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OUR LAND—"Speak not thou in thine heart, . . . saying, For my righteousness the Lord hath brought me in to possess this land." Deut. 9:4.

A BOOM THAT CANNOT BE OVERDONE

There is a swine breeding boom in the Salem district; but it is not half wild enough yet, even with good packing hogs at \$15.25 a hundred pounds at the present time.

And in fact it is a boom that cannot be overdone. Salem has become a swine breeding center; has done this in the past six years; the Salem district has increased its swine breeding industry in this time to five to six times its size at the beginning of the period.

And this growth is going on. The Valley Packing company three and four years ago was going east of the Cascades and the Rockies for about a third of the hogs it was annually using, and outside the Salem trading district for part of the two-thirds.

This company has steadily increased its packing operations, and is now able to get practically all its hogs locally. What is more, this plant has been more than doubled in capacity, and brought right down to date, to the last minute; and it will before very long be using 52,000 hogs a year, and getting them all from the Salem district.

This growth of swine breeding is bringing about an increase in the number of dairy cows; helping to develop a large poultry industry; has made Marion the leading corn county of the Pacific Northwest.

And it has added to the productivity of the soil in this district in many ways; aided the legume industry; put more silos on the farms, more paint on the barns and dwellings, and in many other ways helped in the thrift and prosperity and general well being of the people on the land here in Salem's patronizing territory.

The people of Salem and of the whole Salem district own a great deal to the home men with enterprise and vision who put up the capital for the Valley Packing company, and have managed it and kept it growing and prosperous.

All this means more hogs, more corn, more cows, more poultry, more money, and still more and more; and more progress and prosperity generally.

There can be no over advertising of the fact that the Salem district is a good swine breeding country. The facts should be spread far and wide. The growing of a continually increasing acreage of Grimm alfalfa and Hungarian vetch and the sweet clovers here is helping. The building of a beet sugar factory here, which is coming, will wonderfully help the swine breeding industry. It will give it a perennial boom; along with dairying, the poultry and bee keeping industries, and many others.

Swine breeding is one of the basic industries on the land in this section to make and keep this the most prosperous country in the wide world.

HURRAH FOR THE WHOLE FORCE IN THE OFFICE OF MARION COUNTY'S SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

Marion county has only one pig club now; but it is a good one, with its members working faithfully on their required projects.

And there are 62 boys' and girls' clubs in Marion county, with 602 members and all this activity, or at least a great part of it, is due to the work of the forces in the office of the superintendent of schools of this county, and especially to the activities of the supervisor of our rural schools, Mr. Fox, who, working over time and at odd times, without pay for this part of his labors, is doing a wonderful thing in this most important field.

The Bank of Mt. Angel calf club is the largest in the state, and one of the most active and efficient.

The pig club is under the direction of M. G. Hunderson, Silverton banker.

A number of the other clubs are making fine records, and have leaders who are able and devoted to their chosen work. But the reader is directed to the description of this work, and to a list of these clubs and their leaders, printed this morning in the Slogan columns.

Marion county should by all means have a county agriculturalist. Indeed, it would be a paying proposition for this county to have both a county agriculturalist and a club leader. There is work for both of them, that ought to be done.

This 4-H club work, with the motto, "Head, Heart, Hand, Health," is one of the finest pieces of work being done in the United States. Let's give it the proper support.

Let's have 40 pig clubs in Marion county, instead of one.

THAT TERRIBLE THORNE GIRL

BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
SYLVIA THORNE, formerly Mary McKenna, of Millersburg, Pa., has arisen from an extra girl to small parts in the movies. She has no mother, but her father lives at Millersburg. Sylvia keeps house in a Hollywood bungalow with—

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

HOWARD BENNETT, a young business man of Millersburg, a former schoolmate. Paying marked attention to Jean is—

SYDNEY HOWARD, young director, married, but a flirt. Sylvia has urged Jean repeatedly to break with him. His wife—

ISOBEL HARMON, former southern society girl, suspects he is having an affair with one of the girls, but as he makes extravagant love to Sylvia also when they chance to meet, she cannot decide which one.

Sylvia has been chosen to play the leading role in a big new picture. Gabriel Fowler, a supply Co., lumber, building materials, paints and varnishes, roofing paper, etc. Get prices there and make a big saving. Office, 175 S. Com'l. (*)

Jean refuses. Sylvia realizing that unless Sydney himself tells the truth she is ruined, she goes to see Paul Lamar who is to direct "The Miracle." He believes her but tells her Sheila Anderson has given a sworn statement of her version of the affair to the newspapers and says it is surprising the reporters haven't approached Sylvia.

Now Go on With the Story

THIRTEEN

"They have," Sylvia whispered. "I refused to talk until I had seen you. Do you want me to tell them what happened? You see, I had hoped that Mr. Harmon—"

"No good," Lamar made a quick, broad gesture. "Brilliant, but no good. What about this Martin girl? Is she ready to support your story?"

"No," Sylvia gasped, on the verge of tears. "She refuses to be mixed up in the matter."

"Ah—I was afraid of that." "They'll both let me be torp to pieces, it seems, to save their own skins. The cowards!" Sylvia rose and stood by the desk, her hands clenched until the nails bit into the flesh. "It—it's damnable—damnable!" she screamed. "I wouldn't have believed it possible! If I only were a man!"

"Almost anything is possible. Miss Thorne, when people's self interest is at stake. It's a pretty selfish old world, I'm afraid. Miss Martin, being a mean little soul, doesn't want to put herself in your position. Harmon, threatened with a divorce suit, has no doubt been told by his lawyers to keep quiet. That's about how the situation looks to me."

"You're not very encouraging," Sylvia cried angrily. "Somebody ought to go to that dog Sydney Harmon and get the truth from him if they have to do it at the point of a pistol."

"Thus according still further scandal for the newspapers," Mr. Lamar said grimly. "I sent a man to see Harmon, the moment I heard the story this morning. He said he had been drinking, and didn't remember anything about last night. No, my dear girl—I'm not encouraging, because I have something unpleasant, very terrible, to tell you. It will be impossible now, for you to play the part of Celeste."

As the full force of this blow struck Sylvia she swayed slightly. Clutched at the desk for support. She had feared it, and yet, knowing her entire innocence, had been unwilling to believe it.

"But," she gasped, in a dry whisper, "you know what they're saying about me isn't true. You don't believe I'm bad. You said so."

"It doesn't make the least difference what I believe, or know, it's the public. All the millions of men and women in all the thousands of small towns and villages throughout the country. They are the people who will have to believe you. They are the ones you will have to convince. If their thumbs are down, our intended investment of, say half a million in 'The Miracle of Notre Dame' might just as well be at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. And we don't dare take the chance. Even were I ready to take it—to put myself on record as believing absolutely in your goodness—as I do—it wouldn't help any. We have a president, a board of directors in New York, who are in the picture business to make money. They may feel sorry for you—I'm sure a lot of them will—but you know as well as I do that they are not going to let sympathy affect their business judgment. Personally, I think it's a damned shame, but I've got to tell you the truth. I've already talked the matter over with Mr. Solberg, and he's been talking over the long distance with New York. Mr. Hirsch's instructions are to let you out."

"That means not only the Celeste part but—everything, I suppose," Sylvia said very slowly. "Everything. At least until we see what the reaction of the public is—what Sydney Harmon does—what his wife does. If the two of them will come forward supported by Miss Martin, and clear you beyond the shadow of a doubt we might work up a big publicity campaign on the strength of your having been an innocent victim, but honestly, my dear, I am afraid it's a mighty forlorn hope. Six months from now, if there is a divorce suit, I know you'll be cleared, but that is too late, for our purposes. We've got to begin work on 'The Miracle' very soon. And we can't wait for another miracle, to set you right in the public eye. It's just a rotten shame."

His fingers crushed the unlighted cigarette between them, and he tossed the fragments into the waste basket. To Sylvia it seemed as though her reputation, her future, went with it. She could find no cause to blame Paul Lamar. When she put out her hand to him he took it between both of his, shook his head angrily as he saw the tears in her eyes.

"You poor kid," he whispered. "I'd give a lot—anything—if such a miracle could happen. But right now I can only say goodbye. And tell you how sorry I feel over the whole wretched business."

Sylvia passed out of his office, and out of the big gray building, seeing nothing but the few feet of ground on which she walked. The several persons she passed, clerks, secretaries, scenario writers, publicity men, all knew without being told, what had happened to her. The queen of yesterday was the outcast of today, with none to wish

her Godspeed. No doubt many among them doubted the stories they had heard about her—felt sincerely sorry for her but studio politics kept them silent. When the thumb of authority is turned down upon a favorite in the picture world, or the world at large for that matter, all the little people run to cover. To sympathize, publicly, might be construed as a criticism of authority.

Sylvia walked out of the studio and up the long, shaded street, more alone than she had been at any time since her arrival in Hollywood. The place had suddenly become horrible to her; she longed to get away from it. Her work on the Alleen Duval picture, hurried in anticipation of her proposed trip East, was over. She was as through with Hollywood, with the picture business, as though she had never faced the camera.

There was nothing to do, of course but go back to the bungalow, pack her things, and leave. Jean, she hoped, would not be there; whatever thread of friendship had existed between the girl and herself had been snapped the night before.

It had been but a weak thread, yet strong enough. Sylvia reflected bitterly, to hang her. Where would she go? Home, since there was now nothing for her in Hollywood? Fluster with broken and bedaggléd wings back to the little Pennsylvania town of her birth? Visions of the quaint, homely streets, the surrounding hills, rose in her mind's eye very sweet and alluring. There would be snow everywhere, now, with cold, sparkling mornings, and dull red sunsets against which rose the smoke of factories, of wood fires, of millponds, and holly and mistletoe and spruce trees in the markets, and eager Christmas shoppers muffled in furs crowding the stores.

Hurt more deeply than she had ever been hurt before in her life, with wounds raw and bleeding, home seemed the one place to which she should go, now. There she would find her father, kindest, most gentle of philosophers running his little book shop. She knew she could always depend upon him. And her sister Katie now married to Arthur Sollers, the photographer on Main street. And Howard Bennett (who less than three weeks before had begged her to marry him, had protested that nothing in the world could ever change his love for her.

Ever Jim Wharton, with whom she had once carried on a boy-and-girl love affair, would be there to hold out a welcoming hand. He was the Reverend James Wharton now, young and brilliant occupant of the pulpit of the First church, to which Sylvia had gone as a child. She thought of these gentle, kindly people, these friends of other days, and her heart went out to them with a great longing. She would go back to Millersburg for a while and rest—let them at least know the truth.

Suddenly someone hailed her from the curb, and looking up she saw Marion Allison just stopping her car.

(To Be Continued)

Tyler's Corn Remedy takes the soreness out of those corns you've been trying to rid yourself of for months. Sold only by Tyler's Drug Store. (*)

Army and Outing Store. Biggest bargains in clothing, shoes, underwear, hosiery, gloves, valises and suit cases. The wool and man's store, 189 N. Commercial. (*)

Bits For Breakfast
Wanted, a hog boom—
And the surest way to get it is to have a pig club boom.

In the meantime, hats off to Rural School Supervisor Fox, who is keeping the boys' and girls' club work in Marion county alive!

There is information in the Slogan columns to show how well it is being kept alive, with 62 clubs and 602 members. Read it.

In the untimely death of Luther White at a Portland hotel a week ago, the United States lost a most useful man. He was superintendent of federal prisons. He had a vision of better things for the federal prisons of the country. Recently he asked for a survey of the educational facilities of the penal institutions of Oregon, and

Sour Stomach

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia"
Better than Soda

Instead of soda hereafter take a little "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" in water any time for indigestion or sour, acid, gassy stomach, and relief will come instantly. For fifty years genuine "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians because it overcomes three times as much acid in the stomach as a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, leaving the stomach sweet and free from all gases. It neutralizes acid fermentations in the bowels and gently urges the souring waste from the system without purging. Besides, it is more pleasant to take than soda. Insist upon "Phillips." Twenty-five cent bottles, any drugstore.—Adv.

At The Theatres

The Elsinore—Richard Pin and Lois Wilson in "Let's Get Married" taken from "The Man from Mexico."

Oregon—Bert Lytell in "Sporting Life."

Bligh—"Coy's" Daffodils Jazz band and Mabel Ballin and Forrest Stanley in "Beauty and the Bad Man."

Governor Pierce requested Mr. Churchill, then superintendent of public instruction, to make it, which he did. The result is that there is a correspondence course available to the men in the Oregon penitentiary, of which a considerable number are taking advantage—and other reforms in this line will follow, if the work started by Mr. White is followed up, as it should be. Mr. White secured industries for the Leavenworth federal prison, intended to finally render the institution self supporting. He attended the meeting of the American Prison association last November, and he told A. M. Dairymple, then warden of the Oregon penitentiary, who was present, that he expected to visit Oregon and look over our penitentiary, with a view to suggesting improvements, and he had visited the federal prison at McNeill's island in Washington, on this trip, when he was taken ill, and only reached Portland when death overtook him. He was a co-worker with John Snook, superintendent of the federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia, who was warden of the Idaho penitentiary at Boise before going to Atlanta, and had been U. S. district attorney in Alaska, with a fighting record, as a young man. Mr. White was a New England Yankee, and a high class man in every way. He was one of the foremost students of penology and criminology in this country. It will not be easy to find a man to fill his place as head of the federal prisons, but such a man ought to be found if possible, and appointed.

Vick Bros. are selling the Oakland and Pontiac cars. Agents for the valley counties. Pioneer firm in autos. Oakland coach now only \$1290. 280 S. High St. (*)

The Peerless Bakery, 170 N. Com'l. Sanitary, up to date. Prompt delivery. Bakers for those who appreciate the best. Increasing patrons tell the tale. (*)

RANSOM STORY QUERY ENLISTS FEDERAL AID

(Continued from page 1.)

ed the letter to Detective Captain Cline of the police department declared she received it after the memorial service. Postal inspectors declared the original registry stamp had been removed and a cancelled two cent stamp substituted.

Mrs. McPherson requested the sheriff's office today to provide a guard when she appears tomorrow before the county grand jury in answer to a subpoena from District Attorney Keyes. Numerous attaches of Angelus temple likewise were subpoenaed to assist the county body in its announced purpose to sift the entire affair.

The interest with which the community awaited the major moves tomorrow was indicated by a bid of \$10 received from a citizen not familiar with the secrecy surrounding grand jury investigations for a seat in the hall of justice chamber when the evangelist tells her story anew to the 19 jurors.

TUCSON, Ariz., July 7.—(By Associated Press)—H. D. Halhenbeck, Los Angeles business man and Yuma rancher, who is known to be a follower of Mrs. Aimee McPherson, was identified today by Dave Bloom, president of the Tucson.

L. A. Scheelar Auto Wrecking Co., oldest in the Willamette valley. New and used parts and equipment. Low prices and quality service here. 1985 N. Com'l (*)

Hunt & Schaller, leading meat market on North Commercial, at No. 263. Finest meats, fruits and vegetables. The crowds trading at this store tell the story. (*)

Thaw Reunited Again As Both Charged Against Son



Moved by the common impulse to protect the reputation of their son, Russell, Evelyn Nesbit and Harry K. Thaw have reached an amicable understanding and may be reunited. A report issued by a Chicago hotel that young Russell—said by the hotel to be 19 years old—had been giving lavish entertainment for his lady friends and neglecting to pay the bill so aroused the boys parents that public statements were immediately and jointly made. They deny the report utterly, saying that Russell has not been in Chicago recently, that he is but 15 years old and that he is a source of real comfort and aid to his mother. And, as for themselves, they indicate that the "hatchet is buried." Young Thaw is seen above; also his mother, Evelyn Nesbit, and Harry K. Thaw.

son retail merchants' association as a man who purchased a hat in his store some time between June 15 and 20. The identification was by means of a group photograph in which Halhenbeck appears in company with Mrs. McPherson and numerous other men and women. The identification was made more complete by S. S. Franco, an employee of the store who sold the hat.

Bloom was handed a photograph by newspapermen with the question: "Have you ever seen any of these men?" He answered without hesitation, "Yes, we sold a hat to this man sometime between June 15 and 20," and pointed to a photograph of Halhenbeck.

Despite the claim of Halhenbeck in an interview with coast newspapermen to the effect that he was on his ranch during the first week following Mrs. McPherson's disappearance, and that he spent the rest of June in Los Angeles, local authorities are making every effort to establish his presence in Tucson shortly before the re-appearance of the evangelist, as the man who purchased a Panama hat in his store.

O. E. Pape and Dr. J. V. Cogan, who made the statement Tuesday that they had seen Mrs. McPherson in Agua Prieta made a correction in the date today, stating that a check on passports which they carried at the time showed the date to be June 29 instead of June 18 as they stated in their first interview. They declared that in making their initial statement, they took the date from a calendar but failed to notice they were looking at a July number instead of June.

Both dates fell on Sunday. The Opera House Drug Store. Service, quality, low prices, friendship give increasing patronage. Old customers advise friends to trade here. High and Court. (*)

The Scotch Woolen Mills is a first class store to order your new spring and summer suit. Suits hold shape and color. Best dressers wear 'em. 426 State St. (*)

Dr. Edward E. Boring

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To Whiten Skin with Lemon



The only harmless way to bleach the skin white is to mix the juice of two lemons with three ounces of Orchard White, which any druggist will supply for a few cents.

Shake well in a bottle, and you have a whole quarter-pint of the most wonderful skin whitener, softener and beautifier. Massage this sweetly fragrant lemon bleach into the face, neck, arms and hands. It can not irritate. Famous stage beauties use it to bring that clear, youthful skin and rosy-white complexion; also as a freckle, sunburn and tan bleach. You must mix this remarkable lotion yourself. It can not be bought ready to use because it acts best immediately after it is prepared.—Adv.

Peterson's Book Store can furnish you superior rubber stamps, notarial seals, stamp pads, the kind that please. Ask for the quick-drying pad. It's a wonder. (*)

The Marion Automobile Co. The Studebaker, the world's greatest automobile value. Operating cost small. Will last a lifetime, with care. Standard coach \$1415. (*)

Baker—Mother Lode, Balm and Goose Creek copper properties unite in \$5,000,000 merger.

Only \$20.00 to San Francisco



—and other northern California points. Fast, convenient service daily in all-steel safety coaches, well-lighted and ventilated. Roomy seats, well-upholstered. Meals at low cost, eat in the lunch car on trains 13 and 15.

Only One Night on Southern California Express. Or go on the "San Francisco Express" or the "Oregonian"

Southern Pacific Lines



Dr. Edward E. Boring



"Let Staples See to your Sight"

BRAIN STRAIN—

How many times have you gone down the street and passed your best friend but didn't see him and therefore did not speak? There is a reason for this: We do not see with our eyes but with our brain. Many students sacrifice their health and eyesight because of continued close work, exerting their eyesight to the utmost and nagging their brain to see better with defective eyes. This should emphasize to you the importance of having your eyes examined both to eliminate eyestrain and brain strain.

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