

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.

DARKNESS DISAPPEARS.—Thou art my lamp, O Lord: and the Lord will lighten my darkness. For by Thee I have run through a troop; by my God have I leaped over a wall.—2 Samuel 22:29, 30. PRAYER.—O Lord, Thou art both our light and our life, our strength and our everlasting reward.

"A SALEM PROPOSAL"

(Portland Journal, Saturday.) "Salem is discussing a proposed linen mill. "B. C. Miles of that city is investigating the industry in England, Scotland and Ireland. In a letter, he declares that the spinning of flax fiber, and making twines and cloth in Oregon is entirely feasible.

"Fiber from Oregon grown flax was exhibited at the Philadelphia World Fair in 1876 and declared by experts to be as good as is produced in the world. Flax from a new variety of seed grown on a farm near Salem was 52 inches high with fiber of great strength. It grew on a field that had been in the flax crop four consecutive years without use of fertilizer and the grower insists that his experience explodes the myth that flax cropping exhausts the land.

"A bundle of flax straw, grown on a Marion county farm and exhibited at spinning mills in Belfast, Ireland, was declared by experts to be the best they had ever seen, and a grade that cannot be grown in Ireland.

"Napkins were made by Irish linen mills from an average field run of Oregon grown flax. Fifty-one dozen of them were brought to Portland and sold at Lippman & Wolfe's. A letter from the Irish manufacturers which accompanied the napkins, said, 'the fiber from which the linen was made was of such quality that it was equal for spinning to the highest grade.'"

"Samples of Oregon fiber exhibited at a great exposition in Belgium were the subject of surprise and comment by experts, who declared the product equal if not superior to any they had ever seen. Among the authorities who joined in universal praise of the Oregon product were men from the British and Irish linen mills.

"All doubt as to the adaptability of Oregon soil and climate to the production of flax for fiber was long ago removed. The willingness of farmers to grow the crop is constantly exhibited by quantities annually supplied to the state penitentiary.

"That the raw material and all else needed for developing a busy and profitable flax industry waits only for capital and men of experience and push, is self evident. Salem is the center of a district where flax growing is well understood. It is the former home of the late Mrs. Governor Lord, who pioneered in agitation for the industry, and it ought to be the site of a great linen mill."

The above from the Portland Journal is very kind, and it is all true.— And a great deal more can be truthfully said in favor of a great linen mill in Salem; practical things, outside of the realm of sentiment. Among them these things:

The protective duties are now very favorable, running as high as 55 per cent for fine linens. Machine pulling has come, running the cost of harvesting from around \$30 an acre to as low as \$1.53 an acre. Threshing and cleaning costs have been lowered with improved machinery. Warm water retting has vastly cheapened that process. (Mechanical retting will be a later story.) Costs of seutching have been lowered, by the inventor of a new machine. This process may go on throughout the year, by using humidifiers. Later, no doubt, drying after retting will be done artificially. The time is almost here. There are short cuts in spinning and weaving, and especially in bleaching and damasking. The age of machinery and modern chemistry have done wonders in this oldest of all textile industries.—

And there is room right now in Salem and the Salem district for a hundred linen mills and specialty manufacturing concerns connected with this industry. Room for a million people to be employed here directly and indirectly in this industry. It is bigger than most people dream of. Henry Ford sees it, and he is no dreamer. Every one will see it before long. The biggest flock of millionaires in Oregon will be our linen industry millionaires, in the years to come.

JUST COMMON SENSE The markets are never inflated for any length of time. Some particular man may attempt to get a corner on one commodity but it does not last long. It gets back to the law of supply and demand. Last year the price of wheat was low. In Canada they raised 474, 199,000 bushels, more than 400, 000,000 bushels was available for export and was exported. This year the Canadian crop is estimated at 192,157,000 bushels less than it was a year ago. The same condition applies to crops in other countries and there never was any serious condition but what the farmers affected would soon find satisfactory readjustment. The complaint was that they were roadjusted last. This was because there was a tremendous crop of wheat in the country. Special legislation was attempted to remedy the situation and failed but the farmers worried along. Farmers know that crops reestablish the parity of prices in America.

greater than the supply. We heard more about the farmers because there were more farmers than coproducers. It is very satisfactory to notice that the farmers are going to be prosperous. They will receive in round figures \$657,000,000 more for their products than they did in 1923. According to tabulations completed by the Continental and Commercial banks, Chicago, the total value of all farm products in 1924, exclusive of fruit and live stock will be \$7,734,000,000. In 1923 it was \$7,077,000,000. The list includes wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, flax, potatoes, sweet potatoes, hay and cotton.

Winter wheat harvest, the middle western bank believes, is near enough complete to put the 1924 production fairly accurately at 559,000,000 bushels. Spring wheat is estimated at 235,000,000 bushels as of August 1. This gives a total yield of nearly 825,000,000 bushels, compared with 786,000, 000 bushels in 1923. The Pacific northwestern yield is lighter this year, but the country as a whole has a crop about 5 per cent larger. The good wheat market this year, despite the big yield, is due to a world shortage of 10 per cent. Corn remains the most valuable crop in the lump sum with a 1924 crop valued at \$2,574,000,000. Cotton is next with \$1,544,000,000 and hay third with \$1,260,000, 000. Wheat stands fourth with \$874,000,000.

The general prosperity of the country can only come when labor is continuously and profitably employed. Capital can only make money under exactly the same conditions. They are not enemies, they are friends. One of the results of the distribution and prosperity is the rapid spread of co-operation on the part of employees. Not only is labor well represented in the industrial in-

stitutions, but the laboring men all over America are owners of homes and are driving automobiles, they are dressing well, they are looking after their future comfort, they are bringing up happy, contented families. All this has a tempering effect upon the minds of the agitators and only the radicals are now left to wield a bludgeon of discontent and dissatisfaction. A better understanding all around means a happier Americanism.

LABOR AND CAPITAL

The Oregon Statesman is in receipt of a publication accompanied by a personal letter from Warren S. Stone stating that labor is going into the banking business and expects to have a better understanding between capital and labor. The fact is that labor hopes to become capital and has already established ten banks. We are heartily glad of this. We need labor, we need capital, we must have both. They have not been having a good understanding. Labor has been growing more intelligent constantly and capital more reasonable. Not only is labor going into the banking business, but it is going into other business.

Two hundred and fifty electric light companies, for example, are now selling their stock on easy terms to employees. One-half of the stockholders of Armour & Co. are employees. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Philadelphia Rapid Transit companies have sold large blocks of stock to employees. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is reported to command 100 million dollars through its interest in nine labor banks. A recently established labor bank in New York City is said to have taken in over five millions in deposits the first day it opened. Within the shadows of Wall Street labor has established banks of its own.

These are just a few illustrations of how rapidly American workmen are becoming capitalists through high wages and coordinated savings. Restricted immigration will continue to advantage labor and an enlarging stake in industry should result in reducing discontent, eliminating strikes, and minimizing friction.

Oh, everywhere, in fact, with nothing else to do but ride The long and narrow track.

But in this life it cannot be. It's really just the deuce! I'm on a one-horse railroad freight.

And I'm the darn caboose! —J. Sutton Steffan.

Red Letter Day Dudley: "What was the biggest surprise you ever had?" Jameson: "When my wife broke even in a bridge game." —Beth Froelich.

Proof "How do you know Claribelle wasn't asleep when you kissed her in the hammock?" "She didn't wake up." —Mrs. Marshall Reel.

Doubtful "Setting out on his porch, over there, is old Sammy Sussions," stated the landlord of the tavern at Peeweeuddyhump. "He is 92 years old, and the flies annoy him dreadfully. So hour after hour he sets there on the open porch and kills all of 'em he can hit with his fly swatter. But no matter how much longer he lives and how industriously he keeps at it, I don't much believe he will ever get 'em all killed-off."

O Tempora! Lives a late man of remind us High brow stuff's not worth a dime; Rough prizefighters and bootleggers Grab the berries every time. —P. H. Mosgrove.

Necessary Data Peter Familias: "How large a veranda do you think I ought to have?" Young Architect: "How attractive is your daughter?" —C. L. Morrison.

Why Is It That The Chap Who NEVER risks a cent of his money in oil shares, NEVER speculates in Wall street, NEVER loans out money without gilt-edged collateral, NEVER buys a raffle ticket for anything, NEVER bets on a horse race, or takes a chance in a baseball pool—

Why is it that this "wise" bird will take a perfect stranger's advice and invest a year's savings in a second-hand car? Verily, 'tis past all understanding! —Paul Wilkes.

The Modern Babe Friend: "What are you sewing a hip-pocket on baby's panties for?" Flapper-Mother: "For its milk flask, of course." —Frank P. MacLennan.

What She Was Waiting For He told her she was very intellectual. She frowned, but she was not entirely displeased. He told her she had dignity and commanded respect. She smiled coldly but remained silent. He told her she reminded him of a Grecian goddess, with her clear-cut, marble-white features. She tapped her foot with thinly veiled impatience.

Finally he got "wise." He told her she was very pretty, and asked her to marry him. She flew into his arms. —John Phillip Sousa.

His Stomach First The picnic party had progressed as far as the interurban station. He carried the basket, she looked after Willie, who grew frantic as the train finally approached. Willie: "Daddy! Daddy! Get off the track! The train's coming!" Mother: "Be quiet, Willie, Daddy will be careful." Willie: "But Daddy, Daddy, get off the track! Mamma, make Daddy get off the track. He's got the lunch." —Earl Lamm.

The Jingle-Jangle Counter Saws come handy now and then; Girls at times make tools of men. —Mrs. Birdie Hays.

She told us she was a poet; Believe us her big feet show it. —Clarice Stepka.

A bricklayer is always laying down on the job.

Verses and Reverses By Samuel Hoffenstein Jingle-Jangle Reverses I The sun arises in the east And bread arises out of yeast, And while the zenith is its goal, The bears are freezing at the pole. I do not know the reason why The sun should choose the eastern sky, When it might just as well arise In any quarter of the skies, I only know that every day It starts upon its golden way: The flowers unfold, the birds awake And sing, the while the bakers bake, And while I know not why it's so, The sun is bright and ought to know.

II The ostrich lives in foreign lands And trots along the burning sands, And when from foes it would escape, It hides its head—the silly ape! III The bee he works and works and works The summer through, and never shirks; He doesn't mind the blazing heat Because his labor is so sweet.

No Saving Hoyle: "My wife saved five dollars at a bargain sale today." Shaw: "That's the kind of a wife to have." Hoyle: "—but I had to give her fifteen dollars for a new hat. Her old one was trampled on in the rush." —Edward H. Dreschnack.

Settin' Pretty Young Poet (rushing in to busy editor): "What happened to the poem I sent you entitled, 'The Hen'?" Editor (brutally): "Ah, yes! You'll find it 'laying' in the waste basket over there." —Howard Marcen.

THE EDITOR'S GOSSIP SHOP We touched on this subject some weeks ago. It does not hurt to treat it again. Keep on contributing regularly and do not be discouraged if your first, second, third, or tenth attempts are not successful. Sometimes the item you may have the least hopes for may strike us as immensely funny—and we'll buy it. Then, too, by contributing regularly you will cultivate the faculty of seeing the funny side of things, the absurdity apparent in so many a trying incident, and your progress will be rapid. Contribute, by contributing your sense of humor, and help yourself to grow mentally. Write for THE FUN SHOP—rather, should we say, YOUR FUN SHOP.

Enough to Go Around "The all-day sucker is a thing of the past." "Not at all—New York is full of visitors every day." —H. L. Marsh.

Glad Autumn Harvest time will soon be here, With autumn weather meller, And Johnny'll have to start to school, And how he'll squirm and beller. —Tennyson J. Daff.

Physics High Colored Two darkies, dressed in their Sunday best, were out on an excursion. Said the one in the pearl gray suit: "Ef a man stood on de rear platform ob a train travellin' seventy-five miles an houah, an' he shot off a revolvah, an' de bullet travelled at a speed ob seventy-five miles an houah, what would become ob de bullet?" " 'Twould drop straight to de groun', brudder," explained his companion, " 'twould drop straight to de groun'." De two foices would mutualize. —H. W. Johnson.

Not Much Ted: "Am I the only man you have ever loved?" Ed: " 'Why, the idea. Do I look as simple as that?" —Clarence Vance.

"How much to send this letter to England?" "Is it first class?" "Well, it's the best I could write at three o'clock last night." —Mrs. Theodore Bolton.

Readers are requested to contribute. All humor, epigrams for humorous material, jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesque, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for at regular prices. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, should bear name of the contributor and should be addressed to the Fun Shop Editor, The Oregon Statesman.

their passing upon the mantel clock. "This is very curious, Margaret," he said at last. "Twice before I have received messages from this same source, apparently although they bear no betraying mark. And always, as now, the message is one of inestimable information concerning the people we are watching. And your description is the first clue I have had to the identity of the sender. Yet I cannot place him. Undoubtedly he is someone bound in some manner to the unspeakable gang we are fighting, yet with a conscience which compels him to warn us. And he takes the oddest methods of sending his messages. Evidently he has some strong reason for not using the mails, is this the handkerchief he pretended was yours?" "Yes, Father," I tried to keep my voice steady, but it was tremulous as I added: "It is one of Grace Draper's handkerchiefs, or—at least—the embroidery in the corner is her handwork." (To be continued.)

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service CHAPTER 257

WHAT FATHER SPENCER TOLD MADGE ABOUT THE MESSAGE I did not obey Lillian's injunction to lie down. Instead, I extracted again from my haddag the tiny folded note the mysterious foreigner had confided to me in the Southampton shop, together with the handkerchief I had recognized as one of Grace Draper's. Then making sure that Lillian was safely out of the way, I went swiftly down the hall and tapped at the door of my father's room.

He was longer in answering than usual, and when he finally opened the door and affectionately bade me enter, I saw the reason for his delay. His chair had been placed near the table, and on the table stood the quaint old lacquered box in which I knew he kept the mementoes of my dead mother which I had given him.

Photographs, letters which he had written to her, and her answers in the days of their idyllic courtship when no thought had come to them of the sordid tragedy which was to part them forever—these, and other keepsakes evidently had been pressed hastily back into the box, for the lid was slightly lifted, showing the disarranged contents.

If I had not seen the old box, generally kept sacredly in my father's trunk, I should have known that he had been invoking the memory of the wife he had so shamefully deserted when I was but four years old. His face held the pallor, the deeply-etched lines of poignant remorse, which always betray to me his seasons of agonized communings with the mementoes he treasures so sacredly.

When he had closed the door after me, he caught me to him in a convulsive embrace and murmured brokenly: "You are so like your mother, my Margaret!" Mementoes of Other Days.

I pulled his gray head down to mine and clung to him silently, lovingly, glad that I had long ago obeyed my mother's dying injunction to forgive him. I knew that finding me after his long years of search, and winning my forgiveness had lightened his load of remorseful anguish, and in my love and the adoration of my small son, he had enjoyed many peaceful hours. But he could not forget that he had thrown away the love of his life for an evil infatuation, and I knew that there were many moments, like the one upon which I had inadvertently stumbled, when the longing to see my mother again was almost more than he could bear.

Dear as I loved him, greatly as I pitied him, I never could banish a sense of justice appressed, when, as now, I watched his anguished Via Crucis. My earliest recollection of my mother was of her terrible mental suffering which I knew later was caused by my father's desertion, and I could not forget that she had lived and died a lonely, broken-hearted woman.

"You wished to see me about something, Daughter?" His voice when he spoke again was even, controlled, and his face held the calmness of emotion conquered. My first impulse was to make some trivial excuse to conceal my real errand, but the tonic of work was the best thing I could offer him.

"I have an odd story to tell you, Father, dear," I said, "a long one, too, so let's sit down and be comfy. I've tried to get a chance to tell you and to ask your advice about it since you came home, but I couldn't manage it somehow." "I know," he assented as he seated me in the most comfortable chair near the fire and took another near me.

I waited for a minute or two, to be sure that I had in methodical order all my information concerning the mysterious Don Ramon, and then, beginning with his boarding the train at Southampton upon the occasion of my trip to the city in search of Katie, I related every incident of that trip, and of the odd experience of the last hour in the Southampton shop.

"This is Very Curious." My father listened with but one interruption, when he asked me to repeat to him the description I had given of the mysterious foreigner's appearance. And when at the close, I handed him the tiny folded note which the mysterious Don Ramon had slipped into my hand, he opened and read it without a muscle of his face changing. Then he sat as if studying it for five minutes, which seemed endless to me as I marked

ONLY FIVE MORE DAYS IN SEASHORE CONTEST (Continued from page 1) of making up a lack of votes will be brought to a termination, but till that time every young lady has an equal opportunity. The computation as to what would happen is interesting from many view points. First it shows that practically very little has been done by some of the candidates, and none of them has a sufficient number of votes so she can rest upon her laurels with perfect confidence. A little co-operation, a little effort, a few hours spent in actual canvassing for votes will suffice to change the whole aspect of the contest. For example, had the contest closed yesterday one of the seashore trips would have gone to a candidate with a very few votes, and it is preposterous for any candidate to fondly hope that such a bounty will fall to the lot of even the most lucky individual in the whole broad land, for some one will be laying a plan of action, and the first thing such candidates know their lead will be overcome, their friends marshalled into another camp, and they will be stranded. This is the time for action, for thought and for endeavor of many kinds. The popular voting contest of The Oregon Statesman is not a "lucky contest" nor one in which any candidate can win without votes. The most popular contestant in the whole contest would be defeated if no attention were given to the matter of securing votes. There is an inherent tendency in every man and woman to make a strong finish. No matter what is started everyone desires to make a good ending, and the more flourish that can be lent to any contest, be it a race, a campaign for public office or a quest for a splendid prize like those offered to the ladies of this territory by The Statesman's voting contest, it makes no difference—all who are taking part want to finish strong. An analysis of the voting and the positions of the candidates as shown by the published standing, show that some hair-raising finishes may be expected. Time and again have those who were seemingly disanced forged to the front and in not a few cases have taken a decided lead. In the voting, figures show that the efforts of those who are interested deeply enough to pitch into the matter of securing votes bring bountiful results. There are those who are into the contest heart and soul, and there should be a considerable element of pride in demonstrating that no mistake was made when your name was suggested for an energetic and popular candidate. The end of the great race is at hand, and the winners of the grand prizes will undoubtedly be

Summary of Prizes Offered Ten ten ladies receiving the ten highest number of votes in the contest will each be awarded a free vacation trip to Newport, commencing Sept. 2nd. The entertainment at Newport will be provided under the auspices of the Newport Chamber of Commerce. There will be splendid accommodations and entertainment of various kinds provided. This will be a red letter week in the lives of the contest winners and one never to be forgotten. Another joy will be added when each of the winners is presented with a box of Gray Belle candy. These will be charming summer vacations and with all expenses paid by the Chamber of Commerce of Newport and the Statesman Publishing company they will be doubly delighted.

NEW CORPORATIONS The following articles of incorporation were filed yesterday with the state corporation department: Broadway Confectionery, Portland; incorporators, L. E. Crocker, F. P. Spiering, W. E. Crocker, A. E. Crocker; capital, \$5000. Cascade Timber company, Portland; incorporators, F. W. Welch, J. J. Beckman, J. G. McCue; capital, \$25,000. Jensen Specialties Company, Inc., Portland; incorporators, Arthur W. Jensen, Frank A. Baumgardner, Charles A. Tracy; capital, \$5000. Oregon Liberal Publishing Company, Portland; incorporators Fred Ross, E. A. Green, Kelley Lee; capital, \$5000. Volpe & Co., Inc., Portland; incorporators, Tony Volpe, Simon Westerman, Stella Volpe; capital \$10,000; produce. United Recreation Club, Portland; incorporators, N. J. Harper, Jim Ingless, Louis Lux, L. C. Harper; capital, \$1000. Under the blue sky act a permit was issued to the Fraser M. Lant Company, Inc., of Seattle, to operate as stockbrokers in Oregon.

Nomination Coupon

The Oregon Statesman Seaside Competition God for 100 Votes

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

Name Address Nominated by

Notes—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 30TH

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.