

The Oregon Statesman

R. J. HENDRICKS President, CARLE ABRAMS Secretary, J. L. BRADY Vice-President. Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY...

WE HAVE TOO MUCH GOVERNMENT

What is the greatest single industry in the United States? Figures have been produced to show that it is the steel industry, and again that it is the farm industry, and again that it is the automobile industry or the moving pictures...

Government in the United States is out of its bounds. It is no longer a political institution, discharging duties strictly political, but has gone into business, into industry and into the control and regulation of affairs that do not concern it...

SENSIBLE MOTHERS

We notice that a Chicago meeting declared that children's lives had been lengthened 10 years by sensible mothers. This means by mothers who have had the opportunity and taken the pains to get hygienical instructions for the care of children...

A GOOD PLAN

It is announced that Senator McNary is about to secure a division of the federal court in Oregon. Under the present plan, two judges reside in Portland...

PRISON LABOR

When the Lord said, "Man must gather his living by the sweat of his brow," it was pronounced as a curse, and now it is a blessing. When a man goes to the penitentiary the worst punishment would be to shut him up where he could not work...

THE SPRIG OF HOPE

If Europe is not too far gone, the renewed offer of Secretary Hughes for American investigation offers an opportunity to prove itself. According to the Versailles treaty, Germany was to be dismembered but France is doing everything in its power to bring this about...

TWO DIFFERENT KINDS

Friday evening we saw a family alight from a street car. There were three or four children, all small. One little fellow ran on ahead and sat down on the curb. "Get up you lazy hound!" shrieked his father...

ANOTHER WONDER

Oregon has another record-breaker as a milk cow. This time it is St. Maves Lads Lady, owned by Harry Hliff of Independence. The test ends on November 1 and the record will be 1035 pounds butterfat...

A GOOD SELECTION

The selection of former Senator Frank H. Kellogg of Minnesota as ambassador to Great Britain is a happy one. Mr. Kellogg has wide public experience and possesses an ample private fortune which he is willing to spend...

It is said that there were 50,000 deer slaughtered in Oregon this year. If this is the truth, it means the law of the state was shamefully violated, because there could not be anywhere within 40,000 that were bucks.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Wanted, two! Makers of quality furniture want upholstery tow.

They want all they can get from the penitentiary flax plant. They will not have to wait long. There is a big demand also for the rest of the products and by-products...

The town of Rickreall wakes up and finds itself a center. It is like the word NEWS; standing for information from the North, East, West and South. Rickreall now has a paved road running north, east, west and south...

Methodists are building a church 40 stories high in Chicago. They want to make members of other denominations attending their church feel that they are close to heaven...

An eminent Russian artist is in America. He wants to paint a portrait of Charlie Chaplin as representing the true spirit of the American people. Inasmuch as Charlie is an Englishman who was born in Paris and who persists in wearing a derby hat...

The name of the biographer of the late President Harding will soon be announced. The most completely equipped person, so far as knowledge goes, in Florence Kling Harding. She could tell the story of the struggles of the Marion editor that would easily make it one of our best sellers.

NATAL PLACE OF ROOSEVELT DEDICATED

children of the nation. All artificial distinctions have fallen from him; he belongs to all Americans. Reaching beyond our shores, he is the possession of all men, whatever their race, whatever their creed...

GRAY FADED HAIR RESTORED DANDRUFF GONE! Without the use of dyes thousands of men and women have restored the original color of their hair...

Without the use of dyes thousands of men and women have restored the original color of their hair, whether black, brown or blond, in a natural, harmless and pleasant manner with Nourishine...

CONCERNING DIVINE REWARDS AND PUNISHMENT

IT IS GENERALLY AGREED that in these latter years there has been, among the members of Protestant churches especially, quite a general renunciation of the belief in an eternal hell of fire and brimstone as a place of punishment for the unrepentant wicked. Many thinking religious people are anxiously wondering what effect the destruction of this ancient belief in the local hell is to have upon the morals and lives of the future...

But who that thinks and reasons and looks about him among the people in the world does not know that there is retribution for evil life and conduct as sure and certain as the physical laws of the universe. God has made the world and the laws which govern it so that goodness, unselfishness, justice and truth have their sure and great rewards, and injustice, baseness and sin their inescapable retribution...

The simple and undeniable truth is that the moral and spiritual laws of our beings are not only fixed and certain, but they are self-executing. The man who yields to sin gets the immediate result in dulled senses and intellect and in the resulting lack of capacity to enjoy anything that is high or pure or normal. If persisted in, such yielding brings inefficiency, misery, failure, weakness and death...

Besides all this, God has made us independent and responsible beings. We are accountable for our lives and the use we make of them and our opportunities. If we descend into the moral mire and filth the way to get out of these is to climb out. Our reason should teach us that Christ does not forgive our sins when we are in a condition to weakly return to them...

The intelligent and loving, natural parent does not gratify all the whims and cravings of his child. Instead he teaches the child to partake of nothing that is sinful or harmful; he forces the child, if need be, to deny himself and to walk in the ways of rectitude, temperance and virtue. So the wise and loving Heavenly Father is calling to our hearts to follow the good, the true and the holy in our daily lives...

Book Review

By VERA BRADY SHIPMAN

"The Genius," by Theodore Dreiser. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York City. Price \$3.00 net.

In reading Dreiser's sensational story of the love life of a genius, one can but recognize a similarity of purpose to Romaine Rolland's mastery "Jean Christophe"—a genius apart from life. Dreiser's genius marries early in the story...



THEODORE DREISER

prefaced with a few minor philanderings, but the story is the life of this man, married to a woman who, reared respecting conventions and the world's approval, blindly loves him through it all, seeking by personal wiles of intimate charm to hold that fleeting something we call love. The genius psychically is enthralled with youthful beauty of entranced. Age-maturity has no allure. He is

organized, so closely knit upon a warp of instinct, that we flee that which does not accord with custom, usage, preconceived notions and tendencies which we conceive to be dominant.

"We cry 'Unclean' and it does not matter how inwardly shabby we may be, we run quickly. It seems a tribute to providence which shapes our ends, which continues perfect in tendency—however we may overlay its brightness with mortal corruption."

"The Genius" is a life story of a man to whom beauty rises above life's responsibilities and in whom is vested the weaknesses of sordid indulgence. Art claims her own in circles of aesthetic values, yet justice weighs these values in the court of reason. And at such a court will lives of other geni meet their baffling comprehension of the law which is greater than these.

"By Scarlet Torch and Blade," by Anthony Euwer, with illustrations by the author. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City. Price \$2.00 net.

You of Oregon know your Anthony Euwer and his natural style of verse, but your reviewer who lives a distance, feels the pulse of Oregon woods, the horror of forest fire in "By Scarlet Torch and Blade" and the insistent call of open spaces and home life.

His titles are unusual, bringing the novelty of fresh ideas quaintly told in rhyme. His love for children and animals is akin to companionship. Your editor writes that Euwer is a dweller in the Hood river valley where he lives an out of door life.

His poem, "The Cat," is realism of its softly padded claws. Evidently he has lost a beloved dog companion by poison, for the gem of "The Man Who Poisons Dogs" is ironical in its hatred for fiendish revenge.

This little book is a vision of your northwest, your country of fruit and woods, and intermingled is the appreciation of things as they are.

Several short poems at the end reflect the days of overseas 1919—at Verdun and waiting for the armistice. He knows his daily folk of which he sings, and Oregon is honored with such a gifted man to sing her praises.

Mr. Euwer, I shall look forward to a visit with you in the future.

Your life should give me a vision of Oregon outdoors.

"In Mirror Land," by Milton Goodman. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York City.

This delightful booklet contains a mirror on the inside back cover. Part of the story, an occasional word, is written backwards, so that the reader must hold it up to the mirror to decipher the tale.

It is a charming story of twins, first one little baby and so through the mirror it was two. The story is highly imaginative and will delight any child. Each page unfolds a novelty and the joy is unconfined as the words are held up to the mirror.

Save up this idea for a Christmas gift, or if like my child, a birthday chance between now and holidays, give her "The Mirror Book" and watch her laugh.

"Journal of Marie Leneru," with an introduction by Francois de Curel, translated by William Asenwall Bradley. Published by The MacMillan Company, New York City. Price \$2.50 net.

There is a kind of book which I like to call "browsy," the kind which may be read from either cover or opened and begun on any page. The "Journal of Marie Leneru" is that kind of book. It is the soul of a woman of genius communing with itself. Aims, ambitions, handicaps, eccentricities speak out from the strokes of her pen as boldly as would actions to one in close contact with the author.

Unlike other journals, the "Journal of Marie Leneru," is not a record of events and incidents; it is rather a masterpiece of psychology. What the author thinks, senses, her reactions, are carefully set down and the person who does not read his most intimate self in its pages must read lightly indeed. Philosophy, sociology, nature lore color the pages, and the author fits from reflection to reflection, unconscious of an audience, intent alone upon expression of the things that burn into her very soul.

"The Journal of Marie Leneru"

is not for superficial reading. Even in her exalted moods she wrote profoundly and drew from the depths, and in her serious, often depressed, moments, she wrote with a despair, sometimes a cynicism, which is almost iconoclastic. At the age of eighteen Marie Leneru lost her hearing and was threatened with blindness, and from that period her melancholy and despair increase, periods of exaltation are fewer. The compensations for her affliction desert her and in place is total blackness. She laughs and her laugh is immediately choked by the thought of the awful thing that has happened to her. But, in spite of handicaps, Marie Leneru stands out in the world of French letters and the autobiography which she has left the world in the form of this brief journal is a treasurehouse of literature.

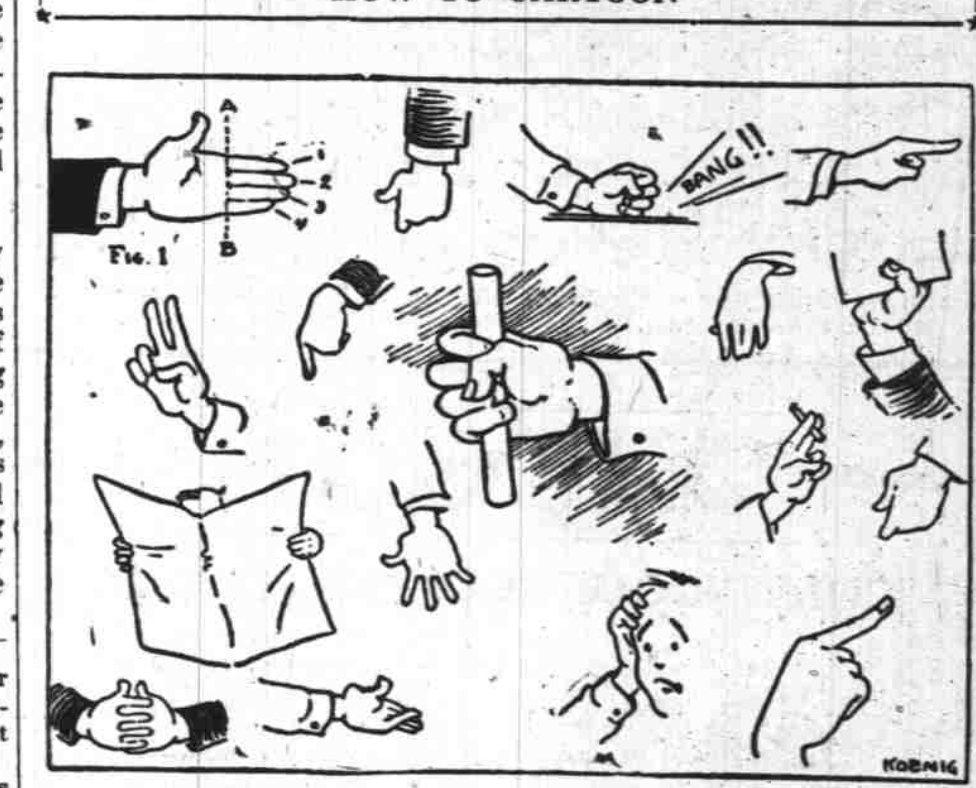
FUTURE DATES

- October 14 to 28—Open season for pheasant hunting... October 26, 27, 28—Marion county Christian Endeavor convention... October 28, Saturday—Football, Salem high school and Cottage Grove high, at Salem...

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World. Edited by John M. Miller.

HOW TO CARTOON



Too much stress cannot be laid upon well-drawn hands. They mark the difference between a good cartoon and a poorly drawn one, and do much to carry out the expression of the figure. A hand drawn in its simplest form, as in Figure 1, brings out these characteristics: The line A B which divides the hand into halves is also the line at which the fingers begin. Fingers 1 and 3 are about the same length, while finger 2 is the longest of all. The little finger 4 is two-thirds the length of No. 2.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

The Fire Chief of Tiny Town His office seemed small, it was true. For a "Fire Chief" had nothing to do. But you never can tell, And Andy proved well, That his job was a "reg-lar one," too. For some weeks the boys in the manual training class had been making tiny model houses. Andy, in particular, had worked hard to make his a perfect one, but Andy worked so quietly the others scarcely noticed him.

Peter Puzzle Says— In the following sentence you can find three girls' names spelled backward: No, Ira, Mary and Ella have gone.

Answer to today's picture puzzle: The famous character of fiction is Rip Van Winkle.

Yes, Isn't It? "It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in his youth just to satisfy our appetites."

Answer to today's word puzzle: The three girls' names spelled backward are Marion, Edna, Eva. Nothing Less

A girl in our class says that if she gets zero in a recitation it means nothing to her.



HERE IS FOUND THE NAME OF A FAMOUS CHARACTER OF FICTION

The next morning everything was put in order for the exhibit in the afternoon, and then the boys went home to lunch. As Andy started out of the school yard, he decided to run back one more to see that his pebble walls were white and his house bright and clean. As he reached the hall he met the principal who said, "Andy, do you smell something burning?" Andy sniffed, and with a bound tore to the exhibition room. The Mayor's house was in flames. No water was near, so Andy stripped off his coat and smothered the leaping fire. That afternoon when all the mothers and fathers had gathered to see Tiny Town, the principal called them to attention and made a little speech. This morning a careless janitor let a match start in the yard of the Mayor's house and started a fire. Had it not been for the quick action of Andy, our Fire Chief, Tiny Town would have been lost, and the school building perhaps damaged. Then everybody clapped for Andy, and he would not have traded places with the Mayor himself.