

# The Oregon Statesman

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## BRYAN AND JONAH

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WILBUR GLEN VOLIVA, the successor of John Alexander Dowie, the religious leader and ruler of Zion City, near Chicago, Ill., believes, and publicly declares that the earth is flat, that it does not revolve around the sun, that the sun exists solely for the purpose of giving light to the world by day, and that the only reason for the existence of the moon and stars is to perform the same service for the world by night. This, he says, is in accordance with Divine revelation. He has recently publicly proposed to William Jennings Bryan that they arrange a joint lecture tour that, he says, "would make the fur fly." "Believe me," says Voliva, "we would give them a hot time. There would be no evolution taught, and no modern astronomy."

The reason for his enthusiastic proposition to Bryan is the latter's fight against liberal and modern religious ideas at the recent convention of the Baptist Churches of the United States at Indianapolis. Although Bryan is a Presbyterian, he was imported by the "Hardshell" Baptists to help them fight the more liberal element in their church. Even when reinforced by Bryan, the "Hardshells" failed, by a majority of more than two to one, in their fight with the liberal element, which has been and will continue to be in control of the organization and policy of this great church.

In the course of this fight at Indianapolis Bryan is reported to have said, "I believe in the Bible from cover to cover just as it reads. If I did not believe every part of it I would reject it all. I believe that Jonah was actually in the whale's belly for three days and nights. Who knows, there might have been a suite of rooms in there. I would far rather believe that Jonah while young contracted the habit of going in and out of the whale than the ridiculous guesses of the evolutionists."

All of which goes to show to what ridiculous lengths creed, dogma, theological formula and bigotry may cause otherwise intelligent men to go.

The fundamentalists, as they choose to call themselves, who insist upon the literal interpretation of all parts of the Bible may not all go to the ridiculous lengths that Voliva and Bryan go; but a flat, motionless earth and Jonah actually disappearing himself for three days and nights in the whale's belly are not very much if any more shocking to one's intelligence than a literal interpretation of the stories of the creation and of the flood, as told in Genesis, and of many other portions of the Bible.

What a weak and childish conception of God and His laws one must have who can believe that the Great Creator and Ruler of the universe found it necessary in this special way to give Jonah a much needed lesson in humility and obedience! As though His laws, universal in their application to all of His children, could not administer this lesson to Jonah as to every one else who is inclined to be weak, cowardly, heady, obstinate or sinful.

No, the story of Jonah is an allegory intended to teach men that when God calls them if they fail to heed His command darkness and repulsive conditions will surround them until they are willing to do, to live the things that He commands. And God is constantly calling all men to walk with Him; to yield up their base passions, physical appetites, propensities and desires, and strive for truth and righteousness. Like Jonah, most of us shrink from the struggle and effort necessary on our part if we are to heed and obey His call. This Ninevah, this rottenness, that we are to overcome with righteousness may be, doubtless is, in ourselves; and to con-

quer one's self and bring into subjection to that which is highest in him all of his selfish, base, impure and unholy desires and ambitions is the hardest struggle that the ordinary man ever faces.

So we turn our backs upon God and take our own way, apparently believing for the time that the greatest happiness and enjoyment are to come from the gratification of our natural desires. We revel in physical pleasures and make any effort and sacrifice to procure sensuous gratifications and for the attainment of our selfish ambitions. Finally it dawns upon us that the physical, worldly, sinful life of indulgence and pleasure is useless, empty, valueless; that it is, but as the apples of Sodom which were fair upon the outside and dust and ashes within; that we have thus far wasted the life which the Creator gave us in order that we might develop into His likeness. The inaction, suffering and darkness which our life has brought us finally induces us to strive to overcome the Ninevah rottenness in ourselves as well as in the world, and to strive for the things that are worth while, that abide.

Most of us are Jonahs. We have to be forced to seek righteousness and to square our lives by the standard which God has set for us. And we need not one lesson in darkness, suffering and unhappiness, resulting from our selfish, worldly, sensuous, sinful life, but many, before we turn from the beggarly elements of the world. One of our American authors has suggested the too common human experience in the following lines:

The Lord said, "Say 'We'"; But I shook my head, Hid my hands tight behind my back, and said, Stubbornly, "I."

The Lord said, "Say 'We'"; But I looked upon them, grimy and all awry— Myself in all those twisted shapes? Ah, no! Distastefully I turned my head away, Persisting, "They."

The Lord said, "Say 'We'"; And I, At last, Richer by a hoard, Of years and tears, Looked in their eyes and found the heavy word That bent my neck and bowed my head: Like a shamed schoolboy then I mumbled low, "We, Lord."

"Prayer is powerful if it is mixed with equal parts of sweat," remarks a friend at the writer's elbow.

A noted biologist brings the word, "Fear nothing, live forever." But that would be a long time to live, any where in this world outside of Oregon.

Conan Doyle has made a fearful mistake in saying that heaven is a place where everybody works. The Weary Willies won't like it.

The Gideons are planning to present a copy of the Bible to each member of congress. As a

matter of fact, only the Democrats need 'em.—Exchange.

There are some things that are never settled in this world. For instance, the monkey-ancestor enigma. Even Bill Bryan has been unable to get anywhere with it.

More forestry patrol airplanes are ordered to come to Oregon. But Jupiter Pluvius is the best air patrol of them all.

The rains have bumped along the bumper prune crop. "Full of prunes" will be no name for it. The Salem district will be full and running over.

Looks like the tariff law may be enacted, after all, before all of us are old and gray.

The victorious leaders of China are in favor of the adoption of a constitution, modeled after that of the United States, and the restoration of law and order and the protection of the people in their peaceful pursuits. That sounds civilized and up to date. General Fung, one of the most powerful of the leaders, as The Statesman has said before, is a convert of

### FUTURE DATES

August 17, Thursday—Lions picnic at fair grounds.  
August 20, Saturday—Ringling Brothers & Bailey circus.  
September 1, 2 and 4—Round-up at Stayton.  
September 2, 3 and 4—Lakeriew Round-up, Lakeriew, Or.  
September 4, Monday—Marion county Old Fellows' picnic at Silverton.  
September 6, Wednesday—Oregon Methodist Conference, Salem.  
September 7, 8 and 9—State Elks convention, Seaside.  
September 21, 22 and 23—Pendleton Round-up.  
September 25 to 30 inclusive—Oregon State fair.  
October 5, 6 and 7—Polk County fair, Dallas.  
November 7, Tuesday—General election

## HOLDING A HUSBAND REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of

CHAPTER 26

THE SIGHT THAT GREENLAD MADGE'S EYES ON WAKING.

When I awoke I seemed to be bathed in sunlight. I looked about in that curious indecision which characterizes one's waking in a strange place, wondering where I could be. Then as I glanced around the queer-looking room in which I found myself and saw in the other twin bed Dicky's brown head buried in his crumpled pillows I realized I was at last in the southland which I had so long wished to visit.

Two sides of the room in which I slept were open from the ceiling to a line three feet from the floor. Wire screens, which could be opened and shut, covered the entire surface, and inside these were perfectly fitting long glass windows which looked to the ceiling when they were not needed because of rain.

I had been too sleepy the night before to realize why my mother-in-law had fastened a wool jacket over my filmy nightdress. As I felt the cool, bracing air rushing in from two sides of the room I mentally thanked her for the precaution, looked over anxiously at Dicky, and saw with relief that he had put a light sweater over his pajamas.

I raised myself on one elbow—noting with gladness that though still weak there was no return of the deadly faintness which had characterized my nervous collapse of the day before—and drank thirstily the beauty framed by the window space.

The Surge of Health.

I had left frosty air and the snow and ice of the late spring in my northern home. Here the air, while cool and bracing, still had the hint of spring in it. And down in the sand at a little distance beneath my window I saw crocuses and English violets in blossom.

### BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Weather man predicts fair.

It was a grain, all the farmers say; did a world of good.

A friend phones in, saying to save the redwood tree, and put a plate on the tree giving the particulars of its planting; make it an object of reverence and interest.

The flexible tariff plan, proposed by the senate, made permanent would take the tariff out of politics. It is not in any other country. But, of course, there are some politicians who do not want the tariff taken out of politics.

One optimistic newspaper says congress will pass the tariff bill this month. That is almost too good to believe.

The Kaiser is said to resemble President Harding in preferring to do his literary work with a lead pencil. There is no better instrument for the purpose unless it is a pen, and a pencil with a bit of rubber attached has obvious advantages. Would that the acts of rulers could be as easily obliterated as their words!

An extraordinary story comes from Chicago that Lord Northcliffe's illness is due to gas poisoning, during his visit to that city, by stench bombs thrown by German waiters into the room at the Hotel LaSalle where he was addressing the association of commerce. "Mention of the bomb throwing was suppressed at the time." The suppression is quite as fishy as the story.

"Always ready" is the name and watchword of one of the Italian factions allied with the fascist. The latter take their name from the Roman "fascis" or rods symbolical of authority, and "sempre paratus" is a famous Latin motto which glides easily into Italian. Law and order parties are apt to draw heavily on the classics and specially on the classics of ancient Rome.

The following sentences appear in the current weekly financial letter of Henry Clews, the Wall street authority: "The continued improvement of industrial earnings, the wiping out of deficits, the increase of current incomes and the volume of business testify to growth in the prosperity of industry throughout the country. Favorable prospects for the autumn trade are to be noted in practically all lines, and there is a notably better trend in nearly all of the staple commodities, their prices improving quite distinctly, while those of manufactured commodities continue to move upward steadily, although at only a moderate rate. Car loadings compare favorably with October, 1920, which was the peach reached during the post-war boom."

Cake-Eater (to druggist)—Will you give me something for my head? Druggist—I wouldn't take it as a gift.—Medley.

away to a lower level, and I caught a glimpse of a charming vista through the trees—a state-ly aisle of pines with the glimmer of water at the end of it. I chafed with impatience at the weakness which I knew would keep me in my room for a day or two. I was wild to explore this queer, new landscape outside my window.

There was no grass to be seen in the groves of pines, and I surmised that the little on the lawns had been carefully planted there. Sand covered everything, and the effect of the trees and flowers growing directly from it was bewildering at first, although I admitted its peculiar charm.

Madge Betrays Resentment.

One thing disappointed me. The winter had been so long and bleak that I had inordinately longed to see the first tender green of the maple and oak trees. It is a sight in which I revel each spring, and in my ignorance I had thought that I should see the first leafing out of the trees when I arrived in the southland. But although there were a large number of trees besides the towering pines they were as stark and bare as those I had left behind me in Marvin.

"I thought they'd surely be in leaf," I said half mournfully to myself, and was startled to hear Dicky's voice answer me.

"That gave me a jolt, too, old dear," he said, and looking quickly over at him I saw that he was sitting up in bed, his hands clasped.

ed around his knees, while his gaze was roaming over the scene I had been admiring. "I sure thought I'd find the trees in leaf down here. I'm so fed up on snow and ice and brown wood that I'd like never to see another northern winter."

"But come to think of it," he went on brightly, "we couldn't expect much of a change in seven hundred miles. Guess it's much like our own climate, only spring comes earlier and winter later. They have very little snow, and it seldom gets very cold. I'm told they play golf on Cedar Croft links almost the year round. At least, that's the dope Maie was handing out. Guess he's been down here a lot."

The nickname he persisted in bestowing on Maj. Grantland grated unaccountably. Without thinking of lucky's possible displeasure I spoke hastily.

"I wish you wouldn't call him that ridiculous name," I said pettishly. "It sounds exactly as if you were speaking of a dog."

(To be continued)

### Identifying the Orphan

A genial looking and benevolent business man was approached the other day by the seediest looking lad he had ever seen.

"Will you please give a dime to a poor orphan?" asked the lad.

"Here's a quarter," said the business man. "So your parents are dead, my lad?"

"No, sir," was the truthful response, "they're both alive. Father's the orphan. The dime is for him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## WALK-OVER FALL FASHION THEMES

For Ladies For Men



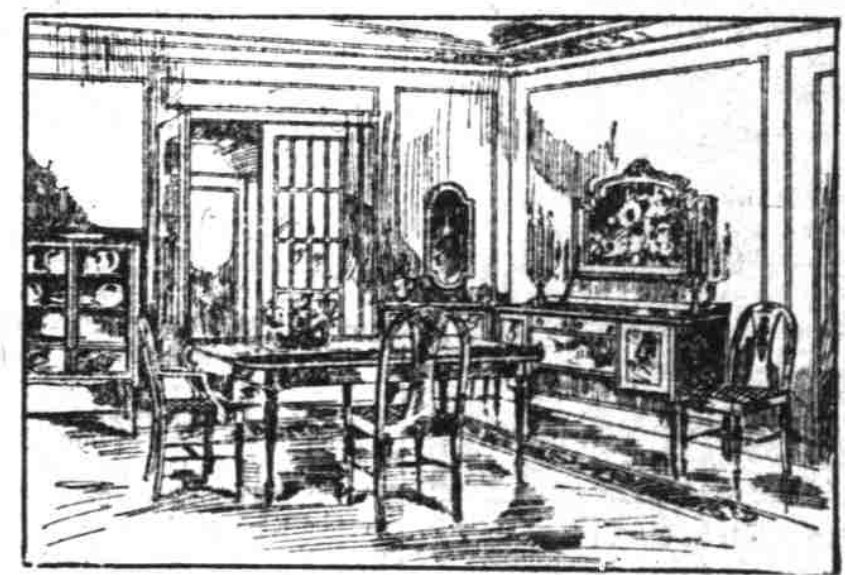
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# The Junior Statesman

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### THE SHORT STORY, JR.

#### THE NICEST GIRL.

Matilda was the nicest girl, so all the neighborhood said, declaring that a foolish thought was never in her head. Her mother used to fold her hands and roll her eyes and say, "I'm sure I wish that all the girls were sensible that way."

"There's nothing that Matilda likes to do as well as sew and she crochets,—she's working on a lovely yoke you know. She doesn't want to run around. She's never out of sight. I never saw Matilda do a thing that wasn't right."

"She's different, I thank my stars, from Baker's Betty Jane, who romps around the living room as though she wasn't sane. She yells and whoops the wildest way and even rides a bike. She's always running off somewhere for swimming or a hike."

"She hasn't any interest in the things young ladies do, and really, I have seen her turn a somersault or two! So different from Matilda. My! Her mother must feel sad to see her only little girl is turning out so bad."

Matilda's mother wandered home, her head with pe-ds held high, and on the porch Matilda sat and watched the town go by. She saw the flighty Baker girl go tramping down the road with easy tread and shoulders straight, despite her hiking load. She saw her coming back at night, light-hearted, with her "bang," and listened to their singing with a wistful little pance. She watched them sitting in the yard engaged in telling tales of ghastly ghosts and haunted spots and how the Banisher wails. The yoke that she was working



on went slipping to the floor—how pasty her complexion seemed, and summer nearly o'er! She wondered if that Betty Jane by any chance would mind—if she could slip across the yard—she seemed a jolly kid— Matilda's mother, scandalized, picked up the fallen yoke. She

### PICTURE PUZZLE

THE LETTERS OF THREE SUMMER SPORTS HAVE BEEN NUMBERED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

11, 6, 7, 5, 10, 9, 13, 3, 4, 14, 12, 1, 8, 2.

What are these Sports?

called her daughter in at once and words of wisdom spoke. But Tilda, as they call her now, tossed back a flying curl, and everyone declares that she's no longer "nicest girl."

### THE CUT-UP PUP



What Happens Next? Your Scissors Will Tell