The Oregon Statesman

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BE YE THANKFUL—"When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee." Deut. 8:10.

GROW AND PROSPER BY DOING

A writer in the Dearborn Independent, under the heading, "Florida Dons Overalls," says:

"Heartening news comes from Florida. The people are turning from real estate to land. The plow is replacing the subdivision stake. True prosperity depends not upon inflation of land values, but upon production. The state is getting back into production. Florida took a gallant step when she banished the 'binder boys' and other real estate sharpers from her borders. It stopped soaring prices, but it restored the confidence of the nation in Florida's good faith. And now the state goes back to fundamentals. Instead of placing exhorbitant values on idle land, the people are extracting real values from active land. The state has unique advantages, not only as a resort place but as a producer of essentials. Florida—in overalls—has a great future."

That is the genius of the new progress of Salem and the Salem district—

To get the potential value of our resources by using them to the best advantage—

To wrest prosperity from the abounding opportunities Nature has provided for us, under the sole condition that we work and conserve and handle wisely—

That we produce the supplies for our canneries, and more canneries and packing houses—

That we build up the great flax and linen industries made possible by all the natural conditions necessary, in the highest perfection found on the wide earth—

That we clinch our premiership in the peppermint industry by providing a refinery—

That we develop a beet sugar industry of large proporstions and thus conserve soil fertility while booming stock breeding, dairying, poultry keeping and swine breeding—

That we build potato starch and flour and dextrine factories and thus build up a gigantic potato industry—

That in a hundred other ways we bring our idle acres under profitable use and our slacker acres to full use.

If we will do all this, which we have well started already, there will be no question concerning the value of our lands and our city lots—

They will inevitably be worth what they will pay an income on; what they will bring in returns for their use—

And we will have the most prosperous and happy people in the world. And we will have ten millions of them in the Willamette valley—and a traveler will scarcely know where the city limits of Salem begin or end.

A conference on sewer disposal and pollution of streams is to be held at the attorney general's office in Salem on September 10, at which every city in the state will be called upon to have a representative. Salem will be able to report that she has provided a $10,000 sinking fund to start the work of sewer disposal and the elimination of stream pollution; also that a study of the best methods of sewer disposal has been commenced. This should lead, and no doubt will lead, to converting Salem's sewage into fertilizer for the enrichment of our lands.

The boys and girls' club work of Marion county is in splendid shape, considering the handicaps under which it is carried on. Marion county needs, as much as any other one thing, a county agriculturalist; one with understanding and industry. Indeed, both an agriculturist and a club leader could find plenty of profitable work in Marion county.

UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD

(Dearborn Independent.)

What man has failed to do by ethics, by sermon and by written word the progress of machinery is accomplishing.

Treaties for international amity have proved but scraps of paper; sermons setting forth the right ways for man have brought results far short of the basic ideals; intentions of nation and individual have ended in disappointment and broken visions.

Europe has been a mess of politics between countries divided and subdivided by mountain, river and desert into a multiplicity of peoples and tongues, a tangle of chaotic ways of thinking and acting.

No legal or political conclave has sat with success to bring out order and brotherhood, and no desire on the part of individual nations has resulted in entity. Yet the solution is at hand.

Today the airplane levels mountains and rivers and deserts and man moves on an ocean that comes to every neighbor's back door. Every farmer's field is become a port of entry, and planes cross boundaries and scan adjacent nations at will.

Radio, as well, knows no international boundary, and carries the soon necessity of an international language, and thus international thinking.

The man who shortens the distance between two nations increases their understanding in like proportion, and decreases their liklihood for misundertanding.

He who can make common a travel between New York and London which will accomplish the distance regularly in a day's space will do more for humanity and the brotherhood of man than all the treaties and all the sermons that have ever been or will be written.

He who can arrange international broadcasting of international programs will bring the world to a complete understanding.

And eventually there will be a United States of the World.

Telephone 185. Capital City Laundry. The laundry of pure materials. We give special attention to all home laundry work. Telephone and we will call. (*)

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EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

All correspondence for this department must be signed by the writer, must be written on one side of the paper only, and should not be longer than 250 words.

Poor Opinion of Politicians

Editor Statesman:

The resignation of Edgar R. Ray, the prohibition administrator for western Pennsylvania, with his statement that the government has no real intention of enforcing the prohibition law, is an interesting item, although there are plenty of indications that it is destined to be smothered and hushed up. It is about as welcome to the enforcement organization as were the remarks of Col. Mitchell to the navy department.

Mr. Ray told the truth. The enforcement organization has put in most of its time firing blank cartridges, which make lots of noise but don't hurt anybody. Chasing bootleggers is great sport and doesn't disturb political alignments like real enforcement would. What would you think of a law against horse stealing which indulgently overlooked the man who furnished a market by buying the stolen animals, and insisted that penalties should be inflicted solely on the farmer who raised the horses in the first place?

A majority of the people want prohibition enforced, but very few of them get a chance to help do it. The enforcement officers are all politicians, and very few politicians are sincere about anything. Most of them are neither real prohibitionists nor antis; they are policy men, willing to make a big noise at the proper time, but careful always to not offend "people who count"—people who have wealth, position and influence, and are the bootleggers' best customers. Occasionally the powers appoint to the force some vociferous preacher without executive ability or practical knowledge of what he is up against, for the purpose of making a monkey of him and having a good laugh. They have the laugh, all right, and the preacher usually becomes very tame before they get through seesawing him. Prohibition cannot be enforced by shouting "Hallelujah."

Probably there is not a policeman or other penal officer in Salem who does not know where there is unlawful liquor. They will deny it, of course, the same as the Portland police innocently declared there were no gambling dens in Portland, although utter strangers in the city could find them and lose all of their money in ten minutes. But suppose some innocent by-stander discovered the cache and make a complaint? Show me the magistrate who would issue the warrant against Mr. Augustus Uppercrust. Show me the policeman who would go and take him by the neck and yank him down to the cooler as he would me if I made a misstep. Show me the court that would give him a stiff fine and 30 days in jail without remitting anything. But that isn't all of the picture. Supposing that such policemen and such magistrates were at hand, then show me the constituency that would have the nerve to back them up and put them over again at the next election when Mr. Augustus Uppercrust and his pompus pals demanded their hides.

Ninety per cent of us decently obey the law, but we haven't nerve enough to make the lawless 10 per cent in broadcloth be decent citizens too.

When Mr. Ray spoke of "the government" I believe he meant us—the average citizen—and I fear he knew what he was talking about.

—A. M. CHURCH,
545 N. 13th St.

Salem, Ore., June 6, 1925.

The Square Deal Hardware Co., 230 N. Com'l. Most elegant and practical lines of mechanics' tools, builders' hardware, cutlery, etc. Go there and save the diffreence. (*)

F. W. Pettyjohn Co., 365 N. Com'l., Hudson-Essex quality cars price reduction effective June 9th, 1926. Buy your new car now. (*)

Bits For Breakfast

Things go by comparison—

* * *

And the four men who went over the prison wall will agree that being inside looking out is better than half starving as fugitives, with the constant danger of being riddled with bullets.

* * *

But the way they got over the wall will stand as a record at that institution for many a hitch, or, as the Indian would say, many a moon. Convicts call a prison term a hitch.

* * *

Loganberries are coming in smaller supply. The peak load of the Salem canneries is over for the present. It will come again, soon, with evergreen blackberries, and Bartlett pears and prunes and apples—lasting till the end of the year without another break.

* * *

The hemp supply at the prison is finally to be disposed of, at around $8000. The experiment has shown that we can grow as good hemp as Italy produces, and as much to the acre, on our beaverdam lands. Some day, perhaps soon, we will have a great hemp industry, as a complement to our great flax industry.

* * *

More warehouse room for flax is being provided at the state plant. The Salem district flax crop takes a lot of storage space. Acres and acres of it.

* * *

An effort is to be made to connect up with a beet sugar factory in Salem in 1927; for the next crop year. The matter is not going to be put off till spring. As they used to say at revival meetings, "Now is the accepted time."

Pearcy Bros. have the finest garden, lawn and flower seeds. Poultry supplies and fertilizers. Lowest prices. Seeds of high quality. 178 S. Commercial St. (*)

Laureen Toilet Articles sold by the Vanity Hat Shoppe, 387 Court St., belong to an exclusive line and are sold with a money back guarantee. (*)

H. T. Love, the jeweler, 335 State St. High quality jewelry, silverware and diamonds. The gold standard of values. Once a buyer always a customer. (*)

Ulrich & Roberts, realtors, 132 N. Com'l St., know property values and make for you profitable investments. Will both save and make you money. (*)

Elker Auto Co., Ferry at Liberty St. Autos stored, and bought and sold. Cars washed day and night. Low prices and service will make long friends. (*)

LIVING and LOVING

BY FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

LOVE SHALL BE KING

Trouble was brewing in the Kingdom!

Through the cold gray mist of early dawn Death, mounted on a charger, had ridden through the realm and borne away with him the soul of the old monarch. Now his subjects, who had loved him well and prospered under his righteous reign, must needs choose his successor.

And the people were divided among themselves, for into the Kingdom, at King Worth's passing had stolen doubt and discontent.

"The King is dead! Long live King Mammon." cried agitators in the market place. But assembled before the halls of learning were the students of the Gingdom, and loud these cried in protest:

"No. Mammon would be an unfair choice for those who care not to store up treasures for the body but for the mind. Mammon is cruel and Mammon is vulgar. Not Mammon. We want Intellect for King."

Clank of sabre and clatter of gun! Down the street, bright sun glistening on helmets, came the soldiers. And their feet kept time to their chant:

"'Tis Might makes right! Courage in heart and a sword in hand and Man is conqueror! Might—we demand Might for King of our country!"

By the wayside stood a group, dissenters all, austere of mien who frowned upon and shook their heads at the martial marchers:

"Poor misguided fools who seek to destroy by shot and shell. Where one falls two arise. It is soul and not body that must be not vanquished but made subject for the lasting victory. Creed is the inexorable master, mind its slave! Why not Creed for King?"

More and more disturbed became the populace. Dissension grew among them. So many moods! So many minds! How, among so many, could a King be chosen?

While they were wrangling over the question and finding not the answer a calm voice was heard above the cries, and stilled soon was the clamor:

"Brothers, you dispute thus among yourselves because you have set up false gods to bow down before. Greed has made you blind. Conceit has draped the mantel of stupidity about your shoulders. Selfishness is slowly turning your heart into a stone.

'Mammon is not true but treacherous, oftimes betraying to pauperism what it should protect. Many a man has loved money only to lose it, has treasured riches but to watch them take wing. Mammon promises much but fulfills little—is, indeed, powerless to give to its followers those things that make for happiness real and lasting.

"Intellect would be an unjust monarch, a monarch with prime favorites and special privileges. Not it, surely!

"Might! Ignorant and wicked those who would enthrone Might! For Might is an oppressor of the weak, a downtrodder of the helpless. Might, in power, unleashes the Dogs of War, lets loose Despair and Death.

"And Creed! Uncontrolled is scarcely a less evil force than Might is Creed. Countless are the crimes that have been committed in its name. Creed, ascendant, would wreak vengeance upon the unelect. Man's right is life and liberty and pursuit of happiness, and Creed binds all three with chains—builds barriers between brothers.

"People of my country, choose neither Mammon nor Intellect nor Might nor Creed for King!"

Respectfully had the populace listened, for the one who spoke was older than any among them and they knew him well, and scarce one was there among them who had not profited by his bounty, for his name was Wisdom. But the people were puzzled.

"If none of these will do, who, then, Wisdom, shall we choose as King?"

And Wisdom answered softly: "He whose rule is the golden rule. Let Love be King!"

THAT TERRIBLE THORNE GIRL

BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

What Has Gone Before

SYLVIA THORNE has risen from extra girl to playing small parts in pictures for International. Before going into pictures she was Mary McKenna, of Millersburg, Pa. She keeps house in a Hollywood bungalow with—

JEAN MARTIN, also in the movies. In love with Slyvia is—

HOWARD BENNETT, young business man of Millersburg, a schooltime friend. Sylvia's friends in Hollywood are quiet, hardworking people, while Jean travels in a rather fast set. Making love to Jean is—

SYDNEY HARMON, young movie director, a married flirt. His wife—

ISOBEL HARMON, former southern society girl, suspects his attentions to one of the girls, but cannot determine which one, as he also makes extravagant love to Sylvia, who, however, scorns him and advises Jean to break with him for the sake of her reputation.

Sylvia is chosen to play the leading role in a big new picture for International, "The Miracle of Notre Dame," which excites the envy of Jean and the other girls who hoped to be given the part. Sylvia's friends rejoice, however, and as she is to go to New York as a publicity stunt before beginning the "Miracle," they give a number of affairs in her honor.

Returning from one of them late one night Sylvia finds Jean ill and slipping off her evening clothes and donning a light negligee she goes to the kitchen to get a hot drink. Answering a knock at the door, which she thinks may be a messenger, Sydney Harmon, very drunk, stumbles in and will not leave until Sylvia promises to kiss him. This she at last consents to do to get rid of him and avoid a scandal. As he folds her in his arms, Mrs. Harmon's voice sounds coldly behind them and with her are Shelia Anderson, one of the contestants for the "Miracle" part, and "Wally" Pickering, gag man. Sylvia has no chance to explain. She wakes Jean and asks her to talk to Mrs. Harmon and exonerate her, but Jean refuses.

Now Go On With the Story
TWELVE

The stories told about Sylvia were originated by Shelia Anderson and Wally Pickering, and helped along assiduously by every woman jealous of Sylvia's recent success, were amazingly grotesque, and worse.

There were details, it seemed, which could only be whispered, behind discreetly eager palms—details which varied, grew, with each new telling. Sylvia and Sydney had been together for an hour—two hours—drinking. Miss Anderson had seen a half-empty whiskey bottle, and glasses, on the table. Sylvia had received him in her nightgown—her lingerie. A bachanalian revel, clearly. They had been discovered locked in each other's arms, in the living-room—the bedroom—here the details became unprintable, depending on the imagination of the person telling the story. Mrs. Harmon had barred her husband from the house—had decided to bring suit for divorce on the best—or worst—possible grounds. Sylvia and Sydney had been lovers for months, the affair cleverly screened by his attentions to Jean Martin. They were to be married as soon as Mrs. Harmon secured her divorce.

"Perfectly disgusting!" Shelia Anderson announced to a group of friends on the United lot. "And to think how we all fell for that 'little girl' line of hers! I always said she was too good to be possible."

Serenely unaware of the stir she had created, yet by no means blind to the possibility of it, Sylvia passed the gate at the International lot and hastened to Paul Lamar's office. She had hoped, still hoped, in fact, that Sydney Harmon had followed his wife the night before, explained things to her, admitted he was drunk, and that she, Sylvia, was quite blameless in the matter. It was a vain hope; had Sydney been able to see his wife that night it is probable that he would have told her the truth, but when he reached the sidewalk she had driven off, and the barred door of his house had forced him to take refuge at his club. Mrs. Harmon was not a vindictive woman but she had suffered a great deal at her husband's hands, and this time she was determined to teach him a lesson.

Arrived at Mr. Lamar's office, Sylvia addressed his sphinx-eyed secretary, Miss Ream, with eager confidence.

"I must see Mr. Lamar at once," she said, a certain wistfulness in her voice. "It is most important." She did not ask if he was in. Miss Ream disappeared into the rear office with a curt nod; she had not envied Sylvia her screen success, but she had resented her superior's very apparent interest in the girl. In a few moments she was back again, leaving the door behind her open.

"Mr. Larmer will see you," she said crisply, resuming her seat at the typewriter. Sylvia went swiftly into the inner room.

It was a large room, very plainly furnished. In spite of the gorgeousness he lavished on his productions, Paul Lamar in his personal life maintained an atmosphere of simplicity. Some said it was a pose, but they did him an injustice. A big man, both mentally and physically, he had no time for trifles. As Sylvia came up to his desk he rose, put out his hand.

"I thought you would come," he said gently. "Sit down."

Sudden tears rose to Sylvia's eyes as she felt the friendly pressure of his hand; at least he had met her without having first judged her.

"You've heard?" she asked faintly.

"Yes—all sorts of things."

"And believed them?"

"I never believe any stories about people until I've heard both sides. Tell me yours."

Sylvia told him, simply, directly, sparing Jean as far as she could, yet making no martyr of herself on her friend's account. She implied that Sydney's affair with the girl had been a harmless one, as indeed she had no reason to doubt.

"Of course," she concluded, "I wasn't strong enough to throw him out. And I was terribly afraid that if I didn't get rid of him somehow, and quickly, his presence in the house would become known. Jean was sick in bed and couldn't do anything. So when he promised to go at once, if I'd let him kiss me, I—I told him to go ahead. It may have been foolish but there didn't seem to be anything else to do, except run off and call for help. And you can imagine what that would have meant. And just at that moment, when I was trying to push him away from me, his wife came." Her voice trailed off into rather a dismal silence. Somehow, even to herself, the story sounded weak, unconvincing. "You believe me, don't you?"

Mr. Lamar sat drumming on the top of the desk with his finger nails. For a full moment the room was so still that Sylvia could hear the ticking of his wrist watch—the beating of her heart.

"Of course I believe you," he said presently. "And under the circumstances I don't see what else you could have done. It was unfortunate, as matters turned out, that you had to let him in in the first place. And a great pity that you did not insist on explaining matters to Mrs. Harmon and the people with her then and there."

"I tried to. She wouldn't listen. Before I knew it she was gone."

"I understand."

"And I expected her husband to follow her—tell her the truth. He certainly had every reason to."

Mr. Lamar shook his head.

"It was too late, then," he said slowly. "It wasn't only Mrs. Harmon you had to reckon with, but that Anderson girl, and Pickering. Of course you realize that by this time they have told everybody in town."

"Yes—I suppose so." Sylvia paled slightly, but her courage did not waver. "Still, when people hear my side——"

Again Paul Lamar shook his head, and the look of sympathy in his eyes deepened.

"I'm afraid you don't know the world very well, my dear girl," he said. "People—some people—if it did not sound cynical I would be tempted to say most people—are only too ready, even glad, to judge—condemn — without waiting to hear both sides of a story. Don't you realize that this scandal—or alleged scandal—has already been flashed to every newspaper office in the country?"

"But——" Sylvia's cheeks grew even paler now, and she sat up very straight—"they won't publish it! They wouldn't dare!"

"On the contrary, I have positive knowledge that they will publish it. The whole story will appear in the Los Angeles papers this afternoon. And I can't stop it. Mr. Solberg can't stop it. God knows, we would, quick enough, if we could, not only for your sake, but for the sake of the picture business as a whole. But we can't."

"How dare they publish anything that isn't true?" Sylvia asked stormily.

"What they publish will be true. The facts as they stand. That Mrs. Harmon did find you and her husband together—found you in fact, in his arms—at an early hour this morning. That you were, to put it plainly, very unconventionally dressed, and that as a result Mrs. Harmon is threatening a divorce. These things are facts, and you may be very sure that the newspapers throughout the country will know how to present those facts in their most damning light without laying themselves open to suits for libel. I have just been talking with a friend of mine on one of the Los Angeles papers. He would do a great deal for me—for our company—but with all the other papers running the story, how can I ask him to suppress it? And what good would it do, if he did? Sheila Anderson has given a sworn statement of what occurred to the newspapers. So has Pickering. Mrs. Harmon has told the reporters to see her lawyers. Mr. Harmon is in hiding somewhere, and refuses to talk. All those things are true and no newspaper in the country will hesitate to publish them. They will be after you, too—will want to print your story. I wonder they haven't approached you already."

(To be continued.)

(Copyrited, 1926. Fredric Arnold Kummer. Released by Central Press Association.)

Slate surface roofing applied over your old shingles. We have over 200 jobs in Salem. Nelson Bros., plumbers, sheet metal work, 355 Chemeketa. (*)

Picture time is here. For your films and kodaks and kodak supplies see Nelson & Hunt, Druggists, corner Court and Liberty street. Telephone 7. (*)

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Mexican straws, three styles, just the thing to wear at the beach. Also nifty sun visors and goggles, 15c to 50c. Salem Variety store, 152 N. Commercial. (*)

STATE DISPOSES OF CAR OF HEMP

Will Bring Over $4000, and Put Flax Plant in Clear on Hemp Supply

In 1923, under the Hansen administration, the state flax plant made a contract for growing hemp, for experimental purposes. It grew so abundantly, on the Lake Labish beaverdam lands, that the quantity was embarassing, as it took up a lot of storage space, and there could be found no way to work it up profitably for the markets. It would have cost too much money for machinery or other facilities, unless the state wanted to stay in the hemp industry—and this seemed inadvisable, as the inmates smoked the leaves for hasheesh, or "marawauna," a mild opiate. And the state flax plant had its hands full, any way, with flax.

Finally, last winter John Quinland, superintendent of the industries at the prison, worked up the hemp by retting and treating it, and he has been trying to find a market for it.

He has just had a firm offer from a New York concern for a car load of the fiber, at $120 a ton, and has accepted the offer.

About 35 tons can be put into a car, and this will bring about $4200. This will about put the state in the clear—that is, will about give back the money paid to the growers for the hemp in the first place, and leave the state with about half its supply to be disposed of.

So there may be a profit on the hemp experiment, after all for the state. And it has been conclusively proved that we can produce hemp here; an almost embarassing quantity of it on a small acreage.

The time will come when the hemp industry will be developed here, along with the flax industry. The great Belfast linen industry uses a lot of hemp, along with flax, in making various kinds of textiles—sails for ships, linings for making rubber boots and belting, and various other things.

The Belfast hemp comes mostly from Italy. That country can grow no better hemp than can be produced on our beaverdam lands, nor a greater tonnage per acre.

The late Mrs. W. P. Lord made the first experiments here in growing hemp, on her Lake Labish beaverdam farm.

If you are particular about your car, bring it to us for we feel the same way about our service. O. J. Wilson, the Buick Man, 388 North Commercial. (*)

SMITH IS URGED

NEW YORK, July 6.—(By Associated Press.)—Governor Smith was acclaimed as the next president of the United States at an Independence day rally in Tammany hall today.

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