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MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER F100

THE MESSAGE JIM GAVE TO MADGE

I pulled myself together when I saw Jim looking at me curiously. His mimicry, crude and unskillful though it was, of the man who had lifted him from the prostrate form of the escaped bootlegger and held him helpless to retaliate, to free himself, or even to see his assailant, had set my thoughts wandering far afield.

I was sure I knew the identity of the man whose voice and words he had attempted to mimic, but I shrank from admitting the knowledge even to myself. It was too bizarre and far-fetched a theory, I told myself, even as something beside my own volition forced a question to my lips.

"Did you know his voice, Jim? He must have known you by the way he spoke."

Jim hesitated. I know the cannyness of the true Long Islander who never admits anything, and I was not surprised when Jim, shifting his feet uneasily, made an evasive answer.

"I suppose he did, Ma'am, but there's plenty of people know me and Katie work for you without our knowing them. But I think he's somebody you know, all right."

"Why?" I framed the word mechanically.

"I was just comin' to that," he explained laboriously. "After he'd said that, he waited a minute, as if he was thinking, and then he said sort of slow-like:

"Awful Sorry, Jim."

"But what am I going to do with you, that's the question?" he says.

"The other fellow spoke up quick and mean-like,—I guess he was mad at the way I'd downed him:

"Bash his head in and beat it!" he says.

"Then, Mrs. Graham, you'd ought to have heard that big fellow go for him. It wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it, kind of like a king or a general or something like that talking to dirt. He finished up by telling him if he heard another word out of him, he'd leave him flat in the woods. He meant it, too, you could see that, and when he was through, the other man was as meek as a dog that's been thrashed.

"Then the big man made the other man help tie me up. He always kept back of me himself so that I couldn't see him, but he saw to it that nothing was too tight, and he put the gag in himself, real careful like.

"Awful sorry, Jim," he says.

"You're too good a scout to treat this way, but I can't run the risk of your giving any alarm," he says.

"Then he lets go of me, and the next thing I see a big overcoat toss past me to the man I'd been chasing.

"Lay down under that tree in the bushes yonder," he said.

"There's no tailor's mark on it or anything else even if our friend Jim should turn it over to the cops, which I don't think he will, seeing that I'm only giving it to him to save him from rheumatism."

"I ain't making no promises, I says to him.

"And 'quite right, too, old man," he says to me real friendly like, and then he calls to the other man.

"Help me lift Jim over to that tree," he says, and when they carried me over he says:

"Beat it now over to the road and get into the car, I'll be right along."

A Strange Gift.

"The other man beat it as he told him to, and then the big man reached his arm around me—I saw his hand was white and had a ring with a big green stone in it—and he quick plinned something I didn't see inside my coat.

"Jim," he says, and his voice was real soft-like, "you think a good deal of the little lady you work for, don't you?"

"That's the surest thing you know," I says, Ma'am, for I guess you know what Katie and me—"

Jim's voice trailed in an agony of embarrassment, and I hastened to reassure him.

"I know what dear and faithful friends I count you both," I answered, "but tell me quickly what the big man said."

"Give the little lady this," he says, "with my most humble compliments, and if I was in your place, I wouldn't yearn to be found by no state trooper," he says, plinning something inside my vest coat. "I've fixed it so you can make some sort of sound, but don't make it unless you see somebody from your house. And you won't have to stay here very long. I promise you that, anyway."

"Then he beat it, Ma'am, walking straight and grand, like a

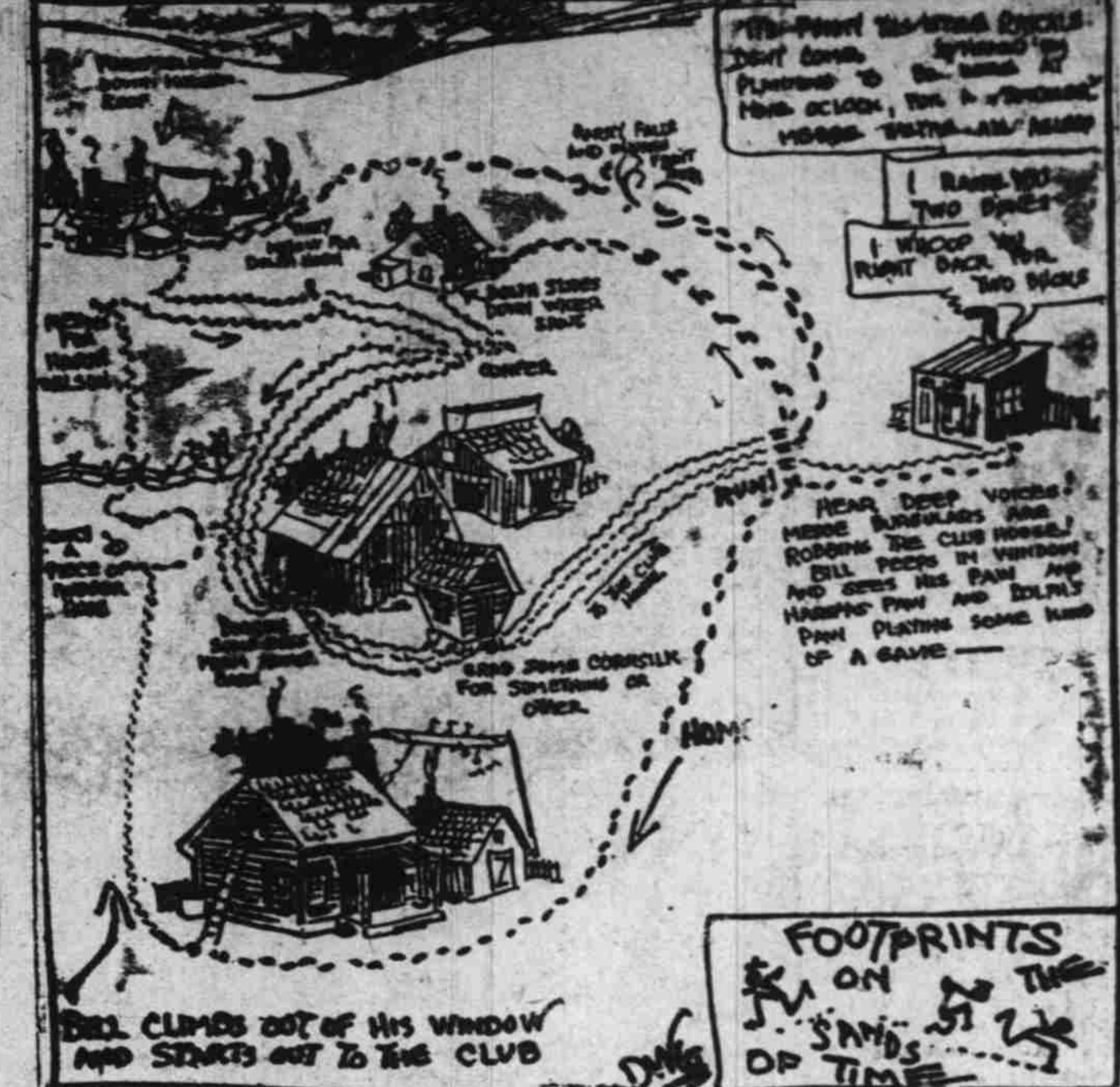
theater man. And—somehow—there was something about him that made me keep quiet afterwards when a trooper came within twenty feet of me. Here's what he gave me."

He put his hand inside his coat and took out something upon which my fingers mechanically closed. It was the scarab scarf-pin which I had last seen in Harry Underwood's tie.

(To be continued)

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SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



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DINNER STORIES

They sat at table, he and she, and gazed into each other's eyes, what time he mechanically consumed the food which was set before him.

"Ah," she said, "I am glad you like it. Mother says that there are only two things I can make properly—potato salad and marmalade tart."

"Indeed," said he, "and which is this?"

A delegation from Kansas visited the late Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay some years ago. The host met them with coat and collar off, mopping his brow.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "delighted to see you. De-lighted. But I'm very busy putting in my bay just now. Come down to the barn with me and we'll talk things over while I work."

Down to the barn hustled president and delegation.

Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork and—where was the hay? "John!" shouted the president. "John! where's all the hay?"

"Sorry, sir," came John's voice from the loft, "but I ain't had time to throw it back since you threw it up for yesterday's delegation."

The London consul of a continental kingdom was informed by his government that one of his countrywomen, supposed to be living in Great Britain, had been

Did You Ever Stop To Think?

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

That every city has business concerns who advertise continuously. They bring much business to the home city.

That in the same cities can be found a large number who sit idly by and wait to get some of the business brought to the city by the energy of the continuous advertisers.

That continuous advertisers are the ones who are fully aware of the obligation they owe the people they serve. As evidence of this, they couple service and quality with advertising.

That the sales of continuous advertisers are always increasing and they rightly contribute their success to the selling help of advertising.

That there is no story more interesting than the story of the great concerns who have become great on the solid foundation of quality and advertising. The story of their growth is inspirational.

Continuous advertising increases turnover which brings more profits.

Business concerns who have the foresight to advertise their wares are those who get the big business.

Continuous advertising will win new business for any business.

DRUNKEN DRIVERS GIVEN HEAVY BLOW

(Continued from page 1)

who point out that while the present ordinance permits the court to impose a sentence of \$500 fine, six months imprisonment, and indefinite suspension of the drivers' license, heavy sentences have not been given. Records show, they point out, that a full half of the possible maximum penalty has never been imposed. This would amount to a fine of \$250 and jail sentence of three months. A fine of \$250, the largest ever imposed here, has been assessed several times, but the longest jail sentence ever ordered has been 30 days, given in one case and coupled with a fine of \$100.

On the other hand, police records reveal that the penalties imposed by the court have been increasingly heavy. Contrasted with early penalties under the ordinance of March 14, which went as low as \$50 and five days, the minimum recent convictions during the past two weeks have carried with them a minimum sentence of \$100 and 10 days.

Expectations were yesterday that the new ordinance will be proposed at the next meeting of the council, September 8, but this was not certain.

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

September 1, 1925.

To the Editor of The Statesman:

If there is wan thing makes a man happy it is to get something off his chest, and if wan thing makes him any happier it is to get his name in print. So I set to me frind McGonigle sez "Now there is me frind Elly MicMun she has writ a letter to the paper," and I sez, sez I, "I'll write wan, too."

Now so as not to disappoint Pat, be shure to print this and send wan copy out to me place by the cannyery.

And me frind Elly MicMun will be glad to see it too for we both used to play up around Bainbridge Hant. Manny's the time she's set and doodled her beautiful fate in the placid waters of Puget sound. That wan ling before Tommy Murray was born; that is doubtless wan rason she knows so much about the place and so little about Tom.

Now, raley, Bainbridge Hant is no Cruso place at all, at all, but a fine situation to sit in calm quiet to see the sun rise and watch Seattle grow, for Seattle is about as far away as me frind Gilbert's schule for b'ys.

Aye, by the way, as I sez to McGonigle, sez I, "McGonigle, do yez remember the schule started by me frind Moran, and a better Irishman we never had, the same starthed a schule fer b'ys like Tom, ist before Tom run away, roight on the Hant furnist where Tom lived, but he never attended. That's why he wint the way he did."

Now in her letter Elly MicMun sez the divil and God usually stand squarely for the voight. Thin what's the use to worry, with the two of thin, and the county attorney, Carson, all in cahoots workin' for justice to Murray. To be shure, he'll git it.

Spakin' of justice, I think the b'ys that got away will git justice stroight. But what worrits me is the thots of children of the dead daddies. There don't seem to be anny reward bein' raised fer thin. Thin is the wans to be disgusted.

Elly MicMun sez, sez she, "Let Tommy go back to the farm up at Seattle!" To be shure let the b'y go agin. But if we wanted him to go, why didn't me frind Walter Pierce, his Excellency the Governar, instid of offerin' a thousand dollars fer ketchin him livin' or dead, why didn't he offer Tommy a thousand to kape a-goin and give it to him whin he made good. Now, if there is wan man as is thruly brave, of all thin as was mentioned in the press reports, that wan man was Misher Sandifer. Only the thruly brave would place themselves before three guns and six revolvers in the hands of three blud-bathed desperados behind. And all this chanz was taken jist to let Docther Steiner know he was to have three callers who wanted a jitney in a hurry, and by the hokey jeminies he had it ready. I tells McGonigle I think nothin would pep a man up like three loaded guns and six revolvers unless it be the unloadin of some of thin.

"No wan," as I sez to McGonigle, sez I, "no wan closes a letter on this subject widout tellin what's gaded and nadeless at the pin." Well, wan thing they nade less of is politics. And wan thing they nade more of is Irishmen on the wall.

MIKE GROGAN.

TIMBER DEAL MADE

SPOKANE, Sept. 1—Sale of 11,000 acres of standing white pine timber and a large sawmill and planing mill, located 25 miles north of here, was made today by the Spokane Lumber company and the White Pine Lumber company of Spokane. The consideration was announced as more than \$400,000.

SON OF FAMOUS JAPANESE SAVED AFTER SUICIDE PACT

TOKIO.—Another case of "shinju" is attracting considerable attention in the Japanese newspapers. "Shinju" is a word meaning the double-suicide of lovers whose future seems hopeless. In the recent tragedy the "man in the case" was Shintaro Kitazato son and heir of Dr. Baron Kitazato, famous Japanese physician and inventor. Young Kitazato did not succeed in his attempt to end his life, but the girl, a beautiful geisha, was found dead.

The body of Kitazato was discovered by a fisherman in Lake Chusenji with several gashes in the throat which later proved not to be serious. "The would-be suicide told the police he had fallen in love with a geisha and that because he was already married, they decided to commit "shinju." According to the young man, they tied themselves together and threw themselves in the deepest waters of the lake where the girl soon succumbed. Kitazato, however, decided at the last moment he did not wish to die and, struggling desperately, succeeded in untying himself from the geisha. He said he managed to swim to shallow water but when there, overcome with remorse, and feeling that he was in duty bound to accomplish "shinju," he slashed his throat with a pocket knife.

Marston Unlucky in His Quest for Golf Crown

OAKMONT, Pa.—Maxwell R. Marston of Philadelphia became amateur golf champion of the United States in 1923 after eight years of competing in the event. Today he is an uncertain factor in the coming championship at the Oakmont Country club course: Marston is a most interesting linkman. There was a time when he used a long sweep of the club on the shortest pitches with remarkable accuracy but in recent years he changed the style somewhat, until it more nearly approaches that of other golfers of note.

Bob Gardner, veteran Chicagoan has been Marston's nemesis in the search for the amateur crown, eliminating him in the early rounds and semi-finals three successive times.

Last year at Meron he progressed to the semi-finals, putting out C. O. Hazlet of Ireland, J. Wood Platt and Dexter Cummings on the way, but he played poorly against George Von Elm and was beaten, 7 and 6.

Will Barber Shop "Next" Be Next to Disappear?

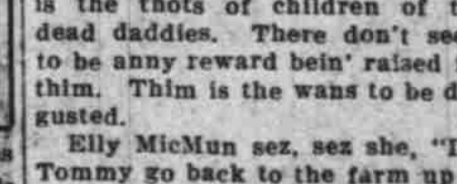
Is the welcome "Next," so long a familiar attribute of the American barber shop, about to disappear?

In a new barber shop being opened in Franklin, Pa., the proprietor has put into effect a system long in use by dentists and other professional men, that of arranging appointments previously with customers. Instead of waiting their turn, his customers can now call him up by telephone and arrange for a hair cut, a shave or a marcel wave, as the case may be, for a given time so as not to be kept waiting.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

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The Statesman Publishing Co.

Job Department

215 South Commercial Street

Salem

September 2, 1925
WHERE IS YOUR TREASURE?—Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Matthew 6:21.

ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE IT

The refusal of Bert E. Haney of Oregon to resign from the United States shipping board, though requested by President Coolidge to do so, calls attention to the question of the right way to build up an American merchant marine.

And this writer believes this question will not be settled in the way that Mr. Haney thinks it should be settled; neither will it be settled by the pursuance of what appears to be the policy of President Coolidge.

It is apparently the idea of Mr. Haney that the United States government should operate the ships it owns, regardless of the annual loss. It is evidently the idea of President Coolidge that our government should get its ships into private ownership as rapidly as possible, so as to avoid this big loss.

President Coolidge's policy would obviously be the proper one to follow, if it were certain that the government owned ships, after being sold, would remain under the American flag. But there can be no such guarantee. Some of the vessels have been sold under a guarantee that they shall fly the Stars and Stripes for five years. But that is not a very long time, and even in that period they may be sold to foreigners.

There is only one right way—

And that is the way the founders of our Republic built up an American merchant marine that was the pride of our country and the envy of the world, for a considerable period before the Civil war. They provided for discriminating tariff duties in favor of goods carried in American bottoms.

This must be done again, if we are to be certain of having an adequate American merchant marine, without a large annual charge upon the federal treasury. In this way, there will not be a cent of cost to our people, and there will be incidental benefits in the way of additional tariff receipts and better protection to labor and capital.

An adequate American merchant marine our country should have. It is of paramount importance, for our foreign commerce and for our protection and sense of security—

And it would be justified even at the expense of a stiff ship subsidy, under that or any other name—

But that is not at all necessary. Nothing is needed but a return to the wise policy of the great and for seeing men who made possible the successful launching of our Republic.

THE INEVITABLE

The mighty (in baseball) has taken a fall—but not on speed limit bound to the coveted base. And while lovers of the great national game may grieve at the plight of one of their heroes the "swat king" will no doubt be disappointed at the response to his claims to sympathy and prompt reinstatement.

Ruth's claim that he is being punished for the shortcomings of the "Yankees" with whom he played last year and with whom he is under contract for 1926, may or may not have merit. His own failure to measure up to the expectations of his manager and friends last year may have inspired the former to make the punishment such that the former star would take stock of his own moral and physical resources and conduct in order to retain his place on the field.

Ruth's failure to observe either those laws of nature or of health which are absolutely necessary to the highest efficiency in baseball and in other forms of athletics is an open secret. His refusal to obey the rules required by every league club is by himself admitted. That the rules of the club were made for the other players and not for him, was the attitude of the hero now disgraced.

"In at 1 o'clock in the morning" of the day's game is the rule—Ruth ignored this and other regulations—the result was inevitable.

His boyish attempt to shift the blame for his disgrace upon the shoulders of his manager will not succeed. It is the penalty for disobedience and the result of his own folly—a lesson clear and emphatic.

THE ALMSHOUSE VANISHING

Efforts to eliminate pauperism or at least to reduce it to a minimum are gaining ground according to federal statistics.

During the ten years ending with 1924, the number of almshouse inmates per 100,000 population was reduced from 31 to 7.1. Great centers of population as well as the less populous districts show a marked reduction during these years.

Among the agencies accountable for this improved condition are widow's pensions, health work, improved sanitation, general betterment of labor conditions which have relieved unemployment, increased industries and life insurance.

This better condition is encouraging. It means social and economic progress among all classes of people in whatever occupation engaged. Encouraged by this showing those who advocate old age pensions see in their hobby the general elimination of almshouses and begging.