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WE SHOULD HAVE GRAPE JUICE FACTORIES

The Slogan editor is by no means alone in his belief that Salem ought to become the center of a great grape industry; that we should have here grape juice factories—

Though he was almost alone in this belief up to a few years ago.

Salem ought to become the Westfield of Oregon, and the Salem district the Chautauqua grape belt of the Pacific Coast—

Because nature has made this possible. This will require grape juice factories, and we should have also jam and jelly factories, and vinegar factories, taking a huge annual tonnage of grapes.

Our people can produce the grapes; are producing more of them each year. They cannot make much of a success in average years with European grapes here—

But they can grow as good grapes of the American family; of the Vitis Labrusca, or Northern Fox varieties, the Concord kinds, the grape juice kinds, as can be produced any where, and as many pounds to the acre, and at as low a cost, or lower.

In all the planting in the Salem district, chief attention is being and should be paid to the American varieties, for two reasons. First, they are the kinds best adapted to our soils and our climatic conditions. Second, they are the kinds needed in jelly and jam making and in grape juice manufacturing. The more of the American varieties of grapes our farmers grow, the nearer they will approach the coming time of extensive grape juice manufacturing, and when that time comes there will be a good market for the product of all the large and small plantings of the right kinds that may be made from this time on.

One enthusiastic man, with organizing ability and a vision, could make Salem the Westfield of Oregon, and the Salem district the Chautauqua grape belt of the Pacific Coast—

And the time is ripe for him now. Or one far seeing family, like the Welsh grape juice family, could do this. There are enough grapes of the Concord kinds grown here now to give a grape juice factory a start in raw materials. And the growing end of the industry would expand as fast as factory and market facilities justified.

Why should this coast be sending money away for its grape juice supplies, when they can be grown and put up here at home?

A WORTHY PLEA

In 1876 in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of American independence the Statue of Liberty was erected at the entrance to New York harbor. It was the gift of France who had sent LaFayette and others of her patriots to this country to help win American independence.

Now almost a half century since the erection of this Statue of Liberty at the chief Eastern gateway to the United States, France plans a monument to be placed in the harbor of St. Nazaire, to mark the landing place of the first American troops to take part in the World War in France. This soldiers' memorial will be the French Statue of Liberty.

The plan of this memorial is the symbolic figure of an eagle coming to rest on a rock bearing an American soldier on its outstretched wings, the soldier carrying a crusader's sword.

The dedication of this memorial is planned for the twenty-eighth of June next, which date is an anniversary of the arrival of the first contingent of American troops under Major-General Sibert.

A plea for funds for the erection of this monument is now being made in this country. It is a timely plea and merits a generous response.

A NEW ERA

A new era is ahead for agriculture because it now commands the best economic thought of the business world on distribution and marketing. It is of little value to the farmer to produce more abundantly of any one crop or of many crops unless he can obtain ready markets which will yield for him fair profits on his labor and investments.

The crop and livestock producer is today far removed from the consumers and between him and them are several intermediate agencies which share in the final selling price of his produce. It is good sound business method then for him to apply to agriculture those principles of production and distribution found successful in other industries.

As manufacturing industries produce in such quantities and of such quality of goods as will demand market attention so must farm producers concentrate on products in their communities, which will be sufficient in quantity and standard quality to command markets. The next step is to pool these products and entrust their sale to some person or organization expert in selling. This is the kind of cooperation which offers one solution to the market problem—than which there is now no other farm problem more difficult.

HUMANE EDUCATION SPREADS

An annual event having for its object the teaching of kindness to animals has been launched recently in Germany. This procedure by so progressive a government of Europe will be a strong influence for similar action among all nations. Leaders in "Humane" education in the United States rejoice over the present outlook.

THE VICTORY

"We have met the enemy and they are ours" was the laconic expression of the celebrated Commodore in reporting his victory on Lake Erie. So might the peppy young OAC debaters who return to their alma mater to report the many worthy victories they have recently won. To the debating team, to OAC and to the state of Oregon, congratulations!



No one finds life, in days like these; A perfumed, flowery bed of ease; But that's no reason we should whine;

Laugh! And you'll think the world is fine!

Automatic "What makes you think women would make good traffic cops?" "Well—they change their minds every so often."

Bad Mistakes Friend: "Why did you discharge that new clerk?" Store Manager: "He made too many mistakes." Friend: "Lost you friends, eh?" Store Manager: "No! Made us friends."—Mrs. David Gruenberg.

See Wee! Tourist: "Have you met my wife?" Parisienne: "Oui." Tourist: "On the contrary, she's tremendous."—C. Lee Edson.

Etiquette "Come, Bobby dear," said mother to our four year old, "it's time to take your castor oil." "You hadn't ought to give me any, Mother," answered Bobby. "Why not?"

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 440

WHAT THE TAXI DRIVER DID TO PROVE MADGE'S SUSPICION JUST.

I never have counted myself a coward, yet when I recognized in my taxi driver the man whom Dicky had suspected of listening to our conversation upon the night we came to the Bliss apartment, I found myself shivering with unreasoning terror.

I tried to tell myself that his answering my call was a mere coincidence, but my remembrance of the warnings of Lillian and Harry Underwood, mingled with the recollection of the yashmak-veiled woman in the gray limousine who had so unmistakably trailed me down Fifth avenue, made me fear that there was something sinister behind his appearance in answer to my call.

Was he merely keeping track of my movements or perhaps—my blood chilled at the thought—did he mean to take me to some place other than the station I had named?

I put my rising hysteria down with a firm hand, for whether my danger was of espionage or of something worse, I knew that I must have control of all my faculties.

To Lillian's amusement, however, I never carry it loaded, although I always have a small box of cartridges for it. I knew that I could not load it, nor did I wish to, but I counted upon surprising the driver with its menace if he presumed to alter the course I had laid out.

I felt foolish and melodramatic indeed when he swung the taxi

"Cause I didn't say please."—Mrs. Alfred Reich.

LIFE'S A GAME For the diamond dealer, it's solitaire. For the busy kitchen man, it's poker.

For the structural engineer, it's bridge. For the man who is partial to some of the good old stuff, it's rum-my.

For the newly rich woman trying to break into high society, it's climbing. For the man who's constantly using his mouth for loud, blustering talk, it's shooting. For the man who's kicked about by everybody day by day, it's football.

For the cross word puzzler searching the dictionary, it's hunting.—Edward J. Older.

A Nice Prospect Lowell: "The radio is still in its infancy." Clarke: "Thank Heavens! Only for that they'd be broadcasting cross words."—Christine Kirkpatrick.

There are two causes of trouble in this world; money and the lack of it.

The driver had turned the car toward Sixth avenue. With a view of testing his purpose, I tapped sharply on the glass, and held my breath while I did so. Would he heed my signal or would he increase his speed?

I breathed a trifle more freely when he slackened pace, slipped the glass and held his hand in a listening posture. I fought the impulse to spring from the now slowly moving taxi. Instead, I spoke peremptorily.

A Wise Precaution.

"Please drive up Fifth avenue instead of Sixth as far as 28th street, then go across Seventh avenue and up that street to the station."

The man's reply was sulky but respectful.

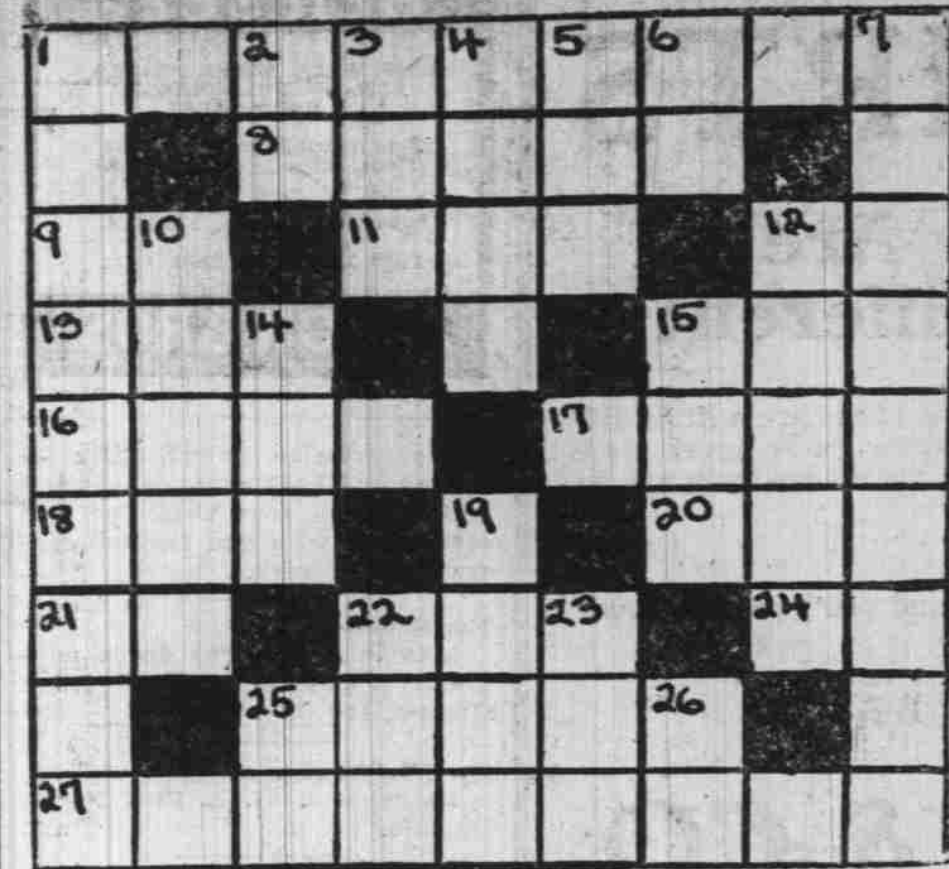
"More traffic that way, lady." "I have plenty of time," I retorted. "Take that route please."

He turned the taxi around and traveled the route I had indicated, and I watched him with tense nerves and muscles until he had turned into Fifth avenue. Then, with a wary eye upon his back, I delved into my bag for something without which I never have traveled since the hectic days when I aided Lillian in her secret service work. It is the tiny revolver which she gave me at that time, and in whose use she instructed me.

My first impulse was to shake him off, to get out of the station, go to a hotel and take the first train out in the morning. Then I saw the absurdity, to say nothing of the danger of such a proceeding. I longed suddenly for the safety and peace of the tranquil village near which I lived, and above all for the comfort and reassurance of Lillian's presence.

And I purposely made my request for a ticket to Sag Harbor loud enough so that the obsequious porter could hear it, and pretended not to see him when after finding me a seat in the train, he stood outside on the platform, watching until it should have pulled out.

Cross Word Puzzle



(Answer tomorrow)

ACROSS 1—Bad breath 2—Spaces 3—A state 11—Species of deer 12—A mess of type 13—Greatest ancestress 14—Gypsy 15—Highway 16—Winged insect 17—Simple 18—Rest 19—Termination 20—Washing vessels 21—Advertisement 22—Young bear 23—North east 24—Indian lord 25—Bugs for backs

DOWN 1—Bag under shoulder 2—Musical note 3—Anger 4—Elate 5—A tree 6—Steamship 7—Rapidity 10—Evade 11—Simple 14—Feed 15—Termination 19—Washing vessels 20—Head covering 21—Snake 22—A continent 26—Previous to this era

Into the causeway leading to the Long Island entrance. With a swift movement I pushed the little revolver into my bag again, closed it and took from my purse the sum of money which the meter registered, added a liberal tip and had it ready in my hand when he opened the door.

"Porter, ma'am?" One of the colored men at the entrance put out a hand toward my bag, and I surrendered it to him.

It was not particularly heavy, but the reaction from my foolish terror had left my knees with a distinct propensity to buckle beneath me, and I was glad indeed to walk unencumbered to the ticket office.

As hamed as I was of my unfounded fears, I yet retained enough of my suspicion of the taxi driver to turn my head quickly toward him as I started down the stairs. He was leaning from his taxi seat, regardless of a tooting impatient horn just behind him, and speaking with an air of earnestness to one of the colored porters. He did not see me, and I hurried on down the steps with a little premonition of the thing which happened a moment later.

We hardly had reached the foot of the stairs before a cautious call sounded behind us.

"Oh! Joe! Just a second!" The porter halted, as did I. The beckoning hand of the man to whom the taxi driver had spoken summoned him a few steps up the stairs. There were a few muttered words, then with a broad grin my porter returned.

"Scuse me, lady," he said, "that 'no-count niggah allays botherin' me fuh nuffin at all."

But I knew better. I was sure that he had been given instructions to find out my destination—although, indeed, any one familiar with my movements could have guessed that—and to report whether or not I boarded the eastwardbound train.

My first impulse was to shake him off, to get out of the station, go to a hotel and take the first train out in the morning. Then I saw the absurdity, to say nothing of the danger of such a proceeding. I longed suddenly for the safety and peace of the tranquil village near which I lived, and above all for the comfort and reassurance of Lillian's presence.

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THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

By GENE BYRNES



(To be continued)

Scalps That itch—that scale

You know it is germ trouble. Then destroy the germs. Sulphur does that. We scientists never hope to find a method better. But we have found ways to give that sulphur multiplied effects.

The new-day way is Mentho-Sulphur. Rub it into the scalp where scale occurs or itching. Note how quickly all the trouble disappears.

Dandruff and scale destroy the hair. Keep the scalp clean and the hair will be healthy. End at once, in the best way known, the parasites and scale.

Ask your druggist for a jar of Mentho-Sulphur. The first time you apply it you will know it is doing all that must be done. You do yourself injustice if you don't.

For Free Sample Address WHITEHALL PHARMACAL CO., Inc. 508 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

CONTROL BOARD TO VISIT PENDLETON

Site for State Hospital Wing to be Selected; Contractors Released

Members of the state board of control will be in Pendleton Friday with W. C. Knight, Portland architect, to stake out the ground for the \$225,000 wing of the Eastern Oregon State hospital authorized by the 1925 legislature. Knight & Howell, of Portland, are the supervising architects.

The board Wednesday appointed Orlo R. W. Hossack, of Portland, architect for the new pavilion at the state tuberculosis hospital, for which the legislature appropriated \$30,000. Plans for this work will be drawn immediately and advertising for bids begins as soon as possible.

Settlergen Bros., general contractors for the boys' training school at Woodburn, were relieved of the obligation to take protection from the state industrial accident commission. The board of control favors this, but owing to the firm in question having other work that would be compelled to come under the provisions of the state law if held to this one contract, it was decided to relieve them at this time. In the future state compensation will be demanded and will be included in future advertising for construction work.

Bits For Breakfast

It is no pipe dream—Nor grapevine dispatch—That we will get grape juice factories, as soon as we can get the right organizers.

Every farm in this section ought to have some grapes, of the best American varieties—looking to the time when they will be needed by the coming grape juice factories here.

Salem can be the Westfield of Oregon, with grape juice and grape basket factories, jam and jelly plants, etc. Why wait? Why not advertise for a man to organize the industry, and get busy?

There should be an honor roll kept of the hustlers who are putting over Salem's quota for the second linen mill. Their names ought to go down in history as the best bunch of boosters for their town who ever lived here up to the present time.

There is a Concord grape vine down on the Clyde La Pollett place at Wheatland that is about a foot and a half in diameter at

NO TIME TO HUNT for a doctor or drug store when suddenly seized with agonizing intestinal cramps, deadly nausea and prostrating diarrhoea. CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY gives warmth, comfort, ease from pain. Keep it always in your home.

Table with market prices for various goods like wheat, hay, and livestock.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Statesman

Published every morning (except Monday) at Salem, the capital of Oregon

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In order to earn the more than one time rate, advertisement must run in consecutive issues. No ad taken for less than 25 cents. Ads run Sunday only charged at one-time rate.

Advertisements (except "Personals" and "Situations Wanted") will be taken over the telephone if the advertiser is a subscriber to the Statesman. We receive advertisements at any time of the day or night. To insure proper classification ads should be in before 7 p. m. TELEPHONE 23 or 563

Money to Loan—On Real Estate—T. K. FORD (Over Ladd & Bush Bank)

BEFORE YOU LEAVE YOUR HOME Insured Properly

The Lutheran Settlement Bureau—will help both HOMESEEKER AND HOMESELLER

WE WRECK 'EM Parts for all cars. We sell for less. Get our prices on trailers. Salem Auto Wrecking Co., 402 S. Church street. Phone 2162 N. 1st.

SCHEPPEL AUTO WRECKING CO. will buy your old car. Highest cash price paid. 1985 N. Commercial St. 1-1817

AUTO TOPS 5 SEE US FOR TOP AND PAINT WORK. O. J. Hill Auto Top & Paint Shop. Rear fire department. 5-1816

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS, 217 1/2

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