

The Oregon Statesman

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SUGAR MADE FROM CORN

Dr. C. H. Gore of the bureau of chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture has discovered a process whereby sugar can be manufactured from corn. The corn is ground into meal and the starch extracted. The starch is then mixed with barley malt, after which the process is very simple. It is to be presumed that this newly discovered process will be given to the public, since a public servant has been the one to find it.

There will be no surprise among well posted men over the discovery of Dr. Gore. Some sugar or syrup is found in nearly all fruits and flowers, and in nearly all the sweet vegetables, even turnips. Some Russian colonists in the Salem district make sugar for their own use from carrots.

In case of the development of a great corn sugar industry, under the newly discovered process, perhaps a progressive increase of the chemical contents of corn to give the best results may come about, through experimentation, the same as has been the case with sugar beet growing.

The Slogan editor of The Statesman would like to say, to some very good friends who have been sending numerous men to him, to inquire about the prospects of getting contracts for growing flax this year, that there is not likely to be any thing at all doing in this line—at least not till around the end of the present month, if at all.

ordinarily, the Oregon Statesman is opposed to the American government lending itself to carrying on any war. At the same time it believes the criticism regarding selling arms to Mexico unfounded, untimely, and unfair. Six months ago we could not have sold arms to Mexico, but we have recognized her and we have a perfect right to do business with Mexico. When the war came on we seized the opportunity to sell arms to every other nation. The same principle prevails with Mexico. The Mexican government is buying arms and we have the same right to sell them that we had to sell to England and France.

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nomination. It was a strong appeal, it was a masterly appeal, but after reading it carefully, one cannot help being impressed that something is lacking. He did not land with all fours as the sportsmen say. The thing lacking was an issue. Senator Johnson is at his best when he has an issue. Give him something to talk about and no one in America can make a better case or defend it more ably, but he is not happy when he is grasping the straws in hopes of finding among them a log on which he can stand.

It is now proposed to have a business director for the five northwestern states. This is carrying out the cooperation idea. One state acting alone can bring some people to this territory, but five acting together can bring ten or twenty times as many. As a matter of fact, the tourists who come to Oregon, for instance, ought to visit the other states. We want them to, for we want them to be acquainted with the entire northwest and we want them to settle in the place where they will be most contented. We hope that will be in Oregon, but if they would be more contented in Washington, they should reside in Washington. What the northwest needs is contented citizens, and it does not pay to settle down in the first town you come to.

The government officials will always tell us that high taxes are local. Local officials will tell us the government taxes are high. The fact is, every branch of government from top to bottom is at fault. We have too much taxation everywhere. It is hard to reduce taxes anywhere.

Nothing could have been more casual, more matter-of-fact than her manner, and yet I saw that Marlon's ridiculous little speech concerning the movies had roused again the absurd jealousy concealed behind Robert Savarin's calmness. Would he be able to control it, or would he—

The latest scandal unearthed in Hollywood is just as disgusting as the most salacious they have had. In some places some of Mable Normand's films are being banished, which is very proper, but the other girl's films should also be looked after. So far as the public knows, Mable Normand was fully dressed when in the man's apartment, where ladies hesitate to go, but the other girl was at least partially undressed. It is all a nasty, disreputable, rotten mess, and if Will Hayes does not take action to stop this, he cannot expect a continuation of the support he has been receiving.

George Parker was a murderer, and for being a murderer the state murdered him. That is the law; a hideous law. While it is a law the state must obey it, but certainly the time has come to repeal the capital punishment law. The death of George Parker was not necessary. It is wrong to force such an indictment against the state and it should not be. It was a crime on the part of the state of Oregon to murder George Parker, no matter if he had previously murdered another man. The law ought to be changed.

Can a man run down a deer? We have men who claim they have done so. It is a long hard chase, wherein the deer has the advantage at first and the man has the advantage at the last. A deer uses all its strength from the beginning. It has not learned to conserve its strength for endurance, and because he mixes brains with his brawn, the man wins.

The Corvallis Gazette-Times has a corking good holiday edition. It is a real dandy. Claude Ingalls, the editor may be sick with diphtheria, but the editorials bear his ear marks. The vehement attack on Senator Zimmerman could have been written by no other.

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MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE Copyright 1924, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

HOW LILLIAN CAME BACK FROM HER RIDE

Marion's eyes widened with interest as she saw her mother descend from Colonel Traver's automobile and watched the stately politeness of the officer in taking leave of her. That he had meant to escort her to the house, I guessed, and I smiled to myself as Lillian frustrated his purpose by giving him her hand in farewell.

"Oh Auntie Madge, Uncle Robert!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it just like a movie! Only he ought to have kissed her hand. I don't see why he didn't. Oh-h, Uncle Robert, don't! You squeezed me so tight you hurt."

"I'm sorry, dear." The man loosened the arm which he had involuntarily tightened around the child at the sting of her heedless unconscious words, and Marion, wriggling down, ran to meet her mother.

"Do hurry, Lillian," I entreated laughingly. "Here's a starving man who has waited breakfast so that you and I may have a second cup of coffee with him."

"What's up, Madge?" she asked. "Any more news of last night while I've been gone?"

Then I told her. (To be continued.)

January 7, Monday—Installation of Officers, American Legion, McDermack hall. January 8, Tuesday—Jackson day. January 9, Wednesday—Benefit show at Grand theater for Albertina Kerr Baby home. January 10, Thursday—Annual banquet and initiation of Cherrians. January 11, 12, 13—County judges and commissioners of Oregon to meet in Salem. January 14, Monday—Annual banquet of the Marion-Polk County Realty association. January 15, Tuesday—Dr. Ira Landrith, I.L.D., Marion County Christian Educator Union. January 16, Wednesday—Pomona Grange meets in Salem. January 17, 18—National Thrift Week observed locally. January 19, Saturday—Meeting of department officers, administration council and post commanders, Veterans of Foreign Wars. February 23, Saturday—Dedication of status, "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds. March 13, 14 and 15—State Inter-scholastic basketball tournament, Willamette gymnasium.

never fall you like that." Madge Signals Lillian. "Cupid alone knows what a woman will do, and he won't tell," Dicky observed, walking to the dining-room door and bowing low as he ushered us in. As I pressed close after Lillian, I managed to give her an old signal which we had used when we were being government work together during the war, and which meant that I must speak to her alone as soon as possible. It was not until we were all seated at the table that she was able to assure me by an answering signal that she had understood and would act upon my message.

There was never a gayer breakfast table. Dicky was in one of his most nonsensical moods, and I breathlessly aided him in keeping the conversation at the frivolous key to which he had pitched it. I think Lillian comprehended what I was trying to do, for she tossed our absurdities back to us admirably, and Robert Savarin—while a close observer could see his submerged grouch—manfully tried to hide his annoyance.

"Will you motor with me this morning?" he asked Lillian. "I'd love to," Lillian rejoined cordially, but her eyes were on me, and I saw she was waiting for a cue to manage the prior interview I wished.

"Can you delay your trip just a few minutes, Robert?" I asked ingenuously. "Lillian has been promising for ages to draw me the outline of a fascinating little suit for Junior which she saw in the shops one day. And I do want to get started making it today. I have the material all ready, and I'll keep her only a little while."

"Of course, as long as you wish," the artist responded courtously, and I relaxed with the assurance that I would be able to warn Lillian of Robert's reaction toward her work, before he saw her.

She came to the point at once, as after breakfast, I strolled with her to her bungalow, leaving Junior and Marion with Dicky and Robert. "What's up, Madge?" she asked. "Any more news of last night while I've been gone?"

"No, but it's something almost as startling," I returned, "and I have no business repeating it to you, but I feel somehow that I must."

FUTURE DATES

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ROCK SPRINGS Egg Coal UTAH Nut Coal \$15.00 PER TON PHONE 1855 Order Early

Gronewald President of State Superintendents

A. E. Gronewald of Wasco county was elected president of the State Association of County School Superintendents who held a business session here yesterday. Brenton Vedder of Clackamas county was elected vice president and Mrs. Jead Porter of Gilliam county secretary.

Cap'n Zyb

In fixing up the clubhouse for a gym, go take a look at a regular gym first and you can probably pick up a lot of ideas.

HOW TO FIX THE CLUBHOUSE FOR A GYM



are things which you will require a little help in making. Take two pieces of steel or iron round pipe and have some plumber or blacksmith friend make them into rings seven inches in diameter. This will require about 50 inches of pipe for the two rings. A hole should be drilled through both rings so that a long bolt can be run through and bent into a loop, so that the rope can be attached to this loop.

NAMED BY PERU AS AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON



Dr. Herman Velarde, former Peruvian Minister to Argentina, has been named Ambassador to Washington.

"Her Dangerous Path" By PAUL FORREST

Adapted from the Patherial by Hal Roach Copyright, 1923, by Pathé Exchange, Inc.

CHAPTER V Should She Marry An Artist?

Corinne Grant, downcast at the way life seemed to be treating her, smiled at Stanley Fleming, a struggling artist, who was an old friend of hers. She thought she was fond of him.

"Have you forgotten that I was to resume work on your portrait today, Miss Grant?" he asked. "We have met with reverses, Mr. Fleming—severe reverses—and I must give up the portrait," she broke off.

Without delay he spoke to her, tenderly, ardently. "Corinne, it seems that I have cared for you always and now, with your help and inspiration, I would be the happiest man in the world. I want you to marry me," he finished.

She hesitated, thought a second, then excused herself on the plea that she must give his proposal a few minutes' consideration. "Wong, whom she had consulted many times before, looked up as she entered.

"Would I be happy, Wong, if I married Mr. Fleming?" "Wong, household chef and mystic, made odd signs over his Chinese box of sand, and as Corinne gazed, she saw her life as Fleming's wife spread out before her.

She saw herself seated in a small room adjoining her husband's studio. She was left much to herself and found her husband's companions so alien to her own manner and ideas that she was always lonely. Longing for a little attention, she entered the studio, where her husband was painting from a model. She put her arms around him—the interruption while working annoyed him. He was hurt by his reproach and more hurt when she found him caressing a model and he told her that she must not mind that. "I don't mean anything by Fleming," he explained. "You must learn to be a good fellow—it's all a part of our lives."

Corinne did not feel that it was a part of her life to watch her husband give more affection to his models than he gave to her. Nor did she approve of having to flirt with his best customer. This was Blenheim, who called on her the acquaintance of Fleming's "new doll." There was a riotous party in session in Fleming's studio and Blenheim was told he would find Corinne in the next room. It was the first time any of Fleming's friends had seen Corinne.

Blenheim entered the room without the courtesy of knocking. Corinne's back was toward him. He took hold of her shoulder and whirled her around. "Hello, Pinky," he said, in acknowledgement of her lovely pink and white complexion. "Give us a little kiss!" Corinne was furious. "I'm married," she said. "So am I, but I'm not bragging about it." Corinne rushed into the studio for her husband's protection from such insults. The crowd of artists and models gathered around the newcomer, picked her up and stood her on a dais. They were frank in their criticisms and bold in their actions. She hated it. "Tell them who I am," she demanded of her husband. "This is the sweetest little girl in the whole world," he said, evading and whispering in her ear. "Be a good fellow—don't tell Blenheim we're married—he sells all my pictures."

THE BOYS AND GIRLS STATESMAN

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Snoppyquop Land Where Nothing Seems Queer



Snoppies play the "J blues" when they Hop on a tick tack. I hop from 1 o'clock to 5, then on to 6, and 7, and so spell out my first initial, "J," like the Jigedios do. The springs in the watch make it easy for me to hop—that's how. Hop Scotch was invented by us Scotchquops. Only we have to watch out, for as our feet go up and down, the hands go around, and we mustn't slip or we'll fall and break our crystal.

He Was Piqued

A young boxer with splendid physique Received a hard blow on the nose His head hit the ground And he didn't come 'round To his senses for more than a wique.

Calla Lilies for Him

There is a boy who never does A thing that is not right. His parents know just where he is At morning, noon or night. He's dead!

Ideal Examination

When was the War of 1812? Who is the author of Well's Outline of History? In what season of the year do we have winter? What is the name of the state in which Indiana is located?

Digesting Knowledge

First Cannibal: I have a stomach-ache. Second Cannibal: It must be that gradu-ate.



NO ISSUE

Senator Hiram Johnson, presidential aspirant, has lost none of his vigor, none of his magnetism, none of his flow of language, but this year he is laboring under disadvantages. It is apparent in his

CLEVERER IS RIGHT

A great row has been kicked up in Portland because one of the stiff collar fellows has been arrested for having liquor in his