

The Oregon Statesman

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GOD FORGIVES AND HEALS.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction.—Psalm 103:3-4.

A PART OF THE WHOLE

"A true citizen of a real republic can not exist as a separate unattached fragment of selfishness, but must live as a constituent part of the whole of society, in which he can secure his own welfare only as he secures the welfare of his fellow man."

So declared President Coolidge in his acceptance address—And that is a bit of experience taught by our independent form of government that should be commended to those who find themselves too busy on election day to go to the polls and cast a ballot.

At the last election less than half the qualified voters throughout the country actually voted. Those who neglected to do so are trying to exist as "separate, unattached fragments of selfishness."

If their welfare has not been secured as they think it should have been, it is their own fault, for they have made no move to secure the welfare of others. Legislation satisfactory to the majority can be secured, and officials acceptable to the majority can be elected, only if all the voters take the trouble to record their preference.

The people of the Salem district are going to be given an opportunity, before long, to get a potato flour and starch and dextrine factory here. They should not neglect the opportunity. It will make the cull potatoes worth as much as the others, and it will boost our potato industry as nothing else could.

MOTHERS IN TRAGEDY

Out of the revolting details of the Leopold and Loeb crime, out of the slews of confusing psychological verbiage and half-splitting testimony of alienists and counsel anent "infantile emotions" and "mental sickness" and "enlarged iniquitous glands" and "demographia" and all the rest of it comes one poignant, heart-searing incident—the grief-stricken, humble sympathy of the mother of the Loeb boy who, in her crushed shame and abasement, compelled herself to call upon the mother of the murdered Bobby Franks.

Twice she rose in her mortified courage to make that call, only to be denied. A third time she was received. In faltering wretchedness, with bursting heart, she tried to express the terrible sympathy that was hers for the mother of her own boy's dead victim. She had not gone to plead, to make excuses, to belittle the dastardly crime of her own son. In bitter and sympathetic humility she had gone to make what paltry verbal amends were possible, to express, as one mother to another, her rueful compassion for the terrible tragedy her own boy had wrought.

Had Bobby Franks' mother risen up in her soul-searing wrath, had she shrieked her misery and heaped insult and contumely upon the mother of her boy's murderer, Richard Loeb's mother could have borne the infuriated lashes in her abashed misery, her shamed and tortured sympathy. But here was tragedy heaped upon tragedy, for Bobby Franks' mother has lost her mind. And coils of fire were heaped upon the wretched woman's head as Mrs. Franks gazed at her in vague and terrible incomprehension and only said, "I am sure Bobby will be coming back pretty soon. I wonder why he doesn't come home?"

Every mother reading the story of that poignant, nerve-wrecking interview must shudder in ghastly sympathy for Mrs. Loeb. Three unhappy women. No fine, ennobling sorrow this—but shameful, bitter, abashing sorrow that can know no earthly solace.

Fortunate, indeed, is Leopold's mother that she died before this grim and hateful thing could come upon her.

The tragedy of the mothers that no tears can wash clean.

ALAS POOR BORICK

A short time ago a woman from the so-called effete east said the trouble with Oregon was that it didn't have any traditions. A lot of fellows went to work and demolished what ones we did have. It looked like a cruel thing to tear down the mental fabric built up around King Tut's tomb in the Elkhorn, but we accepted it in the interest of science and truth, which are supposed to be hand-maidens. Now comes a lot of other gods being dehorned.

THE GANG SPIRIT

The object of the YMCA in Salem is to direct the gang spirit so that the boys will unconsciously assimilate ideals of fairness and detestation of foulness in play. Precisely the same principle is being applied in the hop yards. It enables the people to entertain themselves in such a way that they profit from it.

FUTURE DATES

August 29-31, Pacific German annual conference, Oester Street Methodist church.

desired when not engaged in bloody feuds among themselves. The gunmen and assassins of fiction and the movies have probably given credence to this idea. It is quite probable that the conception is erroneous.

The gang spirit is an entirely natural thing in healthy, normal boys. They are gregarious animals and like to run in herds. Every small town has its Hinkydinks of some variation. Gangs are not necessarily vicious. They are dangerous in offering the contact with bad companions. Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do, and the gang headquarters is often congenial for the hatching of mischief.

PLACES FOR THE BOYS

The Corvallis Gazette-Times cannot see the new day, the light is so bright or the editor is so blind that he cannot see an inch ahead of his nose. The Gazette-Times knows that in the old days the first business of the office-holders was to get places for the boys. We used to have men loafing around the statehouse grounds who never worked. The result was a public reaction. We do have too many boards. And the progressives do not develop these boards. Each board was created for a purpose. It has come to be almost as bad in that respect as it was in the old days. The progressives demand house cleaning while in the old days the boys had to be taken care of. The next legislature must reduce expenses, the people of Oregon are over-taxed for government, and they are demanding relief. The stand-pats would let well enough alone—they would grin while the people would suffer.

A FARM COMMISSION

President Coolidge is determined to find some way of going to the bottom of the farm troubles. He is going to appoint another commission to make a thorough economic survey so that he may be informed of the exact situation of the farmer. Of course, the conditions are not bad any more, but there is liable to be a recurrence of the same thing again, and the way to prevent this is to have legislation on the statute books the same as we have for protecting the banks. What the reserve act did for the banks, agricultural legislation can do for the farmer.

GUESSING ON MARS

There are about as many guesses out on Mars as there are scientists observing that planet. In fact with anybody and everybody guessing we know mighty little more about it than we did before. It is going to be some time before we establish relations with Mars, and the day is far distant when commercial travelers will put an extra collar in their grips and light out for there, by way of airplane. However, it is an interesting study and where one man's conclusion are just as good as another's. In this hot weather it is mighty fine to think that there is a raging snowstorm in Mars, that at least disposes of one thing—Mars is not heaven.

A BIG TOLL

Scientists have discovered the awful fact that insects take one-tenth of all the products of America. With our waste in other lines added to this waste it looks criminal for us not to make a more determined warfare on the insects which are destroying the country. There must be a continual un-interrupted fight; we must have our scientists earnestly seeking new ways to destroy these insects. We cannot afford to waste a tenth of our profitable production.

THE CITY IS WILLING

The city is willing to have certain car tracks of the street car system taken up and buses substituted, with a transfer system established. This will save money and still provide us a good practical change to make. The vacation habit is being overdone. We think it is time to draw the line when the prisoners at the penitentiary start to take theirs.

This Modern Magellan's Dream Is To Encircle Globe Alone in His 24 Foot Sailboat, The Shark



Sleeping by day and navigating by night, Dimetrios Sigelakis hopes to sail around the world, a distance of 36,000 miles, as he maps his course. Dimetrios, a seaman from the Island of Crete, 26 years old, built his craft, a converted life boat with a small box-like cabin, at Hoboken, N. J. This photograph was taken as he was raising the Greek and American flags on the Carcharias, meaning "The Shark," at the Battery in New York, preparatory to leaving for Gibraltar.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

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

CHAPTER 252

THE WAY MADGE CAME TO RECOGNIZE "DON RAMON." "Say that over again—slowly."

"My father's voice was sharp, incisive, altogether foreign to his usual soft, suave tones. I obeyed his injunction at once. "This handkerchief either belongs to Grace Draper or was given or sold by her to some one else," I said. "The embroidery in the corner is her handiwork, I am certain."

"Let me see it." He held out his hand, and I put the flimsy, dainty trifle within it. Holding it up to the light, he scrutinized it closely, laid it down again, looked gravely at me, and said: "There are many other women who do exquisite needlework. And the design is not an uncommon one. What makes you so sure that it is Grace Draper's handkerchief?"

"For two reasons," I replied. "First, because I have watched her at work at this particular design so many times. Second, because I recognize a device which I discovered in it years ago. If you look at the bit of embroidery in just the right way you will see that the initial 'G' is cunningly entwined in the four-leaved-clover. It is like this—"

I took up the handkerchief, stretched the embroidered corner taut over my left hand, and with a tiny pencil caught up from my father's table, illustrated my meaning. "I—see." The words came measuredly. "Then there can be no mistake. It is her handkerchief. It was in this Don Ramon's possession. Then he—What is it, daughter?"

"For I had jumped to my feet. My ears, quicker than his, had caught a crash as of breaking glass. The next instant came the sound of feminine shrieking, masculine objurgation, the rush of feet along the lower floor of the house, and Katie's voice crying: "O-O-O—coom queek, everybody. Somebody keeled!"

"That's Don Ramon." My father was close behind me as I tore open the door and rushed down the stairs. The front door stood wide open, and through it I saw Katie running across the lawn toward a big limousine which leaned grotesquely against the giant elm on the roadway, and from which the screams were issuing, while directly across the road, the most reckless taxi-driver in the section was crawling, apparently unhurt, from under his overturned light car.

Halfway down the steps I stopped, looked at the group of people emerging from the big car, turned and grasped my father's arm. "That's Don Ramon Almbres, and the people with him are his host, hostess and daughter," I whispered. "Make some excuse to keep Lillian and Mother Graham in the house. You are the only one either will heed."

"He gave me a quick comprehension grip upon my nerves, I hurried down the path to the wreck, where Katie was already in efficient action. The chauffeur evidently had been struck with flying glass when the car collided with the tree, for the blood was running from his forehead into his eyes, blinding him. That he was otherwise unhurt, I guessed from the vigor with which he proceeded to stanch the blood with a towel which Katie had in her hand when she ran out of the door, and which she promptly put to use. As I reached the gate, Katie skimmed past me on the way back to the house. "Nobody hurt much, I guess," she said as she passed. "But I bring down some hot water and got first-aid stuff, not so?"

"Of course," I said, looked appraisingly at the group before me, and decided that the hysteria of the older woman whom her husband was trying to quiet was genuine, but that the apparent swoon of the younger woman, whom Don Ramon was supporting, was a clever simulation. I have seen too many fainting persons to be deceived. At Last—the Truth.

I wasted no time on amenities. I had gauged the people at my previous glimpse of them as the type of newly rich, who think discourtesy and arrogance to be the A. B. C. of aristocratic demeanor. I would do for them what humanity demanded, but I had no wish to become chatty in the process. "Better take your wife up to the house," I said to the head of the party. "She can lie down."

"I can't stop her," he said helplessly, as she struggled in his arms, sending shrieks and peals of hysterical laughter impartially into the air. "I can," I said a bit grimly, for a woman in hysterics when her child is injured always disgusts me. And for all the mother knew her daughter might be seriously hurt. Therefore it was with inward satisfaction that I took the richly dressed woman by the shoulders as if she were Katie, gave her a quick, violent shake, and spoke roughly, firmly. "Stop this at once, do you hear, and go up to the house and lie down."

"Lay her flat on the grass," I commanded, "and let her have some air." I was looking straight at him as I spoke, and he must have seen the recognition in my eyes, for as he obeyed my command and stepped back beside me, he spoke out of the corner of his mouth, a trick I well remembered. "Just as you say, Lady Fair," and I realized at last the truth which had been eluding me since I first saw him in the train, and which had flashed upon me while my father was talking. "The mysterious Don Ramon Almbres was Harry Underwood!"

Texas Republicans Seek Nominee for Governor

HOUSTON, Texas, Aug. 26.—After welcoming bolting democrat who quit their party following the nomination of Mrs. Miriam Ferguson of Temple for Governor of Texas over Judge Felix Robertson of Dallas, the republican state executive committee adjourned this afternoon until tomorrow without selecting a nominee for governor to succeed T. P. Lee of Houston, who refused to make the race after being nominated by the republican state convention at Fort Worth.

Lions Club Perfects Silverton Organization

SILVERTON, Or., Aug. 26.—(Special to The Statesman.)—The Lion club perfected organization Monday night at Silverton with a charter membership of 20. Officers elected were: President, Carl Benson; first vice president, Albert Webb; second vice president, H. B. Wells; secretary, J. A. Button; treasurer, Elmer Olsen; tail twisters, Axel Larson, L. Cramer, and W. Cooley; board of directors, Reber Allen, Pearl McCleary, Alfred Jensen and A. O. Nelson.

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 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.

Here Is Dr. Frank Crane's Opinion of Captain Blood By RAFAEL SABATINI Publication of this great romance by "the modern Dumas" begins in The Oregon Statesman on September 7. "When a man recommends anything he likes to his friends, he is in danger of being a nuisance, whether the particular thing is a kind of smoking tobacco, a necktie, a brand of religion or a new book. At the same time, when one strikes something which pleases him immensely, it does not seem to be quite fair to keep it to himself. "I read many books, swarms of them, galaxies of them, oodles of them. I am expected to read them, some because other people are reading them, some because I want to find out something in them, and some because I like them. The latter, however, are few. To come across a book that takes one by storm, holds him, fascinates him and gives him that rare intoxication that meets the inmost passion, is an event. "Recently I went upon a long journey and spent many days upon the train and steamboat. Upon this journey I found a book. It was entitled 'Captain Blood,' by Rafael Sabatini. I read it, first languidly, then interestedly, and at last I went at it as a drunkard consumes his liquor or a child devours sweets. "I passed it on to the other members of my family. Each read it and each was consumed by the same flame that had consumed me. "I do not hesitate to say that this is the best story I have read since 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' "I do not judge of it as literature. All I know of it is that it is good, swift, clean English. But it is not of its style that I would speak. "It has something more than style, something rare, the rarest thing indeed I know of in writing. It has creative imagination. "A magazine editor once said to me that he wished he could get hold of a good story every month, something in the best manner of Conan Doyle. I replied to him that his wishes were modest, and that he probably failed to realize that out of the billion or so population of the world there were probably not more than three or four individuals who could create a story, a really fresh, vivid, gripping story. "In 'Captain Blood' Sabatini has proved that he is one of these few. "It is a story of bucaneeing days in the Spanish main, one of the most romantic and adventurous epochs of the world. And the reader is taken into the atmosphere of the time, and is made to realize all its vivid charm, yet skillfully kept from being nauseated by its brutality. "The best thing about it is that it is an imposing tale, a wonderful yarn. The reader is not interested in its descriptions, in its literary values, in its English, in this or that; he is interested in Captain Blood, and before he gets through he is better acquainted with Captain Blood than he is with his neighbor who lives next door. "Whether this is a recently published book or not, I have not taken the pains to inquire. All I know is that I have just read it and I count it one of the great books of the world. "It took me out of myself. It opened a door through which I escaped from all the commonplace things of life. I am a thousand years old more or less, and it is very rare that one can tell me a story interesting enough to blot out all of my surroundings. In order to be sure not to miss any issues of The Statesman while this story is running, have the paper delivered to your home by telephoning your order to The Statesman, Phone 23, or by mailing a post-card order to The Statesman. If you are out of Salem you can have the paper come to you by mail. Simply send in your out-of-town address accompanied by the subscription price of 50 cents a month. Address The Oregon Statesman 213-215 SOUTH COMMERCIAL STREET

CHICHESTER'S PILLS