

The Oregon Statesman

Published Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 315 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

July 18, 1926 OUR INTEGRITY WITH GOD—Thou shalt truly tithe all the increase of thy seed, that the field bringeth forth year by year.

A SERMON BY AN EDITOR

Fred Boalt, editor of the Portland News, preached a sermon in his leading editorial in that newspaper on Thursday. He preached a sermon without knowing he was preaching a sermon, and without sermonizing.

"Rock of Modernism," shouts a headline, "Divides Ministers." At McMinnville, where the Baptists are in convention, Dr. Kempston, of Portland, characterizes Dr. Brougher and Dr. Massey, leaders of Baptist thought, as "betrayers of the fundamentalists."

Who, then, can doubt the existence of God? Who, living in a beautiful, bountiful and wonderful world, can doubt His goodness? And who, observing the perfect coordination of Nature, can question His intelligence?

Believe what you will. Deny not my right to believe what I will. Meanwhile there is work to do, without wasting time quarreling over the question of whether our common ancestor was man or ape.

YES; AND REWARD AND FAIR TREATMENT

The greatest reforming influence ever used in a penal institution is hard work. No better method exists to learn which of the prisoners have it in them to reform and want to.

The above concluding words of an editorial in the Portland Journal of Friday are sound. "The greatest reforming influence ever used in a penal institution is hard work."

The best system in the world, as shown by its results, is that of the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater. The results being the highest percentage of reformations; 85 per cent.

And the Oregon system is following that of the Minnesota prison. The revolving fund law for Oregon was copied from that of Minnesota, as far as it could be done under our constitution.

Taking the burden of the institution forever from the shoulders of the Oregon taxpayers, and giving the highest percentage of reformations that it is possible to accomplish. Which do you consider the more important of the two?

THAT TERRIBLE THORNE-GIRL BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Mr. McKenna presently knocked the ashes from his pipe, cleared his throat. "I'm wondering," he said, regarding Sylvia with a quizzical smile, "what you've been doing with yourself the past ten days."

"By the way, Mary, what are you planning to do to occupy yourself, now that you are back in Millersburg?" "I don't know just what you mean, Dad. I came home because I was wretched out there in Hollywood surrounded by enemies."

"My chief mistake," she concluded, "was in trusting Jean Martin. In fact, I should never have gone to live with her at the bungalow in the first place. Now I'm suffering for her sins—and no way to get out of it. At least I can't see any, as long as she and Sydney Harmon refuse to tell the truth."

"Mary, haven't I told you over and over, ever since you were a youngster, that most people are always ready to believe the worst? Not only ready to, but anxious—especially about anyone who has succeeded. Nothing delights the crowd so much as to pull somebody down—drag them off their pedestal. Envy, dear child—envy, and general cussedness. Charity for mistakes, the failings of others, is as rare as dinosaur eggs, nowadays. The public adores turning down the thumb. Makes them feel the other fellow isn't any better than they are, after all."

"Look here, Dad, what's made you so cynical?" "Lord, child—I'm not cynical. Just trying to prepare you for what's ahead of you, that's all. Now take your sister—"

"You don't mean to say Katie's against me?" Sylvia's eyes blazed. "No-o, I'm not saying that. Katie can tell you how she feels, herself. Only, when I asked her to come to the station with me to-night, she said she had company, and couldn't. Katie's peculiar, you know. And Arthur has got her pretty well under his thumb. But you better wait until you see her and she has a chance to hear your story. I don't want to put words in her mouth."

"Katie would never believe anything bad about me," Sylvia stormed, her eyes filling with angry tears. "And neither would any of my friends—my real friends. As for the rest, I don't care."

"That's right, child. Keep a stiff upper lip. Don't let anybody see you're hurt—even if you are. And you're going to be, Mary. Make up your mind to that. You're going to be more hurt than you've ever been in your life. Hurt—and insulted."

BUDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS BY ROBERT L. DICKEY



WITH THE WOMEN OF TODAY

"She built her own ladder as she climbed to success, and bankers as well as great merchants and men leaders in industry call her a most able executive." This is the comment made on Miss Ethel B. Scully of Milwaukee, Wis., one of the outstanding business women of the country, and selected as Wisconsin's representative woman.

Miss Scully is a member of the executive board of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and treasurer of the Milwaukee office of the Fox Film company. It is said that she is devoted to her family, faithful in her church work and diligent in activities designed to help women.

Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, opened the fifth biennial congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom in Dublin recently. Miss Addams is president of the congress, and Madeleine Z. Doty of New York is secretary. The latter is regularly stationed at Geneva. More than a score of American women representing nearly a dozen states were among the delegates or alternates to the congress.

The youngest child of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Rose, 75, died recently at Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N. Y. She was known as Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, Order of St. Dominic, and had devoted her last 25 years to the relief of the poor. She was married in 1871 to George Parsons Lathrop, author. They became Catholics and established two Catholic institutions for cancerous sufferers. Lathrop died in 1898 and his wife founded the order called "Servants of Relief." Later she and Mary Rose Huber, art student, were admitted to the third Order of St. Dominic. Mother Alphonsa recently received the New York Rotary club gold medal for outstanding services to humanity during the past year.

"If women and women's interests are not to be permanently outdistanced they must organize at once for action," states Miss Alice Paul of the National Woman's Party. "The world is thinning and moving international in the days when national governments were formed women were not organized to demand share in their control, but today when the international organization of the world is taking place before our eyes, we have strength to make the demand that women be given equal control with men in the world affairs."

During a four-month concert tour of Europe as the representative of the League of Professional Women, Miss Esther Dale, chairman of the National Music Forum, found a friendly and enthusiastic welcome alike in England, France, Belgium and Germany. She reports that "a new attitude of digital acceptance toward American music and musicians is replacing the former atmosphere of guile tolerance."

Elly Nye, pianist, who makes her home in Portland, Ore., is spending the summer in New York, where her concerts are a feature of the many programs celebrating the Beethoven centennial.

Home Education

"The Child's First School Is the Family"—Froebel

"Mary Jane is getting so spoiled I can hardly live with her," remarked Mrs. Ray to her friend, Mrs. Brown. "People are always saying how pretty she is and whenever she receives a compliment or hears a remark about her beauty she acts so haughty and affected. She is simply losing her sweet ways."

"Just the other day she was with Mrs. Mahorn and the baby. Some one stopped them and began talking about the baby's wonderful eyes. Mary Jane, having received no special attention broke into the conversation with 'But her eyes are blue. Just look at mine; they're brown.' Mrs. Mahorn and her friend thought it funny, but I was mortified."

"Have you ever tried telling her yourself that she is pretty?" asked the friend. "I had the same trouble with Betty May. She was older than Mary Jane. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't tell her she wasn't pretty for she was and could see it for herself. Besides, if I had she would have thought my judgment at fault or else considered me unfair, and her friends would have seemed more dependable than her mother. I studied the problem carefully and I decided I would be frank with her."

"One evening Betty May came in unusually happy. 'O, Mother, she exclaimed, 'I've had more compliments today. I'm just-crazy over this dress. Make me another one just like it in the new red shade, won't you, Mother dear?'"

"I will do anything I can for my lovely daughter," I replied. "She looked at me, surprised. 'Yes, you are beautiful,' I assured her, 'and it's nice of your friends to tell you.'"

"In the conversation that followed I spoke of several of her girl friends and remarked how pretty and sweet they were. 'After a while she said, 'Why, Mother, do you think they are all pretty?'"

"Yes," I replied, "they all have the same beauty of youth. One girl may have wonderful eyes, another beautiful hair, another the sweetest of smiles, but they are all pretty. I've been wanting to tell May Sue how sweet and pretty she looked the other day."

"Mother! you don't mean to say that May Sue is pretty!" exclaimed Betty May. "Yes, she is pretty," I answered. "I heard Mrs. Handon and Mrs. Way telling her the other day how wonderful she was. She really has the sweetest smile I ever saw. Then there is Mable Lee. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Gray were raving to her about her pretty eyes—said they had a faunlike look and would melt a heart of stone."

"O, Mother! and the tears came into Betty May's eyes, 'that is just what they told me. Do you suppose people compliment all the girls that way?'"

DINNER STORIES

There was once an artist who was illustrating a novel. "It's a pity it's a love story," he said to the author "because the only thing I can draw really well is a charging rhinoceros."

"That's easy," replied the author, and turning to the passage where "he quailed before her proud glance," he inserted a few words who read: "He, who had often faced a charging rhinoceros unmoved, now quailed—"

And so the picture appeared, with the words, "He—faced a charging rhinoceros."

It is told that an impecunious nobleman saw a portrait in a London shop window in which he was much interested. He went in and ascertained that the price was twelve pounds and ten shillings. "I'll give you ten pounds," he said to the shopkeeper, but the price was refused and there was no sale.

Some time later the nobleman was dining in the magnificent new London house of a business man of the type called self-made. He noticed a familiar portrait on the wall. "Ah," said the host, observing his guest's interest in the painting. "That is the portrait of an ancestor of mine!"

"Indeed!" said the peer. "Then we must be related," he continued with perfect gravity. "He was within 50 shillings of being an ancestor of mine!"

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LIVING AND LOVING

FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

TO DO OR OVERDO? There's a time and a place for everything, courtesy not excepted. And it is possible for politeness without policy to be almost worse than, certainly as bad as, no effort at politeness at all.

For illustration, take the pathetic case of the dinner guest with a particularly good story to tell. The opportunity for which he has been waiting arrives with the end of the perfect meal and

"It's my turn to visit Aunt Jane, confound it! I really dread vacation because I have to go there!"

"Why, Bill?" we asked Aunt Jane's favorite nephew. "Your aunt is so fond of you she'd do anything in the world for you!" "That's exactly why I dread to visit her!" declared William. "She does too much for me. She's always tagging around after me, asking me if I wouldn't like this or that."

THE RIGHT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

"Mary Jane is getting so spoiled I can hardly live with her," remarked Mrs. Ray to her friend, Mrs. Brown. "People are always saying how pretty she is and whenever she receives a compliment or hears a remark about her beauty she acts so haughty and affected. She is simply losing her sweet ways."

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Houses of Art Market Grouped as Wall Street

NEW YORK—(Associated Press)—In a little section between two of Manhattan's most famous avenues, Fifth and Park, from Fifty-sixth to Fifty-ninth streets is one of the art centers of the world.

There, like stock and bond brokers have gathered in the vicinity of Wall street, antique dealers have located near the art auction houses.

Within short walking distance of each other are two of the largest art galleries auction establishments in the country—the American and the Anderson—where many foreign and domestic collections are sold each season.