

The Oregon Statesman

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WE ARE PART OF THE WORLD

The people of the United States who believe this country is a part of the world are pleased with the appointment of Frank B. Kellogg as American Minister to the court of St. James; in other words as Ambassador to Great Britain.

They take this appointment as a demonstration of the sympathy of President Coolidge with the foreign policy of Warren Harding, namely, constructive cooperation in the general work of healing, but no participation in the local quarrels of the European nations.

And they are saying that Mr. Kellogg will in all probability have been the choice of the late President himself for the important post.

The most important post in the foreign service—For the two were united by the closest ties of friendship. While representing Minnesota in the United States Senate Mr. Kellogg was a staunch supporter of the Harding administration.

And during the bitter fight over the ratification of the Versailles treaty, as it was presented to the upper branch of Congress by Woodrow Wilson, Frank B. Kellogg was a leader of the "mild reservationists," who wished to bring the treaty in harmony with the views of the majority of the American people without destroying the spirit of peaceful adjustment of international disputes that animated the character of the League of Nations.

And Mr. Kellogg has held consistently to this view of America's duty to take part in the work of reconstruction and to make it worthy of the part our soldiers took in winning the fight for democracy. For this reason Mr. Kellogg was a warm supporter of President Harding's proposal for participation in the proposed World Court of Justice.

As Ambassador to London he will be able to play an important hand in the delicate transactions needed to bring harmony and concord out of the clashing and conflicting interests of the European nations. If he can aid in determining a definite policy between the United States and Great Britain on questions that involve the possibility of future wars, he will have performed a great work not only for the two great nations, but for the whole world.

The fact that there is to be in that most important diplomatic station a man of the stamp of Mr. Kellogg, whose heart is in the right place, and whose judgment is sound and conservative, will steady international affairs; and it will give hope to the people of this country.

To those people of this country who believe we are a part of the big world—

Hope that there may be worked out finally guarantees of universal stability and international justice, looking to the permanent peace of the world.

FARMERS AND ECONOMICS

The farmers of the country are waking up to the fact that political relief is unsatisfactory, and that the politicians who are rushing to their help have only half-baked notions of what is needed, and no conception at all of how to get it. Political relief is unsatisfactory at best. The only relief worth while is economic relief.

The farmers are learning that the only relief worth while is what they get themselves, and it must come through cooperation.

A politician with a panacea for political relief, with fiery tongue and eloquent phrases increases discontent and promises relief. The reaction against his doctrine is staved off as long as possible, and in the meantime he runs for office.

Cooperation will be the salvation of the farmers; that means cooperation all along the line, but especially that means cooperation in marketing. The wheat farmers have been the hardest hit. In 1920, again in 1921, and again in 1922 the farmers were warned that Russia would soon be in the market with wheat. Russia has appeared, and the farmers are getting just what they were told they would get if they raised too much wheat.

If they had had cooperation in handling the wheat this surplus would never have happened in the first place, and a market would have been found for it in the second. It took courage on the part of the president to resist the call for a special session of congress. He did resist the call and it was mighty little the farmers actually suffered.

Some farmers have had to sacrifice their wheat, but they will learn to cooperate in production and in marketing.

BETTER THOUGHT

There is a change in the attitude of the public towards public institutions. The old berating days are giving place to more sensible ones. Of course, this does not mean that public things escape censure, but it does mean that a cut at several times this

so venomously or are the darts so poisonous. We are beginning to realize that there are two sides to both questions.

Sometimes the change comes hard, but more and more men are beginning to make it.

A change in thought from the days of "predatory wealth" and of "the soulless corporation" is already in evidence. The time has been relatively too short for it to be marked distinctly in all its aspects. It is based upon the belief that while there is no criticism of the work of the founders, this new generation must meet its own problems in its own way.

This has generated a type of thought which is tending largely to the subordination of the individual to the common good, through cooperation in the interests of all, and with a large measure of the thought of service. Far from a denial of the right of self-interest as this is, let its promotion come with the conviction that out of the greatest good for the greatest number must arise the greatest good for the individual. This, in turn, leads to the creation of an institutional quality within the body of the corporation, and as this institutional character is developed, it is believed that it will be found to be remedial for industrial ills rather than merely palliative.

GOVERNMENT WASTE

It is a fact that millions of dollars are wasted every year in futile government. We are always trying some experiment, always taking on some bad instead of running the government as a business. Some of these days there will be a reaction against the waste in government, the various boards and commissions will be knocked off. Men will be dropped from the pay roll and the government will be the better for it.

It is hard to reduce the expenses of government, but it has to be done. It has to be done by the force of good government. A horizontal cut of 10 per cent in appropriations would seriously cripple several of the institutions of state, but several of them could stand a cut at several times this

and others could be wiped out altogether.

In making our reductions the greatest of care must be exercised to prevent damage being done. The over-expenditure of government is apparent to every student of government. We must retrench.

APPLE WEEK

Marion county is not a great apple county, but it has enough apples to want to join in with the balance of the state in getting a market. The best way to get a market is to let people see what you have.

You have probably noticed the train butcher going through a train dropping shelled peanuts or pecans. It looks like expensive advertising; it is not. It is very sensible advertising. The apple growers of Oregon are going on the same theory all this week. They will encourage the people to eat Oregon apples, believing that once they get the taste they will never be able to be quite satisfied to eat any other. The train butcher exhibits his best nuts and the Oregon apple growers must encourage people to eat the best fruit. If a passenger gets a cull he never will buy nuts, and if the Oregon campaign is going to send culls, we might as well quit now.

CLARKE COMES IN

For a time it did look as if special interests would hook into the prune association and ruin it. It was a real danger that the prune raisers faced, but it seems to have been averted. The prune growers in Clarke county, Washington, have refused to join any organization or make any effort calculated to injure the prune growers. They have also further decided to join the present association. The growers in this part of the valley were dumb for a time, but they got their second wind and are now falling in line for a cooperative market. Only by standing together can the prune growers ever hope to make any money.

There is just one hope for the Willamette valley as a fruit center, and that is cooperation.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

As a matter of fact Secretary Mellon is right in declaring that enforcement of the prohibitory law should not be with the treasury department, but should be with the department of justice. It is hard to understand how things are classified in Washington. Certainly, law enforcement belongs to the law enforcement arm of the government.

The enforcement of prohibition is made a football because no one seems to want it, but the growing public sentiment will make all enforcement easier in the months to come. Like any revolutionary law, the prohibitory law is hard to enforce. It never will enforce itself.

HAS LOST OUT

Governor Pinchot may have been the victim of smart politics, and he may just have guessed wrong himself. In the coal strike he thought he had made a ten-strike, and started to run for president. On that issue he did not get far until he was confronted with the fact that all he had done was raise the price of coal. He may have realized this, and if so, it accounts for his fervency in demanding enforcement of the national prohibitory law. The coal strike was a political pit and Pinchot fell into it.

A JUST CRITICISM

There is objection in this city to a nude figure passing as art, and also the same objections come from Portland. There is no disposition to be squeamish or prudish, but the fact remains that nude in art is sensuality dignified in a quasi respectability. Artists have an idea that in order to be natural they must be nasty, and in order to show talent they must have a vile brain. Art ought to be very clean; that is, clean where the artist professes a clean mind.

NOT MUCH

Senator James Couzens, senator by appointment and whose credentials have not been approved by the people, is trying to discredit Mr. Ford. Many people are not fond of Mr. Ford, but can not subscribe to a little man like Couzens criticising a big man like Ford.

The wicked city is not without its thrills, if you have a car and can run out to a country road-house.

CONSTIPATION
A cause of many ills. Harmful to elderly people. Always relief in taking **CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS**

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 12.

WHO IS THE STRANGE WOMAN WHO STOPPED THE CAR?

Robert Savarin, with a quick movement, swerved his car to one side just in time to escape grazing the woman seated in the middle of the road painting at an easel. Two other cars coming from the opposite direction, and being compelled to stop at the obstacle, brought him to a stop also, and the woman at the easel looked up from under an immense sun hat. At sight of our car and its occupants, she sprang to her feet, almost upsetting her easel as she did so. With a deftness evidently born of long practice, she righted the easel with one hand as she passed it, came to the side of the car and jumped on the running board.

"Lillian Underwood, as I'm a hopeless sinner!" she exclaimed. "Just drive to one side of the road, kind gentleman, so we can talk, Charlie!" She threw a command over her shoulder to a young man who had stood admiringly near her easel. "Get the things out of the road for me, won't you, there's a dear. Now Lil, introduce me to your friends."

If they can stand the gaff, and tell me where you've kept yourself all the time. And where is Harry, or aren't we supposed to ask questions about him any more? You know I've been at the far end of the continent for ages, and only came back this spring to find you gone from the city, and the wildest rumors flying around about your whereabouts."

A Curious Figure.

She stopped to take breath, and I decided that I disliked her intensely upon first sight. In her youth she must have been a striking lissome brunette. Now, in her late forties, she was scrawny and sallow where her make-up did not reach. Her hair, which no doubt in her youth had "rivaled the raven's wing," still held the hue of that famous bird, but it was a color which patently came out of a bottle. And her dress—an extremely short sport skirt, topped by a smock, low-cut, short-

sleeved, with rolled-down stockings and flamboyant sport shoes of large figured chintz—made her a bizarre figure even in that artist colony, where freakiness of costume and behavior forms a fantastic edging for the beautiful sturdy wool of which the colony life is composed.

That she was malicious, though harmlessly so, under her apparently friendly greeting, I was sure from a queer furtive little expression in her eye as she looked at Lillian. All Lillian's world knew of Harry Underwood's curish treatment of her, and the way she had heaped coals of fire upon his head by saving him from prosecution—getting him out of the country and giving him a chance to redeem himself by foreign service in the World war, for his share in the plot against the brain of Grace Draper. If this woman had made any inquiries at all concerning Lillian, she must have heard this story of Harry Underwood, and her question concerning him must have been born solely of a desire to wound.

"Too Good Luck."

That Lillian knew and understood all this, I was sure from the inflection of her voice as she side-stepped the sudden onslaught of this unexpected question. It was an inflection which only her closest friends know, and I saw Robert Savarin's eyes harden as he looked at the woman who had caused that hurt, cold cadence to creep into his beloved's voice.

"Eleanor Rundle!" she said, making the name an exclamation and a question in one. "So you have come back! We must have neighbors all summer without knowing it!"

"Yes, isn't it touching?" the woman retorted, and then she fixed her still brilliant black eyes, sole remnant of the beauty that was once hers, upon Robert Savarin.

"You never used to be a stingy 'frail cat, Lil,' she said with the laughing, sneering insolence which her type considers endearing, fascinating wit. 'Of course I'll admit he's terribly handsome—'

Robert Savarin's face did not flush, but his eyes showed his anger and embarrassment at this outrageous little speech.

Lillian, however, was as cool as though the woman had uttered the most banal platitude. "I always have handsome friends, Eleanor," she said evenly. "And I am glad to exhibit them and have them find favor in the eyes of a connoisseur like yourself. Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Rundle and Mr. Savarin."

Mrs. Rundle gave me the most perfunctory of nods—she is the

type of femininity who wastes no seconds upon other women—and clasped her hands theatrically as she heard the artist's name.

"Not the Robert Savarin?" she exclaimed. "Lil, don't tell me that unless it's true! It would be too good luck today."

I caught a glimpse of something sincere, behind her theatricalism and her posing, something that spoke of a real need. And a flash of the desperation that need brings had shadowed her brilliant eyes for a second. Lillian saw it also. I knew from the promptness with which she opened the igneous door.

"Get in, Eleanor," she said brusquely "and tell me what's the matter."

To my horror, the woman, after obeying, turned her head against the back of the seat and broke into a perfect storm of tears and sobs.

(To be continued)

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

About Loganberries
Editor Statesman:—May I please have a minute of your time to express my view on the loganberry market. This gentleman going east to take the matter up with the jobber. From experience the jobber is decidedly the hardest man to take up an advertised article. They will tell you of their expensive warehouses being filled with stores of un-called for goods. They are too busy unless you pay them pretty well to work. Then it is slow. The jobber should be the last man to work. My way would be for this salesman on reaching Chicago to advertise for 20 or 25 experienced lady (unexperienced) demonstrators to be recommended.

Place them in public places to serve and explain, and take orders on their groceryman, coupons ready to fill, also take name and address of customer to send home in ten days or two weeks. This salesman can take up these orders of the consumer on the retailer. He will find a good many people, and a good many stores have been represented. The retailer in turn gives him an order through his jobber. Then this salesman can easily sell the jobber. I would allow the growers 6 cents per pound green fruit, add freight and other charges. He can sell a luxury in Chicago and many other cities just as easy, as cheap goods. You will get more goods on the market.

Second point: "If every cent were remitted he would not be in better shape." During the last legislature the writer had the pleasure to discuss the income tax with Mr. Kay. He made the remark to the writer "Now Mr. Jaquet suppose we take all the taxes away from you farmers, you will be poor anyway. What's the difference if you are paying little taxes." During the same discussion he remarked: "My net income is only \$8000 a year. I am getting 8 per cent on my money invested in the Salem paper mill."

He did not say how much he was getting from the Tom Kay Woolen mill.

Of course \$250 taxes looks very

this way with \$1000 than you can for \$1000 any other way. I would just love to take up this work but for the lies that are sweeter than logans. I've a longing in my heart for the old plantation and to see my old father once more if fate should make it possible. I would be glad to give some assistance.
—VIRGIE BRADLEY, Aumsville, Or. R. 1.

Jaquet Answers Kay

Editor Statesman: In his speech against the income tax at the Chamber of Commerce at Salem October 29, Thomas B. Kay made the statement "The average farmer does not pay in excess of \$250 annually in taxes." Mr. Kay said: "If every cent were remitted he would not be in better shape."

A few facts will prove how misleading his statement is. He said that the average farmer is not paying over \$250 taxes, but he is very careful not to mention that those very farmers are not receiving over \$700 net income from their farms. He is very careful not to tell that those farmers are paying about 40 per cent of their net income for taxes. On 113 farms in Oregon surveyed by Oregon Agricultural college, the average tax was \$313, and the average net income after taxes were paid was \$446. This represents the interest on the investment and the work of the family for the year.

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FUTURE DATES

November 2 and 3, Friday and Saturday—Independence celebration, Salem.
November 3, Saturday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound, at Tacoma.
November 3 and 4, Saturday and Sunday—Annual home coming at OAD, Corvallis and football game with University of Washington.
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 9 and 10, Friday and Saturday—First Annual Willamette University Home-Coming.
November 10, Saturday—State Meeting of Ku Klux Klan at State fair grounds.
November 10, Saturday—Football, Willamette university vs. Whitman college at Salem.
November 11 to 29—Seventh annual Red Cross roll call.
November 12, Monday—Armistice celebration in Salem.
November 12, Monday—Football, Salem high and Eugene high, at Salem.
November 13, Tuesday—Special election on question of paying site for building junior high school.
November 17, Saturday—Football, Salem high vs. Corvallis high at Corvallis.
November 23, 24 and 25—Corn show and industrial exhibit at army and auspices Chamber of Commerce.
November 23, Friday—Football, Willamette vs. Pacific, probably at Portland.
November 23, Friday—Football, Salem high and Albany high, at Albany.
November 23 and 24, Friday and Saturday—Annual home-coming and OAD football game at University of Oregon.
November 24, Saturday—WBC all day bazaar and cooked food sale.
November 24, Saturday—Football, Salem high and Corvallis high at Corvallis.
November 29, Thursday—Football, Willamette vs. College of Idaho, at Boise.
December 12, Wednesday—Annual Klamath ladies' night.
January 2, Saturday—Masquerade at Willamette.
February 28, Saturday—Dedication of statue "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds.

small to Mr. Kay who gets a net income of \$8000 a year, but are you wondering that \$250 taxes looks very big to the farmer who gets only a net income of about \$700 a year from his farm?
—HENRY JAQUET, Silverton, Or.

That woman who married her sixth husband wasn't very complimentary when she'd said she'd try anything once.

Personal liberty ends where public injury begins.

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Pretty Patterns
Colors: Pink, Blue and Yellow

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Our Blankets are all first quality. We bought them in full case lots when prices were the lowest. Our prices are as low and some are lower than mail order houses.

Nashua Woolnap, Heavy Blankets, white with pink or blue borders, 72x84, pair \$4.75
Pretty Plaid Blankets, nice and fluffy, weight 4 1-8 lbs., 66x80, pair \$4.25
Blankets in Grey, Tan or White or Blue striped border, 72x80, pair \$2.95
Blankets in Tan or Grey with Pink or Blue striped border, 64x76, pair \$2.25
Scotch Plaid Wool Blankets, also Fine White Wool Blankets, 66x80, pair \$7.95

Daisy Outing Flannel

27-inch, yard 25c
36-inch, yard 30c

36-inch Outing Flannel, 25c
Girls' All Wool Sweaters \$3.00 and \$2.50

Boss of the Road

Mackinaws, Stags, Work Shirts and Overalls

Leather Coats

\$8.50, \$9.50, \$11.75, \$14.50 and \$18.50

Goodyear Gold Seal Crackproof Rubber Boots

Knee \$5.00 and \$6.00
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Hy Booties \$5.00

Hood's Bullseye Rubber Boots

Grandbank Soles
Knee \$4.50
Sporting \$6.50
Hy Booties, red \$4.25
Hy Booties, red \$3.75
Hy Booties, white \$5.00

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Sizes 6 to 14
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Newest Styles
Reasonable Prices

Ladies' Brush Wool Sweaters \$5.75 and \$5.25
Linen Finish Pillow Tubing 40-in. — 39c
42-in. — 42c

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Heavy Fireman's style for hard service, price \$8.50

"Days" and "Boss of the Road"

Raintest Coats and Stags
Pants to Match

Washington Dry Sox Shoes

Second to none for winter wear, four styles, price \$9.50

Washington Pac Shoes

Widths C to E
6-inch top \$7.00
12-inch top \$10.00
16-inch top \$12.50

Star Brand Paces

6-inch top \$6.00
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16-inch top \$9.75

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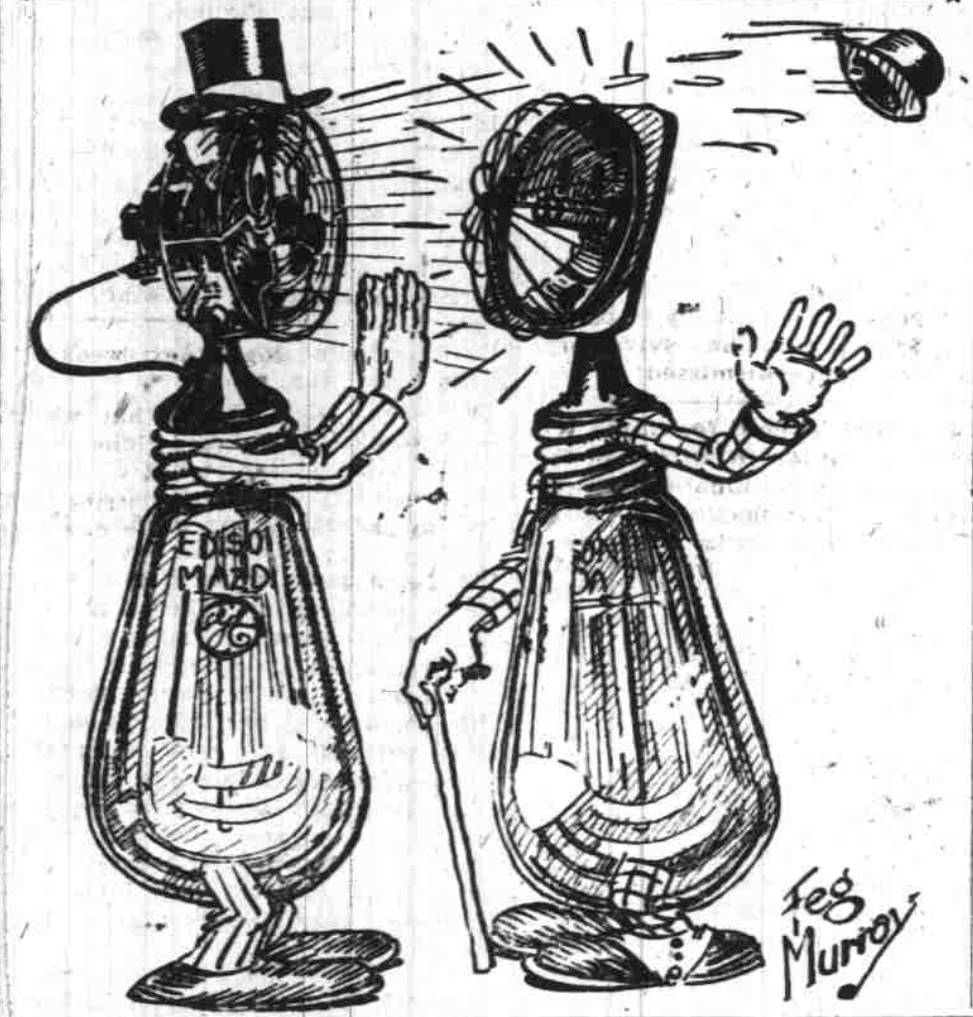
THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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Edited by John M. Miller.

Snoppyquop Land Where Nothing Seems Queer



THE SHORT STORY, JR.

What the "Blindman" Caught

As groping along Zada came, She thought she was after "big game";

Although she was "blind", The man was to find That she saw very well just the same.

"Let's go over to our house. No one's home and we can have the place to ourselves. We can make fudge and have a lot of fun." Zada's eyes flashed at the prospect.

"Yes, let's," the girls echoed. They were on their way home from basketball practice on Saturday afternoon and had agreed that it was too early to break up. The offer of a party at Zada's big house just suited them.

They rushed in the front door, for which Zada had the key, and threw down their gym shoes in a heap. In a minute a game of blindman's buff was under way.

counting out having made Zada "it."

The bandage was not tied quite tightly enough, and by looking down, Zada could see a little. Instead of telling and having the bandage fixed she decided to try a trick. She would grope her way to the entrance to the dining room and go out through the door, as though she had gone in the wrong direction. Then while they were laughing in the living room at her mistake, she would hide somewhere. After awhile they'd come after her, and then they'd have a hunt on.

Her scheme worked perfectly. It seemed quite by accident that she wandered out of the living



room, and while the others were waiting for her to discover her mistake and bump against the dining room furniture she went into the dining room.

Suddenly she caught sight of a pair of big, dirty shoes behind the heavy curtains over the French windows. Her heart seemed to go down like an elevator. Only two days ago the people next door had been robbed—and now!

Quickly recovering herself she began feeling around, calling out "I hear you movin', Alice. Sounds like you anyway," and she made little darts, grabbing at chairs. She bumped up against the wall, felt along it, as though discovering where she was, and groped toward the door, until she was back in the living room again, calling out loudly, "Now I hear some one. There you are!" She tore off the bandage and made a dash for the phone in the hall.

The intruder, his loot inside his coat, was making his way out the back with a feeling of relief when Judge Prowder and his son from next door stole up behind him, guns in hand, and captured him.