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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 6, 1924

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS:—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.—Luke 10:27.

PRAYER.—We thank Thee, Lord, that to all those who trust in Thee, Thy commandments are not grievous.

PLAN FOR MORE SCUTCHING MILLS

The members of the flax committee of the Portland Chamber of Commerce have a plan to make exhibits in various cities of the Willamette valley—

Exhibits of flax and fiber—

With a view to inducing the larger growing of flax, and more especially securing the putting in of more retting tanks and scutching mills.

This is a campaign that ought to be encouraged. It is along the lines of good business judgment. We are to have linen mills. These should very soon take a great deal more fiber than can be turned out at the state flax plant and the one private plant that is now equipped for retting and scutching—the one at Turner. There is a breaking plant at Stayton, which is employed in making upholstery tow, but has not yet been equipped for retting and scutching. There are proposed several retting and scutching plants at other points in that section, including Aumsville—

But there will not be too many, even to supply the mills that are in sight for the Salem district, that will need fiber for spinning.

And there is always a general market for flax fiber. It is being imported into the United States in large volume now, and Belfast wants great quantities.

The first thing is the raw material. There is no question about the willingness and ability of the farmers to grow the flax. But they must have a market, and there can be no market without retting tanks and scutching mills.

"IS IT NOT A SOLUTION?"

(Portland Journal, Sept. 5.)

"Why shouldn't there be peace in industry?"

"There can be. There is peace in some industry. There is nothing but peace in the 4-L organization in the lumber industry of the Northwest. And the 4-L commission 30 per cent of the lumber industry of the three Northwest states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

"A tremendous impression as to the possibilities of peace in industry is borne in upon anybody who studies the operation of the 4-L. When you hear workers commending their employers in terms of near affection, that is peace in industry. When you hear employers expressing pride in their employees and exalting the morale and loyalty of their workers, that is peace in industry. And that is exactly what the writer heard in conversations with members of nearly a dozen local 4-L organizations at the Labor day picnic at Silverton.

"What is there about industry that should not make for peace? There must naturally be a mutuality of interest in the profits. If the profits are large, there will be more money with which to pay workers and more for interest and dividends on the investment. This is a thing that should make both employer and employee interested in making the enterprise successful. There could be nothing to create a more mutual and more common desire in both ranks to help the industry along. Then all that is required to create peace is the application of a little intelligence and a little conscience in the distribution of the profits.

"This is exactly what the 4-L has done. At a time of great crisis in the late war, when the lumber industry seemed about to be tied up, with the allies calling for airplanes and lumber for ship-buildings, certain agreements were reached between employers and employees. These agreements became a system. In this system an equal number of representatives from both meet to iron out differences. If they cannot agree locally, the issue is carried to the district board, in which, again, there is equal representation of both employers and workers.

"If there is no agreement before the district boards, there can be appeal to the general board, a proceeding rarely invoked in the 4-L in the Northwest states. The general board appeal is seldom necessary, because such a relation has been established that there is confidence of the workers in their employers and faith of the employers in their employees.

"You can see this confidence of one in the other in any 4-L organization in the Northwest. You can hear of it by conversation with any 4-L employer or any 4-L worker. It exists. It is actually here. Its efficiency has been proven through six years of operation. It has been proven on the board scale of 30 per cent of the lumber industry in three Northwest states.

"The organization has exploded the old cry that there can be nothing else but war between capital and labor. It has discredited the notion that an employer must hate his workers and that his workers must hate their employer. It has proven that their interests are mutual, not antagonistic. It has demonstrated in six years of actual trial that peace in industry furrows the welfare, the prosperity and the happiness of employer and employee.

"If you want a concrete proof of all this, drive out to the beautiful little city of Silverton. You will find it after a drive of 45 miles over a perfect highway. What you will see is workers housed in homes in which they take great pride. You will see them taking great interest in their community and city, proud of its appointments and helping forward its improvement. You will see them contented, happy and full of hope. You will hear them tell you that peace in industry is a godsend to the worker, hope for the nation, and the will of God."

Frank Irvine, editor of the Portland Journal, was the orator of the Labor day celebration at Silverton. He was evidently thoroughly sold on the 4-L idea of organization for industry. The same or similar ideas have been adopted in the tailoring industry and in jewelry manufacturing and other lines in different sections of the country. The 4-L plan appealed strongly to the writer when it was first put into practice in this territory, and the fact that it has stood the test of time gives it further sanction.

EUROPE REVIVING

The finishing touches have been put on all the preliminary work and Europe is now on the rapid road to recovery. In fact Germany paid twenty million gold marks into the indemnity fund as evidence of good faith. All reports from Europe agree that Europe has gone to work. It took them nearly six years to do this, and finally the trick was turned through the efforts of the American commission, commonly known as the Dawes commission. America has every reason to rejoice. In the first place we want

stability everywhere. In the next place it is to our advantage to have stability. If a world at peace is a working world, a consuming world, and a purchasing world, and while the prices may not be so big as in war times, conditions are so much more settled that the result is more satisfactory in every way.

Some skeptics say that the economic and industrial restoration of Europe would be unfortunate for American industry and business. They reason that the speeding up of industry across the Atlantic would be followed by an invasion of European goods into the

United States and into the markets of other countries, in sharp competition with American goods.

But the weight of the best authoritative judgment condemns that view as false and superficial. The world, they say, has been suffering from the appalling and unprecedented destruction of war, and the sooner the war's wreckage can be cleared away and prosperity, contentment and happiness restored to the suffering peoples of the old world, the better will it be for all the nations of the world, including the United States.

The danger of an influx of foreign goods into the American markets, it is pointed out, can be prevented by our tariff laws, and the benefits of a full restoration of industry and prosperity to Europe would quickly come to the American people. The speeding up of industry across the Atlantic will cause an increased demand for the raw materials of the United States—for copper, lead and zinc, for forest products, for cotton and all the surplus products of the American farm, dairy, orchard and ranch.

It is a false philosophy that teaches one to think that his neighbor's misfortune is his good fortune and, conversely, that his neighbor's prosperity will be detrimental to his welfare.

A NEW DEPARTURE

The Oregon Teachers' Monthly, the organ of the teachers of this state, is in receipt of a number of books of special interest to teachers. In looking over the list yesterday our attention was attracted especially by one book which we regard as one of the most remarkable achievements of the age in literature. It is an adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." In other words it is telling this remarkable story in a language understandable by children.

The world has accepted "Les Miserables" as the greatest novel ever written. The reason it is the greatest is because it has told the most human story in a way that people can not forget and can not put aside. It is not a preachment but it is a book every line of which is wholesome and every line of which has a moral, even if none is pointed out. Jean Valjean is the greatest character in fiction. He stands out so ruggedly that to most people he is a personality.

It is hard to think that this great character that has been portrayed in a way to make us all love him and follow his career as closely as we do that of Joan d'Arc, is a child of Victor Hugo's imagination. Such is the case. There are other characters in the book as vivid, almost as human. Altogether the book is wholesome and inspiring and has done much to uplift the world.

We need to get this sort of literature to the children. The book itself is entirely too heavy for a child to read. In fact it is hardly enjoyable by any but grown people. It is a masterpiece all the way through, but this adaptation by Ettie Lee of Los Angeles puts this remarkable story in the hands of the children of America.

We have heard a good deal about books that ought to be in every library. That's a trite expression, but here is a book that ought to be in the hands of every child in America. The story of Jean Valjean and the kindred characters that go to make up the book "Les Miserables" is a story of heart interest, of human interest and of character analysis that is unequalled.

The book is published by Boni & Liveright, Inc., 61 West 48th street, New York. This is not a review of it. This is a mere statement of the purpose Miss Lee had in her heart, and calling attention to the product of her efforts.

The Oregon Statesman trusts that this book will meet with the reception it deserves. The children need it, and the older people need to get it to the children.

THE WHY OF PERSHING

Newton D. Baker is out with another explanation as to why General Pershing was preferred over General Wood to lead the armies of America. It is the specious plea of an advocate. It is in no sense a calm discussion of history.

General Wood was entitled to that position. The American people know this and they have not ceased to resent the fact that he was not appointed. General Wood did not belong to the military coterie that ruled the army. He was not a West Point man. He was a product of favorable circumstances, but his wonderful administrative genius, his talent for getting along with men, made him a leader wherever he was placed.

President Wilson took a dislike to him and refused to appoint him. That is all there was to it. He was afraid it would be accepted as furthering the influence of Roosevelt in the war. Wood being a great admirer of Roosevelt,

WHERE THE CROWDS ARE

One man laments that crowds follow buncombe while science talks to empty seats. The situation is not so bad as this, although it is bad enough. The man who palavers is the man who attracts. He may not have very many wares to sell, but he advertises them well and the public thinks he has big stock.

The scientist is a retiring individual who shrinks from publicity. He is very apt to feel neglected, but he must blame only himself. The world has no time to go to the dark places and pull out the men who may have talent but have no faculty for self-advancement. The world is so busy that it must concern itself with its own affairs, and a man can easily drop out without being missed, and the absence of a man who would profitably be in line can not be felt. Too much is going on for individuals to claim attention, and the scientist will probably always be neglected. Men are so busy pushing themselves that they haven't time to push him even if they had the inclination, which is doubtful.

ENFORCE THE LAW

It is a scandal that the blue-sky law is not enforced. If there is anything the matter with the law the administration should frankly tell the people, so that something definite can be formulated for the next legislature. The people of Oregon are being fleeced of millions, yes, actually millions because this law is not enforced. If the men who do this fleecing have the sanction of the blue sky law, the administrators of the law, as well as these men, ought to be in the penitentiary. If they do not have the sanction of the law the officials ought to be removed for not doing their duty. If there is anything the matter with the law the public ought to know it.

It is a shame that the people of Oregon are lured in this way into spending their hard earned money. It is time to call a halt. It is time to call things by their right names.

RURAL SCHOOL DEFECTS

We notice that the rural schools are again being whacked and charged with dereliction. The schools of any community are exactly a reflex of the community. The rural schools of this state have teachers who are conscientious and capable. We do not believe that they are slighting their work. If they were it would not be possible for so many boys and girls as now come, to come out of these schools and take commanding positions in life.

It is fashionable to attack these rural schools, but the fact remains that the products of the rural schools are putting rings around the products of the city schools.

THE COMMISSION ROW

The row in the public service commission is unfortunate in one respect, but it may be fortunate in another. Possibly that department may be put to work right. Possibly it needs to be abolished, as so many taxpayers petition. Anyway it should function for all the people. If it fails to do this there is something the matter with it.

It is a bad idea for the members of the board to air their grievances in the newspapers. It doesn't help anybody and it does hurt everybody.

JUDGE McCOURT

Judge John McCourt is seriously ill and grave concern is felt about his condition.

Judge McCourt is a great Oregonian. Around his sick bed the citizenship of the state gathers, earnestly anxious for any good news. Judge McCourt is needed on the bench. His decisions are above question and his knowledge of the law brings confidence.

Victim of Youthful Gun Affair Is Doing Nicely

The condition of Edward Snyder, who was shot through the body by Andrew Fairl, his youthful playmate, was reported to be rapidly improving up to an early hour this morning. The belief is expressed that the boy will live.

CHILEAN CABINET RESIGNS

SANTIAGO, Chile, Sept. 5.—The Chilean cabinet resigned today and President Alessandri is endeavoring to organize a coalition government.

Demonstrations were held in front of the Moneda palace and the parliament building. The stock market suspended operation during the afternoon.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 261

THE WAY HARRY UNDERWOOD TRIED TO IMPRESS MADGE

From somewhere I summoned the poise to bid Dr. Pettit a calm good morning, and in another minute there was a good mile between his tense white face and Harry Underwood's. But we traveled another mile before the man at my side spoke. I guessed that the encounter had touched him more nearly than he wished me to know, and that he was battling to recover his usual insouciant demeanor.

"Pleasant lad, Herbie," he drawled at last. "Something about him taking to the eye, so endearing, don't you know. Is he still writing sonnets to your eye-brows and emitting furnace-like sighs when you are around?"

"I was not aware that he ever—" I began frigidly, when Mr. Underwood cut short my protest with an incredulous laugh, just a trifle too loud and too care-free to be wholly convincing as to its genuineness.

"This Breaks the Record"

"Don't try to draw any wool over your Uncle Dudley's eyes," he said. "For he wasn't born yesterday or even the day before. I can remember only too well when the poor old sawbones had any moon-struck calf of twenty backed off the boards. Many's the time I've refrained from kicking him only because I did so hate to disturb a good toe-polish. And so he's still pursuing you! Now, if he were only a villain like me! It's all according to Hoyle to have a villain pursue you, but when it comes to having a pined—"

"Do stop talking such utter nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Dr. Pettit is madly in love with an attractive young western girl named Claire Foster. They were engaged, I think, but something, I do not know what, happened."

"Probably Claire came out from the other," Mr. Underwood interjected. "But I paid no attention, and finished my sentence—and he has been very down-hearted ever since."

"Well! I thought my opinion of him was as low as my mental

thermometer could possibly register," he rejoined. "but this simply breaks the record. He breathed the same air that you did, and then—he fell in love with a western girl."

I had hard work to keep back a laugh, and then I contemptuously forced something else back also—an undeniable thrill of vanity at something in his voice beneath the extravagance.

An Attempt at Flattery

"We are coming into Brighton," I said hurriedly. "One of my errands is completed. Thanks to our meeting Dr. Pettit. But I have three others. Mr. Smythe-Hopkins wishes a garage mechanic sent back to his car, his butler notified to send another car down to the farm for the family, and a telegram dispatched to Dr. Y. at this address."

I took my right hand from the wheel and extracted from the pocket of my motor coat the scribbled paper Mr. Smythe-Hopkins had given me. This I held out to Mr. Underwood. When he took it he enfolded my hand also in his, as if by accident, and laughed shortly as I hurriedly removed it. "I'm still 'had medicine,' I see," he said with a note of bitterness. "I do not remember that I permitted you to hold my hand when you were good medicine," I replied spiritedly.

"Sure you never wanted me to?" he asked teasingly, and I saw that he was in one of his old reckless moods. But it changed on the moment, much to my relief. "Sorry," he said contritely. "I won't tease any more. Now, about these messages. We pass a garage in the next block which will do as well as any other, and I hope they sock it good to the Smythe-Hopkins pocketbook. As for the other messages—they can wait until we get to the house. I'll have the butler get Dr. Y. on the telephone, that will be quicker than a telegram, and he can also send the car out. So we'll save time all around. Here's the garage. You'd better talk to the man. I don't want to use this accent any more than I have to. It twists my tongue all out of shape."

We drew up at the garage, and I gave the owner directions for finding the farmhouse. And when we set off at renewed speed for Southampton, Harry Underwood settled back into his seat with an exaggerated sigh of relief. "I only wish your father had told you to take me to San Francisco instead of Greenport," he said. "I'd ask nothing more of life!"

To Be Continued

The motto usually runs, put off until tomorrow what you don't absolutely have to do today.

THREE MINUTE TALES By Ad Schuster

Taking the First

"I will marry the one who first proposes."

Leona Murray settled the problem of two suitors, of impeccable youth and affluent middle age with this decision. For Fred Dashin, her young admirer, she held a mixed feeling of resentment and admiration. Had he not been so bashful he might have won long ago and there would have been no perplexing question. As to Aylott Plam, well, he could provide a good home, was not much over 40, and was good looking.

Perhaps, if she had not been influenced by her parents the girl would have accepted neither, or it might have been she would have discouraged Aylott. For weeks she had received the attention of both, hoping that Fred would summon sufficient courage to say the words which would rescue her from Aylott and the plans of a father and mother. And now, rendered desperate, she was determined to say "yes" to the first who asked.

Something of the seriousness of the situation may have occurred to Fred Dashin for he tried bravely to put the question. Obstinate Leona refused to help. She would never marry a coward, she told herself. If she were worth having she were worth the asking. So Fred stammered, ran his hand around his collar, and talked of the prospects for business with the election out of the way.

When he left he took home with him the declaration he should have made. He even took it to his office and voiced it, bravely this time, into a dictaphone. With the windows closed and the keyholes locked he spoke the tender words of love putting into them unconsciously, the tones and the tricks of a man dictating a letter.

"Leona," he started, "there is a matter of importance I would like to, ahem, call to your attention. It had occurred to me, er—hrrm, will you marry me?" As it struck him there was an anonymous quality about the declaration and she might not be able to recognize the voice he added, "This is Fred Dashin speaking."

The rest would be simple. Leona's father still owned one of the old fashioned talking machines designed for cylindrical records. He would send this one to the girl, count upon her playing it alone, for the father detested music, and await his answer. In this way, he reflected he would get in a pro-

posal before the next evening when Aylott would call on Leona and it was just possible that every moment would count.

Leona received the package and recognized the writing as Fred's and refused to honor the gift with a trial. He had had his opportunity, she decided, and passed it by. Now she would give Aylott the chance and Aylott was romantic and eager. With the least encouragement he would propose, she would accept, and Fred Dashin could go through life with a broken heart. Strangely, the idea seemed to comfort the girl.

Aylott Plam, dressed in his best, expressed determination in every line when he called that evening. His long hair which gave a poetic appearance was glossed with a marvelous preparation which he hitherto held in contempt.

"Leona," he said, "this is a marvelous evening. The moon was made for poetry and love. It is the perfect opportunity. And Aylott paused to give the girl the full benefits of an adoring gaze."

The proposal was coming. She would accept him. Leona knew there was no backing out now, and that the plans she had cherished were about to be killed forever. Aylott's glance fell upon the talking machine and a new thought came.

"Place a record there," he said, "music, and the moon, and a beautiful girl—an evening which may be remembered all of our lives."

The girl, wishing desperately that a storm would break to carry her, Aylott, and the house away that this proposal might be averted, fitted the cylinder to the machine. She started at the sound of Fred's voice but her astonishment was as nothing compared to that of Aylott.

"Leona," he heard the machine saying, "there is a matter of importance I would like to, ahem, call to your attention. It has occurred to me, er—hrrm—will you marry me?"

"Shut it off! Shut it off! That's not music."

It may be said for Aylott that he persisted in spite of the embarrassing interruption. Leona stopped him.

"I cannot marry you, Aylott," she said, "because I have accepted another."

Tomorrow: The Test of President Drake.

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FUTURE DATES

- September 12, Friday—National Defense day.
September 15, Monday, Willamette university opens.
September 23-27, Oregon State fair.
September 17, Wednesday—Constitution day.
September 29, Monday—Salem public schools start.
November 11, Tuesday—Armistice day.

What's the News?"

WHEN Columbus and his caravels returned from the New World, the first question shouted from the shore was, "What's the news?"

That's always the question of paramount importance. Years ago folks asked it of the post rider, the soldier returned from the wars, the man who had been down to the settlements, or the neighbor back from the general store.

Today, you find the answer in your newspaper. Through the newspapers the news of the world and of the community quickly becomes public knowledge. And remember this—it takes two kinds of news to make a modern paper complete.

The first tells of happenings near and far—of fires, sports, elections, accidents, marriages, deaths, great men, great events.

The second tells of things you eat, wear and use—things you buy, things being sold to your friends and neighbors. This news is advertising.

It's just as important to keep up-to-date on the advertising in this paper as it is to read about what's doing in the world of events.

Advertising is an essential news service. It is distinctly to your advantage to be guided by it.