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**LOVE DEFRAYS NOT**—Owe no man any thing, but to love one another. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not covet. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Romans 13:8, 9.

## WILL NEVER BE A BETTER TIME

There will never be a better time than the present to go out after the first beet sugar factory for Salem—  
And the farmers themselves could secure a factory.

How could they do this?  
There are two ways; cooperatively, like several factories have been established in Ohio, or like the farmers of the North Platte valley, Nebraska, have just done. These farmers organized a campaign, in which they secured pledges for the growing of 12,000 acres of sugar beets next year, and 15,000 thereafter. They offered these contracts to the Great Western Sugar company, with headquarters at Denver, and that company has accepted, and will have a new factory ready to take care of the acreage by beet harvest time next year.

Marin county, Cal., is going after a new beet sugar factory.  
Two new beet sugar factories are proposed for the Great Falls district, Montana, where experiments in beet growing have been carried on in five sections, like those conducted in the Salem district this year.

The Lord Weir interests have just decided to build a beet sugar factory in County of Fife, Scotland, to cost \$5,000,000, to employ 3750 men in building, and to employ 2000 men in cultivating the crops of beets.

The next logical development of the Salem district is a beet sugar factory. It will do more than any other one thing can do towards pushing our dairying and live stock industries.

## TOWN BOOSTERS 101 YEARS AGO

Easterners and Northerners, who incline to smile at the boosters of California and Florida, may be a little shocked to read the following inscription upon a pitcher manufactured in Utica, New York, one hundred and one years ago:

"Utica, a village in the State of New York, thirty years since a wilderness; now, in 1824, inferior to none in the western section of the state in population, wealth, commercial enterprise, active industry, and civil improvement."

In commenting on this, a writer in the World's Work remarks: "The virtues of cities now greet the traveler on the roadside and in many other places, but the china from which he pours the cream for his morning coffee does not now contain booster material. Chambers of commerce may be modern inventions, and many a new device of press-agentry may have been added to the armory of the booster, but the instinct to boost is as old as man. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were doubtless conceived by the projectors of a restricted residential suburb." The fact is that town boosting is on all fours with patriotism; love of one's home city of a piece with love of country—  
And altogether commendable.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from which he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung."

## WHERE SOME MONEY GOES

The number of motor vehicles registered in the United States during the first six months of this year increased 13.9 per cent over the number registered during the same period last year. At present there are 17,716,709 of these vehicles registered and 70,200 classified as official and not registered.

The total gross receipts from registration fees, licenses and permits, amount to \$226,899,709 annually. Of this vast sum \$183,780,371 is applied to highway construction and maintenance. Here is evident ground for the observation that in the first cost plus the upkeep of the motor vehicle, lies one cause for the present stringency of money for general living purposes.

But the amount of money collected in gasoline taxes is not less startling than that for licenses, permits and fees. The amount collected for the first half of this year was over \$60,000,000.

The number of states imposing this tax has increased very rapidly until only four of them collect no tax. These states are Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York. In these latter states there is a property tax levied on cars.

The rates of the gas tax vary with the several states. In one state the tax per gallon is 5 cents; in two states, 4 cents; in another state, 3½ cents; in twelve, 3 cents; in one, 2½ cents; in twenty-two, 2 cents; and in five, 1 cent.

The tendency to increase further the rates of taxation

on gasoline is strong. It is the fairest tax paid by the motorist as it is paid only in proportion to his use of the roads and it is put back upon the roads in repairs and improvements. The license tax should be reduced to a small amount on all cars except commercial trucks and they should be made to conform to the law passed by the 1925 legislature and now held up by referendum brought by the truck owners and associations.

## A BIG BAKERY

A gigantic bakery merger in the sum of \$400,000,000, including 157 plants located in various states and comprising approximately 10 per cent of the total bread business of the United States is about completed. The prices of bread will be watched with increasing interest.

## MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW PHASE  
—OF—  
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

CHAPTER F 123  
HOW MADGE RUSHED TO TRY  
TO DO WHAT DICKY  
ASKED

The train, the last by which I could hope to reach the city in time to get Dicky's evening clothes to the tailor, chug-chugged its noisy way out of the station.

After satisfying myself that Alfred Durkee was nowhere in sight, I took a taxi and made all possible speed to the Durkee home bargaining with the driver on the way for a trip to the city, if I should find that Dicky's suitcases were still at the house.

I wondered worriedly if there had been some unexpected happenings at the Durkees. But the worry ceased and changed suddenly to irritation when, as I ascended the veranda steps after telling the driver to wait for me, the door opened suddenly and Lelia, registering strong astonishment and remorseful confusion, flew out to meet me.

Lelia Didn't Understand.

"Madge!" she exclaimed. "Don't tell me you said the three-thirty-one train! I thought you meant you changed at three-thirty-one. I looked it up and there was a change at three-thirty-four, so I thought that must be the train you meant. That would have brought you here at four-forty and Alf meant to meet you there. Oh I'm so sorry! Has it mixed up your plans, and what can I do?"

She was absolutely ingenious, so honestly distressed that my irritation vanished instantly. But I could not help comparing the manner in which she had mixed things for me with the calm, certain efficiency with which Lillian Underwood or Katherine Bilkett would have handled the matter.

Knowing Lelia's propensity to get things twisted, Dicky dubs her "charmingly inefficient," and the characterization fits her snugly. I had been strongly tempted when she answered the telephone to ask for Alfred, that I might be sure of his meeting the train. But fearing to offend her—she is sensitive to the extreme—I, instead, had taken particular pains to make the train directions minute and exact, and had repeated them two or three times. How she had managed to get them twisted I had no idea, and moreover, I never would know for of course I could not question her.

"It doesn't matter a bit," I uttered the falsehood unblushingly and kissed her with real warmth—it would be a hard-hearted person, indeed who could retain wrath against so gentle and sweet a creature as Lelia Durkee. "I can catch a train at Valley Stream if I can get the suitcase right away. But I won't have time to see your mother-in-law."

"The suitcases are right here in the hall," she replied. Alf put them there so they would be ready. And Mother Durkee's asleep—poor dear!—after a hard day. Alf is sitting with her, and I've been watching the door so I could keep people from ringing the door bell. I told central not to ring us on the telephone either, unless it was a long distance one."

"Then that's all right," I said relieved that I would not be delayed further. "I'll run out to-morrow if I possibly can."

I directed the taxi driver to put the suitcases in the car and with a hurried but affectionate adieu to Lelia started upon my drive to the city. The train would have landed me home by the narrowest of margins, and I was dismayed at the delay I already had experienced.

"Your Man Says—"

There was nothing I could do to speed the driver, a thoroughly able citizen in his line, who was patently doing his best to get me to my destination at the appointed time. But neither he nor I reckoned with a traffic jam which put me in a state almost fuming as his sorely tried engine after its constant shifting of gears and landed me at the door of the apartment house at five o'clock, a whole hour after the time Dicky had named for the appointment with the tailor.

## DINNER STORIES

At a dinner given by the prime minister of a little kingdom on the Balkan Peninsula, a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the prime minister, in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h," cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He

doesn't know that I have got it back."

Hearing the crash of china Dinah's mistress arrived in time to see her favorite coffee-set in pieces. The sight was too much for her mercurial temper. "Dinah," she said, "I cannot stand it any longer. I want you to go. I want you to go soon. I want you to go right now."

"Lawzee," replied Dinah. "This surely am a co-insidence. I was this minute cogitating that same thought in my own mind—I want to go, I thank the good Lord I kin go, and I pity your husband, ma'am, that he can't go."

A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, was very much interested in the proceedings. After her return home she told her mother: "Papa made a speech, and several other men made speeches to twelve men who sat all together, and then these twelve men were put in a dark room to be developed."

—That your city is running like a winner.

—That your live citizens are fighting for a live growing city. If you are not helping as you should, jump in and work harder.

—That every city has two classes of people; the men who do things to build up the community and the men who do not. Be a builder!

—That the building of a city is a partnership business, every citi-

zen is a partner and when a number of the partners refuse to lend their assistance, there is just that much less chance for happiness and prosperity.



ORDER BEFORE THE COLD

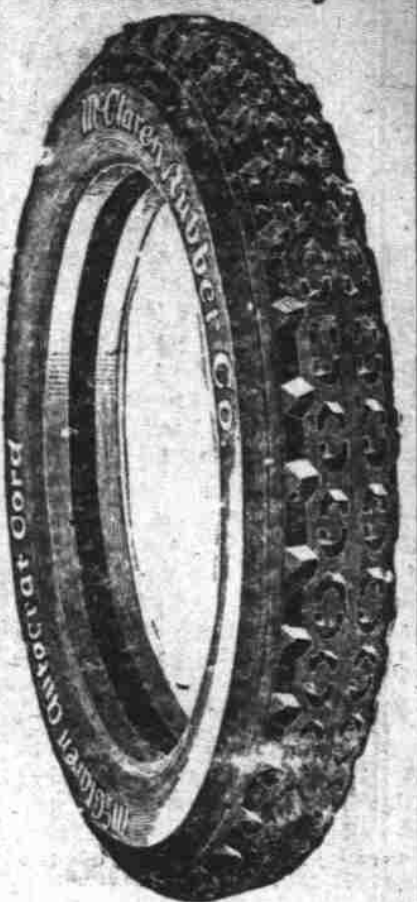
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