

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 218 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

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BUSINESS OFFICES: Albert Bress, 256 Worcester Bldg., Portland, Ore.; Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 128-136 W. 31st St.; Chicago, Harve-It, Inc.; Doty & Payne, Sharon Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.; Higgins Bros., 140-142, Union

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23 or 583; Circulation Office, 583; News Department, 23-5; Society Editor, 106; Job Department, 583

Entered at the Post Office in Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter.

August 18, 1925

PEACE AND SAFETY.—Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Isaiah 26: 3.

MORE THAN DOZEN SUGAR FACTORIES

"VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 1.—That the establishment of the sugar beet industry in Alberta province is destined to revolutionize agricultural conditions in the irrigated regions of Canada's prairie provinces was the assertion of A. E. Palmer, assistant superintendent of the experimental farm at Summerland, B. C., in his address to delegates to the Western Canada irrigation convention at Kelowna this week. Mr. Palmer said that the first season's operations in Alberta were so promising that the planting of 11,000 acres of beets in the southern part of that province was assured for next year, and forecast the time when there would be more than a dozen beet sugar factories in Alberta."

The above dispatch is from "Facts About Sugar," the leading magazine of the sugar industry.

If sparsely settled Alberta, where the thermometer gets down to 50 degrees below zero, can with confidence look forward to having a dozen beet sugar factories, the Willamette valley can surely expect to have a score of them, and the immediate Salem district three or four of the twenty—

Because we can grow here beets with as high a sugar content, and as many tons of beets to the acre, as can be produced in Alberta—

And we have here a mild climate, suitable for the operation of a factory any day in the year, and we have a population from which the field laborers can be drawn, for thinning and harvesting the beets, because we are used to securing numbers of reasonable help in the harvesting of our fruit crops, our hops, onions, etc.

And we have a better market than Canada has. We have the American market.

Besides, we can use to greater profit the by-products, that is, the beet tops, beet pulp, and the molasses, in feeding our live stock.

The next major task for our people should be the securing of a beet sugar factory here.

If the Utah-Idaho people are ready, they should have the help of our people. If they are not ready, the industry should be organized cooperatively—

And there should be no unnecessary delay. It will be in the nature of a cooperative undertaking, in whatever way it is owned and organized. It takes team work, of the grower and the manufacturer.

PUT THEM TO WORK

A clear visioned citizen of Marion county visited the county jail recently.

At the close of his visit he expressed genuine emotion at the sight of nearly a score of men in sheer idleness. And why shouldn't he even revolt at such condition. He a farmer, a taxpayer, toiling long hours to meet the cost of family maintenance pays from his hard earned money to sustain these individuals who have defied and damned society by their acts, in their idleness.

But the cost of maintenance of the law breakers is one of the least objectionable features connected with enforced idleness in prison. In keeping these persons in idleness the county breeds in them greater contempt for honest work and service than possessed them before they were sentenced to confinement.

Their criminal tendencies are aroused and cultivated by enforced idleness and society pays dearly for the instruction and its results. In this increasing degradation there is increased liability for more crime. And in this system of punishment the county and state are themselves guilty of intolerable social and economic crime.

In Multnomah county, prisoners break rock and earn money for themselves and for their dependents and after the cost of their food, shelter, and clothing is paid there is a surplus for the county treasury. Clackamas county recently set aside a sum of money to prepare for rock crushing and road work by its prisoners. In California the state constructs her highways in part by prison labor. Where officials put forth genuine effort to succeed the employment of prisoners on road construction or other municipal work is a success.

Why doesn't Marion county officials organize for employment of its idle prisoners? Why not the cities of the state do likewise as an economic, moral necessity? The "idler" system is a blot on government.

THE SLOGAN SHOULD BE PROGRESS

The citizenry of Salem are following with genuine interest the steps taken toward the purchase of the water plant by the city. The matter has been reported, during the past week, at a standstill. Nothing else will so menace the success of the project as delay.

There are several progressive steps to be taken in order to obtain a supply of pure mountain water and the time element is an important factor. Those having the project in charge will win success for it not by delay but by steady progress.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 87
WHAT HAPPENED IN THE HOUSE ACROSS THE ROAD

Katherine and I stared at each other for a tense second or two, as the possible meaning of Junior's prattle came to our ears. Then, with the same thought, we rushed to the window. True enough, there was a saddled horse tied in the dooryard, but no trace of any man that we could see. Neither was the dog in evidence. "Where did the man break the window, Junior?" I asked, skeptically, because neither Katherine nor I had heard the sound of breaking glass.

"Over dere," He pointed firmly toward the side of the house across the road, then he raised his voice excitedly. "Oh, ma-ma, see men behind tree—peeking out."

Katherine's eyes and mine followed his pointing little finger. "My word!" whispered Katherine. "There is a man behind that tree! What does it mean?" I had no answer ready, and would have had no opportunity to utter it if I had, for down the stairs came running feet, not light, nor yet heavy, but with a peculiar clumping sound and into the living room, then through it to the kitchen beyond, dashed the girl, Mamie, her face white and set with terror.

By the time we had caught our breath, she was out of the kitchen door, and half way across the yard. But when she reached her own door-yard, the man hidden behind the tree stepped out, seized her by the wrist and swung her around toward him. Shriek after shriek came from her lips, and I saw the gleam of an uplifted revolver.

"What on earth!" Katherine exclaimed. "Has that officer gone crazy?"

"Halt!" We could distinguish his uniform plainly, also his extreme youth.

"Only with too much youthful enthusiasm," she returned, making for the door. "But somebody must give him a word of caution or he's likely to get excited and let that gun go off. There are a lot of little children over there, you know. Will you take Junior up to his grandmother, and then come on over? I'm going now."

"Richard Second's grandmother is right here." My mother-in-law sailed into the room as she spoke, ready, in her capable, arrogant way, for any emergency. "You and Mrs. Bickett go right over. I'll attend to things here. That young squirt of an officer needs his comb cut, and if he won't listen to you, call me over. I'll attend to him."

She looked perfectly capable of disciplining the entire United States army, to say nothing of the state constabulary. I said as much to Katherine as we hurried across the dooryard.

"She wouldn't hesitate at drilling General Pershing, himself," Katherine acquiesced, and then we were electrified by a sharp "halt!" from the lips of the young officer who still kept a tight hold upon Mamie's wrist.

The girl, thoroughly cowed, was sobbing now pitiful tears, which, I guessed from the face of the boy—he was nothing more—were disturbing him greatly.

A Word of Warning.

"What do you want?" he asked with an attempt at dignity, which was only a bluster.

"I can't let you have any communication with this girl. This house is under guard."

It was no time for quibbling. I drew from my hiding place around my neck the little insignia of my government service under Lillian and held it out to him silently. His eyes opened wide as he recognized it, and he began to stammer apologies.

"I didn't know," he said. "Is there anything you—"

"Please understand one thing," I said hastily. "I am not here officially at all. Indeed, I never would have shown you this little badge, save that I must have a chance to help this girl and the little children in the house. I have only one request, one suggestion. Please do not move that revolver around so much. If it accidentally went off and killed some woman or child, you'd never forgive yourself."

"It can't go off accidentally," the boy replied with pride. "See!" and he showed the gun to us. "But my orders are to shoot if anybody tries to run away, and I'd have to do it, whether it was a woman or not."

He gave the girl, whose wrist he held a look meant to be lortly determined, but looking closely I saw that the boy was actually shaking. I guessed it was his very first assignment, and that he was drunk with excitement and an exaggerated sense of power and responsibility.

It is from his type before sea-

oning, that come so many casualties to innocent bystanders, and I knew that I must keep close to him until some older companion of his arrived to take charge of things.

"That's what I told the children in there,"—he jerked his head toward the house—"when we sent their mother and father down to the house go, and they haven't stirred from that bench since." (To be continued)

Editorials of the People

Why Call for Help?

Editor Statesman: I see ex-Governor Oswald West has asked Governor Pierce and Warden Dalrymple to assist him in capturing the three escaped convicts.

I am surprised at "Os" that he would ask for assistance in a little thing like this. Can't he and Miss Hobbs catch them? Can it be that the fearless "Os" is getting timid? It is almost impossible for me to believe that he, who has shown his valor on a thousand battlefields of imaginary vice and hotair, should now hesitate for one moment to plunge into the wilds of the Drift Creek jungle alone and bring those fugitive out by the hair of their heads.

Why this psychological change in "Os"? Medical science tells us that a certain malady known as softening of the brain sometimes affect the minds of men who have been great intellectually until their acts, judgments, and wants are those of an infant. Can it be that "Os" is so affected? Only that in his case, it assumes a form of fear and trembling, accompanied by outbursts of vindictive vanity and egotistical vapory. As "Os" is an ex-governor, I

believe it is the duty of the state to appoint a committee consisting of five learned psychic-mal physicians and one undertaker to make a thorough examination into his mental condition, and ascertain, if possible, whether he is suffering from cerebrum derangement, and that an appropriation be made by the next legislature to employ the most scientific skill obtainable to try to effect a cure of his terrible hallucination. I think it is a duty the state owes to its ex-governor. State pride should cause us all to take an interest in this matter, and see that he is not neglected and allowed to drift from bad to worse.

Probably it would be well to call a mass-meeting for the purpose of taking steps in that direction.

Yours for peace and harmony in public life as well as in private. JOSH BEANSTALK Salem, Aug. 17, 1925.

DINNER STORIES

"Yes," said the old man to his young visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Mary, twenty-five years old, and a really good girl. I shall give her \$1,000 when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her \$3,000, and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have \$5,000 with her."

The young man reflected for a moment and then inquired: "You haven't one about fifty, have you?"

An ex-district attorney, at a dinner in New York, told a story

about honesty. "There was a man," he said, "who applied for a position in a dry-goods house. His appearance wasn't prepossessing, and references were demanded.

After some hesitation, he gave the name of a driver in the firm's employ. This driver, he thought, would vouch for him.

A clerk sought out the driver, and asked him if the applicant was honest. "Honest?" the driver said. "Why, his honesty's been proved again and again. To my certain knowledge he's been arrested nine times for stealing and every time he was acquitted."

Brown had a way of walking in his sleep—a falling of which he was greatly ashamed. Early one morning, after a long absence, he returned with a pair of trousers rolled up and tucked under his arm.

"Where in the world have you been?" his wife demanded sternly. "Down to the office."

"But why the trousers under your arm?"

"Oh—I thought I might meet someone."

A church house in a certain rural district was sadly in need of repairs. The official board had called a meeting of the parishioners to see what could be done toward raising the necessary funds. One of the wealthiest and stingiest of the adherents of that church arose and said that he would give five dollars, and sat down.

Just then a bit of plastering fell from the ceiling and hit him squarely upon the head. Whereupon he jumped up, looked confused and said: "I—er—I meant I'll give fifty dollars!" then resumed his seat again. After a brief silence a voice was

heard to say: "O Lord, hit 'im again!"

A Georgia woman who moved north found she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was a contrivance which interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler, and the other burners, and felt certain the old servant understood its operation, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent for two weeks and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply.

"And dat air gas stove—Oh, my! Why, do you know, Miss Flo'ence, dat fire ain't gone out yit?"

A well-known contractor went into the tailor's, donned his new suit, and left the old one for repairs. Then he sought a cafe and refreshed the inner man; but as he reached in his pocket for the money to settle his check, he realized he had neglected to transfer both purse and watch when he left his suit. As he hesitated, somewhat embarrassed, he saw a bill on the floor at his feet. Seizing it thoughtfully, he stepped to the cashier's desk and presented both check and money.

"That was a two-dollar bill," he explained when he counted his change.

"I know it," said the cashier, with a toss of her blond head. "I'm dividing with you. I saw it first."

Klamath Falls—Klamath county grain crop estimated at 1,000,000 bushels.

LADIES—



It is easier to prevent wrinkles than to get rid of them. Well fitting glasses, when needed, will prevent wrinkles.

Staples Optical Company

PORTLAND—SALEM
Cor. State and High Streets Salem, Oregon

12th ANNIVERSARY Sale!

12 YEARS AGO
We Started Making Good Clothes To Order at Popular Prices
We Will Celebrate Our Birthday With a
15 DAY SALE 15
BEGINNING THURSDAY, AUGUST 20TH

COME IN AND SELECT YOUR FALL SUIT NOW
and get an extra pair of pants without extra charge during this sale. If you haven't the cash you can take advantage of our 12 payment plan.. Ask us about it.
Our stock of new woollens for fall and winter is complete. The newest weaves and shades are ready for your inspection.
The new Keltweave is especially desirable—is unequalled for wear and shape retaining qualities. We invite comparison.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
Our furnishing department, added a few months ago, will offer many special inducements during this sale. Everything is new and up to the minute. You can depend on getting the very latest. No old, out of date goods to work off as is the custom in most sales. If you have not visited this department you should do so now.

Announcing Our New
12 Payment Plan
We Make It Easy For You to Dress Well
A cash store with honest cash store lowest prices now offers you the finest clothes made to your order on a
12 Payment Plan
12 Payments Instead of One
With Each Suit During This Sale.
EXTRA PANTS NO EXTRA CHARGE

Scotch Woolen Mills Store

426 State Street W. W. EMMONS Salem, Oregon