

The Oregon Statesman

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BET SUGAR FACTORIES IN OREGON

The above heading is misleading. There are no beet sugar factories in Oregon. But we should have a number of them.

The Los Angeles Times in its issue of last Sunday said: "No industry in California offers vaster field for immediate expansion, so far as production is concerned, than the sugar beet. Both as regards the growing of the beets and their manufacture into sugar, California, especially in the central and southern valleys, stands ready for immense increases. Only a small fraction of the land available and suitable for beets is being used."

And California already has 13 out of the 106 beet sugar factories in the United States.

That state has no better land for the production of sugar beets than Oregon—none that will grow a sugar beet with a higher sugar content than can be raised in the Willamette valley.

This is no idle boast.

The statement is backed by experiments covered by a series of years. Such experiments have been made under the direction of the Oregon Agricultural College.

And they were made, too, under the direction of the Mormon syndicate owning and operating most of the 19 beet sugar factories in Utah, and the 18 in Colorado, the nine in Idaho, and some in California, Montana, Nevada and Wyoming.

Representatives of these Mormon sugar growing and manufacturing interests came to Salem just before the breaking out of the World war, in 1914, and put up to some of the business men of Salem the idea of building a sugar factory here. They told our people that at the then prospective price of sugar, 6 cents a pound wholesale, a beet sugar factory here could be made to pay its entire cost every two years; besides paying fair dividends on the capital stock of the company.

Provided the beets could be had at the then prevailing prices throughout the western territory.

And provided the beets could be had at all; for they said there would have to be contracts that would stand up for at least 5000 acres of beets—and the great difficulty would be the securing of that acreage to be grown by farmers who could be sure they could get the necessary help; especially at thinning time. They said also at planting and cultivating and harvesting times—but machinery has come in since 1914 that makes all the processes easier than they were then—excepting the thinning. This is hand work. It is back breaking work.

These Mormon representatives, who were among the most experienced and canny of that crowd, stated that Germany, then supposed to have the best sugar beet land in the world, had nothing over the Willamette valley, in the sections where they had made experiments; and, as the writer remembers, these included places in Marion, Polk, Yamhill, Washington, and other central valley counties.

There is a movement all over the country to secure more beet sugar factories. Ohio, which now has only five, is attempting to multiply her number; so is Illinois with now only one, Indiana with one, Iowa with three, Nebraska with five, and Kansas and Minnesota with one each—and a number of other states.

The movement is in the interest of self containment in this industry in our own country and our possessions. The people of Salem, and of the other cities and towns in the Willamette valley, should be active and watchful in respect to this movement. The Salem district may secure a number of factories, supplied from beets grown in Marion, Polk, Yamhill, Washington, Benton, Clackamas, Linn and other counties.

"THE LARIAT"

We have before us the September number of "The Lariat," quite fittingly described as a monthly round-up of western discussion and criticism, devoted to higher standards of literature on broad cultural lines of expression. The name of the publication is misleading, but the subtitle gives a fair idea of the contents. "The Lariat" is edited by Col. E. Hofer, of this city, who has sponsored a lot of mighty good things in an intellectual way for Oregon. It is published in Salem, and the excellence of the magazine is making an unusual appeal here for support.

The subjects discussed editorially are intelligently handled, showing a clever insight into world affairs. The book reviews are sympathetic, but at the same time illuminating. There is no attempt to use superlative adjectives, but there is an attempt at careful analysis to enable the reader to form an idea of what the book itself is like. We expressly like the discussions of poetry and poets. This department shows a keen appreciation of poetical instinct. Some of the poems show merit. The cleverest poem is entitled, "Little Black Bull." It is written by Anthony Ewler, of Portland, and is as follows:

Born in bobbing clover hay, July sun at close of day... Black and gleaming little bull, Appetite all masterful, Scarcely dried his glossy silk, When he started in to milk— Tongue a smack and bulging tum, Got it filled—his vacuum, Soft blue hoots and knobby pegs, Soon were prancing just like legs, Got him weaned till bran he took, Like a codfish bolts a hook, 'Till he danced in sheer delight, Waxing in his baby might, Each new dawning forth he went, For adventure—jubilant, innocent and wondering eyes, All the world a glad surprise, Then they drove him down the hill, In a crate—and wondering still, Wondering as the world went by, Green of trees and blue of sky, What adventure—joyous, new— Little bull was going to.

The "Lariat" should receive support from Salem in its effort to get a place in the sun. The appeal of such a magazine is necessarily limited to a small number of people, but all people in cultural things, can afford to lend a hand to Col. Hofer and his co-workers. The Lariat makes for a finer Oregon.

CARELESSNESS

There are a good many automobile accidents and a lot more near ones. They are practically all the result of some one's carelessness. A careful driver never has an accident and it is his own fault; and two careful drivers on the road never run together. Carefulness is the first quality of an automobile driver. It is what everyone should study and in issuing the license, it should be the primary requisite.

THE FIRST BUY

The state of Oregon now owns the first flax thrasher in this part of the country. It is good news that the progressive state administration has assumed the leadership in this and will demonstrate to the flax growers the possibilities of the thrasher.

Observers who can make values have learned that organized playgrounds lessen juvenile delinquency. It is a fact that children grow morally as well as intellectually by associating with each other. A child reclus is as unfortunate as a man in the same deplorable situation.

TO BE NAMED AMBASSADOR



R. B. Creager, Republican National Committeeman from Texas, is to be named by President Coolidge as Ambassador to Mexico as soon as final ratification of the Mexico city agreement is exchanged.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 389.

WHY MOTHER GRAHAM'S DE-CISION RELIEVED MADGE.

Woman-like, I anathematized my own loquacity when Dicky made his off-hand proposal to telephone the Durkees about the plans of Jim and Katie. If I only could have kept my dismay over the situation to myself, I railed at myself bitterly, he never would have thought of telephoning.

Or—my particular little devil seized the opportunity to whisper in my ear—was he perhaps alert for any excuse, any opportunity for communicating with the house where Edith Fairfax lived? Subconsciously I was aware of the absurdity of the suggestion, knowing Dicky's temperament and that if he wished to telephone Edith Fairfax he would make an opportunity and not wait for one. But when is a woman ever reasonable, or indeed quite sane when her jealousy is aroused?

I dared make no objection to the scheme, for fear Dicky might suspect my feeling. But Mother Graham had no such scruples.

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" she shrieked. "Spending all that money just to find out what that ape is going to do! If she doesn't come on one train she'll come on another. All you've got to do is get ready for her, though why you couldn't let her clean a place out for herself after she gets here is more than I know. You're just beginning to pamper her here, as you always have and always will. I suppose, until she gets mad and leaves you in the lurch some day, just when you need her most."

Just a Jest.

Wisely, I made no answer to this tirade, which sounded far more unfeeling than it was. Mother Graham would no more have allowed tired Katie and Jim to come to the filthy rooms at the Dacey farm without first having them cleaned than I would. But she had to have her little growl first.

"What do you say, Madge?" Did I imagine it, or was there amused comprehension of my mental state in my husband's mind. At the thought I turned hot and would not have made any objection to his proposal if I had known an actual elopement with Edith Fairfax was at the end of it.

"Why, I think it would be a very good scheme," I replied sedately, hoping there was no suspicion of a tremor in my voice.

My mother-in-law snorted.

"I wash my hands of both of you!" she said, her tone indicating the acme of disgust. "Jerry Ticer, what are you standing there for? You know your mother wants you in the kitchen so she can get through her work and go over to clean those rooms in the farm house."

"Yes, ma'am," Jerry grinned, ducked his head and disappeared, evidently as unconscious of the rebuke as he had been of Dicky's mockery.

"Come along, Madge," Dicky rose from the breakfast table abruptly. "You've eaten enough breakfast for two women. You'll be getting fat if you don't look out, and then you'll lose your husband. I give you solemn warning now—no jewels and double chins for me!"

I laughed appreciatively, as only a woman whose tendency it is to be thin can at words like that from a husband. But Mother Graham, who is comfortably cushioned, although trim and compact, glared at him.

Dicky is in Trouble.

"Is there any other insult you would like to offer me before you go, Richard?" she said icily, and her face was white with anger. Dicky's jaw dropped in dismay, and the smile fled from my lips. Neither of us had thought how the reference would affect his mother!

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" Dicky exclaimed wildly. "Mother, dear, you know I didn't mean a single thing by that nonsense. You haven't jewels or a double chin, and, besides, old ladies ought to be fat, anyway. They're cross when they're skinny. Now, when I get white whiskers and Madge gets white hair I'm going to develop an aldermanic stomach and shall demand at least two double chins from her."

But his mother was not to be placated by his nonsense. She rose and drew her shawl about her.

"I'm going to my room, or at least what I have to call such"—her sniffer definitely classified all Mrs. Ticer's accommodations as unworthy of mention—and you can clean or not, get ready for Katie or not, as you see fit. I shall not oversee one single thing. So, Margaret, if you wish to go gallivanting around the country with Richard instead of attending to your work, I shall not be here to attend to your duties, for you."

She swept from the room in her haughty manner, while I mentally sang a little psalm of thankfulness. "Yes, dear, I had already

JILTED.



The jilting of the Swedish Crown Prince, Gustaf Adolf, by Lady Louise Mountbatten has ruined the British King's plan to replenish his private fortune. The man who stands between Lady Louise Mountbatten and the throne of Sweden is a bearded British painter, Stuart Hill.

her son, Jerry, were the only help available for the disagreeable cleaning which must be done. I had dreaded infinitely Mother Graham's supervision, for I knew that it probably would mean Mrs. Ticer's withdrawal from the work in a rage.

(To be continued.)

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Flax meeting tonight—

It will be at the Salem Chamber of Commerce auditorium, at 7:30, and all the flax men will be there. So will Governor Pierce and all the people connected with the state flax plant. Also Col. Bartram, representing the Canadian flax puller. The matter of new contracts for 1924 will be taken up.

Pity Governor Pierce, or any other governor, when matters of life and death have to be decided.

Some one says that the new issue of air-mail stamps is not to be made of fly paper.

Bananas have gone up 3 per cent, due to the advertising of that awful song.

The limitations of naval armaments is putting the seafaring nations one by one up in the air.

One of the needs of the hour is a pocket airplane that will enable the pedestrian to fly across the street.

Once in a while, a man goes away from the Willamette valley to stay. But most of them come back. There is a man who has recently come back to Polk county, after traveling over the wide earth, and he has bought land at B'well and is preparing to develop a wonderful property. A man who was over in that part of Polk county the other day declares it is the most beautiful and prospective island will occupy the page opposite "The Prince and the Pauper" or the "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer." The remainder of the page may be filled with a list of characters in the story, a short synopsis of the story, or your reason for liking—or not liking—the book.

IF BACK HURTS FLUSH KIDNEYS

Drink Plenty Water and Take a Glass of Salts Before Breakfast Occasionally.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulate them to their normal activity.

The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache. By all means have

tively the richest farming section in the world. But there are many other sections of the Salem district that would bear the same praise.

Most of the sisal, used for making binder twine, is grown in Yucatan.

Trinity Bible Class Has Reunion at Silverton

SILVERTON, Or., Aug. 23.—(Special To The Statesman.)—A Trinity Bible class reunion was held at the M. G. Gunderson farm of which J. C. Foster is manager, on the Mt. Angel road Sunday evening. About 50 young people motored out. The place is an ideal

FUTURE DATES

August 12 to 29—Annual encampment of Boy Scouts at Cascadia. August 25, Saturday—Illinois picnic at fair grounds. August 26, Sunday—Scottish Rite Masonic celebration. August 26, Sunday—Partial eclipse of moon, soon after midnight. August 31, Friday—Salem playgrounds to close. September 3, Monday—Labor day. September 3, Monday—Automobile races at state fair grounds. September 3, Monday—Mt. Angel Highway-Holstein celebration. September 5, Wednesday—Salem day at Linn county fair, Albany. September 27, Saturday—Partial eclipse of the sun, about noon. September 19, Wednesday—Willamette university opens. September 20, 21 and 22—Pendleton Roundup. September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair. September 29, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Oregon, at Salem. October 1, Monday—Salem schools open. October 6, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Washington, at Seattle. October 20, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Mt. Angel college, at Salem. October 27, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Chemawa, at Salem. November 3, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound, at Tacoma. November 10, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Linfield, at McMinnville. November 16, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Whitman, at Salem. November 23, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Portland. November 29, Thursday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Idaho, at Boise.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

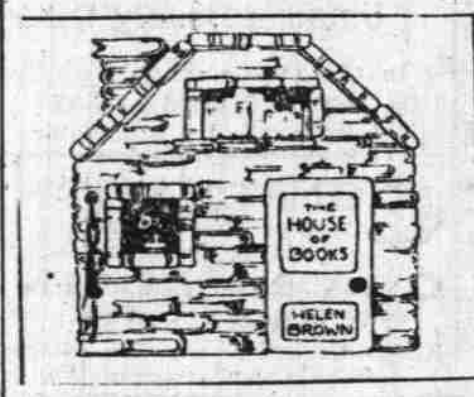
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A BOOK HOUSE

The books that make a book house should be of the best, even as the bricks that form a real house must be good substantial bricks, otherwise the owner of the house may some day find that the firm wall of information, based on the ideas she has formed from her reading has caved in suddenly at a weak spot.

It is a good idea to make a selection of books from lists which your teacher, librarian, or other person who is a critic of what is suitable and interesting for girls to read, may give you.

The paper book house you see here becomes a record of your reading when you write or print on the top of each page the name of a chosen book. Thus "Treas-



ure Island" will occupy the page opposite "The Prince and the Pauper" or the "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer." The remainder of the page may be filled with a list of characters in the story, a short synopsis of the story, or your reason for liking—or not liking—the book.

Make the book house cover of books drawn freehand on it. Color the books if you like and fasten in the pages with clips. Or you may take a five-cent notebook and cut it in the outline of the house.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

A Scout's Sacrifice The fat Boy Scout's weight was a load But he plodded along on the road; He felt like a piker To be a poor hiker. Perseverance was part of his code.

Troop C of the Boy Scouts was just starting on an all-day hike. The sun shone warmly, a breeze stirred the leaves over their heads, birds called to them from the woods and flowers nodded their bright colored faces at the boys as they passed.

At first the Scouts stopped often to admire the flowers. An unfamiliar note of a bird attracted them away from the beaten path. How could he ever stand six more miles? And then there would be the trip back home! If he could only think up some excuse so he could ride home. But no, he wasn't going to give out and be the laughing stock of the troop for the rest of the season.

"How you coming, Fatty?" Bill, Fatty's best friend, fell into step beside him. "Oh, fine!" Not for the world would Fatty have anyone know he was not enjoying the hike. "Great sport, isn't it?" "Kind of, Frouth walking,

spot for an affair of this kind, as the lawn is spacious and contains several huge walnut trees. The grounds were lighted with Japanese lanterns. Ice cream and cake were served during the evening.

Silvertonians flocked to Spang's landing Sunday for dinner and supper parties. Among those seen at the picnic grounds were Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Larson, Mr. and Mrs. Axel Larson, Miss Sylvia Larson, Mr. and Mrs. T. Finley, Mr. and Mrs. John Goplerud, Mrs. Christina Hansen, Hans Jensen, Edwin Hattberg, Alfred Jensen, Oscar Satern, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Madsen, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Tingstad of Jefferson spent Sunday at Silverton.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Williams of Hubbard motored to Silverton for Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Larson and O. L. Satern spent Sunday at Silver Creek falls.

Advertisement for Smith & Watkins Automotive Supplies, featuring a car illustration and text: 'THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SPEEDY JIM AND BILL', 'LET JIM & BILL DO IT', 'AUTO SUPPLIES', 'SMITH & WATKINS AUTOMOTIVE SUPPLIES N.W. COR. COURT & HIGH TEL. 44', 'TIRES & GAS ANYWHERE', 'TIRE REPAIRING'.

How to Give a Puppet Show

Blue Beard (This is a series of six articles about marionettes. The first three told how to make the dolls. Here is a play to put on. The characters are Blue Beard, Mrs. Bluebeard, Anna, her sister, her two soldier brothers. The puppet stage has a door at the back. For each doll in the play there should be a person behind the stage to manipulate the strings, as was described in the third article of our series. The puppeteer or his assistant should pull the strings.)

ACT I.—Blue Beard's House (Blue Beard and his wife walk on the stage.) Blue Beard: Now, my bride, I find I must go into the country on some business. Here is a key that will open any door in our great house.

Mrs. Blue Beard: Oh, I can scarcely wait to investigate all the secret closets and see what is inside. (Walking toward the door.)

Blue Beard: You may enter any of them you wish except this great door here. You must not even try to open it, for the punishment will befall you.

Mrs. B: Then I'll never try to open the door; you may trust me. (Blue Beard leaves.)

Mrs. B: If my husband Blue Beard thinks I'm not curious enough to open that door he's mistaken. (She goes to the door, inserts the key and the door opens, she screams.)

Mrs. B: Seven dead women! They are Blue Beard's former wives! Help! (Her sister comes running in.)

Anna: What has happened? Mrs. B: Look! Blue Beard's dead wives! He keeps them locked in this closet. The key is all bloody. When Blue Beard sees it he will kill me! (Blue Beard's voice is heard outside.) Run, Anna, and call my soldier brothers. (Anna departs. Blue Beard enters.)

Blue B: I came back, my dear, to remind you once more not to open the heavy door yonder. Let me see that you have the right key. (His wife tremblingly gives it to him.) Ah, ha! Already you have opened the door! Now you must share the fate of the women inside!

Mrs. B: Pray, do spare me! I will never again disobey! Blue Beard raises a knife and draws her toward the closet.)

Blue B: No, I will kill you! Mrs. B: Anna, Anna! Quick! Are my brothers coming someone must save me, I am being murdered!

(The two brothers come rushing in. They seize Blue Beard.) First Brother: What! Will you kill our sister? We'll show you. Second Brother: Put him in the closet with the women he has killed. (They throw him in the closet and close the door.) (Next week: "Three Foolish Brothers.")

Advertisement for 'The Short Story, Jr.' featuring a car illustration and text: 'From the start Fatty had not wandered as the others. He could not vault over a fence, dash into the woods, and come tearing back with a flower or a fern in his hand without completely losing his breath in the process. This was his first long hike. He was determined to stick to the bitter end. And poor Fatty! Already he knew that the end would be bitter. He was not used to walking so far. His feet hurt him terribly. He could feel a blister being slowly rubbed on his heel. The sun beat down unmercifully upon his head giving him a headache. Two little streams of perspiration trickled down the side of his face and into his collar. He groaned as he stumbled along over the rough path. How could he ever stand six more miles? And then there would be the trip back home! If he could only think up some excuse so he could ride home. But no, he wasn't going to give out and be the laughing stock of the troop for the rest of the season. "How you coming, Fatty?" Bill, Fatty's best friend, fell into step beside him. "Oh, fine!" Not for the world would Fatty have anyone know he was not enjoying the hike. "Great sport, isn't it?" "Kind of, Frouth walking,