

The Oregon Statesman

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MAINTENANCE OF PAVED ROADS

It will soon be costing a million dollars a year to keep up the repairs on the paved highways of Oregon.

It is as important that repairs be made early and often—as often as needed—as is the construction of the highways in the first place.

Eternal vigilance is the price of good roads. The Roman roads that have stood for 2000 years in some parts of Europe, and other roads built of stone that have been in use for centuries, are still as serviceable as when they were first built.

But there have been constant repairs throughout the years. The American doughboys who were in France were struck by the constant and patient and thorough work of the men in charge of the roads of that country; each man having a small stretch of road under his care, and attending to it as if his life depended on it; and indeed it does, for he has a life job and he may have been at it for fifty years or more, on that small stretch of road—and his father before him, and his son after him.

How long will the paved roads of Oregon last? They will last as long as they are kept in repair; renewed.

But they must be renewed and kept in repair constantly, and at a great aggregate annual expense, if they are to be kept up for present use and for the use of future generations.

Perhaps the men who haul freight in heavy trucks over the paved roads of Oregon think they are regulated and taxed and licensed and supervised enough now.

But this is a matter that must have study and attention; is getting such attention in Washington and California and other states.

Here are men who and companies which have contributed little or nothing to the cost of the paved roads, but who are doing a large share of the wearing of them out.

This is the chief problem concerning the Oregon paved roads, besides their first construction.

The state highway commission should be called upon to give its recommendations to the Oregon Legislature at its session to meet in January in regard to the proper charges for such uses of the paved roads of this state, along with its program for continuing the construction of new roads.

A representative of the American Can Company made a statement recently that the salmon industry on both sides of the Columbia river is a great industry. But he said that up at Salem they put into cans fruits and vegetables each year that are far more valuable in the markets in the aggregate than all the canned salmon product of the Columbia. Had you thought of it in that light? And the comparison will annually grow more startling, in favor of the Salem canning industry.

The United States is neutral, it is explained. The destroyers and battleships Secretary of the Navy Denby has sent to Turkish waters are merely for observation and the protection of American interests. But Uncle Sam's gobs may lead a lot of moral support to the forces making for order and decency, and perhaps for peace.

The greatest state fair in the history of the west has two more full days to run, and it is to be hoped that they may be fair days.

in which all who have not attended, and who intended and ought to attend, may attend in comfort.

ENTER THE BIG BREAKFAST

Fads, when you get down to hard facts, really rule the world. "By their fads ye shall know them" would be a good revised version of an old text.

If you are out of fashion, out of form, out of date, out of the swim it means that you haven't caught on to the latest fads. Of all the customs that distinguish the people of one age or clime from those of another, none is so typical as fads in eating and drinking.

In our sententious moods we like to say, "As a man thinketh," and look profound and wag our heads wisely over the psychological discovery. And all the time, "As a man eateth," we know is the only rule by which we can learn anything about him.

As a country eateth, as a race eateth, as an epoch feedeth itself, so will that race, that epoch either rise or fall.

The present age in America prides itself on being a robust age; that is to say, to be vigorous and vehement and glamorous and rambunctious and electric and explosive and tropical is the individual ambition of the budding American era.

Novelties in music, in dancing, in dress, in art, in church sermons have come fast and furious in response to this demand. Yet the most pertinent query for fixing the status of the post-war American era is, What was the leading fad in feeding and what promise did it hold for the future of the people?

There are three meals by which the world is judged, lunch, dinner, breakfast—and the greatest of these is breakfast.

So, with a blast of trumpets, let the herald announce that the big breakfast is now all the rage and no one is up to date any more who isn't a good morning trencherman.

In this America is all to the good.

We were in dire peril of falling for the finicky French roll and chocolate, the virginal English tea and marmalade, the slice of fruit and swallow of vermouth of the Mediterranean.

Not so breakfasted the men who hewed a new civilization from the rocks of this western continent. Their breakfasts were Rabelaisian, mighty epics, grand Da Vinci canvases. They started the day right and because they started the day right they started the country right.

Ham, eggs, bacon, cornmeal, buckwheat cakes, maple syrup, codfish balls, coffee in great mugs, hot biscuits, butter without stint or limit, hash, fried potatoes, apple pie, farm-made cream cheese, bowls of warm, foamy milk—on the strength of such breakfasts as these the

young republic grew to world overlordship.

And then came a period when the good, old, American breakfast suffered a temporary eclipse. It came to be a fad to start the day with a nibble instead of with real eats. About that time Woodrow Wilson was elected president.

The end was very close when the no-breakfast vogue began to make headway.

Some saw a deep laid plot by foreign rivals to destroy our fact-growing world influence by persuading us to surrender the old-fashioned American breakfast. They hoped to change our fashion in eating as they had already changed our fashion in dressing by popularizing foreign importations.

Luckily a wave of robust Americanism at this time swept the country. Even M. Poiret and his Paris fashions began to lose caste. And with a whoop and a roar back comes the old American breakfast, bigger, more bountiful and more red-blooded than ever.

Fashion has decreed it, the doctors have indorsed it. A wave of new national expansion and abnormal development may therefore now be expected in every direction.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Fair weather promised— And a great Friday at the fair.

The loganberry banquet to the father of the loganberry will be held this evening.

There will be a lot to say about loganberries in The Statesman in the next few days. These are important days in the loganberry industry.

The public schools of Salem will open Monday. The book lists are all ready, at the Commercial Book Store, and those who want to avoid the rush of next week ought to get their books today and tomorrow.

The topping of thrones goes gloriously on.

A friend at the writer's elbow says, the way he understands the situation, France is willing to hold the hat of England, while the latter thrashes the eternal daylight out of the unspeakable Turk.

Enos A. Mills, who has died at his home near Estes Park, Colo., was a former champion of national parks and was widely known as a lecturer and writer on natural history subjects, as well as an innkeeper and guide. He lectured

FUTURE DATES

September 25 to 30 inclusive—Oregon State fair. September 28, Thursday—Company F Snoker, featuring bout between Billy Gardeau, of Boise, and Jack Davis of Seattle. September 30, Saturday—Football, Willamette University vs. Alamosa. October 5, 6 and 7—Polk County fair, Dallas. October 7, Saturday—Football, Salem high school vs. Woodburn high school. November 7, Tuesday—General election.

several times in Salem and was well known to a number of people here. He was a protege of the late John Muir, to whom he once said, he "owed everything." He was born in Kansas and went to Colorado in his youth for his health. He never carried a gun on any of his thousands of adventurous trips into the wilds.

SCOTTS MILLS

SCOTTS MILLS, Or., Sept. 28.—Lennie McClintock of Vallejo, Calif., is visiting his mother here who has been ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Shepherd and family, Mrs. Lena Bellinger and Franklin Shepherd visited Mrs. Bellinger, Bruce Bellinger and family at Lafayette, Or.

Mrs. Lena Gerlick returned to her home at Abiqua Heights Monday after visiting friends in Portland the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Shepherd who has been living at Crooked Finger the past two years have moved near Beaver Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Taylor and family spent a few days in Portland the first of the week.

Nearly everyone in this vicinity is busy in the prune orchards.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Gersch had the misfortune Thursday about noon to lose their house by fire. The home was a total loss with no insurance and practically nothing saved.

Leo Wellman and Frances Se-

molke were married Tuesday, Sept. 19 in Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Wellman will make their home on the groom's ranch southwest of Scotts Mills.

Mrs. Hermann Landwing and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Meser on the Abiqua.

Frank Wilson and his mother have moved to their new home, having bought the Harper place recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Bartholomew and family of Portland visited Mr. Bartholomew's parents here Sunday.

During games of cricket in England the players stop for tea. Imagine a hard-boiled baseball player in this country stopping the game for a cup of tea. Could he get away with it? He could not.

Used by Three Generations "I used Foley's Honey and Tar personally, give it to all my children and now my grandchildren with the same good results. I tried many kinds of cough medicines, but never want anything but Foley's Honey and Tar," writes Mrs. E. J. Olson, Superior, Wis. Foley's Honey and Tar was established in 1875 and has stood the test of time serving three generations. It quickly relieves colds, coughs and croup, throat, chest and bronchial trouble. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Duncan of Portland is Candidate for Congress

Robert G. Duncan of Portland yesterday filed with the secretary of state as an independent candidate for congress from the third Oregon district, Multnomah county. He filed by petition of electors.

Two other independent candidates who filed yesterday were Hal M. King of Myrtle Creek for representative in the legislature from Coos county and C. M. O'Neill of Klamath Falls for circuit judge.

COLLEGIAN APPEARS

The first edition for this year, of the Willamette Collegian made its appearance on Willamette campus yesterday morning. Miss Helen Hoover, newly elected editor is to be complimented on the makup and appearance of the Collegian for it is full of pepy write-ups and well-written advertisements. The Collegian Business manager is Gordon Kelsco, who gained valuable experience last year while on the college paper's staff. Mr. A. Nydegr is circulation manager and under his direction the circulation of the Collegian is ascending to a new mark than last year. A new corps of writers and reporters have been selected and with members of the freshman class such as

Ward Southworth, Helen Bartholomew, M. Stolzheim, Paul Buckley and others on the staff. The cut look for a successful year is very promising.

These are the nights when folks who would not put up with a bum bed at home are perfectly well satisfied to sleep on the sand along the beach. Or on the ground in the mountains with the chiggers marching on in battalions.—Los Angeles Times.

Read the Classified Ads



for MODERN CRANKCASE CLEANING SERVICE

Calol Flushing Oil for safe, thorough cleaning—and Zerolene for correct re-filling make the ideal combination for better engine performance. At dealers who display the sign.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)

Back of Vim Flour is a rigid System of Inspection and Supervision following every step of the process from the selection of the best hard wheat to the time it is offered to the housewife as the best flour manufactured in the West.

M. J. B. Coffee has become such a staple necessity with our customers that we have made arrangements with the manufacturers to ship M. J. B. direct from the roasters, freshly roasted and steel cut. It's the best coffee at its best.

DARI-GOLD MILK

Another product sold exclusively by our stores. In the manufacture of Darigold Milk no coloring preservatives or filler of any kind are used. The quality and deliciousness of Darigold is unsurpassed. It meets the demand for high quality milk. The taste is more like fresh cream. See our prices in yesterday's Capital Journal.

Eventually You Will Buy At BUSICK'S

The Junior Statesman

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THE FUN BOX

Open the Lid and Laugh

Ain't Nature Grand "Does any one know how many kinds of flowers there are?" the teacher asked the nature study class. Up went Minnie's hand. "There are three," she said promptly: "Wild, tame and Collie."



A PUZZLER Son: Father, is the zebra a black animal with white stripes, or is he a white animal with black stripes?"

A Riddle, Perhaps "What's most people's favorite wild game?" "Duck?" "No, football."

Not His Fault Mother: Did you know that every time you draw your breath some one dies? I've just been reading about it." Son: "Well, I can't help it. If I stop drawing my breath, I'll die."

The Better Plan Father: "Johnny, come help me dig the potatoes." Son: "Aw, don't you think it would be better if you'd do it yourself? You planted 'em. You know where they are."

Logic Jimmy: "May, these new trousers are too tight." Mother: "Oh, no. They aren't, either." Jimmy: "They are too, they're tighter than myskin." Mother: "That can't be." Jimmy: "Well, I can sit down in my skin, and I can't sit down in these trousers."



Maybe So Fred: "Mother, was there hair oil in this old bottle?" Mother: "Why no. That was glue." Fred: "Maybe that's why I can't get my hat off."

big policeman, following her down the street. Around the corner he went and there, sure enough, were two boys standing under a tree. At the end of one of the slender, high branches was a tiny kitten. They weren't throwing stones, but had a big, knotted stick which they took turns in throwing up into the tree. They were so busy that they didn't hear any one approaching, and were nearly started out of their



wits when the heavy hands of the big policeman fell upon their shoulders. "Young wretches!" shrielled Mrs. Field. "Heartless little animals!" "We weren't hurting your old kitten, we were just trying to—" "None of your back talk," exclaimed the officer. "Cruelty to animals ain't no charge to be laughed at. You just come along with me." Mrs. Field glared at them and set her mouth grimly. She hated boys, anyway, and she would see that these two got what was coming to them.

The two boys looked sullen and scared. They didn't try to say anything more. Their faces were scarlet as the little procession started down the street, old Mrs. Field waddling along in the rear looking as though she had just captured some German spies or a bunch of bombers.

Halfway down the street a young man came running up to them. "What's the matter here now?" he inquired, looking puzzled.

"None of your business," retorted the policeman. Mrs. Field explained. "These awful boys were stoning my cat!" "The idea!" replied the young man. "Those boys are all right. I saw a big dog chase a kitten

up a tree about an hour ago. The kitten was scared and couldn't get down. I was watching from the window and was starting over to see what I could do, when these boys came along. I told them what was wrong and they went off to get something to throw farther up along the branch so they'd knock the kitten off and it would fall in the grass there in the yard. They felt sorry for it."

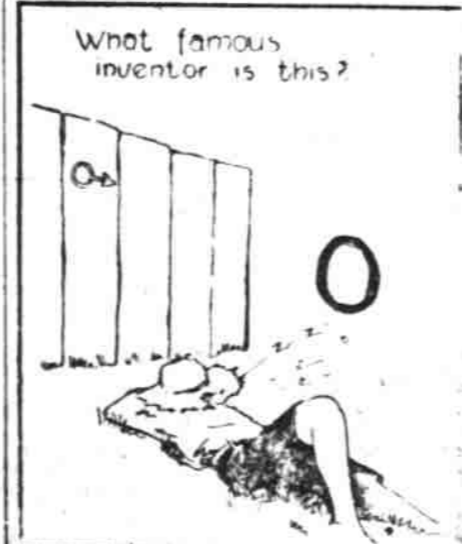
"Well, if you're sure that's the case," hesitated the policeman.

"That's what we wanted to tell you," said one of the boys.

The policeman released them. "Come along, boys," said the indignant young man. "I'll stand a treat at the drug store."

"Sure, thanks," replied one of the relieved boys. "On the way we can stop and have another try at getting that brainless cat down." Mrs. Field looked rather queer.

PICTURE PUZZLE



What famous inventor is this? Answer to yesterday's: Scholar, seat school, smile, suns, slats, suit, sweater, shoes, stockings, shoes, strings, screws, soil, spectacles.