

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon (Portland Office, 627 Board of Trade Building. Phone Automatic 611-93)

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

R. J. Hendricks, Manager; Stephen A. Stone, Managing Editor; Ralph Glover, Cashier; Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23; Circulation Department, 583; Job Department, 583; Society Editor, 106

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF 1923

(Copyright by San Jose Mercury)

As a general thing we get out of life only what we put into it. The way to get the most out of 1923, therefore, is to put all we possibly can into it. We spend much of our time, thought and energy finding fault with somebody or something, and attempt to account for our failure to realize ambitions in every way except the right way. The real truth generally is that we have not deserved anything better than we have achieved or acquired. The most important lesson any of us can learn is that honest work intelligently directed gets its reward in any line of human endeavor.

Do we desire more satisfactory returns from our occupation or business? No matter what it may be, the way to larger and more gratifying results is through putting more energy, industry and intelligence into our conduct of it. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." All the great leaders in every line of effort have been men with unlimited courage, unflinching energy, prodigious industry, and close attention to details, all under the direction of an intelligence constantly augmented by experience and study. They never would have been such leaders if they had spent much time finding fault with others, trying to see how little of value they could give for what they received, and helplessly and dejectedly bemoaning their fate. If we are careful to deserve all that we ask for in 1923 we shall not ask in vain.

The faint heart will not realize anything out of 1923 more than he has realized out of the years that have gone. The man who is constantly expecting failure and the worst of everything generally gets what he is looking for. The prizes of life, great and small, go to those who have hope and courage and a willing spirit ready to give value for everything they get.

And do not make the mistake of thinking that the value of things worth while can be expressed in dollars and cents. Those who do not see any opportunity for them to increase their store of wealth during 1923 should not despair. Let such remember that the greatest thing anyone can do is to be something worth while. A clean and honest heart is better than riches; the value of character is above rubies; sanctity has a perfume, holiness a beauty, and purity a charm that all can sense and that men are attracted to and changed by. The pure in heart not only see God, but they show God to others, and have already attained the kingdom of heaven. During the year to come so live and be that the emanation going out from your life into the world shall be sweet, elevating and ennobling. To those who thus live the year to come will bring the greatest rewards.

Those who are careful to help others are thus making an investment whose ultimate return will be beyond calculation. The consciousness of having done good deeds gives one a fullness of satisfaction, while those who live to themselves alone have hearts so cold and unresponsive that they are incapable of feeling a throb of real pleasure or happiness. No matter how much of this world's goods one may have or may acquire during the coming year, he will be little richer than a beggar at its end unless he has blessed others. If you make the year rich in good deeds of love and service, be sure that

before its end you will have gathered in a rich harvest.

The coming year will be lost to him who before its close has not increased his stock of the things that abide forever. The things of the world for which most men strive—wealth, fame, success in business—what are they all but children's toys, rubbish compared with the things of eternity! St. John admonishes us thus: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

And what is this will of God? It is that every man should make the most of the opportunities which life brings to him to develop and strengthen the higher, sweeter, nobler elements in him; to perform every duty faithfully and to the best of his ability and prepare himself for higher duties and larger service. By whatever standard men may judge and measure our merit, the Scripture and reason alike teach that God judges us by the service we render to the world. Why otherwise would the Master declare, "He who would be great among you, let him be your servant."

"Let me this year do something that shall take A little sadness from the world's vast store, And may I be so favored as to make Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

However meager be my worldly wealth, Let me give something that shall aid my kind; A word of courage or a thought of health, Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me each night look back across the span 'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say— Because of some good act to best or man— 'The world is better that I lived, today.'"

(Copyright—1923)

The Coue formula for happiness is all the rage, but it will never take the place of faith and prayer. These have held steady through the ages.—Los Angeles Times.

Reverend Ward, a New Jersey pastor, who is 96 years of age, has quit the use of tobacco which he has indulged in for more than 70 years. He is afraid the habit will become fastened on him.

The new edifice of the First Methodist Episcopal church in Chicago will have a tower 545 feet in the air. And possibly that is as near as some of the worshippers will ever get to heaven.

President Harding has evolved a plan to consolidate many of the departments at Washington that will result in added efficiency and decreased cost of administration. And one of the hardest jobs ever attempted by any president is to threaten to cut off the jobs.—Exchange, Governor-elect Pierce is going and destined to go through the same bitter experience.

The other day when John Wamaker, the merchant prince, with a fortune of \$30,000,000, was buried, he bore on his bosom the decoration of the Legion of Honor and in one hand a small

FUTURE DATES

January 8, Monday—Inauguration of Governor-elect Walter M. Pierce. January 9, Monday—Legislature meets.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 205 WHAT MAJOR GRANTLAND ARGUED AND THEN OFFERED.

I bowed to Major Grantland in a rather perfunctory manner, I am afraid, for he was about the last person I desired to see.

My trip north threatened to have enough complications, owing to Dicky's disapproval, without adding anything else. Could his presence at the railroad station mean that he was also going north on the night train? I sincerely trusted not.

I did not mind facing whatever discomforts or dangers might

Commander Owsley of the American Legion is not mealy-mouthed about getting behind the movement for building up an adequate American merchant marine—with a million men behind him. This will make certain the consummation of the greatest American necessity. If not now, or soon, then later. It is a disgrace to the forces at Washington that the matter has been delayed so long.

SOLOMON'S FOUR MYSTERIES

Said old Solomon: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yes, four which I know not; the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid." The serpent's way of ascending smooth and almost perpendicular surfaces by means of his efficient ribs has been plain to physiologists for centuries. Probably one of Solomon's neighbors knew the secret. The way of a ship in the midst of the sea is no puzzle in these days of Leviathans. Solomon should have said, "the way of a shipping board in the midst of the war." As for the eagle in the air, we are only now, 2875 years after Solomon went to sleep with his fathers, solving the mystery. The eagle knew all about air currents and Solomon didn't.

The eagle is easy for the men who make gliders. They prefer to copy the albatross, which does more difficult feats. But the fourth thing that mystified the King of Israel is still giving its students a headache.—Exchange

AGE OF DISCOVERY

An ancient Roman temple to Adonis has been uncovered by delvers from the Armenian Boy Scouts near Beirut, Syria. The exact location is at Kassaba. That sounds more like a place where they cut melons. Fancy finding a temple to Adonis at Kassaba! But the archaeologists and other explorers are making a most wonderful discovery of late. They claim to have found one of the "Keep-off-the-Grass" signs that Nebuchadnezzar had on his lawn.

come to me on my own, but it would be intolerable to feel that I was a burden and a responsibility to some one else. And that I would be both to Hugh Grantland when he learned that I was traveling alone through the railroad strike zone. I was certain. I knew his chivalry, his Puritan conscience, and his more or less concealed opinion that women were the weaker sex, certain to come to grief unless protected by strong masculine arms.

He lifted his hat in a manner equally casual, but made his way at once to my side.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he said, holding out his hand. "I had no idea you were here. Have you been here in Southern Cedars for a little stay? How is it that I have missed you?"

For an instant I was tempted to foster the idea he had conceived. But I knew that any chance moment might bring the knowledge of the truth to him, and I did not especially care for the look I would see in Hugh Grantland's face when he should learn my cheap subterfuge.

"Probably because I haven't been here," I laughed, answering his last question first. "I just motored over from Cedar Crest a few minutes ago."

"Oh!" He uttered the monosyllable as if it were an expletive, then added incisively:

"Of course your husband is here, but I don't see him."

"I Am Going!"

His assured manner annoyed me. I spoke shortly, crisply:

"Dicky is at Cedar Crest."

That he was both astonished and upset, I knew, although his manner was as impassive as ever.

"Then may I not be of service to you? I suppose you wish to make sure of reservations when the strike is over, but I am afraid you are doomed to vexatious delay." They are promising nothing.

"They are selling tickets as far as Richmond, are they not?" I asked innocently.

He startled perceptibly. I saw it, and I rejoiced childishly that his perfect poise had been shaken, if only for a fleeting second.

"Yes, but surely, Mrs. Graham, you cannot mean—"

"That I am going just as far as this railroad will carry me, and walk, drive, motor, trolley or fly the rest of the way to New York." I returned, with, I am afraid, a note of distinct pettishness in my tone. "That is exactly what I mean, Major Grantland, and if you will pardon me now I think I see my chance at that ticket window."

He lifted his hat and stepped back at once, as I stepped to a vacant place at the window. The line of people, and I with it, had been gradually moving up as we talked, and I was prompt to seize

WRITER AND RECIPIENT OF NEW CAMP FIRE GIRLS' SONG



Mrs. Oliver Harriman, national president of the Camp Fire Girls, is here shown holding the manuscript of a song which John Phillip Sousa has written for her organization and delivered to her.

the first opportunity of questioning the ticket agent.

Grantland Telephones.

"Tickets only as far as Richmond," the man repeated mechanically, but he came to life as I put down some bills and asked for a lower berth.

"It's just to Richmond you want to go, isn't it, lady?" he asked. "You're not thinking of going on to New York, because if you are it's my duty to warn you."

"Thank you," I said, shortly. "I will take care of the situation at Richmond. I'd like my berth near the end of the car in which the woman's dressing room is situated."

"You can have pretty near anything you like," he said, a trifle ironically. "There won't be much competition for seats on this train."

He handed me the pieces of paper and pasteboard, and also the change from my bills. As I stepped out of the line Major Grantland was at my side, his hand extended.

"Do you mind letting me see if you have secured a good berth?" he said. "I happen to know this railroad game, you know."

I held them out mechanically. He scrutinized them carefully, almost as if he were memorizing the numbers—was he doing that very thing, I wondered? Then

he handed them back with a flitting bow.

"Fortunately, they are perfectly correct," he said. "And now, how may I serve you? I have a car here. May I drive you back to Cedar Crest?"

"As I am not going back to Cedar Crest I am afraid I shall have to decline your very kind invitation. But if you will give me the name of a good hotel here, where I can stay until tonight, I shall be very grateful."

"I will have my man drive you over to the best one at once," he responded. "And I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you there later in the day. Just now I have some urgent business to attend to."

He summoned his chauffeur and helped me into a luxurious car. As the man started the engine I caught sight of Hugh Grantland hurrying into a telephone booth. I wondered idly what his urgent business could be.

(To be continued.)

There must have been a lot of last survivors of the Custer massacre. Another one is dead.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS. The Best of All. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

The Junior Statesman

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS

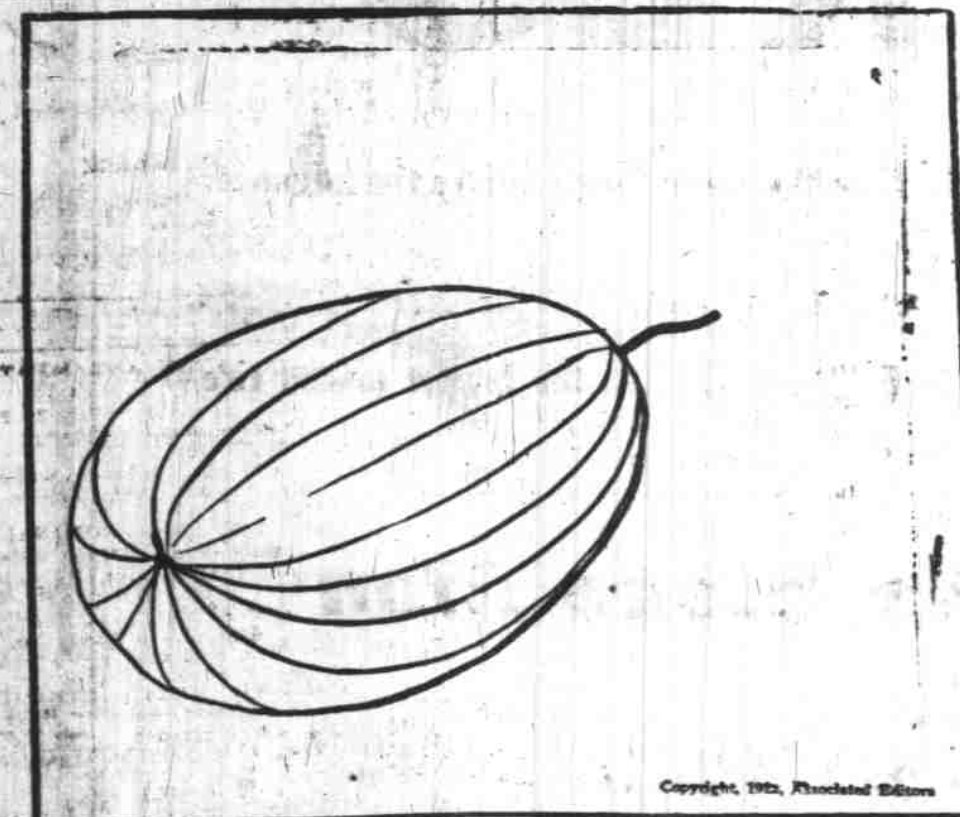
HUMOR PLAY WORK

Copyright, 1922, Associated Editors

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Edited by John H. Millar

Lessons in Trick Cartooning



A New Mandolin

(Complete the big drawing by adding, one by one, the various lines, shown in the series of small key pictures below)

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

GRANDMOTHER'S LETTER

"Amy, have you written your grandmother to thank her for her Christmas present yet?" "Oh, Mother, I just can't just write Helen like I talk

She's interested in all we kids do. But I don't know what Grandma is interested in." Amy sighed and got out her paper. "I suppose I might as well get it over with," she thought.

"Dear Grandmother," she wrote, "I want to thank you for the lovely present you sent me." Amy chewed the end of her pen. What else could she say? She decided to tell her that the family was all well, but that took up only a line. It would have been better to have taken each member up separately and commented upon his or her health. She started over again and did this, thus covering a whole page. She mentioned the weather and then couldn't think of another thing to say. Amy sighed. "Well, I guess that will have to do. I can't think of anything more. Now I'll write to Helen and tell her all the news. It's much fun to write to her."

She took up a clean sheet. "My dear," she began, "I could hardly wait to thank you for the lovely, lovely gift you sent, but I have been so busy since Christmas. I can't believe that it has been nearly two weeks! With skating, coasting, parties, and everything, I've been busy every minute. But I'll begin at the beginning and tell you everything." There followed a detailed account of all the good times, covering three double sheets. Just as she finished she saw the mail man coming up the street. She quickly addressed her envelopes and ran out with her letters.

A few days later Amy was surprised to receive a long letter from her grandmother. "Dear Amy," she read, "I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed your lovely letter, dear. Amy thought of the horrid little note she had sent and blushed crimson. But there was also a letter



from Helen. "What do you think!" she wrote. "You made the funniest mistake. You sent me a letter written to your grandmother."

Amy sat down and wrote another long letter. "Why, Amy you aren't writing to Helen again so soon are you?" asked her mother.

"No, I'm answering Grandma's letter," Amy said. "I thought she'd like to hear all about the party last night."

PICTURE PUZZLE

FORM A WORD-SQUARE FROM THE WORDS PICTURED HERE



Answer to yesterday's: Winking, thinking, walking, hiking, raking.

Your Seven League Boots

The wearer of the "seven league boots" could cover miles at a step. But he didn't have a thing on you.

A glance through your paper and you jump from New York to San Francisco, Philadelphia to London, or from Montreal to Timbuktu. You know what is going on the world over almost as soon as the events occur.

Turn to the advertising columns and you are transported to the grocers, the clothiers, the music store; you visit the factory of a manufacturer, or talk with the maker of a new household appliance.

Right in your own arm-chair, unburied, unworried and without effort you can make your choice of good merchandise.

Merchants and manufacturers who put advertisements in this paper are progressive. They must give good value. They know that advertising, by increasing the number of sales, will lower prices and give you more for your money.

The advertisements are miles ahead of "seven league boots." Read them.