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August 27, 1925

GOD IS GRACIOUS:—Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness. Nehemiah 9:17.

OUR DISTRICT SHOULD GROW MORE GRAIN

The Salem district will never raise too much grain—if the growers will feed a large enough proportion of it to live stock—

And they will always have a good sale for their milling oats; for they can raise the best grown in the world.

They cannot raise too much corn, either, for silage, and for the hens and hogs.

They should raise better wheat and better oats, on the average, in which case they will grow more to the acre, and get higher prices, thus making the growing more profitable.

This is a good grain country, and it will always grow grain, especially in rotation schemes carried on intelligently.

This is not a grain country that will allow of straight grain cropping on the same land year after year; in fact, there is no such country, outside of the Nile valley and other valleys subject to annual overflow and the bringing down of new soil from the upper reaches for every succeeding crop—

So we must have better cultural methods on the average, and greater attention to good seed and the right varieties.

We now produce 63 commercial varieties of wheat, for instance, whereas 12 would be a great plenty.

One of the big and outstanding things for the Salem district in grain crops is the production of the milling oats for which it is already famous—

The breakfast food oats.

We raise here an oat that weighs heavier to the bushel than any other, and that is the best known for milling purposes; and for the uses made of it by the breakfast food manufacturers of the United States.

There is a big and growing demand for the oats of this quality, and it would pay our farmers to specialize on this variety more than they have done in the past; to specialize and improve the quality; to render the product absolutely clean.

This line of agriculture might well be organized and standardized. It is a line in which we have what amounts to a franchise (with a small district of western Washington in the Skagit valley), and we could profitably use the franchise, to the very limit of the demand of that product of primacy; and the best authorities believe this could be carried very far.

The breakfast food demand is big in this country. This is a line, too, that our own manufacturers would do well to develop; to the end that the great bulk of the manufacturing of high class breakfast foods for the whole country might be made here, instead of shipping the grains across the country and then shipping them back again to our consumers in manufactured form.

SECRET HIGH SCHOOL SOCIETIES

Recent action directed by the city board of education toward the abolition of high school secret organizations should have caused no surprise. The Oregon statutes have for several years contained provisions making these organizations illegal everywhere in the state.

Since the adoption of the above law there have been attempts, some of which have succeeded for a time, to ignore this law. Efforts to enforce it fully have, apparently, been unsuccessful. Now the action of the board is unanimous, although some of its members are parents of students affiliated with one or more of the organizations under ban. In this action the board is simply obedient to the laws of the state. Teaching obedience to the laws of the state is the school's first duty.

The law prohibiting secret societies in this state was the result of appeals made by parents, school directors and sincere friends of education and of boys and girls. The results from the organizations themselves aroused the appellants to obtain the law.

Among the objections urged against secret clubs and societies in high schools are: that they are promoters of social cliques and snobbery where genuine democracy should be encouraged; that their members are, at the high school age, too immature in judgment and of insufficient experience socially to segregate themselves wisely from the student body and teachers for social purposes. The result is declared to be unfavorable to discipline and to the conduct of the schools on lines of student equality. That much public criticism injurious to the schools arises from the source is also current claim.

Neither the social nor scholastic standing of these clubs or societies is questioned in the board's action. Students are generally willing to conform to suggestion from those who have the best interests of their school at heart. And they should be willing in response to the privileges of education so generously provided for them at public expense, and at genuine sacrifice in many cases, to accept the board's action with good will and credit to themselves and to their school. Non-secret literary and athletic organizations should be encouraged.

IMPERSONATION CHARGED TACOMA, Aug. 26.—On information furnished by the Tacoma police, Paul Knapp was arrested here today on a charge of impersonating a federal officer, according to word received here tonight. Knapp is also wanted here, the police say, for an alleged extortion in which he is asserted to have obtained \$50 from a George Roberts, a tugboat man,

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER F94

The Way Madge Slipped Off On Her Errand of Mercy

Katie opened the kitchen door as I approached, and I saw in her hand the police whistle with which she signals Jim at the barn or in the woods. It is the one which Dicky bought her, as he declared, in self-defense against the ear-splitting and long-continued shrieks of "Oh-h, Jeem!" with which she used to summon her patient spouse, and the whistle is one of Katie's most cherished possessions.

"Eet makes me feel like a real cop," she declared when she first used it, and she never has lost her first childish pride in it.

I put up my hand imperatively as I saw it.

"Don't blow that, Katie," I said sharply.

"Vy?" Katie replied incredulously. "Dot Jeem he no hear me else I blow eet, and I vant heem to carry dinner for dose little childers over at oder house."

I had to make a decision quickly. Jim had asked me not to tell Katie that he meant to go after the man for whom the officers were searching, and who, Jim was sure, was in our wood lot. But unless she knew the truth, she would go to the barn after him, and spoil his plan of tracking the fugitive.

Katie Is Terrified.

With a mental apology to Jim, I drew her inside the kitchen and told her of her husband's purpose.

If I ever had had a doubt of her wholehearted devotion to Jim it would have been banished when I saw the color fade from my little maid's ruddy cheeks, and the stark terror creep into her blue eyes.

"Oh! but my Missis Graham," she wailed, "my Jeem he get kill. I go squeek out dere, make heem stop."

She started for the door, but I caught her by the arm and swung her around facing me.

"It is too late to stop him, Katie," I said sternly. "And if you go out there now, you will only let the man who is hiding know that Jim is coming. You would not only spoil your husband's plan, but your going out there may even endanger his life. Be a sensible girl, and let me call Mrs. Ticer to help you carry the nice dinner you have prepared for those poor children, and I want you to promise me you won't go out after Jim until I come back."

"Vere you goin'?"

"Just down to the village to bring that mother back to her baby," I replied. "And I can't leave you until you have given me your promise."

She stood a long, hesitant minute, and then her tear-filled eyes met mine steadily.

"Oh, Missis! My Babe!"

"I promise," she said. "Vere dot Missis Ticer?"

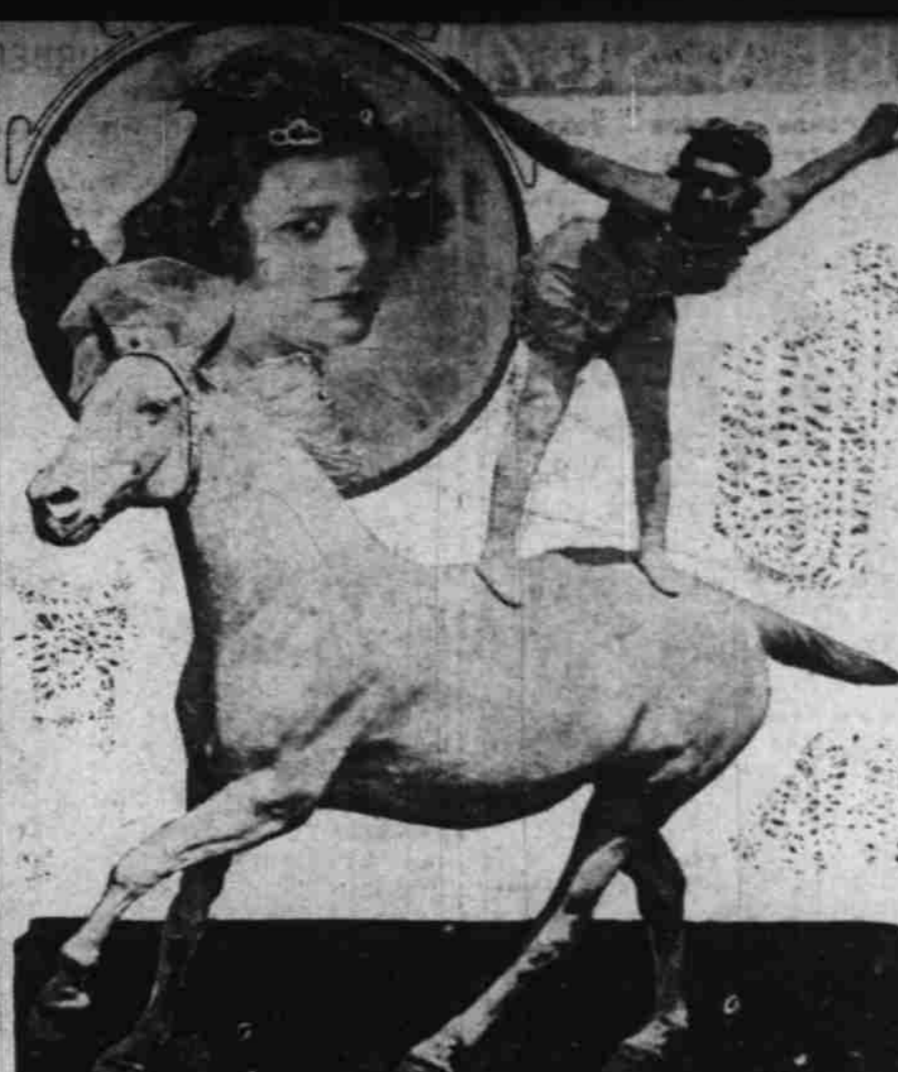
"I'll fetch her," I promised, and went up the stairs, meeting my mother-in-law in the hall above.

"Do you mean to say you haven't started yet?" she demanded.

"I could have walked to Sag Harbor and back again by this time."

I explained about Jim quickly, and made my request for Mrs. Ticer.

"I thought so," Mother Graham grumbled. "Pity that ape couldn't carry the stuff across herself."



"LITTLE EMPRESS OF THE ARENA"

That was the title bestowed upon May Wirth, the star equestrienne of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus by one of her most fervent admirers.

Here is the true story. A little grey-haired old lady, sprightly of manner and quick of step despite her years, traveled over a hundred miles for the sole purpose of seeing May Wirth in her dashing bareback act, while the "greatest show on earth" was exhibiting at Madison Square Garden, New York.

"I was once a star of the arena myself," explained the little old lady with a glitter of professional pride in her eyes. "I was then known as Mlle. Elvira when my husband, Richard Hemmings, owned his own show, the Hemmings and Whitby circus, and we traveled overland by wagon, from town to village, from hamlet to city. One summer we voyaged

up and down the Hudson river, carrying all our equipment and horses by boat and showing at all the towns on both sides of the river.

"Well," continued Mrs. Hemmings, "I just had to see May Wirth ride. I'd heard she was the greatest in her line today and all I have to say is, I think she is superior to Madame Dockrill, Senora Cordona, Mollie Brown and all who were famous in my time. I think May Wirth ought to be crowned 'Little Empress of the Arena.' That's what she is!"

More than 70 famous riders have been enrolled with the big show this present season. American and European celebrities like the Rieffenach Sisters, the Ernestos, Cme. Ella Bradna, the Wirth Family, the Clarks and George Hanaford will be seen here in equestrian displays next Saturday, August 29th.

"She could by making two or three trips," I said quietly. "But we didn't want any delay in getting the food to those children. But if you don't wish—"

"Please understand, Margaret," she replied leily, "that I shall not permit you to put me in the position of refusing aid to starving children, however much you would like to do so. If you will attend to your own share of this business and get that mother back to her baby, without wasting any more time trying to run everything else, I'll see that those young ones over there get something to eat with just about one-tenth of the fuss you're making."

It taxed my self-control to ignore this manifestly unjust tirade, but I even managed a nonchalant, "All right," as I turned away.

Back in the kitchen I whispered a warning to Katie of my mother-in-law's proximity, and hurried out to my car, selfishly glad to

get away for a few minutes from the elder woman's captiousness.

I went straight to the village "lock-up," a primitive place, like most of its kind, for all prisoners were usually disposed of before

moved to the county jail at River head.

The woman who had talked to me across the fence was huddled miserably in a chair, while her husband sat despondently on a bench near her. The man did not look up as I entered, but when the woman caught sight of me, she sprang forward and caught at my coat.

"Oh! Missis, pless, Missis. My habee! My schilders!"

CHAPTER F95

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN MADGE BROUGHT THE MOTHER HOME

A big, awkward man with a kindly face, who evidently was in charge of the prisoners, shambled sheepishly forward as the woman sprang forward with her wild query to me concerning her children, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Here! Here!" he said mildly. "You mustn't bother this lady."

She turned on him as might a wildcat with fingers curled into claws.

"You git me my habbe you," she screamed, and I hastily stepped between her and the officer.

"She's not responsible, Officer," I said in a low tone. "And I don't mind her holding on to me."

His tense unhappy face relaxed. "I don't know what to do with her, Ma'am, and that's a fact," he said. "This ain't any place for a woman—we hardly ever have one here."

"She has a little baby at home," I went on, superfluously, "and I want to take her to her child, if only for a little while."

"The big man looked alarmed."

"I'd like to oblige you, Ma'am, but I ain't got no jurisdiction"—he rolled the word unctuously—"to let her go."

"Who has?" I asked, "for I did not know the name of the justice of the peace to whom the young trooper in the farmhouse had referred."

"Why! Lawyer Whitney put her here—he's the J. P. around these parts. You might go over to see him."

He gave me the directions for finding the lawyer's office, and I turned to the woman, who still held my dress.

"If you'll be quiet and not make any trouble," I said, speaking slowly and distinctly as to a child, "I'll try to take you home for a little while, anyway."

Madge Wins Her Release.

She released by dress instantly.

Through the Experiment Station, the Extension Service, and Resident Instruction

Oregon Agricultural College

Serves the Farms, the Homes, and Industries of Oregon

It offers a college education in Agriculture, Commerce, Engineering, Forestry, Home Economics, Mines, Pharmacy, Vocational Education, Chemical Engineering, Military Science and Tactics

The School of BASIC ARTS AND SCIENCES provides the foundation for all the technical courses. The training includes Physical Education, Industrial Journalism, Social Sciences and Music.

Fall Term Begins September 21, 1925

For illustrated booklets and specific information, write to THE REGISTRAR, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon

Does She Stay Here?

At the table, Katie was excitedly clearing away the dishes

Noah Built His Ark Before the Flood!

Have You Made Arrangements For Your Fuel

Gasco Briquets

No ashes—all heat. For a Few Days Yet at Special Summer Price.

Coal

Of the Best Quality to suit your furnace, heater or cook stove; order before the raise.

Wood

Second Growth of very best quality \$6.50 per cord. Old Fir, 4 ft. \$7.50. 16-inch \$8.00. Oak \$8.50.

Order your winter's needs now. Phone 1855 Hillman Fuel Co. Broadway at Hood Street

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The Triangle Stores advertisement featuring a large triangle logo with 'Personal Service', 'Quality Merchandise', and 'We Serve Well'. Lists various store locations and contact information.

COMPLETE ROAD ILLUMINATION advertisement for STARR & WHITMORE, 343 Ferry Street, Open evenings till nine.

OREGON STAGES advertisement: 'In the free, open spaces! Stage travel is a joyous experience. On hot days a cool breeze fans you as you glide along on cool days and evenings our stages are comfortably heated. You may enjoy to the utmost every bit of scenery you pass through.'

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