

The Oregon Statesman

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June 17, 1925
 NEED OF DAILY PRAYER—Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Psalm 19:13.

THE NEXT BEST BET FOR SALEM

John L. Brady, formerly editor of The Statesman and now editor of the Idaho State Journal at Pocatello, sends the following note:

"I noted your editorial about the by-products of sugar beets. I had occasion to go over the Minadoka project recently and learned that the growers averaged \$8 an acre for the beet tops. The price is forty cents a hundred pounds and it averages \$8 an acre. This is for your information."

The editorial referred to was one printed on the sixth, which quoted Mr. Love, head of the national organization of beet sugar interests, as saying that the by-products of an acre of sugar beets will make more meat for human food than an acre of corn will make.

There is no question at all that the next best bet for Salem is a beet sugar factory—next after the development of the flax and linen industries—

And one of the principal reasons is the by-products; tops, pulp, molasses, etc.

We can grow the beets with the right sugar content; we can get the labor. We need only the capital, or a cooperative organization of our farmers.

IS PORTLAND INTERESTED?

(Portland Journal)
 "To develop the linen industry in the Willamette valley means all-year employment for workers," said State Treasurer Kay to the State Bankers association in session at Oregon Agricultural college. "The facilities of the Port of Portland belong not to Portland only but to the state as a whole," said Port Traffic Manager Hudson to the same audience. The balanced development of industry and agriculture build the country, the port and the city.

Several weeks have passed since the effort began to secure Portland's quota in the linen mill which is to be built at Salem. The mill is to cost \$600,000. Salem, a comparatively small city, put up half. Portland's quota has been fixed at \$135,000. As this is written, less than half—some \$67,000—has been subscribed, and that by a very small group of the many whose fortunes depend upon industry, agriculture, merchandising, banking and the port.

Because of its exceptional fiber and color, Willamette valley flax commands a premium wherever linen is woven. We have some 4000 acres in flax this year; 200,000 acres in the Willamette valley are suitable to the production of flax. One linen mill is in prospect; with maximum flax production 25 big linen mills could operate, from Portland to Eugene.

The flax and linen industry, almost alone, transformed Belfast, Ireland, from a squat village into a great city and port. The opportunity to grow flax and weave linen is greater in the Willamette valley than at Belfast.

Do these facts interest Portland?

THE CALLES' REPLY

President Calles' reply to Secretary Kellogg's diplomatic reminder of Mexico's duty to protect, to the extent of her ability, the lives and property of our citizens within her borders has the "gallery" ring. Addressed to his subjects, it appears as an appeal for recognition of administration courage and loyalty. If this is not the real purpose of the Mexican president but is genuine expression of his interpretation of the American note, then Secretary Kellogg owes it to the American people to acquaint them more explicitly concerning the basis of his note to Calles.

The United States government should insist upon justice to her subjects and her economic interests in the land of our neighbors, Mexico included. It should furnish no excuse for offense to any nation by either ill-timed or over-zealous criticism. And it is, at this time with only the evidence at hand in the matter, inconceivable that Secretary Kellogg with the endorsement of President Coolidge, should have dispatched the note which has been termed an "insult" by Calles unless conditions warranted such note.

Whatever the basis for this government's communication to the Mexican president it was direct to HIM as the Chief Executive. This method is recognized diplomatic courtesy. Calles' method of reply was, unless agreed to in advance by our Secretary, the method employed by egotistic officialdom for the applause of ignorant or short sighted subjects.

Whatever the reason for the Calles' method of reply through his press to his subjects Uncle Samuel should ignore it. The greatest objection to the whole matter as projected by the Mexican president is in the resulting antagonism of his subjects to the government of the United States. And, too, the effect upon Latin American countries further south may be sympathetic antagonism.

The dignity and rights of United States citizens must be respected. Their protection is guaranteed by this government as its first duty. Conflict beyond diplomatic procedure should not be thought of though it should be made plain to Calles that this government is as determined in the desire for fair treatment of her citizen rights as she is for justice for her neighbors.

Premier Painleve sailed over to Morocco in an airplane, looked over the war situation and returned safe and sound of mind and body in the same manner of transportation. Two results from the trip should be genuine thankfulness and optimism.

Up at Eugene are those who unmindful apparently of their obligation to the "weaker sister" are attempting to "switch" the proposed Southern Pacific car shops and terminals from Springfield to the University city. The fact that the little city of Springfield purchased a site for these shops and terminals twelve years ago, makes Eugene's action the more unfair.

Springfield has carried this investment during all these years and now beholds the larger "brother" ignoring ordinary courtesy and justice and by exercise of his larger financial ability trying to wrest this civic asset from her.

Springfield is an enterprising up-to-date city of 2500 people and one of the very few cities that have been consistent supporters of the Southern Pacific. She stood by the railroad company rendering to her marked assistance during the fight to unmerge the railroads and is entitled to the Southern Pacific's loyalty.

It is current expression outside of Eugene that her attitude in this matter is a mistaken one. If she succeeds in robbing Springfield of the location of the shops she will have injured the latter and will have added little to her own advantage except to benefit the speculators in acreage around the location of the shops.

Located at Springfield as at first planned, Eugene would be the larger beneficiary as the territory extending from her to Springfield would no doubt be built up with homes and business structures when all could be merged into Eugene City.

Grabbing industries from a neighbor is neither honorable nor profitable finally. Eugene's policy in this matter is at least a mistaken one. And the Southern Pacific herself should not be captured by it.

In the permanent location of the world-famous battle-ship—her namesake—Oregon rejoices and develops a wee bit more of state pride.

Those seven sacks of Salem roses should remind Portland that she hasn't to herself the entire "corner" on these famous beauties.

DINNER STORIES

An old friend of the family was on a visit and a neighbor's little boy had dropped in.

"What does your father do?" the visitor asked.

"Oh, he's a numismatician," the boy replied.

"Why, a numismatician is a coin collector."

"Yes, that's what my father is," said the boy. "He's a conductor on the tramways."

He was not a good card player and it was only after much pressure that he took a hand.

After a particularly glaring error his partner turned upon him in real anger. "Why didn't you follow my lead?" he asked.

"If I followed anybody's lead, sir," exclaimed the novice, hotly. "It certainly wouldn't be yours."

His partner subsided. In the next hand, however, he threw down his cards in desperation. "Look here," he cried. "Didn't you see me call for a spade or club? Have you no black suit?"

"Yes, I have," retorted the novice, "but I'm keeping it for your funeral."

A man and his wife who had both been brought up in a country village decided to spend their summer holiday in London, where according to rumor, the streets were paved with gold.

Having spent an enjoyable day

inspecting London's interesting sights, they repaired to a theater, of which they had heard a great deal.

In the interval the fireproof curtain was let down. In the center was written the word "Asbestos."

"Now what does that mean, Willie," asked the wife, pointing to the curtain.

"Oh, that's a Latin word," replied William blandly. "It means 'welcome.'"

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By E. E. Walte, Secretary Shawnee, Okla., Board of Commerce

That wherever you find a section that not only believes in, but has good roads, you will find a section that is always extending an invitation to the pleasure seeker, the city business man and the business farmer to use them.

That better highways through the country, better streets in cities mean better business for all.

That it means better transportation of products at a minimum cost.

That they mean a more rapid settlement of unsettled sections; they mean that the city men can have a home away from the noise and smoke of the city; that the farmer can have a better market and have the same pleasures and service that the city man has.

That the problem of better streets and better roads should be first in the minds of all.

The progress of many sections demands ready facilities for dealing with the ever increasing traffic in the shape of new and better highways; until this is done, progress will be delayed.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 33
 THE WAY MRS. DURKEE "READ" ALFRED TO MADGE

I started at Mrs. Durkee in amazement when she said that Alfred, Dicky and Bess Dean shared some secret which the boys were afraid would get out.

But belief struggled with incredulity. I remembered the unaccountable behavior when Lella had mistaken some woman in the cabaret for Bess Dean, and the knowledge was borne in upon me that in the contest I saw approaching there was a stake of my own as well as the paramount stake of gentle Lella Durkee's peace of mind.

"Oh, you needn't look as if I needed a keeper and a straitjacket!" Her Fluffiness said pettishly. "I may not have as many brains, cells as you modern women, but I can see through a knothole just as well as any of you young sprigs."

I smothered my chagrined astonishment, and crossing swiftly to her side, bent and kissed her with an amused little laugh.

"Don't be cross," I said. "You know I always have had the greatest respect for your acumen."

She returned the kiss, but gave me a playful push.

"If you only wouldn't swallow the dictionary all the time, you'd be the most adorable creature I know," she said, laughing. "But I'm so glad you're here tonight. You'll be able to see for yourself what that imp is up to, and maybe you can figure out some way of blocking her little game. That's one reason I asked her to stay, so you'd have a chance to see her at work, all right. I never saw her equal. And she must have a hide like a rhinoceros. She's what Alf calls a 'smooth article.' You can't give her a hint strong enough for her to take."

"I Don't Know."

"Your hints!" I scoffed. "A baby's frown would be sterner."

"Well, what can I do?" she defended herself quickly. "If I came out and said what I thought of her, it would only make Alf angry. He would think I was taking sides with Lella against him, and that wouldn't do a bit of good to anybody."

For a second I wondered whether her dread of offending Alfred, born of her mother-love, was stronger than her sense of justice to her gentle, unoffending daughter-in-law, but her next words showed me my mistake.

"No that I don't blame Alfred," she went on. "He's making a perfect idiot of himself, and when the time comes I'm going to give him the biggest tongue lashing he's had from the since he set the house on fire with some experiments he was making when a boy. He'd better be careful, or I'll take a hickory switch to him as I used to do when he ate green apples. Come to think of it, men never do grow up, do they? Alf's still making foolish experiments, and if he doesn't look out he'll set his house on fire."

"We won't let it get that far," I promised, with an appreciative smile for her quaint comment upon her son, a stricture which I wished that young man could have heard. It might have penetrated his masculine conceit to realize that his voluble little mother—whom he delights to call "Her Fluffiness"—has read him so surely.

"I don't know," she said dolefully. "You can do something with a balky horse, a mule or even a goat, but a man—"

She spread her hands with a gesture which set free the laugh I had been trying to repress. She looked at me reproachfully for a second, and then joined me.

"Any Objections?"

"Well, I suppose it isn't any use crying until we have to," she said. "And now, I'll get into something and go down to the kitchen."

"Look here," I said practically. "Can't you tell me what you have planned for dinner and let me get it with Bess Dean's aid? I'd like a chance to see her alone, anyway, and you need to lie down. Come, now, be a good girl, and let me have my way. It won't be as good a dinner as you could get up, but it won't be spoiled either."

"I know how good it will be," she said, "unless you let her have too much of her own way. I don't believe she knows how to boil an egg. But your dress—"

"I have a big apron in my bag. It covers me from head to foot, and my blouse sleeves are short. Any objections?"

"Not one," she acquiesced, and in another two minutes I was on my way to the kitchen and Bess Dean.

(To be continued)

Bits For Breakfast

Hop Slogan tomorrow.

Salem is still the hop center of the world, for quality hops, and for the marketing from first

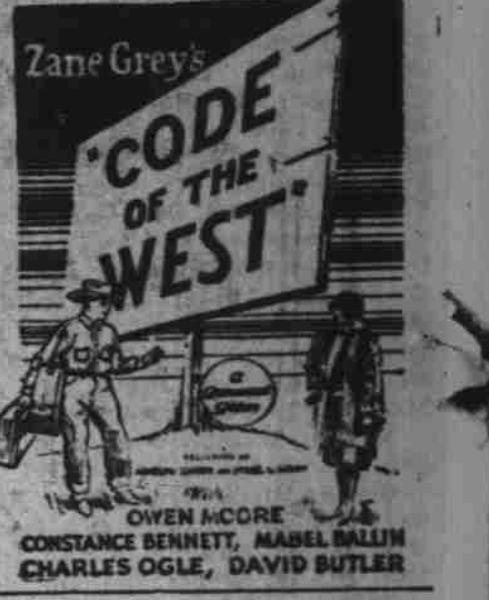
hands. Help the Slogan man, if you can.

Kenneth Witzel, on the farm of R. O. and K. E. Witzel, three miles south of Turrier, has 35 acres of flax. He brought a sample to The Statesman office yesterday that was 48 inches long and beginning to bloom—and the seed for this flax was planted on May 4. That is certainly a wonderful growth for about forty days. Flax is one of the quickest growing of all field crops. This same land produced flax last year. The flax as it stands now will grow six inches more. In case rain does not come, the Witzels will begin to irrigate Friday or Saturday. They are not going to take any chances of getting the highest possible tonnage. Roy O. Witzel, the father, is the other member of the firm.

Later in the afternoon came I. P. Bennett, who lives at 955 South Twenty-fifth street, and whose farm is on route 2, Jefferson. James T. Bennett, his son, has on this farm, on bottom land, three acres of flax, sown on the 24th of March. The sample of flax from this planting, brought in yesterday, measured 62 inches. It is in bloom, but is good for a little growth yet.

Did you ever stop to think that those who have the meanness things to say about a town 99 times out of 100 never have a nickel invested, and have a very poor credit, and never give the community an hour of their time? The community is kept alive by those who are interested in it.—Hotchkiss (Colo.) Times.

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WATCH WAIT
 for an
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
 in Friday's Statesman
Director's Department Store

It Would Be Impossible
 for us to list or to attempt to list, all the many advantages accruing to those we serve when the facilities of our establishment are made use of, for neither space nor time would permit.

We would like to say, however, that in our funeral parlors one finds every comfort and every convenience that could be desired.

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IN OUR OFFICE



DOROTHY DARNIT



By Charles McManus