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R. J. Hendricks... Managing Editor

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YOUR EASTER

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As each of us comes to this beautiful Easter morning, when all nature is bursting into newness of life, what thoughts are crowding upon us?

Let us hope that, instead of this, as a result of the lenten season, most of us find our hearts quickened and enlarged, with more love for God and our fellow men;

Perchance, we may be busying our thoughts with the events transpiring in Palestine nearly nineteen centuries ago; with the empty tomb and the risen Lord, and the joy of the earliest Christians when they saw Him walking in the dawn of life, notwithstanding the crucifixion of the body.

Before Christianity can be to the world all that it should be the professed followers of Christ must more thoroughly understand that religion is not of the past, however momentous and sacred that past may be.

become my disciples." These are His words to us. And Paul tells us that "they that have not the spirit of Christ are none of His."

Easter, then, must come to mean something more to us, to the whole Christian world, than an ecclesiastically appointed or designated day of each year to commemorate the resurrection of Christ; something more than a day which each succeeding springtime brings to us and which marks the end of the lenten season and the resumption of the usual sway of the carnal life in the lives of too many of His professed followers.

Let Christ be resurrected in our lives. That shall be our glorious Easter morning. Let the life and Spirit of the present, living Christ possess and dominate the individual hearts of His professed followers.

Before there can be this resurrection in us, there must be a crucifixion. There must be hung upon the cross all the carnal, natural, sinful life; all our bitterness and hatreds; our envies and jealousies; our sordidness and greed; our animal propensities and appetites—everything that is inimical to God, to Christ, everything not in harmony with their pure, holy life.

Paul says, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away to renew them again to repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame."

When the better angel of our natures has rolled away the stone from the door of our hearts so that the Son of Righteousness has really arisen and shines for us, we shall need no other prompting to spiritual activity and good works than His own life-giving, warming, spiritually energizing spirit.

Of course, we will admit that the world is flat—at Zion City.

A New York clergyman says that three kisses on Sunday will keep divorce away.

Even the most casual knowledge of anatomy will show that nature gave men more lungs than brains.

Shipping board liners will be given names of presidents of the United States. The Woodrow Wilson should have no difficulty in finding her way across.

In this year of grace it is referred to as "bobbed" hair. Years ago it was called "shingled." And it was the same. "Maud," an Egyptian mummy with bobbed hair, has just arrived at the Philadelphia museum. Ecclesiastes

was right—there is nothing new under the sun.

Do you remember when the old-fashioned mother used to fry Easter eggs with onion skins? We do.—Exchange. Some of them, in Oregon, are doing it yet.

It is recalled that the ancient cathedral of Nepi, Italy, which was struck by a thunderbolt a few days ago, stood on the site of a temple of Jupiter. The god has waited a long time to show his displeasure; at Mt. Etna Vulcan too is stirring things up.

The proposal said to be under consideration by the Irish provisional government for an independent quota under the United States immigration law would mean, if adopted, a transfer of

about half of the British quota to the Free State. For the nine months ending March 31 the total immigration from the United Kingdom has been 31,829, the year's quota being 77,296.

W. L. George, the English novelist, has written a lecture explaining women. But the chances are that it is an explanation that does not explain. Woman has been a sphynx ever since she was taken from the side of Adam.

GREAT MEN EXTINCT?

A naive and charming book has been written in Japan by an oriental Diogenes, looking not merely for an honest man, but for a great one—although it is fairly to be assumed that if a man were great he would also be honest.

The author of the book is Yusuke Tsurumi, a son-in-law of Baron Goto, and he has named the work, "Obel Meishi no Insho," or "Impressions of Eminent Persons in Europe and America."

His plaintive and hopeful search took him, according to the translation published in "The Living Age," to the homes of many celebrities like Lord Northcliffe and Marquis Curzon of Kedleston and H. G. Wells.

Lord Northcliffe was thunder-struck to find that the Japanese Diogenes had never heard of Mary Pickford, and told him that H. G. Wells is the greatest writer since Shakespeare. Which naturally sent the investigator in search of Wells.

"Have you read my 'Research Magnificent'?" asked Mr. Wells.

"No, I have not," I replied. Then Mr. Wells wrote out the title of the book on a slip of paper and, turning to me again, said, "The age of great men is past." These words impressed me very deeply. I repeated it in my mind. He continued:

"Generally speaking, people have been looking on human greatness with exaggerated respect. Shakespeare was thought to possess 150 times as much brain as ordinary men only because his literary work was so grand.

"But I think people were mistaken in this. The difference in human ability is not great. Shakespeare may have had perhaps a 50 per cent better brain than the average. The idea that a great man is necessary to lead and guide the world is a conception found only among uneducated people; it has no significance today. As history shows, the ancient times and the Middle Ages were the times of emperors, great statesmen and powerful soldiers. But the history of modern times should be one of the people."

"Then what will control society?" asked the little Japanese Diogenes.

"The people themselves," replied Mr. Wells. And then this was the naive, sophisticated, the astute, the innocent comment of the Orient, looking down upon the great world movements now surging across the Europe that but yesterday was a Europe of the kings and emperors and now is a Europe of the people, thus saying—

"But I wonder if they (the people) can do that, having no great philosophy, no good religion. Can they really be capable of producing a great civilization? In fact, I have been disappointed to find the mutual enmity of belligerent people so extremely strong in Europe. I think the Orient has gone a step further

FUTURE DATES

- April 18 to 25—"Better Music" week in Salem. April 18, Sunday—Easter. April 18, Tuesday—Daughters of Isabella Dance and card party, Elsie Hall. April 18, Tuesday—Whitney Boys' Chorus sing at Christian church. April 22, evening—April 22, matinee—Dance recital, "Butterflies Ball," Grand Theatre, benefit Salem hospital. April 23, Friday—Company of Smoker. April 24, Monday—Prof. Faunzio lecture at Willamette university chapel. April 27, Thursday—100th Anniversary of birth of U. S. Grant. April 27, Thursday—100th anniversary of birth of General U. S. Grant. April 28, Friday—State tax committee to meet in Salem. April 30, Sunday—Blossom day. May 1, Monday—W. W. Ellsworth, no. editor, Salem, to address Willamette students. May 4, 5 and 6—Cherrin Cherrings. May 5, Friday—Junior play, "It Pays to Advertise," Willamette university. May 5 and 6, Friday and Saturday—Junior week-end festival at Willamette. May 12, Friday—Concert by Mary Schmitz, violinist, Grand theatre. May 12, Saturday—Junior week-end entertainment at O. A. G. May 15, Friday—Primary election. May 15, Friday—Open house, science department of high school. May 20, Saturday—Marion County school athletic meet. May 25 and 27, Friday and Saturday—May Festival, Oratorio Creation Friday in assembly; giving pictures Saturday night. June 1, Saturday—Automobile races at state fair grounds. June 5, Monday—Track meet, Willamette and Pacific University at Forest Grove. June 18, Wednesday—Flag Day. June 18, Friday—High school graduation. June 22-25, July 1—Convention of Oregon Fire Chiefs' association at Marshfield. July 3 and 4—Monday and Tuesday State convocations of Arletta at Woodburn. September 13, Wednesday—Oregon Methodist conference meets in Salem. September 21, 22 and 23—Piedmont round-up. September 25 to 30 inclusive—Oregon State Fair. November 7, Tuesday—General election.

and thousands of people throughout this country co-operated with her. Though a member of the Church of England, she first established her school on a secular basis, as less likely to incur Hindu antagonism, but it soon developed into an avowed Christian institution. She was not only a philanthropist of broad sympathy and judgment but a preacher of extraordinary eloquence and power. Her only daughter Mano Ramabal, her constant companion and helper, died last year.

WINNING THE FARM

Back in 1900 the Jewish people had not taken much to farming in this country. Barely 12,000 acres of agricultural land were being worked by citizens of that race. Now the Jews are cultivating more than 1,000,000 acres and have over \$100,000,000 of farm buildings and improvements. They are shining up the old farm and making it look like something. They do not have to specialize in trade and finance. They can also take commanding rank as agriculturists.

MUZZLES FOR WOMEN

To insure secrecy in connection with the executive sessions of the Genoa conference the wives of

the diplomatic delegation have been denied passports. What does the good old American congress think of a step of that kind? What has become of shirt-sleeve diplomacy or open conventions openly attained? Now the women of America will understand why the administration is not represented at the Genoa gathering.—Los Angeles Times.

SOMETHING NEEDED

Chicago schools are to teach the polka, mazurka, schottische, the valse, and other pioneer dances in the effort to overcome the wave of jazz that is upon them.

KEEPING UP THE CHURCH

Nearly 100 per cent more money was spent in church building in 1921 than the year previous. In no other class of construction was the percentage nearly so high. Not even the theaters kept pace. The hospitals were next to the churches. This looks good.

LOOKS THAT WAY

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The Junior Statesman

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In The Pirates' Cave

CHASING A MOUNTAIN LION Two days before the regular weekly meeting of our Pirate Six Sam Finney told us that instead of the regular meeting he wanted us all to come to his house and meet a friend of his dad's.

"Who is he?" says I. "Stanley R. Graham, and he lives in Chicago."

"Lassoing wild animals," began Mr. Graham, "isn't particularly dangerous, unless you make a mistake. I made a mistake on this last trip.

"Several hours later, we saw the dogs ahead of us under a tree jumping and barking. They had the lion tamed.

"The lion was headed for a deep canyon about a quarter of a mile distant. He reached it, but instead of plunging down the steep side, as I thought he would, he turned and scooped swiftly along the cliff. I knew what his object was. He planned to run around the canyon instead of through it. The dogs were still chasing him.

could find nothing to take hold of. Then my hand touched a bush. Would it hold my weight? I'd try. I took hold of the bush with one hand. Then I swung myself up, and was just pulling up over the ledge, when —s-s-spat! Mr. Lion jumped at my face and spit! He had reached the other side of the canyon ahead of me.

"He was as surprised to see me as I was to see him, and no sooner had he spied me than he disappeared from my view. I pulled myself up over the ledge and had just got safely on my feet when the lion tore out of a clump of bushes where he had taken refuge and bounded directly at me. I reached for my automatic. The lion was within five feet of me when I pulled the trigger.

"He was dead. "I tell you folks, I never breathed such a sigh of relief as I did then, and I vow I'll never be so foolish again if I can help it."

ONE REEL YARNS

THE THIRTEENTH EGG One day during vacation Jean decided to make an angel food cake.

"I will come out and show you how," suggested Mother helpfully. "No, you won't," pouted Jean. "I guess I can read the recipe."

"Angel food cakes are hard to make," warned Mother. But Jean took the cook book and shut herself away in the kitchen. "Sugar—sifted. Flour—sifted —hm," said Jean, measuring carefully. "Oven just right—paper in the bottom of the pan—now for the eggs. Thirteen of 'em Goodness, that is lots of eggs, beaten separately." Jean went into the cupboard and got down all the small bowls she could find. There were only twelve. She lined them up on the table and broke an egg into each, and then she began beating.

In The Spring You Make Impressions That Stick To You.



the egg beater. Jean's arm began to weaken and the egg beater to wobble, but she kept bravely on, beating, beating, beating, until all twelve eggs were whipped. The thirteenth egg still stood waiting on the table. Jean was puzzled. She went to the door of the sewing room and called, "Mother what do you do with the thirteenth egg?"

"The thirteenth egg? What do you mean?" asked Mother.

"Why, yes," said Jean, "the cook book says you beat them separately, but we have only 12 little bowls."

"Separately, Jean? Why that means you beat the yolks separately from the whites, not each egg alone."

Jean sank into a chair and rubbed her tired arm. Then, after a pause, she said wearily, "I guess our family will have to live on omelet the rest of this week."

TODAY'S PUZZLE

My first is in fea but not in fly. My second in dawn but not in sky. My third is in stew but not in fry. My fourth is in pot but not in fry. My fifth is in me but not in my. My sixth is in rise but not in die. My whole is a day we hold most high.

Answer to yesterday's: Flow, well. Answer to today's: Easter.