

Staunch Life Drama Takes Place With Eventful Satire and Lucid Whimsey

James Stephens, Ring W. Lardner and Rose Wilder Lane are Authors Whose Work Is Chosen for Review

By AUDREY BUNCH

"HE WAS A MAN"—By Rose Wilder Lane. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. Price \$2.50 net.

A biographical adventure, the tedious and eventful growth of a man, is not an easy form of literature to endow with virility and reverberating life, to organize into a dramatic plot, and to interline with the hungers, the cries and, in the end, the unmistakable humanity of all those who live.

"He Was a Man" is a novel engrossingly told. It is a novel that seems more "old" than written. Every page of it seems told directly from the lives of the characters without any transforming medium. This is due to the experience of the author, who is straight-forwardly a journalist before a fictionist. She knew her subject, and she has made her readers know it. Like the most fluent novel this epochal book reads, and like an epic of stark grandeur it stands. One guesses readily the man for whom the name Gordon Black is, only an author's nom de plume, this man who was born in San Francisco on a rainy night who knew newspapers and news reporting and seas and sea-faring, and from the little like with the ill-fitting coat became a figure of whom the entire continent became proud, mourning his untimely death at the age of only 40. Gordon Black is not the only character who stands out. At the turning of the last page one realizes he has been dealing with human beings glossed only with their own ambitions, their own undertakings, their own undying dreams.

"IN THE LAND OF YOUTH"—By James Stephens. Published by the Stackpole Company, New York. Price \$2.50 net.

The Irish poet, James Stephens, with a touch incredibly magical, has written "In the Land of Youth" to restore light to the eyes and a matchless touch to the fingers. Fabulous in spirit, without being fantastic, the pages have an entrancing reality that makes one forget it is the unsubstantial land of Faery with which they deal. The young reader will see in it at once a progression of adventure now stark and frightful, now appealingly beautiful. His elder will see his dearest dreams typified and idealized and endowed with the irresistible flesh. And withal it is a fairy tale. There are many paragraphs as savorous as the sweet forest nuts that have been stewed in honey. There is the king with a beard like foaming gold. There is Maere. And there is Neva, the intrepid, the daring, and the valourous. And after "The Feast of Samhain" the book opens at part two, and with the Feast of Lugnasa a thousand sentences become wisdom. James Stephens is like a mountain spring that way—his paragraphs couldn't run tank if he wanted them to. Stephens writes with the clean gleam of the costly gem, and never with the glitter of the imitation. "In the Land of Youth" is done in the same cherished style as that in which he did immortal "Delirium."

"WHAT OF IT?"—By Ring W. Lardner. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1.75 net.

Ring W. Lardner has evolved a volume that is inconceivably instructive. One doesn't expect to be so informed and so side-splittingly entertained at the same time. But Lardner does it. He does it so faithfully that the reader can't let his suspicions be aroused in regard to any motive beyond that of brightly tomfoolery. And in the end, the sheer jollity of Lardner's vernacular is far better than any "sugar-coating." He analyzes, scrutinizes, paraphrases and reconstructs. And what he wants to say he says. He says it in such a fashion that even those whom "the shoe pinches" are still constrained to dash up and shake hands with him in no small admiration. "That's all the

ing-goods store, when Wife asked us to bring home two pounds of steak last night? The questions are asked by the Oregon State Board of Health, and also answered.

Change is a wonderful thing. It's natural to develop a craving for surroundings and life that we miss in our daily routine. The yearning of the lonely prospector for a good blow-out in the biggest place nearby is no stronger than the desire of the city dweller for a spell of "back to nature." Both these feelings are perfectly normal, and on the way that we go about fulfilling these wants of ours for a change depends the success or failure of our vacation.

Change is the first essential to a vacation. For a real rest, we must leave our usual haunts and occupations and find new ones. Rest is not an entire lack of occupation, but indulging in pursuits which are strange to us in our ordinary life. The lonesome worker in the open wants gaiety and social diversion; the worried office worker needs physical exercise and enough mental exertion to keep his mind off his problems.

The greatest danger in taking vacations is that of overdoing. We are supposed to return to work rested, refreshed and ready for another period of our daily work. Instead we often come back home to recuperate from our vacation. It is very easy to get carried away by the joy of the unusual outdoor life, or by the attractions of the social swirl, and to attempt feats that would have taxed our powers when we were much younger and in better condition to stand the strain. We must pick the place which will give us the sort of relaxation we need, and then we must take it in the proper doses.

The best plan is not to confine the vacation to one lump, once a year. A longer vacation at that time is very useful, but it is much better to get entirely away from our work oftener—once a week, say though it be for only a few hours. When we do that, we are not apt to overdo things; we spread our enjoyment over a longer period and get the good effects of vacation permanently. This need not rule out the usual holiday—but let us plan definitely to leave our routine behind us for one day a week, or half a day, all through the year. Then let us seriously organize the time so that it will be a true vacation in every sense of the word—as far removed from business as possible, and giving us what we do not get the rest of the week. This will be the very best kind of a holiday for us.

JUST FOLKS

It is small but exceedingly homey this cottage on the outskirts of town, which I have passed almost daily during the past four years. Down in town you would have passed it by possibly, with only a mental note. But here it stands out in a setting for the most part, of disordered wreckage.

First, I wonder why the location was selected. No answer. Or can it be that these young people had in their dream only the little nest they were to build, regardless of the setting. Or, did they propose to show by contrast, that home is not merely a house.

Regardless of these conjectures, they built a house, then little by little the home developed. The house was painted in subdued, harmonious colors; a porch in front with some lattice work in green, a row of roses along front and side; a few shrubs and annuals, placed with rare art, adorn the front.

The rear of the small lot is enclosed with a neat fence of wire netting. Several varieties of berries are growing in neatly kept rows; a small house where a few hens are kept.

As time passed and, perhaps, resources increased, a small garage was erected, in which was installed a car; not a high priced one either. I never saw it look other than well kept.

Just a short time ago, poles were raised and wires connected, clearly indicating the installation of a radio set.

But what of the people who have accomplished this? I know very little. Their name even, is unknown to me. There is reason to believe the young man works down town, possibly at the saw mill. Some three years ago he must have been in an accident. For a long time he was about with a bandaged arm. Often I saw him walking among his berry vines, doing what he could with one hand. He seemed ill at ease, no doubt with the thought that one so strong should be thus disabled.

The wife is the soul of neatness and the fitness of things. Whether about her household duties, or at work with flowers, or what not, she is always the same. Also, there is the little, fairylike girl of five or six years, usually in blue, always immaculate. So reserved is she that rarely have I received a shy wave of the hand in recognition of my own.

Why all of this about three people and a house? Isn't it the common rule of life? Is it?

I have meditated and attempted to moralize. Is it?

(This home is in Salem, Ore.)
Signed, A. SNOOPER.

SUNDAY VACATIONS

Why are vacations, anyway? Why do we break into the ordered routine of a perfectly cheerful and useful life, and go wandering off into the various ends of the world in search of whatever it is we are looking for? What makes us shift restlessly on our office chairs when the balmy breezes of early summer begin to ruffle the papers on our desks? And why did we catch ourselves wandering absent mindedly into a sport-

The fading of the polar caps with the advance of the warm seasons and subsequent darkening of the areas presumed by some to be tilled regions, afford the strongest argument for those contending the planet is inhabited, he explained. The regularity of the "canals," he added, is evidence in favor of their artificial origin.

FOREIGNERS LISTEN IN PEKING PALACE TO THE LIVING BUDDHA

PEKING.—Nearly 1,000 foreigners and Chinese gathered in the inner court of the Ying Tai palace in Peking on the afternoon of Easter Sunday to witness a reception offered to the Panchan Lama by the united religious bo-

dies of China. The Ying Tai palace, which was the scene of the imprisonment and death of the Emperor Kuang Hsu, and later the prison of the ex-president Tsao Kun, is now the home of the Panchan Lama, the Living Buddha and spiritual ruler of Tibet, who has been for some weeks the guest of the Chinese government.

The spectators were grouped around a raised platform at the head of which stood a chair draped in yellow silk and in which, a few minutes after the appointed hour, the Living Buddha took his seat. This was the signal for the Lama monks who occupied places on the platform to begin a Buddhist chant, the deep, organ-like tones of which were heard to great advantage in the open air.

Dr. Gilbert Reid, organizer of

the reception, made a short address of welcome in which he emphasized the universal nature of the meeting, in which all Chinese sects and representatives of the missionary bodies and the Russian Orthodox church were taking part. He expressed the hope that this might be the first of many such meetings which would enable the churches to unite in their effort to attain the object which all had in view, namely the betterment of the world.

A copy of this speech, in Tibetan, was then handed to the Panchan Lama, who spoke briefly in reply. He expressed approval of the ideals which had brought this meeting together and in a short resume of the main principles of Buddhism, pointed out how compatible its tenets were present Earl of Lanesborough,

with those of all other accepted faiths. Translations of his words in Chinese, English and Mongolian were read after which the choir of the Peking Choral Society sang a selection from Stainer's "Crucifixion."

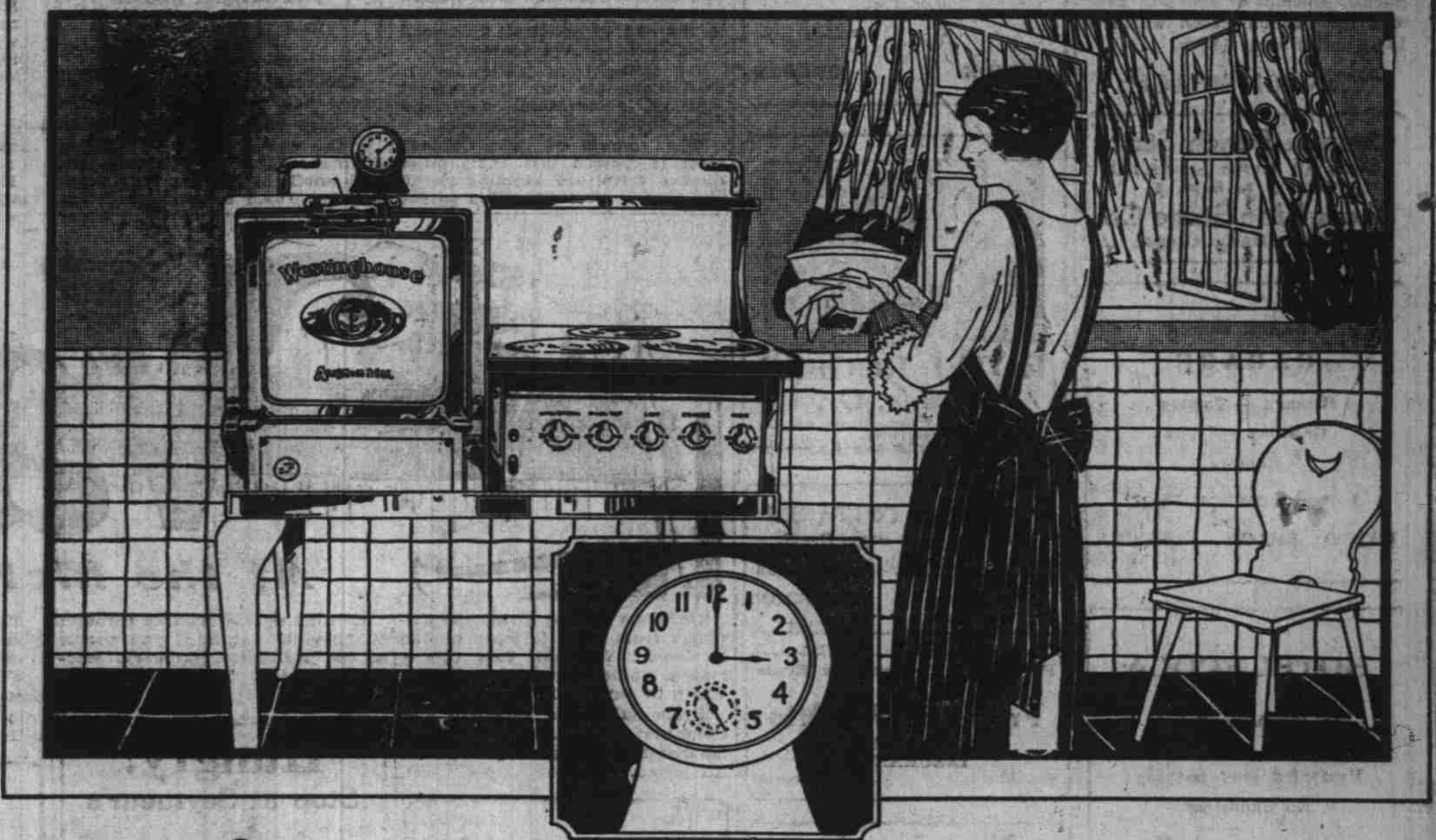
Eleventh Century Coffins In Restoration of Church

LEICESTER, Eng., June 2.—During restoration work recently on Swithland Church, Leicestershire, which dates back to Saxon times, three of the eleventh century windows were uncovered. Under the floor were found two coffins of children of the Danvers Butler family, ancestors of the present Earl of Lanesborough, whose county seat is at Swithland Hall.

An interesting connection with Swithland also is the tombstone of Sir Joseph Danvers who died nearly 200 years ago. It is said to be the only instance in England where half the grave is in a churchyard and half in unconsecrated ground. Sir Joseph had instructed his son to bury him in this fashion, so that when the last trumpet was sounded he should be able to arise on the Judgment Day upon his own land.

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