

The Oregon Statesman

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OUR WONDERFUL DAIRYING INDUSTRY

There are perhaps now 4000 cows furnishing milk to the people of Salem and the factories of this city— And the dairying industry here is having a fine growth— A growth of the number of cows, and of better cows; getting a larger proportion of the cows that will produce 500 to 800 pounds of butterfat a year, instead of the common brindle cow producing perhaps 150 to 200 pounds.

The Salem district has the greatest Jersey cows in the world, producing over 1000 pounds of butterfat a year; and the 1100 and 1200 pound cow is a possibility of the near future— In the Willamette valley—

For here is where she will be produced— For we have the best dairying country in the world. In the matter of the cost of producing a pound of butterfat here as compared with the best dairying districts of the East, our dairymen have an advantage of at least 7 cents a pound; a fact attested by some of the leading authorities in the dairy world.

Oregon is now far and away the leading Jersey state of the Union, not only in having the largest percentage of pure bred Jerseys in proportion to population, and the largest number of record of merit and blue ribbon Jerseys in proportion to the whole number, but also in having the best Jersey cow in the world and nearly all the world records.

Oregon must lead and is bound to lead also in the Holsteins, the Guernseys, the Ayrshires and the other dairy breeds. Nature has elected western Oregon the premier dairy section of all the earth, and only the painstaking and intelligent direction of men of vision in this field is required to bring our section into its own.

No other one thing promises greater benefits to the agricultural interests than the development of the dairying industry. Dairying helps maintain and build up the fertility of the soil. It pays more than double dividends, directly and indirectly.

The recent discoveries in dietary science, showing that a virile race that thinks high thoughts and achieves great things cannot be maintained without milk products; that children must have milk if they are to grow and develop normally; that there can be no long life without milk, make the dairying industry a sacred calling; a profession, if the reader will allow the term, that must be respected and aided and encouraged in every possible way.

And in this respect it is good to know that the Salem district is on the up grade, headed to the highest place in this field in the United States—

And the sooner the number of cows in this district can be multiplied by ten, and the slacker cows eliminated and their places taken by high producers, the sooner will this whole section take the place nature has marked out for it, and the towns and cities of this section assume the solid prosperity that is rightfully theirs—

With Salem the greatest dairying center in the whole wide world.

But not half as fast as it should be.

In the new Fairmount Dairy plant, over on South Commercial street, Salem now has one of the most complete assembling and distributing stations for milk prod-

ucts on this coast, or any other coast. Every quart of milk and cream from that plant goes out pasteurized; goes out clean. There has never been an epidemic from pasteurized milk at any time, anywhere. So in this respect Salem is safe, and in this feeling of safety there is great satisfaction.

A Vision of Beauty. I returned the pressure of his hand—a silent agreement—with his mood, which I have learned he likes and unconsciously misses if I ever omit it—and then I gave my own soul up to the picture before me.

Our drive had been a most beautiful one, through groves of long-leaved pines, with the moonlight sending long shafts of mellow light along the sandy roads. And then we had turned through high, old iron gates, flung hospitably wide open, into a winding drive flanked on either side with wonderful trees, not so tall as the pines, but far more massive, were covered with glossy leaves and red berries that stood out distinctly in the moonlight.

I knew what they were, for I had seen and exclaimed at a similar one in Betty Kane's yard, and even begged a sprig of the berries as a souvenir of my first glimpse of holly growing—the holly which I had always loved and associated with Christmases, but which I had never seen saved piled up in branches upon the hucksters' stalls.

Dicky had thrown a brief, quick question at the driver: "Holly trees eh? How old are they?" "Nobody living knows," the man had returned. "I've heard they were planted by one of Miss Dora's ancestors many years before the war—I mean the one we used to call the war," he amended, hastily. "But they've always been the pride of the Paiges—the place is called 'Holly Lodge' because of them."

"Thank you," Dicky had returned, and the words and tone had subtly conveyed that he was possessed of all the information he needed. The driver evidently understood, for he had not spoken again, nor had any of us, save Dicky himself, when he commanded me to look.

The Mysterious Chauffeur. The vista through the holly trees was certainly worth the tribute of silence. We had come upon it suddenly at a bend in the avenue of the trees, evidently cunningly contrived for just this sudden view. Upon a gentle little eminence stood an old southern mansion, such as it had been my dream to see, and yet differed somewhat from the houses I had seen pictured. Two immense wings, each with many windows abuzz with lights, with no doors in front that I could distinguish, flanked on either side by a wide porch and with tall Georgian pillars in front. Unlike most houses, this porch had no rooms back of it, but extended the whole depth of the house.

I could see past the lights

take umbrage at it, until long ago he explained that it had become second nature to him through saying it to companions who insisted upon chattering when they saw anything new and beautiful.

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which illuminated it, a lovely view beyond it of flowers and trees. Wonderful rhododendrons, distinct in the illumination, were banded under the windows of the wings, while ivy, as old as the house, rioted everywhere.

But even the "crawl" which Dicky had commanded soon brought us to the wide driveway curving up to the Georgian entrance. Just before we reached it, Dicky asked another question: "What do they call this arrangement of porch, anyway?" "A blow-away," the man responded. "It gets pretty hot down here sometimes, you know, but there's always a breeze there. At the back it extends out on both sides to the ends of the house, so that the breeze comes from all directions."

"I'm going to have a house like this," my husband said decidedly, but I had no time to answer him even if I had wished, for the car had stopped, and an elderly colored man—striving to appear young and jaunty in a uniform that even in the moonlight I could tell was old and faded—opened the door of our car, bowing.

There were a number of other cars parked in a grassy space near ours. I gave them only cursory glance as I waited for Dicky's mother and my father to get out of the car, then started, as from behind the one nearest I heard Maj. Grantland's voice: "What are you doing there I thought I told you—"

"I'm driving 'the Morelands, that's what I'm doing. I can't help it if my old customers ask me to drive them to a place, can I? How did I know?" "That will do," Maj. Grantland returned sternly. "You may stay, but remember I have my eye on you. Don't try anything."

"No, sir," the man replied humbly, and as Maj. Grantland left the car and strode toward us with his hand outstretched to Dicky, I realized that the man to whom he had been speaking was the driver of the closed car which had dogged us the night of our arrival in Cedar Crest. (To Be Continued)

LINGERING COUGH RELIEVED "Had a bad cough for three years," writes H. E. Campbell, Adrian, Michigan. "Found no relief until I tried Foley's Honey and Tar." Lingered coughs, severe colds, croup, throat, chest and bronchial trouble quickly relieved with Foley's Honey and Tar. No need to suffer and take chances with neglected coughs and colds. Free from opiates—ingredients printed on the wrapper. Largest selling cough medicine in the world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

HOLDING A HUSBAND Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE CHAPTER 147

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN MADGE ARRIVED AT THE FAIRFAX DINNER. "There may be more beautiful things on this earth," Dicky quoted, then caught his breath and clutched my hand. "Look at that, Madge, but keep still. Go at a crawl here, please"—to the driver.

I did not need the first injunction, a familiar one to my ears from my artist husband, one that I never disregard, but which he never fails to utter. I used to

MOVIE GOSSIP

LIBERTY OFFERS TOMORROW



Clara Kimball Young in "The Hands of Nara."

AT THE GRAND SATURDAY AND SUNDAY



Harold Lloyd in "A Sailor Man."

OREGON Richard Barthelmess in "Sonny" and Snub Pollard. BLIGH Hickman Bessy Stock Co., and Wally Reid in "The Roaring Road." LIBERTY Monte Blue in "My Old Kentucky Home." GRAND Coming Saturday and Sunday —Elaine Hammerstein in "Under Oath" and Harold Lloyd in "A Sailor Made Man."

Kimball's greatest successes, "The Hands of Nara." The picture had a most successful run in Portland recently. The story concerns the women of Russia. It was written by Richard Wash Burn White, the American ambassador to Italy and the story was published first in Colliers' Weekly and then was put in book form. Such a story must offer Clara Kimball Young wonderful possibilities for her talents as an emotional actress. She is considered one of the greatest delineators of dramatic parts in the films.

A good big show is in store for patrons of the Grand Saturday and Sunday. Elaine Hammerstein will appear in her first dramatic part "Under Oath." She is supported by a fine cast headed by Mahlon Hamilton. Harold Lloyd will share honors with Elaine, as he too, will appear on the Grand screen in "A Sailor Made Man."

Your last chance to see "My Old Kentucky Home" will be today, as this wonderful picture closes a very successful three day run tonight. Monte Blue has a role of a Southerner, which he can play to perfection. The story is based on the old song hit, that everybody knows. The famous Kentucky Derby is shown and this race furnished plenty of thrills. This feature is one of the most satisfactory films that has been shown on the Liberty screen for a long time and the Liberty theater for some time past has been running only big successes, in fact every picture that has been shown on that screen for a long time has gone over big.

The Hickman Bessy Stock Co. closes a three nights' engagement at the Bligh theater tonight presenting "Easy Money." This is one of the best companies that has ever played in Salem and one of the funniest dramas ever produced.

Harry Myers, better known as

One of Louise Dressler's earliest jobs in the theatrical profession was in a "Peck's Bad Boy" company on the road, for which she was engaged at \$10 a week. Since then she has gotten a thousand a week as a "single" in vaudeville. She will be seen in her second motion picture, "Burning Sands," a production for Paramount, which comes to the Oregon theater next Saturday. Wanda Hawley and Milton Sillis are featured.

Libby Ingraham, Carter De Haven's director in "My Lady Friends," coming to the Liberty theater on Sunday, has made 26 feature productions in three years without having missed a day's salary in between. In ten years Ingraham has never had a scene deleted by a censor.

Clara Kimball Young and El-ilot Dexter come to the Liberty tomorrow in one of the Clara

WAR VETERANS HEAR MALONE

Legislation Affecting Service Men Discussed at Monday Session

The largest attendance in many months greeted Comrade L. D. Mahone of Portland, Monday, when he spoke to Hal Hibbard camp, U. S. V. W., on the late national convention and on the laws that affect the soldier.

Mr. Mahone has spent years in a close study of legislation as it affects the man who has served his country, and is rated as one of the best informed speakers on the subject in the northwest. He served in the Spanish-American war, and later in the World war, so that he speaks from the inside as well as from the point of unselfish good for other soldiers.

Mr. Mahone was secretary of the Oregon Methodist conference that met in Salem early in September, and made a notable report of the organization work for the year 1921-22. The story of his gratuitous service to various non-paying organizations is one of the most Utopian romances in the history of the northwest.

Refreshments were served at the Monday night meeting, and the camp has had a real baptism of new life through the coming of the gifted Portlander.

RUPTURE EXPERTS

for Men, Women and Children in Salem, Representing W. S. Rice, Adams, N. Y.

Our experts, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Williams, will be at the Marion Hotel, Salem, Oregon, October 20 and 21.

Every ruptured man, woman and child should take advantage of this opportunity.

The Rice Method for Rupture is known the world over. You can now see this method demonstrated and have a Rice Appliance fitted to you. Absolutely no charge unless you are satisfied to keep the outfit after having the appliance adjusted and you see how perfectly and comfortably it holds.

No harsh, deep-pressing springs; nothing to gouge the flesh and make you sore. Can be worn night and day with positive comfort. Soft, rubber-like composition pad, and any degree of pressure required.

Don't wear a truss all your life when thousands have reported cures through using the Rice Method. Why suffer the burden of rupture if there is a chance to be free from truss-wearing forever? Anyway it will cost you nothing to come in and see my representative at the Marion Hotel.

Mrs. Williams has separate apartments and will personally attend all lady callers. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m., evenings 7 to 9.

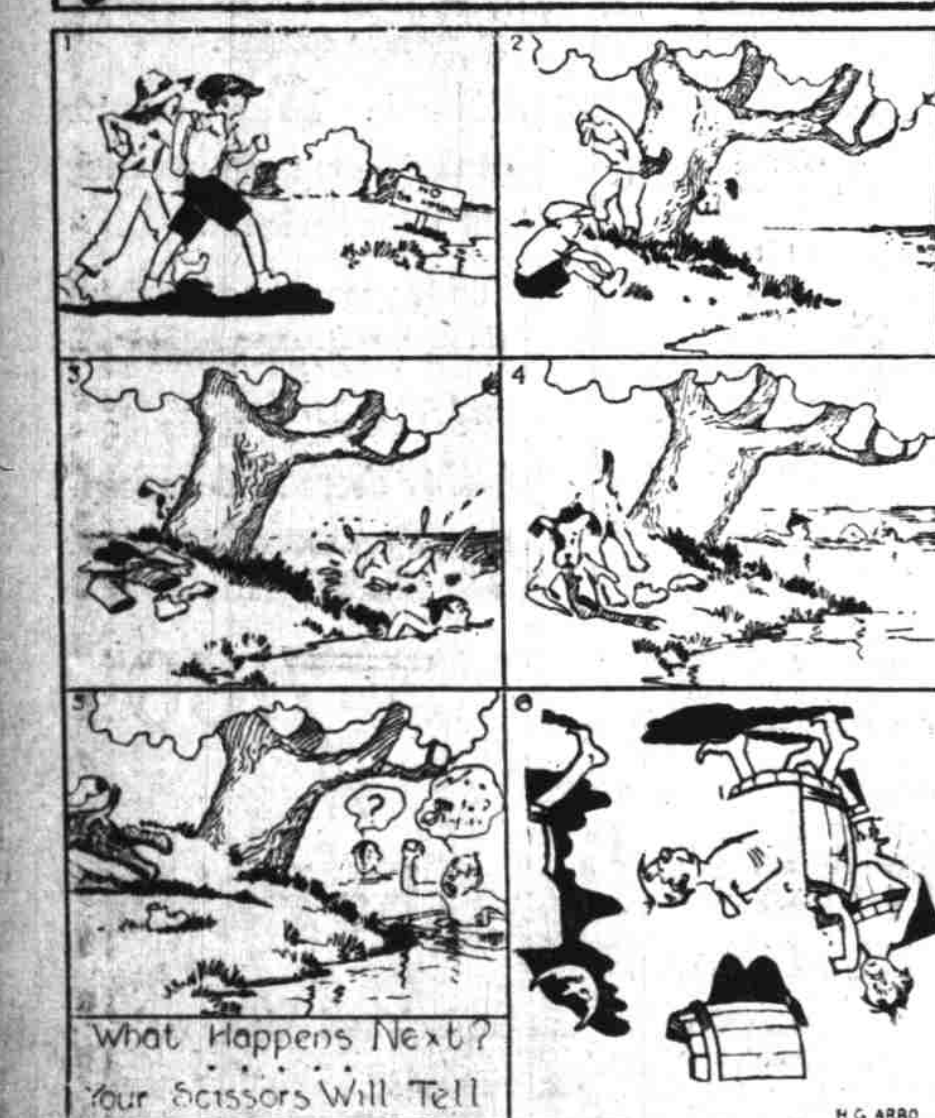
Don't miss this great opportunity to see these experts on Hernia.

W. S. Rice, Adams, N. Y.

The Junior Statesman

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THE CUT-UP PUP



What Happens Next? Your Scissors Will Tell

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

A KNIGHT IN KNICKERS A girl with four brothers does not have much of a chance to be a little lady, and "Bill" would not have wanted to anyway. Her

The two of them had never thought of doing anything separately until Lew joined the "knights," a bunch of boys in the neighborhood who went on hikes and had secret meetings together, which left Bill out in the cold.

"It's good for her," declared her mother. "Maybe now she'll pick up a few girls to play with. She really hasn't any girlish traits at all. Why, when I was a girl—"

Bill, however, was lonely and hurt. If the big boys wouldn't have anything to do with her, at least she could play with the little ones, so she took to visiting her oldest brother's house a great deal and playing with his two little boys, though his wife was a little nervous about having the "tomboy" around.

One afternoon Bill was going down the road to her brother's house, which was on the edge of town, halfway in the country, when an automobile came tearing down the road and almost ran into her. It stopped with a jerk and her sister-in-law, white-faced, called to her, "Oh, Bill, little Dicky fell out of the loft and is hurt. Our phone isn't working, so I'm going in after the doctor. I didn't know what to do. I'm nearly frantic." Away she went, and Bill broke into trot for the house.

The youngster was lying unconscious on a couch, a bad gash in his head, one arm hanging limp. Bill had taken a first aid course once with her brother Murt, who had used her to practice bandages on. She set to work deftly to do what she could.

When the doctor came, he gave Bill an approving pat on the head. "I asked Mrs. Field if there was any one with him," he grinned, "but she said there was no one but Bill, who was a little tomboy and couldn't do anything useful."

When Bill's mother heard of it she said, "Well, it shows the girl

does have a feminine streak. I believe I'll try to interest her in baking and sewing, since she seems such a good nurse. The doctor says she really saved the child's life."

However, Bill's mother gave up despair when she learned that at a meeting of the knights, Bill's deed was recited and she was grudgingly taken in as an honorary member.

Katie Krall will make her home with Mrs. Utley and Mrs. Blodgett this winter.

Kenneth Griffin has returned to his home in Salem after visiting with E. E. May.

H. H. Vandevort has leased the Emmitt place for three years, and his caretaker, E. E. May and family will occupy the house.

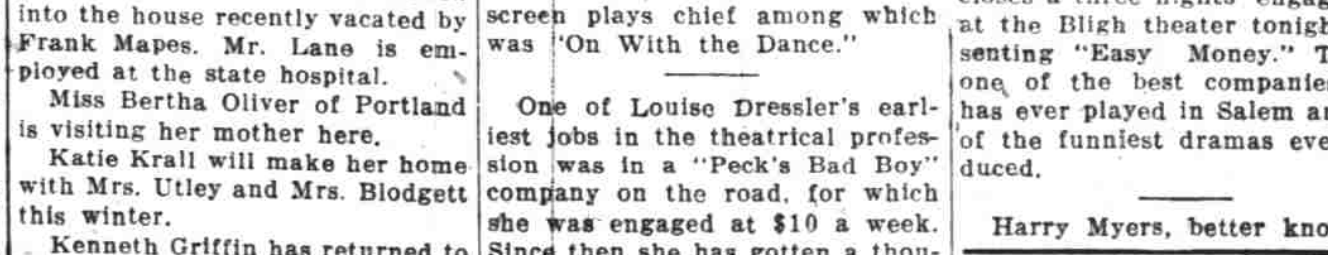
Mrs. Lehman was called to Salem last week on account of the illness of her niece Mrs. Kruger, and her mother Mrs. Vandevort.

Pear picking at the Wallace farm was completed last week.

As Mrs. Henna Henpeck opened the door of the office she came full upon her husband holding the stenographer on his lap and caressing her. But she didn't cause a scene.

"How do you like working for daddy?" she asked her daughter.

Picture Puzzle



What ten words beginning with the same letter do you see in this picture?

Answer to yesterday's: Eggs, goat, gate, stem.