

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
315 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

Manager: J. H. Hendricks
Editor: John L. Brady
Business Manager: Frank J. Jost

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:
Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 111-145 West 56th St., Chicago, Marquette Bldg.
(Portland Office, 226 West Main St., Phone 6637 Broadway, G. F. Williams, Mgr.)

TELEPHONE:
Business Office 23 Circulation Office 583
News Department 23-108 Society Editor 108
Job Department 583

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

BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER

Prepared by Radio Bible Service Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio.
If parents will have their children memorize the daily Bible selections, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

June 22, 1924

A NEW COMMANDMENT—Jesus said: A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples. John 13: 34, 35.

PRAYER—Thy love, O God, is broader than the measure of our minds. Help us to follow on, to know and comprehend and be and do.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

The Malthusian theory will not bother the people of the Salem district in our time.

Nor in the time of our children and children's children. We can produce here an abundance sufficient to feed and clothe ten million people; with a surplus to provide ample means for the luxuries from other countries and sections which we may fancy.

And we can make the harnessed water powers available perform most of the drudgery. In fact, we may look forward to that happy time when there will be no idlers and yet none overburdened with hard tasks and long hours—that time, visioned by H. G. Wells, when every one will have good manners; when all will be real gentlemen and perfect ladies, and there will be no unbridled greed or hate breeding strife. We have the setting here for all this.

We can produce all the necessities of life, and in the category of good things to eat, we will have increasing delight and cause for promoting the good health that waits on appetite.

For, much as he used to like the "things mother used to make," the writer will venture the assertion (at some risk, to be sure), that our wives are better cooks than our mothers were or are—and our daughters, here in this section, are better cooks than their mothers; and, by the same sign, their daughters will be still better cooks; ad infinitum.

But if you have an inordinate craving for good things to eat, you certainly picked out the wrong generation in which to live. The cookery of centuries ago must have been exquisite, judging from the writings of some of the ecstatic eaters.

The king of Bithynia, Asia Minor, on one of his military expeditions, developed a violent craving for an ocean herring. The ocean was far away. So the king's cook took a big turnip, cut it into the shape of a herring, fried it in oil, seasoned it with the powdered grains of a dozen black popples.

The king swore it was the finest fish he ever ate.

While you've eaten many a fish that tasted as good, it illustrates the phenomenal skill of ancient cooks.

Cooking is sometimes classed as one of the lost arts.

The most famous course at banquets of rich Romans of old was humming-bird tongues, brought long distances by relays of swift runners. Today they'd use refrigerator cars or airplanes.

Greek chefs of several thousand years ago were able to serve a whole pig, roasted on one side and boiled on the other, so skillfully prepared that the two parts were as distinct as if cooked separately.

A race of gluttons was the natural development from this marvelous ancient cooking. A past-master of them, named Apicius, specialized on large shrimps. Hearing that the shrimps along the African coast were much larger, he actually bought a ship, made the trip, was disappointed, and returned in deep melancholy.

Philoxenus, asked what he wished most, promptly answered: "A crane's neck, so I would be longer in partaking of my meals."

Those good old days are gone. Even the traditional Sunday dinner is losing out, in the number of courses if not in taste.

People are beginning to eat scientifically, by calories—and getting the job done without great ceremony.

"Esse oportet ut vivas, non vivere ut edas" (you should eat to live, not live to eat), advised Cicero, and he wrote in a time when gourmandizing among the wealthy few was the thing.

It is better for the world that the kind of cooking common in the households of the wealthy of the ancient times has become a lost art, for fine cooks of that type, even though we have improved the type, ruin more digestions than poor cooks, by enticing to over eating. We are, most of us, prone to dig our graves with our teeth. A great physician says a fourth of what we eat keeps us; that we keep the rest at our peril. Sang Bobby Burns:

"Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit."

A California port is sending 12,000 tons of wool by water to Boston. This would take nearly 500 cars if sent by railroad. It is a fine grade of wool and it is a pity we should have to send it away. The wool manufacturing industries of the coast are increasing, but we are still producing much more raw wool than we are turning into fabric. We should be turning it all into manufactures for our home and other markets; and very rapidly increasing the raw supply, too, by breeding more and better sheep. What we do turn off is all wool and a yard wide, and everything is set for great growth in this field.

AN OBJECT LESSON

Linn county has bucked and will not sign the contract for the new bridge at Albany. It is a great pity. That bridge has been voted by every interested concern and Albany needs it worse than any other people need it. A dispute over a small item may cause the bridge to be abandoned altogether.

Listen! Half a century ago on the Missouri river was a town called Leavenworth. It was the metropolis of Kansas. All the railroads headed towards Kansas had Leavenworth as their objective. However, the residents there took a notion that the roads were coming and that they would make something out of it for themselves. They undertook to hold up the roads. The result was rights through the streets. The

that they all went to Kansas City. Now Leavenworth is an unimportant town and Kansas City has over three hundred thousand population.

Listen further. When Oklahoma was admitted to the union, Guthrie was named as the capital and by all rules in the game of city building it would have been an important center. It grew fast for a time but later additional railroads wanted to come in and then came the trouble. It happened that there was a town further down called Oklahoma City, really it was a struggling village. Both towns sent committees to St. Louis to discuss the railroad problem. The Guthrie committee, following instructions, asked the railroad company what they would give for terminal rights and up the roads. The result was rights through the streets. The

Oklahoma City committee asked the railroads what they wanted and said, "If it is anything at all fair we help you to get it." Result, Oklahoma City is the capital with something over one hundred thousand population. Guthrie is a small town with a single railroad.

TOO MUCH DUPLICATION

It is apparent that there is too much duplication in educational schemes in Oregon. Too many institutions are trying to be universities, and state money is being expended for duplicate work to the disadvantage of results.

Oregon has a state university; it has an agricultural college, and a normal school. Instead of encroaching upon each other there is work enough for each to do in its chosen field. We do not want a university out of every high school. We do not want a normal out of every university. We want the work divided, standardized in such a way that the best possible results are secured with the least possible expenditure of money. We waste a lot of money in education. One reason why we waste it is because if we protest we are called mossbacks.

Some of these days education is going to be put upon a business basis. We have long held the belief that the head of an institution should be a business man before he is an educator. The faculty are the educators and the administrative head should be business, pure and simple. Of course the nominal president should be an educator, but some of these days we are going to have a strict business department for management in our institutions. We will save money and do better work. We leave the educators unhampered to do their work and get men trained in business to keep the finances in order and the work moving.

SHOULD BE AN EXAMPLE

We contend that movie stars should be examples for good rather than evil. An actress named Mabel Normand was a witness on a case in Hollywood and took delight in showing the wicked side of her character.

Movies are so essential in the scheme of things today that the characters of the producers should be above reproach. Everybody of all ages goes to movies. It is a new sort of entertainment and has supplied a real demand, and the people are anxious to be entertained. It is to be hoped that such scenes as Mabel Normand portrayed will become scarcer and scarcer. It is true that there is a determined effort to improve the moral conditions of the producers and this ought to be encouraged in every possible way because movies have come to be essential and we all want them.

One reason why there are so many automobiles in the country is because liquor has gone out. It used to be that laboring men had to supply the liquor dealers with comforts. Now they are taking upon themselves the increased prosperity, not only among the laboring people but every other class of people. It used to be most merchants failed. They failed because so much of their profits went down their throats.

It may be worth while to note that Liberty bonds are now selling at \$102. After the great drives they went as low as \$81 and the smaller holders lost. The men who are holding for investment have won and are reaping their rewards. It never pays to doubt your government.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adole Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Copyright 1921 by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

CHAPTER 136

WHY LILLIAN AND MADGE POSTPONED, FOR A TIME, TOM CHESTER'S STORY

Tom Chester's honest, boyish face was flashed when we opened the door at his knock, and he loosened his topcoat with a haste that betrayed uncomfortable warmth, though the evening autumnal air was chill. That he had been running was plainly to be seen, and Lillian put up a playful admonishing hand as he started to speak.

"Nothing that won't keep a few minutes, is there?" she asked, and at his half-puzzled shake of the head she made a peremptory gesture toward the diningroom. "Off with your topcoat and into a chair," she commanded lightly.

CHINESE JUNK AND POLYGLOT CREW, WITH NATIVE WIFE OF WHITE CAPTAIN AT HELM, HERE ON WORLD CRUISE



The Amoy, a 14 ton junk, 68 feet long, left Shanghai May 17, 1923 on its way around the world. The junk was built by George Ward, a tall, lanky Dutchman of Canadian birth, who had made every port of the seven seas when

he went to China shortly after the Boxer Rebellion, fell under the spell of the Orient, became a Chinese revenue officer and began battling river pirates. His wife is a Chinese woman and with them is their eight year old son Bob.

Alfred Nilson, a soldier of fortune picked up at San Francisco, and a dusky youth from Panama complete the crew. The strange looking craft is built of camphorwood and Chinese fir and the timbers are held together by bamboo pins.

"We are firm believers here in the primitive principle, 'Feed the brute,' and we're going to act upon our principles before we have any reports or confab."

He shrugged out of his topcoat with a quick, graceful motion, deposited it and his hat in the hall and followed us to the dining-room.

"You are the most wonderful people!" he said with boyish enthusiasm. "Upon my word, I smell coffee! I'm just beginning to realize I'm hungry. I can assure you that here is a brute who's very willing to be fed."

"Don't stand on ceremony then," Lillian smiled, pushing him gently into a chair. "We'll dispense with the standing at salute until the ladies are seated for this one evening. That's the girl, Madge. Bring the percolator to the table. Then we won't have to walk so far for our second and third and fourth cups. But how are you going to keep it hot? Oh, I see! You're an ingenious lady."

An Impromptu Supper.

I had put my tiny canned-heat stove upon a small iron tray and had placed over the stove a shallow pan of bubbling hot water in which I set the percolator. The whole contrivance was on a small table at my elbow, where I could reach the coffee easily. I saw Tom Chester look at it keenly, then he rose, came to my side of the table, and with a quiet, "Pardon me," lifted the small table with its burden and carried it to his own side of the table.

"It was too near the loose sleeve of your gown," he said. "Besides it's only fair that I should have the labor of pouring the coffee, as I am afraid I shall drink more cups than any one."

"That's why we made a full pot," I smiled, revising my mental estimate of Mr. Chester a bit. I

had thought him a brave, resourceful, attractive boy. I still acknowledged those qualities, but now added a touch of maturity, of dominance, which sat oddly upon his youthfulness, yet still became him.

"I promise fully to justify your forethought," he replied and when the end of the impromptu supper was reached I found that he had kept his word. The percolator held barely a spoonful of coffee when the three of us, valiant trenchermen all, rose from the table and went into the living room.

"You Must—"

"Stirr up the fire, Mr. Chester," Lillian commanded. "And then you have our permission to smoke. I'm sure you need a whiff or two."

I took a humidor from the table and passed it to him when he had mended the fire, but he shook his head and drew cigarettes from his pocket.

"I got so used to them when I was overseas," he said, "that I don't believe I'll ever again be able to smoke anything else."

He lighted the cigarette, and after a few puffs relaxed a little from the stiff almost military posture he had been holding in his chair. Unconsciously he settled deeper into his seat, hitched the chair nearer the fire and, put a foot upon the fender.

"This is the most home-like room I ever saw." He spoke with boyish earnestness, punctuating the compliment with an unconscious sigh.

We knew that he was comparing his room in a village boarding house, his only home since the death of his mother, with the fire-lit living room, upon whose homeliness I especially pride myself. And I would have been devoid of all feminine qualities if I had not

felt a glow of pride at his words, and also a warm rush of sympathy for the homeless, motherless lad, for indeed he was nothing but a boy.

"You must"—I began, then I smothered the words in a pretended fit of coughing, devoutly hoping he had not heard them. Impetuously, I had been about to tell him that he must often test the home-like qualities of the room and its open fire, and then—like a chilling draught—had come the approval of Dicky's probable disapproval of such an invitation, and more terrifying still, the thought of Mother Graham's wrath.

"She's all right, Mr. Chester," Lillian waved a restraining hand at the youth, who had sprung to his feet at my prolonged coughing. "She's practically over it now. No—neither water nor anything else does her any good. She just has to wear it out. And now we're ready to hear the continuation of our little private melodrama from the point where you took it up."

She had saved the situation for me, and I was grateful. I was also intensely curious as to how much she knew or guessed of the words I had almost uttered to Tom Chester.

(To be continued)

Read the Classified Ads.

FUTURE DATES

June 22, Sunday—Idaho County picnic at fair grounds.
June 24, Tuesday—Democratic nation at convention meet in New York.
June 29, Sunday—Salem Elks picnic at Silverton park.
July 16 to 23—Chautauque season b Salem.
June 21, Saturday—Marion county Sunday school picnic.
June 27-28—Educational Congress University of Oregon Eugene.

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller

Snoppyquop Land

Where Nothing Seems Queer



A N-Ice Snoppyquop

This is how the Snoppyquops get their ice. Mr. I. C. Snow, who won the North Pole vault in the Arctic Olympics, is with us today, hurrying along with a load of hard water. He trudges down the avenue until he sees an ice sign hanging out, and then, if he's overweight, hangs around a bit in the sun until he evaporates down to the proper amount. Or, if that's too slow, he'll eat a hot dog. Reducing is hard for some people, but not for Mr. I. C. Snow.

Mr. Snow never gets excited. He doesn't always use the best grammar, perhaps, not having been a college ice, but he never lets his temper boil over. He always keeps cool.

I. C. never can fool anybody about anything, as it's so easy to see through him. For instance, if he says, "My heart is broken," why, just take a look and you'll see it's quite intact. Cold-hearted, yes, but broken-hearted—no! It's frozen too solid. He's on the square, though, no matter from which side you look at him.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

(Copyright 1924, San Jose Mercury Co.)

There is much too prevalent a tendency among scientists to classify all religion with the myths and superstitions of the past. If they encounter experiences that they can not account for in this way they invoke psychology in its purely intellectual aspects and lay these to the power of mind upon mind or some thing that does not require the acknowledgement of any spiritual or religious power. Everything religious, to their mind, can be fully accounted for by the laws of the physical and intellectual worlds with which they are more or less familiar.

Not all scientists are thus narrow. Some of them who are very distinguished in other branches of science are patiently and conscientiously examining the facts and phenomena that, it is alleged, establish the truth of immortality and the reality of the existence of a spiritual nature in men which must be differentiated from their physical and intellectual natures. Some of these men have given to the world the results of their investigations and study, but their conclusions have not yet generally been accepted as scientifically sound by their brother scientists.

Right thinking religious people do not ask the scientist to accept dogmas or creeds or even the Bible as authentic bases for scientific conclusions. All they ask is that the same open mind, ready to receive and classify new truth, be maintained in the consideration of the facts of religious experience as in the consideration of other facts. A scientific bigot is no more to be commended than any other bigot; he is even more inconsistent than the religious bigot who is not schooled to keep his mind open to an unprejudiced examination of truth.

The attitude of the modern intelligent religious leader is well voiced by Prof. Charles Allen Dinsmore of the Yale Divinity School in a recent address before the students of the University of North Carolina. He maintains that science is no more authoritative than religion; that the saint can truly say with the scientist, "I know." "The contrast," he asserts, "between science and religion is not a contrast between knowledge and belief, but between two different kinds of knowledge. Religion can use the word 'know' as legitimately as science." "Virtue and its transforming energies we know as well as we know any scientific fact, even better, for we have the sure test of daily experience." Professor Dinsmore also points out several differences which are to be noted between scientific and religious knowledge. "Scientific knowledge is independent of the personal equation. A murderer can perform a chemical experiment as well as a saint. Religion, on the other hand, is more personal. Its knowledge is conditional on character. Only the pure in heart can see God; only the unselfish and obedient can realize His love."

One of the causes of the differences between the scientist and the religious leader is that neither has a sufficiently clear and adequate conception of what religion is. Let both recognize that religion is not a matter of mere intellectual belief, though even that may have a most marked effect upon men's conduct and character. It consists not of dogmas or creeds or organizations, of ceremonials, or forms or anything exterior to men. It is a purely individual, personal matter. It may be hard for the ordinary, nonreligious scientist to grasp the meaning and reality of religious experience, but the power or influence that causes one to turn away from a sinful life and walk thenceforth in the path of rectitude and righteousness is just as real as the natural remedy or power that brings one from a condition of disease and weakness to health and strength. Why should the scientist recognize the transforming power of knowledge in the human individual and refuse to acknowledge the reality of religion which often changes men from sinners and outcasts into men of character and enables them to subdue their animal passions, impulses and appetites?

The existence and reality of God, not alone as expressed in nature and in matter, but as a life and spirit which can reach and find expression in the souls or minds or spirits of men, the natural scientist who has had no religious experience may not know much about, but many do know about Him and have given ample proof of the reality of their experiences, proofs which in any other field would be regarded as furnishing adequate bases for science to build upon.

A prominent business man in the west, who had lived a life not all that it should be though not worse than many others of his class, felt ill and weak and reluctantly sought the advice of a distinguished physician who found him suffering from Bright's disease in an advanced stage. The physician advised him that if he needed to adjust any of his business affairs it would be wise for him to do this, as his end might not be far away. Up to this time he had given little thought or attention to religion but upon returning home he sought a meeting with the rector of the Episcopal church in his city. The rector talked and prayed with him for an hour and he was greatly moved. As he was leaving, the rector said to him, "I am impressed that you will feel better tomorrow." The next day he went to the physician for further examination and treatment and found that the alarming symptoms had all disappeared. Although several years have passed since this experience he still walks the earth not only a well man, but with a greatly changed life. This is only one of many similar cases. How long will it be before scientists generally will admit that they are evidences of spiritual power and cease trying to account for them in some other way?

The spiritual world is like an electric lighting system. God, the source of all light, is the generator of the universe. The soul of man is like the light bulb. Although this is perfectly adjusted to receive the current from Him and the line to connect it with Him provided, whether this bulb be one of one candle power or one hundred, there can be no light until we turn the switch or button admitting the current to the dark, but waiting light bulb. Then the light flashes upon us. Religion is the switch that connects us with the great Spiritual Generator of the universe, and connected with Him our souls are flooded with "the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world."

Premier Mussolini Leads Subscription List for Statue in Florence to "The Italian Mother"



Italy's Premier is shown above signing his name to the book of subscriptions for the fund to erect the war memorial in Florence. He is using the form of the Unknown Soldier as a guide.