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

August 30, 1924

LAW OF LOVE:—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Romans 13:10.

PRAYER:—May our love, O Father, be such in power and practice that all men shall know that we are the children of God.

WHY THE METHODIST CHURCH?

A prominent member asked the writer why the Methodist church was singled out in this corner of The Statesman of yesterday in the appeal for a perpetuation of the Willamette Pageant and the preservation of the historic memorials here of the beginnings of civilization in the Oregon Country—

And the answer is that it so happened that the Methodist church was the one to send the first missionaries to what is now Salem; locating their first buildings on the Willamette river at a point below Salem, on "Mission Bottom," and later erecting the first dwelling on the site of Salem, on Broadway, the extension of North Liberty street, near Mill creek, where they also built the first saw mill and flouring mill—

So the Methodist church is the church to lead off in this most important project—

And the writer is not a member of the Methodist church.

Another thing: What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Some such organization as the Methodist church; more, some devoted man or woman, must take the lead in this project, else it may as well not be started, and it would be a failure or an indifferent success if started. One lone newspaper reporter, John Stephen McGroarty, one single voice in a wilderness of indifference, started the now great Mission Play project near Los Angeles in California. He wrote the play. He put it on. He continued the work, from very small beginnings, day and night. He attracted a few supporters by his devoted enthusiasm. Then more and more—

And now the wide world knows of the California Mission Play, and many in far places know of California only through this play; and money is being showered upon McGroarty from every country of the world to be used in constructing magnificent buildings to give the play a suitable home—

And more than this; the spirit engendered there for the preservation of things dear to Californians is growing and growing, and other old Spanish missions in that state are being preserved and historic sites are being given attention; and even forests and individual historic trees are being guaranteed against destruction and passed on to posterity.

The man or woman to take up the perpetuation of the Willamette Pageant here and the preservation of our historic memorials need not be one of great renown; but he or she must be one of great devotion; with honesty of purpose; with the enthusiasm of a burning zeal.

The home of McGroarty was burned. He said San Ysidro, the patron saint of homes, nodded one night, and was off watch, and the fire came. Friends in many places sent him money to rebuild his "little high house" in the green Verdugo hills. But he replied that his home was insured—and he devoted all the money to forward construction work on the buildings for the Mission Play.

McGroarty asks nothing for himself; not even glory; he asks all for his beloved California. It might have been written of him:

"Work, thou, for pleasure;
Paint, or sing, or carve, the thing thou lovest
tho' the body starve;
He who works for glory, misses oft the goal;
He who works for money, coins his very soul;
Work for the work's sake, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee."

The project for a pageant and for the preservation of our memorials here must have a leader with the spirit of a McGroarty. And this leader must have the definite backing of the great Methodist church. This combination would bring the backing of the Congregational church, the Baptist church, the Catholic church and the other churches that were active in our early pioneer development; and it would enlist the aid of Salem people and of people all over this coast, and throughout the United States, and in all the civilized countries of the world, and on the mission fields; members of those churches, and men and women of other churches and of no church affiliations.

But there must in the beginning be some man or some woman worthy and capable, and he or she must have the definite support of some great organization known to be likely to endure throughout the years.

BUSINESS GETTING BETTER

There is no mistake now that business is improving. Everything indicates it. There are activities where there used to be sluggishness. The loading of cars is around the million mark each week. The figures are interesting because they represent normal, solid prosperity in contrast with the under-healthy stimulus of war business.

At last, after many years our adjustments have been made and our industrial foundations are sound. In July this year loadings took an upward turn with 910,000 cars for the week ended July 12; 920,000 for the week ended July 26; 945,000 for the week ended August 2, and 942,000 for the week ended August 9. Authorities now expect that car loadings will steadily approach the million mark, reaching it probably early in September.

As there is no more dependable indicant of general industrial and business conditions than the volume of car loadings, these gains show that the tide of prosperity is running in this country approximately as full as it ran during the unprecedented flood tide of 1923.

RECALLING JULES VERNE

The previous generation was thrilled as well as astonished at the imagination displayed by Jules Verne, a French writer. He had one book called "Two Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." People were loath to read it because it was so preposterous, yet we have had submarines for several years, doing precisely the things Jules Verne outlined. Then he made a trip around the world in 80 days. People were thrilled with it. They never thought it would be possible to make it practical. The world fliers are just completing this, and while they have been many days on their journey the flying time has been only a few days. Jules Verne with his submarines and his slow way of circum-navigating the globe are old fashioned and out of date. We must have some new literature to make a thrill in that line.

RUN AWAY MARS

Mars has always been regarded as masculine—the embodiment of strength and power. Possibly that is true, yet certainly it hasn't been running true to form; rather has Mars displayed feminine qualities recently, modestly retiring when she became the center of attraction. Just when we were all looking at Mars and trying to get a line on it we find it disappearing—fading away into almost nothing. It is a great pity because we were beginning to establish relations with Mars and to have a whaling good time speculating on things that could not be proved or disproved.

THE ONE ISSUE

The republican party has cleaned house. Every man who was charged with being derelict in office was indicted or driven out of public life. That cannot be made an issue. There is just one issue in this campaign and that is economy, retrenchment. Is it supposable that John W. Davis, an aristocrat, should inaugurate and practice economy. He lives in the most exclusive residential district around New York. Who could give the country a more economical government than Calvin Coolidge, who has always lived in a rented house and a few days over a year ago was debating seriously whether or not he could buy a flivver. Davis knows nothing of the burdens of common people. Coolidge has always been poor, has never lost his touch for the people, with economy always an issue in his home. Unquestionably Coolidge is the man for the great masses of the people to trust.

TO RETRENCH

France has at last decided to use some business sense. When the war was ended France was drunk with power. It thought it would never have to work any more; it expected Germany to support the government for the balance of its life. After months France settled down to work. After still more months France has decided to retrench in public expenses.

They have maintained an army of over 700,000. They subsidized Poland, but they did not pay the interest on their public debt. If France gets down to business and uses any economical sense it will get on its feet in a few years.

LOOKS LIKE MURDER

We are sorry that Governor Pierce lifted the quarantine on deer hunting. The effects of the rain are over, the forests are dry, but the worst feature is that the deer are congregating around the drinking holes. It is not sportsmanship to kill them. It is slaughter. A man cannot help but kill them the way they are congregated. We wish there was some way for Governor Pierce to reissue his proclamation and protect these deer.

ANOTHER DISGRACE

The Wineberg case is simply one more case added to the scandal in prohibition enforcement in Oregon. This venturer came out here without credentials, overpersuaded the Oregon officials and got away with $8,000 of our money. There is no telling how much tribute he levied on the liquor interests. It appears now that he is a crook without character, who would stop at nothing. Some of these days there will be a reckoning of this law enforcement. You cannot enforce a law by putting characterless men in important places.

EXIT ANOTHER

The scientific world is becoming bold now and is proclaiming that the Japanese current, which we have cherished so long, is a myth. They declare that this supposed current is simply the regular course of the water and that there is no such thing as a Japanese current. We are un-learning a lot of things that we took great pains to learn, but it is all right if we are finally to get at the truth.

SCORE ONE

There has been a consolidation of an Oregon firm and a California firm. Unusual as it appears, the headquarters of the combined firms will be in Portland, Oregon. California has over-played its hand in demanding that Oregon be a commercial tributary to that state. But the reaction has not been as pronounced as circumstances warrant.

OUT OF THE WAY-PLACES

It is good to open up the forests. It is good to make resorts, but we must not forget that out-of-the-way-places are a great joy to tired men. One reason why hunting is so popular is because it takes men back to the primeval. They get off the beaten paths and travel where man seldom travels.

MAN OF 65 WINS

DAYTON, Ohio, Aug. 29.—H. C. Deck, an unpretentious little carpenter of Plymouth, Ohio, won the grand American handicap trophy at the ATA traps at Vandalia this afternoon. He is 65 years of age, the oldest man ever known to win the diamond trophy.

The Fun Shop

BY MARION FRANKLIN JENNINGS

BOOGER BOOS

By Daisy Baker Hay

One't when I wuz a little boy,
An' useter run away
When my ma wuz busy,
An' sent me out to play,
She always told me to be good,
An' min' what I'z about,
Or else a BOOGER BOO might come
An' cut my eye-balls out!

It useter keep me scared to death,
An' always mindin' ma,
An' kep' me bringin' in the wood,
An' doin' chores for pa,
'Cause every time my thoughts wuz bad,
I never had a doubt,
But that the BOOGER-BOOS might come
An' cut my eye-balls out.

I heered my pa, the other night,
When I'z behind the door,
Say he wuz skeered as anything,
An' likewise mighty sore,
That queer things wuz a-happenin'
In this country round about,
That BOGUS BOOZE had just about
Cut his High-Balls out!

In Good Shape

Income Tax Collector (to theatre owner): "I believe your statement, but I MUST see your figures."

Theatre Owner: "Then you should have gone to the dressing rooms—not to the box-office."

—Mrs. Bernard Hahn

A Probable Exception

"A scientist says, here in the paper," remarked Mrs. Fumblegate, in the midst of her reading, "that in five years more we'll all be flying."

"Maybe some folks will be, but not my hired man," responded Farmer Fumblegate. "He'll do well to crawl, let alone fly."

Etiquette For Eaters

Folks at table are not lonely
Park your legs on your side only.

* * *

One's appetite one loses—
One's heart-beats start to miss
When someone near one uses
His knife for emphasis.

* * *

Some table cut-ups are alright,
If they are clever and polite;
But I am apt to get the fits
When someone cuts his meat in bits.

—Edmund J. Kiefer

You Never Can Tell

Man: "Now I don't know much about you flappers, but when I was your age—"

Flapper: "You were never my age. I'm fifty-seven, and a grandmother!"

—Ralph Roberts

Air Mail Aviator (to pilot): "Slow down over there, Jim. My girl lives on that farm, and I want to drop her a line."

The one piece bathing suit the girls are wearing may have no hooks, but they certainly don't lack for eyes!

The Fun Shop Hall of Fame

We nominate for The Hall of Fame Mrs. Rosalio Barker because she has attended thirty-five wedding receptions in her life, and never once has she lifted up a piece of silver to see how heavy it was.

* * *

John Martin Cowley because though he has been an after-dinner speaker for eighteen years he has never once begun his speech by remarking that the previous has reminded him of the story of the two Irishmen.

* * *

Walter Torrey because when, on June 28, 1924, his wife departed for the country, he remembered to see that all the electric lights were turned off, the telephone discontinued, the milkman notified to stop bringing milk, the windows all locked, the iceman ordered to bring no more ice, the cereals and other perishable food taken over to "mother's," and the neighbor's children bribed not to mark up the fence during the summer.

A Matter of Degrees

A friend was congratulating Farmer Diggs upon his son's graduation from college.

"So Frank has come out a Ph. D., has he?"

"Mebbe so," replied the fond parent, "but, ye know, things sometimes gets turned around. Seems to me like he's come out a D-Ph."

—Alice A. Smith

The meaning of S. O. S. on an excursion boat: SAVE OUR SEATS.

Along Came Ruth!

"What will my little Ruthie do when Grandma is very old and is taken away by the angels?"

"I won't let the angels take you, granny," replied the five-year old Ruth. "I'll tell Dad to have you stuffed."

The Gabber

"Half of the pleasure of a vacation is in telling about it afterwards," said Tarkington, who had just got back from a jaunt.

"H'm!" returned J. F. Gloom, "you appear to be a regular glutton for fun."

The Jingle-Jangle Counter

Youth is bound to have its fling;
Shutters have a wicked swing.
—Elsie Furness.

* * *

Ships their harbors try to win;
Fighters spar and sail right in.
—Gertrude Heller.

* * *

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
My summer suit is all worn out,
And winter isn't here!
—Neil Nelson.

* * *

Worries hurt and vex and harry;
Moving vans have loads to carry.
—Doris Kremer.

* * *

Into the grinder fell our pup;
You never sausage cutting up.
—Fred Cruse.

Rings of Smoke

Anna: "What sort of a smoker is Kate?"

Belle: "Sot so good. I can smoke rings around her."

—Harold Judell.

It Doesn't Pay

Helen: "Do you believe in marrying for money?"

Jane: "No—It's bad business."

—Norma Talmadge.

The Editor's Gossip Shop

We have had some letters asking why we run contributions from certain contributors more than once.

We are not concerned with the contributor as much as with his contribution, and, if the contributor can "hit the nail on the head" six days a week, he can "make" this department six days a week.

The same applies to you. We shall be only too glad—and we speak most sincerely—to accept as much of your material as possible if what you send in is the type we can use.

Do your fun-shopping early

NEW CORPORATIONS

The following articles of incorporation were filed yesterday:

Natwick, Inc., Medford; incorporators, Orbie Natwick, Isabel Neff, Porter J. Neff, Thomas Swem; capital, $5,000; merchandise.

Silver Blue Fox Farm, Inc., Jennings Lodge; incorporators, G. W. Permele, George A. Klinski, D. S. Parmele; capital, $10,000.

Wite-Lite Sales corporation of Portland; incorporators, Lewis J. Bronaugh, George E. Pendergass, Alice Agler; capital, $5,000.

Morris Plan company, Inc., of Portland; incorporators, N. A. Nielsen, M. Gotthardt, M. C. Rubin; capital, $50,000.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 255

WHAT THE ACCIDENTAL GUESTS DEMANDED AND COMMANDED.

Just what game was Harry Underwood playing? This was the question that said itself over and over in my brain as, with my supporting hand upon the arm of the young girl I had just brought into the house from the automobile wreck, I followed Lillian up the stairs to her room.

Rarely, I reflected, could one find a more bizarre situation than this, with Lillian and this girl both ignorant of the fact that the elder woman's recreant husband and the object of the younger woman's romantic adoration were the same person. And it devolved upon me to keep them both in ignorance. So I postponed my reflections upon the character of Harry Underwood's schemes until I had decided how best to preserve his assumed identity.

"She Can't Rest Here"

With the opening of Lillian's door, however, I found myself plunged into a maelstrom of excited talk, as their father and mother greeted their daughter. This effectually banished all introspection and retrospection, and made me come perilously near to losing my temper in childish, futile fashion.

"Are you sure you're all right, Helen?" the mother demanded. "Why! You're letting her stand alone by herself!"

She turned on me as accusingly as if I had been a paid attendant, derelict in duty. I made her no answer, but turned to help Lillian move an army cot made soft and comfortable with gayly-colored blankets and pillows to a position near the bed where the captious mother was reclining.

"If your daughter wishes to lie down," Lillian said, "she may rest here."

"Is there no bed," the man demanded pompously, "where she can be comfortable?"

"Where is Junior?" I turned to Lillian.

"In Mother Graham's room," she replied. "I turned Marion and Junior over to her."

"Then," I turned to the man, "your daughter may come into my room if she wishes."

"That is more like it," he retorted. "And, we must have a doctor at once. No one knows what injuries any of us may have sustained. Please telephone the nearest physician, as well as Dr. X. from Southampton. Then we will have some attention right away."

"Oh! if I could only see Dr. Y," the woman sighed, and her husband responded promptly.

"Why, you shall! Just telephone New York while you're about it. Here! I'll give you the address and the money."

"There is no telephone in the house," I said frigidly, for my nerves were getting frayed by the man's impertinence.

A Way Out

"No telephone! No telephone!" he repeated with an air of having discovered me in the unpardonable sin. "Well! you will have to go after the nearest doctor, and telephone the others on your way. How about the car? Will it start, or can that taxi man get his flivver started?"

"I do not think either car is usable just now," I returned.

His irritation exploded into an oath for which he made no apology.

"But you must have some kind of a car here," he said. "All farmers have generally. You certainly can go to the nearest telephone in it. Look here, my dear woman"—he evidently misinterpreted the amazed look I game him—"we expect to pay, and pay well, for any service you may give us. So please hurry up that doctor call, and see that my wife and daughter have some tea or—"

"Look here, my dear man," I interrupted him briskly, imitating as nearly as I could his pompous tone and manner. "You are making a slight mistake. There is no service to be obtained in this house for payment. You have been thrown upon our hospitality by accident, and we will try to make you as comfortable as possible until you can get away. But you will kindly change your tone and your manner while you are here."

"But," he stammered, "I—I can't accept anything without paying you for it—"

"Then you will kindly remove yourself and your family from the house at once," I said brusquely, "but I shall very gladly take care of them if they are willing to accept our hospitality."

"Oh, Dad! Don't be an anointed idiot just because you were born that way!" his daughter demanded from the cot where she had thrown herself. "Can't you tell the real thing when you see it? I'm awfully much obliged to you, Mrs. Graham, for my part, and I'll be mighty glad to rest here a bit. I don't need any other bed than this. It's awfully comfortable. And—if you go for a doctor, don't you think you ought to take Don Ramon with you? The once-over from a pill-singer wouldn't do him a little bit of hurt."

Despite her crudeness I could have hugged her for the way out that her solicitous thought for "Don Ramon" had given me.

(To be continued)

FUTURE DATES

August 28-31—Pacific German annual conference. Center Street Methodist church.
September 3, Wednesday, Labor day.
September 12, Friday—National Defense day.
September 15, Monday, Willamette university opens.
September 22-27, Oregon State fair.
September 17, Wednesday—Constitution day.
September 29, Monday—Salem public schools start.
November 11, Tuesday—Armistice day.