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CONDITIONS OF FORGIVENESS:—Put on therefore . . . bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness, of mind, meekness, long suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another; if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. Colossians 3:12, 13.

"THE PRESIDENT IS RIGHT"

"President Coolidge took the right course when he refused to sanction a cut in the duty on imported sugar from 1.76 cents to approximately 1.23 cents a pound. In the present tariff the treasury finds approximately \$40,000,000 a year to add to the needed revenues of the country. The imposition does help the cane and beet sugar growers in the United States and if they do not get protection they must quit.

"The plain simple truth is that a tariff on imported sugar is an ideal tax.

"To reduce the tax on sugar would force the treasury to look elsewhere for \$40,000,000 to say nothing of bringing hard times, if not ruin to those who are now engaged in growing sugar cane and sugar beets in the United States. If they were ruined such help as they have been giving in the work of filling the treasury would be transferred to others.

"Indirect taxes are less painful for most of us to experience than are those like the levies on income. The duty on sugar works no hardships and to lower it merely for the ultimate benefit of Cuban sugar producers would be un-American."

The above are paragraphs from an editorial article in the New York Commercial of June 17th.

The benefit to "Cuban sugar producers" from a lowering of the rate on raw sugars, which was asked of President Coolidge under the elastic provisions of the tariff law, would not be ultimate.

It would be immediate. It would accrue at once in the form of \$40,000,000 a year saving—

But not to "Cuban sugar producers," to the Wall Street trust of refiners along the Atlantic seaboard, who also own or control the bulk of the sugar plantations of Cuba.

The benefit would be immediate, to the extent of the \$40,000,000 annually, and to that small bunch only; and, as soon as the beet and cane sugar producers and manufacturers of the United States were driven out of business, the sugar prices would be all the traffic would bear; and the \$40,000,000 annually would be only a starter.

The people of the United States must become self sufficient in sugar. Then there will be no danger of the small Wall Street bunch getting over any of their fine work for their own benefit, in the way of tariff reduction. An adequate protective tariff will become a fixed and permanent policy, as it should be. And Salem must have a beet sugar factory, or several, and the Willamette Valley a dozen to a score of them.

FINE BOYHOOD OPPORTUNITY

The good old summer days are here and with them the life of the woods, stream, beach and camp; Young America's plans for the annual outing, including fishing, the outdoor swim and the campfire, are about to be realized.

Organized effort is under way to make possible at small cost, vacation privileges for these boys and girls whose plans and home conditions permit a regular outing. Among these organizations planning vacations for youth are the girl scouts, boy scouts, campfire girls and Y.M.C.A.—boy's division.

The plans of every such organization include leaders of high moral character, athletic director, physician and aides. Full camp equipment is employed in the comfort and convenience of the campers.

One of the famous Y.M.C.A. camps of Oregon this year is the Marion-Salem aggregation which will "pitch tents" July 23 near Neskowin where there is fresh and salt water, fine beach, forest and all the other features essential to real camp life.

The values of this kind of vacation for boys are inestimable. Under leadership of educated Christian men, experts in boys' work, these lads will receive the benefits of clean, wholesome environment, stimulating recreation and Christian training. The schedule of classes in Bible study, first aid, sex hygiene, nature study, swimming and life saving, is assurance of a high type of citizenship training. Careful and expert supervision of games and exercises will obtain worthwhile results and minimize all dangers.

The Y.M.C.A. is thus rendering a splendid service to the community, the boys and the homes they represent. And the boys themselves will possess as a result of this camp experience, clearer visions of life's pleasures and of opportunities for service than they would likely otherwise obtain.

NEW IMMIGRATION LAW

Since the two percent quota immigration law went into effect ten months ago, a larger number of common laborers have left the United States than have been admitted.

From July 1924 to April 1925 there were 27,908 admitted and during this same period 44,750 of this same class of laborers left the country. The actual net loss in numbers was 16,842.

With regard to farm laborer the condition has been

mitted and only, 1232 left the country, leaving a net gain of 12,120.

Others admitted were: professional people, 8809, while 1665 emigrated; skilled labor 41,716 of whom 7171 left; miscellaneous occupations 40,204, admitted, 6367, went back home; with no occupation, including women and children, 98,927 came in and 17,262 departed.

A total of 242,965 persons were admitted during the first ten months under the new quota law as against 637,602 during the same period the previous year. This shows a decline of 62 per cent in total immigration.

It is too early perhaps to estimate fairly accurately the future effects of this cutting down of the immigration but it has the immediate effect of stabilizing our growth of population and of sustaining the present high wage level.

The farming industry will be affected less than those employing general labor. It is noticeable that here the percentage of those who return to their homes is not very large and since the "homestead" no longer offers opportunity for ownership, the problem of employment should generally present no great difficulties on the farm at least.

The club leaders of today are the agricultural leaders of tomorrow. The farm and the city both benefit from their intelligent progress in livestock, grain, vegetable and poultry production. Encouragement offered them is well directed.

Amundsen's story of his recent experiences isn't likely to produce great enthusiasm for vacation trips to the land of the "Midnight Sun."

DINNER STORIES

The prisoner was before the court on a charge of murder. Many distinguished legal lights had assembled to hear the case. The charge was read out, and



the judge asked the man in the dock if he would like to be defended by counsel.

"No, your honor," came the reply; "this is too serious a matter."

Tommy had sprained his wrist and didn't want to go to school.

"But your wrist is nicely bandaged," urged his mother. "It won't prevent you from attending classes."

Still the boy held back. Dad took a hand at this point.

"Now, speak up, son," commanded his father. "Let's have the real reason. Why don't you want to go to school with a sprained wrist?"

"Too many boys owe me a licking."

The kindly gentleman paused by the little boy he saw playing in the gutter.

"Well, little boy, and what is your name?"

"Skadrach Nebuchadnezzar P. Brooks."

"Who gave you that name?"

"I dunno, but if I find out when I get older they'll be sorry for it."

A pompous man missed his silk handkerchief and accused an Irishman of stealing it. After some confusion, the man found the handkerchief in his pocket and apologized for having accused the Irishman.

"Never mind at all," said the latter. "Ye thought I was a thafe."

and I thought ye was a gentleman, and we were both mistaken."

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Editor Salem Statesman:

When I was a boy of 12 I lived with my widowed mother and three brothers in Earlville, Madison county, N. Y. I was next to the youngest of the family. My father enlisted in Company K, 14th N. Y. volunteer infantry and soon thereafter died, leaving my mother to care for us, and she was compelled to work out by the day. I remember, and always will while on this earth, a sermon that was preached to me during that time. A man came to our home and asked mother if she had a boy that he could hire to help him do his chores; he said that he lived about 21 miles from Earlville, and he gave mother the names of several people that she was acquainted with as reference, so mother thought it would be all right for me to go to work for the man, so it was arranged between them that I should go the following week.

When the day arrived for me to go, mother gave me a lunch, and I started out and walked every step of the way. There was no automobiles those days to pick me up, and the farmers were busy with their crops, and when I arrived at my destination I learned that the man who had hired me had moved away, and no one seemed to know where.

Well, tired and hungry, I started back home. I had gone only a little way before it began to get dark, and I was so tired and hungry it just seemed that I could not walk any farther. I saw three houses just a little way off and one of them had a light. I decided to stop and see if I couldn't stay there all night. I knocked at the door and a good, motherly looking woman came to the door. I asked her if I could stay all night. She hesitated and looked at me for a few seconds, then she opened the door for me to come in and be seated, and said that her husband was at a neighbor's house and when he returned I might ask him.

In just a few minutes a noise was heard at the back of the house and the lady remarked that her husband was coming, so she went out and met him. He came in and sat down by my side, and asked me what he could do for me. I told him that I wanted to stay with him all night. He said, "we have but a small home here; we have but two sleeping rooms, one of them I and my occupy, and his daughter, who was stopping with a girl friend for the night, occupied the other one. What I am thinking about is this: my daughter has her personal effects and her clothes scattered around in her room. We never pay any attention to them; they are hers, and she values them very highly. Now then, if we should let you have her room for the night, and you should see something that you would like very well to have, and you felt sure that we would never miss it, would you take it? In other words, if you could, would you?" I told the man that I would not touch one thing of hers if he would let me stay.

Well, the good lady set me a nice lunch, and the man sat down by my side and returned thanks for me, and after I had finished my lunch I asked the man if I could go right to bed, as I wanted to get started back home early, so that my mother would not worry about me, if the man had notified her for me not to come. The man showed me into the room and as he lit the light I could see things lying around the room, and after he closed the door I started to take my clothes off, and when I was ready to go to bed I started to take the pillow slips off, and they were so pretty and they were hers I could not put my hand on them, because I told him I would not touch one of her things in the room. I stood looking at them, and also at the beautiful spread for a moment, then I put on my clothes and sat down on the floor in a corner of the room. I heard nothing until the next morning, when the man came and shook me to wake me up, and when I was awake the man asked me why I didn't go to bed, and I told him that I had promised him I would not touch any of his daughter's things. The man began to cry. His wife came in and he told her what I had done between sobs, and she cried—and they soon had me crying, for I was afraid they thought I had done something wrong. Finally the man said to me: "My dear boy, I preached you a sermon last night, and this morning you have preached me one that I shall never forget. Come with me and have your breakfast, then I will hitch up and take you home. I must meet your dear mother and confess to her for the sermon I preached to you last night."

WILL E. PURDY.

Bits For Breakfast

Rare June days.

Wholesaling and jobbing Slogan tomorrow. If you are a jobber or wholesaler and have been overlooked, please make it known to the Slogan editor. Salem is gaining all the time as a wholesaling and jobbing center.

Cottage street from Ferry to Trade has just been paved. Now this paving is to be extended to Mill street, clear across the mill race. This will open up a nearer way to the city auto camp, by way of Cottage street.

O. L. Townsend used to be a member of the Salem city council. Resigned when he left eight years ago. He has a peach orchard at

Governor's Daughter Denied Romance of President's Son,



Rumors of budding romance between John Coolidge, only son of the president, and Florence Trumbull, daughter of the governor of

Connecticut, are denied by Florence's mother. The pair met during inauguration ceremonies last March.

Chino, Cal., and is deputy horticultural inspector there. He is about 40 miles from Los Angeles.

Mr. Townsend was foreman on the yard at the Spaulding mill while he lived in Salem, or for eight years before he left Salem. With Mrs. Townsend and their daughter he has just arrived in Salem from a trip all the way from southern California to Port Angeles, Wash., and he came into The Statesman office yesterday to say that he was well treated by the traffic officers here; and in fact all the way. He did not hear any propaganda against Salem on the Pacific highway south. The only thing Mr. Townsend does not like about the traffic regulations here is the way we park our cars. He says he saw our way practiced in no other town or city all the way up and down the coast. He thinks the head-in way of parking is better and safer.

The Ford factory sold 201,779 Ford cars and trucks in May. Think of that; at the rate of nearly two and a half million a year! The number of Lincoln cars sold was 968, exceeding April by more than 50 cars.

CONFIDENCE VOTE GIVEN PARIS, Jun 23.—(By The Associated Press)—Premier Poincaré, at an early hour this morning obtained a vote of confidence

in the chamber of his moroccan policy. The deputies supported him 510 to 30.

TRUCK DRIVER HURT

TACOMA: June 23.—George Sherette, 35, Lakeview, was critically injured late this afternoon when a truck which he was driving collided with a Tacoma-Seattle interurban train on a downtown street.

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By Charles McManus