

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

September 3, 1924

HOW TO TRUST: Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—Proverbs 3: 5, 6.

PRAYER:—We rejoice, to know that the law of the Lord is perfect restoring the soul.

THE STATE SCHOOL FUND LOANS

(From the Pacific Homestead, Salem.)

"They have been making an investigation of the farm loans from the state irreducible school fund of Oregon. They have found that some of the interest payments are in default. Of course they are. They have been that way before. But some one has suggested that no more farm loans should be made out of that fund, but that bonds should be bought instead. That fellow ought to have his head examined. There are no better loans in the world than Oregon farm loans. The elder Morgan said a man was a fool who was a bear on the United States government, and proved it. And the man is crazy who is a bear on Oregon farm loans; hughouse; has bats in his belfry. Several years back a political junta in Oregon raised a hue and cry about this same thing, and a lot of the loans were foreclosed, and there was a great panic propaganda set up over the big losses the state fund would sustain on the foreclosed farms. But there was no loss at all. There was a gain. It would be the same again. But there is no sense in foreclosing such a loan; not one in a thousand. Give the farmer a chance, and he will pull out."

The above from the Pacific Homestead is timely. And time will prove it. The population of the United States is growing over 2,000,000 a year—

And all our new people must eat; and the great bulk of what they eat must come from the farms of the United States.

The excess of births over deaths in the United States last year was 1,234,000. The immigration in the last six months of 1923 was 505,000. The excess of births over deaths is growing, thanks partly to better methods of fighting diseases and improving sanitary and other living conditions. It will not be long till we will be growing at the rate of 2,000,000 a year, not counting immigration; from excess of births over deaths; from what is sometimes called "indirect immigration."

We have about one farm animal to every person in the country; one dairy cow for each family of five; a beef animal for each three persons; a horse or mule for every four people; one hog for every two persons, and a sheep or goat for each three persons.

The ratio of cows to persons remains constant; so there will be more and more cows on the farms—especially in Oregon, the best dairy country on earth. The number of our sheep will have to be doubled, to make us self sufficient in wool consumption. Throughout the whole list the number of live stock will grow—

And this will mean farm prosperity, and especially Oregon farm prosperity, and a rising scale of farm land values—

And we will have more diversity; linen mills and sugar factories and potato starch factories, to take care of remunerative farm crops.

To call all farm loans in Oregon that are in default would be suicidal; especially on the part of the state government. It would be worse than foolish. The farmer is on a rising tide of prosperity. He has had hard sledding, on account of low prices for farm products; but he is sound at the heart, and his industry is sound to the core.

If the United States government would fire all the vast army of red tape supernumeraries and go to work on a constructive development plan, with the money thereby saved annually, assisting the manufacturing and marketing of farm products with linen and sugar and starch factories, and a thousand and one other factories; and if the states would follow this lead; and if the business people of the cities would fall in line and do team work, there would be brought about such an era of prosperity in this country as would lift all our people to a plane of well being on the average as high above the present as our existing scale is above the range of the people of the average European nation—

And there would not be heard again the patronizing talk we have been hearing in the past few years from many persons in this country in supposedly high places.

Diversity will kill adversity on the land, and it is the duty of every one to assist such diversity; for this will contribute more to the sum of general prosperity and happiness among all classes, in the towns and cities as well as on the land, than any other one thing.

LA FOLLETTE AND LAW

There has been some little criticism because General Dawes called out La Follette by name to criticize his radicalism. We can not understand where the friends of La Follette have any criticism coming. These are Dawes words:

"On one side stands President Coolidge, on the constitution of the United States and the American flag. On the other is dangerous and untried radicalism, represented by Robert M. La Follette under the red flag."

La Follette has advocated for years putting congress above the constitution. That would end free government. The constitution would be anything—a shifting, trading, or even a minority congress might decree it to be. The members of congress trade votes on all important questions. They always have and they always will. Some bloc is mighty apt to get control and hold up all legislation until this one proposition is enacted into law. Once do away with this supremacy of the constitution and we have an end to free speech, free press, religious liberty, the right of assembly, and

all the bulwark behind which the people repose. La Follette has run up the red flag—and it is red enough to satisfy Debs, the socialist party and other even more dangerous radicals.

But La Follette can not be elected, it may be said, and therefore he is not so much a menace after all. He can not be elected, but is a menace none the less. His ultimate purpose is to found a permanent red radical party. His immediate purpose is to sabotage the election machinery of the federal government, by the same tactics used to sabotage the last session of congress.

He hopes to carry enough states to throw the election into the house, and from the house into the senate, and there to dictate the terms upon which he will consent to the election of Bryan.

And through it all he is preaching the propaganda of class consciousness and hatred, of distrust of the government and its institutions.

UPWARD PRICES

The silliest statement that has been made in America in years

is the one that Wall Street has manipulated prices so that the farmers would forget their grievances and vote for one of the old parties. The fact is that there is a shortage of wheat. The Oregon Statesman has published these figures a number of times, and all over the country they have been published.

The agricultural department has just issued a bulletin giving the figures from 21 countries. The falling off in these countries over last year is 278,000,000 bushels. The state of Kansas this year is expected to produce 156,000,000 bushels. Practically twice the amount of wheat raised in the entire state of Kansas is short in these 21 countries. These figures are approximate those given out recently by the Canadian government. They are as authentic and dependable as it is possible to make forecasts of world production. Wheat buyers throughout the world believe that they are approximately correct and, acting on that belief, have been bidding up the price of wheat.

Corn prices are up for the same reason—weather damage in the corn belt and certainty that the production this year will be below normal.

When there is a short crop of wheat and a short crop of corn, an increased demand is started for other grains, and when grain prices are up all along the line an upward turn invariably is seen in livestock.

These are the facts and that is the situation. It is just a matter of demand and supply—no more politics in it than there is in the transaction when a farmer's wife takes her eggs and chickens to town and exchanges them at the store for merchandise.

STICKING TO SECT

A Portland minister blew up Sunday, declared his independence, defied his denomination and henceforth will work on the idea that all men are brothers—a free lance. It sounds very pretty, but there is nothing to it. The man is wrong, and some of these days he will find it out.

However, there is one thing about this to be commended. There are preachers who continue to occupy pulpits of denominations when they are entirely out of sympathy with the church. This is dishonest. At least this Portland minister is honest in his decision, although sadly mistaken.

There must be denominations. We can not even have one great union in labor; we can not have one organization among farmers; nor one organization among the business men. Men of diversified ideas must have diversified channels of expression. That is the way of the world, and there is no chance to re-make the world now. It is impossible to have it sent back and re-minted. We must take it as we find it.

AROUND THE WORLD

Around the world fliers are near enough to their goal to pronounce the effort a success. It has only been a little while since the Wright brothers made a number of flights. They were hailed as great inventors, bringing in a new era, and it is doubtful if even they themselves realized the tremendous importance of their discovery. An airship now seems simple, and the principle of it is accepted everywhere, but it took a long time for the world to appreciate that anything heavier than air could float in the air.

The men who have made this trip around the world are epicureans. Others will follow before very long, but the others will have a path marked out for them. They will go in much less time, under much more comfortable conditions. The pioneers blazed their own way, made their own trails, charted their own ships and to them the country accords great honor.

OUR ARMY OF PICKERS

In our news columns yesterday it was stated that about 25,000 people were working in the hop fields around Salem this week and next. That is a great army. We absolutely have to have them as seasonal employes, but we can not afford to keep them all the year around. We already have seasonal employment lasting for three months. Is there not something else we can do?

It is now proposed to establish the beet sugar industry in Salem. The land here is splendidly adapted for this. If we can get this industry established it will give these seasonal workers another opportunity and they will live with us. The beet sugar industry in this respect promises well.

MEANS TO FIGHT

La Follette's latest statement is bristling all over with belligerency. Of course we have to be vigilant in order to guard our liberties, but some way as we get

older we dislike more and more to be a member of a fighting party.

In the first place La Follette and his followers are John the Baptists, if anything; they may be trail-blazers, but they will never get any further than that. They do not have a constructive policy and when it comes to the test the American people can be depended upon to vote for constructive policies rather than passions or whims. They may listen, but they do not vote vituperation.

THREE MINUTE TALES

By Ad Schuster

A DESPERATE MEASURE

Dolly Camlin arranged the cushions on the front porch and awaited the scheduled call of Mark Kimball. As she did so she could hear from a room upstairs Cousin Theresa singing while she added the finishing touches to a complexion which was the talk of Minden. Dolly sighed. Mark had no more than arrived and finished the customary preamble concerning the weather than the song from above ceased. Theresa's steps were heard on the stairs and the picture of surprise she made in the open doorway was calculated to captivate and convince.

"Oh, Mark Kimball!" Theresa bubbled. "I didn't know you were here!" She looked questioningly at Dolly. "I was just coming out to enjoy the breeze. You don't mind, do you?" And Theresa proceeded to monopolize Mark while Dolly reflected on the burdens of having for one's guest an attractive and undeniably vampish young woman from the city.

The worst of it was, Dolly told herself, Mark would be going away before long. She had believed that before he would go he would say something; they would make plans, and, perhaps, he would take her. But with Theresa determined that the two should never be alone, with Theresa beguiling and ogling him shamelessly, what chance had Mark to propose if he wished?

"Of course not," Dolly answered the question. "Mark was going to tell me something about his plans. He is going to move to the city, you know."

Theresa beamed. "And you must tell me all about it. Let me know where you live, look me up, and all. We will have some perfectly splendid times, for I believe I will return shortly after you go."

With the hour for Mark's departure approaching, this scene had been enacted many times. Theresa met them on the street, dropped into the Palace of Sweets where they had a soda, and made a third in the party, and, exercising the privileges of guest, seldom let Dolly out of her sight.

Mark's last evening in Minden arrived and Dolly arranged the cushion on the front porch. Upstairs Theresa was outdoing herself in the way of preparation. Dolly smiled as she wondered what Mark would say if he could see the city girl now, for Theresa's face was covered with clay, and Theresa was planning to emerge in a half an hour more beautiful than ever. Dolly dabbed powder on her freckled nose. If Mark Kimball was going to propose he would have to do it this evening, and if he preferred Theresa, who was only playing with him, to the girl he had known all his life, it was time everyone found it out.

When Mark arrived Dolly was smiling as sweetly as if Theresa, her marvelous complexion and city clothes were far removed from her thoughts.

"You are going away tomorrow, Mark," she said, and so abridged the usual five minutes of weather report and prediction. "We are all going to miss you."

Mark looked at the door and listened for the familiar sound of Theresa descending the stairs.

"It's kind of good to get a chance to talk to you," he said, nervously. "Blamed if I didn't think I would have to write you or send you a telegram."

"Why, Mark, what did you want to say?" "What do you think, Dolly? What else, but the only reason I am going away is to get a better job so we can afford to get married; that is, if you'll take me." Again he looked nervously over his shoulder at the floor as if doubting the fortune that had kept Theresa away.

And so as the evening fell in Minden the two on the front porch made their plans and a girl's head rested on a man's shoulder and there was no interruption from Theresa. Finally Mark departed, and Dolly, happy and a little frightened, crept to the room of her guest. There was Theresa, weeping and angry and grotesquely transformed. What little of the facial clay remained on her face was caked and as hard as a stone. That which had been removed had left red blotches testifying to desperate and painful measures. Theresa was defeated, and she knew it.

But she did not know the cause of the strange behavior of her adorning clay; Dolly had mixed cement in the preparation.

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MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service

CHAPTER 258

THE COMPLAINT HARRY UNDERWOOD MADE AGAINST MADGE

My father's request that I drive Harry Underwood immediately to Southampton gave me the sense of something going on beneath the surface of things—something of the utmost importance.

When I had brought out my car I had intended only getting him away from Lillian's vicinity, but it did not need keen perceptions to detect that the colloquy between the men had resulted in this sudden necessity for the younger man's instant departure. "Of course," I returned promptly, relieved that I did not have to suggest the trip to Mr. Underwood. I acquitted him of the petty, ridiculous vanity which I had detected in Dr. Pettit—Harry Underwood's sins and virtues are all big ones, like his physical make-up—but still I did not care to have him think that I had planned his departure with me as his chauffeur.

Harry Underwood is indignant

"But"—the man who had in explicitly fascinated and repelled me since that long-ago night at the theatre when, at Dicky's introduction, I had first seen his brilliant black eyes gazing steadily down at me, spoke with depressing courtliness—"were you not going on some errand?"

"Nothing of any importance," I replied, feeling that I was speaking only the truth, but with a lively sense of the horror with which the pompous man inside the house would regard my statement. "Your portly friend thinks the nerves of his family require the immediate presence of a physician, and he also has several other messages he wishes relayed by telephone."

"So he dares to make a messenger-boy of you!"

"The Dear, Sweet Things!" Harry Underwood's eyes flashed indignation, and his whole manner asserted that the pompous man had committed the unpardonable sin. This was the protective pose—the defying—the whole-world-manner—which I remembered so well. It was Harry Underwood's invariable attitude

when escorting any woman, and I had observed the same manner in other men of his type. I had observed something else also—that the type is not the one generally designated as a good husband. But few women, especially youthful ones, indulge in much thought concerning men of Harry Underwood's fascinating kind. And even I, with my long experience of his worthlessness, felt an involuntary, pleased little thrill at his tribute—and the next minute scored myself savagely for the weakness.

"I probably shall be as snail-like as the regular article," I replied, "but I can attend to all the messages of our way to Southampton, so if you have recovered from your—heart weakness, wasn't it?—we can start at once."

I did not realize that I had stressed the word "heart" until after Mr. Underwood had transferred himself to the seat beside me, and we had hidden my father good-bay and were speeding down the road, then he said in his old mocking drawl:

"You're the same demure, blue-eyed, mocking little devil you always were, Lady Fair! But why the stiletto-like stab under the fifth rib? I must be dense. I thought you wanted me to pull some spiel so that I could get away."

"I did," I returned laconically. "Then why the cruel emphasis upon the 'heart' business? I thought that was pretty nifty and convincing footwork."

"It was," I returned, anxious to turn the conversation, for I had no desire to resume the old mocking banter into which almost any conversation with Harry Underwood drifts, "and it worked. Your friends think that I am rushing you to the nearest physician, who, after giving you some potent heart tonic, will return you to them."

"The dear, sweet things!" he apostrophized, and in the ridiculous and cynical humor had suffered at the hands of the Smythe-Hopkins tribe. "What a three-reeler I will have to invent for their benefit in the next hour! For I'm going away from hiah, pronto, also suddenly, and I don't want to get in too Dutch with them, for they've been useful, and may be again. And Helen, the daughter, is an amusing little trick, and awfully good-natured. She's been like a dear little daughter to me. I shall miss her dreadfully."

(To be continued)

PASTOR RECOVERY DOUBTFUL

For the fifth time within the past few months Portland Methodist clergymen offered Monday to give their life blood in an effort to restore one of their

OVER 11,000,000 ACRES IS U. S. FOREST FIRE LOSS

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

With the development of good roads and the increasing popularity of the automobile, people everywhere are spending more time in woodland retreats, and it is a matter of public education that lessons in forest preservation should be given more widespread attention.

Last year 11,500,000 acres of forest lands in America were burned with a financial loss in excess of \$16,500,000, according to data compiled by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. The area of destroyed forests during last year alone was eight times the acreage of the French forests destroyed or damaged throughout the World War. The total number of fires was in excess of 50,000.

It is said that between 80 and 90 per cent of forest fires are caused by human carelessness. About 20 per cent result from carelessness in handling cigaret

butts. The negligent methods of campers in cooking also constitutes one of the great causes of woodland conflagrations.

The forests of America originally totaling 822,000,000 acres have today dwindled to 138,000,000 acres of virgin timber. Not only do forest fires, as reflected in these statistics, involve a great loss of human life and property, but this wasteful destruction means also depriving our wild life of food and shelter, despoiling our public playgrounds, relinquishing control

of the distribution of moisture and curtailing the supply of chemicals and other by-products of our woods.

The destruction of American forests affects each of us, and each of us should assume an educational responsibility in seeking to prevent the progress of these despoiling forces.



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CANOE UPSETS

TACOMA, Sept. 1.—Frank Grassini, 24, of Tacoma, one of a crowd of 10,000 attending a Labor day picnic and political gathering at Spanaway lake near here, lost his life today when the canoe in which he was paddling with John Gosentino upset. Gosentino was rescued and police were tonight dragging the lake for Grassini's body.

FUTURE DATES

August 28-31.—Pacific German annual conference. Center Street Methodist church. September 3, Wednesday, Labor day. September 12, Friday—National Defense day. September 15, Monday, Willamette university opens. September 22-27, Oregon State fair. September 17, Wednesday—Constitution day. September 20, Monday—Salem public schools start. November 11, Tuesday—Armistice day.

That Curious Device for Making Fire

It was only seventy-five years ago that a woman of the Middle West wrote to her cousin in New York:

"Last winter I was told of a curious new device for making fire. It consisted of small splinters of wood with tips of some substance that bursts into flame when rubbed on a rough surface. If you can procure some of them for me I shall be grateful."

Matches were in general use in Europe for years before they were seen in this country. There was no means for spreading such news rapidly.

Today, the new invention that contributes to comfort or convenience is quickly known the country over. Advertising conveys the information. The farmer's wife in Texas or Idaho is as well posted on these things as the city woman of the East.

Don't overlook the advertisements in these columns. They are heralds of progress, with real news for you and your family. They save your time, lighten your work and enable you to obtain the utmost in value for the money you spend.

Time given to reading the advertisements is well spent