

The Oregon Statesman

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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.

AN EVIL EYE:—He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him.—Proverbs 28:22. PRAYER:—O Lord, reveal to us the beauty and possibility of loving one another, even as Thou didst love us.

BRASS TACKS Salem is growing splendidly. The building activity here is unprecedented. We are approaching the point of building a new home every week day in the year.

OUR INFERIORITY COMPLEX Oregon's "inferiority complex," the consciousness of inferiority bred in the self, the inherent willingness to admit the superiority of others, accounts for our backward position in development.

STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION The Oregon Statesman feels very deeply on the question of permitting congress to override the supreme court. Our supreme court is the last resort of the people.

BOYS ARE BACK Salem welcomes home the YMCA Boy Scout boys. One bunch of boys came back the other day and the other bunch are coming back today.

lesson in clean living; they have learned the benefits of comradeship; they have got well acquainted with each other, and henceforth there will be a bond of sympathy between these boys that could not be established in any other way.

Therefore the wise expedient was adopted of intrusting the guardianship of the constitution to a supreme court whose members are appointed for life and are removed from the surging passions of the hour and the acrimonious political controversies of the day and are free from temptation to cater to political influence, passion or prejudice.

At the same time a double curb is placed upon the supreme court. If congress passes legislation that the supreme court finds to be unconstitutional, and the people upon reflection, take the view held by congress rather than that of the supreme court, two courses are open. Congress can re-enact the bill so that it will square with the supreme court's construction of the constitution, or, if that is impossible, the people can amend the constitution so that it will square with the view of congress. That has been repeatedly done in our history.

ADVANCING PRICES AND THE ELECTION

There seems to be a good deal of concern because the farm prices are advancing and farmers becoming prosperous. This is campaign material for the republicans in just one way.

Demagogues and time-server have offered the people panaceas none of which went to the bottom of the thing and none of which would stand the acid test of experience. Some people have been fooled, a good many, in fact.

The republicans have honestly tried to adopt legislation that would meet the disturbed conditions of the last three years. The McNary bill was a temporary measure designed to meet a present situation. It was never believed that it would be a permanent remedy. It was always believed that it was an act that the government should put in operation to meet a real need and have it in readiness for future real needs should they occur.

Panics in business were averted by the federal reserve act, and depression in agriculture can be averted by the McNary act. The republicans have always contended that year in and year out the economic laws of the world must govern and that any expedient was temporary.

Doctors give medicine not to cure but to allay the pain and give nature a chance to cure. The republicans earnestly sought to find a remedy that would act as medicine upon the patients and give the economic laws a chance to recover and operate equally upon all the products of the country. Reactionary democrats and a few reactionary republicans killed this measure. However, it is good news that the farmers are recovering without legislation. It vindicates the republican position and the republican party will benefit by a realization of the fact that it made the only statesmanlike diagnosis of the situation that was made.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service

CHAPTER 243 WHAT HAPPENED IN THE VILLAGE STORE To my great relief, Dicky's car, sometimes a temperamental object, proved to be entirely tractable. So directly after breakfast, with Mother Graham and Junior ensconced in the tonneau, and estate Marion beside me, we started for Easthampton.

My mother-in-law's mood had not improved even with the delicious breakfast. Kathie had given me, and I foresaw a day before me in which Mother Graham, as Dicky's comment ran, "dared anybody to please her." However, I did my best in the way of occasional remarks, for I knew she hated to ride in silence.

"How bracing the air is!" I began banally, afraid to choose any but the tritest topics. "It's a j-nough," she returned caustically, "but if you tell me that it's like wine I shall get right up of this car."

I flushed at the bull's-eye, for I have been guilty of using the overworked old simile frequently. But to me it is always especially appropriate. There is something about the autumn air which exhilarates.

Mother Graham Complains. "It's too warm for wine," I returned with a mighty effort to make my voice good-natured.

"Warm? Warm!" she repeated with an effect of sowing exclamation points broadcast like seed. "Well! if this is what you call warm, I'm glad I had sense enough to put on this heavy coat. I'd be freezing to death if I

hadn't. As it is I'm shivering. And you'll have your death of cold with just that sweater. But then you never will take anybody's advice."

I had heard this tirade many times before, but I never cease being alarmed by one feature of it. When Mother Graham speaks of feeling chilly we too many narrow escapes from pneumonia for us to take any chances. I was fairly sure that she was exaggerating when she talked of shivering, so I swore the car to the side of the road and stopped it.

"What in tarnation has happened now? Something gone wrong with this car? I know if I started—" "Nothing is wrong with the car, Mother," I interrupted, "but you spoke of shivering, and I thought perhaps if I put the rear curtains on they would keep the breeze away. You mustn't get chilled."

She had the grace to look a bit ashamed of herself, but her voice lost none of its sharpness. The Man of Mystery.

"When I want the curtains on I'll tell you, she snapped. "If I want to shut myself up inside curtains I can stay at home. I'm not going to get any hurt. You drive along and get there sometime."

I accordingly "drove along" the winding road through stretches of primeval forest to the loveliest of all Long Island villages. I never drive through its ancient common with its pond in which drooping willows are mirrored, with its churchyard sloping to the pool, with the stately ancient houses set in exquisite century-old gardens on either side, that I do not feel that a motor car is an anachronism. Surely there should be no vehicle here more recent than colorful chaises. And powdered wigs, ruffled shirts and silken shirts should reign instead of tennis flannels and golf knickers.

But there is a very modern side to the old village, nevertheless, and we presently reached it and parked before a most attractive looking store, which to my eyes seemed most metropolitan.

Once inside, Mother Graham, with lorgnette held before her eyes, swept up one aisle and down another with the staidness and ill-nature of a cross old swan. A patient, courteous saleswoman who had often waited on me to my entire satisfaction, tried in vain to please her, while the proprietor and the other clerks, momentarily idle, looked on, creditably concealing their amusement or annoyance—probably both—at her caustic comments, and I felt my cheeks getting hotter and more crimson with every succeeding outburst upon her part.

We had reached the rear of the store, and I with Junior had taken shelter behind a rack of draperies, when there was a flurry—no other word describes it—in front of the store, as proprietors and salespeople stepped forward to greet several persons who had just entered together. And when I saw the foremost figure I drew back still farther.

For it was unmistakably the mysterious, aristocratic, foreign-looking man who had frightened, yet befriended me, when my train was stopped for hours beneath the East river.

(To be continued) The married man is in an awful fix. Before he may return to the single life, someone must prove that he had been leading a double life.

Unaccustomed As I Am—"Caroline is a dreadfully old fashioned girl." "How can you say that? I've even seen her smoke cigarettes." "Oh, yes, but you can tell by the way she does it that she thinks it's awfully devilish."

Stringing It Out Verse. Is Purchased By The Line Which I Think Is Very Fine. —H. J. W.

Vetoed "Burglaries are becoming entirely too frequent in this neighborhood," observed the man of the house. "I'm going to have a burglar alarm installed."

Must Be Weldon: "Smith claims he always gets in the last word in an argument with his wife!" Shelton: "What is he—a ventriloquist?" —Eugene Markwell.

The Jingle-Jangle Counter To kiss a miss is awful simple. But to miss a kiss is simply awful. —Jacob Berson.

Each Has Something to Be Proud Of. Morris Perlmutter and Hal Kelly were intimate friends. Kelly was building a railroad. Knowing that he was a poor man, comparatively Perlmutter asked him: "Kelly, tell me, where on earth are you getting all this money?"

Efficiency Mrs. Hill: "Have you swept under theavenport?" Maid: "Yes, mum, everything." —Mrs. Walt Engel.

THE STATESMAN'S GREAT SEASHORE TRIP CONTEST

Standing of Candidates These standings represent the votes polled in the ballot box for the candidates up to noon Friday, August 15, 1924:

Table listing candidates and their vote counts. Includes names like Allen, Bernice, 290 South Twenty-first street (100), Alky, Mrs. T. M., 198 North Twenty-first (100), Amort, Rose, State hospital (280), and many others.