

The Oregon Statesman

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STARS FIGHTING FOR FLAX INDUSTRY

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Judges, 5:20.

The stage is being set for the development of the flax industry in the Salem district. When "The Two Islands" of the ages past, according to Prof. Thomas Condon, became what is now Oregon, and when the currents of the ocean and the contour of the continent bestowed upon the Willamette valley her climate, the foundations of the coming flax industry in the Salem district were laid.

With a combination of soil and sunshine and showers making the production possible here of the highest grade flax fiber grown, outside of small sections of Belgium and Ireland.

Came Congressman Fordney to the place where he had the framing of the tariff schedules—and Fordney knew flax, and its possibilities. He told Mrs. W. P. Lord, of Salem, when she was before his committee in Washington, that he had grown flax as a boy; and he proposed to do his part in protecting flax products; with a view to making it possible for the United States to manufacture her own linens and other articles coming from this wonder plant of the ages.

Come now the manufacturers of paint and demand that the duty on flaxseed be lowered; also the duty on linseed oil. They have their case before the United States Tariff Commission. The duty on flaxseed is 40 cents a bushel of 56 pounds and on linseed oil \$3.30 a hundred pounds. Paint manufacturers naturally desire to buy their linseed oil as cheaply as possible, and they want the duties lowered in order that they may buy foreign linseed oil and flaxseed out of which to manufacture it. They are seeking to get the benefits of that clause of the tariff law which permits the President, after investigation by the Tariff Commission, to either raise or lower rates not to exceed 50 per cent.

And who do you suppose represent the "stars in their courses" fighting against Sisera?

First, the dairymen of the United States. And they are powerful in Washington. All the dairy interests have formed an organization, and they have representatives constantly on the job. They will be there when the hearing comes up, probably next month. They feel that any encouragement of importation of vegetable oils of any kind will stimulate the manufacture of butter substitutes and that in various ways their industries will be injured thereby.

Second, the interests in the South engaged in cotton (and cotton seed) growing and in the production of peanuts and soy beans. Vegetable oils are a manufactured product of these farm crops. The peanut growers in particular are arrayed against the proposition.

Third, of course the growers of flax for the seed in the Old Northwest are represented in organized opposition.

Fourth, all the rest of the people of the United States who wish to see our country a self contained country are or ought to be interested; every man who labors with his hands; every one who works with his brains and all the capital engaged in building up and keeping built up the biggest and busiest nation of this or any age.

Lastly the flax growers present and prospective, of the Salem district are interested; and every person in Oregon who hopes to see come soon as come it will and come it must, the full development of the flax industry here.

Which will mean a \$100,000,000 annual industry in the Willamette valley; possibly spilling over somewhat into western Washington.

So the paint makers will surely be thwarted.

Manufacturers of flax, and all the by-products of flax, including flaxseed, are well protected. This is a part of the setting of the stage of the development of the flax industry here; already started here and no where else in North America, as respecting the making of the finer grades of linens from the fiber that can be produced only in a soil and with the showers and the sunshine as they mingle in such a combination as is found in the Salem district.

The stage is all set. And here is a secret: Big interests are looking towards the Salem district; taking account of what we have and have done and can do here in the production of the raw materials for a great linen industry. It is coming on.

A RELIGIOUS PAPER

Methodists in the Southern California conference are preparing to ask the next general conference of the church to establish a great national interdenominational daily newspaper to meet the requirements of this day. The attempt is in good faith but it is without merit. In the first place there can be no such thing as a great national daily paper. The Christian Science Monitor approaches that field and yet its circulation is not a drop in the bucket to what a national daily to meet its opportunity would have to have. The fact is that all the papers are more or less local. The New York papers boast of more than a million subscriptions and yet they reach only a short distance from New York. The Chicago Tribune confesses to being the world's greatest newspaper and yet only 90 per cent of its circulation is within a hundred miles of Chicago. It is so all the way down the line. Our little town papers are local and yet they are comparatively no more local than the Chicago Tribune. According to the size of their town they reach further than the boasted Chicago papers.

From another angle the proposed paper will not win. The people do not want a great religious daily. They have to be in a position always to support their

denominational papers. Preachers have to devote hours of time to keep up the circulation of their church papers. If our California Methodists want to do something worth while let them demand better and cleaner local papers. These are hardly a paper in the country that would not be glad to elevate the tones of their publications. Newspapers give the people what the publishers think they want. There is just one test and that is the box office receipts. If a paper is well managed its success depends upon the character of the publication and the energy with which the public is made familiar with the paper. A bad paper can get by only when the people like that kind.

It is a matter with the laty after all.

OUR SYSTEM OF JUSTICE

The great trouble with this country is the delays in the law, the period between the commission of crime and the punishment. Even that would not be so bad if the criminals were finally brought to justice. In New York there were 260 murders and only three convictions last year. This is an indictment of our system. Unpunished crime is the bane of our existence and the one great obstacle in the way of our advancement.

We smite our breasts and thank the Lord we are not as other nations. That is all right so far as many things go but when it comes to the expedition of justice or even in the administration of justice England is far ahead of us. Murders are rare in England and there the operation of the law is speedy. Some day our entire judicial system is going to be overhauled. It is so hedged about by precedent and specially applied laws that it has become bunglesome and a man with money, while he cannot buy justice, can easily wear out the courts and defeat justice.

FARMERS MUST COOPERATE

The very nature of his occupation makes the farmer essentially an individualist. He is so much alone that he thinks individually. However, this mental isolation has prevented the farmer from protecting himself. The town man has been able to force collective bargaining. In a recent article Mark Sullivan has this to say among other things: "What the farmer sells is produced by nonunion farm labor at about \$1.50 a day in the south and \$2.50 a day in the west; what the farmer buys is produced by union labor in the cities, which runs anywhere from \$3.50 to \$10 a day."

This is true but at the same time there is hardly a man worth while who would not rather pay the present prices than have the wages of the country slip back to where they were.

The one thing needed is for the farmer to organize and force up his prices. So long as there is a parity of prices there can be no objection. It is the disparity that has caused all the trouble.

A FAIR STATEMENT

Don't be fooled by the recall. The News fought Pierce a year ago, and would do so again in similar circumstances. The News believed Olcott entitled to re-election.

Nevertheless, Pierce has been a pretty good governor. He has done nothing to deserve recall. The men who from hiding initiated the recall are and putting up the money for the recall are not on the "executive committee." You will not find them at recall headquarters.

They are not republicans or democrats, Protestants or Catholics.

You could count them on the fingers of one hand.

They are very rich men who want to be richer. They want to exploit Oregon. They want to have their high handed way in irrigation promotion, water power development, forest shearing and salmon destruction. They do not want to pay a severance tax on trees. They do not want to pay a state tax on their too-large incomes. The governor threatens in various ways to lift part of the tax-burden from the shoulders of the farmer and the small homeowner and place it on the shoulders of this small group of men who never have borne a fair share of the burden, and never will, if they can help it.—Portland News.

HUMANE EDUCATION

While every child should be intellectually educated, it is certain that education of the heart is even more essential to the welfare of society and to the individual happiness, and children are entitled to both. A strict regard for the rights and feelings of all living creatures is the foundation principle of civilization, of humanity, and of Christianity. Children are fond of animals, and by no other means can kindness be so thoroughly inculcated in them. It is not possible to overestimate the benefits of this humane education. The man who is kind to animals will be kind and thoughtful with regard to his family.

The vitally important work, then, for all friends of true education is this beneficent instruction bestowed upon those boys and girls who are to be the future citizens of the state.

A MISTAKEN CONCLUSION

It is a mistake to say there is too much production in this country. The moment a market is glutted we hop to the conclusion that it is because there is too much production. The contrary is true. There is not enough production.

The trouble is entirely with the distribution. We have a wretched system of distribution. We permit the railroads to haul our products all over the country and then back again for our consumption. Take the packing houses for instance. Instead of great packing centers we should have packing houses scattered all over the country. No farmer should live more than forty miles from a packing house. If that condition prevailed the railroads would re-

ceive less and the farmer would receive more out of every hog that was taken to market. Some day we will learn that our troubles are distribution rather than overproduction. When we realize this we can make values accordingly.

A FORWARD MOVE

The action of the realtors association in taking definite steps to put into operation the multiple system of listing is a decided and positive step forward. The time of cutthroat competition is past in the real estate business. It is now just as much of a profession as the practice of law and as much of a business as running a bank. No stream can rise above its source and no business is ever more respected than its members are individually entitled to respect. So long as the real estate business was a sort of half curbstone half jackleg profession it was not entitled to respect but the time came when the members felt the necessity of elevating their calling and making it a profession. The result has been to make it one of the most respected and honorable businesses in the country. A real estate agent is a business man and has taken his place as such. It has not always been so. It has only been so since the members undertook to merit recognition.

"SHUN HABITS OF MEN"

The dean of women at our state university seems to be a very sensible woman. She has been giving good advice to the girls under her charge. One of the bits of advice is that women should shun the habits of men. Nothing could be more apt or timely. Just now for some reason the girls have a silly notion that they must be mannish and carry themselves with a swagger in order to be regarded as worldly wise. It destroys the sweetness of womanhood to see a girl try to get away from her sex and look as much like a man as possible.

Anyway if there is to be any limitation it should be of the finer and better qualities of men but we never hear of that. When women ape the men it is always in some offensive way. The best way is for women to be womanly and men to be manly.

GEORGE HARVEY

Especially did we of the west, poke fun at Col. George Harvey in the olden time. That was when he was sloshing around full of egotism and strange conceits. But the man had the stuff in him. Today Col. George Harvey is one of the national figures who has been able to sustain himself. He has conducted himself to the credit of his powerful office while ambassador to Great Britain and has won the confidence of his own people, something he decidedly did not have a few years ago. Col. Harvey is going to resign but he is resigning because he cannot afford to hold the distinguished place for financial reasons, not because of any criticism or dissatisfaction with his work.

So much is said about the automobile and so little about the horse that most of us have felt the horse was passe. The state fair showed us that just as much attention was paid to the horse as formerly and the interest in the races and exhibitions increased materially.

SILVERTON NEWS

SILVERTON, Ore., Oct. 4.—(Special to The Statesman).—A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dahlen October 3. The baby has been named Wallace Albert.

John Widness is erecting a new home on his property on North James avenue.

Miss Maurine Moores has left for Portland to resume her studies at the Behne-Walker Business college. Miss Moores spent the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Moores, who live on the Waldo Hills road.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hattberg of New York are visiting at Mr. Hattberg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hattberg, who live on the Mount Angel-Silvertown road.

Hans Hansen of Scandia district is suffering from an infected finger.

Rev. George Henriksen visited friends at Gresham Tuesday.

Plan Monument at Graves Of Lincoln's Parents

JANESVILLE, Ill., Oct. 5.—After years of neglect the graves of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln, father and stepmother of Abraham Lincoln, are to be given attention. These unkept mounds, in a nearby desolate graveyard, are marked only by unchiseled stones made rough by tourists who have chipped souvenirs from them. The Illinois district of the Lions international has undertaken to raise funds among its members to erect a fitting monument at the graves.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 426

WHY MADGE LEFT GRACE DRAPER IN CHARGE

As our frantic search, which—despite our fright had been thorough—nearly the swampy woodland bounding the farm on one side, I felt a terror clutch my heart which it had never known before. Was it possible that my sheltered, tenderly nurtured baby had strayed so far from his home in so short a time? For a second, Grace Draper's white face wavered before me, and I put my hand out blindly for some support. I heard a quick, curiously sibilant intake of the breath, and felt upon my arm, firmly supporting me, the hand of the girl whom for so long I had counted my bitterest enemy.

But it was not at that moment that I had time to think of the anomaly of her presence. I was applying the lash of necessity to my terrified spirit and my trembling limbs, knowing that if ever in my life I needed every faculty of mind and body it was at this moment. I was glad of any aid, and remembered with thankfulness that she was possessed of ability and exceptional resourcefulness did she choose to employ them. That she would thus choose, I was certain as the mist before my eyes cleared, and I met hers, filled with anxiety as real as anything I had ever seen mirrored in any one's eyes.

"Steady, Madge!" she said soothingly. "Do you know, I believe we will find him with his grandmother, after all. He might have gone the other way around the studio, and back to her while we've been searching here."

"Oh, please God he has!" I breathed, as I set off at a frantic run toward the veranda where I had left my mother-in-law peacefully sewing. But long before I reached her I heard her peremptory call of "Margaret! Margaret!" mingled with Katie's familiar ear-splitting shriek of "Bay-bee! Bay-bee, come to Katie!" her invariable summons to the child she idolized.

"And I'm to blame?"

My mother-in-law, almost crippled by her attack of rheumatism, was standing by her chair, holding on to it with hands upon which the veins stood out as if ridged. Her eyes flew to my face as I raced breathless to the steps. I saw her own eyes widen with terror, and I realized that I must guard her as best I could from the realization of the awful possibilities that were beating again my own brain. "Where is Richard Second, Margaret?" she demanded. "You went to hunt him ten minutes ago!" Her glance roamed wildly from my face to that of Grace Draper's, as I tried to find words which would underestimate my own terror. Then her hands fluttered up to the air, and her stiff lips formed words that were at once a prayer and a wail of anguish. "Oh! my God in heaven!" she cried. "He's lost! And I'm to blame." I knew that she was thinking of the jealousy which had impelled her to ask him for "Danzie's drawing."

It was Grace Draper who caught her as she fell and eased her to a reclining position upon the couch hammock. But I had no time to give her. I caught Katie, who was still wildly calling the baby, and shook her into attention. "Where's Jim?" I demanded. "Out feexin' chicken coop," she returned. "But, oh, Missis Graham, is dot babe—"

"Shut up!" I snarled, primitively, knowing there was but one way to deal with Katie in an emergency. "If you want to help find Junior, get Jim here on the run. Ask him if he has seen the baby."

Where is Dicky?

She ran down the steps and skimmed over the ground like a swift-winged bird. I rushed to an emergency cupboard which I always install in every house in which I live, snatched a powerful restorative, and returning, thrust it into Grace Draper's hands. "Put this to her nostrils," I directed, "and when she revives give her these drops."

I took the small bottle of heart restorative from Mother Graham's hand-bag, laid it on the table with a spoon, set the water bottle and a glass nearer. Then, having grudgingly every second, I rushed to the barn and brought my car out, blessing the fact that I had learned to drive, and was thus able to summon help quickly. I needed men to start a systematic search of the woods, and knew that the Ticer house held efficient aid.

ous he thought the child's mysterious disappearance.

"I'm going for the Ticers to get men to search the woodland, Jim," I said feverishly. "Will you and Katie go at once over every inch of all the buildings, any place where he might have crawled and gone to sleep—you never can tell what a child might think of, so that when the men get here we will know just where to start. And look after Mother Graham."

"I'll attend to everything," he said earnestly, then hesitatingly, as I put my foot on the clutch, "Mr. Graham, where is he, does he know?"

The question was like a blow from a bludgeon. "Where, indeed, was Dicky? (To be continued.)"

FUTURE DATES

- October 6, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Washington, at Seattle. October 14 to 28—Open season for pheasant hunting. October 15, Monday—YMCA budget campaign starts. October 18, Saturday—Freshman-Sophomore bag rush at Willamette university. October 18, Thursday, Grace Wood Jess appears in a costume racial under the auspices of the Civic Music club of Salem. 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 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 26, Saturday—Frances Willard day. October 27, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. Chemawa, at Salem. October 27, Wednesday—President Suzzalo of University of Washington to address Rotary club. November 3, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound, at Tacoma. November 3 to 10—Pacific International Livestock exposition, Portland. November 3, Saturday—Football, Salem high school and Cottage Grove high, at Salem. November 6, Tuesday—Special election on income tax referendum. November 10, Saturday—Football, Salem high and Eugene high, at Salem. November 9 and 10, Friday and Saturday—First Annual Willamette University Home-Coming. November 10, Saturday—Football, Willamette university vs. Whitman college, at Salem. November 12, Monday—Armistice day celebration in Salem. November 17, Saturday—Football, Salem high and Medford high, at Medford. November 18, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Portland. November 23, Friday—Football, Salem high and Albany high, at Albany. November 29, Thursday—Football, Salem high and Corvallis high, at Corvallis. November 29, Thursday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Idaho, at Boise.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

FOOTBALL Lesson Five Punting



(This is the fifth of a series of twelve lessons which bring out the important points which every boy should know who wants to learn to play football right.) Speed, distance and accuracy are the objects to work for in learning to punt. First of all, however, the player should try for form, kicking easily, and not attempting to make distance until he has learned accuracy. Put Weight on Right Foot The punter should stand with his right foot forward and his left foot back, provided he kicks with his right foot. Almost all the weight of the body should be on the right foot. The left foot should be about 18 inches behind the right, so as to give balance to the kicker and also give him a spring forward as he kicks. The ball should be held in the palms of both hands, fingers well extended around it. The left hand should be a little farther forward than the center of the ball, and the right should be behind the center. The left arm should be extended full length; the right, slightly bent at the elbow. Hold Ball Parallel with Ground The ball should be held parallel with the ground, and perpendicular to the body, the front end turned slightly in (to the left) and down. The kicker should catch the ball from the center, shift it to the position described, step forward with his left foot, and swing through and kick with his right. (Next week: "Catching Punts.")

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Judge Bushey

Editor Statesman: An observer attending the funeral of Judge W. M. Bushey yesterday afternoon could not but have been convinced that each individual present at the last sad rites had a keen personal realization that Salem and Marion county suffer a real loss in the passing of this faithful official. Without doubt there were hundreds not present who also appreciate the value of the work of Judge Bushey.

However, there are many men and women of this county who had little contact with Judge Bushey and knew nothing of the genuine courage of the man. Criticism, often most hostile and bitter, was often directed against him. Rumors, unfounded and unjust, were freely circulated. Yet, for 15 years this man stood for enforcement of law and for protection of public morals.

It is an open secret that nearly every campaign of abuse directed against Judge Bushey was inspired by the interests bidding for paving and road building contracts in this county under the old "profit plus" plan. When Judge Bushey stepped out as an advocate of "Marion county roads built by Marion county" there was much scoffing and prediction of failure. After a few unsatisfactory experiments the county court and its able roadbuilding staff finally adopted the formula that is today standing the test in scores of miles of hard surfacing.

In the matter of enforcement of law, especially the prohibition code, there was the same bitter antagonism, but Judge Bushey was big enough to command the respect of the general public, and Marion county has a better enforcement record because of his work.

In conclusion the writer wishes to pay tribute to what may be counted as the best accomplishment of Judge Bushey. This was in his handling of juveniles in delinquency and petty cases. It was an enlightening, pleasant experience for anyone to attend his

court when an unfortunate boy or girl was brought before him. Instant sympathy and a desire to set the offender back upon the right track was always manifested by Judge Bushey. Only when there was not better alternative was the delinquent child committed to a parental institution.

Judge Bushey's passing is a reminder that the man in public office sometimes accomplishes his work in such a fashion that his merits are not recognized until he is called away. WILL CARVER, Salem, Or., Oct. 5.

About Loganberries

Editor Statesman—I have just been reading on the Slogon pages of The Statesman your article and letter about loganberries. Of course, difference of opinion is what makes a horse race, and each person thinks he has a solution. Guess I'm like the rest. Here is my solution: The cannery want berries, as they say, "firm, red berries." In other words, green. A loganberry in that state is not fit to eat. Even hogs won't eat 'em. They can them and expect to build up a trade. 'Course there's one born every minute, but the trouble is, to find him and sell him a can of loganberries.

Now, here's my idea. As near as I can find out the small cans cost the cannery about 4 1/2 cents each. Glass fruit jars would not cost above 6 cents in large lots. Then can the ripe berries, such as we can for home use.

The cannery say the acid in the ripe berries will eat into the tin of the cans and they can only use the "firm, red berries."

Another thing about advertising. Do you think the Standard Oil company should advertise Ford cars to create a demand for gasoline? Think it over.

Yours Respectfully, —PAUL WINSLOW, Route 7, box 127, Salem, Or.

RECOVERS FROM CROUP

"My boy had a very bad attack of croup. Tried everything but nothing did him much good. Then I used Foley's Honey and Tar and he not only recovered quickly but he has had no trouble since," writes Mrs. William Sims, Burlington, Wyoming. Coughs, colds and croup quickly relieved with Foley's Honey and Tar, the largest selling cough medicine in the World. Free from opiates—ingredients printed on the wrapper. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

THE FUN BOX

Edited by John M. Miller.

Oh, Well

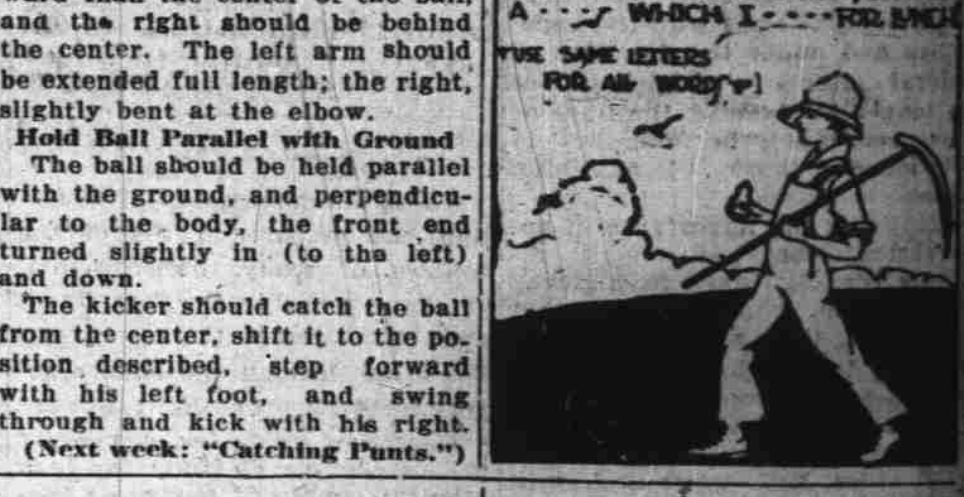
"Lour factory is very well planned, but you can't hold a candle to the stuff I turn out." "And what do you manufacture?" "Gunpowder."

Answer to today's picture puzzle: The words are reap, reap, pare.

A Rippling Time

"How do you feel?" asked the physician who had been called to attend the seamstress. "Oh, sew, sew, but I seem worse today and have stitches in my side." The doctor hemmed, and told her she would mend soon.

SAND JOE!



"WHEN I --- THE GRAY, I TAKE A --- WHICH I --- FOR ENJOY THE SAME LETTERS FOR ALL WORDS!"

she crouched in an apple barrel which had just been emptied. Back came Jeanne. She looked around and exclaimed, "So, the scamp has gone home." And then, just when Delys was about to jump out at her, a soldier came in. He looked around very carefully, then went up to Jeanne. "Well," he smiled, "tell me, black eyes, what have you found out for me today?" A hot wave of anger ran over Delys. Jeanne, listening to the people in the store and then giving them away to the soldiers! She crouched lower in the barrel. After a while Jeanne and the soldier went away, and Delys stuck! It was there, an hour started to get out. She was later, that her big brother found her, when he entered the shop by a window in search of his sister.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

Two Girls at the Crossroads Store

Where small Delys was helping at the store. A soldier eye came striding in the door; She hurried near, She strained her ear, And heard some things she wished she'd known before. "Here, sweep behind the counter. What a state it's in!" Jeanne her black eyes flashing, called out shrilly to little Delys whose broom was almost as tall as herself. Jeanne was always as bold as a bandit until her mother came in, when she became as meek as any kitten. Delys went on sweeping silently.

