

The Oregon Statesman

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ANSWERING AN INQUIRY ABOUT LINEN INDUSTRY

The Statesman has been requested by a well known Oregon citizen to give an outline of what the linen industry would amount to in new business and labor employment, if developed in the Salem district, or in the Willamette valley, to an extent to make the United States self sufficient in this field.

That is, to supply the home markets of this country for the manufactures and by-products of flax.

It is assumed that this development would bring to the Willamette valley about \$100,000,000 annually, for linens and the manufactures of linens, and for flax seed and the other by-products.

"Linen," written by Alfred S. Moore of Belfast, Ireland, a book that is high authority on the industry, gives by inference the output of the Irish linen mills at around \$100,000,000 a year, and the total for Great Britain at about \$120,000,000; the extra \$20,000,000 coming mostly from Scotland, in the manufacturing of damasks and the finer forms of linen goods, in which the Scotch people excel.

The same authority gives as the number of people employed in the Irish linen trade and manufacturing at perhaps 388,000, not including those making and repairing textile machinery, and crates and boxes and in carting and shipping, etc.

The same authority says that about half the output of Irish linen manufactures comes to the United States. Irish linen has very little competition in the markets of the United States; before the World war, German and Austrian linens came to the United States in comparatively small quantities. From the above, it will be seen that the Belfast district is the chief beneficiary of the markets of the United States, which, for linen and linen manufactures and flax seed and the by-products of flax, are taking now well up towards a value of \$100,000,000 a year from foreign countries.

All of which can be replaced by the development of the flax industry in Oregon; in the Willamette valley; in the Salem district.

But the 388,000 people employed directly and indirectly in the linen industry in the Belfast district, outside of the others named above, would be considerably increased in number here in the Salem district, because the industry would be developed here "from the ground up;" from the growing of the flax to the making of fine linens; even up to the making of clothing and specialties and lazes. The flax would be grown here, employing many laborers on the land in cultivating and harvesting the crop, and our home labor would take the product on up through all the stages.

Whereas in Ireland most of the fiber is imported. In 1913, the Belfast district produced only 13,439 tons of fiber, and imported 81,565 tons from Russia, and considerable quantities from Belgium and several other countries.

The writer believes that it is safe to say that the development of the linen industry here in the Willamette valley, to the \$100,000,000 annual volume, would account for the addition of a million new people to our population, counting all such as the "butcher, baker and candlestick maker," and the merchants and doctors and lawyers and teachers and preachers and their families and dependents who would indirectly be needed and would find their livings here on account of such development.

The total value of all the things now grown or produced on the land in Oregon is estimated at about \$200,000,000 annually. The development of the flax industry here to the point of making the United States self sufficient in this field would mean the bringing of this output up to \$300,000,000 annually; the great bulk of the additional money coming from outside of the state; and, being expended here, would vastly stimulate all other lines of endeavor on the land and lead quickly to doubling the present annual income.

And all this can be accomplished with the use of a comparatively very small acreage of land. How much land? It might be done with the use of less than 50,000 acres of Willamette valley land, presupposing that a maximum yield might be counted upon every year. This could not be depended on, of course; but certainly it could be done with the use of 100,000 to 150,000 acres of land—on land that is now slacker land; without interfering with any other agricultural crop or expansion.

The great item in flax manufacturing is labor. It is figured in Ireland that for \$300 worth of linen, \$100 is the cost of the fiber, and \$200 is labor. In the Salem district, where the fiber would be produced, it would be all labor—

All except capital investment and profits on the various operations—

For there would be profits here, all along up the line. Manufacturing the coarser fiber in Canada is very profitable, with a protective duty that is very slight. With our finer fiber—

The finest the world produces—

And with our very favorable protective duties under the present tariff law, and with the use of modern machinery, including the mechanical puller, there will be big money in linen manufacturing here.

Our state flax plant will shortly have the best equipped and largest scutching plant in North America. They have no such plants in Ireland, or did not have up to a very short time ago. Their initial methods are primitive; and they are more primitive in all other flax districts than the ones we are using and coming to use here.

There never was such a time as now for the full development of the flax industry here. All the natural conditions are practically perfect here, and have been all along; but all other conditions have conspired together to make this the accepted time for the immediate beginning of a campaign for full development.

Space forbids further details. The subject is a big one. It is a fascinating study. It is the most important matter now before our people. The man making the inquiry will need no excuse for the taking of even so much space. He will no doubt pursue the inquiry; and every one who has a stake in Oregon ought to do the very same thing. In that case, only a very brief time would be needed to witness the full development here of the flax industry.

A STATESMAN AND A PEANUT

Secretary Mellon is a statesman, big and commanding. Senator Caraway of Arkansas is a peanut, a pinder. Someone told this peanut that the statesman was interested in companies opposing the bonus legislation. The peanut exploded and commenced pecking at the heels of the statesman.

The senator from Arkansas, be-

ing naturally of a suspicious temperament and being brave, hurled his defiant challenges and suspicions at the secretary. Mr. Mellon came back with dignity and poise. The dialogue is so interesting that we want to give it by rounds, as reported in the daily press.

Suspicion 1.—That somebody has been contributing to the anti-bonus league. Secretary Mellon

replied with dignity that he knew nothing about it.

Suspicion 2.—That Secretary Mellon is interested in a corporation suspected by the Arkansas senator of contributing to the anti-bonus league. Secretary Mellon replied: "I have no official connection with either of these companies or business relations with the two gentlemen except as a stockholder in the companies in which they are officers."

Suspicion 3.—That some Chicago employers had been commanded or requested to write letters to members of congress opposing adjusted compensation. Secretary Mellon replied that he had no information whatever on that matter and, moreover, had taken no steps to ascertain if it were true.

Suspicion 4.—That Secretary Mellon had taken a hand in the movement against the bonus. To that he replied: "I have not been consulted with, nor have I contributed personally to this activity."

Suspicion 5.—That the secretary of the treasury had cooperated with some one who had been raising a fund to be used in opposing the bonus. To that Secretary Mellon replied: "I have never authorized or cooperated with any person in raising any fund that had for its purpose any propaganda against the soldier's adjusted compensation measure, or any other measure that has been before congress during the time I have occupied my present office."

Mr. Mellon answered in the negative all the questions put to him by the Arkansas senator. But suppose that he had answered that he had been opposing the soldier's bonus? His right to oppose the bonus is at least equal to Senator Caraway's right to support it. President Coolidge has declared his opposition to the bonus. It would readily follow, in propriety and loyalty, that member of the cabinet would support the administration's politics.

NOT CAUGHT

The despatches yesterday stated that the "principal" in the oil finance was Senator Curtis of Kansas. We can just imagine the luridly in the air when Curtis found this out. He never was very choice with his language, and any attack on his integrity would cause him to see red.

The plain fact is, the irresponsible parties wallowed for a few days in artificial light and then kerflunked to earth. They had to do something. First they tried to hang the "principalship" on the president, but the reaction against this was so terrific that it had to be speedily abandoned. The next effort was to hang it on Senator Curtis. Charles Curtis has been in public life for a third of a century. He started as a horse jockey on the race track. He was elected county attorney, and at the end of his second term went to congress where he remained until promoted to the senate. He has been open and above board always. While he has been partisan, he has been clean.

Senator Curtis is one of the most useful men in the senate. He is never spectacular, but he is always in evidence. He was never known to neglect a duty or to mix up in anything that would hurt his influence as a senator. No man who knows Curtis would think for a minute that he was guilty of such conduct, even without his personal denial.

HOW WOOD LOST

General Wood lost the presidency rather than enter into a bargain to put Jake Hamon in the cabinet as secretary of the interior. Harding put in a man about as bad.

Hamon was ambitious and aspired to the cabinet. It happened that this writer was in General Wood's home when the interview was planned. General Wood suspected what was on and he told the writer that if he had to do this in order to be president of the United States he would never be president. He said he was going in with clean hands or not at all. General Wood is a high-minded statesman and he is incapable of despicably prostituting his trust for selfish ends.

THE RIGHT COURSE

Far be it from the Oregon Statesman to head-hunt. Rather it wants to commend in this instance. Walter L. Tooze, Jr., has announced that he will not attempt to hold the republican state chairmanship. This is a pleasing innovation. Most men convicted of a crime get up and cavort over the state demanding vindication. Mr. Tooze is not doing this. He is bowing to the inevitable and taking his punishment. We have an idea that a man like that has a chance to come back.

Book Review

By VERA BRADY SHIPMAN

"VINDICATION," by Stephen McKenna. Published by Little Brown & Co, Boston. Price \$2. net.

A story of English estates, worn-out peages, flagrant disorder of society's irrespectability, the novel is tense in its entirety. Gloria, the daughter of a battered old roue who lives by his wits, reared in sordid secrecy of her real address, is invited to a country place of the Cartwright's, a family long established in culture decency and all the attributes but money.

Love follows but the wheel of fortune turns her on to marry wealth in the form of a profligate, Freddie Melby, a peer.

Norman Cartwright in chagrin, marries the wealthy daughter of his solicitor.

The evolution of these two couples, living in adjoining country estates is a story of great emotion and plot depth. Through it all you can but feel the innate triumph of Gloria, whose birth and upbringing developed only the laxity of living, but whose fundamental ideals were pure. It is Gloria's vindication of life, love and reward which is hopeless, unappealing which in the end is triumphal strength.

Vindication is well knit and its characters are active. Your respect is not lessened in Gloria as she meets the situations which to her mean mental death. She is in slang parlance "a good sport" and as such takes her medicine as it comes, reacting on the life of the times.

"THE BOOSTERS," by Mark Lee Luther. Published by Bobbs Merrill & Company, Indianapolis, Ind. Price \$2.

A story of California, its native and foster sons who acquire the spirit of boosting which seems to be inhaled in western air.

George Hammond a Boston architect, after suffering financial reverses, is urged by his wife, Harriet, the daughter of a "forty-niner," to go to California to regain his lost fortunes. Her brother, Spencer Ward, is a typical California booster. The two Hammond children, Milton and Rose, are not so sure of the promised land.

The adjustment of the family, the meeting with Spencer Ward's divorced wife and their subsequent contact, real estate deals and architectural designs, interior decorating and heart breaking, fitting from Los Angeles to Catalina Islands, makes a clever story of the times.

Harriet, Hammonds wife, is, by nature, contrary. She is one of those chosen women to whom a statement demands contradiction. Browbeaten through a toppling business in Boston, the mingling with California blood and atmosphere is the life adjustment of the man.

The story is typically social in its detail, representative of the social class to which the Hammonds and Wards belonged by birthright. Its plot is well planned and holds the interest. You suffer with George Hammond in his shrinking personal struggle, with Harriet in his revenge purchased, ready-built living castle, with Anita (Ward's ex-wife) at the worlds incongruity and with Harriet that the world should be planned without her approval.

It is a capital story—for while you suffer with the characters you delight in their progress through the pages of local color. For the "Boosters" is California at her best, the new, outgrown Los Angeles in the shadow of Hollywood fame. Why even the handling of the local earthquakes brings a smile to any but a real booster.

"BIRTH," by Zona Gale. Published by the MacMillan company, New York City. Price \$2.

Ever since the Friendship Village stories which were so immitably told, Miss Gale has proven that she knows the heart of the small town. Her characters are plain folk, without vision of great breadth. Their souls run in narrow channels to be submerged in cries of environment.

Marshall Pitt is colorless. His identity is negative and his life an uneven stream. He is introduced as a pickle salesman, and you are to understand that he is a very ordinary salesman.

Fate brings him to Barbara Ellsworth at her father's death. Barbara is left with a paper banking business and debts, always debts. Through a moment of sentiment Barbara and Pitt agree to share their fate, Marshall Pitt shouldering a business which he knows nothing of and a life of indebtedness.

The story is pathetic, its depth and heights are those of commonplace realism. Barbara's rebellion and Pitts loneliness, the rise of their son Jeffrey is the life story at its ebb. You shudder at the hopelessness of Marshall Pitt. What never was can never be and he realizes in agony his insufficiency. Yet the small town characters so truthfully portrayed lend the touch of human interest to a story of sordid incompetency.

Cap'n Zyb

MAKE INDIANS WAR DANCE

In the old days, the Indians of the western plains used to capture the western plainsmen and have a war dance before torturing them. Here is a way you can get even

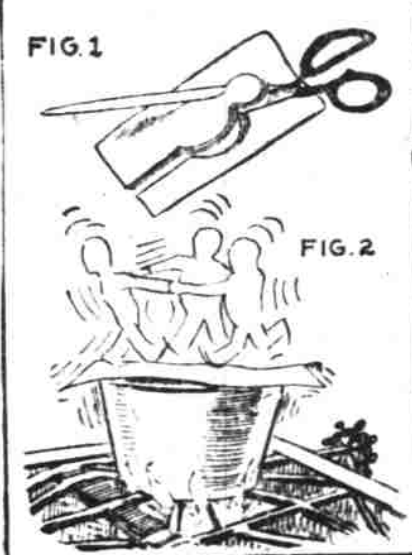


FIG 1 with the old time Indians—make them dance for you.

Cut out a flock of Indians, as shown in fig. 1. They will all be alike and will all have their hands joined except the first and last Indians. Join their hands with paste, thus forming a complete circle. The paper you use to cue them from must be stiff.

Now put a pan on the stove with a little water in it, light the gas and put a pan cover on the top of the pan. Place your Indians on the top of this metal pan cover and soon they will be dancing merrily away in all sorts of wild movements.

Make two or three of these circles of Indians and see which the best dancers.

—CAP'N ZYB.

life from a disconnected world about them.

"A CONQUEROR PASSES," by Larry Barretto. Published by Little Brown & Company, Boston. Price \$2 net.

A story of a returned soldier, unable to cope with life as he finds it, the world changed about him and he within his heart so little realizes the change within himself.

The title suggests valorous deeds but the hero of the story is a private in the AEF without citation or glory, just one of the millions of men who did the fighting. These men were the ones from offices, small shops or like walks of life, young men whose futures lay with their promotions. Large employers hurrahing as the flag passed, promising awaiting jobs which were filled upon the soldiers return.

Even the girl of his heart is changed. The world was not worth the candle to Stephen Wick as he disappeared one night without job, money or realization.

The Prologue is a clever epitome of the story. It tells the story of the returned soldier and his relations to the waiting world. I quote:

"What will AEF mean 50 years from now? What does it mean today—if anything?" asked the rationalist.

"After England Failed," suggested the college boy.

"Pooh, that old libel. Why not After Everybody Fought?" said

Things To Do

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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Edited by John M. Miller.

SOME SIGHTSEEING TRIPS WITH THE BIRDS

Two Unlike Members of the Same Family

roots and twigs, lining it with mud. When the three or four turquoise blue eggs that the mother bird lays in the nest hatch out, one may see that the noisy, greedy baby robins belong to the thrush family, for they have speckled breasts like thrushes. But when they grow to the size and age of their lusty father, the breasts will be reddish brown.

Earthworms are the staff of life to baby robins just as bread is to boys and girls. It has been estimated that about fourteen feet of worms are drawn out of the ground daily by a pair of robins with a nestful of babies to feed. By fall the robin's diet will have changed with the season to one of juniper berries, dogwood and choke berries.

In the summer when the brooding season is over, the robin moults, hides away. But by autumn

his plumage is bright and new again and he hops about in the gayest of spirits

Bluebird Comes Early Before the farmer begins to plough the wet earth, sometimes even before the snow is off of the ground, the Bluebird is making himself at home in our orchards and gardens. If a box house with a tiny hole for a front door is built for him, the Bluebird will live in our yard, but we must watch carefully to drive away the English sparrows and starlings that try to take the house away. The gentle bluebird will give up his home rather than battle with his neighbors.

Two or even three broods of bluebirds may be raised in the box each spring. From three to six pale blue eggs are laid at a time. The babies at first are blind, helpless and almost naked. Soon they grow a suit of dark clothes with a speckled breast like a thrush. Not until they are old enough to fly do the feathers turn "cerulean blue like the sky and their breasts rusty brown like the earth." It has been suggested that baby birds must wear somber clothes until they are grown when they are able to take care of themselves. Then they may put on gayer plumage.

In the fall when the bluebird goes south to feed on the mistletoe berries, his call changes from the tru-al-y of spring to a soft "tur-wee-tur-wee."



FIG 2

Spring is here! This morning we saw a robin with his red breast and yellow bill hopping on the lawn, while a soft musical, "Tru-al-y, tru-al-y" from the orchard tells us that the robin's cousin, the blue-bird, is setting up house-keeping there.

It is hard to believe that two birds so different in appearance as the robin and the bluebird belong to the same family. Both are members of the thrush family, to which belongs also the hermit thrush who hides in deep, cool forests, the wood thrush of the more southern localities, and the Veery, or Wilson's thrush, known to New England and the northern woods.

Build Nest in Tree Crotch The robin and his mate choose the crotch of a tree, or sometimes a craney on top of the porch pillar to build their nest of grasses.



moults, hides away. But by autumn

the lawyer who specialized in international law.

"The greatest epic in American history," said the profiteer fatly. "They returned to the soldier: after all he had been a part of it."

"I'm afraid none of you would understand," he answered not courteously.

"Melanie patted back a yawn with her very white hand.

"Come on, let's dance," she urged them.

The story is the product of a new author and his breadth is unquestionable. Readjustments and love—the allayer of trouble—bring this remarkable story to a satisfactory ending. Yet the problem is totally unsolved. The returned soldier is as far apart from his world as the East Indian in New York. He is living in another sphere and the world owes him the tenderness of an appreciative life service.

"THE FANG IN THE FOREST," by Charles Alexander. Published by Dodd Mead & Company, New York. Price \$2.00.

An Oregon author brings a story of dog life which savors of Jack London in its wolf dog theme. Black Buck was one of four pups. He was sold and taken to the forest. His master was killed and Buck was injured in his nose. After the wound healed he found that his sense of smell was gone. To hunt to live he followed the trail

of other animals tracking by eye, their scents

It is a remarkable story of a half dog and half wolf. Beautifully illustrated by Paul Branson (the illustrator of Emma Lindsay Squier nature stories) the book is a credit to Oregon as well as outstanding in animal fiction.

The copy at hand is autographed by the author to J. L. Brady and respectful acknowledgement is made, as I return it to my father.

Great man. One who happened to be in the front rank in the time of great events.

Still, it isn't an unmitigated calamity when party expediency keeps congress from passing many laws.

FUTURE DATES

March 13, 14 and 15—State Inter-scholastic basketball tournament. Willamette gymnasium.
March 14-15, Friday and Saturday—Twenty-fifth annual convention of Marion County Sunday School Council of Religious Education.
March 16 and 17, Friday and Saturday—Marion county Sunday school branch of religious education meets at Stayton.
March 19, Wednesday—Annual concert, Women's auxiliary YMCA, Methodist church.
April 19, Saturday—Dedication of new grounds "The Circuit Rider," in estate house grounds.
May 16, Friday—Primary election in Oregon.
June 10, Tuesday—Republican national convention meets in Cleveland.
June 24, Tuesday—Democratic national convention meets in New York.
Educational conference, University of Oregon, Eugene.

Ford Given

Solve This Puzzle Win First Prize

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, and so on. The ten figures spell three words. What are the words?

To Men, Women, Boys and Girls All can share in these easy-to-win prizes. Send the three words on sheet of paper, neatly written, with your name and address. First prize, 1924 FORD TOURING CAR. Besides this splendid first prize we are going to give away thirty-nine other prizes.

Send Your Answer Act Quickly THE PACIFIC HOMESTEAD 209 S. Commercial St., Salem, Or.

There Is Big Money in Raising Purebred Chickens

Hundreds of poultry men have grown wealthy raising purebred chickens. Here is an opportunity for you to do the same. Fourteen trios of world champion chickens, with records of from 275 eggs to 315 eggs a year will be given FREE to ambitious people. Send name and address to Purebred Chicken Editor, Northwest Poultry Journal, Salem, Oregon, Dept. A, and full information will be mailed.

THE COMING PROTESTANT REFORMATION

(Copyright 1924, San Jose Mercury).

The controversy between the so-called Modernists and Fundamentalists continues unabated, and the press of the east is giving much space to its varying phases. As yet the Modernists are not all agreed as to just what their attitude should be. Some of them would be satisfied with the elimination of those dogmas and parts of the creeds manifestly not in harmony with modern scientific truth, while others aim at sweeping away all theologies and getting at the life and the plain and simple teachings of Jesus and making these the basis of the Christian religion.

This latter class apparently are the more numerous and militant. Dr. Elwood Worcester of Boston, one of them, is recently quoted in an eastern journal as follows: "In the long history of Christianity there has been an inevitable tendency to depart widely from the person of the founder of the religion, to forget His teachings, to substitute other aims. A religion so beset by worldliness, by tradition, by accretions of every kind has but one way to deliver itself—that is, by a return to the mighty ideas of the founder and by disentangling itself from much that is dead, inert and impeding. Dr. Samuel McComb, professor in the Episcopal Theological school at Cambridge, declares, "We need a drastic and far-reaching reformation, more thoroughgoing than that of the sixteenth century, if religion and the church are to survive."

Among the older Modernists are some who seek little more than a restatement and reinterpretation of the old dogmas and creeds. Most of the younger and more aggressive have no patience with this. Prof. Laké declares, "While recognizing that by a sufficient amount of re-interpreting all the articles of the creeds can be given whatever meaning is desired," "and so preserve continuity with the past, it is doing so at the expense of the younger generation and sacrificing continuity with the future. This may conciliate those who have power to make trouble in the present; but it is only the young, who are now silently abandoning the church, that have the power to give it life in the future." Dr. William Norman Guthrie puts his opposition to the method of re-interpretation thus: "If you don't shock your grandmother, you will lose the love of your grandson."

The Fundamentalists and the Catholics, on the other hand, are getting more and more merciless and emphatic as the days pass in their condemnation of Modernism and the Modernists. America, the Catholic weekly, puts the Catholic view clearly thus: "The Modernists brought up in Protestantism, have at last revealed to the light of day what was always at the bottom of the Protestant doctrine of private judgment applied to the religion of Christ." One cannot have the cake and eat it too; either each one is free in these matters, and then there is no Revelation, or the Christian is not free to believe what he likes, and then there is Protestantism." Dr. Barry, rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Mary in New York, declares, "This whole question is but the age-long dispute between the Catholic and the

Protestant ideal, between the right of individual interpretation and authority."

In this connection it is interesting to note the attitude of the leading infidels. Mr. Cohen, editor of The Freethinker of London, writing of the Modernists movement, declares, "The rationalizing of religion is one of the gravest dangers to genuine Free-thought. It is not a liberalizing of Christianity we are aiming at, but its destruction. No other end than that is worth bothering about, because to pursue the end of rationalizing Christianity is only to pave the way for its restoration."

What many laymen are thinking is well voiced by Glenn Frank, editor of the Century: "Modernism, if it is to be a vital force in contemporary life, must do more than reconstruct theology; it must rediscover the religion of Jesus. It is paganism theology that we must keep adjusting to contemporary thought. If we were wise enough to dispense with it, we should, I think find a timeliness and a universality about the religion of Jesus that would forever lift it above the sterile controversies on which the Fundamentalists and the Modernists alike are wasting so much precious energy."

The average layman and the religiously inclined non-church member would welcome a theological readjustment to make the dogmas of the church conform to settled scientific truth and to Christian ideals as they are revealed in the life and teachings of Jesus. A quiet but deep-seated conviction is becoming quite general that such readjustment would be a great gain to the church, to Christianity and to the world. But a so-called religious reformation which would take out of Christianity, its spiritual elements, which would reduce all its evidences of spiritual power to the level of purely natural phenomena, and account for everything in the life of Jesus by physical and natural laws indeed would be death to Christianity and a calamity to the world. To thus place the spiritual and moral conscience of the world in the keeping of the materialists would be to not only abandon Christianity but also the beautiful ideals which have made the so-called Christian nations the most civilized and advanced nations of the earth; and these ideals actually realized will bring universal peace and banish sin, injustice and brutality and the suffering resulting from them.

Most laymen will not object to a reformation which makes the church declare that this is a universe of law and that the so-called miracles of Jesus are not the result of direct divine interposition, but are the result of the action of spiritual or some other laws that we do not yet fully understand. But many have had too much religious experience to permit them to accept as true the statement that these miracles are only myths or the result of the power of mind upon mind. The religious reformation that many of us are looking for is one that, instead of destroying or weakening the spiritual elements in us, will find new ways to strengthen and develop them until our religion shall be nothing short of a conscious communion with the great Oversoul of the Universe. We are tired of emptiness in religion. We want the satisfying reality. Give us a religious reformation that will bring this to us and we will gladly welcome and embrace it.