

The Oregon Statesman

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BLOSSOM DAY AN INSTITUTION

Faire pledges of a fruitful tree Why do yee fall so fast? Your date is not so past But you may stay here yet awhile To blush and gently smile And go at last.

—Herrick.

Blossom day has become an institution for Salem and the flowering land of which this capital city is the commercial center.

The institution of blossom day goes back to 1919. Today is the fifth blossom day.

And there is every indication that it will be the greatest in number of visitors, as it will surely be in the sights of floresent nature that will unfold themselves to the vision of the many thousands of visitors who will thread the paved highways and the beauty embowered byways.

With "flowers worthy of Paradise" covering the high hills and the vales between—

For the institution has made a larger appeal each year from the first. It was a happy inspiration. The author of it is worthy of a monument perennially bedecked with bloom such as may be gathered only in this favored section.

With the flowers that are the alphabet of the Angels where they write on hills and fields eternal truths.

"When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil," there is ushered in here in the Salem district a time of glorious beauty that is entrancing a constantly growing number of worth while people from an annually widening circle.

So blossom day has come to be a splendid advertising feature of high and increasing value; though in its inception it was intended to appeal merely to the esthetic taste and the love of beauty which are the worthy attributes of cultured and even "civilized" men and women.

For beauty is an asset. There is value in good looks. Salem has the setting for the most beautiful city in the world. She has the right to be the most beautiful of cities. Nature has endowed her with the possibilities of growing into such a paramount place in the estimation of the best judges—with nothing lacking; with the background of the Cascades and the Coast Range with their snow clad and verdure covered sentinels; with their foothills sloping gently down to the valleys; with streams and level spaces and elevated points in the right proportions; and with soil and sunshine and showers capable of producing floresent and verdant and variegated beauties of growth beyond compare.

When Salem comes into her rightful kingdom as the most beautiful of all cities, her beauty will be worth several kingdoms. Her very streams, things of small moment in the realm of attractive nature in the early stages of the city's growth, are potentially worth millions in the scheme of building the most beautiful of cities.

And then the country surrounding—but there will be no city and no country in the end; it will be all city and all country, in the distinctions of beauty, and the casual visitor will not know where the country begins and the city ends. The paved state highways and the paved county market roads will be merely the extensions of the city streets, all bound together in beauty of blossom and bush and tree and vine.

The beginnings of the nature picture hinted at above in weak words that can convey to the mind only a suggestion of the accomplished whole will be before our thousands of visitors today. They are thrice welcome, and they are invited to come again and again each year to see the development of the glorious picture that will grow nearer to completion with each succeeding visit, and that will never be entirely finished.

For the most beautiful city in the most beautiful country on earth will grow more and more beautiful constantly, to the end of time.

THE CASE OF WHEELER

There is no reason why United States senators should not be subject to every law in the country. Senator Wheeler has been cavorting around like a bull in a china shop. He made so much noise in Washington that it was suspected that he was hollering for a purpose largely to divert attention. Sure enough; he was. He has now been indicted in Montana. Wheeler, is very indignant and insists that he is being persecuted. In other words, he objects to a dose of his own medicine. Wheeler is a cheap skater and never had any business in the senate in the first place. Whatever he has done regarding the double standard of conduct will now be brought out and he will have to face it.

It is hard to understand the strenuous efforts made to shield him. Every time a senator or congressman is accused the others rush to his defense. It cannot be comradeship; it must be mutual fear. Langley, a republican, was indicted and his defense was seen because he was a manipulator of the "pork barrel." Now, Wheeler who has been doing his best to destroy the republicans in congress, is being defended by those same republicans. It lends suspicion to the insinuation that there is more crookedness there than we are aware of. We are not concerned about the guilt or innocence of Wheeler. It may be a frame-up, but the grand juries are not given to such frame-ups. It looks more as if Wheeler wants immunity because of his official position.

But they have not stopped with

their attack upon me," declared Senator Wheeler in his emotional protestation of innocence. In a choking voice he declared "they have tried to injure my wife and my babies."

That is a shifty lawyer's appeal to sympathy and sentiment.

The circumstance that Senator Wheeler has a wife and babies has no bearing upon his guilt or his innocence, and he is the last man in America to make that appeal consistently, for he has been ruthless in his attacks on others and has not shown the slightest consideration for their wives and babies.

PREYING UPON EACH OTHER

The whole world is busy preying upon some other order of creation. Every insect preys upon some other insect, and man, the biggest brute of them all, preys upon all of them. The hand of man wields for destruction the whole brood of the animal creation. The horse, the cow, the sheep and the goat we impress into slavery, and the moment that they are not profitable we take their lives. We bring in some insects in the hope that it will prey upon some other insects and then, without a moment's hesitation, we enact laws to destroy this first insect. Perhaps the whole world would be overrun with insects if this was not the case. At any rate we must hope that it is all for the best.

An observer need not be a scientist to note how warfare among insects restricts their numbers and enables human beings to populate the earth more largely than other

wise would be possible. The task of science is to seek out the insect most deadly to other insect pests and set the stage for a battle. This course now is being adopted toward the boll weevil, which persistently has destroyed cotton fields in the south, the insect selected as executioner being the cotton leaf worm.

The insect world is subjected to severe natural laws. They have a few days of sunshine and many that are arduous and stormy. As Darwin demonstrated, the competition among individuals and kinds of insects for space in its habitat, for its share of sufficient food and leisure and opportunity to produce offspring is as strong as in the higher animals.

Wasps, bees, spiders, ants and flies all are engaged in a struggle for food, comfort, position and power. The golden butterfly or the azure beetle, which look so beautiful and peaceful, experience the same trials and tribulations which come into the lives of ants and bees. These adverse forces mold their characters, guide their habits and lead to changes in their species and general characteristics. Meanwhile man labors faithfully and hopelessly in his war to exterminate them all.

THE INCOME TAX LAW

There is an income tax set-back to be taken to the supreme court at once. If the law is farther defective it is very easy to remedy. The temper of the people of Oregon is being aroused and they are demanding that the politicians quit tampering. No one can even contend that the income tax law is perfect. In fact it was hardly recognized by its friends. It might be better for the whole conglomerate mass to be wiped out and let the people initiate a concise, clear income tax law. It is not safe to trust this to the legislature where men vote for emancipated laws and then oppose them after they pass. An initiated income tax law can be written right, and impious hands cannot tear it to pieces.

Oregon has voted for an income tax law which means that Oregon is in favor of it. Right here the Oregon Statesman desires to enter a protest. Enemies of the law are making themselves also enemies of Oregon. They are insisting that it is running the state when half of the states are trying to be ruined in the same way. It is time to demand that the citizens of Oregon who are not going to be patriotic and loyal would be pointed out as enemies of the state for they are. There is too much trifling with the public welfare, too much disposition in the special interests to stir up trouble and keep the people discontented.

SPIKE THE GUNS

As neat a piece of political adroitness to be seen at the present moment was when President Coolidge sent a center shot into the wreckers of the senate, politely but firmly calling their attention to the fact that they had gone outside the law to hire Heney, a known disturber and muck-raker. The letter was couched in the most polite language, but written in such a way that not a word could be misunderstood.

The dispatches say that Senator Walsh was very angry. He had spooled in one minute the work of the whole session. Walsh was being working all this session to discredit the party and he had his fellow senators buffaloed. Walsh wasn't smart enough to see that a shrewd, canny president waited until the psychological moment and then struck a blow that put him out of business. There is no use talking, that man Coolidge is showing himself a wonder.

NO ISSUE INVOLVED

There is absolutely no issue involved in the senatorial contest, and it is pretty hard to get up interested without an issue. There are just two ways to win any contest—one is an issue, and the other is organization. Organization is a commonly denominated machine, and every politician is accused of building one up. A machine is not a pretty name, and it is given in derision. Organization is a cementing together of one's friends in a way that they will act in harmony and thus dominate the situation.

MUST BE ALERT

It is true that evil influences are working. It is not true that they are predominating. It is true that there are more influences working for the uplifting of humanity than ever before known in the history of the world. This is no time for despair. This is a time for men of courage and capability to re-resolve and rededicate themselves to the work of uplifting humanity. It is a time to be alert. It is a time to be aggressive and positive.

NOT ACTING RIGHT

James Couzens was a great success when he was with Henry Ford. He did very well as a commissioner and mayor of Detroit. He was appointed senator and expected to be a great national figure at once, but he was not a big enough man for the place. He couldn't measure up to the national standard. Couzens has been rattling around in the senatorial seat ever since he has been there trying his best to make a big showing, but falling every time. His latest effort was to employ a professional muck-raking agitator to do his work for him, but he did not count on the keen eye of President Coolidge.

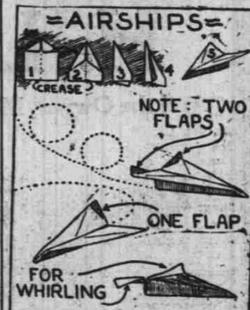
The senate is going to talk it out and the chances are that it will take all summer.

Cap'n Zyb

LOOP THE LOOP

You've all made "scooter" airships from paper. Sure! But can you make them circle, whirl, or loop the loop?

First fold a piece of paper into an airship (see diagram.) Now the



"Looping" trick lies in bending up the outer corners of both wings so as to form two flaps. You'll have to experiment a bit to determine where to make these folds.

In trying this craft give it a good stiff throw, nosing it toward the floor slightly. If the flaps were bent right your airship will perform a graceful loop, turning completely over and righting itself again.

To make your "scooter" circle only, just bend up one flap and leave the other wing straight. Or you can bend the two flaps in opposite directions, which will make the little craft whirl.

—CAP'N ZYB.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Frank T. Wrightman, Candidate for County Judge.

Editor Statesman: When a man is a candidate for a position of trust his biography becomes a matter of interest to the public. Especially is this true when such office is as important as that of county judge.

Frank T. Wrightman was raised on a little farm near Sublimity, in the eastern part of Marion county. At the age of 12 he lost his father, and with his widowed mother and younger brother ran the farm until he reached manhood. He received his education at the public schools and home study. In 1888 when T. M. Croisan was elected sheriff of Marion county he selected Frank T. Wrightman as his first deputy, which place he held during the four years Mr. Croisan was sheriff. Mr. Wrightman afterwards served as first deputy under the administration of John Knight as sheriff, during which time he entered the law school of Willamette university, studying nights after his day's duties were over. In 1896 he was elected sheriff of Marion county and served one term, but refused to become a candidate for a second term. In 1898 he graduated in law and was admitted to the supreme court of Oregon as an attorney. He was in the same class with Judge W. M. Bushey and was selected to deliver the graduation oration upon graduation. He practiced law in partnership with J. N. Brown and Jefferson Myers for about four years, when he was appointed by Secretary of State F. L. Dunbar to take charge of the corporation department of the state of Oregon. He served under Mr. Dunbar for four years and afterwards served in the same capacity under Frank Benson, secretary of state. He has since that time served the county in auditing the records and affairs of Marion county for several years and filled the office of deputy sheriff in the tax department. He is familiar with the books and records of Marion county and has made a study of county affairs during this service and has a wide knowledge of the economic needs and conditions of the county. He is a man of equable mind, and through the teachings of a wonderful mother has fought for the esteem and confidence he now holds with those who have known him from boyhood days. He has a sincerity of purpose that holds the admira-

tion of his friends. He is a republican in politics and with him patriotism and love of American principles stands first. His slogan is strict economy on business lines, with fair treatment, lower taxes and enforcement of law.

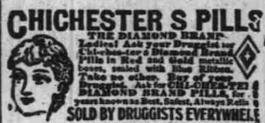
Perhaps no other man in Marion county is better qualified by experience and personal knowledge of the county and its affairs to give the people a satisfactory administration in that office, and while not a steady practitioner, Mr. Wrightman is a lawyer, and no man who is not a lawyer possesses all the qualifications for county judge. The probate business alone requires the attention of a man qualified to pass upon the legal questions continuously arising in the settlement of estates and in this every citizen is deeply interested. The county court has jurisdiction over criminal cases, the judge being a committing magistrate and having authority to impose fines and jail sentences. He is in full control of juvenile offences and his office at all times is circumscribed by legal limitations that demand a good working knowledge of the law.

It may be urged without fear of contradiction that in none of the many capacities in which Mr. Wrightman has served the people has he ever been accused of anything dishonorable.

W. H. HOBSON, Stayton, Or., April 10, 1924.

(Mr. Hobson is one of the oldest and most substantial residents of the Stayton section. He has served Marion county in the Oregon state senate.)

The love of money is also the root of all family trees.



INTEREST IN RELIGION IS NOT DECLINING

(Copyright 1924 San Jose Mercury)

IN THESE days there is much complaint by religious people that the world is rapidly becoming infidel, or agnostic, or for this reason, it is declared, people do not attend church. Whatever the cause of this non-attendance the great problem of the church today is, how to make the gospel of Christ attractive and appealing to the average man or woman so as to fill its empty pews. Now as always immortality and the life after death and what if any effect our beliefs, ideals and conduct may have upon our destiny in "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns" ought to be subjects that would command the greatest consideration from everyone who thinks.

Notwithstanding this poor church attendance, if we are to believe the statements of those best qualified to speak, in the English-speaking world at least there is no lack of interest in these great questions and in religion generally. A questionnaire, recently issued in England, has unexpectedly shown that religious books stand next to fiction in favor with the reading public, while in this country the Western Christian Advocate declares that American that American publishers, "with their fingers on the public pulse are vying with each other in bringing out religious literature, and church news sometimes runs scandal off the front page of the newspapers." "The world is showing an eagerness and a hunger for spiritual truth that have not been manifested in a long period of time. Books on religion are being demanded on a scale never before recorded."

Calling attention to the facts which it recites, showing the great public interest in religion and kindred subjects, the Christian Herald also says: "These are simple, granite facts. They speak for themselves, and they show that God, religion, the Scriptures and Eternal Life are still the dominating, vital themes, as becomes rational beings. This is a most encouraging truth; and anyone who has a real, spiritual message, with voice or pen, need not fear but that he will have hearers or readers." Other similar and equally authoritative statements might be quoted. There can be no doubt that there is unusual eagerness for light upon religious and kindred subjects at this time among all classes of educated and thinking people, at least in this country. The church and religious leaders have, therefore, a great opportunity and a correspondingly great responsibility to supply this demand with spiritual messages that will satisfy this public hunger. The people are asking for spiritual bread. Let us not give them a stone.

First, it may as well be frankly admitted that the old appeals will not satisfy this hunger; they have lost their power with men. "The glory of unseem things above" does not even interest the ordinary man or woman; it is all too visionary and unreal. The far away heaven, its pictured streets of gold and its walls of jasper have lost their lure; they are too artificial and sordid. Men are coming more and more to feel that there can be no heaven without communion with life. The open fields, the trees, the grass, the flowers—all of teeming, pulsing nature to which God has given life and being have a greater lure than this mythical heaven. Moreover, this old conception of heaven has not the sanction of the Scriptures and is entirely out of harmony with enlightened reason.

More, men will not heed the call to worship a God who is sitting upon a throne in some far away corner of His universe, nor will they follow a Christ who is sitting at His right hand, far away from men whom He came to help and to save. The modern man and woman want a heaven that will be real and near enough so that they can catch a breath of it here, so that its reality and beautiful atmosphere may begin to flood their hearts and lives here. Nothing less than a conception of the everpresent God, the all-pervading, working Spirit of the universe can create in them the desire to worship Him. If they are to follow Christ, He must be the living Christ of today, whose life and spirit may speak and manifest themselves through His church and those who profess to be His followers.

A distinguished Presbyterian doctor of divinity has eloquently voiced something of the larger and truer conception of God that is slowly but surely taking shape in the inner consciousness of men everywhere. He says: "Men are to have a new conception of God. Not a distant, inaccessible divinity, giving in cold condescension occasional boons to groveling worshippers. A God struggling here beside us, working with us and in us and through us day after day, and striving—with our help—to carry on the ever-continuing creation."

"Here," he continues, "is the religious message of the new church. It will say to the youth of the future: 'You are here not to lie prostrate in the dust, accepting weakly whatever misfortune thrust upon you, and calling it stupidly the inexplicable decree of Providence. You are here to work with God and to let God work through you until at last these disasters—as much of a tragedy for God as for man—are forever wiped away.' You are here not to accept disease and death, but to join God's crusade against them. You are here not to watch

Things To Do

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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SIGHTSEEING TRIPS WITH THE BIRDS

Sightseeing Trips With the Birds



Unless the climate is severe, the Blue Jay often stays in the same locality the year round.

The Blue Jay is a handsome bird with a bad temper. If we can forgive little things like nest-robbing, disagreeable manners and a scolding voice, we may admire this fellow, for he has intelligence and is most beautifully garbed. But his good looks make him arrogant. As soon as his nest is built in the crotch of a tree early in May, the bird war is on, for he seems to be continually scrapping with his neighbors, although as a matter of fact, he probably makes more fuss that he does damage.

The squawking "Jay-ay-ay" he utters is equal to the sound of two or three other birds as he flashes past with decisive flight to pick a quarrel in the next tree. His feathers are a smoky blue, blending into a cadet blue and blue-lavender on his wings and back. His wings are bars of black and white

with blue at the ends. His tail is barred with black with blue and white patches between the stripes. There is a ruffle of black around his white collar and the topknot is brightest blue.

One would not suspect that the Blue Jay is a relative of the Crow, the shiny black bird who caws hoarsely in our back-yard when the snow is on the ground. But when you consider his unmusical call and his untrustworthy habits you begin to see a likeness between the two. And a close look at the raven color of the crow's back shows you that there are purple and blue feathers mixed in with the inky ones. The eggs of both the Crow and Blue Jay are olive-green, thickly speckled with brown.

The Crow and the Robin are our most common birds. But the crow is about as unpopular as the Robin



men endure pain, but to help them find a way to escape it. "You are here to fight these things—fight them with the God who has always been fighting them and who has forever been dreaming of a world redeemed at last from the horror of poverty and the agony of battle. Here is the meaning of your life, here is the task of the church, here is the purpose of the ultimately triumphant God."



FRANK VERSES

To the Goller. You strut about in knickers short. Your clothes are cut in latest fashion. Your golfing manners are the sort That put your clubmates in a passion. You take a graceful, easy swing. Your stance is proper—you admit it. You fan the air like anything! As for the ball—you never hit it. You never let your friends play through. You plow the turf on fairway grassy. And so, dear friend, I pray that you will slip today and break your brassie.

To the Bootlegger. For unadulterated gall. You are undoubtedly the winner. You sell us methyl alcohol To serve in cocktails with our dinner. Your cars and diamonds make you think That we hard working folks are jealous. I only hope you have to drink The stuff you have the nerve to sell us.

Room and Bored. Boob (I a. m.): "The other night I heard a story that gave me such a start." Girl (very bored): "I wish I knew it."

A woman of 46 can forgive a young girl almost anything but the offer of a seat in the streetcar.

It's All in the Game. It was her first ball game, and with a deadly pallor creeping into his face and dark rings beneath his eyes, he nerved himself for her next question. "Why do they call that thing the plate?" she asked, after getting her second wind. "Because that's where the drops from the pitcher are caught," he whispered hoarsely.

A widow and her insurance money are soon married.

A Step in the Right Direction. Lois: "I can't understand why you stayed outside so long with such a wonderful dancer as Charlie." Irene: "But he showed me some new steps, and we sat on them."

How to become a millionaire at the age of thirty: Be honest. Be punctual. Be industrious. Be loyal. Be thorough. Rise early. Don't drink. Keep your boots polished. Save your money and when you arrive at the age of 30 marry a woman who has a million dollars.



In the Easter Turban is concealed the outline of a rabbit's head. Turn the hat till you find it.

Would Have Been Lost. Workman: "What are you looking for?" Pat: "My vest." Workman: "You have it on." Pat: "Oh, sure I have. If you had not have told me I would have gone home without it."

is welcome. His activity in sprouting corn and eating potato sprouts led the farmer to the invention of the well-known scarecrow. Often in scolding him for his bad habits, we forget that the Crow destroys June bugs, cut-worms and grasshoppers in great numbers. Still, to bring out the bad side of him again, he attacks the nests of song birds, steals the eggs and even the young birds. In short, he eats whatever he can find, and is altogether a black character as well as a black bird.

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Readers are requested to contribute. All humor, epigrams (or humorous mottoes), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesques, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for at regular rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, should bear name of contributor, and should be addressed either to the Fun Shop, or to The Oregon Statesman. Fun Shop headquarters, 110 West 40th street, New York city.

WHY I WROTE "HALF GODS"

By LYNN MONTROSS. "I know why you wrote 'HALF GODS,'" said Lois Montross (I was confronted her with the question originally put to me). "It was because we've all read what God thinks of the present generation—you tried to tell what the present generation think of God."

This, with a few amendments, is the answer! As to the amendments—"HALF GODS" deals in its principal characters with two generations—a Christian mother and an agnostic daughter—and their clash over the religion of the day. In the background are the gods of their home, their church, their community—and the half-gods, too. It is a story which deserves to be told with all fairness and impartiality to the point of view of the agnostic as well as that of the churchman, their story of the defeat of religion in America today. "HALF GODS" tries to tell it.

FUTURE DATES

- April 12 and 13, Saturday and Sunday, Baseball, Salem vs. Kelso at Oxford Park.
April 13, Sunday—Evangelistic campaign opens at army.
April 17, Thursday—Annual meeting of the Company F, 162nd Infantry.
April 17, Thursday—Monday, Thursday, State convention of Disabled World War veterans, Salem.
May 11, Sunday—Mothers' day.
May 16, Friday—Primary election, Oregon.
June 10, Tuesday—Bachelors' ball at convention meets in Cleveland.
June 14, Saturday—Annual County Sunday School picnic.
June 21, Sunday—Idaho County picnic at Fair grounds.
June 24, Tuesday—Democratic national convention meets in New York.

STATESMAN WANT ADS

The shortest distance between buyer and seller.