

The Oregon Statesman

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SALEM HAS A GREAT PAPER MILL

Has the average reader realized fully the importance of the Salem paper mill in the growth and prosperity of Salem and the Salem district?

The following high lights will give some idea of what this great and growing institution means to this city and community:

There are directly employed in the mill, and furnishing raw materials for the mill, here in Salem and in the Salem district, about 350 men. Counting five to the family, this means about 1750 people here dependent upon the paper mill operations for their living.

Or about one in every 14 of our population.

After the same rule that was followed in a Slogan issue of a few weeks ago, showing that about one in every five of our people depend upon the automotive industries for their support.

The reader can give his own estimate of the indirect benefits, in more ways than he could think of in an hour's study; the bather and baker and candlestick maker, and the teacher and lawyer and preacher, and all the rest who indirectly benefit from the operations of such a plant.

The Salem paper mill uses about three times as much water as is used in all Salem besides.

About as much electricity as all Salem uses; one mill employee told the writer that the estimate found in another column is very much too low, for the electrical energy used by this mill.

The mill's payroll is about \$40,000 a month.

It pays about \$32,000 a month for cord wood.

The success of the paper mill of the Oregon Pulp and Paper company is the more gratifying on account of the fact that it is very largely a Salem enterprise, and has been from the beginning. It is largely owned and managed and manned by Salem people. Its profits as well as its money paid out for labor and raw materials are largely distributed here, adding most substantially to our business life in very many ways and making Salem a bigger and better city, and the surrounding country more and more prosperous.

Does the average reader realize how interesting a process is paper making?

Especially paper making of the high specialty classes that are turned out in Salem?

It will be worth while for every reader to file away this copy of The Statesman, and to read the whole description of the mill and its various departments and processes, found in the Slogan pages. Paper manufacturing, as carried on in this model mill, is a fascinating process.

Do you wonder that the managers and workers take a pride in the great plant? Every citizen of Salem would be fully justified in feeling something of this pride. That sort of a sentiment would be an asset to Salem. It would help in advertising Salem to the world as a city that is far above the average, in its worth while accomplishments and advantages and future prospects.

SLOWLY ADVANCING

The recall movement is slowly creeping its slimy way to respectability in point of numbers. After two months of effort one-fourth enough names have been secured. It is fair to say that the cream has been lapped off and the skim milk remains.

The recall is still an orphan, so far as political respectability is concerned. It cannot find a home with any man who has reason to protect his political reputation.

One thing is especially gratifying, and that is Salem and Marion county are standing up so nobly. The people here are on the ground and know that there is nothing but unworthy animosity back of the recall effort. Governor Pierce

has done nothing to deserve the recall. There is little likelihood of the petition being made, but if it is, the effort necessary to get it will show that it is futile from the start. There may be a recall election, which we doubt, but there will be no recall. The repudiation of the recall petitions show how unpopular it is. Governor Pierce is safe, but it is a pity that his administration is hung up in this way.

HUNTING THE SEED

Nearly everybody who came to the fair has been satisfied. They have nearly all been able to find what they wanted. All have been rewarded, so far as we know, save one, and as he happens to be a

friend of long standing, we regret that he has failed to find what he came to the fair for.

Old Farmer Corntassel called on The Statesman late last night to say that he had come to the state fair for just one purpose. He had heard so much of the polo ponies of Corvallis that he never dreamed that they would not be on exhibition at the state fair.

"I had heard so much of the polo ponies," said Farmer Corntassel, "that I calculated to look them over at the fair and buy some seed. I have three boys on the farm and I thought possibly I might raise some for them."

IRRIGATION SHOULD BE NATIONAL

State guarantee of interest on irrigation bonds is an open bid to the cupidity of men to put over projects unwarranted from an economic standpoint.

Irrigation is not all roses for the farmer. It means trouble and worry for him as well as for the ditch owners. The farmers are led to believe that their fortunes are made the moment water is turned in a ditch. The contrary is true. The opportunity has only been provided for the farmer who is frugal and careful. The water will help production, but it will not take away his troubles, the promoter to the contrary notwithstanding.

Irrigation should only be undertaken by the government. It is big enough to handle any proposition and coddle unfortunate farmers along until they can get on their feet. Irrigation is a national project in any event.

PRODDING JAPAN

For a quarter of a century Japan has been lied about maliciously. Its every motive has been discounted and its every move has been misinterpreted. Japan has met with a great disaster. It lies prostrate. Again we see the ugly monster, called the war spirit, getting in its work. Not content to let the good people of the world help put Japan on its feet, these monsters are trying to interfere and lessen relief work by saying that Japan has been put back 25 years in its warlike spirit. It is unfair at such a time as this to raise such a cry. Japan is not thinking of war.

The prodding of Japan was always unworthy, always unfair and untrue, but it ought to stop now. Japan has a right to be let alone while it is rising to its feet.

ON NETTLES

France has won a victory in the Ruhr, but it is such a victory as the boy won who wanted some one to help him let go. The time will come when France will pay, pay, and then it will curse the bones of the men who brought the trouble about. France is in moral terror of Germany and is doing its best to pull every tooth and claw.

Germany is holding itself with patience. France won for fear of an upheaval at home in Germany. The government was afraid to go any further for fear of a revolution. A revolution in Germany meant that Bolshevism in Russia would overrun Europe. The Germans deserve credit for their sacrifice in order to preserve order in Europe.

When Ruhr was invaded the Oregon Statesman pointed out that the real object of France was

a bumper state. Belgium saved France before, and with a bumper state in the Ruhr region, Germany could never take the French by surprise. The state will not amount to much in territory, but it will be immensely rich in the mines within its territory.

THE OKLAHOMA CONFLICT

Oklahoma is a dynamite state. It has always been wild and woolly and hard to carry above the knees, but it is just now an armed camp. Governor Walton cannot stop. He has laid out his course and must either win or lose his office. The other side can hold its prestige only if it can control its men. To do this is a problem in every such controversy. Any

way it is taken, Oklahoma is a fit subject to be deplored. It all looks so unnecessary.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 418

HOW MADGE RESPONDED TO LILLIAN'S GREAT NEED

With a single glance at my mother-in-law I flew past her into the little hall and down the stairs to the sitting-room, where Robert Savarin awaited me.

He was walking restlessly up and down the room when I entered, and I saw that his face was white and drawn with anxiety.

"Lillian" I exclaimed apprehensively, as he turned and saw me. "Is she—worse?" Or—Marion?"

He came up to me swiftly, took my hands in his reassuringly, and bent above them with the reverent courtesy which never deserts him, even in moments of stress.

"Not—worse," he said, and I

saw that he had not even heard my query concerning Marion. His whole soul was wrapped up in Lillian's condition. "But she is—quite—disturbed—over—something—in which she believes you can help her, and she has asked to see you. I must tell you that the horses only consented to my coming for you when she had seen that a refusal would affect Lillian more unfavorably than the excitement of seeing you. I am afraid Miss Jones considers Lillian's condition to be more serious than I have suspected. I would never have—

suspected. I would never have—

An Eager Question.

He broke off abruptly as he saw

my impatient movement of impatience on my part. I was wild

to get to Lillian, and I guessed

what the rest of his sentence was.

Moved by his great love and his

desire to protect her, I screamed

that he had pressed her unduly to

give him the promise he had

asked so long, that as soon as the legal bonds holding her to Harry Underwood could be severed, she

would marry him, and so give him

the right to care for herself and

Marion. It was a promise that I

was anxious to have her make,

for I knew that happiness for my

sorely-tried friend could be given

her only by the man who stood

before me, but I was angry at the

masculine blindness which had led

him to insist upon her answer

when she was in no condition to

make any decision.

"You can come at once!" he

asked with a touch of formality.

"This minute," I returned. "The

car is in the driveway. If you'll

get in I'll speak to my mother-in-

law."

She was already in the doorway,

and I gave her a hasty word of

explanation as I put on my hat

and coat, and hurried out of the

door. With the swift, comfortable

rise to an emergency which

she is always sure to exhibit, there

was no hint of carping or irritation

in her manner.

Marion's Plea.

"Stay as long as you need," she said, "I will look after everything here. And if you should wish to stay the night I'll have your bag ready if you send a messenger for it."

"You're such a comfort, mother," I said, as I kissed her good-by, with a thankful thought that my little lad was asleep, and so would not fret at my going.

"I hope I know how to be decent," she replied grimly, and then Robert Savarin and I were in the car and speeding toward the hospital.

Miss Jones met us at the door of Lillian's room. She drew me aside, motioning Robert Savarin to go on in.

"Mrs. Graham, I am at my wit's end," she said frankly. "Something is going on here that I cannot understand. There is no reason why both my patients should not be getting stronger, but the child is fretting herself into a fever over something, and Mrs. Underwood is evidently under some intense nervous strain which is wearing her out. I would forbid Mr. Savarin's visits, only I have no ground for thinking that he is concerned in any way with their condition. It is something that lies between the child and the mother, I think, and I have wondered if you could not help me. I hate to separate them and yet—"

"I will see what I can do." I promised hastily, walking swiftly into the room, and Miss Jones closed the door behind me, shutting herself out.

"Madge, dear, I am so glad!"

Lillian's voice faint with weakness, and the worn look upon her face made my heart ache. Yet there was relief in their tones, and something else—absolute dependence. It was as if she had found herself unable to cope with whatever problem confronted her, and had invoked my aid. I straightened myself involuntarily, crossed to her, and kneeling by her side, put my arms around her, gently, but with firm reassurance.

"I am here to stay as long as you wish, to do whatever you wish," I said earnestly. Marion's shrill treble answered me.

"Then, oh, Auntie Madge, make her say she'll let me have Uncle Robert for my father!" she cried.

"Look at her!" Lillian whispered, for I was between her and the child. "She has been pleading that way for days."

I followed her glance to the child's flushed face and strained eyes. It was not like Marion to be shrill and insistent, and I guessed that with her unchildish, al-

most uncanny intuition, she had read her mother's heart and that she was bending all her energies to sway her mother to the decision she wished. But a searching

glance at Lillian's pallid face made me fear that the strain of her child's urging had been most injurious to her.

(To be continued)

A good looking wife is worth more if she is a good cooking wife. Nobody wins a dance. The couples come out neck and neck.

LOADS OF FUN

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Edited by John M. Miller

HOW "MISSISSIPPI" CAME TO BE

Congressman Charles Carter, a Chickasaw by birth, tells a legend which says that when the Indians first saw the great river which divides the east of the United States from the west, they were amazed, and one of the oldest and wisest prophets exclaimed, "Mis-Sip-ka-ni," figuratively meaning, "the father of all its kind." This was probably changed by the white man's pronunciation into "Mississippi," with meaning "the father of the waters."

Frightened.

Jimmy, who was inclined to be a braggart, was telling his father and mother of his experiences while out camping. "And all at once I stepped on a big rattlesnake," he began.

"How did you know it was a rattlesnake, Jimmy?" asked his father.

"I could hear its teeth chattering the minute it saw me."

Very Simple When Explained



Courtesy of Field Museum, Chicago.

A Crow Woman of the Plains

We always think of the Indians of the plains as fierce warriors that rode upon their enemies on the sturdy Indian horses or plains ponies, when the truth of the matter is that the Indians had no horses until foreigners invaded American soil. The horses the Indians had were imported from Mexico, where they were brought by the Spaniards in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The northern tribes got them about 1750.

Before horses became their valued property, the plains Indians were