

The Oregon Statesman

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BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER
 Prepared by Radio BIBLE SERVICE Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 If parents will have their children memorize the daily Bible selections, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

August 23, 1924
BE KIND TO THE ERRING:—Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.—Galatians 6: 1.

PRAYER:—Lord, we would acknowledge Thee in all our ways, because thereby Thou wilt direct our paths.

OUR GREAT AND GROWING SUGAR BILL

The scientists tell us that out of every dollar which Americans spend for their food, 7 cents goes for sugar in some form or other—

Furthermore, the proportion is on the increase. The same experts assert that this 7 cents' worth of sugar supplies 14 per cent of the total energy of fuel value of all the foods consumed in the country.

The people of the United States buy from foreign countries more than half the sugar they consume; to be more exact, about three-fifths.

They could produce all they consume; they could do this without depending for a larger supply on Hawaii, the Philippines and Porto Rico. They could do it without any extension of manufacturing in the South from sugar cane—that is, by raising more sugar beets in the parts of continental United States suitable to their production with sufficient sugar content to make this industry practicable.

The Willamette valley is one of these sections. We have in several of our counties produced sugar beets with 25 per cent of sugar content; and 12 per cent is high enough to make their manufacture into sugar economically sound.

Certain interests are now looking to Salem as the proper place for the first sugar beet factory in Oregon. This is because of two things: First, our ability to grow the beets; second, our ability to furnish the labor to plant, thin and harvest them. One of these is as important as the other. Both are necessary.

If there shall be no likelihood of the disturbance of the tariff rates on sugar, after the results of the coming November election are known, we will very likely get our sugar factory; and before long thereafter Eugene, Albany, Corvallis, Hillsboro and other Willamette valley cities where the labor problem is found to be right, will also get sugar factories.

Taking sugar, cherries, walnuts, flax and linen, and a lot of other of our products, is there any voter in Oregon who can afford to throw his help to any party not committed to the protective tariff? Is there any one in this state who can afford to make even a gesture towards committing economic suicide?

"The Davis address did not rise to the level of the man who wrote the letter refusing to play politics by giving up his clients."—Kansas City Star.

PLAIN CAL COOLIDGE

(The editor of the Tucson, Arizona, Citizen, in a recent issue, wrote the following, which not only makes good reading, but gives some facts that are probably new to many who will read it.)

If one may judge from the consensus of press opinion, the personality of presidential candidates will be a greater factor in the election this year than ever before. It is pointed out that there is a remarkable similarity between the platforms of the major parties, the Republican, first drawn at Cleveland, and the Democratic, subsequently drawn at New York.

The tariff, formerly the distinguishing basic difference between the two parties, is denounced, as usual, by the Democratic platform, but will not be stressed by that party's campaign orators except in limited localities where it is believed free trade notions still persist. Were the Democratic party to risk its chance of election on its traditional tariff creed, it would lose even the "solid South," which industrialization has converted to the necessity for tariff protection.

There is a reminder of the party's "anti-imperialism" plank so dear to the heart of Bryan, in its declaration for immediate independence for the Philippines, but every day the Republican party's policy toward the islands is justified. The Philippines are demonstrating that they are not yet fit for self-government. To give them "immediate" independence would be the grossest betrayal of trust in the history of America.

The lives of Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis touch at not a single point.

It is a far cry from Calvin Coolidge's rented house which he occupied as Governor of Massachusetts, to John W. Davis' palace at Locust Valley, Long Island, the favored colony of the upper-richest New York.

There is nothing in common between John W. Davis and the average American, for there is nothing average in the life of the Democratic nominee. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he has known luxury all his life. He belongs to the politico-economic aristocracy, which some are pleased to call "the ruling class." It was entirely natural that he should have gravitated to the social stratum where the nomination found him, counsellor of the world's money king and member of the money social club.

Calvin Coolidge came from and, from all the honor which the presidency confers, is still of the plain people. A dozen limousines await the beck and call of John W. Davis; it has been but a few months since the question of whether Coolidge could afford to buy a Ford, was agitating the Coolidge household. Coolidge has given years of his life to a study of political science and of the constitution for the benefit of the people; John W. Davis has spent years of his life in the same study, but in the service of large corporations which have paid him larger retainers than President Coolidge receives from the people of the United States.

Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis are more than the representatives of two political parties—they are representatives of divergent political philosophies.

DOING GOOD WORK

Recently the Oregon Statesman contained an account of Mr. Norris of Milwaukee, who was doing such good work on a boys' training farm. At that time we mentioned the WCTU home at Corvallis. Our attention has been called to the fact that Oregon has another institution, it might be called, which borders on this, although not doing the same work.

Chester A. Lyon has a Big Brother farm near Lebanon and every summer he takes a lot of boys and girls out there from Portland for an outing. He has done this for eleven summers. That part of the expense he can

he bears himself, the balance is borne by friends.

Mr. Lyon is giving an outing to boys in a way that arouses their ambition, puts new courage in their hearts and inspires them for better things.

During the vacation months 150 boys and eight girls have been on the farm under the teaching of Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, which is the largest number for any one season. Mr. Lyon is very appreciative of the support received by Lebanon citizens and others who have contributed food, clothing and money to help the dependent boys and girls at the farm.

The members of the Elks lodge of Lebanon have received the boys at the train on each of the three occasions when the boys arrived, giving them a feed at the Lebanon hotel and taking them by automobile to the farm and return when their term of enlistment at the farm had expired.

The Southern Pacific railroad furnished a car this year at half price to bring the boys to Lebanon and return to Portland. Ben Selling of Portland continues to be the heaviest single contributor to the cause and pays all transportation for the boys, in addition to his donation in other respects, amounting this year to approximately \$500. The Lions and other clubs and lodges are doing a great work, said Mr. Lyon, who is also listing a big support against improper shows staged in so many of the theaters, that are detrimental to the young.

INTERIOR WATERWAYS

Some of the papers of the northwest are getting excited because the Florida Fruit company is contemplating sending its fruit up the Mississippi river by boat. To our certain knowledge such things have been appearing in public print for 40 years. In the meantime millions upon millions have been squandered on the Mississippi river, and there is not a line of boats now operating upon that river. It is nothing to be scared about when such reports come from Florida.

Inland waterways are not going to be revived. They can not compete with the railroads. We might just as well talk of recurring to ox teams and discarding automobiles. It is mighty hard work to keep our present harbors open and it is only export trade that enables them to be open at all. When the harbors received their great reputation there were no automobiles, no trucks.

There has been an industrial revolution in the last 25 years and the waterways have lost out. The interior ones are clear gone. Every once in a while you hear some plan of navigating the Willamette river. In fact one company became very indignant with the Oregon Statesman because we refused to boost for river navigation. We did not refuse until we had investigated and found that the steamer line would not receive business because it would be unreliable.

NOT ITS WORK

The Oregon Statesman refused to shed tears because a part of his military training has been removed from OAC at Corvallis. It never had any business there in the first place. It is not the work of an agricultural college. Oregon Agricultural college is doing a wonderful work, but it is not running true to its ideals in its expansion. It should confine itself to the purposes of an agricultural college. It has no business being a military school.

DOING THE EXPECTED

General Dawes shocked New York because he refused to play the mountebank for cameramen, who wanted to exploit him. In a very emphatic manner Dawes announced that he wasn't going to play the fool for anybody; that he was going to be himself and he didn't want any flim-flams, pyrotechnics or deceptions in his case. He proposed to carry his message to the people and not make a spectacular presentation.

General Dawes is right. There has been too much of this tomfoolery. Advertisers keen for advantages have seized upon prominent men and utilized them to the detriment of their dignity for advertising purposes. General Dawes refused to be a party to this. It is fine to see a public man take this position. He was everlastingly right.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

A rich Chicago woman, tired of a luxurious apartment, bought a bungalow in the country. She says she wants to live. The woman is right. It is a great pity that so many people who love the out-of-doors are coupled up in apartments. There are people who prefer apartments. To them it is all right, but those who love the open should have that desire gratified. There is nothing like pure air; there is nothing like air for refreshing people, building them up, and making them courageously strong.

THE HUNTING SEASON

Governor Pierce did not back down on the hunting season. Those of his friends who felt dis-

appointed can be assured of this. The rain made it unnecessary to supersede the law. A governor has no right to nullify laws except in emergencies, and when this emergency passed Governor Pierce had no alternative except to lift the embargo. He was not bluffed into anything. He did his duty in the first place fearlessly, and but for the rain would have held to his course. Those who are carrying a chip on the shoulder thinking they bluffed the governor are basking in hollow husks. The rain did the job.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE
 Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service

CHAPTER 249

THE "CREST" BY WHICH MADGE RECOGNIZED THE HANDKERCHIEF

With hands that I could not keep from shaking, I picked up the filmy handkerchief which the mysterious Don Ramon Almiraz had dropped at my feet, and later had pressed into my hand on the pretense that it was mine.

From its folds I extracted a tiny folded note, unsealed, and bearing no address. This I laid aside for delivery to my father, as the man calling himself Don Ramon had asked, and gave a curious, fleeting thought to the trust which the man had put in me. Evidently he had been sure that I would not open the note. I wondered also if he had decided not to address it because he feared I might recognize the handwriting. But the next instant I had put all other conjectures away from me and was staring as if at a basilisk at a bit of dainty embroidery in the corner of the handkerchief, a handiwork I knew only too well.

"Ten Times as Lucky."

Swiftly I traveled back the road of memory to the days when Grace Draper had been Dicky's art protegee, and had acted as his model and secretary, the days before her infatuation for him had led her to make my life for awhile a hideous nightmare. She had been often at our home in those days, and I had much admired—I am afraid somewhat envied—the undeniable skill which was hers in needlework.

I had observed that every article of clothing she possessed, from her kerchiefs to her gowns, bore somewhere upon it a tiny, delicately embroidered four leaved clover in olive-green silks. It was oddly designed, most cleverly executed, and once she had commented upon it laughingly.

"It is my crest," she had laughed a trifle bitterly—I guessed that she was ashamed of her origin—"every bit as distinctive and ten times as lucky as the four quarters, don't you think?"

I made her a perfunctory answer, and had thought no more about the matter, although I remembered now that when she had reappeared in our lives in the awful time which had ended with her kidnaping of Junior, there had been no mark of any kind upon any of her belongings.

Yet here in my hand lay one of her handkerchiefs with the familiar embroidery upon it! I was as sure of it as I would have been had she suddenly materialized before me with it in her hand. What did it mean?

I found myself shaking as with a chill. I forced myself to lay the handkerchief back upon the bed, and to sit down in the nearest chair.

Madge is Terrified.

Ever since the moment when Grace Draper had rushed out into the night, after her melodramatic defiance of Hugh Grantland, who had rescued my boy, I never had been without the secret fear that somewhere, somehow, she would creep poisonously back into my life again. And this in spite of the knowledge that Hugh Grantland, with all the resources at his command, was unobtrusively yet effectively guarding me against this very possibility. The fact, that in spite of him, she had vanished that night as though the darkness had absorbed her bodily, had always filled me with terror. I knew that if she were alive the obsessing hatred she bore me was still aflame.

With every bit of will power I possessed I brought myself back to calmness and the question—what should I do?

Instinctively I felt that Hugh Grantland ought to know about this odd happening with its sinister meaning to me. But the last postal card I had received from him—the never-falling notification of his whereabouts, bearing only his address and his initials—had been post-marked from the Pacific coast. Was I to summon him across a continent, I asked myself sardonically, because I had seen a handkerchief which I fancied had once belonged to Grace Draper?

My father! Of course! I have become so used to thinking of him as a man broken by illness that I find it hard to realize the rejuvenation which has come to him. I could pour out to him all the unreasoning terror which the sight of the handkerchief had aroused in me without the fear of being considered hysterical, which would be mine should Allen Drake chance to hear my story.

This possibility I meant to guard against by asking my father to say nothing of the handkerchief to him. The rest of the story of my meeting with the mysterious Don Ramon, my father would in all probability think it necessary to tell Allen Drake. But surely the matter of the handkerchief could be kept between ourselves.

A knock on the door—Lillian's—startled me.

With a sudden unreasoning instinct, I swept handkerchief and folded note and my personal belongings back into my shopping bag before I opened the door. I could not tell why I felt that I must keep from her all knowledge of the message or handkerchief, as I had refrained from telling her anything about the mysterious forger when I had first met him upon the stalled train in the tunnel under the river.

(To be continued.)



A Romance of the Spanish Main

CAPTAIN BLOOD

By **RAFAEL SABATINI**

Soon to be published in The Oregon Statesman

General Pershing told briefly the story of America's unpreparedness in 1917.

"If it hadn't been for the fact that our allies held the lines for 15 months after we entered the last war—held them with the support of loans we had made, there might not have been any victory as far as we are concerned," he continued. "While I am on the subject," he said, "I want to say something I never have said in a public address before. We scarcely realized what those loans meant to us.

"It seems to me that there is some middle ground where we should bear a certain part of the expense in maintaining the allied armies at the front instead of calling every bit of that money a loan and insisting on its repayment."

"We are responsible," he shouted. "We declared war, then gave the money, knowing that it would be used to hold the boche back until we could prepare."

General Pershing left tonight for Cheyenne, Wyo.

U. S. YEARLY FIRE LOSS NOW IN EXCESS OF \$500,000,000

By S. W. Straus, President American Society for Thrift

A preliminary survey recently completed shows that, according to reports made to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the destruction of property by fire in the United States during 1923 was \$608,000,000. This figure is based on reports of 406,000 fire insurance claims, amounting to \$406,000,000, to which 25 per cent has arbitrarily been added to cover uninsured and unreported losses.

These figures do not include forest fire losses, and, inasmuch as they represent largely the burning of buildings, they mean that for every ten new buildings erected in this country one is destroyed by fire. The best authorities agree that 75 per cent of fires in this country originate in preventable causes, and it may therefore be set down that last year through sheer carelessness we burned more than \$375,000,000 worth of buildings. For every fifteen new buildings erected one was needlessly destroyed.

Herein lies one of the most impressive lessons of our day on the need of thrift. And this point has special bearing on the greater need for thrift education.

A more alert and intelligent general understanding of the value of being careful and systematic would save our country millions of dollars annually which, if saved, would be reflected in lower rents and lower general living costs.

And there is a more important aspect of this matter still, namely, the loss of human life and the permanent crippling of thousands of persons as a result of our national carelessness in the matter of fires.

The saving of life and protection of property through the exercise of greater care and more systematic and scientific methods of fire prevention are of so much importance to our nation that every possible means should be employed to arouse public cooperation.

It is a mark of national thriftlessness that our annual losses run in excess of half a billion dollars.



Charlie Paddock to Make His Farewell Appearance

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—Charlie Paddock, famous coast sprinter who lost the Olympic 200 meter championship to Jackson Scholz, this year, by the proverbial eyelash, probably will make his farewell appearance on an eastern track tomorrow when he is slated to try for a new world's record at 250 yards in a special race in connection with the senior metropolitan track and field championship.

"NOT A MILITARIST" SHOUTS PERSHING

Former Commander in Chief of United States Army Speaks at Denver

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 22.—Vowing to continue in active service for preparedness after his retirement Sept. 13 as chief of staff of the United States army, yet defending his position against the term "militaristic," Gen. John J. Pershing appealed today for the support of the nation behind government plans for national defense.

The address was delivered before 500 Denverites between Pershing's visits to Fort Logan, the citizens' military training camp, and Fitzsimmons hospital here, which he gave a final inspection.

"Am I a militarist?" General Pershing shouted. "No man in this room can say that I am a militarist. Can you charge that we are bringing up these boys in the citizens training camps to believe in militarism. There is no such nonsense about it. We are

FUTURE DATES

August 28-31, Pacific German annual conference, Center Street Methodist church.
 September 3, Wednesday, Labor Day.
 September 15, Monday, Willamette university opens.
 September 22-27, Oregon State fair.

Nomination Coupon

The Oregon Statesman Seaside Competition
 Good for 100 Votes

I nominate as a member of The Oregon Statesman Seaside Vacation Competition.

Name

Address

Nominated by

Note—Only one of these entry blanks will be accepted for any one member. A candidate may be nominated by herself or a friend.

NOT GOOD AFTER AUGUST 24th

The Statesman's
 Great Seashore Contest

THIS BALLOT WILL COUNT TEN VOTES

For

Address

Good for ten votes when filled out and sent to the contest department by mail or otherwise on or before the expiration date.

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