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THINK OF THE HARVEST.—Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Galatians 6:7.

EGYPT STUDIES OREGON HIGHWAY SYSTEM

Mohamed Hassaan, the engineer for the main roads and bridges department for the Egyptian government, with headquarters in Cairo, the principal commercial city of that country, with a population of over a million people, is in Oregon studying our highway system—

And he comes to the right place—
For we have the best highway system in the world, and Marion county has the best paved market road system of any county or district on earth.

Not that we have the best paved roads in the world—though we have as fine ones as any country or district—but we have the best planned systems for securing the fine highways and distributing the costs to those who can and ought to pay them.

Egypt already has some macadam roads, but she is in the restless automobile age, and her forward looking people think they can afford paved roads—

Hence their government has sent Mohamed Hassaan for a trip of two years, to find out how good roads and bridges are built according to modern plans in other countries. He speaks Arabic. That is the language of his people. He is a descendant of the Arabs who were once the most learned of all the people of their time. He might be mistaken for an American of the Jewish race. He also speaks French and English. He spent a year in France, studying their road systems. He was for a time in England, and in other countries. He has studied the road systems of our eastern states, and is now here, on the last part of his quest. He will soon depart, for he is due home in December.

It is a distinction worth while that the country of the pyramids, looking down upon her people from an antiquity of more than forty centuries, should send her highest representative in that branch to study the Oregon highway system—to find out how we build paved roads and good bridges. Egypt could do no better than copy our whole system, and to keep up with our progress—

For we are making progress all the time. We are building better roads than ever, and getting greater values for our expenditures. And this is said without discredit to the pioneers. There had to be pioneering. Better roads will still be built here, and they will all the time be as good as any one can build.

Mr. Hassaan says America sends to Egypt about half the automobiles used in that country—

It is about fifty-fifty between American and European make. He will soon be back within sight of the pyramids, showing his people how to modernize their country by the construction of modern highways. From any part of Cairo at all times the pyramids are visible. They are twelve miles distant from that city.

THE WOODROW WILSON MEMORIAL

Friends and admirers of Woodrow Wilson, all over the country, are forwarding the plan to establish a memorial to him in the city of his birth—Staunton, Virginia. The house in which the war-president was born will be the central figure in the birthplace memorial group.

This recognition of the services of a man who went through a great national crisis without sacrificing the courage of his convictions, who gave of his intellect and physical strength to the extent of his health and life, is indeed worthy.

Criticism of his political policies which are always debatable in all parties and among all organizations of men; directed toward him as an individual should have ceased with his passing. The good that he wrought—and it was much—should be emphasized. To Woodrow Wilson, scholar, statesman, progressive idealist and American citizen, the contemplated memorial is deserved recognition.

THE CONSTITUTION

Constitutional government in America is a real representative government, a government of checks and balances. The duties of the executive, legislative, and the judicial departments while interlocking are also clearly defined.

In spite of direful predictions from opposing sources it has continued to function until the present day.

As the people of the nation have followed its provisions they have prospered. It is only when we have strayed from the paths marked out for us by the Constitution that we as a nation have suffered. Our safety, progress and happiness as a nation depend upon our respect for and obedience to the Constitution.

This was a real representative government, a government of checks and balances, with the duties of the executive, legislative and the judicial departments interlocking and clearly defined. And the most marvelous thing was that it worked and has continued to work until this day. As the people have followed it they have prospered, and it was only when they strayed away from the constitutional path that the nation has suffered.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

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

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CHAPTER FIVE The Story of Mrs. Marks Told Madge.

Dicky often laughingly has accused me of having a card index mind. I was inclined to believe his statement when I noticed the embarrassment of my apartment neighbor, Mrs. Marks, at my idle query as to the occupation of her friend Mollie, whose praises she had been singing. For at her answer that the girl was a book-keeper in a fur house, I drew from my mental file, two other queer notes, and compared them with the one which had just come under my notice.

At our first meeting with Patey Marks and his wife, I had noticed the gorgeous fur wrap of real seal trimmed with mink which the woman wore. She had called my attention to it with childish elation and had begun a sentence—"You see my husband is in the only to have it chopped short with a curt warning sound from her husband. And a minute later in the hall outside we had heard the man savagely scoring his spouse for her indiscretion.

That was Exhibit A. I told myself whimsically. Exhibit B, I had deposited in my brain card index but a few minutes before, when the inadvertently-opened closet door of Mrs. Marks had disclosed to my wondering eyes a number of costly fur cloaks—there must have been nearly a dozen of them—and had patently given my hostess an exceedingly startled and apprehensive moment until my casual demeanor had convinced her that I had seen nothing. And now I was sure that she had started to say "my husband's fur house," when she had been talking of the girl, Mollie, but had changed her phraseology at some sudden recollection.

What did it all mean? Why should the saturnine Mr. Marks with the ferret eyes, whose personality was repulsive to me as his wife's was singularly attractive, desire to conceal his ownership of or employment in a respectable and honored business? Why should—
The Way They Met.

I brought myself up with a round turn. It was no business of mine, I assured myself, but nevertheless I bestowed an unusual amount of care upon the safe before I went to bed. I had a queer little presentiment that some time I might need them. I flattered myself, however, that Mrs. Marks had no shadow of an idea I had noticed either the fur cloaks in her closet or her slip in answering me. With a light little laugh, I made a banal, casual comment:

"Bookkeeping is a dull job for a girl as pretty as you say your friend is."

"You've said it!" Mrs. Marks returned with emphasis. "If I had her face and figger, you couldn't see me for the dust I'd be kicking up on my way to Hollywood. But Mollie's queer, as I told you, and I've give up trying to make her out. I think an aw-ful lot of her kind, though. I used to wheel her around when she was a baby. Her folks lived in the next flat to ours, but the rooms wasn't anything like these. I'll tell the cock-eyed world. They was a fierce proposition. But we used to have good times down on that old street. Poor Mollie!"

As she talked she had been busy with setting out cups and saucers, plates and flat silver for two on the table which occupied the place of honor in the center of the room, and which was covered with the most sedate pieces of embroidery I ever had seen in my life. There was a color of the rainbow emitted in the intricate stitches. I did not detect it, while its flora would have made a botanist tear his hair. Mrs. Marks saw me gazing at it in a puzzled awe which she mistook for admiration.

"That's Mollie's Ring Now."

"I done that when I was a girl," she said, a bit shyly. "I remember Mollie was a little bit of a thing then, and she used to sit by me and hold the embroidery silks for me as quiet as a little mouse. How proud her poor mother was of her!"

She signed prodigiously, and I knew that I was expected to sit with a question, the reminiscences which she was as patently enjoying.

"Your friend has lost her mother?" I asked.

"Not only her mother, but every bit of kin and kin belonging to her, except some cousins in the old country that have done her out of the little bit of property she's entitled to over there. There was a fire in the flat one day when Mollie was away at school, and when she came home they was all gone, mother, brother and two sisters."

"Her father had died two years before, so the poor kid was all alone, except for my mother and me," she went on. "I can feel her little body shiver yet. I held her in my arms all that night, and she never shed a tear, just shook all night as if she was packed in ice. And she's never forgotten it. She'd stick to me till the hot place froze over," Mollie would.

She was frankly teary over her reminiscences, while I was conscious of a keen curiosity to see the girl with so tragic a history, and so engaging a person and personality as Mrs. Marks had described. And then the apartment

bell sounded four alternate long and short rings, and Mrs. Marks' face alight—rushed to the push button in the wall.

"That's Mollie's ring now," she said. "Isn't this luck!"
(TO BE CONTINUED)

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Marion County Jurist Editor Statesman:

Did you ever notice the fact our jurists in Marion county are composed of a very, very large per cent of foreign names or foreign accent, names that the average high school boy or girl cannot pronounce correctly? The writer has no prejudice against these people born of parents that come from a foreign land; they can't help that, and they are good Americans, or most of them at least, but the thing that I can't understand and hundreds of others, is this: Why make such names as the following so conspicuous by their absence: Hunt, Jones, Brown, Butler, Baker, Taylor, Smith, etc.? Good old American names, a lot of them southern names if you please, and the sincerity and loyalty of the south has never been questioned.

TAXPAYER.
Salem, Ore., Oct. 23, 1925.

Bits For Breakfast

Ever see such weather?

That's a common question here. The answer is that we see such fine weather almost every year here, at this season.

State street barber says the hard thing about making money last is making it first.

Autocide is a new word a Salem garage man suggests for one who by reckless or fool driving kills himself.

It is a good idea for the Oregon Agricultural college to experiment with the growing of flax. Too much cannot be done, towards stabilizing the production of a plant that will yield a first grade long fiber. There is no money for grower or manufacturer in a short, low grade fiber. The best growers of the Salem district know this. But every one in the Willamette valley ought to know it.

Trotzky says Russia is soon to be a great market for foreign goods and investment, and that all the situation demands now is "firm relations, long term credits, mutual business trust and regulation banking connections." (Yes, that is all it needs. Firm relations with a government that is sending men and money far and wide to destroy the peace of other nations; long term credits for a regime that does not consider its proletarian faith bound by a pledge to a capitalist or a bourgeois; business trust in a regime that scorns the bourgeois morality of a contract, and regular banking connections—with a government which founded itself on repudiation and confiscation.)—Chicago Tribune.

NEARLY 250 BOYS ATTEND 'V' PARTY

Paddle Social Last Night Is Huge Success: Fine Program is Offered

Nearly 250 boys, members of the boys' division and their friends, enjoyed a big time at the YMCA building last night. The invitations to the affair asked the boys to bring a paddle and a friend, and all during the afternoon the phone was kept busy answering calls about "that paddle." But the boys showed up in great style, some bearing large and dangerous paddles, while the others carved out miniature ones. Boys arrived at the building as early as 5 o'clock and besieged the secretary with requests to go swimming, and the fun was on. The first event of the evening was a swim for those who cared to swim, while others amused themselves in the gym or game room.

Bob Boardman was master of ceremonies, and was ably assisted by members of the senior boys' leaders' club, to whom a large part of the credit for the success of the social was due. The "welcome committee" was made up of Ed Marr, John Schaffer and Bob Judson. The athletic sports were carried on by Chuck Simpson, Warren Keeney, Clair Miller, Otis Hlixeth and Ray Miller, while Homer Smith and John Sills were responsible for the serving of the sweet cider and doughnuts. (As usual, there was no filling up of the boys.)

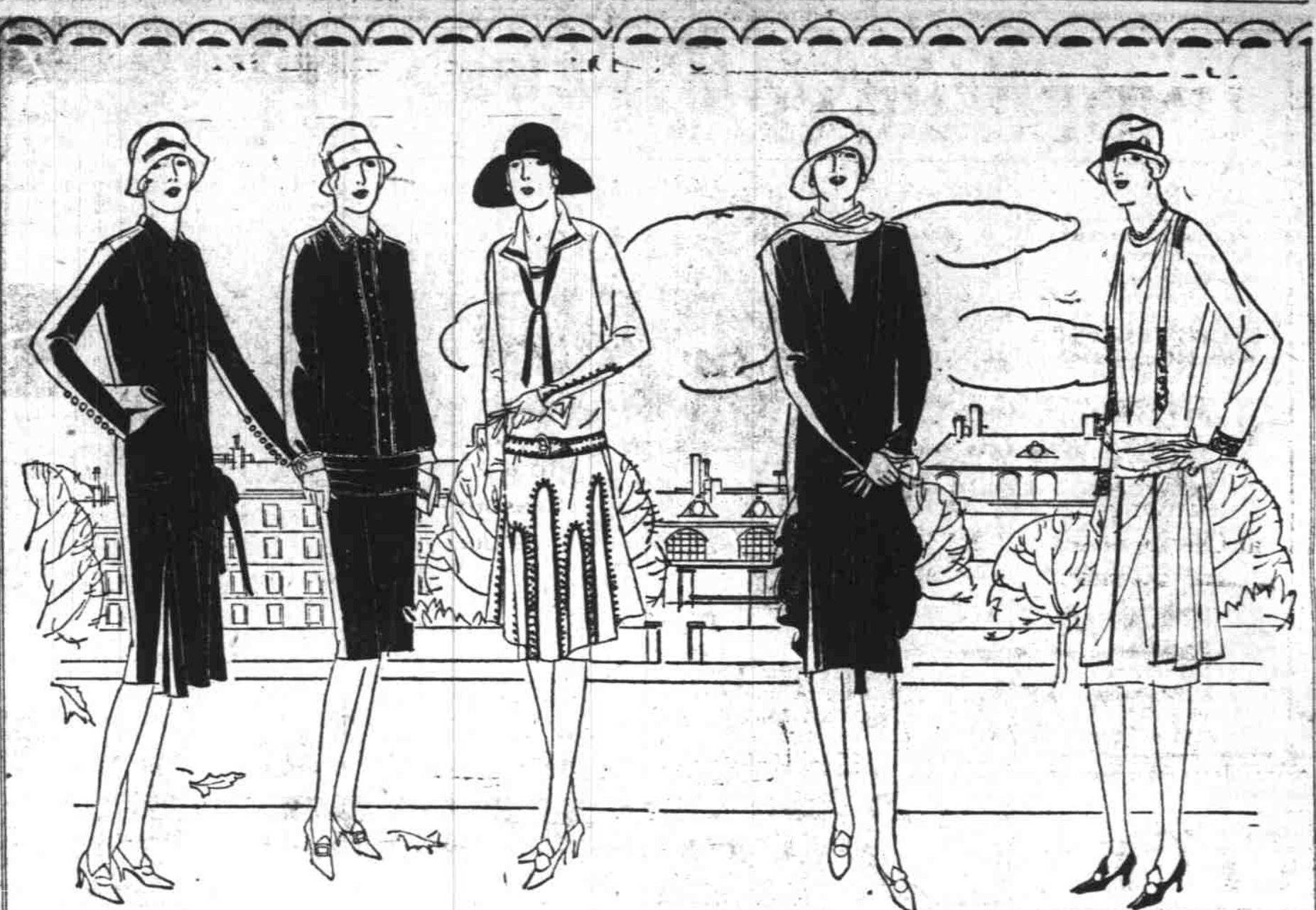
After a few games in the gym the boys assembled at the piano in the lobby and were led by Mr. Gil of Kimball college in a few songs, and much amusement was had by the contests between the various groups.

L. E. Goodwin, state YMCA secretary, spoke a few words to the boys, and J. B. Crary, the new boys' work secretary, was introduced to the boys, and responded with a few remarks and a story. The party closed at 9:30 o'clock, the boys having enjoyed a fine evening, and hoping for more of a like kind, all expressing a desire to be getting into the new building.

TUBER YIELD IS LARGE

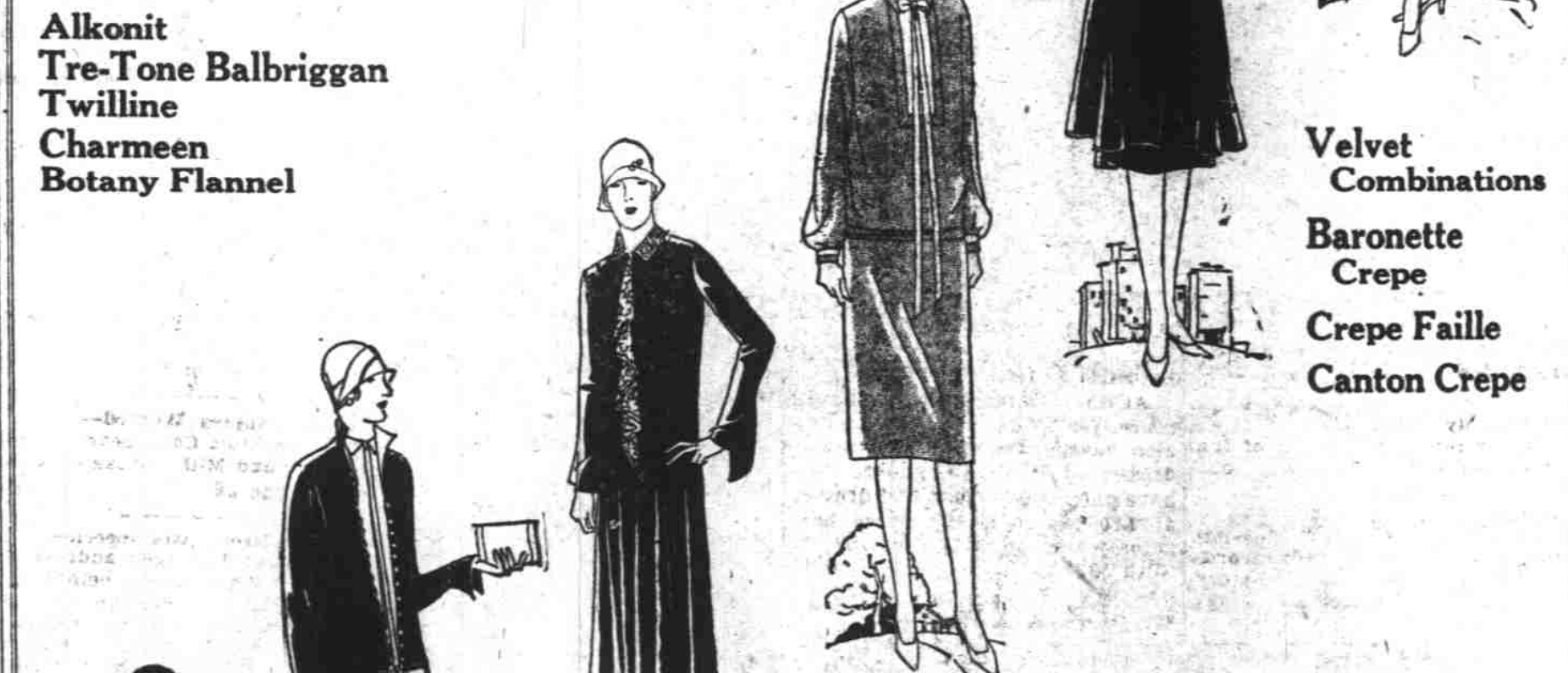
SMALL PLOT OF GROUND PRODUCES AT HIGH RATE

WALJA WALLA, Wash., Oct. 22.—A plot of ground 15 feet wide and 110 feet long, belonging to George Thompson, local police sergeant, produced 1080 pounds of sweet potatoes this year. Mr. Thompson planted the tubers in six rows. This would mean that an acre produces like this plot would net over \$1000.



A Sale of Smart Winter Fashions In Silk and Fine Woolen DRESSES BEGINNING TODAY

Values to \$35.00
\$19.50



Winter Frocks Are Gracious and Becoming

These are the sort of frocks that one can wear from morning until night, and always look well-dressed, and for this reason they are indispensable to the well-dressed woman. Crepe satin and dull-finished crepes, velvets and fine cloths—all the important fabrics are included. Charming and distinctive touches distinguish each—lace collars and cuffs, embroidery, applique and colorful pipings. In black, navy, cocoa, reseda, green, wine, red and other fashionable tones.

Apparel Section--Main Floor
MILLER'S
Good Goods
Salem's Leading Department Store