

The Oregon Statesman

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HOSPITALS

Hospitals run concurrently with the establishment and spread of the Christian religion. The Good Samaritan had the hospital spirit. It is the spirit of the Golden Rule. It is the Golden Rule in action. It exemplifies the idea that every man is his brother's keeper.

Salem is the second city in Oregon in population and in most other things going to make up a city of her class—But she is short in hospital facilities.

The completion to a point where it will be ready for occupancy of the initial unit of the Salem Hospital building, now so near that point, will at least save us from disgrace—Will at least take off the curse.

In fact, with this thing accomplished, we will be able to offer very good hospital service to a considerable number of people needing such service—with the new facilities eking out those we already have.

But even then we will not have enough. Other units must be added as fast as possible; for Salem cannot afford, from either a business or humanitarian standpoint, or even in the interest of a just pride, to take a place in this respect below the distinction that ought to be hers.

By all means, the hospital drive should succeed. There should be no thought of failure. If the \$35,000 necessary for the immediate purpose can be distributed over the number of people who ought to participate, the burden should not be too hard on any one.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

(Copyrighted by the San Jose Mercury.)

It was recently announced in the Press that the International Conference on Christian citizenship, composed of representatives of many denominations of churchmen from more than a score of countries, had dispatched an address to the sovereign head or chief executive authority of practically every nation in the world. This address recites that every other method to abolish war having failed through the ages, "the time has come to try Christianity." It is an encouraging sign when a large number of the leading churchmen of the world recognize that the failure to try Christianity in the international conduct of nations is the reason for all the wars of the past. But there may be some doubt as to whether the time has yet come when Christianity can or will be thus used to end wars.

In the first place, the time has not come to try Christianity as a preventive of war until the nations of the earth, or some of them, at least, have really achieved Christianity, which is not merely a dogmatic declaration of fixed prin-

ciples or an intellectual assertion of high ideals and purposes; and still less a mass of rituals, dogmas and ceremonies. Any Christianity that is to have much effect in preventing wars must be that which will arise when the majority of the citizenry of the nations are dominated by the spirit of Christ and their lives and their daily conduct with their fellows are squared by the golden rule and the plain teachings and precepts of the Gospels.

It seems strange that men generally in considering the cause of wars, do not recognize that nations are but aggregations of individuals, and that manifestations of national life and character are only manifestations of the aggregate life and character of a majority of the men and women making up the nations. Christianity can not therefore really be tried in the relations between nations in the effort to prevent wars until there is some approach to the Christian life and character by the individual citizens of the nations, or at least a majority of them. While selfishness, greed, covetousness, injustice and cruelty rule the majority of the people of a nation it is folly to expect the nation to manifest anything in its relations with other nations, except with selfishness, greed, injustice and the spirit of brigandage and conquest. The only way to prevent wars between the nations is to truly Christianize the men and women of the nations. The hope of the world is not in its sovereigns, diplomats and statesmen, but in its living, walking, Christian apostles, its breathing embodiments of the Christian life and spirit.

May it not be that one reason why our Christianity has not more modified the natural, brutal instincts of men, of so-called Christians, is that most of us have not yet really embraced it? Our professions of religion have not usually been prompted by any unselfish desire for service, or a love of righteousness and truth for their own sakes, or a settled and dominating purpose to incorporate in our lives the true spirit of Christ and to square our conduct by the golden rule and the plain precepts of Jesus. And yet without these things—nay, more, a religion that does not express itself in unselfish service to men, righteous living, doing justice, practicing the golden rule and striving to know the will of God in all things and obeying that will is not Christianity, whatever else it may be.

In order to induce us to embrace Christianity the appeal has generally been made purely to our selfishness. We have been urged to accept the Saviour in order to save our souls from the fires of a future hell. Fear of the consequences of our sinful, careless and selfish lives is what has moved us. No altruistic consideration, no settled purpose to overcome our selfish, beastly, unjust, cruel, carnal natures—indeed, we have been taught that we are so frail, imperfect and altogether bad that we can not do this, even with Christ's, with God's help; that we can only accept Christ as our Saviour who is then to do everything for us. Perchance we have been accustomed to sing with great spirit:

"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."

Anyone who will read the Gospels with half an open mind can not fail to see that this is about as far from Christ's teachings as light from darkness. He is to help only those who help themselves to come into the Christian life: He is to receive only those who obey His commandments; He is a stranger to them that are deaf to the crying needs of humanity and who hear not His call to service. "As ye did it not unto the least of these ye did it not unto me. I never knew you." Are these not His words?

How long must we spend our time selfishly praying for the salvation of our own little souls before this selfish effort will raise us to the altruistic heights where, like our Master,

we shall forget ourselves in the joy of blessing and serving others? How long must we helplessly call upon the Lord to save us from the consequences of our own animal, carnal natures, which He has commanded us to overcome, before we shall be pure and strong enough to be His disciples, living His life and doing His works? The man who thinks that Christianity is little more than a cunningly devised scheme to save the "elect" from the consequences of their own sinful, weak, unfruitful lives has no conception of Christ's teaching and mission.

No, before we can hope that Christianity will have much if any effect in preventing wars most of those that profess Christ must have a much higher and truer conception of what Christianity is than that heretofore reached by professing Christians generally, and must have realized something more of this conception in their daily lives and conduct. Unless they do this it seems likely that for two thousand years more Christians will be periodically flying at each other's throats, and despoiling, robbing and killing each other, to say nothing of the heathen, just as they have been doing for the past two thousand years.

Too many people think that religion is a kind of rabbit's foot to keep bad luck away.—Exchange,

New York wants a modern Bible. This is not to be wondered at. The old Bible condemns everything New York wants to do—Cap per's Weekly.

President Harding has joined another secret society. The latest is the "Tall Cedars," possibly indicating that he is out of the woods.

The Slogan editor wants your help on the City Beautiful edition for Thursday, next. Promised articles should be in tomorrow, if possible.

The weather man is a bit too enthusiastic in favor of the hay makers. Even the men in the hay fields could get along with a few cooling ocean breezes.

The story about the sun losing 4 per cent of its heat seems to have been much exaggerated—according to a number of Salem people overheard yesterday.

Of course, the plan to put into cold pack 100 tons of loganberries for the pie trade will be carried out. There should be no thought to the contrary; much less any word to discourage it. The biggest thing will be the introduction, for future crops.

Mayor Giesy, in his radio talk from the Oregonian tower tomorrow night, will have the largest audience of his official career. He will broadcast the advantages of Salem and the Salem district; but there will be time enough to hit only the high places.

We take the most wonderful things as a matter of course. There's sleep. And what if we couldn't sleep? Let those who are afflicted with insomnia answer. It is the thing that knits up the raveled sleeve of care. And those who have no trouble going to sleep never think of the wise beneficence of nature.

Back in Pennsylvania, where the legislature refused the request of Governor Pinchot for \$250,000 for dry enforcement, the Women's Christian Temperance Union has started a movement to raise the money for the governor. And they have it in sight. Which shows that the real people are thinking about the enforcement of law.

President Harding has sold his interest in the Marion Star. But he will never be as happy in the White House as he used to be grinding out editorials with his Faber No. 2, just after Mrs. Harding had gleefully told him that she had succeeded in collecting enough money to pay the hands Saturday night. Them were the happy days.

THE ARTFUL DODGER
Senator Underwood says that he went 700 miles into Africa to escape politics and then comes home to find that a lot of people have been nominating him for the presidency. If he had stayed in Africa he would have escaped danger. No man goes from the jungle to the White House. The little bird says that the southerner need not worry, at that.

THE SPIRIT PICTURE
According to Dr. Conan Doyle an ectoplasm is the spiritual body when it manifests itself in a vaporous form. Under certain conditions or inducements this solidifies sufficiently to become palpable. It is then ready to have its picture taken. That is when we catch our spirit photographs. This sounds very simple, but there are camera experts in Hollywood who are catching ghosts in mink traps and photographing them with their whiskers on. They can take an Austrian lens and a shaving mirror and build an ectoplasm that could borrow money from Dr. Doyle.—Los Angeles Times.

THE POINT OF VIEW
On March 20, 1920, the then Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio voted for the Versailles Treaty and the League covenant with the Lodge reservations. His vote has been twice recorded in this

FUTURE DATES
August 1 to 29—Annual encampment of Boy Scouts at Caswell.
September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair.

manner. In the campaign preceding the election of President Harding a notable company of champions of the League, including William Howard Taft and Charles Evans Hughes, gave as their honest conviction that the League covenant would fare better at the hands of a Republican administration than it possibly could in the event of Democratic success. It is, therefore, far from the mark for anyone—even the president himself—to assume that the huge majority which Mr. Harding received was a spontaneous protest against the League covenant or any form of world alliance. It may have been to some, but not to all. It is still susceptible to proof that millions cast their ballots for Harding, to whom the League covenant was more passionately desired than the success of any individual. American participation in a world tribunal of justice and American co-operation in humane programs of international scope may satisfy this expansive sentiment, which still obtains in the hearts of millions. But they cannot be content with a schedule of complete isolation.

IN DARKEST AFRICA

They are not worrying over the length of skirts in the Belgian Congo country. Alexander George Mill and his wife are back in this country after spending nearly 15 years in the deepest part of brutt Africa. They were sent out by the Baptist church as missionaries and now have a 13-year-old daughter who is seeing white civilization for the first time. In the heart of the Belgian Congo there are forests so dense that the rays of the sun have never been able to penetrate their depths even at midday. Of the natives there are many tribes and the farther they are removed from white influences

the better they are in morals, manners and methods. Mrs. Mill had a class of some 40 girls and young women, none of whom ever wore any clothing. They would borrow the missionary's hat or a bit of red ribbon for the hair when they were to be kaded, but otherwise were innocent of apparel or adornment. Being thus photographed was with them quite a social event. Yet the morals of the tribe were of a high order. They lived at peace with their neighbors; they avoided bloodshed and were immutably confirmed to the one-wife habit. The young gave great deference to their parents and all were scrupulous in the payment of debts. Thirty centuries of civilization might have refined them, but could hardly have improved their moral standards. The women are intense sticklers for fidelity and divorce is unknown. They are missing a lot, but if they do not know about it so much the better. It would seem that the Congo—no matter what they call 'em—might be sending missionaries to this country to show the benighted Americans how to pay their debts and live at peace with their wives. They do not need to show them how to undress.—Los Angeles Times.

LEAGUE FOR PEACE

Peace has many champions, notably the churches, big, liberal-minded statesmen, the wives and mothers of every nation, business leaders of long sight and broad vision, true friends of labor and the president of the most powerful people in the world—a strong working army standing between civilization and chaos.

And, thank heaven! the peace army grows in numbers and influence as the issues and contentions that provoke war drive home to the heart of humanity the danger of drifting into a terrible disaster that may wreck the world. The latest organized recruit to this army of crusaders is a world Federation of Teachers. Delegates from about 40 countries at the N. E. A. convention at San Francisco started a concerted movement to promote the cause of universal peace through the agency of education. They will urge co-operation of schools in every part of the earth to instill in the growing generation the idea of international justice instead of international slaughter.

Among practical recommendations for attaining this object are establishments of correspondence between classes of schools of different nations; a general exchange of teachers and of information concerning foreign countries; establishment of a universal library service to supply upon request

books and magazines in every language and the founding of an international university to study interracial questions and their relation to present day problems. The Christian churches can ask no better fighting ally in the campaign to end war than the organized forces of education. It was this combination that conquered booze in the United States. To drive out war is, of course, a much bigger task. It cannot be done simply by prohibiting the manufacture of any compound more than a half-of-1-per-cent explosive.

"BUILD YE MORE STATELY MANSIONS."

(Herman J. Stieh in Los Angeles Times.)
In a certain small city lives a building contractor who is always hunting big contracts. No "small stuff" for him. "Big stuff" or nothing—some people are that way. So he is idle most of the time.

Only the elect, who have achieved the world's plaudits, can afford to wait for "big stuff," to the exclusion of all others. The great majority of us have to be content with crumbs, trusting that choicer pickings will come our way after awhile. Get the crumbs and later you may get the big cake—as every body else has to do!

None of us can forthwith be big-leaguers; we must first serve as apprenticeship in the "sticks." As we plug at our careers we are pecking on the stone of destiny as water drips. Some day the stone will be—must be shaped into form.

We rise from humble beginnings that can't be skipped. Plod. Build shacks. Build them well. Build what anybody wants built. Save your dime. So you will find it written in the cards that some day you may erect a sky-scraper. Under an ordinance against noise a hundred years ago, Elizabeth N. J., silences radio horns. Which proves the old maxim that if you keep anything long enough, some use will be found for it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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HOW MEN LEARNED TO FLY

As you watch a circling, dipping airplane, do you ever stop to think how long men have been trying to fly? For 5000 years, at least, men have been trying to conquer the air, and only within the last few years have they had any success.

Naturally enough, most of the early thoughts at flying machines were along the general lines of a bird, because the things which men did see flying were birds. Unfortunately, birds were about as poor a model as it was possible for man to imitate. Wings which flap up and down are all right for birds, but not at all adapted for mechanical flight.

Some one noticed that heated air would carry a paper bag or a silk bag upward if it were confined in the bag. This led to balloon experiments which were, at first, very crude, but which have resulted in the gigantic airships of today, patterned after the Zeppelin type.

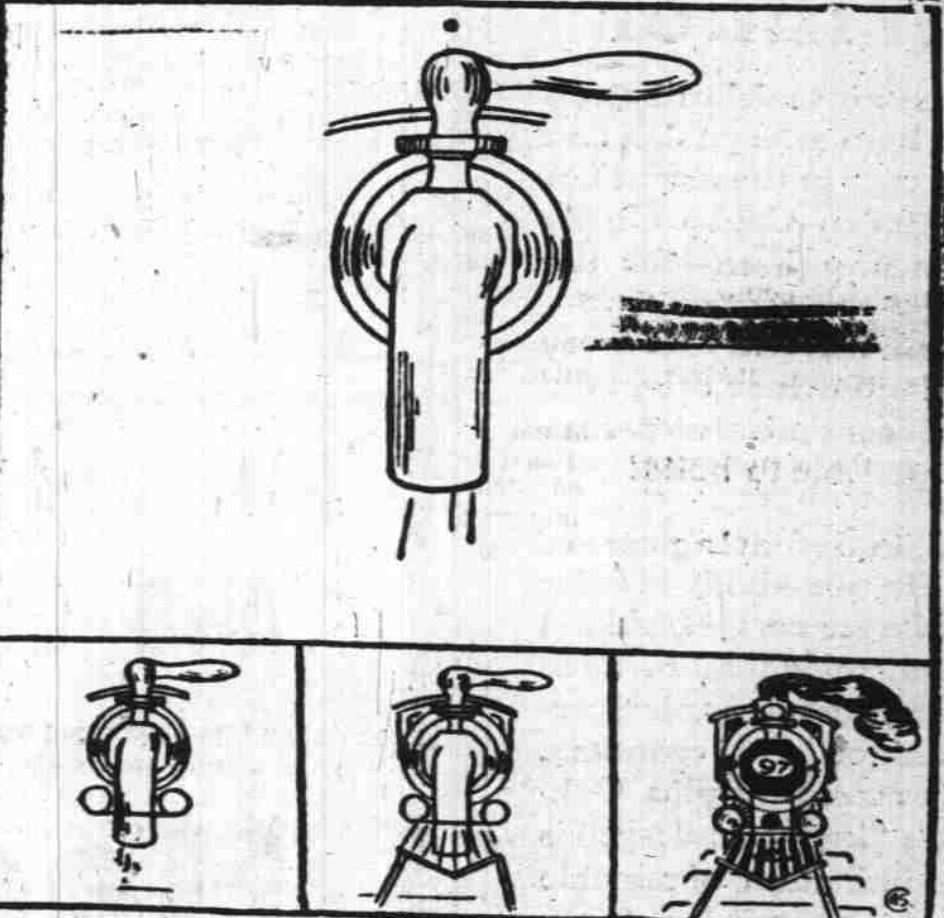
The third false start in building flying machines was the effort to build a plane which would rise straight off the ground by means of a horizontal propeller. Such types of machines are called helicopters and are just starting to have a tiny bit of success today.

And that's how William helped Dudley to win the closing day elections for mayor of the school the following year.

heard him tell another boy about how he had done it to get even with me because I stopped him from fighting with little Billy Kent last week. I dare William Kelly to come on this platform and deny that what I have said is true."

"Mr. Dawes, I didn't cheat, and I'd like to speak before the whole school in assembly tomorrow and prove it," answered Dudley. This request Mr. Dawes agreed to, and Dudley left the room.

The next morning at assembly Dudley got on the platform and started his talk. "I am not a cheat," he said. "I despise cheating and think it is one of the meanest and most underhand things a boy can do. There is only one thing I can think of which is very much meaner and that is for a boy to deliberately accuse another boy of cheating. William Kelly has done this. I



Pencils ready! Clear the track! Here comes the express! Draw up the locomotive before you put in the tracks, so you will get them to come in just at the right place.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

MUD SLINGING

William was "slinging the mud," intending to hurt his friend Dudley. The thing that he said Bounced back on his head And he came down to earth with a thud.

Dudley Chapman had been accused of cheating during a final examination. William Kelly had told the principal that he saw him copying from another boy's arithmetic paper, and the principal had called Dudley into his office.



No More Fooling

NOWHERE did Abraham Lincoln show his shrewdness of judgment to better effect than in that famous utterance which ended, "You can't fool all the people all the time."

In the past, there were a few misguided advertisers who thought they could sell their wares better by misrepresentation. But those advertisers have long since gone out of business or mended their ways. Hard experience taught that Lincoln was right. Untruthful advertising doesn't pay.

Other advertisers proved that the only way to advertise successfully, make regular customers and build up public good-will was to tell the absolute truth about their goods.

So, you can be sure that every consistently advertised product is good. The advertising test has proved it. The very fact that it is advertised is your best warranty of satisfaction and true quality.

The concern that tells you frankly what it is doing is a good concern with which to do business. That is why it pays to read the advertisements, to patronize advertisers, and to buy advertised merchandise.

It's mighty good business

