

The Oregon Statesman

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THE NEXT STEP

The Eugene Register is sitting up and taking notice of the flax industry—

And further reference will be made to this when more room is available, in the Slogan pages of Thursday.

But the Register editor is evidently under the impression that all there is to do, in developing the flax industry, is to raise the flax—

And the fact is there is a great deal more to do. There is no question about raising the flax. The state flax plant at the penitentiary, at the present low prices, could get contracts for many times the acreage necessary to supply all the flax that all the available men there can possibly treat, up to the fiber stage, and up to the stage of spinning the fiber.

And there is not a very great profit in the manufacturing end, up to the fiber stage; though there is some profit, working labor.

The big profits will come in the spinning and in the making of fine lines—

And there must be spinning and linen manufacturing, before the acreage of last year can be increased much. For flax will not be grown without a certain market. And there can be no certain market for much more flax until factories are built, employing free labor.

Such factories would be immensely profitable, if well managed. What is needed now is capital; organization; a vision of the things possible. The Oregon penitentiary is going to be made self supporting, in the treating and spinning of flax. But little further growth in the growing end can come till independent factories are established. They are coming. Perhaps they will begin coming sooner than most of us dream of at this time.

HIS "GANG"

(Fred Smith in Sunday School Times)

Recently I heard Mr. R. A. Waite, assistant international superintendent of the Young People's division of Sunday School work, tell a story of a remarkable class that is deserving of a wider publicity. In the course of his work of attending Sunday school conventions he one day noticed an old man, sitting on the very front seat of the church, who by his many questions seemed to be tremendously interested in the work of young people. After the meeting Mr. Waite made his acquaintance, and he asked the man, Benjamin Dix by name, what he considered the most joy-rewarding experience he had had in his Sunday school work. The old man at once replied: "It was when I taught for five years a class of four boys in the little town of Caledonia, in Ohio."

"And why that particular class?" queried Mr. Waite. "Many years ago," said Mr. Dix, "as a young man, I came into the town of Caledonia. Being interested in the work of the Sunday school I offered my services in the local school, which, however, was not attached to the denomination to which I belonged. The superintendent, happening to know this, told me he preferred not to give me a class for this reason. The matter happened to come to the attention of the pastor of the church, who at once came to me. After pointing out the unwisdom of seeking to go contrary to the wishes of the superintendent, he suggested that if I could get together a class of boys who were not then attending Sunday school, he would see that space was given the class in the Sunday school room. Immediately I went out, and in walking along the street I came across a 'gang' of four boys to whom I went with my invitation to become members of my Sunday school class. The four consented, and for five years I taught those boys in the Sunday school."

"And now," continued the old man reminiscently, "each year on my birthday, without fail, those four boys, now grown to be men, write me a letter of cheer."

He paused. Being curious, Mr. Waite asked the old man who the boys were.

"One of them," said Mr. Dix, "is now in central Africa serving as a missionary. His name is Charles Conway. Another is 'Dick' Crisinger, recently comptroller of the United States currency. The third is George B. Christian, secretary to the late president of the United States. And the fourth was Warren G. Harding."

This incident was told only a few months before our beloved president passed away. Sunday

school work does have its rewards.

STATE TAXES

The state of Oregon is paying entirely too much for taxes. Year after year instead of reducing expenses we add to them. Two offices are made to flourish where one flourished before. Every corner of employee display the prevailing tendency to enlarge. The result is that we have gone wild on taxation. Every legislature is asked to find something new to tax.

Is there a remedy? Governor Hart ridiculed the idea of lowering taxes in any state and there are men who insist that taxation cannot be lowered. There is just one way to do it: reduce expenses. It is hard to reduce expenses no matter how useless a commission, it has its sympathizers and can always make a plea for life. However, a resolute governor can arouse the people and in time secure a reduction of taxes by giving the governor a legislature in sympathy with the desire.

The taxes of Oregon are at least 50 per cent too high. It is true that 50 per cent will never be knocked off, but a part of it will be. In our own personal affairs we have added to our necessities which is as much as the state has done. We never will go back to the comfortable period of 50 years ago, but we are going back to a firm basis where every man will exercise economy and demand it of the government.

In Oregon the taxes have mounted unreasonably and are in a large measure responsible for the discontent everywhere shown. Oregon is not alone in this, but still that is no justification. Nothing is gained by calling names or fixing responsibility. There is just one thing to do and that is: Reduce the taxes in the future. There is nothing demanding continued high taxes; Governor Hart to the contrary notwithstanding.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

The Oregon Statesman is in receipt of a circular letter emanating from Portland, asking us to declare against government ownership of railroads and to sign a postal card as an evidence of good faith. The Oregon Statesman never has favored government ownership of railroads, it always has and does now favor drastic regulations. The railroads came mighty near taking this country in the last ten years, the war was their opportunity and they made the most of it. Since the war they have continued to function in a manner that is indefensible. There is no desire to beat the railroads, but there is a desire to have them furnish plenty of cars and charge a freight rate that is fair.

There is very little government ownership sentiment in this country. There is a lot of sentiment in favor of reducing freight rates. The people do not want government ownership but they do want government control.

HALF BAKED PEOPLE

There are some finished productions in the human race, but there are a lot of half baked propositions, going about the country. There are men who can make money but who can do nothing else. There are men who can trade but have no social side. There are men who can talk their calling but helpless on outside matters. We sometimes wonder if the country is ever to be real well done. Either men ought to have more foundation or they ought to drill themselves to read and improve as they go along.

Half baked people are not our best citizens. When you can reduce anything to their calling, they cover it, but the minute they are given uncommon ground they are lost.

THE MOVIE SHUT-DOWN

The prices in movie circles in Hollywood has been strained for a long time. The expenses of movies has reached the point so staggering that it is hard to comprehend. Stars have exacted salaries outrageously high. The public has had good bills but the public only will pay so much and that limit was reached long ago. The producing houses have gotten the idea that they could force their high prices of production on the public, they can not. Many of the very best shows have lost money everywhere. The movies are great things but they have been too heavy for a long time and must either reform or topple over.

NO EXPENSES

It is pretty generally understood that there is no expense in the change of school plans which are to be voted on next Tuesday. It is just simply a re-distribution of the bond already voted.

The board of education sees a chance to spend the same money more advantageously, and ask permission to do it. If people could understand the proposition there would be no objection.

It begins to look as if the world court proposition will solve itself. Europe has reached the point where it will take almost anything and we have reached the point where popular defence says, we must do something. If there is anything better than the world court it should be brought forward, but America now realizes that it can no more stay out of world affairs now than it could stay out of the last war. We must get in and the sooner the better.

LET'S SEND FLOWERS

Some day next week Sande is supposed to ride Zev against My Own. It would be a beautiful thing if Salem could send him a bouquet, it would not only hearten the wonderful rider but it would call attention to Salem all over the world.

STUBBORN FRANCE

It would look as if Europe had reached the point when there was some chance of saving the situation. But France with its continued fear of Germany again stands against the people of the world. France has an army of over 70,000 men and leads the world in aeroplanes and yet it cannot even pay the interest of its public debt. France is riding to a fall.

California Officials Likes Oregon Hghways

Harvey M. Toy, chairman of the California state highway commission, who attended the Pacific highway celebration in Oregon and Washington last week, was highly pleased with road development as he observed it in Oregon, according to Roy A. Klein, state highway engineer. Mr. Klein on Saturday took Mr. Toy by automobile to Medford on his return to California as the California official had opportunity to see the entire highway and travel over every foot of it. He reiterated his statement made in Salem that California will immediately proceed to close up the gap in the paved highway in northern California and also build the California part of the Grants-Pase-Crescent City highway, known as the Redwood highway.

WHOOPIING COUGH

Hard on child—hard on parents. Control dreadful whooping and coughing, help to quiet sleep with CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY Every user is a friend

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 8

THE DECISION DICKY MADE ABOUT HIS MOTHER'S REQUEST.

With suddenly impatient fingers I crushed my mother-in-law's letter into its envelope, thrust it into my work basket on the little veranda table, and with a weariness of spirit that her request to come home and "straighten out Katie" had engendered, ran down the precipitous little path to the tumbling Esopus swishing over huge stones at the foot of the Cosgrove place.

From the time I had glimpsed the stream on my mountain holiday with Dicky in the first year of our marriage this had been a beloved spot to me, and through this summer I have carried to it, as to a friend, all my adverse moods for soothing. An unusually able village stone-mason had constructed a comfortable wide seat of rock just above the bank of the stream—behind it was the steep ascent of the little bluff, below it the restless river, before and above it, towering from the opposite bank, were the restful eternal mountains.

There I threw myself down, and gradually banished from my heart the irritation which Bess Dean's arrival had caused me, the foolish, nameless, little premonition of some shadowy menace impending which Mother Graham's news concerning Katie's behavior had brought me. It was there that Dicky found me a good half-hour afterward, and, to my great relief, Bess Dean was not with him. I felt in no mood for listening to her merry, malicious chatter, clever and amusing as it sometimes was.

"Unravel me the mystery, old dear," Dicky glibly, as he came lightly down the path, and I saw that he held his mother's crumpled letter to me in his hand. "I don't need to be named Poe or Doyle to deduce that my beloved mater is at the bottom of your sudden flight to the bosom of nature and all the rest of it," he rattled on. "I just found a letter from her, in which she raves about Katie, blessed if I can tell what she's getting at, and then I see this crushed epistle in your work basket, and it percolates through my alleged brain that you must be a bit peeved. So, like a well-trained husband, I trot in search of wife, bringing the offending thing with me. What's it all about, dear heart?"

A quick, malicious impulse prompted me to answer demurely: "I have to go home, that's all."

"Have to go home? The devil you do! I guess you have two or three things coming about that. Where do you get that home-flitting stuff?" "Better read your mother's letter," I suggested listlessly.

"Well, since you're so enthusiastic about it, I guess I will," he retorted, offended, and the next minute he had smoothed out the crushed letter, torn off the envelope, flung it down at his feet, and begun to read the enclosure. I stooped and retrieved the envelope, folding it, and tucking it into my pocket for future burning. I have a dislike, which I am afraid amounts to fussiness, of any litter of paper in the woods.

Dicky grinned maliciously as he saw my action. He was skimming hastily through the inconsequential first pages of the letter, and his attention was but partly engaged.

"You must be a throw-back to some New England spinster ancestress," he commented, and then his lips pursed into a low whistle, and I saw that he had come to the portion of his mother's letter to me which described Katie's strange actions. He read the letter through to the end, turned back to that page,

read to the end again, then crumpled the letter as I had done and tossed it into my lap. "I don't know what the nuttier!" he exclaimed—"Katie or mother. But I know who takes the first prize for lunacy, and that's a lady by the name of Margaret Spencer Graham. You have to go home forsooth! Why? Because Katie, fed up on all the blood-and-thunder cinemas in the country, has eaten something that gave her the night-mare or the Jim-Jams, and mother, with her usual propensity for loading your shoulders with all the household troubles, proceeds to send an SOS for you? Not on your golden wedding day! It will be a profitable if not an amusing experience for all three of them."

"I Need a Chaperone."

"But, Dicky," I protested, "I need be gone only two days—three at the longest. And Junior, with Lillian, and Marion and Mrs. Cosgrove, to say nothing of you—"

"It isn't Junior who needs your protecting care," he retorted wrathfully. "It's the Senior. If you think for one minute that you're going to bring that damsel who thinks she's understudying Delilah into this pleasant farmyard, turn her loose, and then tell yourself, you're distinctly mistaken. I need a chaperone I do, with that lady loose in the corral and, by heck, I'm going to have one! I told you the other day, didn't I, that I was through. Well, I meant it! No more philandering for mine. I'm perfectly willing to be decent to your friend, and I'll entertain her with all the regular mountain-life stunts you say, but you're going to be right on the job with me, and you're not going home until I do, so just file that information away in your brain for future reference. Come on, let's go back to the house. It's dinner time."

And as with his supporting hand beneath my elbow I climbed the ascent, I did not know which emotion awayed me more, the apprehensive premonition which I could not not down concerning Katie's actions or a purely feminine delight at his surprising dictum concerning Bess Dean. If she could but have heard his little speech my cup of malicious pleasure would have brimmed over.

(To be continued)

TURNER

TURNER, Or., Oct. 30.—The high school has reorganized its Hi-Y club, with Kenneth Gray as president. New members were initiated Monday evening.

Rev. Mr. Pogue was able to fill his pulpit Sunday, after a ten days illness.

Mrs. Gayette Barnett was out of school the first of the week suffering with poison oak.

Miss Hazel Bear spent the weekend with Mrs. John Palmer at Marion.

Mrs. Maud Hicks of Woodburn spent a few days with her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. T. Riches.

Mrs. Mattie Morris returned to Salem Sunday after spending a week with old friends.

Mrs. H. T. Theissen and daughter, Miss Usonia Theissen made a short visit to Turner.

John Chavis is taking a vacation going as far as Long View, Wash.

The Methodist women are having cooked food sales at Lyle's store each Saturday.

John Duncan was at his farm Saturday, and his wife having just returned from a two weeks trip to Idaho.

Turner school will give its first entertainment Tuesday evening, October 30.

George Fitzpatrick is looking after the blacksmith shop, while Jim Bones is away on vacation.

The Christian Endeavor social at the Christian church was well attended.

Donald Riches who motored to eastern Oregon accompanied by his parents, returned Friday.

FUTURE DATES

October 30, Tuesday—County Community federation meets at Woodburn.

October 31, Wednesday—President Suzuki of University of Washington to address Rotary club.

November 2 and 3, Friday and Saturday—Dependence corn show.

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

November 3 and 4, Saturday and Sunday—Annual home-coming at OAO, Corvallis, and football game with University of Washington.

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

November 9 and 10, Friday and Saturday—First Annual Willamette University Home-Coming.

November 10, Saturday—State Meeting of Ka Kio Klan at State fair grounds.

November 10, Saturday—Football, Willamette university vs. Whitman college, at Salem.

November 12, Monday—Armistice day celebration in Salem.

November 12, Monday—Football, Salem high and Eugene high, at Salem.

November 13, Tuesday—Special school election on question of buying site and building junior high school.

November 22, 23 and 24—Corn show and industrial exhibit at armory under auspices Chamber of Commerce.

November 23, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Port land.

November 23, Friday—Football, Salem high and Albany high, at Albany.

November 23 and 24, Friday and Saturday—Annual home-coming and Oregon OAO football game at University of Oregon.

November 23, Thursday—Football, Salem high and Medford high at Medford.

November 24, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Willamette, at Corvallis.

November 24, Saturday—Dedication of statue "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Dinner Clubs

Editor Statesman: I note the formation of another dinner club in our city, and soon we may expect some one will come along with still another scheme for organizing a luncheon club, as the principal object seems to be to meet periodically to eat. Salem as well as any other city which aspires to become better, busier and bigger, should have a stronger community organization, such as the Chamber of Commerce. Any member of the weekly luncheon clubs would indignantly deny that they were not interested in our city's upbuilding along the very best lines. The contention of the writer is, that there should be one big community organization, supported by a large and representative membership, and officered by the very best citizens of our community. Are these noonday luncheon clubs real boosters for our community. Is it not difficult to learn how an organization should function to be a very important asset to our city? When we ascertain how to operate such a commercial and civic body, show the citizens that the best methods will be introduced and administered, we are confident that the necessary financial and active support will be forthcoming. Don't try to see how cheaply we can conduct our commercial organization, for as long as we do, results will be in keeping. The most of us can remember the old Board of Trade, carried on by Secretary Hofer and a few others, and many evidences of their accomplishments can be seen today, which started our city on the up grade. The activities of those citizens can be duplicated. Let's do it.

—COMMUNITY SPIRIT.

Editor Statesman: Your local news story about Hon. T. B. Kay buying the Baker property on the Garden road, and his determination to preserve the noble group of oak trees, some of them probably over hundreds of years old, has aroused some interest among tree lovers, and still more among persons interested in preserving the great natural beauty of Oregon along the state highways in the form of groves and groups of wonderful trees.

Who cannot immediately recall single trees or pairs standing in

some conspicuous place, where they are not only a landmark but a monument to the consideration some owners of land have for esthetic values? All over our state are such splendid trees that have endured the storms of centuries to gladden the eyes of tourists and gratify the hearts of our people that they live in a state where "woodman spare that tree," has not become altogether a byword.

In motoring over California in 1915 the writer saw great beautiful live oak trees on the right of way of state and county roads being cut down for stove wood. In some counties the county commissioners had sold these trees to dealers in fuel wood and that has been done in this state. State wide publicity was given the matter and appeals were made to the state highway commission, and a campaign started that resulted in an executive order to save all such trees.

Governor Olcott started such a movement in Oregon, but since he went out of office nothing more has been done. Let us start a crusade to preserve all the natural beauty in great trees scattered over Oregon. Let us save these stately sentinels of beauty for future generations to enjoy. Hardly a week in the year but the axe is laid to some of these surviving monarchs of the forest, and it will not be many years before a great towering fir or wide spreading oak or maple will be a rarity.

I wish your readers would notice the grandeur of single trees, groups, and small groves on the highway north and south of Salem. There are towering Lombardies, great swaying cottonwoods, billowy willows and silver maples along the Pacific highway, each one a scene of enjoyable beauty. Many of these trees are in dooryards, and some stand in fence lines and fields. But when a place is sold the new owner or renter often slays them for fuel.

There are half a dozen gracious groves—"God's first temples," an the highway between Salem and Portland, from one to five acres of second growth, that should be preserved. The Tourist Park movement near cities is preserving some of these, but farther from the cities they should be preserved for picnic grounds for the city people who want to run out 10 or 20 miles for a picnic dinner in the open. There should be a state wide movement to preserve such groves.

A private land owner who will think enough of a single great oak of fir, or of a group, or a small grove, to leave it stand as an object of beauty for all passersby,

deserves a medal of honor. I was moved to express this thought at seeing a photograph of the great balm tree that has stood for 60 years at the Davenport farm in the Waldo hills. It is a landmark far and wide. There are such trees memorable in the annals of the pioneers scattered all over this state.

We should secure the cooperation of Womens clubs and of the state and county authorities to preserve these tree growths that add so much to the pleasure of travellers and really add greatly to the value of property in the state and to its fame and reputation for being a land of great natural beauty.

COL. E. HOFER.

KRUPP WORKS TAKEN

LONDON, Oct. 26.—A mob of several thousand unemployed men seized the Krupp works at Essen today and barricaded themselves in the main buildings, says a dispatch to the Daily Express from Essen. At least seven persons were killed and 200 wounded in a desperate fight with the "blue police," who are described as inadequate to deal with the situation.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND NEVER SUSPECT IT

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

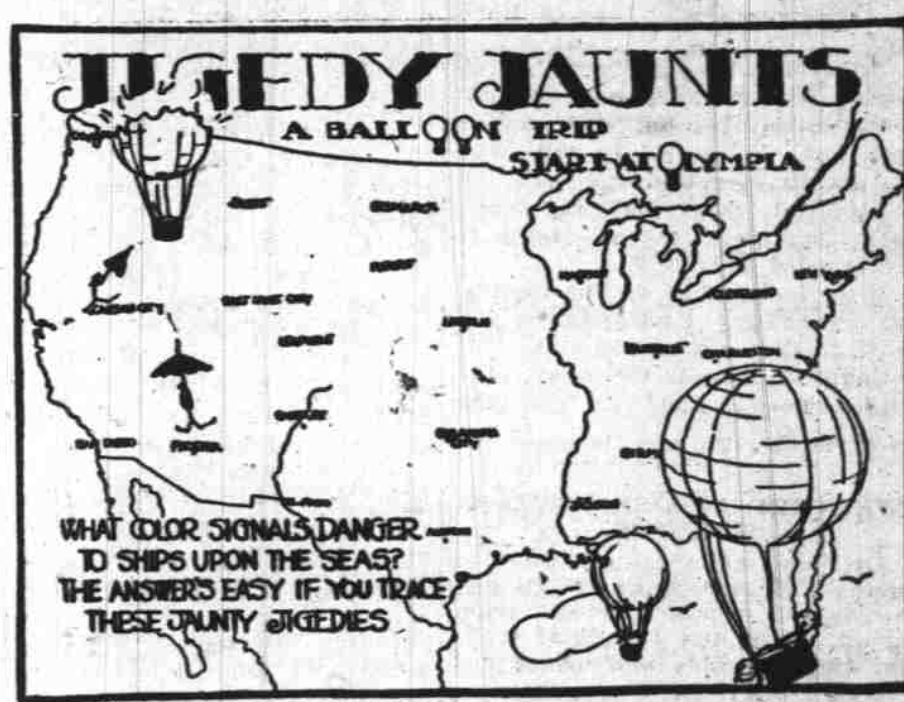
However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller.



Here are the Jigedies ballooning, parachuting, and cavorting around generally up where the air is thin and light. If you draw lines with a pencil or crayon between the following towns where they threw down their sandbags you will have the name of their favorite color.

First letter: San Diego, Calif., to Carson City, Nev., to Olympia, Wash., to Butte, Mont., to Carson City, Nev., again, to Phoenix, Ariz.

Second letter: Lincoln, Neb., to Leadville, Colo., to Santa Fe, N. M., to El Paso, Tex., to Austin, Tex. Then from Santa Fe, N. M., to Oklahoma City, Okla.

Third letter: Madison, Wis., to Jackson, Miss., to Charleston, W. Va., to Madison, Wis.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

CHOPSTICKS, FORKS AND A POLICEMAN

The terrible time Jimmy had with chopsticks had made him so mad.

That he took his own "tool" As he rushed off to school. But his fork got poor Jimmy in bad.

Sung Lee and Jimmy Reilly came out of the playground arm



in arm, talking excitedly. Of all the queer combinations on the playground this friendship of the Chinese and the Irish boy seemed

the strangest. They were inseparable.

"You come along my house for dinner, then we go back," Sung Lee was saying.

"Aw nix," objected Jimmy. Sung Lee's eyes had an odd look in them, which Jimmy quickly understood to mean that Sung Lee was offended. "Sure I'll come," agreed Jimmy. You're a good scout to ask me, because you live nearer."

Jimmy went along, with some misgivings, to the little shop where Sung Lee's father and brother ran their laundry. The family lived in neat, quaint little rooms in the back. Jimmy soon found he didn't feel queer at all. He liked Sung Lee's round-faced mother, and he liked the "chop suey" they had to eat. But the thing that stumped him was the chopsticks. Try as he would, he wasn't able to manage them right, and though the family smiled good naturedly at his troubles, they couldn't help him. He couldn't get nearly as much to eat as he wanted.

The next time the boys ate together it was at Jimmy's house, and Sung Lee did much better with a fork than Jimmy had done with chopsticks.

Saturday the boys were going to practice football on the playground all day, so Jimmy had arranged to run over to Sung Lee's at noon. As he left his home in the morning he had a bright thought. He stuck a fork in his pocket. "Now I bet I get enough to eat," he grinned to himself.

He went running down the alley, already late. Suddenly he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Aw, so here you are, my lad," grunted a burly policeman. "I just got word about boy bandits breaking in a jewelry store, and here I run into one of them right off. Didn't think some of that silverware would be jolted in your pocket, et, so I'd see it glintin'! Now not a word. You'll find that hard to explain, all right. Come along."

That is why Jimmy was so late to football practice and why he never told Sung Lee the reason.