

The Oregon Statesman

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

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BUSINESS OFFICES
 Albert Myers, 235 Worcester Bldg., Portland, Ore.
 Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 123-126 W. 51st St.; Chicago, Marquette Bldg., 233 N. Dearborn St.; San Francisco, Calif.; Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

TELEPHONE:
 Business Office - 23 or 525 Circulation Office - 525 News Department - 23-10
 Society Editor - 106 Job Department - 525

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

September 25, 1925
LAW FULFILLED:—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. Romans 13:10.

SALEM TO BE A REAL CITY

The development of the flax and linen industries in Salem determine the fact that Salem is to be a real city—

The Belfast of America; one of the most permanently prosperous manufacturing centers in this country, or any country.

Not that Salem would not become a large and solid city without the advantages of flax growing and linen manufacturing—

For this is the country of diversity, and Salem has a number of advantages that are exclusive, that contribute and will permanently contribute to her sure and substantial growth—

But flax growing and linen manufacturing are ideal for city building; for a guarantee of permanent prosperity. They provide both the profitable production of the raw materials on our land and the employment of capital and labor in fashioning these raw materials into high grade articles of commerce that command the best markets in this country and the world over—

Bringing new money here constantly from long distances; coining into gold dollars our sunshine and showers working with our soil.

It is very fortunate that our linen industry here is to be in good hands. The Miles mill, starting in manufacturing, is solidly financed and conservatively and ably managed—

And the Oregon Linen Mills Incorporated, which company was organized yesterday, is backed by practically all of our forward looking people, and it is to be managed by some of our most successful and enterprising and far seeing business men, coupled with representatives of the Canadian interests, which are behind the largest linen mill operations in the New World; three institutions in Canada and one in New York.

Salem is very fortunate in having such a connection; in having her initial linen mills started under such favorable auspices, with the certainty of successful and growing institutions—

And these will bring many others. They will bring, very soon, specialty mills. And more and more specialty mills will surely follow.

We are on our way towards producing here in this district \$100,000,000 worth of linen goods annually, and employing, directly and indirectly, a million people.

Nature prepared the setting for this development, for in no other place in the world are the conditions so nearly ideal for both the manufacturing of fine linens and the growing of the raw materials on an extensive scale.

THE WAY TO FAIR PRICES

The recent rise in coffee wholesale prices is charged to the mistaken efforts of Brazilian growers to insure themselves against loss from mounting labor costs and crop uncertainties by withholding from the market a portion of the crop. This action resulted in coffee scarcity and higher prices.

The raising of prices through speculation when there is indication of scarcity is general. Just now this same thing is taking place in the matter of coal with the strike in progress. It would be the same if the farmers of the country were to cut down on their production.

The wisdom of voluntary curtailment of production to force higher prices presents grave difficulties however not only to the consumers but to the producers also. It is not the producer who reaps the benefits from the higher prices generally but the middleman, and the speculator who fix the prices for both the producer and the consumer. Obviously the consumer is the chief immediate sufferer from this curtailment of production.

But the producer may also suffer in the end with his unfortunate ally, the consumer. General and continued prosperity for an industry such as coffee raising or other agricultural pursuit results from good crops and fair prices rather than from a restricted supply and abnormally high prices to the consumer.

In the case of the coffee growers there has been reached through a commission appointed for the purpose an American market for a sufficient supply at a normal and stable price, the delivery to meet regularly the demands. This plan discourages speculation and stabilizes the industry for the producers.

All farm products grown in quantities commanding interstate and foreign markets could be assured fair prices, and stable markets through a thoroughly organized system of cooperation, including standardization of quality.

Bits For Breakfast

Now watch Salem grow—

With the development of the linen industry, and other things that will come with it.

Again, Salem finds herself with too little room for her schools in some sections—and the high school and new junior high buildings are overcrowded.

There will have to be some new

building, and the East school will have to be put in shape to be fully occupied.

The quality product is the thing. That is what is making Salem an industrial center, with the product of her canneries, her paper mill, etc. It will be the same with her linen mills. They will have the raw materials for the finest linens made in the world, and the natural conditions in perfection for manufacturing them.

It is a pity Mrs. W. P. Lord

could not have lived to attend the meeting of yesterday forenoon for the organization of the second linen mill company in Salem. Her spirit was there, and it will be in the various developments as they proceed, in making Salem the Belfast of the New World.

The next thing for Salem must be a beet sugar factory. It can be financed right here, and it should in fact be financed cooperatively, by the growers. They can do it, if they have the right kind of an organizer.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER F118

What Is It That Katherine Fears for Madge?

Mother Graham turned herself in my arms and answered Katherine with a docility and meekness so surprising that I cast a furtive glance at her to see if the fright over Junior's attack of croup had not temporarily affected her brain. "Thank you, Mrs. Beckett," she said. "That is very good of you to say that, and it comforts me. And I will do what you wish. I think we all need a cup of coffee."

She walked heavily to the bed and lay down upon it, her face, however, turned watchfully toward Junior's crib. Katherine and I hurried outside, and when we were securely out of earshot in the dining-room, looked in amazement at each other.

"She didn't even insist upon making the coffee," I said at last. "She's pretty nearly all in." Katherine commented. "And although I thought it wise to relieve her mind by telling her the truth, that the croup attack might have come anyway, I wouldn't emphasize her complete freedom from blame any farther. Her obstinacy might easily have sent that child into pneumonia if he were less vigorous than he is."

"Isn't there danger now? Ought I to go back to the city?" I asked.

"I think all danger is over," she returned reassuringly. "This isn't pneumonia weather, thank goodness! And with the lesson she has had she will be the best nurse for him after this. Those women of the older generation understand croup thoroughly because they had so much of it to deal with. While Junior is convalescing from this she'll keep him from drafts and playing on the floor, with an assiduity that neither one of us could hope to equal. If he's all right tomorrow, you'll be perfectly safe in going

back. But—as soon as you can arrange matters you ought to have Junior with you."

"Surely That's Coffee."

"I know it," I answered, and then, with a sudden decision, "and I'm going to manage it! Just how, I don't know, for I don't want him in the city, but somehow—"

"Above all things, don't take him to the city," she warned, and then we both sniffed as might war horses smelling battle.

"My prophetic nose!" Katherine exclaimed. "Surely that's coffee." "Katie understands this family," I answered as we made our way to the kitchen, and found my little maid busily preparing a large tray.

"We were just coming down to ask you to make coffee, Katie," I said.

She gave an airy little shrug and chuckled. "Ven dees fam-lee no vant coffee any hour day or night, den I know dey all in dere graves mit two tons of tombstones on top," she replied, and Katherine and I, with our first relaxation from the grip of anxiety of Junior, laughed heartily.

"We'll take ours down here, Katie," I said, "but I wish you'd prepare a dainty tray for Mother Graham and take it up to her. Be very careful you don't wake Junior."

Katie Helps Out.

"I guess I know better dan vake dot ha-bee," she retorted bridle-ingly. "Didn't I stand right dere mit you efery mornin' I not doing sometin's, and ven he go sleep, I bet you not know ven I coom down here, I go so soft!"

She was right. We had not heard her, and I hastened to smooth her ruffled plumage. "I know you're most careful, Katie," I said, apologetically, "but I'm so nervous about Junior."

"I know dot," Katie granted largely. "And I be shoost so still as leetle mouse. Und I feex nice tray. You see."

She was as good as her word. The tray, covered with a snowy napkin, which she bore upstairs a few minutes later, was calculated to tempt the appetite of a pampered cinema queen, and when she had gone, Katherine and I, with ravenous appetites, attacked the coffee and sandwiches which Katie had prepared in abundance.

"We won't hurry," Katherine decided when we had finished. "Your room isn't nearly warm enough for your mother-in-law, and the rest all by herself will be good for her. Besides, we need a bit of relaxing. We'll have to watch Junior the rest of the night, turn about, you know."

"Why can't you sleep and let me watch him?" I protested. "You have weeks, perhaps, ahead of you nursing Mrs. Durkee."

"But not for several nights to come," Katherine countered. "Besides, you have been under double strain. You happen to be Junior's mother, you know."

There was something in her eyes as she spoke which haunted me even after we had gone upstairs again; something which

passed me, although I felt that the meaning must lie beneath my hand if I could only find it. (TO BE CONTINUED)

DINNER STORIES

A little son of Italy, twelve years old, came to his teacher in a New York public school and asked if he could not have his name changed.

"Why do you want to change your name?" the teacher asked.

"I want to be an American. I live in America now."

"What American name would you like?"

"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a dirty scrap of paper, on which was written, "Patrick Dennis McCarty."

When David Lloyd George, ex-British premier, was a young country solicitor in Wales, he was riding home in his dog-cart one day and came upon a little Welsh girl trudging along so wearily that he offered her a ride. She accepted silently, but all the way along, although he tried to engage her in conversation, he could not get her to say anything more than a timid "Yes" or "No."

Some days afterward the girl's mother happened to meet Lloyd George, and said to him smilingly, "Do you remember that my little girl rode home with you a short time ago? Well, when she got home she said, 'Mamma, I rode home from school with Mr. Lloyd George, the lawyer, and he kept talking to me, and I didn't know what ever to do, for you know Mr. Lloyd George charges when you talk with him, and I hadn't any money!'"

A Frenchwoman who recently went to live in England became alarmed at the butcher's increased bill and decided to interview him.

On arriving at the shop she exclaimed excitedly: "How is it you are dearer to me now than when we were first engaged?"

One afternoon the ticket agent on an Iowa railroad was called to the brass-barred window of his little office. Before the window stood a motherly looking woman.

At her side was a bright-faced boy. "Please sir," said the woman, addressing the agent, "what time does the next train leave for Des Moines?"

"It leaves at 2:48, madam," answered the agent, with just a trace of annoyance. "I have already told you that no less than six times during the last half hour."

"I know you have, sir," gently replied the motherly looking woman, "but Johnny likes to see you come to the window. He says it reminds him of the zoo."

An old gentleman from the California hinterland, on his first visit to San Francisco, went to the Presidio, where he obtained his first glimpse of the military. His attention was caught by the spectacle of two sentries passing and re-passing each other in silence. He watched them intently for several minutes, then yielding to his kindly instincts, stepped up to them as they met once more, and said, "Come, my boys, why don't you make up and be friends?"

A negro was lying down during the noon hour, sleeping in the hot sun. The clock struck 1, the time to pick up his hod again. He rose, stretched, and grumbled: "I wish I wuz daid. Tain' nothin' but wuk, wuk from mornin' till night."

Another man, a story above, heard the complaint and dropped a brick on the grumbler's head. Dazed, he looked up and said: "Da Lawd can stan' no jokes. He jes' takes ev'rythin' in year'n-ist."

The business man came home and fell in his chair disconsolately. "You look tired," said the little wife.

"Yes, I've had a bad day. That office boy of mine came in with the old story of getting away for his grandmother's funeral, so just to teach him a lesson, I said I would accompany him."

"He took you to the baseball game, I suppose?"

"No such luck! He told the truth for once. It was his grandmother's funeral!"

An English actress was thinking of taking a holiday in the Isle of Wight.

Her maid, however, objected to going there, giving as her reason

that the climate was not "embracing" enough.

"Now, what am I to do with a girl like that?" asked her mistress in mock despair.

"Take her to the Isle of Man," promptly advised the friend to whom she was speaking.

Down in Georgia a colored man appeared before the local magistrate. "Well, Henry," questioned the judge, "what momentous affair of state is responsible for your appearing within the precinct of justice this morning?"

"Jedge," responded Henry, "yuh see it's dis way. I jes can't get erlong wid dat woman I done mah'd, an' I'm wantin' for you to 'vorce us."

"Divorce you?"

"Yes, suh—'vorce us. Fust wife was a good washer and gin me no bodder, but I ain't been mah'd fo' weeks to dis one, an' I ain't got no peace er min' what-ever, Jedge. Keep a-pesterin' me all the time for money, dat's what she does."

"Oh, I see," commented the judge. "Now tell me, Henry, is she extravagant? What does she do with the money?"

"Dunno 'bout dat, Jedge. Ain't never give her no money yit."

Seventy-five blackfish, a species of whale, died on the beach at East Brewster, Mass., when they ran aground. Some of the fish weighed three tons.



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 At 8:30 o'clock Saturday Morning we will place on sale on a CASH AND CARRY PLAN

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And so on up to 140	6.39	at which price the balance of 140 will be sold.

To rapidly introduce to the women of Salem and vicinity this wonderful Electric Fireless Cooker, and to show them the economy in fuel and food and the saving in time by Cooking with Electricity, we will place on sale Saturday at 8:30 a.m., just 150 at the unheard of low price of \$6.39. This is your opportunity to equip your kitchen with the most modern Electric Fireless Cooker yet devised at a price that you can not get again. Be here early so as to be sure to get one.

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