

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

R. J. Hendricks - Editor John L. Brady - Manager Frank Jaskoski - Manager Job Dept.

Business Office - 23 News Department - 23-106 Circulation Office - 583 Society Editor - 196 Job Department - 583

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

SOME OF OUR USEFUL CITIZENS

The Statesman is pleased to pay frequent tribute to useful citizens and groups of useful citizens—

(The word group is used in this connection instead of classes, because in this country there are no classes)—

And titles of nobility are forbidden by the Constitution of the United States.

Salem has many useful citizens among her professional men and women; among her teachers and preachers; among her business people; in all walks of life, with wealth and with moderate means and with little or no means at all—

But some of her most useful citizens are the men and women and children who go to the farms and pick the gooseberries and strawberries the cherries and loganberries, the evergreen blackberries and the beans, the hops and walnuts and filberts, the prunes and pears and apples and other fruits; and who help in harvesting all the other crops, and in training the vines and cultivating the growing things at other seasons—

for here in the Salem district there is seed time and harvest every month in the year. The work must be carried forward on the dairy and poultry and other farms every month, and every day in the month, even including Sundays.

There must be added to the useful citizens who go out and help with the work on the farms and in the gardens the men, women and children who take care of the harvested crops when they are brought to Salem and the other centers for canning and dehydrating and processing and shipping.

These are all useful citizens; and they are among the most useful of all our citizens. Without their help our growers would be helpless; without their help the city's industrial activities could not be carried on.

All honest work is considered honorable and is honorable in this land of equality; under this government of, by and for the people—

And all honest work is useful; but there is none more useful than that of the men, women and children of the Salem district and of the city of Salem and her surrounding cities and towns who help with the planting and training and harvesting and the making of our products ready for the markets of the world; for their consumption in all civilized countries.

So let us acknowledge our debts of gratitude to the toilers of the orchards and gardens and fields and factories and plants of all kinds that must be operated in order to make it possible to pass the products of our showers and soil and sunshine on to the ultimate consumer, as Lowell put it:

"No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, And tools to work withal, for those who will; And blessed are the horny hands of toil."

DEATH AND THE HEREAFTER

(Copyrighted by the San Jose Mercury.)

The all-wise God who created man made him something more than a lump of clay. He gave him a mind capable of grasping and formulating truth, a will to direct his activities and life, and a soul, a germ of His own infinite life. This wonderful individuality, man, is, we know, capable of marvelous development in this world. We see him advancing from the helplessness and ignorance of infancy to the strength and wisdom of manhood. From a state of complete ignorance he may and does increase in knowledge and development in this short span of human life until he measures the stars, discovers and uses the laws of nature that enable him to work the modern wonders with which we are familiar, organize society into governments and nations, builds cities and engages in all the activities of our modern life.

What kind of wisdom would it be that would create such a wonderful being as man and furnish him the conditions and capacity to grow in the three score years and ten allotted to him here to the knowledge, wisdom and strength that may characterize ripe, old age and then blot him out forever? Shall we say that, when by reason of his development and experience here he is prepared to go on to greater achievement and larger life, the All-wise has decreed that the mind and soul that in a few short years have wrought and developed and learned so much shall at death return to earth with the dust that clothed them? What man who looks upon the infinite creation about him can believe that its Maker has not brought him into being for a grand, eternal purpose which can not be measured by a few short years and then dust and oblivion?

It does not require a high order of human intelligence to make one understand that like the earth, stars and suns he is created for eternity. Whatever becomes of the earthly tabernacle in which for a time he dwells, his mind, his soul or inner life, his real self, must, does live on. To think otherwise is to make of God a mere toy maker who is only playing with His creation and especially with the more highly organized part of it. No, death does not end all. Independent of revelation or science, it is the firm conviction of the overwhelming majority of the race that we are immortal.

There is no death! What seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath Is but the suburb of the life elysian Whose portal we call death."

Where and under what conditions do we enter upon the new life in the great beyond? Is this earth life only a probationary period, and as a result of it shall we enter forever into a far away state either of bliss or of suffering? Or is this life but the primary school of existence, intended to prepare us for the next, the higher department? If progress, development, be the divine purpose of our creation, then it must be that our earth life is only the first, and a small part of the great, throbbing, achieving, wonderful growth of the individual, human soul which is to go on forever.

It must be, too, that wherever we are in the great beyond we shall be ourselves. We shall carry with us our memories, our love, our hopes, our ideals, and whatever we may have achieved in character development and soul growth—all of these riches of the spirit which Jesus admonishes us to accumulate. Yes, if we are to be ourselves, we shall take with us the ugly characteristics of our carnal nature that made us here yield to the promptings of our baser selves, that kept us living the groveling life of sin and materiality, and prevented us from rising to the heights of life. The scars which an evil and mispent life have left upon our souls, the memory of our neglected opportunity

ance, spiritual weakness and poverty will be at once our punishment and our incentive to higher effort.

"What! Is a man to have another opportunity over there to attain happiness when he has lived an imperfect, sinful life here? Answer that question for yourself by deciding what you would think of the parent who would not give his undeveloped, disobedient child who had erred and sinned another chance anywhere, any time? Cruel, brutal, unfeeling would be the proper adjectives to describe such a parent. The God who commands us to forgive 'seventy times seven' will be always sending out to us His infinite love, wherever we are, and calling us to come up higher. Otherwise He would not be the God of love whom Jesus reveals.

And where is the world of spirits which we are to enter when we die? Some of the highest, brightest, most spiritual minds of this age declare that it is not far away, but is hidden from us by our lack of spiritual vision, and the limitations of our physical senses. Listen to Harriet Beecher Stowe:

"It lies around us like a cloud, A world we do not see; Yet the sweet closing of an eye May bring us there to be. Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks; Amid our worldly cares Its gentle voices whisper love, And mingle with our prayers.

"Sweet hearts around us throb and beat, Sweet helping hands are stirred, And palpitate the veil between, With breathing almost heard. So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide, So near to press they seem, They hush us gently to our rest, They melt into our dream."

HELPING THE STUDENT

For a number of years past, the trend has been all towards helping youth, shaping the twig in the way the tree should grow. This has gone from playgrounds to the more serious problem of helping young men and women through school. Oklahoma has taken advanced ground and is permitting young men and women to borrow money with which to complete their education. A few years ago this would have been revolutionary but today it is accepted with satisfaction. We have learned that not only must we direct a mass but we must direct the individual.

Under the law a high school graduate may apply for a loan if he intends to enter a college or university within the state. The amount of money the student may borrow is limited to \$300 annually under the statute. He may borrow \$200 for a one year course if he arranges payment one year afterward. He may borrow \$600 to be repaid two years later, the same ratio being maintained in loans for three and four years of college work.

That is the attractive feature which appeals to the prospective students who have inquired for further information from the state board of public instruction, Nash says. In banks which make such loans to young men or women, the state promises, according to the law, to open depository accounts.

All banks making the loans and receiving state deposits, however, are responsible to the state for the funds loaned to the students, Nash said. This has the effect, according to the state superintendent, of making banks require the same sort of note, demanding the same security and arranging the same terms, with the possible exception of the amount of interest, which any other borrower would be called upon to meet. The ultimate result is that banks simply loan state money, through their own institution, it is pointed out.

This, Superintendent Nash states, while offering an extension of \$3000 a year credit from the state, does not in any way relieve the student from any responsibility or necessity of presenting acceptable security for the funds borrowed.

CARRYING THE MAIL

A great deal of interest has been shown in carrying the mail by pony express from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco, fifty years after the original pony express was started. It has been a spectacular race but the time has been shortened in every instance. Of course, there is a reason for this. In the old days the pony express blazed his own trail. Now it has gone over entirely well-made and well-marked roads. It is not pioneering. It is play now, but it is just as well to hark back to the pioneer days and catch if possible, something of the spirit of those times.

A good deal of poetry was written about the old pony express but a few lines from Kipling describes it so well that we want the Oregon Statesman readers to have it.

He is the fastest in the state! He must ford it or swim. Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff. Does the tempest cry halt? What are his hooves for? The service admits no "but" or "or."

While the breath's in the mouth, he must keep without fail. In the Name of the Emperor, the Overland Mail.

After much tribulation and infinite patience, Governor Pinchot was able to bring together the contending factions of the anthracite coal region. It was a distinct triumph of the party of the third party. It stands out as one of the few instances in which the people had a look in. However,

governing such negotiations by law and fixed rules.

The disintegration is coming and the Socialist party is losing. It is always losing. It attracts because there are 57 brands of socialism, but it is a conglomerate aggregation that soon falls apart because there is no unity of action or meeting of minds in thought.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE CHAPTER 403.

THE REASON MADGE "TIDIED" HER FATHER'S ROOM

At my father's unexpected order to mail the letter to which I had inadvertently referred, I flashed a quick, helplessly appealing glance at Dicky. How would he be able to explain the embarrassing tarradiddle which he had told my father?

He had said that the letter of which I had spoken with such culpable carelessness was one to an insurance agent in Marvin. And we were both guiltily conscious that the address was that of a woman in Hempstead, the cousin of Linda Sheffield, who was the outside link in Grace Draper's precarious communication with the world outside the circle to which espionage restricted her.

That my father should not suspect our communication with Grace Draper was vital to the success of our plan to have her pose for the Pennington illustrations. I knew that if he had the slightest inkling of our scheme he would thwart it instantly. And with that certainty came a little pang of fear as if the going away of this devoted protector was an omen.

But I need not have feared for Dicky's quick wits. He put his hand in the breast of his coat, at the same time speaking gratefully to my father.

"Thanks, Dad," he said. "That's awfully good of you." His hand as it came from his pocket was filled with envelopes, mostly torn open, but I knew that among them was the letter I had written so short a time ago. Dicky shuffled them, looking them over at first assuredly, then impatiently.

"What the deuce!" he muttered, then thrust the letters back into the pocket from which he had taken them, began to search through his other pockets. At last he looked up, registering such natural embarrassment that I paid mental tribute to his histrionic ability.

"A Narrow Squeak." "You've certainly got to hang the bells on me," he said ruefully. "I was sure I had that thing with me. But I haven't. Oh, well! I can get it off on the evening train. There's the whistle, Dad. Shall I get your ticket?"

"I already have transportation," my father replied quietly. The words were commonplace enough, and yet, when the train had arrived and departed for the city, with my father's handsome, vivid profile outlined against one of the windows, I began to speculate upon the possibilities contained behind the simple sentence. Had my father been expecting this summons? Had he prepared for it, even to the packing of his bag, so that when the wire of which he had spoken arrived he only had to get the first train to the city?

"Whew! That was a narrow squeak!" Dicky's relieved voice interrupted my speculation. "I thought sure the old boy had us for a minute. Of course, he couldn't have suspected the truth, but he'd have known we were stalling on some account or other if he'd ever lamped this envelope. Let's find out where the post-office is in this burg, and we'll get rid of the thing."

I slowed up the car and he

FUTURE DATES

September 9, Sunday—State championship baseball between Salem and Arletta club of Portland, Oxford field. September 10, Monday—Partial eclipse of the sun, about noon. September 11, Tuesday—Oregon Methodist conference meets in Portland. September 12, Wednesday—Opening of highway addition. September 14, Friday—Dempsy-Pirpo fight for heavyweight championship of the world at New York. September 17, Monday—Convention day. September 18, Sunday—YMCA setting up program at Wallace farm. September 19, Wednesday—Willamette October 1, Monday—Salem schools open. October 6, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Washington, at Seattle. October 20, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Mt. Angel college, at Salem. October 27, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Chemawa, at Salem. November 2, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Page, Sound, at Tacoma. November 3 to 10—Pacific International Livestock exposition, Portland. November 10, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Willamette, at McMinnville. November 16, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Willamette, at Salem. November 23, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Portland.

called the inquiry to a passing farmer. The man jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction opposite to the one we were going, and I swung the car around, proceeded on the road he had indicated, and in another two minutes was rewarded with the sight of the rustic office. A search.

I had a sudden impulse to snatch the letter from Dicky's fingers and tear it into shreds instead of permitting it to go on its unchecked way to Grace Draper. But I crushed the impulse, and silently drove away from the postoffice with a haunting little premonition of evil to come.

"Where to now, old dear?" Dicky asked idly. "Ticer farm or our own?" "Neither," I returned, forcing a smile. "I must go first to that farmhouse where father and you are stopping, and see that he has left nothing cluttering his room. He gave it up, you know."

"Yes," Dicky drawled, "and I suppose that if he left a pin or a scrap of paper on the floor your conscious soul won't rest until it has been removed and the reputation of your family for perfect order rescued from smirching."

I laughed and laid my hand on his with a light caress, for I knew that beneath his gibe lay a touch of resentment for this very tendency of mine to revel in orderliness. Dicky, though fastidious to a fault, is the most disorderly person imaginable, and I waste more time picking up his belongings than I can well spare.

"You ought to be thankful it isn't you this time," I said lightly, and we talked of other things until we turned into the yard of the farmhouse where my father had roomed.

I searched the room thoroughly, hardly acknowledging to myself that I hoped to find some clue to his sudden journey. There was no fireplace, so he could not have burned the telegram, and in his waste basket were only a few innocuous envelopes. He must have put the pieces of the telegram in his pocket, for I knew his scrupulous habit of destroying all professional communications. And then, on the stairs outside of the door, I found two tiny scraps of yellow paper.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Patton Has a Word

Editor Statesman: I read in yesterday's Statesman George Graves' wonderful (?) story of the Cherrian trip to Linn county. I notice with much disgust his attempted funny garbled report of my remarks at the luncheon. The fact is that nearly 200 of the most respected and representative citizens present at that Rotarian luncheon will testify that our George's report of my remarks was away off. I am proud of my remarks on that occasion, as I received many compliments on the thoughts I conveyed to the assembled gathering. All seemed to get the idea except George.

—Hal D. Patton

Christian Democracy and the Christian Citizen

Editor Statesman: True Christianity is the only pure and safe democracy. "No man can be a true Christian and vote the Republican or Democratic ticket," declared Evangelist Houdenschild. One of the greatest dangers to our country's welfare is the tremendous power which the organized liquor traffic wields in political affairs, a power so great and so promptly applied that with rare exceptions candidates for public office dare not speak their honest thoughts concerning that traffic while officeholders, ambitious to secure re-election realize that the faithful performance of their duty in the enforcement of the law against the saloon will be fatal to their hopes of promotion.

When the Christian citizen is so prompt with his political reward and punishments as is the best supporter of the saloon, the cause of civil righteousness will have made a noble advance.

Quoting and reaffirming the action of the general conference of 1902, we "record our deliberate judgment that no political party has a right to expect nor ought to receive the support of Christian men so long as it stands

committed to the license policy or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon.

But the foregoing must not be considered as in the interest of any political party. —William N. Tatt. 1565 South Liberty street.

INJUNCTION ISSUED

ABERDEEN, Waha., Sept. 8.—An injunction forbidding members of the IWW to picket places of business here was issued today by Judge George A. Abel at Montezuma in the superior court of Grays Harbor county.

BOTH EYES LOST

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Sept. 8.—Irrational, with a bullet wound clear through his head and the sight of both eyes gone, a man believed to be L. D. Johnson of Moline, Kas., is a patient in Memorial hospital, following what officers of Sheriff George Carroll believe to be an attempted suicide last Sunday.

Remarkable Discovery —Newer Form of Iron

There is Strength In Every Tablet

One dose often helps convalescence to start your blood and revitalizes your worn-out exhausted nerves — it is a newer form of iron, like the iron in your stomach, it is so prepared that it is absorbed immediately and does not irritate the stomach. It is ready for almost immediate absorption and assimilation by the blood while some physicians claim metallic iron which people usually take is not absorbed at all. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can walk without becoming tired. Now take two five-grain tablets of this newer form of iron — three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

NOTE — The manufacturers of this newer form of iron know as Ferro-Lactogen are the only ones who have reached the stupendous sale of over 4,000,000 packages annually. It has been used and highly recommended by former U. S. Senators, Members of Congress, Judges of U. S. Courts and many other prominent men. It is so pure and safe that it is guaranteed that if you do not obtain relief, your money will be refunded.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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Cartoon Magic—Piffles Again



A brisk September hike through the woods, gay with gold and redsplashed leaves! The hiker leaves his knapsack and roll leaning against a tree while he gathers wood for the evening campfire. When he comes back he finds—Piffles, the funny little airpale pup who played his pranks on the pages of the Boys' and Girls' Newspaper a few weeks ago. Just trace in on the big picture the lines shown in the little key pictures, and you'll see how Piffles appeared.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

AUTUMN'S FOLLY

Autumn was a lovely dark-eyed lass She scarce could wait for Summer's day to pass; With bells of mirth, She danced to earth, But found a cold reception there, alas!

"If I am late." Soon Autumn came sailing in for her costume. "But, Madame Season," she cried, "you have made me no crimson girdle. Do you think Autumn can go down to Earth to get the fashions without a crimson girdle?"

"In your skirt are warm colors—scarlet and orange and ochre and yellow like apples and pumpkins and maple leaves and dark ears of corn," protested Madame Season, privately thinking that every year Autumn demanded a more gorgeous costume. Wouldn't a turban of russet and gold appease you?" implored the poor, tired Madame Season.

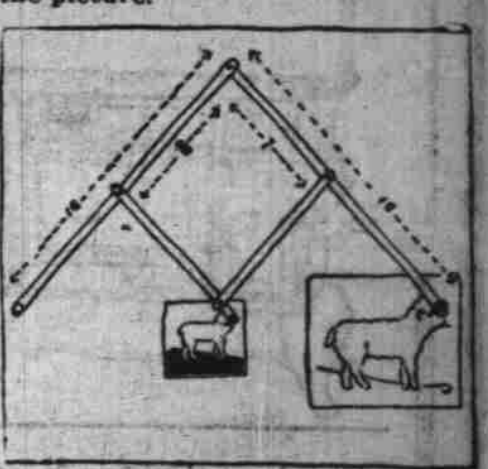
"Oh, Madame Season," cried Spring, stopping at the door of a shop which was piled with filmy, colorful chiffons, "is that beautiful costume for me?" "You wear red and brown!" laughed the busy old dressmaker, snipping a thread. "This is dark-eyed Autumn's dress, and I must hurry to finish it. She is a vain, hot tempered lass, and may scold

HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC PENCIL

The Magic Pencil draws anything you want it to, no matter how hard, for it really is only a sort of tracing machine that any boy or girl can make with some strips of light wood, some screws and a tack.

Take two strips of wood sixteen inches long. Overlap and fasten them loosely at the end with a round screw which allows the pieces of wood to slip in any direction. Eight inches from the point of joining on the left-hand strip, fasten your short cross-piece with a loose screw. On the right hand strip the smaller piece should be joined seven inches from the top screw. Then the two cross-pieces should be joined, also with a loose screw.

Fasten the long arm on the left to the paper with a thumb tack through a round hole in the end. A tack in the end of one short piece will trace the picture you wish to copy. As the tack moves, a pencil stub you have fastened in the end of the right arm through a hole, moves around and draws the picture.



Poor, unsuspecting Madame Season placed the russet turban on Autumn's curls, and kissing her, sent her off. When she was far from Season's shop, Autumn paused, and on each point of her gorgeous skirt fastened a tinkling silver bell. Then to Earth she danced.

The apples and maple leaves and pumpkins and dark ears of corn smiled at Autumn and turned the colors of her dress—scarlet and yellow and orange and ochre. But as they turned, they heard a faint, tinkling note.

"Frost!" they cried. "Silver bells! Winter is coming!" The people gathered their crops quickly; the leaves fell to the ground. And before she had been on Earth any time at all, Autumn found that no one was paying any attention to her. Weeping, she ran to Mother Season to tell her that she'd stolen Winter's bells.

