

The Oregon Statesman

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PRESERVE OUR TIMBER RESOURCES

"We are using up timber in this country five times faster than it grows. In 1000 years the earth will be entirely bald at that rate."

The above paragraph is from the Los Angeles Times. The quip calls attention to a situation that might be serious, but for vigorous and timely work.

Col. William B. Greeley, Chief Forester of the United States, predicted on June first, while on an official visit to this section, that the lumber business of Oregon will be ten times as great in ten years as it is now, due to the rapidly diminishing timber in the east and middle west.

One-fifth of the standing timber in the United States is in Oregon, and a well posted man speaking in Salem two years ago made the statement that in fourteen years the timber supplies east of the Rockies would be exhausted.

And he said further that the abundant timber supplies up and down the Pacific side of both North and South America, from the point where our Far North possessions look across to the continent of Asia, to the jumping-off place on the lizard's tail of Chile, will surely bring the great manufacturing interests of the New Work to this side of the two continents; and mostly, for obvious reasons, to Oregon, Washington and California.

And the soundness of this prophecy is fortified by the fact that about half the water power of the United States is in these three states, and about a third of the undeveloped water power in the Columbia river basin.

For the bulk of the manufacturing of the future will be done with the aid of "white coal," or hydroelectric power, which is both cheap and inexhaustible. It will never wear out. It will never run out. It will last as long as the mists rise from the rivers and the seas and fall in the form of rain and snow on the hills and mountains; will endure while water runs and grass grows.

The ten times the present lumber business of Oregon in ten years visualizes great things for this state; but the business will not endure on that scale for a great length of time unless there shall be team work on the part of the best statesmanship and the most able manufacturing and commercial leaders. There must be planting as well as reaping. There must be reforestation carried on with a vigor and persistence equal to the enterprise of the men with the mills taking the ripe timber from the lands.

Senator McNary of Oregon understands this, and he is active in committee and other work in furthering the idea of making our forest resources enduring.

Yes, the necessity, if ten times the present lumber business in Oregon is to be both reached and stabilized. This can be done. Good authorities say it is practicable. The highest and best men among the manufacturers are willing and anxious to cooperate; and to make the cooperation of all the rest obligatory.

With full hydroelectric development here on this side of the Rockies, and with a new forest tree planted for every old tree harvested, the people of the Pacific states, looking out to the west upon two-thirds of the people of the world, joined to us (rather than divided from us) by the greatest of the ocean highways, are going to realize the dream of having the workshops of the world here in the sunset land, for every factory, even to a steel mill, must use wood, for crating and other necessary things; and taking all the factories of all kinds, about 25 per cent of the cost of raw materials is for wood or articles made wholly or in part of wood.

One issue of a great New York Sunday newspaper takes the pulp wood from ten acres of timber land such as is found in states like Colorado. Notwithstanding the enormous growth in the uses of steel and concrete, the demand for timber keeps on increasing, and the perpetuity of the supply depends entirely on scientific methods of its harvesting and its planting.

Oregon being the last state in the line of full lumber development, our state stands the best chance of them all of seeing such a program carried out completely.

Jack Dempsey is mighty unpopular and yet what a roar would go up if Firpo should lick him.

The Baptists are preparing to raise a \$12,000,000 fund. And yet some people say that religion is on the wane.

A government bulletin recommends Douglas fir sawdust for cattle feed. Gradually we are using everything nature gave us.

An issue that is bound to grow and progress is the limiting of military aircraft. The nations that scrapped their warships are generally expecting to spend their money for aircraft.

Governor McCray of Indiana finds his affairs so complicated that he has to call for help. He lays it all to farm depression. Inasmuch as the governor's liabilities are over a \$1,000,000, we opine that the real trouble is that

he has spread himself out too thin. That is responsible for a number of breakdowns.

One of the things that Oregon should capitalize more than it has is climate. A letter from a friend in Kansas states that the thermometer is hovering around the 105 mark. It rarely reaches ninety here.

The moving pictures are advancing leisurely. They used to be in a feverish rush to get pictures made. Now there is such a large number of competent artists that they have more time for better work. In the better class of pictures the time for making has been extended from six weeks to six months.

take up his work. Nothing worth while fails any more.

When Thomas H. Benton left the senate in the early part of the last century he told a new member that it was a great pity to start a life service when all the great questions of the country were settled. This was in 1844.

DAINGEROUS

Italy has handed an ultimatum to Greece, and Greece has replied evasively. It is a dangerous situation. Greece is not in a position to offend again. The inordinate ambition of the late King Constantine is responsible for Turkey's coming back into Europe. If Greece gets gay again her own integrity will suffer. This is no time for playing with fire.

NO ISSUE

Hiram Johnson would give a good deal now for an issue. He wants to run for president and cannot find an opening. It begins to look as if that astute Yankee in the white house is not only a statesman but a mighty good politician as well. A good many good men are beginning to place their money on Coolidge.

A REAL PHILOSOPHER

A letter from an old friend gives this sage information, "The fellows I have watched for fifty years who have kept a good flock of chickens, a couple of brood sows, a few milk cows, a standard mare or two, are owners of all the land, with money loaned to their neighbors.

"The wheat they raise is velvet, regardless of the price, as butter and chickens pay practically all of their expenses. These are the people who have made money at farming. You do not hear them talking of never having had a show."

THRIFTY PRESIDENTS

Mr. Harding was probably the best business man who has occupied the white house since the war; in fact he is about the only one.

Grant was a great failure in business. Hayes was only moderately successful. Garfield was a politician without tangible business assets. Arthur was a gentleman of New York. Cleveland was a hard-headed lawyer. Harrison was a politician, yet had a very good eye for business. McKinley was a failure in business. Roosevelt never was a business man. Taft has been a politician all of his life. Wilson was a college professor who saved his money.

There is reason to believe that Coolidge possesses that thrifty spirit which has made New England wealthy in the face of the hardest conditions.

A PASSING FORUM

It has not been very long ago since the world's affairs were settled at the country stores. Then the best minds of the neighborhood met and were matched in intricate discussion of problems of church and state. Today the country store is deserted. A customer whirrs in and whirrs out taking the least possible time for his purchases. He does not have time to join a forum if one was there. The loafers today are men who are not interested in public affairs. They have taken the place of the statesman of the soap box age and it has been a sorry change. The few of them there can not even make a numerical showing.

The people's country store forum is passed and the farmers, reading the daily papers with unusual interest and marked intelligence. It might also be remarked in passing, it is a difficult thing now to sell gold bricks.

A DOG'S TALE

There are two dogs connected with Wa Hong's Chinese noodle and rooming house, a black shepherd and a white bull terrier Jerry. Shep pipes up several times a day with a delightful staccato musical spell of barking and howling when the whistles blow for eight o'clock and eleven, but Jerry maintains a dignified silence. Shep is assisted in the open-air concert by a young dog who lives in the adjoining apartment upstairs with some colored people. While Shep and Jerry live in a dark and gloomy back yard and basement, Tuck lives upstairs and never gets his feet on earth, but can only run on an elevated platform of the story below. It is a well known fact that dogs cannot enjoy good health without having a chance to chew up a few blades of grass once in a while. But these three dogs never see a blade of grass from one end of the year to the other. Their only amusement is the twice or thrice a day free half hour of howling and barking in

their open-air concert, which is especially enjoyed by the lawyers, doctors and other professional people in the Bank of Commerce building adjoining across the alley. The colored people and the Chinaman are the only friends the three dogs have. Wa Hong is a special friend of dogs and is not to blame for keeping the two he owns in the little narrow dark basement backyard of his noodle house as that is what the city and state laws in Oregon compel him to do, to keep the dogs on his own premises. The dogs are well fed and well bred animals but state and city laws require them to be kept prisoners for life. A lost dog was taken to Wa Hong one day and he was asked if he wouldn't buy it.

"Him dog huntem cats? Yes. No?"

"No, he likes cats," said Jo Schindler.

"All lites. I take him. How muchee? I likee all same dogs and cats."

And forever that tramp dog had a home, such as it is, and became a prisoner in the noble Capital City.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 396

THE WAY MADGE ROSE TO MEET DICKY'S NEED

I do not know how other wives react toward the different moods of their husbands, but the most clutching, the most pervasive of Dicky's many appeals to me is the one I have most rarely known in him, when he needs comfort and turns to me for it.

I have seen tears in Dicky's eyes before. Highly strung as he is, I have seen him wipe his eyes at a particularly affecting bit of a powerful play or some similar appeal. But those tears were far different from the ones which I now felt against my throat, where Dicky had buried his head. Never before had any trouble of his own been strong enough to extract the tribute of tears from him, and though I knew that he was bitterly ashamed of his weakness, yet I also knew from the clinging clasp of his arms, such as a hurt child might give to its mother, that I was the one of all the world who could comfort him.

"You Blessed Girl!" It would be a strange woman indeed, I fancy, who could not comprehend how I thrilled with sympathy, which held in it something fiercely maternal, possessive and protecting. He was my man—mine—who had come to me, as it were, wounded from a battle, sure of refuge and succor in my arms. Mine the blessed task to bind his wounds, mine the privilege to gird him afresh for the fray, mine the joy of sending him forth to win, regardless of what I robbed myself in so doing.

I do not think that I ever have loved my husband so passionately, so sincerely, as I did in the minutes while, with his face against my throat, he clung to me. I knew that I must utter no word until he himself should break the silence that held us, and I contented myself with winding my arms about him, holding him close as I would Juno, and pressing my lips against his hair, the while my spirit faced a task which I knew I must undertake, but a task from which every fibre in me revolted quiveringly.

"You blessed girl!" Dicky's voice was tremulous with feeling as he raised his head and gazed up at me with eyes holding such loving admiration that I had to turn away my own in flushing embarrassment.

"If anybody else in the world but you had seen me do that, I should have died," he said extravagantly, and my heart thrilled selfishly enough with the knowledge that he had not even included his mother in his statement.

"You must think me an awful ass," he went on deprecatingly, "thinking like a whipped puppy, but this thing struck me between the eyes, and—"

"Stop talking that way!" I said indignantly. "You never whined in your life, and you aren't doing it now. And you don't know how wonderful it is to me that you let me share your troubles—"

"Share 'em," he ejaculated. "That's a nice, kind, polite way to put it. I simply dump 'em all in your lap, including myself, and hang on you as Juno might. Yes, I share 'em all right, only you have the lion's share. But, oh, girl, I don't know what I'm going to do about this!"

His voice was despondent again, and I saw that the news of the rejection of his drawing for Pennington's novel, which he had just received in Marsden's letter, had, indeed, to use his own words, "struck him between the eyes," and that something must be done, and that speedily, to reassure him.

For Dicky has the falling common to many persons possessing the much abused artistic temper-

Oregon State News

Change in Fair Dates

MEMINNVILLE, Aug. 31.—The fair in this county will be held September 17, 18 and 19. The change in date is made for the benefit of stockmen who want to exhibit part of their herd.

The closing day of the fair has been designated as "Berrians' day" in honor of Newberg, and a parade will be staged. Already eight communities have indicated that they will have booths in competition, and two of the neighborhoods are now at work gathering exhibits.

The premium list is to be distributed in the near future. The concessions will be in charge of Glen Macy.

Patriotic Essays

The Oregon Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in offering its annual prizes for essays written on subjects pertaining to the Revolutionary war wishes to reach as many of the high school children of Oregon as possible. It is anxious to enlist the help of all patriotic citizens.

K. K. Endorsement

PORTLAND, Aug. 31.—Fred L. Gifford, grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan and formerly exalted cyclops of the organization in Oregon, was endorsed for United States senator by a state-wide Klan caucus held in Portland yesterday. Whether Gifford would accept was not known. He was undecided when the news was sent to him, and the klansmen gave him two weeks in which to announce his desires.

The gathering was one of the most important the Klan has held since the order was introduced

ment, of being unable to do good work under adverse criticism. He has a high and rigid standard of his own, to which all his work must conform. I have seen him tear up many a drawing which to my eyes appeared perfect, but which failed to satisfy him in some minor particular. But if he evolved an idea that some one to whom his work was to be submitted did not look with enthusiasm upon his ability, and his execution of the particular task assigned him, I have known him to sit for hours at a time despondent, unable to do any satisfactory work until some fortuitous circumstance showed that he had been mistaken in his belief, and that everybody concerned in his work was eminently satisfied.

"Why?" I knew, no one better, how uniformly good his work during the years had been, and until this letter I had known of no adverse comment. And with the remembrance of his hours of impotent idleness when he had merely imagined that publishers were not pleased, I quailed at the thought of what effect this unexpected, and I was sure, wholly undeserved blow, might have upon him. It might, indeed, be as he had said, the beginning of the end of his career.

"Didn't Marsden say that it was not the quality of the work to which Pennington objected?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes!" Dicky's tone was lifeless, hopeless. "It was the model I had all right. She didn't know enough to pound sand, and she looked as much like Draper as Katie resembles you. You remember Draper posed for the 'Day Dream' illustrations, and those were what took Pennington's eye. But of course, Draper was and is out of the question."

It was at this moment that I took my courage in both hands, flung all caution to the winds, looked my husband full in the eyes and uttered the monosyllabic: "Why?"

(To be continued)

FUTURE DATES

- September 1, Saturday—Muscovites go to Astoria ceremonial. September 3, Monday—Labor day. September 4, Tuesday—Automobile races at state fair grounds. September 5, Monday—Tommy Gibbons to be in Salem. September 6, Monday—Mt. Angel High-way-Holstein celebration. September 11, Tuesday—Oregon Methodist conference meets in Portland. September 14, Friday—Dempsey-Firpo fight for heavyweight championship of the world, New York. September 17, Monday—Constitution day. September 18, Tuesday—Oregon Orthopedic program at Wallace farm. September 19, Wednesday—Willamette university opens. September 20, 21 and 22—Pendleton. September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair. September 29, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Linfield, at McMinnville. October 1, Monday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Forestland. October 6, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Washington, at Seattle. October 20, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Linfield, at McMinnville. October 27, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Theocema, at Salem. November 2, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound, at Tacoma. November 5 to 10—Pacific International Livestock exposition, Portland. November 10, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. McMinnville, at McMinnville. November 16, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Whitman, at Salem. November 23, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Forestland. November 29, Thursday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Idaho, at Bala-

into Oregon. The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the political situation and with particular reference to a candidate for United States Senator to the republican primaries. Every cyclops outside of Portland was present, as were also other Klan officials. The convention had delegates from all of the 36 counties and the action of these delegates is binding on the rank and file of klansmen.

Governor Pierce to Fair

ALBANY, Aug. 31.—The Linn county fair is to be honored next Wednesday by a visit from Governor Walter M. Pierce and a number of prominent citizens from Portland and way points, according to information received by E. T. Troffiter, manager of the fair. K. K. Kubil, speaker of the house in the last legislature, O. M. Plummer of the agricultural bureau of the State Chamber of Commerce, and of the International Livestock association; Frank E. Andrews, president of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, and others will arrive on the special train Wednesday morning, Sept. 5.

Not to Delay Traffic

EUGENE, Aug. 31.—There will be no unsurfaced grade to hamper travel on this end of the High pass road this winter, promises County Commissioner Emmett Sharp.

The county is going to put on extra trucks, he says, to insure that every bit of grade completed before the rainy season is surfaced with rock so that winter travel will not destroy it and so that it will not be hard to negotiate with vehicles. Six trucks are being used now, but 10 or more will be working there soon. Sharp promises. Walter Campbell, in charge, is out seven miles on the Bear creek-Sulphur springs section now. The grading from Sulphur springs on will be done in the winter time, so as not to delay traffic unnecessarily.

A Child Killed

Seven-year-old Bobbie Niece, son of Mrs. T. A. Niece of Corvallis, was killed instantly this morning when he was run over and crushed beneath the wheels of a Dodge auto truck at Fifteenth and Monroe streets.

The accident occurred at 8:30 o'clock, when Bobbie and three playmates were playing in front of Moore's grocery, formerly owned by T. A. Niece, Bobbie's father. While the boys were playing along the sidewalk Bobbie came out of the grocery, paused at the curb, and suddenly darted across the street in front of the truck, which was moving at slow speed. The fender struck the boy, throwing him under the rear wheel, which passed across his chest and neck. He died without uttering a sound.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

The Scare Ones

Some three weeks ago there was a big scare in Dallas, caused by a generally circulated rumor that Governor Pierce had announced his intention of "cleaning up Dallas." This was taken to mean that the governor proposed to search private residences.

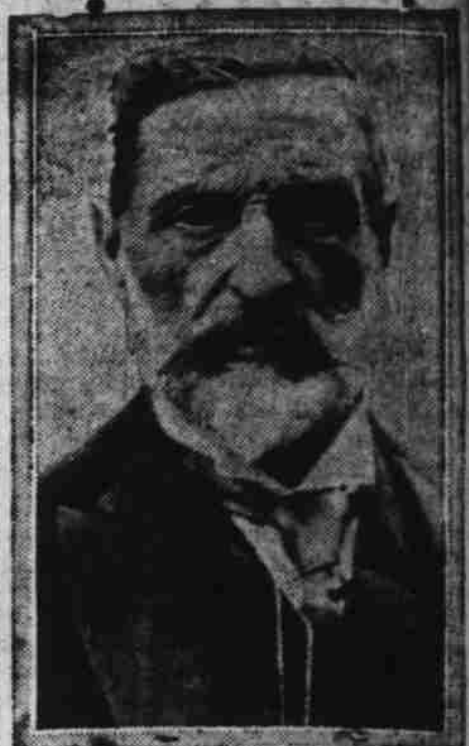
In Dallas, as throughout the valley, it is quite a general practice for the people to make wine from berries and grapes, but generally the amount made is small. As a result the rumor caused a hurry-race to cover. It is claimed that most of the stuff went down the sewers in the various towns, for Independence was as much affected as Dallas, and the scare in McMinnville was even worse than here, according to all accounts.

Although no one will allow themselves to be quoted, it is now given out that there is no danger of such raids, and that in fact there is no disposition to make the prohibition law unpopular by invading private homes in the hope of finding a nip or two.—Dallas Observer.

Hop News

All hop yards in this section that have been carefully and frequently sprayed are making a good showing. Those that have not received such attention are lousy and thin. The McCormick Bros.

AS LONDON SAW HIM



Sir Rider Haggard, famous English author, seen by London for the first time in years at the wedding of his daughter, Miss Audrey Haggard, to Lieut. Arthur Webb.

and A. B. Crosby yards west of here are in especially fine condition. Market quotations are 20 to 23 cents. Dealers will endeavor to hold down the price until they get nearly all in their hands, when there will be an advance. Much of the hop crop is contracted at 25 cents. A shortage in this section is looked for. Hop picking will be in full swing next week.—Woodburn Independent.

L. I. Delegates Selected

OREGON CITY, Aug. 31.—Clackamas county is to be represented at the 23rd annual convention of Columbia District Luther league, to be held at Astoria on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1 and 2.

Among those who are delegates from the southern part of the county are Emil Gebrich, New Era; Misses Paula and Ruth Fisher, Carus; Herbert Schmelser, Carus; William Deets, Canby, and Miss Sedonia Gebrich, New Era. From Oregon City the delegates will be Miss Ruth Kraxberger, Walter Kraxberger, Albert Buel and the Misses Elnora and Elsie Kraxberger.

The Boys and Girls Newspaper

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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TALES OUR FISHERMAN TELLS

Whorein a Fish Foels One Fisherman But Not Another

"Do you know," said our fisherman, "I always strive to be truthful in the fish stories I repeat, as well as modest, but if you don't object to what might appear to be a little braggin' on my part, I'll tell you a story that sort of overlooks the virtue of not bein' proud of your own success. "One day there was some city folk down on old Juniper Diggs' ferry when I was ridin' across. This old Diggs fellow reckoned he was about as good as any one could be in the fishin' line, and had a jealous feelin' for me. On this day someone suggested that Diggs and I have a little story tellin' contest and they called on me to begin. "I scratched my head and then told the oafe of the boy I saw sittin' on the bank of a fish hatchery with a pole in his hand. 'Here,' says I, 'you boy, you can't fish in the hatchery.' 'I ain't fishin', mister,' says he; 'I'm just teachin' this ange' worm to swim!' "That drew a fair laugh, then Uncle Juniper began. "I remember I was fishin' out there one day," said he, "and I felt a terrific jerk on my line. I pulled it in and there was a fish

PUNCTUATION PEOPLE

THE COLONY ACROBATIC STAGE LOCATED ON THE PRINTED PAGE IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND HE DEMONSTRATE HIS SKILL WITH PUNCTUATION WEIGHTS FOR HEAVINESS HE TAKES THE PRIZE HIS ENTRANCE EVER IS THE CAUSE OF ADMIRATION AND APPLAUSE.

Randy Riddle Says

"What would be more exciting than to see an elephant hide?"

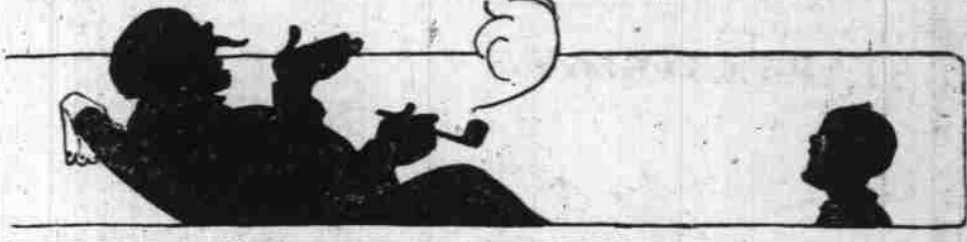
Shocked

"Watt hour you doing here?" "Eating currents. Anode you'd catch me at it." "Wire you insulate this morning?" "I Leyden bed." "Wouldn't that far you? Can't your relay-shunts get you up?" "Amperently not." "Fuse going to do that every day, you take your hat and go ohm."

Answer to Today's Riddle: To see an antelope.

Jungle Diving Beauty

Teacher exhibiting a picture of a zebra: "What is this?" Pupil: "A horse in his bathing suit."



THE SHORT STORY, JR.

PAID IN PEACHES

The ripe fruit was luscious and sweet But pickers could have none to eat; One boy tried to trick, And this became sick, He no longer thinks peaches a treat.

"Oh, yes, I guess I'll come," lazily swung his bucket as he strolled down the path to the gate "But I'll tell you this much: I wouldn't go a step if there was anything else to do. Mr. Forrest is such an old tightwad he doesn't deserve to have his peaches picked. I worked my fool head off yesterday and then only earned 65 cents. It wouldn't be so bad if we could eat one once in awhile. But gee!"

Ed laughed as he fell into step beside his chum. "It must be

what had brought about Tom's illness. "I'll stop in and see him on my way home," he said. "Tom was no better when Ed called that evening. "He's in bed," his mother explained. "Just go on up, I think I'll call a doctor."

"Gee, it sure is a shame you couldn't go to work this afternoon," Ed began. "Mr. Forrest got back and he's had a change of heart, for sure. What do you think? He raised our wages! And he said we had done such fine work picking while he was gone that he would give us each a bushel of fruit as a bonus. I call that real decent of him, don't you? It's a dirty shame you got left out when you like peaches better than any of us. I'll tell you what, I'll divide mine with you. You've earned them. Here, I have some of them, with me."

"Oh!" Tom groaned, turning his face to the wall, "don't! Take them away. I never want to see a peach again as long as I live."

