

The Oregon Statesman

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October 17, 1926
PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS—"Hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people, when they shall pray; and when thou hearest, forgive." 1 Kings 8:30.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN TICKET

Tuesday, November 2
For U. S. Senator: FRIDERICK W. STEIWER
For Governor: I. L. PATTERSON
For Superintendent of Public Instruction: C. A. HOWARD
For State Labor Commissioner: THOMAS K. CAMPBELL
For Public Service Commissioner: CHARLES H. GRAM
For Justices of Supreme Court: THOMAS A. MCBRIDE, GEORGE M. BROWN, HENRY J. BEAN

THE RELIGION OF SERVICE

Harry Stone, doyen of the Y. M. C. A. forces of this part of the country, is telling his audiences, as he told the one at the Salem Y birthday dinner Wednesday evening, that he almost had to pinch himself to believe he was alive in this year 1926, at the world Y convention at Helsingfors, Finland, last summer—

When things happened that, previous to that convention, never had happened, and that Mr. Stone would not have believed could happen for a thousand years yet, if ever—

When Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic and Lutheran and a hundred other delegates met and exchanged ideas and compared notes and planned for a better world.

Mr. Stone said he learned a lot of deep spiritual devotion from the Greek Catholic delegates, and of faithfulness to their church from the Roman Catholic delegates, and of adherence to fundamentals from the German Lutheran delegates—

Each group had something to contribute to every other group—

And the great contribution of the American delegates was a religion of service; a religion that believes in working for better conditions on earth instead of putting their major stress upon a mere preparation here for the life beyond the grave, as seemed to be the attitude of the German Lutheran delegates.

He thinks the American delegates taught some of the other delegations that there is in their Bible the Sermon on the Mount, as well as the Ten Commandments and the doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

If there is to be peace on earth and good will to all men, there must be more such world conventions, in which creeds and races and colors and conditions must be forgotten—

And in which the American ideals of the religion of service must be invoked and made not only American, but universal.

TO A CYNICAL FRIEND

The writer would like to say to a good but cynical friend troubled with the inferiority complex, who has been cracking jokes about the optimism of The Statesman, especially on the future of the sugar beet industry in the Willamette valley, that these facts are worth considering:
Only about 10 years ago, the United States was using 4 million tons of sugar annually. That seemed a lot of sugar; some 89 pounds annually per capita; the highest in the world—

But we are now using over 6 million tons a year; about 111 pounds per capita annually. And both our population and our per capita consumption are growing. We will before long be using 10 million tons a year.

We buy 4 million tons from Cuba, and about 1 million from Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines and Louisiana; cane sugar. We produce the other million tons in sugar beets. We have 108 beet sugar factories.

That many beet sugar factories, or sugar factories producing that tonnage, are found in sections of Germany not as large and rich as the Willamette valley. We can have 100 beet sugar factories in the Willamette valley, and make only a dent in the supply we use annually in this country now. We can grow the beets not only without missing the acreage, but will at the same time increase the tonnage of other crops on our land; by producing a cultivated, clean, rotation crop—

And we can have the 100 factories if we will all get rid of our inferiority complex and work like we ought to work; not in one year, but before many years. It may be a dream. But it will come true. How soon will depend mostly on ourselves. There are a thousand other reasons; but the above will have to do for the first lesson for the writer's cynical friend.

LOADS AND LOADS OF ROT

Every newspaper office of any size in the United States receives daily a great armful of propaganda from men and organizations of various kinds—

must be scores and scores of millions of dollars thrown away annually in the cost of all this stuff.

Here is a case in point: The First National bank of St. Louis, Mo., is sending to the newspapers the speech in pamphlet form of its vice president, Dr. W. F. Gephart, on "Some Neglected Aspects of the Farm Problem," in which he wades through a great mass of platitude; solemnly setting forth facts that are common knowledge in this country, and ponderously drawing conclusions that are obvious to any one with brains above a rabbit's—

As much as to say, "What a wise old owl I am." The apogee of it all, the final and ultimate and oracular super conclusion is in these words:

"Our agricultural community . . . should endeavor to differentiate between the handicaps that are inherent in the industry and those which are due to external circumstances. Once this is definitely determined then it will be time to take such political action as is possible to remove any external difficulties under which the industry may be suffering or injustices that may be handicapping it. At the same time that such external corrective measures are being taken such internal reforms which may be necessary, in the industry can then be taken by the farmer himself. Sooner or later the farmers of the country must be told that improvements in the condition of their industry depend as much upon what they themselves do to solve their problems as by what can be done for them by external agencies."

All of which is almost as plain as mud. The fact is that the farmers of the United States would work out their own salvation, would solve both their "external" and "internal" troubles, if the authorities at Washington would wake up and take away the advantages being dishonestly enjoyed by the Wall Street sugar trust in the Cuban raw sugar differentials—

If they would amend the tariff law so as to wipe out a lot of its free trade black spots—

And if it would cut out enough of the dry rot on the federal payrolls to give a real business administration, developing the sugar industry, the wool industry, the linen industry, the mohair industry, and a thousand others, in order to make this country self sufficient in all the things it can grow or make or mine or get from its own potential resources and possibilities, there would be no exportable surplus or raw products—

And most of the fundamental troubles of our farmers would be over. They would have their home market; sustained by permanent prosperity—

The best market in the world—

And, in a very short time, this country would be an importer of wheat and several other major products the surplus of which must be sold in inferior foreign markets.

LIVING AND LOVING

FLORENCE BY VINCENT

PIECRUST
Martha has a manner gracious and attractive. Martha has a mind and knows how to use it. Martha is alert, practical, efficient.

Indeed Martha possesses most of the many requirements for business success. Now Martha has a good position, and again she hasn't! Martha fits from pillar to post with a frequency that is disturbingly amazing. Even her best friends are bound to admit that in business Martha is not making her mark.

Why? An erstwhile employer concisely implies the reason: "You can't tell that girl a good darn thing!"

Martha knows it all! In that lies her weakness.

Mary is pretty and petite, in minor shyness appealing. Mary is bright—never misses a point or fails to catch a meaning. Mary has a sense of humor, is generous to a fault, is constant, capable, conscientious.

Yet—Mary, too, is "looking for a job" rather more often than might be expected.

An office mate of hers in unwitting comment gives the right answer: "Mary's a dear, but she can never make up her mind. Someone else has to make it for her."

In her own little corner of the universe Martha may shine with the brilliance of her own and her family's valuation. Pa and Ma and the Uncles and Cousins and the Aunts may take Martha's word for what she knows; for what she can do—to her sparkle and her wit pay homage.

But the world that lies outside the family circle is singularly cold, frankly skeptical. "Tis deeds, not words, with them. It Martha knows it all her saying so will not prove it. What she has to do is to show them. But she doesn't!"

Advice proffered and ignored, a glaring error or two. And unseasonal, outsiders pronounce judgment. Not only does Martha not know it all, but in their opinion Martha is a fool.

Mary plays the clinging vine to the real delight of the stronger members of her family. Dad and the boys laugh at her little indiscretions, tease her for her cunning inconsistencies, love her for her appealing dependence.

However, the "sturdy oaks" of the office force have no wish to be bound round with annoying tendrils, resent having their growth and freedom hampered.

Constant calls for help, ceaseless stream of questions, an opportunity missed for wise decision, time squandered in uncertainty, action held up by doubt and delay. Business has little more use for Mary.

Self-assurance is much to be desired. But let the self-assured be content.

Little spirit is an excellent thing. It is a good thing to utter words just over the Mexican Rio below San Diego. These

Too much of anything is exactly as bad as too little. The results of the epicurean are about the same whether a piece of piecrust is overdone or undone. He can swallow neither.

If we are clever and know we are, let's at least camouflage our real feelings on the subject. If we underestimate our ability let us not make a show of fear and indecision. The cocksure and the too meek—two extremes between which there is, there must be, the happy medium that forestalls failure.

The Midget Meat Market never fails to give you the finest meats and fish. There is but one place in Salem to get the finest fish. The Midget Market has it for you. (*)

Slate surface roofing applied over your old shingles. We have over 200 jobs in Salem. Nelson Bros., plumbers, sheet metal work, 355 Chemeketa. (*)

Army and Outing Store. Biggest bargains in clothing, shoes, underwear, hosiery, gloves, valises and suit cases. The working man's store, 189 N. Commercial. (*)

SALEM YOUNG LADY TELLS OF VISIT ABROAD

(Continued from page 1.)

the hill. The morning ride was tremendously interesting. Cactus hedges were frequent. Bedouin tents, if such they could be called, were close to us. They were just rolling up crude beds to corner of their wretched abodes as we passed. Soon we were in the Judean hills. Out of the desert came a caravan of camels swinging along, unconscious of the thrill they were giving us. Donkeys here and there carrying strange loads. Men, but especially women on these lonely stretches followed the trails with unappealing heavy loads balanced upon their heads. Mostly, however, the hills were rugged, bleak and barren with lonely caves staring at us now and then. Truly we felt ourselves in midst of "No Man's Land." Breakfast in diner at 5:30 a. m. At 9:30 came call of "Jaffa Station." All scrambled out to be hurried off in cars to "City of David."

First Sight of Jerusalem Soon, after rounding a few dusty hills, Jerusalem lifted before us—Mt. Moriah and Mt. Zion. Through Jaffa gate and just around the corner was our hotel—imagine the privilege of spending two nights just inside Jaffa gate. After having eaten and having been bathed in dust of the desert for entire night we were sights to behold. Vigorous scrubbing revealed our original selves, though, and by ten we were ready to meet our guide whom, for these days we owe much. (He was the same guide who was privileged to be with Dr. and Mrs. Fosdick during their three months of research this past year. You should have seen his eyes shine when I asked him of Fosdick. "Oh, he the most wonderful man in the world, but no finer than his Missus, Oh! his Missus!" I assured him I understood his appreciation of Fosdick.)

cluded: walk down David's street—a wretched place—and up Zion's hill—over rough cobble stones from which place we could look out over Jewish "wailing place" where narrow streets were lined with fly covered beggars whom instinctively we shrunk from—so loathsome they were. Streets were sickening indeed. Back to Hatch for lunch.

Trip to Bethlahem Tuesday afternoon; motor trip to Bethlahem, Mt. of Transfiguration and Mt. of Olives. Each would necessitate a volume were I to begin to describe it. Back to hotel by six o'clock—an hour at dentist's—native dentist with degree from American dental college at Beirut. I was amazed at his keenness and evident mastery of his task. Had to give up three times, for dentist appointments the meagre amount of breathing space from sightseeing. Wrote cards until ten-twenty.

Buschman Gapp, a young Moravian fellow, and I arose at 5 a. m. before it was yet day and went out through Jaffa gate, along Jericho road, crossing Damascus road and up to Garden of Gethsemane where in simple devotional service we tried to realize where we stood. Just in front of us was the twisted, gnarled "Tree of Agony." (Again leaving detail to later diary account). Reluctantly we left, climbed silently the hill to St. Stephen's gate through which we entered into the city following the "Via Dolorosa"—the way Christ went toward Calvary. Winding our way through streets where beggars were just beginning to come on their weary duty we finally found our trail to hotel, reaching it at 7:30 after a truly never to be forgotten two hours walk.

Historic Scenes Wednesday—Breakfast and met guide at 8:30. Walked all morning. Program: Down Via Dolorosa again to inner court where we climbed down 23 steep steps to "Pool of Bethesda." No wonder those lame and blind needed assistance—we nearly did ourselves. On to Pilate's judgment hall. Here details preserved so minutely that we could scarcely realize any—so overlaid was it by Catholic symbolism. Next to church of Holy Sepulchre, traditional place of Crucifixion, but many think Calvary hill more likely to have been a place called Gordon's Calvary without the city beyond Damascus gate. Helina, daughter of Constantine the Great, built Catholic churches over fifty sacred places of Palestine. Nearly ruins them all, for simplicity of original settings entirely lacking now. Imagination needed at every turn of the way. Have been reading Margaret Slattery's delightful book on "New Paths in Old Palestine." It helped considerably. On the Mosque of Omar or "Dome of the Rock," traditional temple site. Couldn't enter mosque while Turks controlled city, but now that sacred place of the Mohammedans has been declared open to peoples of all faiths. After native boys had helped us into large soft slippers—slipped on over our shoes, we stepped into dark enclosure and walked about on priceless Turkish carpets. Entire center taken up by huge central rock for which they believed Mohamet ascended into Heaven and to that rock he is expected to return. Christians believe that Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac on this rock. In center of rock is great hole where blood of beasts of sacrifices was poured. Drained off below into Kidron brook. In case nearby three hairs of Mohamet are locked. Once each year case is opened and vast multitudes file by to kiss these hairs, so it is that tradition of Christians and Mohammedans are mingled. Back weary, but grateful for information of the morning—to hotel by noon. Off to dentist again.

Dead Sea and Jordan Cars ready at two o'clock for 87 mile trip to Dead sea—drop of 1300 feet below sea level. Jerusalem is 2500 above, hence we wound down barren Judean hills to oppressive heat below—2500 feet. There lay the Dead sea—46 miles long—greedily absorbing into itself all the moisture meant for scorching wilderness round about. We dipped our fingers into its warm, heavy H2O (water)—5 times more salty than ocean water. Never will any of us forget that taste. Even so its beauty amazed us—a deep blue jewel set as it were in that wilderness of desert brown and looped over by the dome of a cloudless sky. On ten miles to Jordan river—one third wider than our own Mill creek in winter season. Here boat rides offered for 5 piasters (25c). Some filled bottles with H2O, but most of us preferred to think of events of years ago when John the Baptist came from Wilderness and Jesus met him perhaps very near where we were. 'Tis thought that Israelites crossed Jordan there.

Jericho and Bethany After 15 or 20 minutes we returned to Jericho road, and continued toward Jericho—little to suggest its being modern, however, and on to historic knoll where the walls came tumbling down. Thought of the three girls here and Prof. Hobson. I stood on edge of the decaying wall, and it, to come tumbling down. Across from us was a pomegranate orchard in that dry land—back in twilight. Stopped a moment at Bethany, but could see little. To hotel by 7:30 and dinner over by 8:30. All meals in Jerusalem, Nazareth and Cairo served by wait-

—seemed odd at first, but like everything else we became accustomed to it. Dead tired, but went to store below, selected cards and wrote a dozen. To bed in good bed, draped as a cradle in netting—by 11 o'clock.

At Jacob's Well Thursday—We were called at 6—Breakfast 6:30 and off for Nazareth by 7:30. Mornings delightful before heat of the day began. Soon into Samaria. At almost any turn we could see here and there on those slightly less barren hills flocks of sheep following their shepherd. More flocks of black goats than sheep. How the 23rd Psalm glows with new meaning after nearly 400 miles of motoring in hills of Judea, Samaria and Galilee. Stopped to drink at Jacob's Well—looking up hill to Sychar where woman returned in haste to tell them of Jesus. On a distance "Good Samaritan Inn" arrested our attention. How different from hills of Oregon yet with a personality all their own. Finally winding up and around we reached a scenic divide where let out before us stretched the Galilean hills and far in distance to the left we caught a glimpse of the Mediterranean or the Great sea—as they call it.

Hills of Galilee No wonder Jesus loved these hills of Galilee. No wonder the disciples grew wealthy of heart as they tramped over them with Him. Great Plains of Esdras lay below us—that battlefield of the world lying at the cross-roads between the East and the West. Indeed all of Palestine is a buffer country—Canaanites, Midianites, Phoenicians, Grecians, Turks, even the World war demanded a deadly toll from this stricken land.

Reached Nazareth at high noon and were hurried to Hotel of Galilee to wash up and Oh boy! we needed it. On immediately one hour more for lunch in Tiberias. High moment of entire stay in Galilee came for me as we suddenly came upon first sight of sea of Galilee—682 feet below sea level—looped the loop again and again as we came nearer and nearer to Tiberias, the one remaining of the six cities of old guarding this chosen lake. What a revelation this sea was to us all. How steeped it was in rich associations. Unspeaking heat. We scarcely sampled dinner set before us at Hotel of Tiberias.

Lake of Galilee Auto trip encircling lake to Capernaum—ten mile trip. Only ruins there. Several stole a swim some waded, but others of us sat under eucalyptus or date palm trees—looking out to sea. A few sail boats were on lake, but otherwise perfect stillness and quiet reigned supreme.

Finally we returned to Tiberias by four and back to Nazareth by six-thirty. Visited carpenter shop

where kind faced carpenter tried in broken English to explain his primitive wooden plows, etc., younger boy helping him. We thought of another carpenter shop. Went out and talked with some Arabs on primitive threshing floor, then up to candle lighted room where, after writing a few cards and a note to you

folks, I turned in about ten o'clock. Called at 4:30. Breakfast at 5 and off for Beirut by 5:30 through orchards of bananas, oranges, pomegranates, mulberries—cotton fields, palm trees, etc. To Beirut at 1 p. m. Long wait in passport waiting line. Finally on boat by 2. So ended days in Palestine.

Dr. Edward R. Boring

Glasses Are Important

Do you remember Theodore Roosevelt's story of how he discovered when he was thirteen years old that he could not see without?

In his autobiography by Macmillan he wrote: "I had no idea how beautiful the world was until I got those spectacles. I had been a clumsy and awkward little boy, and while much of my clumsiness and awkwardness was due to general characteristics, a good deal of it was due to the fact that I could not see and yet was wholly ignorant of the fact."

The recollection of this experience gives us a keen sympathy with those who are trying in public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical causes of deficiencies in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious, or "mentally stupid."

Examinations by the American Red Cross show that one child out of every six or seven is suffering from a physical defect serious enough to retard normal growth and development.

Watch your child and let the doctor look him over on occasion. Even so small a thing as a pair of glasses may open a new world for the youngster.

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CORNER STATE AND HIGH STREETS Salem, Oregon In Connection With Red Cross Drug Co.

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FRIENDLY

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