

# The Oregon Statesman

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## PRESIDENT COOLIDGE AND THE WORLD COURT

"But our party by the record of its members in the senate and by the solemn declaration of its platform, by performance and by promise, approves the principle of agreement among nations to preserve peace, and pledges itself to the making of such an agreement, preserving American independence, and rights, as will meet every duty America owes to humanity. . . . The Republican party is not narrow enough to limit itself to one idea, but wise and broad enough to provide for the adoption of the best plan that can be devised at the time of action."

The above words are quoted from the letter of acceptance of Calvin Coolidge of the nomination for vice-president in 1920.

He is in favor of an "agreement among nations to preserve peace"; such an agreement as "will meet every duty America owes to humanity."

He surely must be in favor of the participation of the United States as a member in the deliberations and decisions of the world court.

And he surely will be found fighting for this consummation, for many weighty reasons; one of them being the duty of taking up the torch where President Harding was obliged by the grim decree of fate to lay it down.

## THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL

(Copyrighted by the San Jose Mercury.)

The greatest things in life are the simplest and the most beautiful. Life grows more and more complex and more unbeautiful as man allows himself to become engrossed with the affairs and worries of the physical life and neglects the spiritual. Life that might be fair and beautiful glares with ugliness.

Man seeks happiness but never finds it until he turns from the false glitter and show to true beauty, to the purity and goodness he may find in his own heart, to the homeliness of commonplace duties, to aspiration and reverence for the spirit of love and truth and virtue.

Beauty is an everlasting principle that cannot die. The beauty that appears in the perishable flower does not fade with the natural life of the blossom but lives on. Beauty of sea and mountain and desert is an immortal principle that blesses for a time these physical forms, and when they change beauty lives on in some other form. The life center or soul of the blossom lives eternally and beauty glorifies it and is reflected in the material. As the soul lives on when the physical form dies its beauty lives as an inherent part of its life.

It is well for man to lift his eyes unto the hills and beyond to the stars in the heavens; it is well for him to

become aware of treasures far greater than those he so jealously hoards, the truths and principles and powers and rewards so immeasurably transcending all that he has before comprehended or experienced. As he gains knowledge of these higher possessions a blessed humility descends upon his vain spirit.

Simplicity, singleness of purpose, humility, unselfishness that claims nothing for itself that may not be for all, distinguish the life beautiful from mere physical existence. The one great purpose of life is to increase the goodness and love of God in the heart of humanity. The way is straight and clean and true. The life of the spiritual man radiates purity from a shining soul. From its abundance it supplies ever yearning, hungering soul that asks for spiritual food.

Without the vision of beauty life is sordid. Without hope of a greater outlook, of a wider field of labor and service, beauty fades. Before we know the realities of life we live in our dreams. Before we build our true home we fashion a castle in the air. We add a tower here and a beautiful window there, we train a blossoming vine over a porch and plant more flowers in the garden until our airy castle is all that imagination can desire. This is beneficial if we realize that we must make our dreams come true and set to work with a will to build up realities where ideals have been.

The habitation of the spirit, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens is the beautiful home that we build by our noble thoughts, our unselfish deeds, our self denial, by the overcoming of wrongs and weaknesses that mar our beauty of character.

Love is a great universal sun that puts life and warmth and color into hearts that are dead and ugly without it; it animates and glorifies and beautifies the most sodden existence; the latent good bursts into glorious bloom under its life-giving rays; shadows and gloom are dispelled. Its inner light makes the whole nature aglow with beauty as the setting sun touches with radiance and color the heavy gray clouds in the western sky.

The spiritual life is full of beauty because it is full of love and of work as the expression of love. There can be no high unfoldment without love, and love is active. Back of every high accomplishment is the force of a great love in the heart—love of humanity, love of all good, love of God the source of all good, love of work itself as the expression of active love and goodness. In work of this sort there is an exhilaration that pushes one happily and joyfully on to its completion. The faithful performance of so-called trivial duties beautifies each task. To be careless or neglectful of the smallest link in the chain of homely, daily duties is impossible because the harmony and order in one's work would be destroyed. Love works only in harmony and the work is the perfect expression of love only as it is done harmoniously.

The supreme joy in such labor is the consciousness that constructive results are being reached that would have been lacking had this particular labor not been put forth. A lively interest in the work seems to fire every muscle and nerve to double efficiency in its performance, and makes every effort a delight far keener than one can know when he is working alone for the compensation it brings him.

Love in the heart makes one solicitous for others, and urges him on to help and to relieve them in every way possible. Enveloped and saturated and controlled by love the soil of the heart is made fertile, the air that one breathes is electrified and energized by love, and the petty desires that move one who has not this greatest of all possessions are all swept away by the power of the flood from the living fountain.

If the world could learn the joy of work done under the spiritual law instead of the law of selfishness much of the misery in life would be overcome. If the trouble makers would cease to cry out their warning of disaster to those who perform their full measure of labor and cry twice as loud to warn them of the peril of selfishness and greed and a wrong at-

titude toward the blessing of daily labor, conditions for better understanding between brother and brother might be improved.

Amid all the beauties that nature surrounds us with we need the example of the life beautiful. We need the strengthening influence of lives that in spirit and achievement fulfill our ideals.

"The spirit may appropriate all good; all the beauty of the universe may pass within you and abide; all the pictures in the mind may be of surpassing loveliness; the light that dwells within may be above the shining of the sun. We should look, then, to the spirit that is in us, that the light in us be not darkness."

Our pretty girls are in on the Petaluma Egg Day contest; as many as the rules would allow; three.

Some of our people will soon be full of prunes; but the penitentiary industrial forces will be fuller of flax. They will have enough to spin yarns reaching many times to the moon.

Three women have had a great deal to do with the life of President Coolidge. His mother, who died when he was 13, his step-mother, who died in 1919, and his wife, who is a high-minded and capable woman. Mrs. Coolidge and the boys are members of the Jonathan Edwards Congregational church of Northampton, Mass., and Mr. Coolidge, though not a member, regularly attends that church with them.

## KEEP YOUR HEAD

Take it from ye pastor: Some great things may have been accomplished by excitement or desperation, or wild impulse, but you won't get 'em particularly wise or observing to know that most is accomplished by the man who retains his mental poise; "keeps his head." I once saw a weak swimmer become exhausted while beyond his depths and saw a strong swimmer go readily to his rescue. The drowning man forgot what he knew; that it is easy to carry another in water, if the one carried submits willingly and intelligently. Therefore, a struggle followed when the two met in which a double tragedy was averted only by the fact that the strong swimmer kept his head, fought better and knocked out his opponent, after which he carried him to shore. Had both been cool it would have been easy and had both become excited it would have been impossible. And the rule applies as well to the other than physical trouble. The fate which seems to have you down and out can be thwarted if you "keep your head." If you do the best you know, instead of merely wasting time in useless worry and anger. And this trait, or habit will stand cultivation which will bring it within the range of possibilities even for impulsive, nervous or weak-kneed persons.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

## A NEW OCCUPATION

The recent meeting of the Medical association in San Francisco brought to light a novel means of earning one's livelihood. The profession is somewhat new in the west, but has been flourishing for some time in the large eastern cities. It is that of professional blood-giver for transfusion operations. At the Mayo clinic there are 200 regular donors of life blood on the lists and over 1000 who will respond in emergency. The champion of all has given a pint or more eleven times in twelve months. The minimum fee for this unique service is \$50. This is the only work done by these gentlemen and they are housed and fed at the hospital's expense and their physical welfare carefully watched.

The photos of three of the prettiest girls in the Salem district have been forwarded for competition in the Petaluma Egg Day contest, by the Salem Chamber of Commerce. If one of our girls wins, it will be a signal honor. Even though this should not happen, Salem will get some good advertising as a poultry producing district. The time will come when the Salem district will be giving such contests, in order to attract wider attention to our section and city as leaders in the whole poultry world. This is the best of all poultry countries.

There are a lot of things the Salem district can produce to better advantage and at greater profit than any other section, and it is high time the people of this city and the surrounding country woke up to a greater realization of this fact, and went out to tell the world. There is no good reason why California and Washington should be attracting greater attention from investors and settlers than Oregon, and especially this part of Oregon. We have

## FUTURE DATES

- August 1 to 15—Annual summer camp of YMCA, Trask river.
- August 1 to 29—Annual encampment of Boy Scouts at Cascadia.
- August 5, Sunday—162nd Oregon Infantry to picnic at Clackamas.
- August 12, Sunday—Third annual homecoming of Aumville Pioneer association.
- August 14, Tuesday—Summer ceremonial of "40 & 8."
- August 15, Wednesday—Minnesota picnic, state fair grounds.
- August 17, Friday—Iowa picnic, fair grounds.
- August 18-19—National guard rifle matches at Clackamas rifle range.
- September 19, Wednesday—Willamette university opens.
- September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair.

mendable one. Let the traveler have his place and influence for prayer.—Los Angeles Times.

## THE ANCIENT GRUDGE

From Angora comes word that American missionaries are charged with offensively mixing in Turkish politics. This is what gets the Angora goat. It is said that the missionaries sought to bring about the downfall of Kemal Paasha, but there doesn't seem to be any warrant for picking on the missionaries except the natural bent of the Turkish mind. Missionaries have a hard time with the Moslems.

## A REMARKABLE OFFER

From Paris comes a touching story of a man's offered sacrifice, proving the fact that most artists are truly brothers, regardless of nationality. Le Morand, the celebrated French painter, has been grieving deeply over his recent blindness, which has robbed him of his career. The poet St. Pol Roux has written an article stating that he has the name of a prominent foreign writer who has offered one of his eyes for the painter, if surgeons feel that they can successfully graft it. The man desires that his name be kept from the public, but will gladly meet any surgeon to discuss the prospects of a successful operation. His great devotion to art is given as the reason for his extraordinary offer, as the painter is virtually unknown to him.

Various experiments on some of the lower animals in the way of eye grafting have been pronounced successful, but it is not known whether they could be carried out on a human being. No surgeon ever dreamed of the possibility of securing an eye from another person to give to the blinded one, having confined their experiments to transferring the eyes of animals, preferably a calf's, to the afflicted person. There are no records of these operations being successful. If the transference of the journalist's

eye to the artist really takes place it will be the most unusual operation ever performed and the greatest sacrifice ever made in the name of either art or a sense of duty. Next to lie, people value most dearly their eyes.

## PLEDGES YEAR'S WORK



WILLIAM COOPER PROCTOR.

Effective August 1, the employees of Proctor & Gamble in plants and offices in thirty cities in the U. S. and Canada will have steady employment, according to a statement by the president, shown above. All workers participating in the profit sharing plan in return for conscientious services receive a guaranty of full pay for full time work for not less than forty-eight weeks a year.

Pancho Villa, dead, is now being praised as a martyr down in Mexico. For years he was a bandit hunted from one end of the republic to the other. The Mexicans seem to be able to forget and forgive.

## The Boys and Girls Newspaper

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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### CARTOON MAGIC—NO SWIMMING ALLOWED



The boys at the swimming hole thing they're perfectly safe, but they're being watched all the time they're so gaily splashing. Take your pencil and draw in the lines shown in the small key pictures and you'll see the stern officer of the law who's about to pounce on them.

### THE SHORT STORY, JR.

#### WHO UNTIED DIX

Dixie was tied to a tree, No one was looking to see How the pony with brains, Shook loose the reins, And repeatedly made himself free.

Father and Mother Clark considered Dix almost as important as one of their own children. Dix considered himself quite as important. Dix was a fat, little, brown Shetland pony, not much larger than a big dog.

As long as the children played in their own yard Dix played around with them just as a dog would. But today they begged to be allowed to go down the street to play with the Jones children.

"You will have to leave Dix at home," their mother insisted, "Mrs. Jones won't want him tearing up the sod in her yard as he has in ours." And so Dix was securely tied in their own front yard and the children went off to

play hide and seek. They had been playing only a short time when Dix marched into the Jones' yard. "Buster Clark, did you untie him?" his sister Helen demanded. "Take him right back. You know what Mother said."

"I didn't let him loose," Buster insisted, "but I saw John up there."

John shook his head. "Why, I didn't do it. But I bet I know who did." He pointed to his younger sister. "I saw Grace coming out of our yard."

"But I was only hiding there. I didn't untie him. It must have been Helen, or maybe Dix did it himself."

All the children went back home to see that he was properly tied. They were deep in their game some time later when Dix appeared on the scene once more. "Well, he didn't untie himself this time, that's sure," Helen declared. "Buster, if you think this is a joke you're badly mistaken. Take him home."

"Honest, Helen," tears came to the little boy's eyes. "I didn't do it." He looked at his older brother accusingly but John did not notice. He was still insisting that Grace had done it.

This time Helen took him back alone. She tied the knot harder than ever. "I'm going to hide up here too and catch Buster," she decided.

### THE STORY OF A BRAVE BOY

When Charles XII was crowned king of Sweden in 1697, the country feared for its safety, for Charles was only 15, and the people knew that Denmark, Russia and Poland would think it a good time to try to seize the Swedish possessions. The new king was a healthy boy who loved outdoor life and adventure.

When he was 18, the enemies gathered their forces and advanced on the Swedish provinces. To the great joy of his people, Charles was roused to action. He rode to the head of his army, cheered his soldiers with his enthusiasm, and led them against their antagonists.

Charles soon proved that he was not only brave, but that he was a military genius as well. Denmark was defeated, and then Poland. In his first attack on Russia, although he was outnumbered three to one, he gained a victory. As he advanced further into Russia, suffering great hardships and losing many men, he was finally defeated by Peter the Great.

He was forced to flee to Turkey where he tried unsuccessfully for five years to regain what he had lost.

He would not give up his country's cause. He was not the weak, indifferent ruler that his people had thought he would be. When he was 26 he led an attack against Denmark. It was mid-winter and very cold, but he worked hard in hand in the trenches with his soldiers, where a shot from the enemy struck him, and he died with his hand on his sword.

"If I can catch John he can't deny it," Buster thought. "I'll hide up there and keep an eye on him." John decided to do the same to Grace and Grace still suspected Helen thought she would prove it.

So the next game each one of the Clark children kept his eagle eye on the one he suspected. They were all so busy watching that they forgot about the game. As Peter Jones caught them one by one they were astonished to discover that Dix was loose again.

"Well, it wasn't Buster that time," Helen had to admit. The others, shook their heads, too. It hadn't been the one they suspected. "It's Peter," they decided. "He's trying to play a joke on us."

But Peter shook his head. "No, indeed," he insisted. "I wouldn't let him loose. Mother doesn't like to have him run in the yard."

Dix smiled his queer pony smile out of the corner of his mouth as they tied him back. He was proud of himself. He could shake the hardest knot loose.



# Are You Strictly Up-to-Date?

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