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 AN UNLIMITED SUPPLY.—If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. John 15:7.

FIFTEEN YEARS FROM TODAY

"Fifteen years from today Salem will be a city of 100,000 people without a question"

So spoke Frank N. Derby to the Marion-Polk County Realtors' association yesterday at their noon luncheon. Mr. Derby has recently returned from an extensive tour throughout the United States. He is a conservative Salem property owner and business man.

That prediction is enough to stir the imagination; to set one to thinking what Salem will look like with 100,000 people—

But why not?
 The possible development of the flax and linen industries alone in that time would give Salem the 100,000 people; and then be only fairly started—

And so would the building here of several beet sugar factories, with the train of benefits that would follow—

But Salem is not up Utica. This is the land of diversity. Our resources in special crops alone are potentially enormous; enough to stir the enthusiasm of any one who will consider them.

It may transpire, at the end of fifteen years, that Mr. Derby will be considered a most conservative man; or even a piker in the realm of prophecy.

WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY?

United States Senator Wesley L. Jones of Seattle, chairman of the commerce committee of the upper house of Congress, has for a quarter of a century advocated discriminating duties for the upbuilding and maintenance of our shipping in foreign trade—

But in a special dispatch from Seattle to the New York Herald-Tribune, published Oct. 25, Senator Jones is reported as follows:

"Personally I have heretofore been opposed to a subsidy system, but it is the only concrete proposal having substantial support that offers any hope of success.

"I want to see shipping transportation in private hands. I believe this to be far more efficient and more economical, than government operation. But I consider the established services so absolutely vital to the development of our commerce and the prosperity of our country that if we cannot adopt a policy that will induce private parties to take over these services and maintain them I am in favor of the government doing it.

"Our people all declare for a merchant marine, but we are divided as to ways and means of getting it. There should be no partisanship in considering this question. The great trouble has been that we have divided over it politically.

"Without arguing for or against a Ship Subsidy, I want to present some facts that justify me in saying that I shall support any reasonable proposal that may be submitted."

Then Senator Jones presents a great array of facts regarding our foreign commerce and the acute need of a great permanent American merchant marine for its transportation.

Senator Jones is missing the chance of his life, in giving in to the group advocating ship subsidies. They will not get anywhere. That group has worked since the time of Mark Hanna and has accomplished nothing—

And will accomplish nothing permanent.

Of course, a government owned fleet is better than no American fleet at all—

But why, in the name of common sense, do not such men as Senator Jones stand by their guns, and get discriminating duties for goods carried in American bottoms?

That was the policy of the founders of our Republic, that held for 61 years, till 1850, and built up an American merchant marine that carried 80 per cent of our goods on the seas—

And that policy put into law will do it again. Then why does any one hesitate.

THE WORLD COURT

Disputes between nations can and should be settled by peaceful means. War can be made impossible through creation of the right kind of spirit, the right kinds of institutions and proper procedures.

The national right to self defense should of course be always recognized. The army and navy should be maintained at defense strength. Our fortifications should not be neglected but the spirit of building tremendously with the probabilities of future aggressions should not be emphasized.

Controversies will inevitably arise in regard to rights and duties of citizens and nations. The interpretations of treaties will also be necessary at times. Each party to the disputes may believe itself right. Each one looks at things generally from its own viewpoint. To settle such difficulties while holding these differences would mean to settle them according to divergent views which is impossible. And unless there is an outside agency to whom the parties may refer, urged on by advantages of prior action or by hot and hasty tempers of the leaders, wars are usually precipitated without

counting the results or attempting any other settlement of existing difficulties. And then usually retraction is treated as impossible.

But controversies between nations can be settled and the first steps in settlement is to refer matters under dispute for consideration by unprejudiced parties.

The World Court is a tribunal to which legal phases of international disputes could be referred and in the consideration of these phases of the causes of threats and war clouds the atmosphere of international passions and prejudices could be clarified.

The Court is a clear step toward the goal of international peace. Compulsory jurisdiction for the Court is a further step in the program to outlaw war.

And it is important that the United States, the greatest of the nations now undergoing economic expansion should enter the Court and set an example in spirit and procedure to the end that all international disputes shall be settled on the basis of justice, reason and law.

BOOK WEEK PLAN

Special emphasis will be placed during Childrens' Book Week, upon those books which tend to develop international sympathy and understanding. The purpose of this emphasis is to eliminate race prejudice so commonly shown toward foreign children and to inculcate in the rising generation those elements which make for universal peace. It is a commendable purpose in a splendid plan.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

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

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CHAPTER F144

The wastebasket, of course. That was my first objective upon entering the bathroom where I had bandaged Dicky's hurt head. I had seen him glance furtively at it just before I had helped him back to his bedroom, and I was sure that he had thrust into the torn papers which it contained, the queer awkward bandages which had been tied around his head when he came home.

I looked at the bathroom door, and then, spreading a newspaper upon the floor, tumbled the contents of the wastebasket out upon it. The thing I sought was almost at the bottom of the basket, a newspaper roughly enclosing the blood-stained bandages.

That they were not the ordinary surgical bandages, I saw at once, but just that they were I could not determine. Putting the rest of the papers back in the wastebasket, I poured from the basin the solution which I had prepared for the laving of Dicky's head, filled it with cold water, and laid the bandages in it. At intervals I changed the water, until finally I was able with the aid of warm water and soap to wash the pieces of cloth thoroughly. It was after their final rinsing that I spread them over the bathtub rim, and itemized them carefully.

Two small, cheap, but dainty feminine handkerchiefs, with no distinguishing monogram, which had been wadded into balls and applied first to the wound.

A large fine linen mouchoir, which I recognized as one of Dicky's own which had been folded into small compass and laid over the others.

A long lawn collar, hemstitched, such as adorns so many ready-made cotton frocks nowadays. They are duplicated by the hundreds in every large store. I had two or three similar ones myself. I had seen one upon the neck of the girl, Molly Fassett, who had come to see Mrs. Marks only that afternoon, and Mrs. Marks, herself, sported one, as doubtless did scores of other women within a few yards of me.

The collar had been used to tie down the other bandages, and for a long minute, I stood staring at it, trying to visualize the accident in which Dicky so patently had received first aid from some woman.

That he had tried so hard to conceal the bandages, argued one of two things: Either the accident was one of which he had reason to be ashamed of, or else he had found me so intolerant during our life together that, no matter if his escape were entirely innocent, he feared a scene when I should discover the feminine handkerchiefs and collar.

Woman-like, I promptly acquitted myself of the second premise, but, on the other hand, all my love of fair play protested against condemning Dicky without knowing the truth. My altruistic sentiments, however, did not prevent me from planning a Machiavellian little surprise for my husband. I resolved to stay awake the rest of the night, or rather morning, that I might send the wastebasket down to be emptied before Dicky should awaken. This would effectually prevent his knowing whether or not I had found the bandages until I should decide to enlighten him.

Moving noiselessly, I tidied up the bathroom, putting everything in its place. Then I went to the kitchen, and switched on my electric iron. When it had heated sufficiently, I ironed the handkerchiefs and the collar until they were dry. Folding them neatly, I wrapped them in a piece of white paper, switched off the iron, and

going back to the living-room, hid them securely away in my own traveling bag.

Only then did the tension upon my nerves relax, and I slumped weakly down upon the bed, feeling unutterably miserable. But I did not forget my determination to stay awake until morning, and long before it was time for the janitor to make his rounds I dressed and carried the wastebasket down to his quarters and emptied it with the explanation that I needed it for the sorting of some papers.

I also sidetracked any possible curiosity he might have had by telling him of the apartment I desired for my sister-in-law's use during her brief sojourn in the city, and making an engagement with him to view the empty apartments in the building—two in number—later in the day.

Dicky was still asleep when I returned to our apartment, and I decided to do my daily marketing before I prepared breakfast that I might not be absent when he should awaken, and perhaps need me. I dressed for the street, and, going out, hurried my errands. Returning, I was particularly careful in fitting my key that I might make no noise, for I wished to have Dicky sleep as long as possible, knowing that it would be his best medicine.

I had left the living-room door partly ajar, for it creaked whenever it was opened or shut, and, because of my noiseless entrance, Dicky, who, attired in bathrobe and slippers, was bending over the table, did not see me. And before I could speak to let him know I was there, I suddenly found my lips closed. For in his hands he held the book which I had read with so much uneasiness, and even as I looked, he tore the compromisingly inscribed fly-leaf out, and crammed it in his pocket.

(To be continued)

Bits For Breakfast

A crisp touch of winter.
 The sixth strawberry annual Slogan number—

That's what The Statesman of next Thursday will be. It is an important issue, as this is by far the greatest strawberry district in the greatest strawberry state in the Union. Help the Slogan editor if you can, in the interest of more and better strawberries; especially more to the acre.

Michigan boy who won a plowing contest was awarded a scholarship to study Latin. Wasn't it Cincinnati of old Latin Rome who was called from the plow?

Salem filling station man says the fellow who "passes everything on the road" is in good training to lead the procession to the cemetery.

The United States leads the world in broadcasting, with 546 stations, as compared with 356 in all the rest of the world.

"You rub the sore when you should bring the plaster."—Shakespeare.

Some of the classes in the Salem public schools are to compete in composition work on the most important industries here. What do you say they are?

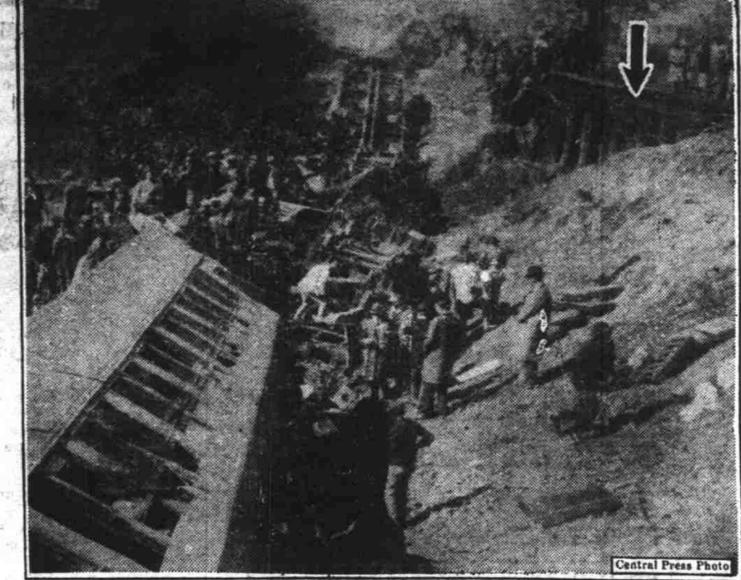
"Radio constitutes one of the finest defensive weapons that a besieged unit can possess," reported the commander of the French garrison of Sueda, Syria, which for two months was surrounded by the rebel Druse tribesmen. The garrison was often entertained at night by music broadcast from Pittsburgh and London.

Harper—Malheur's great diatomaceous earth deposits being developed.

McMinnville—Machinery being added to equipment of glove factory here.

Albany—Many men are working on Seven-Mile hill and Fish Lake highway.

Where Broken! Rail Wrecked Train, Killed Score



A broken rail is blamed for the wreck of a St. Louis and San Francisco Ry. passenger train near Victoria, Miss., in which a score of persons were killed and many injured. Authorities are probing the crash. Photo shows scene of disaster and shattered cars, which were tumbled off the trestle when a wheel struck the broken rail (indicated by arrow).

Did You Ever Stop To Think?

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

C. W. Nash, president of the Nash Motors Co., says: That the motor car has undoubtedly been the most powerful single new productive force in the economic and social development of this country during the past 25 years.

That the automobile has added billions of dollars of wealth to the nation's resources.

That in the United States today there are 17,500,000 motor cars and trucks—an average of about one to every seven people.

That during the last 10 years the average sum spent in the purchase of motor cars has been close to two billion dollars annually and the amount expended for gasoline, tires, repairs and other garage items averages almost treble that amount.

That by bringing the town and country into closer touch, motor transportation has revolutionized life on the farm.

That the farmers with motor equipment have quadrupled the economic range in their choice of markets.

That hundreds of thousands of people have obtained lucrative employment in the manufacture and sale of automobiles, in serving them and in the sale of commodities essential to their upkeep.

That the automobile has helped to create a vast suburban development, thus serving to check the growing congestion of population in the older portion of urban centers.

That touring has become a movement of national proportions, millions of persons now spending their vacations touring from one point to another.

That despite the early apprehension on the part of railroads that competition with motor transportation would reduce their traffic and earnings, the loss of certain local traffic has been more than offset by the new traffic created through motor travelers reaching into territory hitherto inaccessible to the railway.

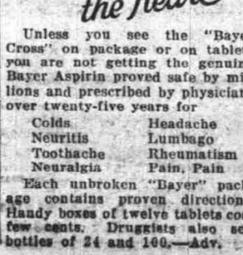
The motor car has been a tremendous force for good in eliminating sectional differences and welding the nation into a homogeneous whole.

Marshfield—Cedar veneer and battery separator factories running double shifts.

Portland—Yakima valley wants railroad service direct to Portland and the Pacific.

"BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-five years for

DINNER STORIES

"What is this leathery stuff?" the diner asked, when the second course of the dinner was served.

"That is a fillet of sole, sir," replied the waiter.

"Take it away," said the diner, after attacking it with his fork, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

The captain of a foreign coasting steamer was apt to break the monotony of his existence by commenting on his chief engineer's abilities. The latter, in return, made the remark that he understood the captain's job better than

he (the captain) did himself.

As a result the captain decided to change places with his chief engineer, the latter to take charge of the bridge, whilst he would demonstrate how the steamer should be properly driven.

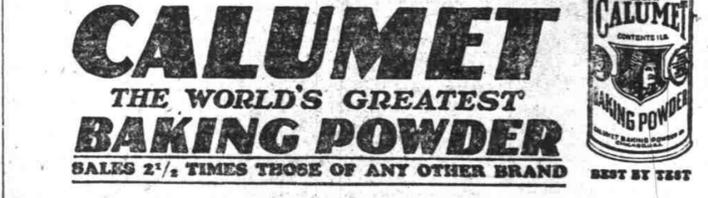
For the space of an hour all went well. Then suddenly the ship stopped, and, try as he might, the captain couldn't make her go any farther. After juggling with the machinery for upwards of an hour or two the captain gave up and telegraphed to the bridge.

"I say, chief," he cried, "I can't get this hooker to move! You'd better come and put her right! She won't shift either way!"

"No sir," replied the engineer, "I don't expect she will! We've been around this last hour!"

GOES MUCH FURTHER

Because you use only half the amount ordinarily required. Foods are doubly good—because they are wholesome as well as delicious.



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- D. L. Shrode**
705 S. 12th Street
Phone 9
- J. C. DeHarp**
605 S. 19th St.
Phone 1286
- A. Dae & Sons**
1003 S. Commercial St.
Phone 935
- SUGAR**
Fruit or Berry Cane Sugar
\$5.50 per 100 lbs.
- THIS IS APPLE WEEK**
Baldwins, Jonathans, Spys, Delicious, Spitzenberg
\$1.45 to \$2.50 box
- Baking Soda**
Pound Package
5c
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- Roth Grocery Co.**
134 N. Liberty St.
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190 S. Commercial St.
Phone 305
- River Road Groc.**
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Phone 494
- Pickens & Haynes**
456 Court St.
Phones 256 or 257
- CRISCO**
A Square Cake Pan FREE
With each 3 lb. tin of CRISCO 79c
- Princess Flour**
(Idaho Hard Wheat)
\$2.19 sack
Pet Milk, large cans 11c (Can be fed to babies)

A new story is told about Bishop Henry C. Potter. It seems that a lay reader had been complaining to the bishop that he and his fellows were nowhere recognized in the Prayer Book. There were references to bishops, priests and deacons, but never an allusion to lay readers. "Why, of course there is," said the bishop. "Don't you remember that verse in the Benedicite, 'O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord.'"

ABANDON IMPERIAL ACRES

TOKYO.—Three of the large royal game preserves are being abolished because the Imperial Family wishes them to revert to public use, and also to eliminate the rather heavy expense of keeping them up.

Their abolition is expected to effect a saving of about 200,000 yen yearly in the Household Department.

Milton — Tomatoes shipped through Freewater Growers' association paid \$105 per ton.