

# The Oregon Statesman

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## APPRECIATES OUR PEOPLE'S CONFIDENCE

A few days ago there was handed to The Statesman by the agent of the Southern Pacific at Salem—a dispatch from John M. Scott, manager of the Oregon lines, asking that the Salem representative of the company give to the press and to the citizens of Salem generally the following message received from President Sproule, dated at San Francisco, August 14:

"It is proper you should know that we expect the Interstate Commerce Commission will now grant for the Natron cut-off a certificate of public convenience and necessity, for which we made application in anticipation of this favorable decision, and we are also taking steps to get the necessary authority to go through the Indian lands. Chief Engineer Boschke has at once gone to work preparing papers for bids to submit to contractors, so that the actual physical work may begin; survey parties having been in the field for several weeks past, as has been told you. All of this means that there will be no delay in proceeding with the work, and after winter weather shall force us to stop, the shut down at such time will be only until next spring weather permits us to resume it. We wish the people of Oregon to know that the company appreciates their confidence and we desire to continue to prove worthy of it."

This expression of appreciation, and these assurances, will be received with grateful feelings by the people of the Salem district, and of all of western Oregon south of Salem— For our people have been with the Southern Pacific managers, almost unanimously, in their fight to retain control of the Oregon lines and to prevent the unscrambling of the Southern Pacific properties in such a way as would have rendered them powerless to be of great assistance in helping to develop the business of this part of Oregon, and of the big country in the southeastern part of the state that is for trade purposes more a part of California than of Oregon. Members from that part of Oregon have often remarked that they never had much to do with Oregon excepting when they were sent to the Legislature, or to the penitentiary or asylum for the insane or the institution for the feeble minded.

It will be far different soon. The Southern Pacific people have and will have a great property in Oregon which they will be obliged to develop in order to get good returns from it—

And in developing their great property they will aid in building up the country along their lines.

The Southern Pacific people, through their subsidiary companies, have had great plans for making Salem a central shipping point. They own the Salem street railway lines, and they have maintained them well. They have built the Cedar line; bought the Falls City line; acquired the old Oregon Pacific line. They have an expensive right of way from Salem to Portland, purchased for an electric line, for the "red cars." They have valuable terminal properties in Salem—

And, in the desire of the managers of the great Southern Pacific properties to "continue to prove worthy" of the confidence of our people, it is more than likely that, in due course, they will again turn their attention to Salem as a point at which it will be worth while to center the future vast freight and passenger business of the central Willamette valley. This would be a powerful help in building here a bigger and better city; and it would result in giving a vast local business to the Southern Pacific lines—besides making more certain an immense volume of tonnage taking long hauls. No doubt the Southern Pacific people are keeping watch of the solid growth of Salem and its surrounding territory, and are aware of the possibilities of enormous growth in a hundred, yes in a thousand different ways.

And they know of many ways in which they can be of assistance in speeding up this growth, to the mutual advantage of the properties over which they exercise a trusteeship, and of the people living here now and who may come here to live and work in the future.

### SELLING SALEM TO TOURISTS

The Oregon Statesman has started a very profitable business, one that delights our hearts. It is, "How to Sell Salem to the Tourists." It has not been an easy job always to sell Salem to its own people, but the Oregon Statesman has been pounding away at this for many years, with satisfactory results. However, the time has come when all of us in turn must sell this city and this valley to the tourists.

but an ugly spot is left with hardly a thought. The secretary of state has called attention to the fact that Salem does not have proper literature. The writer of this was in Eugene a couple of weeks ago and was loaded down with most excellent literature from that city. Upon returning to Salem, when we asked the efficient secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Wilson, why Eugene put forth a much better foot than Salem, while there are not nearly so many actual attractions, Mr. Wilson said it was because Salem did not have the money to put out proper literature; but then, he gave the encouraging information that in September, the last \$390 of the old debt would be paid. After that time Salem will be placed before the tourists in a comprehensive and enlightening manner.

However, the literature is only one phase of it. For instance, in the people's forum column recently, the Oregon Statesman contained a communication stating that while the park was not just what it ought to be, the drinking water was much worse. That is our idea of how not to build a city. Attention has been called to the park and it will be fixed up at once. The water question is an entirely different question and it will be handled in its own way by our own people.

The city administration is working progressively for the advancement of Salem and in due time it will show results all along the line.

Salem has a good many people who are for the city always, but—then follows deprecating adjectives that throw cold water upon the enthusiasm of the man who has just seen our wonderful scenery and more wonderful production. We must sell to the tourists, but first we must sell to ourselves.

### THE PRICE OF OIL

The Oregon Statesman has refrained from editorial comment upon the very extraordinary agitation over the price of oil for the reason that big as it looks, we regard it as another flash in the pan. It was on a par with Judge Landis' grandiloquent fine of \$29,000,000 slapped on the Standard Oil company. The very magnitude of both these things operated against them. The governor in South Dakota, however, had the good sense to try to do what he had done.

The trouble was not in the attempt, but in taking it too far. Such a cut, in six months, would leave only one oil company in the United States and that is not to be desired.

The price of oil is too high and it ought to be cut. But in making a cut, we must be just as fair to the producing companies as we are to the consuming public. Just because the ultimate consumers have usually been victims is no reason why we should break the backs of the oil companies on the wheel of public indignation. We should study the question thoroughly and make such reduction as the best business of live and let live will permit. Governor Pierce was not taken off his feet by this whirlwind. He has set about an investigation to establish what is fair. The results of that investigation will show what the price of oil ought to be.

### A MARKET FOR FRUIT

The Oregon Statesman has contended for a long time that the biggest question in Oregon was distribution. The Willamette valley can feed the world, provided we can deliver the goods to the homes of the people all over the world. Up to this time it is impossible to find a market for all our products and yet there is a shortage. People are clamoring for the very things we raise, and are willing to pay a fair price for them. We must find some way to have a fair distribution so that no market will be glutted while another market is starving. Refrigerator cars have solved the problem of shipping, but it will take the best thought of the best minds in the country to devise a plan of distribution that will enable the people of Georgia and the people of Maine to eat the Willamette valley fruit and at the same time to sell at a fair price.

### THE SHOOTER DAY

A savant has figured out that in 100 years the working day will be four hours. There is no use taking all this time in using the gray matter for figuring. Henry Ford has already announced that the working day will be 45 minutes, and Henry's 45 minutes against the idea of four hours will cause the latter to melt away like an iceberg in a tropical climate. Why work at all? Why not shorten the day to nothing? We have always admired the English statesman who had the finest occupation of any man in the world. He introduced in parliament a bill to give every man everything. We are for such a law—to do away with the necessity of work, and in spite of all that we say about the curse of Adam being the blessing of the world in these hot days, we are very apt to wish that the curse had been a little less rigidly applied.

### WHAT AMERICA NEEDS

A letter by Mr. Coolidge written in 1921 was read last week at a celebration at Longview, Wash., and it throws such an informative side light on the character of the man who is now our president that we pass it on to our readers. "What Americans need is a continuing sense of obligation; a realization that a thing will not be right simply because it pays, but that a thing will pay simply

## SCENES IN THE RUHR DISTRICT.



Upper—Under the watchful eyes of a French poilu, German workers loading coal destined to French consumption. Lower—Ammunition wagon being brought up to gun section.

because it is right. Justice will not be mocked. Contracts must be met when it costs something to obey them. The supreme choice of the nation must not be the material forces which are temporal, but moral forces which are eternal."

### SCRAPPING SHIPS

The putting into effect of President Harding's wonderful peace efforts will save the world a lot of money and it will say it, at a time when the people are sorely oppressed by taxation. We need a navy. We must have a navy, but we need a navy only large enough for police patrol of the seas. If there is another war it will be fought in the air with explosives so deadly that we dread to think of it.

An eastern city was presented with a nude statue, to which people promptly made objection. They are right. It has always been a mystery to us why so many artists mistake vulgarity for art. It is operating against art being recognized as one of the divine graces which it really is.

A resume of the industrial conditions of the northwest show that July was healthier and a more optimistic tone prevailed than in any other month of the year.

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Verdict Dr. Pettit Gave, "How long does it take that pill pusher to get from Sag Harbor to Southampton?" Dicky looked at his watch as he asked the question, and abandoned the drapery he had been considering for his studio. With a hasty glance at his own watch I dropped the sheer white ruffled dimity I was fingering, as if it had been something burning hot. "He's probably there by this time," I said. "We must fly!" I turned to the waiting clerk: "Will you please lay aside seventy yards of this? Here is a deposit, and I will return shortly for the bundle." "Oh, yes, Miss! Thank you, Miss." The very English farewell of the clerk followed me from the shop, one of the ultra smart ones in which the fashionable summer resort abounds, and I saw Dicky grinning at it as we hurried toward the car.

"Yes, your ladyship. No, your ladyship. Isn't there something more we can offer your ladyship?" he mocked when we were once more headed for the hospital. "They certainly do the subservient courtesy act up brown here. How much per cent, do you suppose, they tack on to the cost of each article for the 'thank you, Miss' staff?" "Enough, I fancy," I returned, "although that white ruffled curtain material was not exorbitant in price, but quite reasonable in itself. Let me see—there are several bad bruises

upon the muscles of her back, one especially painful, which will keep her quiet for a few days, possibly longer. She could be moved to the place where you are boarding, if her mother insists upon it, but I think it better for her to stay here for a week." This was evidently news to

"Well, you must be doing it for the fun of the thing!" he retorted. "For I never knew you to make a mistake in your arithmetic before. So cut it out. Do you suppose that sawbones has really arrived? I hope I didn't hurt that child!"

"You May Come In Now" The exclamation came explosively from his lips, and I glimpsed the very real terror that he had been masking beneath his careless exterior. With the memory of Dr. Pettit's chilling declaration that he could not tell the extent of the injury until he had reached the hospital, I did not dare give any assurance to Dicky, knowing that he would in all probability resent my attempting to give him any. Yet he would be equally resentful of silence, so I answered noncommittally:

"I can't believe that you hurt her, Dicky. You raised her very tenderly." "It makes a lot of difference what you believe!" he snarled. It was exactly the answer I expected, for I knew that his nerves were tensed, and in a way, I was glad of it, for it gave me an excuse for not speaking again until we reached the hospital.

Outside Marion's door we came upon Robert Savarin pacing up and down, his hands gripped tightly together behind him. But as soon as he saw Dicky's face he came forward and put his hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"Don't distress yourself so, old chap," he said kindly. "I do not think your action made the slightest difference with Marion's injuries. She was quite herself again after you left. The physician is with her now, making a thorough examination of her back, so we may know the truth at any minute now."

"Thank you, Savarin." Dicky's hand went out gratefully to that of the elder man, and then the door opened and Miss Jones stepped into the hall. "You may come in now," she said briskly, and we all filed into the room where Dr. Pettit was standing by Marion's bed with his stiffest professional manner upon his face.

What Dicky Asked The child had tiny drops of perspiration upon her forehead, and her face was pallid, proofs of the pain she had suffered. My eyes went swiftly to Lillian's face, for I knew I should find the truth there. She was again kneeling by Marion's side, with the child's hands in her's, but her eyes, while full of sympathy for her child's pain, had lost their look of terror.

"It's all right," she said, quickly, quietly, and I knew that she could not bear to let us wait Dr. Pettit's slower assurance. "Please tell them, doctor, what you have told me."

"There will be a full attendance, because the matter of next year's acreage and contracts will be taken up."

## THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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### From the Gold Coast and the Ivory Coast



The great continent of Africa, of which you see the picture product map, is in reality only an enormous peninsula connected to Asia by the Suez mainland. Its products are varied and fascinating ones, spices, coconuts, gold, coral, grain and pearls.

### THE SHORT STORY, JR.

#### KENNETH'S DAWN

Kenneth bore his affliction with grace. And never let grief cloud his face; He had cause to rejoice For his beautiful voice In radio, he found his place.

Kenneth reached out with his thin, white hand for the window sill, pulling his chair into the sun. "Well, they say it's always darkest just before the dawn," he sighed. "But there's never any dawn for me."



Lillian, for she lifted her head quickly and looked at the physician fixedly. "May I stay with her?" she asked.

"I expect you to," he answered. "She needs no professional care, except when she has to be moved, and then a nurse will be always within call. But you will not need a special nurse, and I am sure you will be very comfortable together."

"Dr. Pettit!" Dicky struck in abruptly. "Did I increase her injury when I inadvertently raised her this morning?"

"It didn't do her any good," he retorted, and I saw that his dislike for Dicky had triumphed for the instant over his professional instincts. The next moment, however, he was the dignified physician again.

"However, I cannot say conscientiously, that you did her any harm, either," he finished. Then with a stiff bow which included us all he bade us farewell and left the room.

### BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Flax meeting Friday. It will be in the evening at the Salem Chamber of Commerce auditorium.

There will be a full attendance, because the matter of next year's acreage and contracts will be taken up.

If the boll weevil ravages in the cotton fields of the south are not checked, and the negro exodus is not headed off, the tonnage of flax produced in the Salem district this year, perhaps more than twice as large as ever before, will in a few years seem like only a very small start. The Willamette valley can produce enough flax to supply the United States with its seed and twine and linen manufactures, and then have enough available land left suitable for growing flax to take up all the slack caused by the boll weevil ravages in the south.

Thousands of harvest hands are coming from England to Canada just now. Most of them will remain. Up to the first of August the new arrivals in Canada were 53,572.

The airplanes of the Canadian air board are this year transporting supplies to the geological surveying parties in the northern part of that country. It is cheaper, quicker and more reliable than heretofore, in boats with many portages.

Some one suggests that everybody has had a crack at evolution except the monkey. "Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in its majesty to meet thine own," Lowell.

### TALK ABOUT COAL

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—"Eventualities" in the anthracite situation were discussed with President Coolidge today by Chairman Hammond of the coal commission.

## LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and Nobody Will Know

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking bare strands at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.—Adv.

### Sad Fate

The egg went out to meter. The nutmeg went out to grate. But, alas, the radiator.

Though civilization in Africa has existed for thousands of years up in the valley of the Nile river, where King Tut reigned and other Egyptian kings built the famous pyramids, the great tropical depths of the country were not penetrated until recent years. The central plains of Africa are desert lands, extending hundreds of miles. Every attempt to pass them was forbidden until the usefulness of the camel was learned. Now caravans loaded with products that reveal the wealth of the country may be seen making their way across the hot plains.

In the dense jungles, vegetation grows riot. Monkeys frisk and play among the foliage, lions and other ferocious beasts roam at will, birds remarkable for the brilliant gaudiness of their plumage fly among the branches. The different localities of the land lying north of the gulf of Guinea are given the names of products for which the country is famous in trading the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast and the Slave Coast.

Sad Fate The egg went out to meter. The nutmeg went out to grate. But, alas, the radiator.

been ages since you left this morning. Hurry, hurry, I can hardly wait to see you." But for once Kenneth's mother was a long, long time getting up the three flights of stairs. He began to be worried before she finally came in. A gentleman was with her.

"Kenneth," she said, "this is Mr. Fox. He wants to give you a job." "A job!" Kenneth's face fell. "But he won't when he sees I'm a cripple. I've tried everything. There isn't a thing I can do."

"On the contrary," Mr. Fox smiled at Kenneth, "you can do this special job better than anyone else. For some time I have been listening to your voice. I have never heard one with better carrying power; it's a real radio voice. We want you for our broadcasting station." He placed a contract before Kenneth, but Kenneth did not read it. He sat blinking before the figures that were to be his salary. It was the brightest dawn he had ever dreamed of.

