

# 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 Jankoski - - - - - Manager Job Dept.

TELEPHONES:  
Business Office - - - - - 23  
News Department - - - - - 23-104  
Circulation Office - - - - - 533  
Society Editor - - - - - 104  
Job Department - - - - - 533

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

## THIS WOULD MAKE SALEM A GREAT CITY

"Washington, Sept. 18.—Temporary relief measures for wheat producers will be worked out by President Coolidge and his cabinet in an effort to put that branch of agriculture on a sound economic basis," an administration spokesman announced at the White House today.

"Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, who conferred with President Coolidge before today's cabinet meeting, is to report Thursday or Friday details of the proposed emergency measures. "The cabinet today devoted its session to discussion of agricultural problems."

The above dispatch appeared in the United Press report of yesterday, and the Associated Press reports that at the meeting yesterday it became known that—

"Secretary Wallace is making a particular study of the wheat problem and will report to the President late today, presenting facts which are expected to enable the executive and his advisers to formulate a constructive program along sound economic lines.

"Some of the suggestions under consideration include the raising by some wheat growers of other kinds of crops to replace commodities now imported. The growing of more sugar beets and flax is one of the proposals considered."

Does the reader realize what that development, if pursued to its legitimate limits, would do for Salem?

It would make Salem a great city—

Salem would become the Belfast of the New World.

There would follow the building of beet sugar factories here, and that would help. This would be certain, because sugar beets can be produced in the Willamette valley with a high sugar content; as good as can be raised in the best districts of Germany—

But the big thing would be the development of the flax industries here, and this would lead to the production here of the \$60,000,000 annual importations that now come into the United States from foreign countries for linens and other manufactures and by-products of flax. It would do more than this. It would result in the building up here of an industry that would export flax products; it would become a hundred million dollar industry annually.

All the flax for such an industry could be grown on land in the Willamette valley that is now idle. There is no industry in the world, outside of the mining industries, that mounts to such proportions from such small acreages of land employed; running to \$24,000 an acre in the finer linens at present prices, and higher for laces.

The uses of linens are increasing enormously with the development of air navigation. Nothing else is suitable for the wings of airplanes; nothing else is strong enough.

The United States government, under a program such as is hinted at in the Associated Press dispatch of yesterday from Washington, could very quickly induce the full development of the flax industry here. It is already under way; and there are indications of some ambitious undertakings in this line to come about soon.

The successful pulling of flax by machines is helping to open the way.

If the United States government will follow out the lines said by the dispatches of yesterday to be under consideration, there will not for long be any complaint of an over production of wheat in this country. On the contrary, we will be long be obliged to import wheat.

## NO COLONIST POLICY

It has been 25 years since fate or circumstances or ill-fortune threw into our possession the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico and some other things. The first of these other things was a colonial policy without any formulated colonial policy. In the quarter of a century that has since elapsed, no colonial policy has been developed.

There is a reason why we have not addressed ourselves to a colonial policy. We never expected to need one for any length of time. There has been no thought in the heads of our people but that the Philippines would be let go the moment they were ready for self government. There is no disagreement on that point. The only disagreement is to when that time shall be. All also want it to be quickly.

There is no use in our developing a temporary policy. We have just gone on with our good intentions and helped the Philippines the best we could. They have not always been appreciative. Some have honestly thought they were ready for self government; others have thought only of the opportunity. In the meantime General Wood is sitting on the lid, waiting patiently for those people to realize their responsibility and accept it in the spirit that would mean success in the years to come. We have held Porto Rico without any colonial policy also. One ought to be developed there because we will hold that island.

## THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS

No matter what the trouble is today, when it becomes yesterday it changes. What is most serious today becomes unimportant when it is yesterday. And when it becomes day before yesterday it has positively lost all its marks of

identification. Thus it is with those "good old days of our dad-dies." When they were today we complained bitterly about them, railed at our bad fortune in having to live through them, but when they joined the procession into the past they lost their narrowness and littleness and meanness and became finally glorious.

However this is not said in criticism. It is said in commendation. One of the finest services time performs for us is to take that keen edge off the things of today and paint them differently when they take their places in the procession of yesterdays.

It will be possible if you live so long to mark this one day and in fifty years hear it referred to as the good old days. No matter what your trouble may be today, the sharp edge will wear off and the hardness of the bad day will fade by imperceptible degrees until it loses its hideousness and becomes actually pleasant. It is well that this is true. It makes life so much pleasanter.

## NONE INDEPENDENT

We have just read an article which says that everybody fixed their own prices but the farmer. Alas, that this remark has to be challenged. But it is not true. No supply and demand is the only price fixer which has any standing. This does not always work. Sometimes abnormal conditions interfere temporarily, but in the long run old supply and demand does the work.

Many people think merchants fix their prices. They do not. They buy their goods at a certain price and then add their percent. Many, many times the goods do not move. Then the price has to be re-fixed. Finally the patron of the store indicate at what price they will buy, and the merchant must mark his goods accordingly. Some people think a bank fixes

its own rate of interest. It does not. The bank rate is fixed by outside conditions. Newspapers do not fix their own subscription prices. They know what they ought to get, but many things interfere to set prices differently. We wish it were true that an industry could set its prices. Then everybody would get a living price for what was sold. This ideal state cannot be brought about so long as there is competition and so long as conditions are changing like a bed of quicksand.

## EXACTLY

The recall fellows cannot skulk around in anonymity any longer. They must get out on the firing line. The public then sees just who is back of this attempt to discredit the state and deter progressive men from accepting office.

In a despatch from Pendleton, mention is made of one "B. H. Inman discharged as prohibition agent." What does this man care about the public good? He is after his revenge. It is admitted that the present agent is an unusually successful prosecutor and law enforcer. But the man he displaced does not care for that. He simply wants to get the scalp of the governor, who dared use his own mind.

One by one these recallers will be unmasked, and they will be found men who are selfishly trying to fool the voters. The recall movement is rotten from start to finish, and when it is seen in its true light, many honest but deluded men will hasten to get out from under.

## NOT THIS TIME

The Oregon Statesman has been an admirer of Gifford Pinchot for many years. It has watched with sympathetic and appreciative interest the fight he made for conservation. To him we owe much of our present conservation policy. He was a fighter always and he got results because he never quit. That is one side of Gifford Pinchot to which the Oregon Statesman adheres with continued loyalty.

There is another side that we cannot appreciate nor follow. Governor Pinchot settled the coal strike and is talking of running for president on the record he made on that occasion. He settled the strike by advancing the wages of every man 10 per cent. There was no statesmanship in that; no great call for the gratitude on the part of his countrymen.

If Governor Pinchot runs for president on the issue of what he has done in settling the coal strike he will part company with most of his old friends.

Salem has an unusual battery of Methodist preachers, if we may be permitted to use the term in this way. It is good news that all of them are coming back the coming year. The Portland conference was a busy place, but it found time to consult the people at home. The members of First church are particularly glad to have Dr. Blaine Kirkpatrick sent back for another year. He is a church leader, but he is a community asset as well.

## PARKING WRONG

When the attention of the people of Salem was called to the parking of automobiles, a referendum was held. The people by a large majority decided to keep their present method.

It is wrong, and some of these days our people will realize it.

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 411  
WHY HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF GRACE DRAPER STARTLED DICKY

I awoke the next morning with the sense of some unpleasant duty impending which I could not quite define. Then, as I gathered my scattered faculties together, I knew what it was that awaited me. It was the day of Grace Draper's arrival.

There must be no delay in meeting her at the Shelter Island ferry, for she is too striking a figure to remain unremarked if she were kept waiting. There also must be no hint of our errand to Dicky's mother. I could imagine the scene she would stage if she received any inkling that Grace Draper was to be brought back into Dicky's life again.

I woke Dicky with difficulty, laughingly clapping my hand over his mouth with a warning gesture as he showed signs of expostulating loudly. "Do you want your mother to hear?" I whispered, and his man-

ner changed in a second as he docilely climbed out of bed.

"How are you going to square mother about this trip?" he asked when we went downstairs to our sitting room, where there were already signs of one of Mrs. Ticer's delicious breakfasts.

"I think I'll leave that to you," I said demurely, as I walked to the door to summon Mrs. Ticer, not daring to use the little bell which she had provided for our use. I knew that the tinkle of that bell would be like a fire signal to a well-trained fire horse in the days before motors superseded the faithful animals.

"Not on your golden wedding day," Dicky registered lively alarm. "I'll face a maddened tigress in any jungle you name, but explaining this errand to my lady mother—nay, nay, gentle wife, Prithce—"

Mrs. Ticer's entrance with our grapefruit cut short his extravagant nonsense, beneath which, however, I knew there was more than a little truth. Dicky depends as much upon me to rescue him from his mother's capricious criticism as she were a relative upon my side of the house instead of his.

"You're Missing Your Vocation!" "You are early," Mrs. Ticer said, smiling.

I explained to her in a low voice that my husband had received a summons from an art editor friend of his staying at Quogue to a conference over some illustrations, and that I was to drive him over.

"He just received the message last night when we drove to the village," I went on. "And we do not wish to have Mother Graham awaken until after we're gone."

"So if you have any chloroform or other handy, and can sprinkle or blow a little of it around her room, I'll be your debtor forever," Dicky interrupted.

"I'll see what I can do," she promised, with the demure, dignified yet most effective manner in which she always joins any railway to which she is invited. I never have known a woman of her educational limitation as finely poised.

"Don't spare expense!" Dicky called softly after her as she left the room, then he struck an admiring attitude, and looked at me quizzically.

"When you tell one you make it a whooper, don't you?" he commented, with a sly grin.

"It wasn't!" I declared indignantly. "You have received a summons from a—friend. It involves, or will shortly involve, a conference over some illustrations. I am to drive you over, and we don't want your mother to waken until we're gone. The only things that weren't perfectly truthful," I stammered, "were the words 'art editor' and 'Quogue.'"

He stared at me fixedly for a second—a gaze that held in it something which made me uncomfortable—then threw up his hands with a gesture of utter surrender. "So that's the way you figure it out, is it?" he said. "Command me to a Puritan conscience for being able to whip his unmentionable majesty around the biggest stump to be found. I say, old dear, you're missing your vocation. You'd be worth a billion or two to some of those war profiteers who are trying to explain how they keep their prices up."

I flushed hotly with angry chagrin. This was the sort of thanks I received, I told myself pettishly, when I tried to "square things" for Dicky. But I forced myself to smile as I answered him.

"Why Didn't You Tell Me?" "The next time you'll tell your own fibs," I said lightly. Then I hurried him and myself through a breakfast which deserved ample leisure, and was successful in getting away from the farmhouse before Mother Graham's appearance.

The drive through Sag Harbor, North Haven and beautiful wooded Shelter Island was a delightful one. We reached the Greenport ferry in ample time, and waited with feverish impatience for the arrival of the ferryboat.

I watched Dicky furtively but keenly, wondering what would be his emotion when he first caught sight of the girl. I was the first to sight her tall, still lissome figure, coming across the gangplank, and I quietly called Dicky's attention to her.

He stared at her, frankly taking advantage of her absorption in her luggage, then he turned to me in dismay.

"For the love of Mike, girl, why didn't you tell me she'd gone off in her looks like that?" he demanded. "I can't use her for those illustrations the way she looks now."

Riveness Funeral Is Today at Silvertown

SILVERTON, Or., Sept. 18.—(Special to The Statesman)—Funeral services for C. M. Riveness, who died Friday afternoon was held from Trinity church Tuesday afternoon at 1:30. Mr. Riveness leaves a widow and 11 children. Six of his children were with him at the time of his death. One more, Joseph Riveness, came from Freer, Mont. The other four are living in eastern states. The six who were with him at the time of his death are Miss Ruth Riveness, Miss Viola Riveness, Miss Rowina Riveness, Mrs. Radoslo Reinartson, Daniel Riveness and Melvin Riveness.

## EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

### Relative to K. C.

Editor Statesman. In this morning's issue of the Statesman I find the following:

"The Knights of Columbus of Oregon as an organization are not in favor of the recall of Governor Pierce, according to information that was brought to Salem yesterday by one of the knights' organizers who is said to have charge of insurance for the order. He said at the state house that advice had gone out to the members all over the state to have nothing to do with the recall."

There is something radically wrong in connection with that statement. No such action as indicated has been taken or can be taken. The question involved has never been before the Knights of Columbus or its officials. It could not come before them. Politics are not permitted in any council of the Knights of Columbus and no official or set of officials of the order is authorized or would dare to send out directions to members of the order as to how they should or should not act with regard to political office.

No organizer of the order has charge of insurance for the order, and no official of the order who has any authority to speak for it has come to Salem in the past few days. There are two state officials of the order living in Salem and they know nothing whatever of such advice or direction as is indicated in the news item. The officials of the local council know nothing of it and for the following very good reasons:

The question has not been considered by the order or by its officials as such;

The question could not be taken up even if a meeting was attempted for that purpose;

No such meeting has been held or contemplated;

No official of the order would be fool enough to dare give out such "advice";

Anybody who tells you that the Knights of Columbus as a body is in politics is either lying or grossly mistaken. As citizens they are as much divided on politics as the Elks, the Masons, the carpenters or the doctors and their stand on the recall will not be as a group but as individuals, each according to his light.

—FRANK DAVEY.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Busy days—

At state fair grounds.

Things are being whipped into shape out there for the big show, and the workers with the exhibits are arriving on every train.

The Siogan pages of tomorrow, among other things, will try to prove that Salem ought to have more wood working plants—though she has been doing very well in that line.

We are getting some where, when the secretary of agriculture tells the president that one constructive way to take care of the

## HAVE KIDNEYS EXAMINED BY YOUR DOCTOR

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys if Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast 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 flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink. By all means, have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.—Adv.

wheat surplus is to produce more flax, among other things.

When one speaks of flax for the fiber, he thinks of Salem, Oregon. This is the only district in the United States where such flax is grown, fit for the making of fine linens. It is also the only place where it can be grown—extending the district only to western Washington; and perhaps a small section of northwestern California.

If this thing goes forward as there are now indications of its going, every one in this part of the country, and in other sections too, will wonder why the flax industry was not developed long ago. The opportunity has been here all along. Nature prepared it in the geological ages.

The Salem Chamber of Commerce is working quietly along constructive lines for the expansion of the flax industry here. The idea that this can be done, and done with profitable returns, is sinking in; taking hold in quarters that promise great things for Salem and the Willamette valley.

## STATE FAIR NOTES

TENT CITY, Sept. 18.—Lively days these in the Tent City. Stake driving is heard in all directions. The grounds already have the appearance of an old time fair.

E. V. Butler, of Portland, went into camp yesterday at 42 Moody way.

Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Bennett, of Salem, have selected No. 13 Moores. They like a lucky number. Mr. Bennett says that every dollar that he ever had of U. S. money, if silver, had on it 13 stars.

L. N. Ambrose, of Portland, while on his vacation as a letter carrier, called long enough en route to his old home in Roseburg, to select 33 Moores as the spot for Salem relatives to find him and family.

Earl Wood, of Salem, has chosen No. 10 Moores.

Mrs. J. Martin, of Salem, will go into camp tomorrow at 5 Moores.

Fred Woodcock and family, Salem, are putting up tent at No. 8 Moores.

## THINGS TO DO

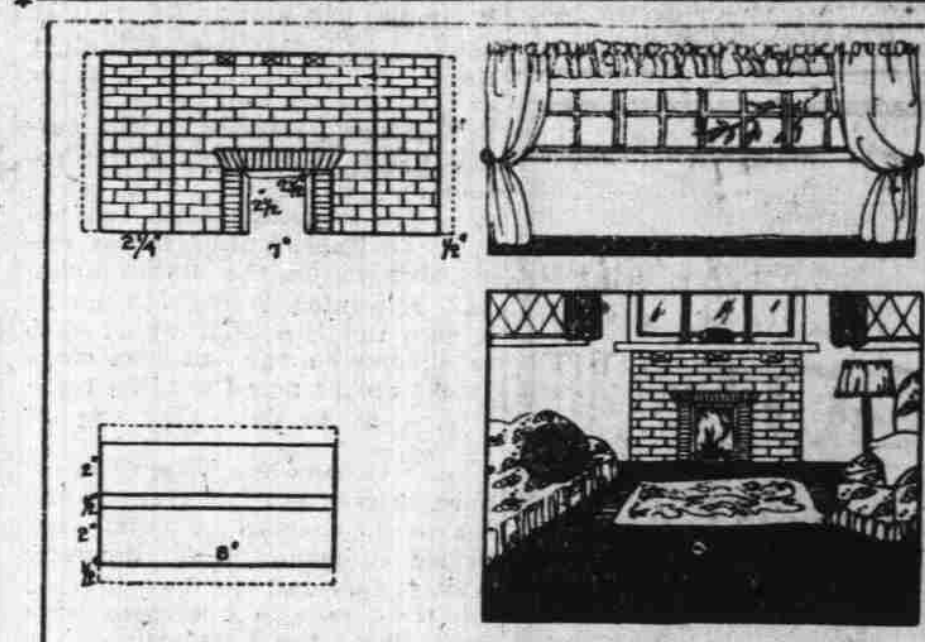
## THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller

## THE DOLLHOUSE BEAUTIFUL



### A Room with a Fireplace

Neither dollhouses nor real houses are furnished in good taste when the furniture crowds the room. You will find that the sofa, armchair and floor lamp of last week and the week before, with the fireplace you see here, will be enough to furnish your doll living-room.

Take a square hat box and tip it up so that the front is open. You can probably find some wallpaper in your attic or get a sample roll that will do nicely for a wall covering. But you must be sure it harmonizes with the color of your furniture. If the sofa and armchair are brown, choose a tan or yellow; they be flowered in rose, use a soft green or dull blue.

## THE SHORT STORY, JR.

WHEN CHICHITA CHANGED HER MIND

"A runaway—Help! Help!" Chichita cried, When she went out alone for a ride.

The boy was quick To turn the trick. It was the last fake play Chichita tried.

Chichita, her black eyes snapping, sat on the steps of the broad veranda of the Rancho. Today her cousin from the American side of her family was coming, and Chichita, who was most like her Mexican mother, was not happy.

Grant Smith of Portland, an old time Salem horseman, was in yesterday, with his family, looking for a vacant cottage for rent. Anyone having business with state land board will find Clerk Hoffmann in camp during the state fair at 24 Looney, near the mayor's cottage. If George Brown ever took a vacation exception Saturday nights and Sundays he would go into camp also.

## BOXER'S ARM BROKEN

SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 18.—Bud Ridley, claimant of the Pacific coast featherweight championship, suffered a broken right arm as a result of his clash with Lou Paluso, local boxer, here last night.

## BROWN TALKS ON THE CONSTITUTION

Justice of Supreme Court Impresses Kiwanians With Strong Address

Hard work, brains and statesmanship evolved the constitution of the United States and not divine inspiration, declared George M. Brown, associate justice of the Oregon supreme court, to members of the Kiwanis club at the noonday luncheon at the Marion hotel Tuesday. Judge Brown spoke on general observations of the constitution.

"The more one learns of its history and growth, the stronger he becomes in Americanism," the speaker said. "Americans are lawmakers and did not borrow their ideals. The constitution was the result of months of hard work, debate and discussion. By the brightest and most experienced men of the time. The more a person understands about the constitution and the men who created it, the more respect he will show toward that instrument."

T. M. Hicks was the winner of the attendance prize, a receipted bill from the Midget market, presented by Harry Levy.

Richard Robertson, of the highway department, was gener-

## FUTURE DATES

September 17, Monday—Constitution day.  
September 18, 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 Chamber of Commerce.  
September 20, Thursday—Willamette valley hardware and implement dealers to hold convention in Salem.  
September 20, 21 and 22—Frederick Roundup.  
September 21, Friday—Children's clinic at Chamber of Commerce.  
September 21, Friday—City judges meeting at city hall.  
September 24, Monday—County tax commission of all counties to meet in Salem.  
September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair, September 29, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Oregon, at Salem.  
October 1, Monday—Salem schools open.  
October 2, Tuesday—Naturalization day.  
October 5, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Washington, at Seattle.  
October 19, Friday—Annual Junior Guild dance at the armory.  
October 20, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Mt. Angel college, at Salem.  
October 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27—Annual show at state fair.  
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.  
October 31, Wednesday—President Suzuki of University of Washington to address Rotary club.  
November 3, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound, at Tacoma.  
November 8 to 10—Pacific International Livestock exposition, Portland.  
November 6, Tuesday—Special session 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.

ously endorsed in his vocal selections. Guests introduced were Dr. A. C. Parr, formerly of Peoria, Ill.; J. L. Brady, Fred C. Collins, F. S. Appelman and G. K. Cavenah.

Beautiful new \$1000 baby grand piano, A piano that will be an asset in your home. \$1750 takes it this week only. \$15 sends it to your home—your own time on the spot.

TAILMAN PIANO STORE  
395 S. Twelfth St.  
One Block North of Southern Pacific Passenger Depot.

## LOADS OF FUN

A DOLLHOUSE FOR A QUEEN

Architects and builders in England have been working for some time on a miniature dollhouse, 7 feet high and 4 feet long, which is to be complete in every detail. It is being built at the order of Queen Mary.

The room will be silk Persian ones. There will be electric doll elevators, a baby piano, a perfect kitchen, and a library of hundreds of books, each written by a famous author for the collection. The plumbing will be flawless. On the walls will hang portraits of the royal family done specially by artists. Even a mid-get limousine will be standing at the door!

It will be a lucky doll that finds it her lot to live in what will probably be the most elaborate plaything in the world.

Collector: "This bill has been running for over a year." Short: "Don't I know it? Look how it has followed me around!"

## SATURDAY NIGHT

Teacher: "What is the 'Ancient Order of Igts Bath?'" Tommy: "I dunno. Usually Johnny comes first, then the baby, an' then me."

head her off. As she tore by he seized the reins, riding alongside until her horse finally stopped, panting and trembling. Chichita rolled off to the ground.

"Fainted!" exclaimed the cousin going wherever he wished. Chichita went out to get her favorite horse. Then off she went, her straight black hair flying in the wind. She was coming back about an hour later when she met a stranger riding toward her. He was riding one of the Rancho horses, so it was evidently the cousin coming out to meet her.

Her eyes flashed. She just wouldn't be friends with him. Her father liked boys better than girls, anyway, and first thing she knew he'd be forgetting all about her. She'd show up that old cousin for a tenderfoot—give him some excitement.

She suddenly dug her heels viciously into her horse. He leaped up, hit the ground, and started to run. "Runaway!" yelled Chichita. "Help!" She leaned over and grabbed the horse's neck as though frightened to death, but she gave him an occasional dig.

The cousin spurred his horse to