

DESERT RAILROAD IS MADE TO ORDER

Forty-Mile Line Over Desert From Lund to Cedar City Is Projected

SALT LAKE CITY, July 24.—A 40 mile railroad over the desert between Lund and Cedar City, rushed to completion in 87 days at a cost of \$1,049,000, was one of the incidentals in the recent reception by the state of Utah to President Harding.

In April 2, last, the right of way men, acting for the Union Pacific railroad, secured possession of the needed ground for the construction of the railway from the Salt Lake route main line at Lund to the entrance of Zion National Park, and on the same day the first scraperful of earth was turned on the grade.

The contractor strung his men out in sections and as fact as the section was completed, the track laying crew took possession and the ties and rails were set in place. Crowding upon their heels was the ballast crew. And so the work was rushed toward Cedar City.

In the midst of this orgy of toil came word that the President of the United States would visit Zion Park, providing the track was in shape for his big special train upon his arrival in the west. Every man on the system from the highest executive to the lowliest section hand plunged into the work with redoubled energy.

Whereup there came the announcement that President Harding's trip to southern Utah had been cancelled, and the work dragged.

But again came cheering news, definite this time, that the president would come. Ignoring dust and desert heat, the men plunged into the job again, determined to finish the road in time.

Only 48 hours before the arrival of the president's train the depot site at Cedar City was strewn with foundations and debris left from the removal of houses that had been carted away or torn down. Ballast trains brought in clean white gravel. An approach 20 feet wide for automobile travel was graded and surfaced and grounds were roped off.

Twelve hours before the president's train was due the electricians were erecting poles and stringing the lights along the railway track and the station yard.

The superintendent of the work rode into Cedar City on a pilot train ahead of the presidential train and met his yard foreman, who was just completing his second continuous 24-hour shift that week. He was covered with dirt and grime and a half-inch growth of rough beard bristled on his face. The superintendent prevailed upon him to get cleaned up and take a little nap before the president arrived. The man dragged himself into a car within 500 feet of the spot where the president's special was "parked," and slept so soundly that he never even saw the highest executive.

During the construction of the new branch, ballast trains bringing gravel were given right of way over every other train on the Salt Lake route main line. The biggest day's output was 119 cars. In the 87 days nearly one-half million tons of gravel were hauled an average distance of 100 miles.

Radiator Stethoscope New Device to Save Coal

CHICAGO, July 25.—The leaky radiator and the radiator that sounds like a strafe in a boiler factory must go. The research committee of the National Association of Building Owners and Managers declares it has discovered means of saving thousands of tons of coal a year by preventing wastage of steam.

The committee has invented a stethoscope. It works quite like the one the doctor uses when he tests your lungs or your heart. The escape of steam in the radiator traps can be gauged the way the doctor finds out about a malfunctioning heart. The stethoscope is placed against the radiator trap and the operator listens to the music of the steam. Whether it murmurs, gurgles or pounds, the radiator trap doctor knows immediately what the matter is by using his stethoscope. It is claimed.

The committee in charge of the work was headed by Col. Gordon Strong of Chicago, assisted by professors and students of Lewis Institute, where the actual testing was done.

LIVESLEY NEWS

LIVESLEY, Or., July 24.—Fred Fitzwater of Cal. visited during the week with his sister, Mrs. "Bud" Stutesman.

Gordon Greenstreet of Portland is spending his vacation with relatives and friends at Livesley.

Forest Edwards and family spent the week end at the coast.

THREATENS MRS. MALLORY'S TENNIS REIGN.



MISS HELEN WILLIS

Is Mrs. Mallory's reign as queen of American tennis about to end? Close students of the sport who think so are basing their belief on the rapid strides made by her strongest rival for the title—Miss Helen Willis of California. This seventeen year old California girl who, at fifteen, beat some of the top ranking stars of the country and was rated twelfth nationally, is to play her first match in the East in the Seabright tournament, which opens on July 30, and critics will see for themselves just how much nearer she has moved to the top of the tennis standing.

Mrs. Jack Edwards returned with them after about two weeks stay at the beach.

Earl Blankenship has gone to eastern Oregon to help in the wheat fields.

Miss Alice Wood had the misfortune to sprain her ankle the fore part of the week, but at this time it is much improved.

The newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman McDonald, are spending their honeymoon at Newport and beaches.

Miss Alta Lefley who has been visiting with her aunt in Albany or some time, returned home during the week.

Marie Fitzwater is visiting with her grandmother in Portland during the week.

C. D. Query, Floyd and Julia Query Gordon Greenstreet and Francis Bressler attended the musician's picnic at Willhoit Springs Sunday. All report a good time.

AMERICAN SCHOOL LURES REFUGEES

YMCA Institution in Berlin Attracts Russians From Many Countries

BERLIN, July 25.—Forty-two hundred Russian refugees, scattered all over the face of the earth are taking courses in the correspondence school which the American Y. M. C. A. is conducting in Berlin.

A hotel porter in Cairo is studying bookkeeping. Three Russians who have sought refuge in Tunis are studying farm organization. Eight refugees in Turkey are taking courses in stenography. A former Russian officer who found work in France oiling steam engines is taking a course in steam engineering.

Down in the heart of China one Russian is taking a course in road building. Six Russians in Cyprus are studying radio telegraphy. A Russian in Brazil is taking machine drawing.

Bulgaria has a larger number of correspondence students than any other country, 864 in all. Most of these are studying mathematics, but there are also many there who are taking courses in farm organizations and bookkeeping, and 127 Russians in that country are taking electro-technics.

Eight Russians in the United States are taking courses from the Berlin school, most of them mathematical courses. But Bulgaria, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Germany, the countries where the greatest number of Russian refugees are, lead all others in their enrollment. Poland is second with 810 mail students.

The new Baltic states, Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, are also well represented in the list, having from 150 to 400 students each. Algeria, Morocco, Syria and Palestine also are represented.

"The 14-year-old bad man" is the latest thing in burglars. But wait till the "6-year-old porch climber" comes along.

ROUTES IN AIR TO COVER EARTH

Interesting Paper Read by Brigadier-General F. H. Williamson

LONDON, July 25.—A most interesting and instructive paper was read before the International Air Congress, recently in session in London, by Brigadier-General F. H. Williamson, director of postal services of the British government.

General Williamson predicted that the United States, Canada, the West Indies and other parts of the North American continent would soon be linked up by air with Great Britain. Connecting air lines would also run to Egypt India, The Straits Settlements, Australia, New Zealand, and Africa. "It is not rash to predict," said he, "that the next generation will see its railways and its steamships supplemented by a complete system of communication by air."

General Williamson said the Cairo - Bagdad air mail service, now in operation, saved 20 days over the old land route which ran via Bombay, Karachi and the Persian Gulf. The mail planes covered the 850 miles in a single day.

Discussing the future of mail transport by air, the speaker said that the conveyance of the whole of the mails by air was an unlikely development unless and un-

til there is a very marked change in the cost of air transport, and in the financial limitations under which postal services are compelled to work, limitations which require some sort of proportion between the postage charged and the cost of transport.

"Moreover," the General added "an essential condition of mail service is regularity under all conditions, in all weathers, and at all times of the year. It is commonly assumed that if a method of transporting mails can be devised which is considerably more rapid, even if more expensive, than anything already in existence, there is an immediate public demand that it be used for the carriage of mails. There is, of course, some truth in this; but the experience that the importance attached to the mere speed of mail communication can easily be exaggerated.

"It is probable, therefore, that for a long time to come air mails must be limited to urgent correspondence on which a special fee is charged, and that such correspondence will only be a relatively small fraction of the total mail. The actual volume of air mail carried will depend on three factors, regularity, gain in time, and cost of conveyance; that is, exactly the same conditions as those on which the development of passenger and goods traffic will depend, and to which the technical development of commercial aviation must be directed."

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HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER NO. 363

THE MESSAGE DR. PETTIT GAVE TO MADGE

As Dr. Pettit drove his car up beside ours, I noticed through my terror, as if one part of my brain were working mechanically, that he threw the gear into first immediately upon stopping, evidently with the lash of hurry in getting away spurring him on. Almost without my own volition I put my own gear in equal readiness for starting off at once, listened tensely to his reply to Dicky's query as to what had happened.

"I don't know," he replied tersely.

"Jerry Ticer telephoned me to come to the farm at once, and said 'I saw you to tell you to hurry. There had been an accident. Good-bye.'"

At the last word he released his clutch and the car shot forward. For a second the sky and earth seemed to merge and revolve around my head, and I heard Dicky's voice, strained, wild with anxiety, gasp:

"Shall I drive?"

But I had pulled myself together and sent the car forward swiftly.

"Keep Quiet—!"

"No, it would take too much time changing seats. I'm all right now." I heard my voice utter the words, and it sounded like that of some stranger, it was so hoarse and creaky.

I had delayed but a second or two, yet Dr. Pettit's car was already far down the road. With the thought that my baby might be dead or dying at the end of my journey—for like all mothers, my fears flew first to my child—along, forcing it to its utmost speed, when Dicky spoke again.

"You can't catch Pettit, Madge,

He has a powerful car and the start. And this road isn't very good, especially that turn."

His voice was low and controlled. If I had been myself I should have realized that he was crushing down his emotions, was watchful of every complication, and that he feared my haste might result in some accident which would delay our arrival. But to my overstrained nerves his words simply meant that he was being over-cautious, and that the impulse to criticize anything I did was stronger than his anxiety for Junior. I turned my head toward him and fairly screamed at him:

"Keep quiet and let me get to my baby!"

As if the car were a sentient thing, and knew that the brain directing it had been drawn aside for an instant, it skidded, rocked, swayed and for a sickening, heart-stopping flash of time I thought we were going to topple over into the ditch at the side of the road for which I seemed headed. How I ever managed to get it under control and started in the right direction again I don't know, but in some manner I accomplished the feat, and, white and subdued, slowed my speed down a trifle.

Anxious Moments.

"Sorry, Sweetheart," Dicky's voice, tender, apologetic, sounded in my ears. "Steady, now, we're nearly there."

He must have realized that I needed just the soothing words he gave me, and a dim, remorseful realization swept across me of the double burden he must be carrying, that of his own wild anxiety and the necessity for helping me. But remorse, tenderness, every other emotion was swept out of my mind as we neared the driveway, and I saw a group in the Ticer front yard. It seemed to me that all living within a mile were gathered there, and I knew that something most unusual had summoned them.

Dr. Pettit's runabout stood in the driveway, and he was nowhere to be seen, neither was any member of our family nor the Ticers, save only the lad, Jerry, who stood on the porch, his face white beneath his freckles.

"My baby!" I gasped, clutching Jerry's arms as we reached the steps. "Is he dead?"

He shook his head dumbly, and I saw the tears in his honest eyes. "No, Mis' Graham, but—"

Dicky's arm was around me, and he hurried me onward through the open door into the room which Mrs. Ticer had given us for a sitting room. My child whimpering cries of pain came to my ears as I ran into the room and saw him in his grandmother's arms with his head wrapped in a blood-stained bandage, one little arm hanging limply by his side.

"Oh, Baby Darling!" I cried, breathlessly, as I reached his side. "What has happened to you? Give him to me!"

I held out my arms, but my mother-in-law looked at me with such awe and grief in her eyes that I was hushed for the second time.

"Hush, child," she said. "Your baby isn't dangerously hurt, and you are needed yonder."

I looked in the direction she indicated, saw Dr. Pettit bending over an inert little heap on the couch, while Lillian knelt at the side, her face gray with terror, her eyes fixed searchingly upon the physician's face as if she would tear the verdict from it.

(To be continued.)

Civilian Fliers Will Race to Big Air Meet

ST. LOUIS, July 25.—Elaborate plans to stimulate commercial aviation among civilians, are being made by the St. Louis Air Board and Flying club, in connection with the international air races to be held here October 1, 2 and 3.

Three of the events will be open to civilians only, although they may enter two of the others.

Boy manufacturers of model airplanes propelled by only a rubber band have not been forgotten in the list of events. The Mulvihill trophy and \$300 in prizes are offered to the member of the Junior Flying league whose home made airplane model flies the farthest in a total of three trials. The only motive power will be that derived from the use of rubber bands.

Some men are forever harping about wanting light beer restored to them, but the bartender says that most of them called for dark beer in the days that he remembers.



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