgia" for one who can name the cabinet. If we take the losers, the names of Lee and Jackson are known to multitudes who do not even know that Jefferson Davis wrote a history of the conflict, and who may not have seen a copy of "The War Between the States," by Alexander H. Stephens.

According to the old Latin phrase, "In the clash of arms the laws are silent." Yes, and when war fills the stage the ablest civilian is apt to be overshadowed by the fame of the conqueror.

TODAY'S PUZZLE

NEDE, DRIA, EKID, DEWA Each group of letters may be arranged to form a word, and the four words may be made into a square. Answer to yesterday's: Lose, lone, line, fine, find. Answer to today's: Wade, arid, dike, Eden.

FUTURE DATES

- Boy Scout Week—February 8 to 14. "Wear the square knot and do a good turn daily." February 12, Sunday—Lincoln's birthday. February 13, Monday—Professor M. E. Pfeiffer, University of Oregon. February 14, Tuesday—Basketball, Willamette vs. O.A.C. at Army. February 14, Tuesday—Justice John McCreary to address Six O'Clock club at First Methodist church. February 14, Tuesday—Cherrians meet. February 15, Tuesday—St. Valentine's day. February 15, Wednesday—Annual meeting and election of Marion County Federation, Commercial club. February 15, Wednesday—Company F smoker at Army. February 16 to 19 inclusive—State Christian Endeavor convention. February 16 to 19 inclusive—Convention of State Retail Dealers association at Roseburg. February 21, Tuesday—Convention of Oregon Retail Clothiers' association in Salem. February 21, Tuesday—John D. Mickle to address South Salem Parent-teacher association at Leslie Methodist church. February 21, Tuesday—Wednesday, Apollo club in concert with Gideon Hicks and Gertrude Huntley Green, pianist. February 22, Wednesday—Seventeenth anniversary program by Rhetorians at Marion. February 22, Wednesday—Washington's birthday. February 23, Thursday—Annual Elks Election. March 17-19—Meeting of county Sunday school convention in Salem. March 17, 18 and 19—Marion county Sunday school convention, Salem. February 16 to 25—"Better Music" week in Salem. April 16, Sunday—Easter. May 19, Friday—Primary election. June 29-30, July 1—Convention of Oregon Fire Chiefs' association at Marshfield. July 8 and 4—Monday and Tuesday, State convention of Artisans at Woodburn, September 21, 22 and 23—Federation

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

The people of America are celebrating the birthday of a man whose memory becomes dearer with the passing of the years.

Today, Sunday, February 12th, is 113 years since Abraham Lincoln was born in a small one-room, floorless and windowless log cabin in a lonesome section of the Kentucky frontier—a cabin that was built by a father who with his axe bowed the logs from the trees of the forest; a father who could neither read nor write. People of today who express dissatisfaction with their condition in life will profit by ceasing their lamentations long enough to look into the early struggles of the immortal Lincoln. They will find, most of them, that they now are, and always have been, a thousand times better off in most respects than was Lincoln. His entire boyhood and young manhood was filled with the direst poverty—a never ending struggle for very plain food and mighty few clothes. However, instead of bewailing his circumstances in life, he cheerfully and constantly sought to improve them. So successful was he in this determination that 52 years after his birth in that humble log house he had the honor of making his home in the White House at Washington.

The maiden name of Lincoln's mother was Nancy Hanks. At the age of 23 she married Thomas Lincoln. Three years after their wedding Abraham Lincoln was born. The boy's first school teacher was Hezekiah Riney, who could read but could not write, and the only school book was Dillworth's spelling book, which the boy and his sister Sarah shared between them. This school term lasted six weeks. Shortly afterwards a teacher by the name of Hazel opened a school four miles from where the Lincolns lived. Hazel could "read, write and cipher," and was regarded as a very learned man. Little "Abe" and his sister Sarah attended Hazel's school for ten weeks. Their lunch which they carried to school was always the same—corn bread, and nothing else.

The 5th of October, 1818, was no doubt the most unhappy day of Lincoln's life. His mother, aged 35, died on that day. His father, Thomas Lincoln, fourteen months thereafter, married Mrs. Johnson, a widow with three children, who had been a girl sweetheart, her maiden name having been Sally Bush. Lincoln's stepmother was a woman of fair education, being able

to read and write. Abe gave to his stepmother a large share of his heart and she returned his love with equal fervor. During the winter of 1819-20, Abe had several weeks more schooling under a teacher named Dorsey. The next opportunity to attend school came four years later, in 1823, when Andrew Crawford took charge of the old Dorsey school and young Abe attended for a term, and it is claimed that Dorsey aroused Lincoln's ambitions more than any of the other teachers. They were very fond of each other. Three years later, for only a few weeks, Abraham Lincoln attended his last school, five miles from home; the teacher being a man named Swaney. The sum total of Lincoln's attendance at school during his entire life was less than one year. But he was a great reader, and a great observer. He learned from books and from men and from the life that was around him. Lincoln as a young man worked for 25 cents a day; on his first job; then on his second for six dollars a month and board. His third job was clerking in a store, for very meager wages, but with a chance to read a number of books he had not theretofore been able to read, and to learn the ways of business. The boy Lincoln never complained about hard conditions or hard work. He used every experience to broaden his mind and his sympathies, and to fit him for the duties that were to come to him in the succeeding years.

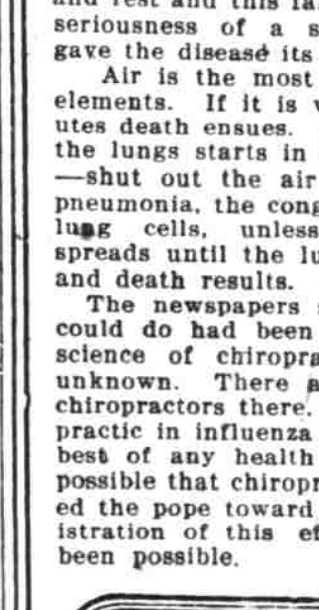
ANN RUTLEDGE (By Edgar Lee Masters.) Out of me, unworthy and unknown The vibrations of deathless music; "With malice toward none, with charity for all," Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions. And the beneficent face of a nation Shining with justice and truth. I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds, Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln. Wedded to him, not through union, But through separation, Bloom forever, O Republic, From the dust of my bosom.

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The Disease that Killed Pope Benedict XV.

SUNDAY HEALTH TALK NO. 26—BY O. L. SCOTT, D. C.

It started as a cold and developed into pneumonia. The pope refused to give up and rest and this failure to appreciate the seriousness of a so-called "mere cold" gave the disease its chance to develop. Air is the most important of the life elements. If it is withheld for five minutes death ensues. A cold that settles on the lungs starts in to do that very thing—shut out the air from the lungs. In pneumonia, the congestion or filling up of lung cells, unless checked, gradually spreads until the lungs cease to function and death results. The newspapers said "all that science could do had been done." In Italy the science of chiropractic is comparatively unknown. There are less than a dozen chiropractors there. The record of chiropractic in influenza and pneumonia is the best of any health method. It is quite possible that chiropractic might have turned the pope toward health had an administration of this efficient new method been possible.



UNCLE BEN SAYS: Good health and a bank account. Nervy, walk along hand in hand.

HEALTH FOLLOWS CHIROPRACTIC CORRECTS PRESSURE ON SPINAL NERVES IN DISEASES OF THE FOLLOWING ORGANS:



Pneumonia is Conquered "I feel that I have given chiropractic a thorough test. Not only have I been cured of sciatic rheumatism but my little girl was cured of a severe case of pneumonia. Her fever was running 103 and 104 and she was having hemorrhages. There was a terrible congestion in her throat and lungs. On the second day after chiropractic spinal adjustments were started, the fever was reduced. In four days she was out of danger. In a week she was able to go to the chiropractor's office and after a course of adjustments she is now as sound and well as ever."—H. C. Money, sworn statement before J. B. Atkinson, Chiropractic Research Bureau statement No. 1301L. HEALTH IS LIFE Get action for better health by telephoning 87 for an appointment. Dr. O. L. Scott Chiropractor 414-19 U. S. Bank Bldg. Phone 87