

# The Oregon Statesman

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FATE OF THE ROBBER.—Behold at eveningtide trouble; and before the morning he is not. This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us. Isaiah 17:14.

## THE FIGHT OF THEIR LIVES

The junta of Wall Street men who own the sugar refineries along the Atlantic seaboard, and who also own or control most of the cane sugar lands and plantations of Cuba—

And who tried to put over a lowering of the tariff rate on raw sugars, for their own benefit, and against the interests of all the rest of the people of this country, and whose little game was knocked galley-west by President Coolidge—

This junta of commercial corsairs are to be given the fight of their lives, for there is rising in this country a demand that they pay more instead of less to the United States government for the privilege of bringing in their raw sugars.

They have been receiving the benefit of a joker in the commercial treaty the United States made with Cuba after our country helped liberate that island from Spain. The joker is in the nature of a 20 per cent differential in favor of Cuba on articles imported into the United States.

The rate on raw sugars from Cuba, with the 20 per cent taken off, is 1.764 cents a pound.

Even so about a quarter of all our tariff collections are from sugars; and mostly from raw sugars, and these mostly from Cuba.

There is a demand now being made, and it is being organized and will be pushed everlastingly, that the 20 per cent preferential in favor of Cuba be done away with—

For it benefits principally these Wall Street men of the American sugar trust.

It does not benefit the Cuban sugar farmers, for in 1922 they received from this American sugar trust only \$1.16 per 100 pounds for the raw sugar extracted from their cane, while the American farmers received an average of \$3.37 per 100 pounds for the sugar from their beets.

The American people are going to hear a lot of this matter. It is one of the most important matters before them. It is a national problem.

The American people are paying for Cuban sugar an amount annually equal to the value of the crops from 6,844,167 acres of our best irrigated lands—

Yet 2,000,000 acres of the same lands would grow the beets to make the sugar; keeping all the \$400,000,000 a year at home which we are paying out for Cuban sugar—

And indirectly doing vast good to the farming districts growing sugar beets; helping all live stock industries and nearly all other industries.

Why should we not join in this fight? Why should the American people continue to give a preference to a small group of Wall Street men who would turn on them and squeeze them to the limit if they could?

Why not make the United States self sufficient in sugar production—

And why not have one or two or more beet sugar factories in Salem, and a score or more of them in the Willamette valley?

## OUR NEIGHBOR

Santa Barbara is stricken. Earthquake, followed by fire and flood has laid waste property and claimed human lives in the devastation. No human power can check the destruction of the earthquake and in the path of its destruction both fire and water are set free, for further waste and suffering.

Dark indeed is the future of those bereft of property, homes and loved ones as destruction ceases and they can take survey of their losses and their necessities. Their losses it will be difficult to restore. But out of this gloom and darkness, however tense, there comes a ray of human light and hope.

In the hearts of man and women in other cities, in hamlet and rural places, everywhere, there is a response to the present needs of these neighbors of Santa Barbara. The Good Samaritan is already in action. Cities and individuals will send money, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and other organizations from other cities are now on hand to offer every needed help.

Our sympathies go out to every one in Santa Barbara, for all are suffering from loss or fear. May the prompt and generous response to their need draw us all closer together in genuine united service.

## THE AVERAGE

In education two extremes prevail among individuals—the very bright and the very dull. Attention is directed to both as presenting unusual and difficult problems while the mediocre student is passed by with little attention or comment. The attitude taken usually toward this type is that he or she will get along well enough anyway.

The very bright student who is able to learn his lessons in a brief time without much effort and has time for idleness, mischief, dreaming, is to the teacher with many pupils and classes, a real problem. The average school makes little or no allowance for this type of individuals with the result that there may be formed indolent habits of thought and vicious plans laid. There must be an outlet for non-directed, pulsating energy. And for this misdirected energy the school under its general lockstep procedure should be held responsible.

Dull students appeal to the sympathy of instructors usually and without any desire to accept more than the proper amount of attention they often occupy the larger part of the teacher's time and energy. Special schools and classes for the very backward boys and girls are furnished in some of the larger schools and more than the average number of subjects are allowed the exceptionally forward groups. And these provisions are wise but even they do not always take the place of small classes and individual-class instruction.

But the boys and girls who are average in their studies are the central thought in this theme. They may be even geniuses. Of them Dr. James B. Angell for thirty-nine years president of Michigan University, said: "During my whole career as head of this institution I have observed that the great majority of our graduates who have made unusual success of life have been young men and women who were of mediocre talents and means but who applied themselves to well-directed, persistent work while here."

A single case for example—a boy named Louis attended a primary school attached to the college at Arbois. He was by no means a brilliant student. When he entered college he was recognized as slow and so he was throughout his college career. But he developed vivid imagination and tremendous powers of application.

Half a century after entering college he entered the International Medical Congress in London where he was received by greater applause than was accorded the Prince of Wales. It was a tribute of scientists from all corners of the world to Pasteur, the man who through his research, has given to the world preventative of illness and has thus lengthened life's span many years.

The naturally bright student has a fine heritage. But he who works hard for his acquisition of knowledge and training, may turn his apparent handicap into a powerful ally.

## MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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### CHAPTER F47

HOW MADGE STUMBLED ON ALFRED'S AND BESS DEAN'S SECRET

My mental question as to Alfred Durkee's course was soon answered. At Bess Dean's noisy announcement that she must go home, he rose to his feet, leisurely glancing at his own watch as he did so.

"We've plenty of time," he said, "so you can be leisurely about getting on your things."

There was an accustomedness about the little colloquy which angered me, and made me glance furtively at Lella. Her lips were set in a stiff, pitiful little smile, but her eyes held the tortured look I had observed in them the night before, and beyond her, little Mrs. Durkee signalled me a distinct appeal, which I promptly and gladly heeded.

"You're going to drive Bess over to Bayview, aren't you?" I asked eagerly. "Do you mind if I go along? It seems years since I had a drive in the real country, although it really is only a few weeks. You won't need me, for a little while, will you Lella?" "Oh, no!" Lella replied eagerly, too eagerly. I mentally commented, for I wished she would not be

tray to Bess Dean her desire that I should play gooseberry on the journey to Bayview. "But I'm afraid you'll be disappointed about the drive; go by train instead. The car— isn't—here."

Her voice hesitated ever so slightly, and with intuition sharpened by my desire to aid her, I looked quickly at Alfred, surprising a look of distinct embarrassment in his eyes. And though Bess Dean outwardly imperturbable, yet there was an indefinable something about her which reminded me of the days in Bayview when anything concerning her own class was brought into question. She as tense beneath her apparent carelessness, but there as also a little satisfied glint in her eyes which reminded me of the eyes of a cat just leaving a jug of cream.

Lella is Puzzled.

That I had stumbled upon a clue to the secret which I suspected Bess and Alfred shared, I was sure. Alfred's absent car had something to do with it! I told myself that I would not rest until I followed to its end the thread I had grasped.

"Oh! In the garage again?" I laughed with the understanding mockery one motorist generally accords another. "You ought to have our make."

"Then we'd have to mortgage the house to pay for its keep," Alfred growled. "This is the only time the old bus has gone back on me for months."

"What was the matter, run into somebody, or did the motor cop confiscate it for speeding?" He started distinctly, and his eyes turned involuntarily in Bess Dean's direction. Then he brought them back quickly to mine, and laughed so nonchalantly that I wondered if I had imagined his momentary perturbation. "Nothing so thrilling," he said carelessly. "I was taking a chap

home last night when we were detained by a conference, and the thing simply died at first. Found out that the generator as gone, and we had to be towed to Amityville. There's been some delay about the repair. Sometimes I think I'll trade it in and get a new one."

Lella had leaned forward in her chair with puzzled eyes.

"You're Going to Have Your Drive?" "Amity. Alf?" she said. "I thought you said before the car was in a Farmingdale garage?"

"Did I say Amityville?" he countered quickly, but I had seen the nervous twitching of his eyelids at her question. "How stupid of me! I meant Farmingdale, of course."

"You probably were thinking of that wonderful stretch of road across the island there," Bess Dean put in smoothly. "Do you remember, Lella, the day we all drove along that road and ate our lunch by the roadside?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it—" Lella assented, and I guessed that the memory was anything but a pleasant one. Alfred finished her sentence with a reminiscent laugh.

"That's the day I taught you to drive. Bess, when you so nearly wrecked us coming home. No wonder you both remember it. But, Mrs. Madge, you're going to have your drive even if the old bus is out of commission. The garage man here is a good friend of mine, and he usually has a car he can lend for an hour or two. I'll just telephone him and find out."

He walked to the telephone and rang up the garage. Under ordinary circumstances I would have protested against the extravagance of this arrangement, but I made no protest now. It would have been obvious for me to press my company upon Bess and Alfred for a dreary train journey to and from Bayview, while I already had signified my desire for a drive. And I, whatever happened, meant to give my former colleague no opportunity for a trip aux with Alfred this evening at least.

## Did You Ever Stop To Think?

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

That to help make your city grow, you should advertise every good thing in it.

That to make your business grow, you should do the same thing; what is good for your city is good for you.

That all business men should advertise.

That then they should follow it up with more advertising to keep a steady, growing business.

That they should let the people know what they have to sell.

That by so doing, they can increase their business; increased business means more profits.

That the buyers know that they get a square deal from the merchant who advertises.

That people who believe "a penny saved is a penny earned," read the ads.

That the advertisers always anticipate your needs; read the ads.

That the advertiser orders stocks in advance of actual demand by advertising.

That buying advertised goods gives a sense of joy and satisfaction.

When you buy from persistent advertisers, you know what you are buying and you know that they are as good as advertised.

Copyright 1925 by E. E. Waite

The linen mills will mean fortunes to Salem people. The wise investor knows this, and invests accordingly.

## LIFE POSITION IS SOUGHT BY MYERS

(Continued from page 1)

forts should be made to obtain it elsewhere as 8 per cent was a rather high rate of interest. Six or seven per cent would be acceptable, he said.

For several weeks efforts have been made to hold a meeting of the board of directors but a quorum has not been possible. Various members of the board are non-committal, but refer the inquirer to other members of the board, with the same results.

Three Salem physicians are known to be disgruntled with the present management of the hospital. They charge that favoritism has been shown and that Miss Steele has been partial. A majority of the physicians using the hospital are strong in their defense of Miss Steele. They make no reservations in their speech but maintain that she has had a "raw deal."

Miss Steele has little to say other than she is very much hurt with the attitude taken by the executive committee regarding the resignation. She feels that while she has given her best for five years her endeavors are not appreciated. Her resignation has not been turned in but will be prior to September 1, the date that Miss Hossted, now attending a nurses' convention in Finland, is due to return from Europe and assume the duties of Miss Steele.

## COL. COOLIDGE BETTER

PRESIDENT'S FATHER SHOWS IMPROVEMENT IN HEALTH

PLYMOUTH, Vt., June 29.—(By Associated Press.)—Steadily gaining ground in his uphill battle for life, Colonel John Coolidge, the president's 80 year old father, was resting comfortably tonight, apparently out of danger. Throughout the day and night the president and Mrs. Coolidge, who hurried here yesterday from Swampscott, remained within call, encouraged by the frequent assurance of physicians that the crisis passed.

They were told, however, that the patient's age, the faulty action of his heart and other infirmities made complications possible and that it would be another 24 hours, at least, before he would be out of danger. It also was emphasized that the operation on the bladder yesterday was an emergency one and that there might be a recurrence of conditions which brought the colonel near death, that might cause surgical treatment imperative.

For the present, however, there is little likelihood of another operation. Greatly relieved by the favorable turn in his father's condition, the president went ahead with plans for his return to the summer White House in time for him to deliver an address Friday.



NELSON BROS. 355 Chemeketa Phone 1906

## Bits For Breakfast

Weather, just perfect.

Cucumber Slogan tomorrow.

We are growing more cucumbers than ever, but should produce still more of them.

The Slogan man will appreciate any help you can give him on the cucumber industry.

Have you picked the place to celebrate the Fourth? The berry pickers will have little time to spend elsewhere than in the berry patches.

An extra crop is coming on for this year—string beans. The Oregon Packing company will need a force of 150 people to put up their string bean pack, and the bean harvest will be on the latter part of July. The cucumber crop will make still another harvest that will take a lot of extra hands in the fields, and in the factories.

The Georgia state supreme court has just handed down a decision which is of eternal interest. It was based on a case which had been carried to that court from a lower court for the defamation of the character of a woman. In dealing with the case the court said:

"Talebearers are as bad as tale makers. Every repetition of slander originated by a third person is a willful publication of it, rendering the person so repeating it liable to action and it is no defense that the speaker did not originate the slander, but heard it

## PERSONALS

Miss Frances Plove and her sister, Mrs. Helen Baker, are leaving today for Skagway. Mrs. R. R. Boardman, left today for an extended visit in Columbus, Ohio. Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Mott are spending a short vacation at Newkwin.

## BIRTHDAY SALE

See Page 6



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## CHERRY GROWERS

We have leased the Kings plant and are receiving cherries any time of the day or night. If you want one of our field men to look at your cherries, phone 291

### Denny & Co.

North Front St. and Belmont

## BILLY'S UNCLE



## DOROTHY DARNIT



By Charles McManus