

The Oregon Statesman

J. L. BRADY, Editor; CARLE ABRAMS, Business Manager; H. J. HENDRICKS, President

Published Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, 216 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.

Business Office: 23; News Department: 23-106; Circulation Office: 533; Society Editor: 106; Job Department: 533

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

OREGON'S WAY WITH ROADS

The Oregon way of securing money for permanent highway construction is the best way, as has been said in these columns many times.

Providing for the raising of the necessary funds for building the roads and keeping them in repair by placing the burden on the people who use them most; through automobile license and gasoline taxes.

Thirty-five states have adopted a gasoline tax; but only three besides Oregon have made this tax as high as 3 cents a gallon. They are Idaho, Florida and South Carolina.

The gasoline tax for California will go into effect today. It is 2 cents a gallon, and according to preliminary estimates this tax will yield a revenue of approximately \$7,200,000 the first year—twice as much as in any other state in the Union.

This is because New York, Illinois and Ohio do not levy a gasoline tax, and the rate in Pennsylvania is but 1 cent. California uses more gasoline in a week than Nevada does in a year; more in a month than Arkansas does in a year; more per capita than any other state, and is also the greatest producer of all in Oregon in the beginning, no doubt her paved highways will be the best.

Now that California has come up to the right way, adopted by Oregon, and the old ones that were rapidly wearing out kept in repair.

IN HIS LIKENESS

THE CREATOR, so we are told, has made man after His own likeness—not of earth after His physical likeness since He is spirit—but like His spiritual image. Man is so unlike the Creator in his conduct, power, wisdom and life that many doubt that humanity have any similitude to God or any relationship to His infinite life.

A little child may be the image of his great father, but that likeness is hard, perhaps impossible to distinguish until the little child grows to manhood. While he is a child he is puerile, ignorant, impulsive, but as he develops, the great and wonderful qualities of his father begin to show themselves, and by the time he has reached full maturity he may be worthy of his father by equalling, possibly exceeding, the strength, self-control, wisdom and all the qualities that distinguish his parent.

Humankind are as yet only spiritual babes. As yet they have developed very little of the spiritual, the divine life that is in them. It is still largely germinal or dormant. But that it is there and will manifest itself when men have grown to become "the Sons of God," Paul knew and declared, as all men do who have striven to actualize their divine relationship and to come into communion with the Great Spiritual force of the Universe.

God has made us and the world so that we can not acquire anything worth while without conscious, directed, personal effort. Only thus can we acquire the prizes of the world with the resulting development. Only so can we possess knowledge and the growth of the mental powers that the quest of knowledge brings. Only so can we come into possession of the knowledge of higher things and secure the spiritual development that spiritual effort alone will bring.

Most intellectual knowledge is not really knowledge to us until we have assimilated it and it has become a part of our mental being. It is not only a part of the rubbish of the mind until we make some practical use of it; unused it soon becomes to us as foreign as if we had never known it. One might study chemistry out of a book forever without becoming a chemist. It is the chemical laboratory, actual, practical experience, that makes chemists. And so with spiritual knowledge and development. Effort, experience in the spiritual laboratory of the individual heart are the things that make real Christians.

One reason, perhaps the chief reason, why humanity have made as yet so little progress in the spiritual life is that they have not learned where to look for it. It is not to come to us as a breath from a far away heaven, nor from the Calvary of two thousand years ago, nor from the right hand of the Father sitting in some far corner of the universe, but it is to come from within ourselves, from the growth of His spirit in our own hearts. He who seeks for God or Christ anywhere but in himself will never find either. The purified, spiritualized spirit of man is the throne of God. There we may make the heaven where Christ shall reign.

For not in the far-off realms of space The Spirit has its throne; In every heart it findeth place. And waiteth to be known. Thought unawakened alone to thought, Thought unawakened alone to thought,

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace, That God should condescend To make thy heart His dwelling place, And be thy daily friend! Then go not thou in search of Him, But to thyself repair; Wait thou within the silence dim, And thou shalt find Him there.'

NO. 10156

Recently Myron Sinclair, cashier of a bank at Ilwaco, Wash., confessed to looting the bank and went to prison, willingly and quickly. His parents are both under arrest and are ruined even if never actually punished.

"10156—only a number—the final means of identity for a young man who betrayed the trust and confidence of his friends. It is to this number that Myron Sinclair must answer to the armed guards who watch over him as he labors in the prison shops at Walla Walla while he pays his debt to the state for robbing old men and women of their life-long savings, for betraying the friends who trusted him and who honored him as few men of his years are honored.

"It is the number to which he would answer should one of his little girls present herself at the prison door at Walla Walla and ask to see her 'daddy.' It is not a number that he selected, for he would probably have chosen one with more individuality. He was a man who believed in individuality—to obtain which he was willing to sacrifice his friends upon the altar of his greed.

"It is the number to which he must answer until he has finally atoned to the state for his revolting crime and finally turned loose a dishonored man, who for all time to come must bear the stigma of being an ex-convict. No pardon or parole will ever remove that stain. There is nothing, however, pathetic in the situation. He knew what the consequences would be. He knew the awful penalty demanded by the law for such crimes as his—and yet he went forward deliberately and committed it.

"Perhaps the law can make him realize the enormity of his crime. It is for that we send men to prison. Perhaps a conscience born during the lonely hours of night as No. 10156 sits on his cheerless cot and peers through the cold steel bars of his cell into the semi-darkness of the prison corridor at a picture of old men and women in misery and want; of friends with their trust in man destroyed; of two little girls shamed and scorned by their companions; may bring him to a realization of the price he has paid for his unsatiable appetite for wealth and power.

"10156—only a number—taken willingly in lieu of an honored name that he might revel in luxuries bought with stolen gold. Such is the ignoble ending of Myron Sinclair."

NO CONFLICT

The mere mention of science in connection with religion causes cold shudders to go along the backs of many people. They think there is a life and death struggle, and they fear for their religion. We once knew a little Jewish girl who replied to the taunts of her factious companions by saying: "Even if we did kill your God, you could not kill ours." But that is another story. Science is not the enemy of religion any more than it is the enemy of truth.

The difficulty lies in a failure to understand just what is meant by science. So much is done in these days in haphazard fashion, so much taken for granted, so many judgments formed on superficial appearances or utterances that, in our daily course of living and doing, we lose sight of the starting point of all clear thinking and proper action—a correct appraisal of essential facts. And that, in its general application, is what is meant by science.

Science, no matter in what field the term may be employed, is nothing more nor less than definite and accurate judgments, based on a clear knowledge of facts and an appreciation of their sequence and relative significance. So, in this sense, the scope of science extends quite definitely and fundamentally into the ordinary affairs of life, and the application of its methods and tenets to the social, economic and political affairs of the commonwealth is becoming more necessary than ever before in the complex life of the

must hold its own and make its way in addition. If it cannot stand criticism, if it cannot stand the acid test, then it ought to give way to science. But it does stand any and every test. It never has lost a battle.

ONE EXPLANATION

Of course it is unfortunate that the democratic candidates for congress were elected in the Spokane district but it was because of political lethargy as much as anything else. Next year there will be a full vote and then something will be doing. Of course it is no excuse that republicans remained away from the polls, neither is it to their credit but we know they are never as keen to vote as the opposition. Judge Hill was elected to congress by a small margin. He received a total of 25,000 votes last year and was defeated by 3000. This year running again he received 18,674 votes and was elected by 600.

While there is no question of the legality of this election it is at the same time a severe indictment of the republicans of the district that they could not get their vote out. In addition to this Judge Hill annexed every discontented vote in the district. Hill stood for every ism that would get him a vote. Next year he cannot do this and the result will be the regular republican victory.

A POOR STICK

In publishing the last letter of Market Master Spence the Oregon Statesman omitted the last paragraph. It was a silly attack on the press so untrue that any man fit to hold a township office would not make it. It is easy to see why there is so much objection to Spence. He simply will not do. It is recalled in this connection that once upon a time Gov. Withycombe had an office to fill which under the law had to be given to Spence. The governor called the newspaper men before him and said, "Gentlemen, I am announcing the appointment of Mr. Spence to this position. Under the law I have no alternative. If I had my way I would not appoint this man a dog catcher." Spence is doing his best to vindicate the former governor.

Spence charges that the wheat situation was manipulated by the newspapers at the behest of high-corp. Any man fit to exercise the privileges of citizenship knows this is not only untrue, but it could not possibly be true.

BANK WRECKING

There is considerable sympathy expressed for the president of a bank closed by failure in the state of Washington whose son has shouldered the responsibility of the looting and gone to prison. Sympathy is a good thing, but it must not be carried too far. A bank is a public institution, and like Caesar's wife, it must be above suspicion. The public has come to look upon a bank as a clearing house for its financial affairs. The banker is more than a bank official; he is the counselor and friend of the public. He no longer sits in seclusion, but rather offers his services freely to the public in matters relating to finance. He does not exact a fee, but he gives his counsel as a part of the service of the bank to the public.

It is a terrible thing for a bank to betray a trust and according to their opportunities a surprisingly small number do so. There must be laws to punish this sacred betrayal and to protect the thousands of honest men who are giving invaluable advice on financial affairs every hour in the day.

LAW ENFORCEMENT WEEK

Constitution week was wholesome for the country. To have it followed by law enforcement week is still progressing. Few of us know much about the constitution in a definite way. We know in a general way that it stands for certain things of which we approve. But when it comes to law enforcement all of us are for that—for the other fellow. We want the law enforced against the other fellow.

The greatest menace in America today is the laxness of enforcing the laws. The breaking of laws never has been so general. For the first time it extends to all classes and conditions. The rich defy the law and get their liquor, at the same time demanding that

the prohibitor ylaw be enforced against the rich. It is all a matter of "Let George do it." A revival of law enforcement is badly needed.

SACREDNESS OF CONTRACTS

Samuel Gompers is continually emphasizing that labor unions in order to hold their place must regard contracts as sacred. Mr. Gompers has placed his finger on the greatest danger that surrounds union labor. No employer can afford to carry on a business when he knows that there is no loyalty, no stability, no regard for contract on the other side. In fact, one of the chief reasons why any employer of labor makes a contract with a union is to get this stability, to be able to know from one week and one month to another that the same manning will be on the job. By having this stability the employer can manufacture his products with a reasonable certainty that they can be marketed on time. One big advantage that union labor has over non-union is stability. Employers are willing to pay for this, and do pay in every contract that is not only sound but it is essential made. Mr. Gompers' advice is to the life of the unions.

GIBRALTAR

The world does change. For centuries England looked proudly upon that great Rock of Gibraltar and then went to sleep at night in security. All this is changed. The great rock no longer protects.

The protection of the world has undergone a marked change; a real revolution has taken place. Whereas the rock was a never-failing source of protection, now it is a menace and England is ready to trade it off. Warfare has been revolutionized, and a rock, no matter how big, is no protection.

For our part we lost interest in the rock when returned travelers dispelled the legend that an insurance advertisement was not a part of the rock.

A dispatch from Indianapolis from one of those numerous correspondents who go about forecasting public sentiment says that Indiana is doubtful next year. Indiana is always doubtful for that matter. This correspondent says that Harry New is lukewarm and ready to fly the coop. Not so. Whatever else may be said of Harry New he is always loyal. He would not have taken a cabinet position and then been disloyal.

Last year the Fascist went into office on the platform of abolishing the strike. Over in Italy they are striking whenever they take a notion.

Book Review

By VERA BRADY SHEPHERD

"NORTH OF 36." By Emerson Hough. Published by D. Appleton Company, New York City. Price \$2.00.

In that attractive style which blends history with entertaining fiction, Emerson Hough gave the reading public shortly before his death a novel of the Texas cow country, and driving a herd thru from central Texas to Abilene, Kansas, then the only stockyard cattle pens west of Kansas City. It is a story of an orphan daughter of a murdered pioneer, a young sheriff avenging the murder of their respective fathers, and in the struggle of driving the immense herd north, love awakens.

It is a rare study of the southwest in the early days. The Chisholm trail up thru Oklahoma, the Comanche Indians over which early Kansas agonized, bandits and marauders, army protection and self-styled rangers whose law and order was the rule of self preservation.

"Tatele" Lockhart, twenty-two and beautiful (as twenty-two so often is, and always in story books) rich in cows and land but impoverished in purse, leads her band in bringing her cows to market, accompanied by her negro mammy and her Mexican woman—and her band of twenty-odd cow punchers.

Worshipful, they guard her dearly and the story is one of beautiful protection for the young girl and her inevitable love affair with the dashing but severe young sheriff.

You will enjoy the story whether you know the country or not, for it is told in Emerson Hough's fine style, but if you know Kansas—the Cimarron, the Smoky Hill, the country thru Caldwell and on north to "Aberlene" you will feel that you have found a picture of home sweet home, for such is the picture of "North of 36" by a man who knew.

sunsets, giant cactus, hidden riches, bronchos, blue hares around wee cabins and men and women whose pasts are rosiely hidden. There is a something about Harold Bell Wright's hidden pasts which gleam with lurid anticipation. You fairly "eat up" his kid-napped heroines, his dashing heroes whose prison records eventually (why not now) glare.

In the Mine with the Iron Door he has taken a grim Indian, educated in white men's schools, returning to his people but not to his former home and stalking the white man in every way, day by day (like Cone) to watch him suffer. This Indian talks like white or red man as he chooses and the whole country side lives in terror of his wrath.

The love story is that of a little nameless girl whose early kidnapping is a source of delicious moment to the villagers and her love for a youth who comes out of the west, as strangely as young Lochinvar wooing her in secret.

The descriptive moments of this book are true to the writer's inimitable style when he tries, beautiful pictures of the Arizona waste lands. He writes of a country which is pictured in the movies as God's country, but in which many chance visitors fail to find the connection between the land and Him.

The mine of course must be found and the Indian knows all about it. "The Mine with the Iron Door" is aptly compared with lives whose iron doors shut out pasts of discomfiture and unpleasant memories haunting the present.

The story is in Wright's usual style, better than Helen of the Old House and not so good as his early masterpieces, "Shepherd of the Hills," and "Dan Mathews."

Why does a man reach his zenith and then never again return? Is it commercialism or is it lack of the divine spark which made him great in one tense moment? The public would like to know!

The music at the movies may not appeal to you, but at least it drowns out the gum chewing.

Only one man has made the sun stand still, but anybody can make the moonshine still.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

It was best ever— But the next fair will be still better.

The state fair grounds will look like a banquet hall deserted today.

The mint growers will get a very fair price for their peppermint oil. This industry is a corner Salem is going to get a peppermint oil refinery.

A Salem man says Europe seems to be back in the middle ages.

He says, too, that what the world needs is less use of monkey glands and more general use of sweat glands.

More use should be made of the state fair grounds and its buildings for community and state good. Secretary Fred B. Currey has that kind of an idea in his system, too, and will try to work it out.

There is no other place on the round earth where such crowds as attended the state fair could be gathered with less disorder—and they were on the average the best looking people of equal number the world could show.

There was a recent printed statement that the men in the Oregon penitentiary do not want to work in the flax plant; that they object to this class of work because it is dirty work. They do want to work in the flax plant. There has all the time been a long waiting list; of men who want to be transferred to the flax plant work. On this account the morale of the men working in the flax plant has been high, for prison laborers, because they were satisfied and because it has been easy to replace an undesirable laborer with one better suited and more likely to contribute to the morale. The arrangement in the new flax plant building and with the new machinery will be much better than was possible in the

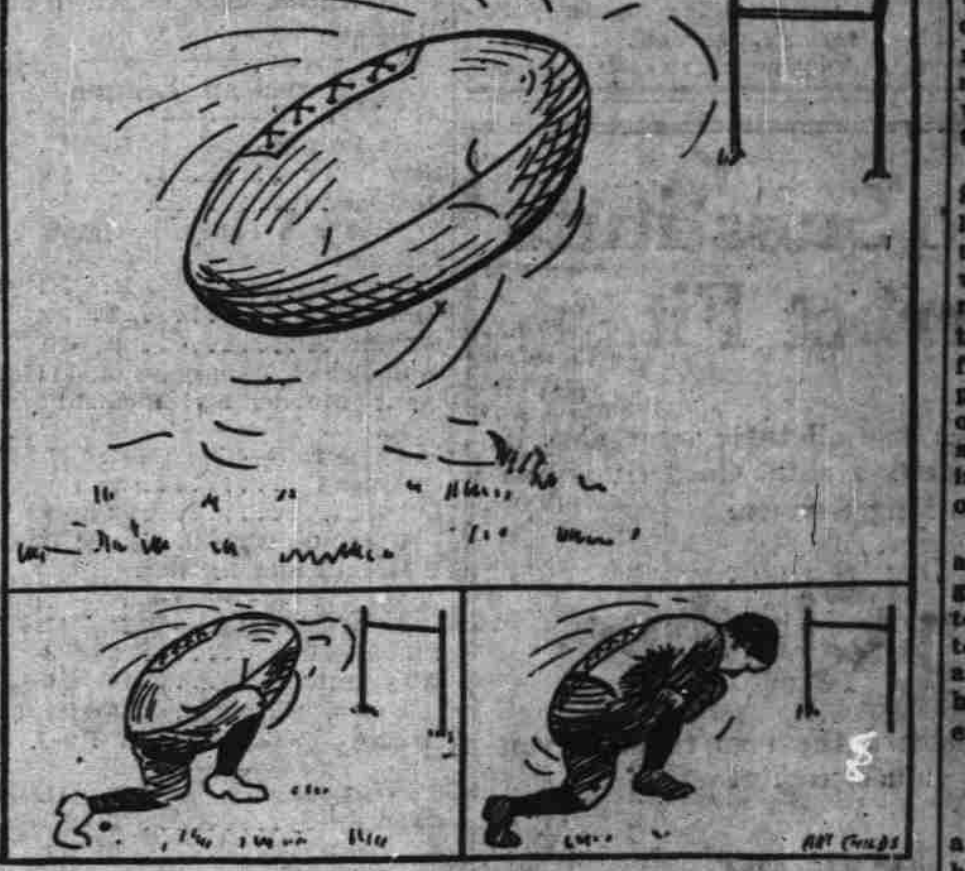
FUTURE DATES

October 1, Monday—Salem school open. October 2, Tuesday—National Education Day. October 3, Wednesday—National Education Day. October 4, Thursday—National Education Day. October 5, Friday—National Education Day. October 6, Saturday—National Education Day. October 7, Sunday—National Education Day. October 8, Monday—National Education Day. October 9, Tuesday—National Education Day. October 10, Wednesday—National Education Day. October 11, Thursday—National Education Day. October 12, Friday—National Education Day. October 13, Saturday—National Education Day. October 14, Sunday—National Education Day. October 15, Monday—National Education Day. October 16, Tuesday—National Education Day. October 17, Wednesday—National Education Day. October 18, Thursday—National Education Day. October 19, Friday—National Education Day. October 20, Saturday—National Education Day. October 21, Sunday—National Education Day. October 22, Monday—National Education Day. October 23, Tuesday—National Education Day. October 24, Wednesday—National Education Day. October 25, Thursday—National Education Day. October 26, Friday—National Education Day. October 27, Saturday—National Education Day. October 28, Sunday—National Education Day. October 29, Monday—National Education Day. October 30, Tuesday—National Education Day. October 31, Wednesday—National Education Day.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World. Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors. Edited by John M. Miller.

Cartoon Magic—The Football Player



The football comes hurtling through the air, while the bleachers shout. There's a wide-awake player who gets that forward pass and makes the dash for a touchdown. You can change the football into the player who caught it, if you put in the lines shown in the two key pictures.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

AN OLD MAID'S TACT

Said Susan, "Those terrible boys! They run in our yard with their toys; Oh, dear, I declare, I simply can't bear Their nerve-wrecking tricks and their noise!" "Oh, dear, there are those awful boys again! I declare I don't know what I can do to make them stop running on our lawn. I told them yesterday I was going to call the police, but they don't seem to care for anything." Miss Susan tapped on the window and shook her head across her precious grass after their ball.

"Oh, Susan, please, they have to get their ball." Miss Jane was much smaller and less angular than her sister Susan. Susan sniffed. "They have no business playing ball out in front

A RADIO TIME CLOCK

At an immense new central transmitting station for radio in Berlin, Germany, is to be arranged for the sending operators to know the time of day, or night, in the other cities of the world where the radio messages may be heard. To stop and calculate would be a time-waster, as well as a difficult thing to do at times.

A clock has been devised that indicates the time of day in Berlin and shows as well, on a map, the time in other cities of the world where there are important radio stations. The time indicator was made by taking a circular flat map of the world, which was placed in a glass dial. On the outer edge were two transparent scales graduated at five-minute intervals. On the darkened half of the circle is shown night.

Clockwork changes the dark area of the world as the sun progresses in its course. Arrows extend from the stations on the map to the edge of the circle where are indicated the approximate hours and minutes at the different cities on the globe.

What Old Age Does A fortune-teller was the chief attraction at a fair. A woman took her son in and asked her to tell him his fortune. After looking at the boy's palm, she said, "Madam, your boy will be a very noted man if he lives long enough."

The mother asked, "What will he be noted for?" "For his old age," the fortune-teller replied.

There, where at the same time she could keep her eye on her precious lawn. She would surprise Jane, who would be glad to see her home again to take the responsibility. The very next day Susan returned with her mother. She opened the door of her house and gasped at the sound of boys' voices floating in from the kitchen. Hurrying through the house, she stopped dumfounded at the kitchen door. The three terrible boys were there, grumped around Jane, one victoriously cranking the ice cream freezer, one stirring candy, the other helping Jane make doughnuts.

"Please, Miss Jane, can I lick the bowl?" Miss Susan recognized the little fellow that had called her a "crank." "You wouldn't ever have tramped on your grass if I had known how nice you were. Um-m-m-m, this is good. We can play ball in the back yard, can't we fellows? Can I lick the spoon, too?"