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And the God of peace sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THROUGH SCIENCE, GOD

"I know man has a soul."
Commenting on this statement, an editorial writer on the Portland Journal says: "A great surgeon said it. The blade of his scalpel has laid bare every part of the human body. It may not have brought from a hiding place among the bodily organs a soul as an actual part of the great mystery we call man. The surgeon himself is not able to picture the soul and describe it and analyze it. But, apart from the universal hope and universal desire, innate and unfulfilling in every human being, for what we call a soul, Dr. William J. Mayo, this great surgeon, explaining how he knows that man has a soul, says: "I have seen a minister come to the bedside of my patient and do for that patient what I could not do, though I had done everything in my professional power."

And so has come to nearly every sage from Aristotle to Mayo the belief in God; a belief in the Cause of the first cause, through a study of His works, through a groping in metaphysics, from ontology (the science of being) to epistemology (the theory of knowledge), throughout the ages—
From Plato to Wolff and Bacon and Kant and Voltaire—
And down to Edison, who has found God through science; through the certainty that there could not be fixed laws without a Maker of laws, any more than a law could be enacted in Oregon without the legislature or the initiative and sanction of the people.
Through science, God. Not the God of any book or sect or creed. But the God who hung the millions of planets in their orbits and marked their courses, and placed the protons and electrons in the atom and decreed that there can be no force without matter, nor matter without force. And no cause without a First Cause of a first cause.

It is fitting that the man behind the plan for a state office building should be Representative John B. Giesy, son of John Giesy, who was the man behind the construction of the Marion county court house, as a commissioner—and who was retired from official life because he had a vision of the need of it, while the majority of the people who then made up Marion county's voting population would have been content to get along with a wooden shack that afterwards served for a livery barn. However high, and however large, the state shall erect an office building now, it will not be big enough ten or twenty years hence. For Oregon is potentially a great state, and is destined from now on to be a very fast growing one.

The article on this page, by Col. E. Hofer, is worthy of attention. It is an argument for the extension of manual training courses in our high schools. In the Salem high schools. In most if not all of the county high schools of Oregon. There should be more courses. The Salem high schools ought to be teaching fruit growing, farming, live stock raising. And more of the trades. They should be teaching the things that will be useful to our boys and girls here. They should major on the products and possible products of this district and this valley. This will give us leaders in our industries on our land and in our cities. It will make our boys and girls appreciate better the things we have and that may be profitably done here. It will be good for Salem and the surrounding country, and it will be good for our boys and girls.

SAVING OUR BOYS

(By Col. E. Hofer, Editor The Manufacturer and Industrial News Bureau.)
We can not spend our time to better advantage for ourselves and our boys and the community, than in considering the welfare of our boys and how to make useful, contented citizens of them. In using the name of Henry Ford as an authority on this subject we are not making any mistake. It cannot be denied that he is a great industrial leader. His religious ideas or his political beliefs may be such or such, but his achievements as a mechanic and inventor and manufacturer have been a blessing to the world. Henry Ford is primarily a mechanic. He learned the trade of machinist and electrician and was competent and earned good wages and got his business start in that way. He was a skilled laborer before he was a capitalist, and may be said to be a laborer still. One who has the ability to give beneficial and useful employment to others is entitled to the rank of nobility if any such title is permissible in our country. Hence Henry Ford is entitled to be called a captain or king of industrialists. He considers matters affecting humanity from the standpoint of better human beings, better parents, better homes, better families, and better citizens, not how much Henry Ford can make out of them, but conditions under which the output of civilization shall be a better product. According to an interview in the latest World's Work magazine he has made plans to give employment in his industries to 5000 boys from 16 to 20 years of age. One naturally thinks what kind of work are these boys just coming out of school prepared or trained for? Have they been instructed to perform any accurate, useful labor at

made apprentices in the Ford factories and learn to work at the many mechanical jobs Ford has to give them at \$5 a day? Ford states as the basic truth of industrial education, that when a boy is taught accurate work there is added to his character a morality of its own that must necessarily go into accurate work and measure up to the standards of first class work that meets the requirements of trade and commerce.

Henry Ford urges that when boys are taught accurate work and paid well for it they will not need to be preached to so much to keep them out of a careless, dissolute way of life. Crime will show up for what it is, a very hard and unprofitable way of getting money compared with earning it by skilled labor in honest industry. To instruct boys in trades and to give them a chance to learn a useful avocation at reasonably paying jobs, will do more to solve the question of crime and the increasing number of criminals, and the increasing number of younger men in the penitentiaries, than will quick hard sentences in courts after the crimes have been committed. Doesn't that sound logical and practical? And it certainly appeals to the boys themselves. Parents, with sufficient means to send the boys to college and equip them for one of the learned professions may relieve the community and the boys from the struggle of a boy to get higher education without means. It is a hard strain on the forming of character for a boy to live up to society standards, in dress and expensive social demands, or even in the high school, if he has no way of earning money for expenses over a period of two to four years. On all sides are demands for expenses that perhaps neither he nor his parents can meet. The salvation of the boy, with his ambition to gain a higher footing in the social scale, and lacking funds to do it with, is frequently undermined, and he drops out of school and, with no instruction in a trade or business occupation, he goes into the over-crowded ranks of common labor.

Has not the time come when boys in the high school grades and colleges be given a fair chance to get instruction in some occupation that insures him a job at which he can earn a living at good wages and help support himself while going to school? The tasks and trades at which the community must be served, doing the building and repair work of the community, building lawns, parks, planting shrubbery, building houses, roads, streets, sewers, sidewalks, and forty other tasks that are necessary for the upkeep and development of towns, cities and suburbs, can be made to give employment for boys from the high school grades up at good wages if they are properly instructed—given accurate instruction, as Mr. Ford says. They will attain the dignity of wage earners and can start to save something, instead of squandering their spare hours in idleness and spending money they never earned.

Industrial education and instruction that cannot be got out of textbooks, starts the boy on the road of thrift and self-respecting wage earning, while attending school.

Roberta Risks It

CHAPTER FIFTY
In her purse Roberta found a sum sufficient for her need—Peter's money, but it should be used in Peter's cause. Her exalted sacrificial mood absorbed her to the exclusion of minor considerations, and the possibility of leaving a note explaining her departure did not occur to her. Her mind was focussed upon ways and means—ment upon saving Celia from her father, Janet from Peter's reproaches for having betrayed his plight, and Peter from the results of his nobility.
Safely she slipped out of the black dress and into the brown one, bled out the candle and stole in stocking feet down through the dark house to the kitchen door. There she put on her brown shoes and let herself out silently. The stars were bright, but the moon had not yet risen, and she crept from shadow to dense shadow, mindful of the detective in the lane, until she gained the fence at the back of the property, over which she clambered into the woodland beyond. Slowly and stealthily, crouching behind the fence, she felt her way along to the cleared pasture which, past almost to the road where Piggy and his father had separated. Still making as little noise as possible, she wormed her way through the short stretch of woods between pasture and thoroughfare, pushing aside the underbrush, detained and scratched by briars, and at last found herself on the highway.
Then she walked quietly, keeping in the shadow when she could, to Fitzwilliam Depot, where, toward dawn, a through train from Montreal to Boston was flagged, and sitting in a Pullman section she slept a little.
Long before Piggy left his room, to chafe because she did not come downstairs, she had located his father, having taken a cab at the station and started on a round of the Boston hotels. Finding Grover Brazenose registered at the second one she visited, she dismissed the cab and sat down near the elevators to wait.
About eight o'clock he stepped from one of the cages and she recognized him instantly, for his un-sentimental son carried in his pocketbook a photograph which more than once had been proudly displayed to her.
Brazenose went to the newsstand for a paper and then to the dining room, and the astute Roberta reflecting that a man's better nature is rarely in the ascendant before breakfast, followed, choosing the table next to his and sat facing him. He looked pretty savage, but she was glad to see that he ordered a good meal. While he ate, reading his paper at the same time, she studied him surreptitiously and outlined her mode of attack. Leaving the dining room just before he did, she was waiting at the door when he came out.
"You're Mr. Brazenose, aren't you?" she asked.
"I am." He looked down at her in surprise. Age had not withered nor anger staled his appreciation of an attractive woman, and this one's beauty was refined by indications of brains.
"I'm Roberta Scott. I want to talk to you, please."
"You have nothing to say that I care to hear, Miss Scott." His quick mind leaped to the conclusion that, inasmuch as they had never met before, some one must have told her who he was, and his

He wouldn't have let me come, if he'd known. I ran away—in the middle of the night—because I had to see you."
"Then how did you recognize me?" he demanded, doubting her.
"By a photograph Peter carried in his pocket." Brazenose flushed and grunted. "Will you come into the parlor, please? It's rather public here."
Reluctantly he followed her into a large, quiet room where they were alone, but he did not suggest her sitting down. He could not be rude to a woman, but he wanted the thing over.
"Well?"
"I haven't seen Peter—not to speak to him—since you were there yesterday, but I know what happened. Jane told me. And I saw his face. Do you know how he feels about you?"
"I know what he did."
"I know what he feels because he's told me. He didn't say it this way—he wouldn't, you know—but I could see. He knows you've been father and mother and pal—"

"Stop it!" Brazenose interrupted sharply. "Talk's cheap. Don't try to be sentimental."
"All right, let's be practical," said Roberta, perceiving that her first shot had pierced his skin. "Because he befriended me—and my sister—you've disowned him."
"I disowned him because he's disloyal."
"Is he not? He didn't know until you told him yesterday that my father had threatened your business."
The man caught at what he took to be an opportunity to terminate the interview, replying stiffly: "You'll have to excuse me, Miss Scott. I can't discuss your father with you."

"Oh, yes, you can! I know my father, Mr. Brazenose. Because he is my father, I can't discuss him with most persons, but I can with you. I must, because he's responsible for all this trouble. If he hadn't been cruel to my sister—"

"Nonsense! Scott has his faults, like the rest of us, but he isn't cruel to his family."
"You know what happens to a thoroughbred horse when his spirits are broken, don't you? Would you call deliberately setting out to break the spirit of a sensitive, seventeen-year-old girl cruel?"
"Have you objected to a silly love affair—I understand that was the case—and used some legitimate authority—"

Roberta continued steadily. "Would you call it cruel to keep her locked in her stateroom all the way across the Atlantic, and isolated for months in the country, watched day and night and never permitted a moment alone? Is it cruel to spread a report among the servants and in Keene that all this is because her mind is affected? Do you think it's cruel to tell a girl of that age that she'll be declared mentally

incompetent and sent to a sanitarium, unless she solemnly promises to do exactly as her father says about everything?"
Brazenose looked into her clear, truthful eyes and wavered.
"Did Scott do that?"
"He did. He told her that the only way she could prove that she was not insane was to obey him absolutely. Do you think it was cruel to refuse a scientific education to a daughter who wanted it more than anything in the world, to compel her to associate only with persons he selected, whom she didn't like, and try to force her to marry a man she didn't love? I've never told anyone before, but that's what he did to me. And because I wouldn't submit, I was disowned."

"I wouldn't have believed it of him," Brazenose murmured against, but no longer doubting. Against his will, he was beginning to admire this frank, fearless, straight-forward girl.

(To be continued)
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GAS EXPLOSION FATAL TO SEVEN IN TOLEDO

(Continued from page 1.)
barber shop, was shaving a man when the blast let loose. Whether the patron was killed or injured is not known. Hunter clambered out of the wreckage unhurt.

Upstairs, Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Conrad, a relative, who was vis-

A CHILD DOESN'T LAUGH AND PLAY IF CONSTIPATED

Look, Mother! Is tongue coated, breath feverish and stomach sour?

"California Fig Syrup" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels



A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour.
Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside" cleansing is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.
Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Fig Syrup," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Adv.

ing her, were about to sit down to their noon-day meal.
Mrs. Kleis was in her apartment at the rear of her husband's store. Because it was Saturday, a school holiday when many children were playing away from home, the task of checking up on missing boys and girls was difficult.
Little "Touring Planes" Displayed at Little Show
PARIS (AP)—Little two-seated

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