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BUSINESS OFFICE:
 Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 141-145 West 56th St., Chicago, Marquette Bldg.
 Portland Office, 330 Worcester Bldg., Phone 6041 Broadway, Albert Byers, Mgr.

TELEPHONE:
 Business Office, 33 or 535
 News Department, 33-108
 Job Department, 333

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THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT:—Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it. Exodus 20:8-11.

NINETY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

In 1828, the school board of Lancaster, Ohio, adopted a resolution permitting a society of civil engineers to use the public schoolhouse. That resolution contained the following paragraph:

"You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in. But such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossible and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. It is a device of Satan to carry the souls of the faithful down to hell."

Let some one rise to point out that the reference to telegraphs is absurd because Morse had not yet invented it, it is recalled that methods of signaling by means other than his had been in use under that name for years before he perfected the electric telegraph.

Men of small minds have ever been ready to detect in material discoveries threats to their spiritual beliefs—

Everybody is familiar with the witch burning history made in New England. Scientists and inventors have been jailed for declaring newly discovered truths.

It would be worth while to attempt to imagine the mental state of the two-four men who passed the resolution referred to above, could they come back and experience the railroad and the telegraph of the present, not to mention telephones, electric lights, flying machines, radios and all the thousand and one things now a part of every day life, but deemed impossibilities or undreamed of ninety-seven years ago—or, some of them, twenty and less years ago.

It takes a brave man—in view of the kaleidoscopic changes that are all the time taking place—to denounce, as impossible, something that has been made known by an investigator. Either that or one who is densely ignorant—

For what seems truth today may be proved a mistaken notion tomorrow. Take the "science" of chemistry for example. The first chemists ("philosophers") believed all the elements of the world were four: earth, air, fire and water. The next chemists (alchemists) thought there were only seven metals; gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, tin, iron and lead. Modern chemists have been discovering new "elements," until, up to a short time ago, 83 were listed—but the brilliant minds in that sphere are on the trail of several more—

When along comes Madame Curie and discovers radium, and puts doubt into the minds of thinkers as to what is elemental; for radium is the heir of five metals and the parent of eight; and it gives off light, heat and power and finally reduces itself to lead.

Now the leading thinkers among the chemists, the revealers of nature's secrets, believe all matter may be reduced to one element—that only one is elemental—

For Madame Curie's discovery gave a key to the fact that there is no matter without force; no force without matter. And they have chased the elements back to two, the helium inert gas that goes into balloons, and the hydrogen molecule—

And they expect to chase these two into one. Fred Smith, international lecturer for the Y. M. C. A., who visited Salem several times, used to say that while he as a youth doubted most things, he had in his mature years come to the point where he would believe almost anything; so wonderful had been the discoveries of science in his time and so vast the possibilities of further discoveries.

What will the people a hundred years hence think of the trial in Tennessee in 1925, or of a man accused of impiety for teaching that physical evolution is a fact?

OREGON A LEADER

Oregon with less than a million inhabitants and covering a tremendous expanse of territory over many isolated counties has the fine distinction of fifth place among the forty-eight states of the Union in providing county library service for its citizens.

Eleven of the thirty-odd counties of the state are now rendering this type of service. They are Deschutes, Hood River, Josephine, Jackson, Klamath, Malheur, Multnomah, Polk, Union, Umatilla and Wasco.

The county library is an educational problem of first importance in this state owing to so many sparsely populated counties whose citizens cannot draw on large city libraries for reading matter of greatest value to them. The state library belongs to all the people of the state. It is exceptionally fortunate in having a librarian and assistants efficient and sincere in their desire to serve through the county organization residents of the entire state. The deepest regrets expressed at the state institution are that citizens do not make larger, more general use of the great state library and that there are only eleven out of the thirty-five counties of the state having local libraries. The state library distributes traveling branch libraries throughout the state; operates a mail order department for the county libraries and aids them in other ways.

The support of the county libraries is by a small tax of

from one to three-tenths of a mill on assessed valuation which is the average city library tax in Oregon.

When the chief benefits of the county library are noted the wonder is that there are any counties willing to do without this civic, social, educational privilege. It means for the community: Equal book privileges to farm and city homes; books for the whole family—books that will help with the work, story books for the children, books about happenings in the world and books just for fun. It means a librarian in the county, who can select just the book the reader wants and a collection of books for every farm home. To the small town or community club this library means a constantly changing book supply, the privilege of borrowing any new book from the central library, and a library run without soliciting funds.

To the schools of the county this library furnishes a suitable collection of books for each room, an interchangeable list of books, helps for the teacher, and will attend to the binding and mending of the books. Autos, parcels post and stages now make distribution to every farm house possible.

The county library supplies a real need. It means, wherever in operation, the finest privilege of recreation, education, and increases the attractiveness of the community. It helps do away with the isolation of farm life and should find a welcome in EVERY county of Oregon.

THE "OREGON"

The battleship "Oregon" is now at home. Her return was heralded with enthusiasm. Her mission as a fighting craft is ended after a career of brilliant and effective service in behalf of humanity.

While on duty she represented Oregon magnificently. Her record has no parallel in naval achievements. She has come home to those who love her, a precious gift from the nation to this state.

And while she rides at anchor in the beautiful Willamette, within site of old Mount Hood—in majesty and in the love of Oregonians, her counterpart—she will recall to the memory of the multitudes who visit her a history of genuine service and will stimulate exalted patriotism.

ADVERTISING PROOF

Here is an illustration of the effect of advertising. On bargain day a memo written on a small piece of ordinary note paper was lost on the sidewalk here and found. The finder glanced through it to determine the writer in order to effect its return.

Among other articles listed as intended purchases at the stores which had advertised especially for the bargain day event were: Shoes, sweater, silk goods, dress, stockings—five articles to be purchased from four different stores whose ads had been read. Who says it doesn't pay to advertise?

When Prince Edward put a wreath on Oom Paul Krueger's grave, the other day, he didn't say one word about "the self-determination of peoples."

Did You Ever Stop To Think?

By E. R. Waite, Secretary
 Shawnee, Okla., Board of Commerce

That what most business concerns wish for most is for more frequent visits from their customers. It takes frequent visitors to build better business.

That the way to get frequent visits is to advertise goods and service that gives perfect satisfaction.

That modern concerns who are persistent advertisers are usually the ones who sell the best in quality, the kind that gives more and better service.

That well advertised quality is the kind that looks and acts the part. They radiate better service.

That wise business concerns never cut down advertising to cut down expenses. They increase advertising to increase business.

That winners in the race for business keep ahead by going after business aggressively all the time; they never take any resting periods; no business can stop advertising and prosper.

That there is desirable business and lots of it everywhere for those concerns who go after it and stay after it.

That the selling of merchandise or service is best done by an organized combination of quality, service and advertising.

Advertising makes it easier to do a volume business. The driving force of advertising drives business in.

Persistent, truthful advertising will always give a business a favorable introduction to the best class of trade.

(Copyright 1925)

BILLY'S UNCLE



DOROTHY DARNIT



MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service

CHAPTER F51

IS THERE SOMETHING REALLY SERIOUS TROUBLING LELLA?

As Alfred Durkee and I entered the living-room where Her Flatness and Lella were sitting over the fast-dying fire, the eyes of the elder woman flitted from my face to her son's. Mirrored in them was a question: "Did you tell him?" I answered the anxious unspoken query by crossing swiftly to her, and bending over her with a kiss.

"He knows all about it," I whispered, "and I'm going to take Lella upstairs so you two can have a good talk."

A grateful, tremulous smile was her only answer. I saw that her speech for the moment was beyond her, and turned to Lella with a pretended yawn.

"Please forgive me, dear," I pleaded speciously, "but I am terribly tired. May I go to bed?" "Of course," she rose as promptly as her tender ankle would permit and slipped her arm through mine. "I'll go right upstairs with you and see that you're settled. Good-night, Mother dear. Don't forget to lock up, Alf."

She smiled tenderly at her mother-in-law and little Mrs. Durkee called an affectionate good-night after her as we left the room. Taking care not to turn the ankle which had given us all so much trouble, Lella led the way to the room which Mrs. Durkee had given me, and when she had reached there, looked at me wistfully.

THE BEST OF ADVICE

BY CLARY KINNAIR

POVERTY AND RICHES
 To us riches and poverty are of great matter. But those we look upon as savages, viewing us always tolling, our brows wrinkled with care, afraid of heat and cold, do not see that we have any advantage of them.

And riches and poverty, after all, are a thick or thin costume; and our life—the life of all of us—identical.

For we transcend the circumstances continually and taste the real quality of existence; as in our employments, which only differ in the manipulations but express the same laws; or in our thoughts, which wear no silks and taste no ice-creams.

In a crowded life of many parts and performers, on a stage of nations, or in the obscurest hamlet in Maine or California, the same elements offer the same choices to each newcomer, and, according to his election, he fixes his fortune in absolute nature.

All this was in Emerson's mind when he wrote: "There is no chance and no

Lella Has a "Good Cry."

"You are tired, aren't you?" she said, and the words with the expression of her eyes were an unconscious confession of the disappointment which was hers at not having an opportunity to talk to me.

"That's where you're mistaken," I said with purposely assumed gaiety. "I must confess to having prevaricated grossly to our dear ones downstairs. The truth is that I wanted a good quiet pow with you, and managed accordingly."

"You dear!" she breathed, her eyes widening, and then, without further warning, her slender hands went up to her face, and she burst into a storm of sobs and tears.

I quickly crossed to the door behind us and turned the key. Then I went back to her, and swept the slender, shaking figure into my arms, pressing one of my handkerchiefs into her hands.

"What you need," I announced with decision, and a direct plagiarism of Lillian's words to me upon two or three occasions, "is a good cry. So take it while you have the chance, and then we'll talk."

"Tell Me All About It."

There was no answer save the sobs that shook her, but she clung

DINNER STORIES

"I beg your pardon," said the hotel clerk, "but what is your name?"

"Name?" echoed the indignant guest who had just signed the register. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

A Scot went to England on the chance of picking up a job, and in the course of his peregrinations called at some factory and interviewed the man in charge. After quite a satisfactory talk the latter inquired if his visitor was a Scot.

"Ay, and I am," was the proud reply. "An, then I am sorry I cannot take you on."

"Michtie me! Why?" demanded the Scot indignantly. "Well, you see, some years ago the manager engaged a Scot and within a year he got the manager's place."

"Then all I can say," came the disappointed rejoinder, "I wish the Scot was here yet."

"He is here; I'm him."

Mrs. Humphreys was engaging a new cook. She was always very particular about any servant she took into her house and, in spite of the shortage, she insisted on highly satisfactory references.

"Have you any references?" she inquired of one applicant who seemed more or less suitable. "Yes, ma'am," answered the applicant brightly. "I've got a lot of 'em." "Then why didn't you bring them with you?" asked the prospective mistress. "They're just like photographs, ma'am," was the reply "none of 'em do me justice."

Two men sat on a pier fishing. One had a bite, and in the ex-

anarchy in the universe. "All is system and gradation. Every god is there sitting in his sphere."

"The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament there he is alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snow-storms of illusions."

"He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that and whose movements and doings he must obey; he fancies himself poor, orphaned and insignificant."

"The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that."

"What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself?"

"Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distrust him."

"And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods sitting still around him on their thrones,—they alone with him alone."

Read this quotation again to get its full significance.

THREE DEAD IN FIGHT
TWO DECLARED KILLED BY ASSAILANT WHO SUICIDES

HOQUIAM, Wash., July 4.—Three men are said to have died in a shooting affair at Copalis Beach, about 18 miles northwest of here, about 6 o'clock tonight

according to telephone information received from the Frita Metha tourist camp at Copalis. James Walters, Yakima paper hanger, is said to have shot and killed Jack Casey and Carl Casey, brothers, engaged in the automobile repair business at Elma, and then committed suicide.

"Pats?"

"And what is the opposite of 'woe'?"

"Giddap."

"Are you very bad, Jim?" said Mrs. Dempsey.

"No," said he. "It's the doctor I'm thinkin' of. What a bill it's goin' to be, to be sure."

"Now, now, Jim," said Mrs. Dempsey, soothingly, "don't you worryin' ye poor old head about that. There's the insurance money, ain't there?"

A teacher was instructing her class in the use of antonyms. "Now children," she said, "what is the opposite of sorrow?"

"Joy," shrieked the class in unison.

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.—adv.

By Charles McManus