The Oregon Statesman

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REVERENCE—"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God. I am the Lord." Lev. 19:12.

THOSE POOR, DYING HONEY BEES

A nice, humane, sympathetic man came to the Statesman office yesterday afternoon hunting for the honey bee nut of the force, to complain about the dead and dying bees in the United States National bank window—

And he wanted this paper to get after the bank officials for allowing such a tragedy to go on.

The nice man did not see the bee nut, and he did not give his name or address, so it is hoped he will read the following:

A full sized colony of Italian bees has about 100,000 bees. Their queen, in the working season, lays about 3000 eggs a day; so about that many new bees are born every 24 hours. The life of a worker (female) bee in the busy season is about six weeks; she literally works herself to death; is a working fool. So, not counting the drones (males), which do not work and live longer, some 1500 to 2000 worker bees in such a colony die each day; die of old age, if you want to put it that way.

Do you get it?

The bees in the bank window were put there, for a week's exhibit of the bee industry, by H. M. Mead, our bee king. It is only a small hive; rather, a small half a hive. It had about 6000 bees on Monday, with a pure bred Italian queen. This queen would lay about 3000 eggs a day, if she saw room for such an increase. The quarters being cramped, she has been laying about 1000 eggs a day. So about 1000 new bees a day are born in the bank show window space. And the bees that are dying of old age are comparatively few, because they are artificially fed, and are not working; only spending part of their energy trying to get through the plate glass window to go out and work. Probably not more than a tenth the number are dead or dying that would be passing or passed on out in the open, with sunshiny days and plenty of honey flowers on which to work—

And so there will be a good many more bees in the hive when it is taken away today or tomorrow or Monday than were in it when it was brought for exhibit the first day of this week.

The nice man who came to complain about those poor, dying bees ought to study bee lore. He will find it most interesting.

Every one in this fruit district should study bee lore. It should be taught in our schools—

For we must have honey bees to pollinate our fruit blossoms. Without pollination fruit growing cannot be a successful calling.

ARE YOU A PURITAN?

While the Salem, Mass., debaters are with us is a good time to mention a discussion that is going on as to what is a Puritan—

For a Puritan is generally thought of as a thin (whoever heard of a fat Puritan?), austere person who frowns on all fun and gaiety and persecutes if possible all persons who dare to disagree with him on religious matters.

But Stuart P. Sherman, one of our modern essayists, disagrees with this estimate and quotes from early documents to prove that the Puritans who helped form the early history of our own United States, were not only men of great courage, but foresighted men, embued with the average—or perhaps a trifle more than the average—amount of tolerance, and with a lively affection for family and friends—

In fact, in that respect, they were like the pioneers who laid the foundations of our own Oregon. So the two Salems hark back to people with like spirits; men of parts, the pick of the older communities from which they sprung, and their women of the same type.

And Mr. Sherman also contends that we have had Puritans in all ages and that the very first one was that faraway ancestor of ours, the anthropoid ape who first decided to walk upon his hind legs and founded the human race. Here are some of the contentions of Mr. Sherman:

"Dissatisfaction with the past, courage to break with it, a vision of a better life, readiness to accept discipline in order to attain that better life, and a serious desire to make that better life prevail—a desire reflecting at once his sturdy individualism and his clear sense for the need of social solidarity. In these respects all true Puritans, in all ages and places of the world, are alike. Everyone is dissatisfied with the past; every one has the courage to revolt; everyone has a vision; everyone has a discipline; and everyone desires his vision of the better life to prevail.

"If we have inherited, not the Puritan heirlooms, but the living Puritan tradition, we enter into the modern spirit . . . The modern spirit is, first of all, a free spirit open on all sides to the influx of truth, even from the past. But freedom is not its only characteristic. The modern spirit is marked, further, by an active curiosity, which grows by what it feeds upon, and goes ever inquiring for fresher and sounder information to be had anywhere.

"Since it seeks only the best, it is, by necessity, also a critical spirit, constantly sifting, discriminating, rejecting, and holding fast that which is good, only till that which is better is within sight.

"This endless quest requires labor, requires pain, requires a measure of courage; and so the modern spirit (the Puritan spirit) is an heroic spirit.

"As a reward for difficulties gallantly undertaken the gods bestow on the modern spirit a kind of eternal youth, with unfailing powers of recuperation and growth."

TWENTY-NINE

Clay Wales had no idea of where they would go if his mother should happen to be disagreeable about their staying there for a few days. He didn't think she would be, however. He imagined she would be rather glad to see him back. It was the first time he had been away from her so long since he was in the army. And even though at times they got along at swords' points he know that she loved him. He always won these little wars, anyway, as children usually do. And he loved her, after a filial fashion.

"I hope we won't inconvenience your mother," said Eve doubtingly as the taxicab neared the Wales bungalow.

"We won't. We won't be there but a few days, anyway."

"I wonder if ever a married couple were so unprepared to live together! You'd think we HAD to get married."

"Perhaps that is what other people do think," Clay remarked, half aloud.

Eve whirled around to look at him, flushing. He broke into a laugh.

"Clay! You don't think they DO?"

"Of course not, dear, I was just being funny."

His wife's frown did not disappear. "People MIGHT think that. We did get married in a rush. You never can tell what people are going to say."

"Ah-h! Let 'em think it if they want to. We don't care. That's as good a reason for getting married as any other, and better than the one most persons have. At least it's a reason."

Eve didn't understand what he was driving at with this remark, and did not reply. She still was worried. She knew how utterly foundationless such malicious gossip was. And there were girls like Mary Sullivan who would start just such a story.

The taxi stopped with a jerk in front of the destination. Clay thought he saw a figure get up and leave the window of the house. What if his mother locked the door on them? He was so taken up with this thought that he gave the taxi driver seventy-five cents more than he intended to. The curt thanks he got for the tip did not make him regret the mistake the less. He hated having to tip people.

The door opened as they rang. "Well!"

"Here we are, mother, dear."

"Well!"

Eve stepped forward to kiss her mother-in-law. Mrs. Wales submitted stiffly.

"We want to pile in on you for a few days, mother. Just a few days. We're going to look around today for a place to live in."

Eve regarded the elder woman apprehensively. Mrs. Wales did not respond immediately. "I guess that'll be all right. You'll have to wait though until I get the room in order. I've been using it for sewing...."

"I'll be glad to straighten it for you, Mrs. Wales. We aren't going to let you go to any trouble because of us. I hope we won't inconvenience you too much."

Mrs. Wales was not put at ease by Eve's suggestion. "No. I'd rather do it. You wouldn't know where to put things. You two just sit down; it won't take me but a minute." She bustled off upstairs.

"You see, she doesn't mind having us," Clay said, relieving himself.

Eve was not convinced. We'll have a place of our own by Monday or Tuesday....We mustn't let your mother go to any trouble to provide food for us. We can eat downtown."

"Yes."

Clay wanted to do that. His mother, to save herself work, did not observe many of the formalities which usually attend the serving of food. Usually she served her husband and son their meals in the kitchen, not bothering to lay the table in the dining-room. This practice always annoyed Clay but his offers to set the dining-table, and even carry the food in there, had no effect. "You're always trying to make more work for me," she would complain, crushingly. "Your father is satisfied to eat in the kitchen." On Sundays, however, dinner was always served in the dining-room.

Now, as Clay began to consider it, he was sorry that he had brought Eve here. His mother was not always as presentable in appearance as she happened to be this morning, and sometimes when she was not feeling well, the house got in a rather disorderly shape. He didn't want his bride to know that he had been brought up in such surroundings. He was still trying to give Eve a better impression of him than she was likely to have if she saw things as they really were. It is always so in marriage.

"Where shall we look for a place?" Eve asked suddenly. "We'll have to take a furnished apartment at firt, I suppose."

"Some real estate agency will have lots of places listed. And they'll take us around in an automobile to see them. That will be the easiest, I guess."

"Yes....But we'll have to be able to tell them how much we want to pay."

"I don't know. I don't know what house cost."

"Well, they say your rent shouldn't be more than a fourth of your income, but that seems too much to me."

"Seems to me like fifty dollars a month ought to be enough."

"I don't think so....Oh, Clay, if I work it'll be much easier for us to get along."

"I don't think you ought to work," he replied but not as forcefully as he had been saying it.

Eve patted his hand. "I'm going back to the office Monday. Now, that's settled."

Clay did not protest. If she were working, there wouldn't be any danger of her running around too much....On the other hand, there was John Ingate. But he had lass apprehensiveness on that score now..He wondered if John Ingate was still in Chicago paying court to Miss Johnstone.

"I think I'll run down to the office now for a little while," Eve spoke up, "to see how things are, and let them know I'm coming back." She rose and kissed him. "I'll be back in an hour or two."

(To be continued.)

What does John Ingate say to Eve when they are alone in his private office? Does he allow her to resume work as his secretary? See the next instalment.

Bits For Breakfast

Cheers for Salem, Oregon—

And for Salem, Mass., too—

For the team sent from the witch city to Oregon displayed wonderful ability, also good sportsmanship.

The advertising value of the debate to Salem, Oregon, was great; and its value was about doubled by the successful issue in both cities.

Some city residents think they have had enough rain for this hitch, but you hear no farmer making any complaint.

John Schlehuber, Route 9, Salem, and Archer Rice of this city own the White Elephant mining claims about two miles above the Lotz-Larson camp, on the Little North Fork of the Santiam. Mr. Schlehuber brought to the Statesman office yesterday a number of specimens of their ores. Mostly, the ores bear gold, silver, copper and zinc, with a trace of lead. They have an assay that shows, per ton, values like this: Gold, $2; silver, $2.40; zinc, 140 lbs.; copper, 120 lbs.; lead, a trace. Copper is worth about 14 cents a pound now, zinc about the same. Mr. Schlehuber has been a mining man for 40 years, in Idaho, Montana, Colorado and other states. He declares that all the Santiam region is mineralized; that it has vast hidden wealth, and that it must be developed, and he thinks this will be done soon.

The White Elephant claims have something not found elsewhere in that region, a talc, in a two foot vein, white in color, like lime, and which is really lime, but containing gold and silver concentrates; natural concentrates, made by volcanic action in ages past, putting the metals in a free state. The concentrates come out by merely panning them. The White Elephant mine is the furthest east; nearest to the summit of the Cascades—perhaps not much more than five miles as the crow flies.

Did You Ever Stop To Think?

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

C. C. Howard, publisher of the Monrovia (California) Daily News says;

That the man who is too modest to cry his wares to the public usually finds a sheriff who is not too modest to do so.

That the man who does not see any good in advertising probably does not see any good in his stock.

That the crowd follows the megaphone, and the man with the big voice at least secures attention and an opportunity to sell his wares. The crowd likes to be invited into your store and likes to hear you tell of the merit of your merchandise.

That the general public believes what it reads until it has learned to discredit the author, and the way to keep that credit is to tell the truth and tell it often.

That drops of advertising ink will wear away the stoniest opposition or indifference.

That nobody ever learned the multiplication table by reading it once, and no one will remember the many good things you have to say about your goods if you say it but once.

That no store is big enough to neglect the public, and if it deos it will not be long until the public will neglect the store.

That constant repetition carries conviction.

That a statesman would not make progress if he were satisfied to state his position once in a campaign.

That a minister would not build up a church by one sermon a year.

Tha a merchant will not be long remembered who satisfied himself with an announcement of his opening and then quits.

That the soul of success is repetition in advertising.

That commercial prominence cannot be maintained or sustained without carrying the message of your service to the public often.

Advertising pays big dividends—no advertising leads to bankruptcy.

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DINNER STORIES

The young man, who was notorious for the reckless driving of his car, was at his home in the country, when he received a telephone call, and a woman's voice

asked if he intended to go motoring that afternoon.

"No, not this afternoon," he replied. "But why do you ask? Who are you?"

"That doesn't matter," came the voice over the wire.

"It's only that I wish to send my little girl down the street on an errand."

On his arrival at San Francisco, a well-known man who was very fond of playing practical jokes sent a friend in New York a telegram with charges to collect, reading: "I am perfectly well."

The information was gratifying to him, for about a week later the joker received an express package on which he was obliged to pay $4 charges. Opening it he found a large street-paving block, upon which was pasted the following message: "This is the weight your telegram has lifted from my heart."

Two girls were discussing their future prospects and their "young men," and one said:

"Don't you just hate to have him 'talk shop'?"

"Why, no, indeed!" said the other. "I think it is too lovely for anything. You see, Charley is a conductor on a trolly car, and when he proposed and was waiting for my answer, he said, 'Be lively, there, please!' And whenever we are alone he says, 'Sit closer, please.'"

A concert had been arranged by the workers of a certain factory, and all the local "stars" were booked to appear.

Miss White, the favoriate soprano, was announced to sing, and before she began she apologized for her cold. Then she started:

"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree—e—e—ahem!

"On a willow tree—e—e oh!

Her voice broke on the high note each time. She tried twice more. Then a voice came from the back of the hall:

"Try hanging it on a lower branch, Miss!"

A man who had run out of gas on the outskirts of a New England town saw a young boy coming along the road carrying a big tin can.

"Say, boy," he yelled, "I hope that's gasoline you have in that can."

"Well, I hope it ain't," returned the boy, with some heat. "It would taste like sin on ma's pancakes."

An old gentleman from the California hinterland, on his first visit to San Francisco, went to the Presidio, where he had his first glimpse of soldiers going about their mysterious affairs. His attention was caught by the spectacle of two sentries passing and repassing each other in silence.

He watched them intently for several minutes, with growing compassion. Finally it was too much for his kindly instincts. He stepped up to them as they were passing once more and said, "Come on now, boys, why don't you make up and be friends?"

RESERVE OFFICERS TO CONFER TONIGHT

Caravan to Leave Marion Hotel at 5:15 O'Clock for Albany

Local reserve officers of the United States Army will participate a joint meeting with officers from every section of western Oregon to night at the Albany Hotel, Albany, Oregon.

Betwen 30 and 40 officers from Salem and vicinity will leave the Marion Hotel by auto caravan at 5:15 p. m. It is estimated that 200 members of the third line of national defense as well as several members of the regular army and advance students of the R. O. T. C. from the University and Agricultural college will be in attendance.

A banquet served by the Albany Hotel management will be followed by a program dealing with the present defense situation.

Officers from every branch of the service are urged to attend. Transportation will be available at the Marion Hotel.

Taft's Lincoln Statue to Show Young and Hopeful

OREGON, Ill.—A cheerful Lincoln, young and hopeful, is the Lorado Taft statue of the Emancipator now in the making in the sculptor's shack studio on Eagles Nest Bluff, overlooking Rock River.

"I had rather tired of the bowed-headed 'Lincolns'," he said. "I am making a cheerful Lincoln. I have backed the gaunt figure against a desk-like object and shown him resting his hands upon it. It gives a monumental mass and he holds up his head as if he were really grateful to straighten out his neck.

As Lincoln never wore a beard until after he went to Washington as president, I have shown him without it, following pretty faithfully Leonard Volk's admirable bust, made from life in 1860."

A Classified ad in the Morning Statesman will pay big dividends. Read the want-ads carefully. Bargains are listed every day.

HEILIG
Salem's Amusement Palace for the Entire Family

TODAY ONLY
WILLIAM FOX presents
Tom Mix
THE BEST BAD MAN
MARSHALL NEILAN'S MIKE
SUNDAY—MONDAY—TUESDAY
With Charles Murray, Sally O'Neill, Ford Sterling
IT'S A RIOT!

Matinee 25¢ Evening 75¢

SALE of Good used FURNITURE

NOW ON at Our High Street Store

THE USED FURNITURE BARGAIN CENTER OF SALEM

Come today—take advantage of our reduced prices on reconditioned furniture. There are plenty of courteous salesmen to show you around. If you think you ever made a good purchase in used goods come in and we will give you a better bargain, and besides, everyone buying $5.00 worth or more will receive a valuable household article free. If you purchase $50.00 worth or more we will make you a present of a 27-piece porcelain kitchen set that will gladden the heart of any housewife.

Ranges ....$15.00 up
Dining Tables..$3 up
Pianos .....$75.00 up
Dressers.....$8.50 up
Springs.....$1.25 up
Rugs.....$1.50 up
Beds.. ....$1.50 up
Organs..$10.00 up
Rockers..$2.00 up
Chairs .....75c up

Gas Ranges $12.50 up

Electric Ranges all prices, Remnants of Linoleum below cost, Oil Stoves all prices, Musical Instruments, Library Tables, Buffets, China Closets, Kitchen Cabinets, Chiffoniers, Washing Machines, Davenports, Dishes, etc., etc. In fact everything to completely furnish a house at prices lower than has been offered in Salem for a good many years.

DON'T FORGET THE LOCATION

H. L. Stiff Furniture Co
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS
ON HIGH STREET OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE