

The Oregon Statesman

R. J. HENDRICKS President
CARLE ABRAMS Secretary
J. L. BRADY Vice-President

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon
(Portland Office, 723 Board of Trade Building. Phone Beacon 1193)

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

R. J. Hendricks - Manager
John L. Brady - Editor
Frank Jaskoski - Manager Job Dept.

TELEPHONES:

Business Office	23
News Department	23-106
Circulation Office	583
Society Editor	106
Job Department	583

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter.

A PAYROLL CITY; A MANUFACTURING CENTER

Salem is already a manufacturing center and a payroll city of outstanding importance, as cities of her size on this coast go—

And her \$8,000,000 annual payroll for a city and her suburbs of 25,000 people makes a better showing, according to good authority, than is made by any other city of her size in all the Pacific Northwest.

Salem uses more than a fourth of all the cans taken in the Pacific Northwest in making up the total fruit pack; uses three or four times as many cans as are used in the whole Columbia river salmon pack.

Salem has the largest paper mill west of the Rockies for the making of the finer grades of paper; and this mill is constantly growing; its output was more than doubled last year.

Salem has some of the largest fruit canneries in the whole country, like that of the Hunt Bros. Packing Company and the Oregon Packing Company.

Salem has the largest dehydration plant in the world for the putting up of fruits and vegetables for the markets under the latest and most approved processes and patents.

Salem had and will have again the largest loganberry juice operations in the world.

Salem has the only fiber flax industry in the United States for turning out the finer fibers suitable for making linens of the higher grades; will soon be spinning twines from these fibers, and will later have linen factories and other manufacturing lines taking flax and hemp products grown here—will in due course have in this field an industry that will bring to this city and district \$100,000,000 annually, and will justify a city here far above 100,000 population.

Salem goes to the ends of the earth with her products, bringing in new wealth year after year, and capable of being continued and increased throughout all the ages of the future. There is "white coal" enough available to fill all the Willamette valley with the hum of industry; a power that may be used and used and that will never wear out, as long as the laws of nature permit the mists to arise from the ocean and to come down in the form of snow and rain to keep the rivers running down the mountain sides.

Salem will be a big city, and it will be an industrial city, so prepared for by the decrees of nature. And thus it will be a prosperous city surrounded by a thrifty rural population—And it will be a Gibraltar prosperity, in the land of diversity, in the country of opportunity, where there is seed time and harvest in all the twelve months of every year; something to do and something to sell every day of the 312 or the 365.

There is no such diversity in any other district in the world; no other district in which there are so many exclusive opportunities, in crops the cultivation of which amount to a franchise.

So what we have done so far and what we are doing now furnish only a glimpse of what our children and children's children will do, by merely "carrying on" and enlarging the lines of endeavor that the pioneers and the people of the present generation have demonstrated are feasible.

THE SLOGAN MAN IS MUCH PLEASED

The constant dripping of water will wear away the stone. The Slogan man of The Statesman has been saying and repeating for years that the Oregon penitentiary may be made self supporting; and, by the same sign, a model prison; with at least a small wage for every worker, and a high percentage of reformations.

He has been contending that industries carried on within the walls will accomplish this end; forever taking from the backs of the taxpayers the burden of expense—

And he has contended that the spinning industry is the most practicable of all industries for such an institution; and more especially the spinning of flax fiber, from flax which can be and is grown almost in sight of the prison in sufficient quantities to use all the labor there; and several times more.

The Slogan editor is much pleased to note that some of the people who a while back sneered at this idea and laughed it to scorn are beginning to speak of the time when the penitentiary will be self supporting.

The Slogan man has not claimed any patent on the idea. The consummation ought to have been reached several years ago; would have been, with men of vision or even the powers and industry of common observation—

Observing what other prisons are doing.

Just keep on keeping on, and the thing will be done. Then everybody will wonder why, in the name of common sense, it was not done long ago.

FUEL OIL AND COAL

There is just one reason why the coal situation is not so serious as it would have been under the same circumstances ten years ago. The people are not so dependent upon coal. They have learned the use of fuel oil. The operators will pass on to the public but fuel oil will be on hand to dispute every unwarranted penny.

Another thing, electricity has also served to make the people more independent. That is made by a combination of air and water and is being more generally used every year. So long as the streams run, so long as we make electricity. The Oregon Statesman has long held to the theory that the coal business was due for an upheaval and revolution. Some time the coal will be manufactured in electricity at the doors of the mines. Then will the great Alaska field come into its own. The day is not far distant when electricity making machines will be stationed at the opening of big Alaska mines and the manufac-

tured product will be sent by wires to the industrial centers of the country. This may sound like a dream, but it is a good deal more sensible and likely than that radio can send power through the air. Both of these things are being done in a small way. The great Niagara Falls have already been harnessed and hydro electric power is turning the waterways of the country into industry.

What is now being done at Niagara Falls will sometime be done at the mouths of the big coal mines. The rivers and fuel oil will both fight against extortion in coal prices.

THE CASE OF PENDER

A man named Pender was pardoned out of the penitentiary here three years ago and through his arrest again we learn that he has walked straight and has had the support of many good people. But the man has been the subject of petty persecutions ever since his release.

The genius of our institutions is that when a man violates a law he must pay the penalty. That much is admitted, but we fail to take this to its logical conclusion. If a man has paid the penalty he has shriveled himself. Suppose a man owes you an hundred dollars and pays it. Is he not still your friend, still worthy your confidence? Do you refuse to trust him any more because he has once owed and paid? Likewise, if a man pays the penalty under the law he is entitled to appear before the world with a clean slate. Until we learn this, we have not learned the first lessons in criminology. Until we learn that a paid debt is wiped off the slate we cannot hope to put our fingers on the festering sores of the social fabric and apply a remedy.

This man Pender has paid. A governor using the discretion wisely placed in his hands declared that the man had suffered enough and marked the obligation "paid in full." We must permit the discharged Penders every where to re-enter the world with a fair chance of regaining their foothold. It may be a hard lesson for some to learn, but until we learn it there is nothing but mockery in this talk of the brotherhood of man.

EUROPEAN INTERFERENCE

Upon one thing America is agreed, and that is we should not butt into European affairs; that any interference should be open and candid. Just why the country does not recognize the crisis that makes the necessity now is hard to see. We spent about thirty-five billion dollars and sent a huge army of our best young men over there to interfere. Now we are asked to help in another way. We are asked to lend our moral influence to stabilize the discordant mass that was left prostrate after the war. Europe knows not which way to go. It is up to America to lead them.

The league of nations has broken down, but there is all the more necessity for some sort of moral and pacifying influence that will bring order out of chaos. Europe has not been able to get on its feet since the war. Wounded until it was bled white, with debts so heavy the people have not been able to stand on their feet. The stricken countries have done their best, but it has not been enough. America must get in to help. No one wants any ambitious program of selfishness; no one wants any conquest, but we do want and we do need to help.

We have very properly rushed our helplessness over to Japan, but we leave the war stricken people of Europe to suffer. It is not fair. We should go to Europe to help.

How can we go? The proposition of an international court offers the way. It is up to us to take it.

TOO EXPENSIVE

Agitators are barnacles on production. They take their toll of labor and exact too much. When barnacles attack ships the owners have them scraped off. Some of these times labor is going to realize the price it pays and have the barnacles scraped off the organizations.

The present is a good time to take a lesson. This is the busy season around Salem. Men, women and even children are working with feverish haste to harvest the fruit. Agitators, men who neither toil nor spin and yet appear clothed better than any of the workers, appear and urge the stoppage of work. To them it means a momentary triumph, but to the workers it means less fuel, less provisions, less comforts next winter. It is a most serious matter, and some of these days the workers are going to scrape off the barnacles just as they do with ships, and labor will not have to pay the big toll to the industrial bloodsuckers. The IWW will be put out of business.

UP TO FRANCE

Germany has decided to withdraw all passive resistance to the French occupation of the Ruhr. Even with this gone, it will not take France long to learn that it cannot get the coal necessary to operate its iron foundries. France has sinned grievously against the peace of the world. It has offended the sensibilities of civilization. It has lost at every step. France must turn back.

The withdrawal of passive resistance again puts the peace of the world up to France. There is chaos now and it will get worse. The swashbuckler in Italy finds precedent and pretext for humiliating Greece and annexing Finme. He is acting no worse than France. The only difference is one of refinement. France has the refinement of perfidy while Mussolini is a newer hand at the business and more crude. But the effect is the same.

At the door of France must be

laid the blame for the disturbances of Europe, and until France recognizes its responsibility to the rest of Europe there will be constant danger of a conflagration.

GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE

It must be confessed that there is more international spirit shown among the people than any government reflects. In other words despite all the talk about the people leading the nations themselves really have to be driven. If left to the people there never would be any war. They pay the price, all the nation does is to act as a clearing house, but that puts all authority where it can be used for war.

One phase of the much discussed internationale is helpful. The spread of this would end all war. One bad feature of the internationale is that it takes into consideration only the working people. As a matter of fact all conditions of life need to know each other better, need to feel the brotherhood of man more and more.

What is needed is for the government to go along with the people, to be their agent and representative, to go no further than the people go, to make no commitments that would involve the people in trouble. We really need more government referendums.

WELCOME MINISTERS

It is with a good deal of satisfaction that Salem welcomes the members of the United Brethren conference which convenes in this city today. There are fifty ministers of this denomination scattered over the state. They are doing God's work in the state and doing their full share. The United Brethren are noted for their earnestness and sincerity. They most thoroughly believe their teachings and they always stand for the best citizenship, which of course is religious citizenship.

The Oregon Statesman trusts the ministers may have a good time during their stay here. It also trusts that Salem people will avail themselves of the privilege of attending the open meetings and getting these spiritual feasts.

The esteemed Eugene Guard is alarmed lest President Coolidge give the country continued protection. This he most certainly will do. Furthermore, in doing this he most certainly will also have the support of Oregon. If there is a state in this union that needs and actually profits by protection it is Oregon. President Coolidge will be performing a service for the producers of Oregon if he carries out the protection policy of his predecessor.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 406.

WHY MOTHER GRAHAM INSISTED THAT JUNIOR "IS PSYCHIC"

"Oh, Missis Graham! My Miss Graham! Oh! I so glad to see you!"

Katie fairly tumbled from the high seat of the huge moving van before the slower Jim or the driver of the van could come to her assistance, flew to me and hugged me ecstatically.

"I am just as glad to see you, Katie," I returned warmly. "But, child, you must have ridden on that 'bad all night' Aren't you terribly tired?"

Katie laughed joyously.

"Vot's dot vord tired?" she demanded with the unconscious impertinence that in another girl would be unbearable, but which Dicky and I have come to regard as rather a picturesque accessory of our little maid's personality.

"I no can spell dot," she went on. "I go to work now, but I bot tonight come eight-nine o'clock, me and dot Jeem hit dot hay and sleep so fast."

She turned to Jim, who had descended from the load in slower and more dignified fashion, to grin at him provocatively. His answering smile was full of the same good-natured affectionate tolerance with which he has regarded his volatile, tempestuous little wife ever since their wedding day.

"Good morning, Mrs. Graham," he said, taking my proffered hand with shy dignity. "Don't worry about Katie. We didn't start until after midnight, so we had a pretty good sleep before leaving, and she curled up on a mattress on the load and slept most of the time out here."

"Dot no such ting!" Katie declared indignantly. "I go back on dot mattress because you and Tom say soar so crowded Tom can't drive no good, but I no sleep more dan two, three minutes all night, I hear everythings you say; you put dot in your pipe and smoke set up."

Across Katie's unconscious face

laid the blame for the disturbances of Europe, and until France recognizes its responsibility to the rest of Europe there will be constant danger of a conflagration.

FUTURE DATES

September 13, Thursday—Annual conference United Brethren of Oregon, Castel chapel, Salem.

September 14, Friday—Dempsey-Firpo fight for heavyweight championship of the world, New York.

September 17, Monday—Constitution day.

September 16, Sunday—YMCA setting up program at Wallace farm.

September 18, Tuesday—Marion county grand jury meets.

September 19, Wednesday—Willamette university opens.

September 20, Thursday—Marion county community federation to meet at Willamette valley hardware and implement dealers.

September 20, 21 and 22—Pendleton Roundup.

September 21, Friday—City budget meeting at city hall.

September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair, September 24, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Oregon, at Salem.

October 1, Monday—Salem schools open.

October 2, Tuesday—Naturalization day.

October 6, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Washington, at Seattle.

October 20, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. St. Angel college, at Salem.

October 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27—Annual show at state penitentiary.

October 24 and 25, Wednesday and Thursday—Completion of paving of Pacific highway from California line to Vancouver, B. C., to be celebrated at Olympia, Portland and Salem.

October 27, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Chemawa, at Salem.

November 3, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound, at Tacoma.

November 3 to 10—Pacific International Livestock exposition, Portland.

November 6, Tuesday—Special election on income tax referendum.

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.

Perkins and Brown were walking up Main street together. "There goes an old buddy of mine," Perkins remarked as a man passed.

"Who is he?" asked Brown. "Bill Bristow—poor old Bill!"

"Why 'poor old Bill'?"

"Well, it's this way," Perkins explained. "When the war broke out I enlisted and Bill got married."

"Yes, go on."

"Well, can't you see? I got a discharge more than two years ago now."

A CRY IN THE NIGHT, gripping pains in the vitals, cramps, weakening diarrhoea, whether child or adult, immediate comfort and ease in **CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY**

Pays to keep always on hand.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller

NEW TALES OF OLD TRIBES

Randy Riddle Says—

What is in bottles but is never poured?

Made No Difference to Her

Pete Wilkins had just entered the service, and his young wife was the proudest woman in 48 states. She was boasting of his achievements to her brother. Isn't Tom wonderful?" she exclaimed. "He's already been promoted to field marshal!"

"From private to field marshal in two months!" ejaculated the brother. "Why, that's impossible! The thing can't be done."

"Did I say field marshal?" murmured the girl. "Well, maybe it's court marshal; I know it's one or the other."

A Disappointed Customer

She: "But you guaranteed this watch would last a lifetime."

Clerk: "Certainly, but you looked pretty sick the day you bought it."

Answer to today's riddle: The cork.

HERE YOU SEE FOUR ISLANDS OR GROUPS OF ISLANDS.

Nearly every Indian tribe had among its members one very important person, the Medicine Man. He could talk with spirits, knew cures for diseases and sent the souls of departed Indians on their way to the Happy Hunting Ground.

You will see by this picture that this Medicine Man of the Pomo tribe of California is dressed differently from the ordinary Indian brave you see in picture books. He wears furs or animal pelts around his waist with the tails hanging at the back and a fur cap on his head. The colored sticks in his hand are aiding him in holding a ceremony upon the dead.

In the picture at the right he wears an elaborate head dress of gray feathers on a reddish brown

frame of tiny wooden pieces. This shaman, or Motu, as he is called, desires mystic aid, so he has retired to a lonely spot and placed a handful of Motico seed upon a stone. He plays airs to the seed upon his instrument, now and then stopping to ask the question he wishes answered. If the seed is still silent, he makes a fire and casts some seeds on it. Another air is played while he begs for an answer.

(Next week: "Powhatan Indians.")

Answer to today's picture puzzle: The islands are Cuba, Sardinia, the Sandwich Islands, and the Canary islands.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS

Three companions went out for pleasure. They decided for fun they'd hunt treasure.

What was booty for Boy To the Dog brought no joy. For value, each had his own measure.

The Boy, the Dog, and the Pet Squirrel were all out in the yard. "I've heard there's treasure to be found in these woods," declared the Boy, his eyes shining. "Let's all go for a treasure hunt."

The Dog and the Squirrel thought it a fine idea and got quite excited about it. The Boy went to get a spade, but the Dog and the Squirrel were already provided with tools.

Away they went into the heart of the woods. There they sat down upon a log and talked over their plans, finally agreeing to go off in three different directions, then meet at sundown on the same log and report what they had found.

So off they set, and soon there was a great sound of digging and scratching and clawing in the woods.

At sundown the first one to come back was the Squirrel. He looked very tired and worn out, and he brought nothing. Then came the Boy, his head down and his brown hands empty. Finally the Dog limped in.

When they were all together they started to report. "I dug all around," said the Boy sadly, "but all I found for my pains was some old bones."

"Old bones!" snarled the Dog, baring his teeth. "I'd like to know what you were hunting for, anyway! Treasure indeed! Here I scoured the woods for bones and found nothing but some mucky nuts."

"Nuts!" chattered the Squirrel angrily. "Why, isn't that what we came after!" he waved his beautiful tail. "Treasure hunt indeed! Here I might have had some nice nuts, instead of, after all my searching, nearly breaking my teeth by hitting against a bag of old yellow rocks!"

The Boy threw a stone, which missed both of them, stuck in his hands in his pocket, and went home.

You Owe Yourself Something

You will be quick to resent the statement that you didn't pay your debts, but are you sure that you don't owe yourself something that you have made no attempt to pay?

Everyone owes himself that freedom from worry that comes from a growing bank account—and that return in income from properly selected investments.

Insure these things for yourself by building your account at the United States National.

The United States National Bank

Salem, Oregon.

Read the Classified Ads.