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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes." —BYRON.

Proves Nothing

A score of men yesterday, in response to a challenge from a non-smoker, hiked 50 miles from Portland to Forest Grove and return. The 60 year old challenger was inspired by the desire to show the good attained by abjuring cigarettes and tobacco. Two husky non-smokers were first to return, followed shortly by two smokers, after which came the main body led by the non-smoking challenger and numerous smoking companions.

The result doesn't prove anything—these tests never do. The huskiest always win. Those who failed to complete the hike were forced out by blistered feet and sore muscles. Physical condition governs all such contests. The man who overeats has a far worse handicap than the man who smokes.

In the law of nature, moderation is virtue, excess is crime. One man can indulge his appetites excessively without apparent injury and another cannot even moderately for what is tonic to one is poison to another. Nature defies all efforts to standardize humanity, either physically or mentally.

As no two beings are alike,, no hard and fast rules can be established for universal observance. Each has to work out his own salvation. All of which shows the absurdity as well as futility of passing sumptuary laws attempting to regulate and standardize people. As Jefferson said

Millions of innocent men, women and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burned, tortured, fined and imprisoned, yet we have not advanced one inch toward uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half the world fools and the other half hypocrites.

The Democratic Protest

The Democratic state organization has filed a protest with the president against the consideration of Marshall Dana, uplift editor of the Portland Journal, as northwest member of the shipping board. Mr. Dana has never been active in party affairs, his name was suggested by the Portland Chamber of Commerce without consulting the Democratic organization, which has waged many a hopeless campaign and feels a right to a voice in the disposal of the solitary crumb of patronage that falls from the pie-counter.

The action is typically Democratic, for Democrats, like the Irish, dearly love a fight, especially among themselves, and had rather at any time, see the common enemy, the Republicans, win, than to have victory crown a rival faction. What is the use of keeping the organization alive, paying the bills and supplying the oratory, if the offices are going to indifferent bystanders? Better by far have a Republican named than a buttinski.

This inherent love of the Democrats for a scrap is reflected throughout the nation, and the lack of unity accounts largely for the lack of success at the polls. In 1924 the Democrats had a perfectly glorious time at New York and thereby converted an excellent prospect of victory into overwhelming defeat—but that was preferable to the Kluxers to having Al Smith elected and to the Anti-Kluxers to having McAdoo thrust upon them.

In Oregon there has for years been two factions in Democracy—the Chamberlain and the Anti-Chamberlain factions, and the latter's defection in 1920 accounted largely for "Our George's" defeat. But what was the defeat of the party compared to the sweet revenge of the defeat of the opposing faction? Whatever solidarity there may have been among the Oregon Democrats was long ago shattered by the direct primary and its self-starters.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

A NEW MAN IN THE CASE

Mary was too much surprised and disturbed over losing her job to care much what was the reason for her dismissal. She was told that firm had decided to cut down on its office help, and that stenographers would be kept according to the length of time they had been working there. She had been with Craig Brothers only a year, and was among the first to go.

She 'phoned the agency through which she had got her position in the first place, also at the employment bureau of the business college where she had been trained. Then she turned to the classified ads in the morning newspapers. If she could get a new position thru one of them she wouldn't have to pay any agency fee—and Mary had to consider every dollar.

She hated this business of getting a job; she had had only three since she'd begun to work, but she'd spent enough time looking for work to hate going into new offices, being looked over by the ones who engaged new stenographers. Some girls liked it. Janet Lewis did; she felt that it was an adventure that there was no telling whom she might meet in that way.

But then, Janet didn't have to work; her father could support her She spent all her salary on clothes and good times.

Then, too, Janet didn't want to stay on at Craig Brothers, on the chance that Stewart Howe would come back from Texas before long That made a lot of difference in Mary's case, though she wouldn't admit it even herself.

She had rather expected that Pat Hamilton would telephone her, after she ran away from him so abruptly that night when she had dined with him at the Albemarle. He had not done so. Mary was bewildered, not knowing enough about men even to suspect that he had been amused rather than annoyed at her leaving, had understood it perfectly, known that she would expect him to 'phone, and decided to wait until he came to town again. By that time she'd be glad to see him again! A girl like that, living in a shabby apartment-house—of course she'd be glad to go out with him again. He hadn't intended to take her to New York anyway, had just been sounding her out.

Her aunt sympathized with her heartily over her position; Mary almost wished she wouldn't. For the first time in her life she began to wonder if it wouldn't be rather nice to live alone, or with just one or two other girls, in a little apartment—to do as she liked, manage her own affairs—have her own latch key, dress as she wanted to, instead of as her aunt thought she should.

That thought urged her on, gave her a new reason for wanting a good position. It took her mind off the humiliation of her experience with Pat Hamilton and the unhappiness caused by her misunderstanding with Stewart Howe.

She made a list of ads for stenographers and secretaries from the classified advertising section, the day after she had been told that she would be dismissed from Craig Brothers the week following, and took the next morning to look for work. The first place to which she went was one in a building rather far from the center of town; the office itself was far less pretentious than Craig Brothers' (which occupied a whole floor) and in its outer room two girls were waiting when she went in.

One of them was older than Mary. She looked rather shabby, was plain dressed in a worn blue suit and a small, black hat which looked as if she had trimmed it herself. She looked at Mary anxiously, half turning in her chair to do it.

Mary dropped her handbag as she sat down and the other girl picked it up. A few moments later they were talking together.

A girl came out of the inner office, and a man appeared in the doorway for a moment and summoned the girl who sat beside Mary. When she came out, very soon, and the third girl who had been waiting went in, the one who had sat beside Mary sat down again.

"I couldn't take the job, it doesn't pay enough," she told Mary. "I've got to rest a little before I go on; I've been up since five this morning, and I'm tired to death. Tell me, do you know anything else that's particularly good—anything you don't want, I mean?"

Mary shook her head. "All I've got is a list of ads I tore out of the paper," she said.

The other girl nodded. "That's what I've done, just torn out ads," she said. "I can do better that way than through the agencies, because I haven't had much regular experience. I've been working for my brother, who wrote scientific books and now he's married—married a woman with money, too—and they've gone abroad, so I've got to find something else. I suppose you live here in the city, don't you?"

Mary said she did.

"Well, you've got it better than I have, then; I live out in the suburbs—it takes me nearly an hour to get into town. And I—would you mind having lunch with me somewhere, today—somehow, I feel so lonely, and sort of helpless—"

"I'd love to," Mary told her. Then, as the door of the inner office was opened again, she said hurridly—"Wait for me, won't you?" and went in.

She liked Stanley Blake, the man who wanted a secretary, immediately. For one thing, he was frank with her.

"I'm about all there is to the office, except a bookkeeper," he told her. "I'm building this business up alone, so you'd have to do more than be just a stnographer. I've got something here that I can build up, I know, of course you'd advance as the business developed. Lots of my mail you'd take care of yourself; it's a mail order business, and I'll have to spend a good deal of time at a little factory I have, so you'd take complete charge of everything when I wasn't here.

"But I can't pay much; these other girls all seem to feel that for what I want I can pay too little. GAL TWO—LOVES GREAT.... .... Only twenty dollars a week—" he looked at Mary anxiously.

She laughed.

"How do you know that I'd be worth even that? You haven't asked me what experience I'd had, or —or anything like that. I have references—" she took her letters out of her handbag and began to unfold them.

"Oh, that's all right; somehow, I'm sure you'll do," he told her, "Will you take the job?"

She laughed again. "Yes, I will," she told him.

He held out his hand. "Let's shake on the bargain," he said.

Tomorrow—An Important Step.

Proper Observance Puts Sun Into Sunday Declares Rev. Taylor

"Putting the Sun in Sunday," was the subject of the sermon by Rev. Fred C. Taylor in the First Methodist church on Sunday evening. The service was featured as "A Better and Brighter Sunday," and Attorney R. C. Glover read the Oregon state laws on Sabbath observance. Mr. Taylor used for his text, Psalms 118.24: "This is the day the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it."

"God's holy day is intended to be the brightest and happiest of the whole week," said Mr. Taylor in opening his sermon. "If it is a dark, gloomy, galling and burdensome day, it can only be because it has not been rightly received and observed by people as God planned it in the beginning. He who created the human race and loved it enough to give His only Son for its redemption, would not institute anything that would hurt or burden the race in its purpose and service. No one in advocating the proper observance of the Lord's day of our wants to take the sun out of Sunday, as may be charged against them, but simply to keep the sun in Sunday as God wanted it to be. The true joy of anything is found in the knowledge that it is in harmony with God. The true joy of Sunday is in using it as God planned and commanded it for his race.

"The sun of Sunday is not found in law but in conscience and the life. A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content, is the expression of one writer. Since the state of Oregon repealed its Sabbath laws, the day must be observed rightly for conscience sake. A recent survey of the state of the union shows that 28 states with a population of over 64,000,000 are living in the environment of an open Sunday. The balance of the states, 20 in number with a population of over 41,000,000 have a comparatively well-observed Sunday. The 18 states which have the best Sunday laws have 5 per cent foreign-born population. The 18 having the weakest Sunday laws have 14 per cent foreign born, while four states, Arizona, Montana, California and Oregon, having no Sunday laws, are reported to 23 per cent foreign born population. America should hold fast to the ideals of those who laid well its foundations in a proper observance of the hold day of rest, rather than become continental in its practice and standard.

"Sunday is commanded to be a day of rest from labor, a day of worship and a day of service to others. It is not intended to be commercialized or secularized or made into a holiday. Commercialized sports and amusements and unnecessary manual labor tend to take the sun out of Sunday rather than make it the bright and happy day God planned it to be. The growing laxity of Sabbath observance may have some relation to the increase of crime, the disrespect of authority and the reverence for divine things. With the setting apart of this one day in seven as a day of rest and recreating the exhausted minds and bodies and tired nerves and above all as a day of church-going and worship of God and service to Him, will come the blessing of strength and joy from this day as provided by the Creator in the beginning."

HUMILITY HARD LESSON, TAUGHT ONLY BY CHRIST

"There is no lesson harder to learn than the lesson of humility," Rev. F. L. Cannell of the West Salem Methodist church told his congregation Sunday morning. "It is not taught in the schools of men, but only in the school of Christ. It is the rarest of all the gifts.

"Very seldom do we find men who are following closely in the footsteps of the Master in meekness and humility; I believe it is the hardest lesson Jesus had to teach His disciples while He was here on earth. On one occasion the disciples were discussing among themselves as to who would be the greatest in heaven; and today we hear the same kind of discussion about the big places.

"We are living in a great day of boasting, yet 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' Some are proud of the feathers in their hats and some are proud of the rouge on their faces; some are proud of their fine clothes and others are proud of their old clothes. Some are proud of their education, and some are proud that they are not proud.

"If we would only humble ourselves before God, what giants we would be for the Master, and how Christianity would advance in the world, but many times our pride hinders the work of the Holy Spirit.

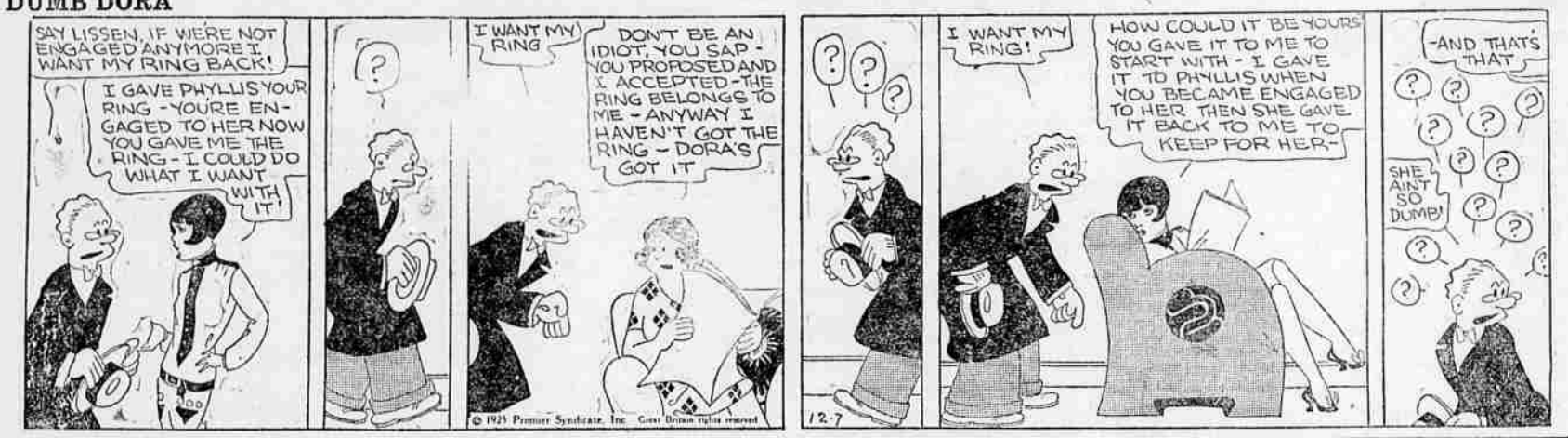
"Let us for a few moments look into the life of John, the forerunner of the Messiah. Jesus said of him, that 'there never was born so great a man as John.' When he began to preach in the wilderness, the people out by the thousands to hear him; finally the priests and the elders of the synagogue sent men out to ask John who he was, Moses, or Elias, or the Messiah. He could have said many flattering things about himself but he did not say a word in his own favor. 'I am just a voice,' said John, 'just a mouthpiece of God, crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord.'

"Did we ever notice the reason Jesus gave for asking the world to learn of Him? He could have said 'Learn of me, for I am the most advanced thinker of the age; I have performed miracles that no other on earth could perform; I have opened the eyes of the blind; I have cleansed the lepers; the wind and the waves obey my voice, and at my command the dead come forth.' Was this the reason Jesus gave in asking the world to learn of Him? No! 'Learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart.'

"The holiest Christians are the humblest."

Winter
Outside
Summer
in your home made certain by the use of GOOD FUEL, such as sold by
HILLMAN FUEL CO.
Telephone 1855
More heat per $
COAL
WOOD
BRIQUETS
You'll like to trade with us.
Two tons of coal in your basement are better than 1,000 in our bins.

DUMB DORA By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE For Purpose of Identification By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF Maybe Mutt's Right—But—! By Bud Fisher