

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Mondays by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

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 Frank Jaskoski - Manager Job Dept.

TELEPHONES: Business Office - 23 Circulation Office - 533 Society Editor - 106 Job Department - 583

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

THE LOGANBERRY INDUSTRY WILL LIVE

The \$300,000 fund being secured under the auspices of the Portland Chamber of Commerce is proposed to be expended for three objects—

To aid in cooperative marketing of farm products— To get needed settlers on the land— To stimulate tourist travel.

The first aim is the most important; for the stabilizing of the farming industries, with remunerative prices for the products of the land, will bring the needed settlers.

Tourist travel will help in this, too; besides the direct benefits that will come from the expenditure of large sums of money annually by the tourists.

Oregon is already alive as she has not before been to the importance of the need of cooperative marketing. The condition of the loganberry market is a case in point, that will not soon lose its force in this direction—

And do not fear that the loganberry industry will not persist— It will live for all time. The organized growers will stay in the business, and their experience will show others the way to stabilize it.

The more vines plowed up by the "independent" growers, the more certain and bright will be the future for the organized growers.

But let us hope that, even yet, the situation may be wholly saved by the organized growers—and especially by the new association which is undertaking to ship fresh berries—

The first car load to go out from Salem today. Whatever may happen to the growers not in any association, and without outlets at this moment for their berries, the experiences of this year will certainly point the way to the only sure method of stabilization—

Organization and advertising; 100 per cent organization, and intelligent, persistent advertising.

THE THINGS NEEDFUL

(Copyrighted by The San Jose Mercury.) The June Century has a unique article by a young preacher fresh from a theological seminary, entitled "What I Should Like to Preach."

There are many good things in the article, but the writer, full of youthful eagerness and enthusiasm, looking for something to bring the forward-looking young people of every nation to the church upon a broad platform of unity, seems to think that a brotherly spirit of cooperation and a desire to give to others, to the world, the best we have, together with a deep reverence for what he denominates personality and a belief in immortality, will make such a platform.

The scientist and the believer in evolution, seeing that life—the whole universe—is one constant progression from lower to higher forms, was eloquent over the wonderful vision of a world ever moving upward and onward under the impulse given it by its Creator.

They seem to think that the world will go on in this progression just the same, whether what we do tends to help on or to retard it. Many modernists in religion are also in danger of concluding that all religion needs is to keep in line with this progress, by adapting itself to the discoveries of advancing knowledge and bringing its beliefs, its creeds and its dogmas up to date.

They are obsessed with a groundless optimism that looks for progress and the triumph of good if we but keep step with advancing intelligence.

The young preacher, the scientist and many modernists in religion are in danger of forgetting that beautiful, individual, human character, which they all unite in praising and about the necessity for the development of which they all agree, comes not by drifting even with a constantly progressing world, but by conscious effort, by regeneration of the individual; and that so far as the world of humanity is concerned, without this regeneration there is absolutely no chance for the realization of their visions of brotherly cooperation, respect for personality and the end of war, injustice and brutality among men.

Cherishing high ideals, even Christian ideals, is not religion or Christianity. Belief in immortality—even absolute knowledge of its truth—is not. Respect for personality and toleration for others' views and idiosyncrasies is not. Our beliefs or the acceptance of any dogma or creed, even when publicly avowed, is not. Nothing short of a realization in individual character of Christian ideals, nothing less than a Christian life, is religion or Christianity.

An acceptance of this truth by professors of Christianity generally and an honest attempt to actualize it in their daily conduct are the things needful today, as they always have been since Christianity came to the world. Paganism is waiting for this brand of Christianity which alone can demonstrate that Christianity is a practical reality and not merely a superstition or an ideal like their own religion and all others.

Dr. Fosdick of New York, regarded by many as a dangerous radical in religion, in his last book, "Christianity and Progress," most truthfully declares: "All the progress this world will ever know waits upon the conquest of sin. Strange as it may sound to this modern age, long tickled by the amiable idiocies of evolution popularly misinterpreted, this generation's deepest need is not these dithyrambic songs about inevitable progress, but a fresh sense of personal and social sin."

Evolution rightly interpreted means that from the past we have inherited our animal tendencies which we can overcome only by constantly struggling against them and the bringing into action in our natures of something higher. "Why is it," Dr. Fosdick asks, "that if we let a field run wild it goes to weeds, while if we wish wheat we must fight for every grain of it? Why is it that if we let human nature run loose it goes to evil, while he who would be virtuous must struggle to achieve character? It is because, in spite of our optimism and evasions, that fact still is here, which our fathers often appraised more truly than we, that human nature, with all its magnificent possibilities, is like the earth's soil, filled with age-long seeds and roots of evil growth, and that progress in goodness, whether personal or social, must be achieved by grace of some power which can give us the victory over our evil natures."

Until the Spirit of God, dormant so long in the hearts

of men, begins to work and make itself felt in the conscious life, there is little hope for real social progress. The one thing needful is that the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" shall begin to burn for all men. The fire that this light will kindle will burn up the rubbish of the natural, carnal life, and will light the fires of love, unselfishness and service that must guide men from the darkness and misery in which the world now gropes into the dawn of the new day.

No, the world is not needing new systems of religion. It is not waiting for restatements of old beliefs. Its great lack is not so much new and broader platforms upon which all phases of religions may unitedly stand, however desirable that may be. The present paramount need is that men should everywhere be turning to God and opening the heart to receive His spirit, that they should catch the spirit of Christ which shall come to so possess them that it shall be the living, breathing, dominating force of their daily lives. This may sound trite and ancient, but it is the living truth.

Let the young preacher catch this spirit and the world will hear and heed his message. If this light be burning for him he will be able to start it in the hearts of others. Without it his preaching will be only empty words, mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbals that may catch the ear, but are powerless to quicken the spirit or transform the life.

"Our little systems have their day; They have their day and cease to be; They are but broken lights of Thee, And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Pick all the loganberries. Then attend any public or private school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other educational institution within the state of Oregon. Each of the four prize winners will also receive a handsome bronze medal.

The following rules and terms of competition have been adopted and prescribed and are to be observed by the competing essayists: (1) The essay written and submitted in competition must not exceed two thousand words in length.

(2) The essay may be in handwriting or in typewritten form, must be upon paper of commercial letter size, either ruled or unruled, the several sheets being numbered consecutively and written on one side only, with blank space of about one and one-quarter inches at top and left-hand margins.

(3) The essay shall be accompanied by a separate sheet containing the name and post-office address of the writer, the date of his or her birth, and the name of the school attended.

(4) In order to be considered in competition the essay must be delivered, by mail or in person, to George H. Himes, assistant secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, Public Auditorium, 253 Market street, Portland, Oregon, not later than March 15, 1924.

(5) There shall also be delivered with the essay a certificate signed by a teacher or instructor of the educational institution attended, stating that the writer is a pupil or student attending the same.

How would the idle gossips rolling under their tongues the doings of unfortunate little girls, sinned against by members of their households, have there uncomfortable girls disposed of? Who will take them, and keep them, if the doors of the Deaconess hospital are shut to them?

The motion picture industry is to be invoked to check radicalism and irreligion. Entire Sunday school programs have been prepared and standardized involving short-reel pictures to be interlarded with other religious teaching and these are to be followed later with pictures for maturer minds dealing with divorce, radicalism and other problems. A pictured Bible story supplements the sermon and doubles the attendance.

If no tax single "independent" grower is left unorganized in the Salem district, and there is intelligent and persistent advertising for the consumer market, there will be a demand after this year for all the loganberries, at remunerative prices, and the industry will be kept going and growing. There is no sense in plowing up any of the vines in well located and well cultivated yards. There are plenty of people in the United States, and in other countries, who will be glad to buy all the loganberries produced, if they are convinced that the loganberry is the best bush fruit that grows—and it is.

And the market will take an annually increasing tonnage, under such auspices.

Let no loganberry grower get discouraged. Look at the raisin growers. They were worse than busted, and Fresno, the raisin capital, was bankrupt beyond apparent hope. The raisin growers organized; they became one of the greatest producers' cooperative associations in the world. They began advertising raisins. Last year they expended two and a half million dollars in advertising. They made the raisin industry very prosperous. They made Fresno one of the richest cities per capita in the entire world.

THE AGED RECORD

There is a record of one Peter Torton, a Hungarian, who lived for 185 years and thereby established the longest record known since biblical days. An astonishing thing is the further fact that a man could go Hungary for almost two centuries and thrive on it.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Public Auditorium 253 Market Street Portland, Ore., July 1, 1923

The Oregon Historical Society has selected "The John Jacob Astor Expedition" as the subject for the 1924 C. C. Beekman history prizes and medals. The prizes are four in number, viz., first, sixty dollars; second, fifty dollars; third, forty dollars; and fourth, thirty dollars; and will be awarded for the best four original essays on the above named subject written and submitted by girls or boys, over fifteen years of age and under eighteen years of age.

FUTURE DATES

June 30 to July 8—Annual convention of Christian church at Turner. July 1, Sunday—Eiki picnic at Station. July 14, Monday—Playgrounds to open. July 5, Tuesday—Legal holiday in Oregon on occasion of Old Oregon Trail celebration at Meacham. July 4, Wednesday—Automobile races fair grounds. July 14, Saturday—Spanish American war veterans convention at Albany. August 1 to 29—Annual encampment. Boy Scouts at Cascadia. September 24 to 29—Oregon

(6) All essays submitted in competition will be numbered and submitted, without the names of the writers or other identifying marks, to three judges selected by the undersigned committee.

(7) All competitive essays will be judged according to their general merit and excellence, but the judges will also take into consideration, in passing thereon, neatness of manuscript, accurate orthography, correct grammar and composition, and purity and clarity of diction.

The subject, "The John Jacob Astor Expedition," has numerous phases. Among the matters that a writer may consider are (a) the expedition, its conception, purpose, personnel and accomplishment; (b) the founding of Astoria; (c) the Tonquin tragedy; (d) the hardships of the Hunt party; (e) creation of the interior fur trade; (f) connections with the British fur companies; (g) political importance of the expedition; (h) its relation to the joint occupation of Oregon; (i) the expedition as a forerunner of the settlement of Oregon by the missionaries and the ox-team pioneers. These are merely suggestive matters, however, and the scope and character of treatment of the subject are optional with the individual writer.

The Oregon state library in Salem has a reading list or bibliography upon the above-named subject and its various phases which will be sent to any Oregon student on request.

Books pertaining to the subject are obtainable in most Oregon public libraries. Oregon has a system of local libraries, supplemented in many cases by county library systems, and in all cases by the Oregon state library. Students desiring such books should apply first to the local library, which if not having the books, should secure them from the county and state libraries. If the local library cannot give this service, which is usual, or if there is no local library, the student should apply directly to the Oregon state library in Salem, which makes loans of books free of charge, except postage, to all citizens of Oregon. In writing to the Oregon state library students should state the information desired and not merely confine requests to some particular book or books sought, thereby enabling the state library to substitute other material in case any book requested is not available.

Judge C. H. Carey in his "History of Oregon," says "This narrative (Ross Cox's) with those of two others of the clerks, Gabriel Franchere and Alexander Ross, together with the Alexander Henry journals, supplement Irving's (Astoria) account. Together they constitute an unusually complete and interesting description

of the Astor enterprise and the stirring events of this period of Oregon history." The original journals referred to (Ross Cox—"The Columbia River"; Gabriel Franchere—"Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America in the Years 1811-1814"; Alexander Ross—"Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River, 1810-1813"; and Alexander Henry—"Journals"), with the exception of the Alexander Ross volume, cannot be loaned but are available for reference and use in libraries in Portland, Salem and Eugene. The Oregon state library bibliography, in addition to C. H. Carey's "History of Oregon," Joseph Schaffer's "History of the Pacific Northwest," J. B. Horner's "Oregon, Her History, Her Great Men, Her Literature," Washington Irving's "Astoria," H. M. Chittenden's "The American Fur Trade of the Far West," volume I, includes numerous books pertaining to the Astor expedition and its various phases.

The 1921, 1922 and 1923 competitions were highly successful and gratifying, and it is hoped that the 1924 competition will measure up to the standard thus far maintained.

The hearty co-operation of the press, of library officials, of county and city school superintendents, and of presidents, principals and teachers and instructors of educational institutions, is solicited in encouraging and promoting this Oregon history essay competition in Oregon schools.

GEORGE H. HIMES, LESLIE M. SCOTT, B. B. BEEKMAN, Committee in charge of 1924 Oregon History Prize Essay Competition

(The Statesman hopes that the printing of the above in full may direct the attention of a number of its readers to the matter; and that some of them may be successful in competition.—Ed.)

SALEM'S PRAYER By EDGAR FIELD The poor we have with us always. Sulphur-smell have we also each day. If you'll stop, look and listen Your ears they will gladden With the prayers for relief people pray!

THINGS TO DO THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER The Biggest Little Paper in the World Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors. Edited by John M. Miller. LOADS OF FUN

Cartoon Magic—The Bunny Beet

School Girl of Fifteen Wins Fame As Artist When Pamela Binaca was only four years old her parents were surprised to find that she could draw pictures. They were not at all like the scribbly drawings that little children usually make, and they couldn't understand how she could draw so well without being taught. Of course they thought their child was wonderful, as all parents should, but when her little drawings were shown to a world-renowned artist and he exclaimed over them and said that surely little Pamela was a genius, they knew that they were right.

Pamela has spent most of her time ever since drawing and painting and now when she is only 15 years old her pictures are being exhibited in art galleries side by side with those of the greatest artists, and critics are amazed at the perfection they show in every detail. Her work is so natural for her that it seems that her pictures grow under her brush or pencil without any effort at all. She has a style of art that is distinctly her own and the only fear the admirers of her pictures have is that she will be influenced too much by the work of older artists.

Her father is Italian, so it is probable that Pamela inherits her talent from the early Italian masters. Critics say that her work also shows a spirited thoughtfulness which she has inherited from her English mother. The birds and flowers, the sea and the mountains; everything in nature seems to tell beautiful stories for her which she transfers to her canvas for others to enjoy too.

Set it Back On "I found a button in the salad." "Come off in the dressing I suppose."

THE SHORT STORY, JR. There had been that time when his mammy had let him go to school. Then his elevator had gone to the top floor. But it was only for a month, and then down he had come with a bang. His mother had taken the lumbago. John Johnson had had to stop studying and go to work. He was discontented. He wanted to be something worth while, but every time his elevator went soaring it was brought down by a stern reminder that he was a negro. Was there nothing for a colored boy to do but to run an "elevator life?"

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

"I finished it once; I'm reading it o'vah," John said. "If Mistah Washington had had my chance I'll bet he would have been a greater man than he was."

"Nothin' much, suh." John stammered, not knowing what to say. And then, because the old gentleman looked so kind, John

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."



Betty Compson and Conway Tearle in the Paramount Picture 'The Rustle of Silk'

The Cool Way To Wash Summer Wearables

IT'S WASH DAY! AND IT'S HOT!

The sun's burning rays pierce through the shade. Not a breeze or a sign of one. Yet an eager, hungry demand for clean summer wearables! In the old days just the thought of steaming tubs, and rinsing, bluing, and wringing started the perspiration oozing.

NOW YOU CAN WASH THE COOL LAUN - DRY - ETT E WAY

The Laun-Dry-Ette Electric Washing Machine washes and dries without a wringer, never tears clothes and will prevent all the old wash-day worry and work. Call in and see this wonderful machine, get our prices.

The Welch Electric Co. 379 State St. Phone 953

THINGS TO DO THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER The Biggest Little Paper in the World Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors. Edited by John M. Miller. LOADS OF FUN

Cartoon Magic—The Bunny Beet

School Girl of Fifteen Wins Fame As Artist When Pamela Binaca was only four years old her parents were surprised to find that she could draw pictures. They were not at all like the scribbly drawings that little children usually make, and they couldn't understand how she could draw so well without being taught. Of course they thought their child was wonderful, as all parents should, but when her little drawings were shown to a world-renowned artist and he exclaimed over them and said that surely little Pamela was a genius, they knew that they were right.

Pamela has spent most of her time ever since drawing and painting and now when she is only 15 years old her pictures are being exhibited in art galleries side by side with those of the greatest artists, and critics are amazed at the perfection they show in every detail. Her work is so natural for her that it seems that her pictures grow under her brush or pencil without any effort at all. She has a style of art that is distinctly her own and the only fear the admirers of her pictures have is that she will be influenced too much by the work of older artists.

Her father is Italian, so it is probable that Pamela inherits her talent from the early Italian masters. Critics say that her work also shows a spirited thoughtfulness which she has inherited from her English mother. The birds and flowers, the sea and the mountains; everything in nature seems to tell beautiful stories for her which she transfers to her canvas for others to enjoy too.

Set it Back On "I found a button in the salad." "Come off in the dressing I suppose."

THE SHORT STORY, JR. There had been that time when his mammy had let him go to school. Then his elevator had gone to the top floor. But it was only for a month, and then down he had come with a bang. His mother had taken the lumbago. John Johnson had had to stop studying and go to work. He was discontented. He wanted to be something worth while, but every time his elevator went soaring it was brought down by a stern reminder that he was a negro. Was there nothing for a colored boy to do but to run an "elevator life?"

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."

John Johnson scratched his head; "I'm sick of this business," he said. "Going up and then down; It's no wonder I frown, I'd like something lively instead."

John Johnson stepped into his elevator and seated himself on the stool. Before him stretched eight long hours of going up and down, up and down. John Johnson hated it. He scratched his woolly head and thought that his life was kind of like an elevator—every time he went up, he always came down again. "I'm a putty peah elevator, too. I always come down with a bump."