

The Oregon Statesman

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

September 26, 1924 NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS:—Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.—Acts 10:34, 35. PRAYER:—O God, we thank Thee that Thy love is universal, and Thy loving kindness is over all Thy works.

"THE OREGON WALNUT" (From yesterday's Portland Telegram.) "Your grocer asked you today 40 cents a pound for good Oregon walnuts. Fifteen cents to the grower and twenty-five cents to the consumer would be a fair market price and distribution, if we had enough walnuts. These prohibitory high prices would not prevail if we had half as many walnuts as we could easily raise.

"A recent Free Laneer writer advocated the copious planting of walnuts all over the state, until the state shall have become famous as the 'Walnut State,' with walnuts growing on every hillside, along every highway and in every door yard. He would make the nuts on the roadside rows free to all passers by.

"The so-called English walnut is generally conceded to be the best nut on earth. Oregon grown nuts of this kind are the best of all. Any householder who can spare a plot thirty feet square in his yard for the growing of a prolific, well shaped walnut tree will find it pays its ground rent most generously. One can hardly go wrong in planting a good walnut tree.

"But walnuts do not come by simply planting walnut trees. The easiest part of growing any kind of an orchard is the planting. You cannot cast a walnut into the soil, turn your back for a season, then turn around and pick your luscious walnuts. The walnut tree needs cultivation as does any other kind of a bearing tree."

"Where does the Portland Telegram get the idea, given out in the above, that 15 cents a pound to the grower and 25 cents a pound to the consumer would be about right for Oregon grown walnuts of the best quality?"

"That would mean only 12 to 13 cents a pound for California's best 'budded' brands, for the Oregon grafted Franquettes are worth 2 to 3 cents more in the markets, and in actual value, than California's best—"

"And the Telegram's editor will not be able in a hurry to convince the California growers that they should sell their best walnuts as low as that."

"However, there would be good money in Oregon walnuts even at 15 cents a pound to the grower, if the price could be stabilized, year after year, at that price—"

"But Oregon growers of grafted Franquettes are not likely to be obliged to accept such a low price for a long, long time; and, whatever the ruling prices of walnuts in this country, Oregon walnuts will always sell at higher prices than those produced elsewhere in this country, and perhaps any other country. (Counting western Washington also in our territory.)"

"No, walnuts do not come by simply planting walnut trees. They must have the right soils and proper cultivation; and they must also have pollinizers—"

"But after walnut trees are once thoroughly established in the right locations and surrounded by the proper conditions, and given a little age, they will come as near taking care of themselves as any other tree that grows, with the possible exception of filbert trees."

"And we are not likely to have, in the next 50 years, too many walnut and filbert trees of the right varieties and with the proper pollinizers, and in the right locations, in the Willamette valley, or elsewhere in Oregon or Washington."

"Advance of prices in both wheat and corn during the past ten days has been further evidence of gain in agricultural prosperity, and there is a good deal to show that the end of this movement has not yet been reached," says the current bulletin of Henry Clews & Co., Wall street authorities. That sounds good. Listens well to all the farmers of the Salem district and to all the other people here.

Troutdale, Oregon, celery has once more won first prize at the national vegetable show—beating the famous product of the Kalamazoo, Mich., district for the third time. The Labish Meadows gardeners, near Salem, grow as good a celery as Troutdale produces, and they market about thirty times as much of it. They send their celery as far as Birmingham, Alabama, competing with Kalamazoo's best. And they receive a dollar a crate above the price paid for California's best. So we can say without stretching the truth that we grow the best celery in the world here in Marion county—some 250 car loads of it annually for outside markets; and going to raise 1000 car loads a year soon; and be still "going up."

NEED A SOCIETY There is an Oregon agricultural society. It seems to be the relic of an organization that was started in 1860 with 100 members and now has 28. That is a noble society in an historical way, but what Oregon needs is an active, energetic and enthusiastic agricultural society in the year 1924, and to be on its toes every minute from that time forward. Oregon is missing a lot. The agricultural society could do a work that is not being done. The OAC is doing its best and we are for it, but there are things that an agricultural society can do that it is not doing. We do not have the statistics we should have. We do not have the men actively in the field for this work that we need. Oregon is just finding itself and Oregon needs to look carefully after the agricultural details. Such societies have been found invaluable in other states and they have been a great help in state building. Oregon needs direct agricultural development. There is a work that can not be done through any

separate body. A secretary of agriculture is just as important for Oregon as a state as a secretary is for the United States as a nation. We wish there was some way for Judge d'Arcy to make his society function today, open it for every resident of the state of Oregon and do this crop work which is so necessary. It is true that the government is doing a lot, but we need our own organization.

FUNNIER THAN EVER The Corvallis Gazette-Times takes exception to the Oregon Statesman on the primary. No matter what is said we deplore the fact that certain independent interests tried to use the primary in Washington. Under the old convention system the caucuses would be packed with the same set of fellows that go from ward to ward. This has been done thousands of times in America. The primary is not perfect. There are defects in the Oregon primary law, but it is so far ahead of the old convention system that nobody with any political interest would urge to return to the old

erating the primary do so by pretending to want to improve it. They may be fooling themselves, which is doubtless, but they are not fooling anybody else. There are just two systems—the primary system and the caucus system.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE

The Oregon Statesman is in receipt of a very interesting booklet which gives the text of the exchange of letters between John L. Lewis of the Mine Workers' Union and Warren S. Stone of the Locomotive Engineers. The latter organization owns three mines and a strike is now on. Lewis represents the miners. The letters disclose that when employees become employers they follow precisely the same tactics as their predecessors.

"Since April 1," Mr. Lewis writes Mr. Stone, "the men employed at your mines have been engaged in a strike, due to the fact that the Coal River Collieries company has refused to renew its agreement with the United Mine Workers of America.

"We want to run a union mine, and expect to run one if we run it at all," answers Mr. Stone, "but it is impossible to do so when the non-union fields around us can produce coal so much more cheaply and have a monopoly on the entire market. If it comes to the point that we have to pay 18 cents more a ton than we can sell the coal for after it is loaded on the cars, without even considering any return for our investment and without taking care of our overhead, we are up against a serious problem, and I think you must realize it."

Mr. Lewis replied: "The question of efficient management and low-cost production to enable you to remain in the market with competing coal companies is one that must be dealt with by your corporation. It is a problem that forever confronts one who elects to become a coal operator."

The union man as employer refuses to pay higher wages than are compatible with a profit. On the other hand, the union man employed by union men refuse to take any responsibility for the profits of the concern.

OUR NEW HIGH SCHOOL It is with a good deal of pride that the people of Salem look upon the Parrish junior high school. It is a splendid building and testifies the interest Salem has in education. Our educational institutions must be made attractive. They must be made attractive that the children will learn to love them. A child educated in a building should love that building. They do so if the building is a work of art. In the churches they are getting to have magnificent buildings in order to keep the interest of the attendance. People love to worship in beautiful churches. Likewise children like to go to school in beautiful schools. The citizens of Salem want the children to have the very best, and they are getting it. That is the fine thing about it.

TO CAPTURE THE COUNTRY? Is it possible that certain United States senators have set out deliberately to capture the country? Senators La Follette and Wheeler are running for president and vice president on the issue to curtail the power of the supreme court. If they should be elected would it also mean that they would minimize the offices of president and vice president and make them subservient to a clique in the United States senate?

ONLY IN THE NORTH Perhaps you have noticed that Senator La Follette is not making any campaign in the south. He is going into the states where he thinks he can hurt the republicans the worst. In any state where he believes he would draw from the democrats he very carefully avoids. This is more than a coincidence.

ARE HOSTESSES SILVERTON, Ore., Sept. 24.—(Special to The Statesman.)—Mrs. Jalmer Refsland and her three sisters, Miss Nettie Hattberg, Miss Anne Hattberg and Miss Agnes Hattberg, were hostesses to the Dorcas society at the Refsland home on Pine street Tuesday evening. About sixty members and friends were present. The business occupied the early part of the evening. This was devoted to discussion concerning the mission festival which will be held at Trinity church this coming Sunday. The Dorcas society will have charge of all arrangements.

When your girl is out of town you can loaf around a drug store



The Peevish Pansel With fury flashed her coal-black eyes; Her bosom rose and fell— 'Twould take a dozen stanzas This maiden's wrath to tell.

"Oh, let me at that villain there!" She cried in piercing tone; When passers-by restrained her She shrieked with moan on moan.

"Now is this man your faithless spouse?" "Oh, no, it is not that!" "Then isn't he your sweetheart, With whom you've had a spat?"

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Drop "has rang", and say "has rung." Men are "hanged" and pictures "hung."

Some feel sad, but none feel sadly. Say "feel bad" and not "feel badly."

Owls may say "To-whit, to who?" Men should say "To whom?" Do you?

Her Drawback "Miss Petite has only one drawback that I dislike." "What is that?" "When she draws back her head from my shoulder." —W.S.

And What a Fall There Was, My Countrymen! Bing: "What caused you to fall?" Bang: "A slip of a girl made me tumble." \* \* \*

THE EDITOR'S GOSSIP SHOP Regarding the very popular WALLY THE MYSTIC series: If you have any question on etiquette you wish answered by WALLY, send your request to the Editor, THE FUN SHOP, attention WALLY THE MYSTIC.

The Editor's Gossip Shop Summer is gone—Fall is here. The cooler, zipper weather of this welcome season should be productive of much good humor.

Flaming Youth She Must Have Been Ill The handsome young doctor had been called to attend an attractive young woman. He entered the young lady's home expecting to find her suffering from some mild indisposition, but the moment that he was there he realized that he had made a mistake. Obviously the young woman was seriously ill.

Time Enough Later. Dear Wally: I'm in a fright. Tomorrow is my wedding night. You see, I don't know how to cook. Shall I withdraw? Yours, INNA NOOK.

Dear Wally: Get your cooking lore, When honeymooning time is o'er. Have hubby get some life insurance. May heaven bless him with endurance.

Must Be Lived Down. Dear Wally: I cannot decide. If I should be a blushing bride, I love him, and I am not fickle. But his name's DH and mine is PICKLE.

Dear Pickle: You must stand the gaff. Of course the world is sure to laugh. Be sweet, and let your marriage be The fifty-eighth variety.

Kiddie Kapers. Mildred, aged five, came running into the house on a very hot day, recently. Looking at the perspiration on her hands and face she cried: "Oh mother, look at the juice coming out of me." —Mrs. H. T.

On To Him. Buck: "I'll think up a good excuse for you to give when you get home." Huck: "Don't waste your time. My wife is a mind-reader." —Gustave Pitenger.

The Flight of Time First Crook: "How'd y' pass d' winter, Bill?" Second Crook: "I lived on me reputation." First Crook: "Gosh, didn't y' starve almost t' death?" Second Crook: "Naw—I wuz in jail." —Albert Hendy.

In The Dictionary Shaw: "I understand now why the landlord called this 'model' apartment." Mrs. Shaw: "Why, dear—because it is so up-to-date?" Shaw: "No; because a 'model' means a small imitation of the real thing." —Lorna Bond.

Forgot Himself Dick: "I never saw Jones look so cheerful and self-reliant as he does today. I wonder what caused the change?" Charles: "He told me a book agent asked to see the head of the house, last night, and his wife called him." —Andrew Krennick.

Grammatical Jingle-Jingles By Percival Prim Watch your step, and bear in mind One should never say "those

THREE MINUTE TALES By Ad Schuster

THE LAST CARD

"I was going to say," Mr. Parfinkle's housekeeper lifted her chin, "I was going to say I was a bit sorry to quit your service but being as you have called my intended a goat, my feelings has altered."

Parfinkle sighed. "Ellen," he said, "Nobody in the United States can cook pancakes like you. I admire the quiet way you have of running about your duties, but as much as I treasure you as a housekeeper, I would not stand in the way of your happiness if I thought the man worth it. I repeat, Rufus Twigg is a goat and you'll live to see it."

"I gave notice for two weeks from today and I stays by what I said. If it hadn't been I'd worked for you so long that I know how to take your peculiarities I'd quit on the minute. Rufus is no more of a goat than you are."

"Two weeks," said Parfinkle to himself when she had retired to the kitchen. "I have just two weeks to change her mind or show up Rufus in his true colors. Well, I'll have to start at once."

It may be said for Mr. Parfinkle that his thoughts were not altogether selfish. The whole town, except for Ellen, knew Rufus Twigg as a fat and indolent man who saw in Ellen a good cook and the possessor of a savings account. Rufus had been calling at the Parfinkle house for a year, had smoked the Parfinkle cigars and, at last, when the box was locked and Parfinkle had displayed frank amity, had proposed.

"Mr. Twigg," Parfinkle started in on his campaign early next morning. "is the man who eats a great deal. I have an idea he will demand that his wife spend most of her time in the kitchen and that the grocery bills will be high."

"There is nothing I like better than cooking," the housekeeper replied, "and nothing I see through easier than your tricks."

Parfinkle checked off the first attempt as a failure and was more careful with the second.

"Ellen, you are a trusting girl," he began, noting the response given the designation, "just the sort who could be fooled by a designing man." He lowered his voice and tried to speak as a father.

"Have you never noticed that Rufus is wild? He stays out nights, he—But Ellen laughed.

"If Rufus is wild," she observed, "I'll tame him. And I may add without meaning impertinence, that you are not coming up to expectations. Very clumsy and crude, I call it, trying to belittle a man like Rufus behind his back."

Parfinkle knew she was right. He had gone at this thing wrong from the start. Because this woman had respected his opinion in the past it did not follow she

would listen when Rufus was concerned. He would have to find another way.

The next day Parfinkle was humble and resigned. "I have decided," he said, "that I am getting old and crabbed. You will notice the cigar box is no longer locked. Invite your friend to call in my library. I will make amends and some day, who knows? after you are married you may invite me over for a feast of your pancakes." Parfinkle looked sad and Ellen beamed.

"There, now," she said, "you are talking like the regular gentleman what I know you are."

That evening when Rufus arrived to pay court within reach of the Parfinkle cigars, he found Parfinkle setting up a stereopticon.

"Just a minute," Parfinkle said. "I have a new purchase here and some interesting slides, I will bother you but a moment but I'd like you and Ellen to see these pictures."

He hung a sheet on the wall, pointed the lantern, arranged seats for his audience, and turned off the lights. The lantern threw a shaft of light across the room while Parfinkle, altering the focus, made the bright circle on the sheet expand and contract.

There were but a few pictures, then he turned the lantern, throwing the beam fair upon the face of Rufus.

It was a fat face, bald at the top and peaked at the chin with a sparse and pointed beard. Rufus faced the lantern, blinked and turned away so his profile was mercilessly in view. The light pierced the pointed beard and showed the outline of face beneath. Parfinkle turned out the lantern, clicked on the lights, and departed.

Next morning Ellen served pancakes for the first time since the argument had started. Parfinkle knew there was something on her mind and was content to wait.

"You think you're smart," said Ellen, "and I guess you are. Anyway you won on your last card. I'd never marry a man with a chin like that and I guess you knew it."

"Ellen," said Parfinkle blandly, "these are the best pancakes I ever ate."

AUMSVILLE SCHOOL OPENS.

The Amos M. Davis memorial high school of Aumsville registered last Monday just 100 per cent more than was registered on the opening day last year. The courses offered include the college preparatory, commercial, and teachers' training. A domestic science course may be added later.

There are nearly twice as many boys enrolled as there are girls. A great many more have signified their intention to enroll within the next few days.

The following teachers have been added to the faculty: Miss Florence Klamp, J. M. Fulton and Mrs. George. Mrs. Zena Thomas will instruct in music, instrumental and vocal; D. B. Parkes will direct the athletics. Our splendid

COMING TO SALEM Dr. Mellenthin SPECIALIST

in Internal Medicine for the past twelve years

DOES NOT OPERATE Will be at Marlon Hotel Thursday, October 2

Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. One Day Only No Charge for Consultation

Dr. Mellenthin is a regular graduate in medicine and surgery and is licensed by the state of Oregon. He does not operate for chronic appendicitis, gall stones, ulcers of stomach, tonsils or adenoids.

He has to his credit wonderful results in diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, blood, skin, nerves, heart, kidney, bladder, bed wetting, catarrh, weak lungs, rheumatism, sciatica, leg ulcers and rectal ailments.

Below are the names of a few of his many satisfied patients in Oregon: Mrs. J. W. Haynes, North Powder Ore., goitre.

Mrs. Alice Williams, Malheur, Ore., heart trouble and high blood pressure. Uno Sjorob, Astoria, Ore., appendicitis. H. Deggeler, Silverton, Ore., ulcer of the stomach.

Mrs. Geo. A. Gillman, Coquille, Ore., gall stones. Mrs. M. E. Garson, Silverton, Ore., high blood pressure. Mrs. J. M. Bowers, Toledo, Ore., gall stones.

August Erickson, Lakeside, Ore., kidney trouble. Remember above date, that consultation on this trip will be free and that his treatment is different.

Married women must be accompanied by their husbands. Address: 211 Broadway Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

FUTURE DATES

September 22-27, Oregon State fair, September 29, Monday—Salem public schools start.

September 30-October 2.—State convention of Congregational churches. October 5 to 16—YMCA campaign for \$200,000 building.

October 10, Friday—Recital at Walker hall by Prof. Horace Babcock for benefit of Salem Women's club house.

For Railroad information CALL 41 or 80 SOUTHERN PACIFIC CITY OFFICE 184 LIBERTY ST. S.P. STATION 12th AND OAK

The Perfect Davenport Bed. Now on display in the new Pavilion at the Fairgrounds. Priced as low as \$95.00. A Real Davenport. And a Real Bed All in One. Construction Upholstering Frame Feet. Your Credit is Good Here We Charge No Interest. C.S. Hamilton GOOD FURNITURE. Your used goods taken in exchange.