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A PECULIAR PEOPLE—"Thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God; and the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself." Deut. 14:2.

STILL WATER AND AN OPEN RIVER

The Oregonian of yesterday had a letter from W. E. Burke, of Sherwood, protesting against the building of a bridge across the Columbia river at Longview, unless it be a free bridge with a span wide enough to leave the entire channel unobstructed and high enough to give clearance to the tallest mast ships at high tide—

For otherwise a bridge there would add to the freight rates of canned fruits and vegetables and other products of the Willamette valley going to market by water—

And the Oregonian backs up this sentiment, saying the attention of the nation is on opening waterways all over the country, with the desire for cheaper transportation.

The people of the Willamette valley must join in this fight for an open Columbia river, along with the one for still water in the Willamette—

Not that we love Portland more or Longview less, but because we have our own good to look out for, against any private selfish interests, and we are trustees for future generations.

Keep the Columbia river open, and give us still water in the Willamette, and the banks of this river on both sides will be lined with factories and farms cultivated intensively all the way up to Salem—

And, before very long, we will have ten million people in the Willamette valley; for with still water to Salem, we will soon have still water and a navigable stream all the way up to Eugene.

SALEM MUST OUT-PETALUMA PETALUMA

Some kind friend of the Slogan editor of The Statesman has sent him a circularized letter from Petaluma, California—

A letter made up from an article written by a member of the National Editorial association—

And evidently being used by the Chamber of Commerce of Petaluma, California.

This kind friend evidently knows that the Slogan editor believes Salem is to become the Petaluma of Oregon, that we can and must out-Petaluma Petaluma, because we have a better and bigger potential poultry district here than Petaluma has, because we can produce here hens that will lay more eggs per individual and per flock per year, and for more years, than can be produced in the Petaluma district, and we can produce them at a lower cost; can produce on our farms more nearly the full poultry ration.

We have a poultry boom in the Salem district now, and it cannot be overdone; the boom cannot get too wild. We can and must push our poultry industry cash receipts up to a point away above \$20,000,000 a year, the present annual volume of the industry in the Petaluma district.

The National Editorial association delegates to their Los Angeles annual convention were at Petaluma on their way north a few days ago. They will pass through Salem next Monday. The following is the circularized letter sent to the Slogan editor:

"3,000,000 chickens, 25,000,000 dozen eggs a year, \$300 tons of feed per day. Our party of members of the National Editorial association were met today with a barrage of figures which kept our fingers jumping trying to get them all."

"Like many other California cities, Petaluma has achieved greatness and a world wide reputation by specializing in the production of one particular commodity. Here it is eggs, and the business of producing a high quality egg has been so successful, that today one of every fifty eggs served on the American breakfast table comes from within a ten mile radius of this dynamic little California community."

"Petaluma is located some thirty-nine miles north of San Francisco, and is situated on an arm of San Francisco's peerless bay. Native sons to whom we talked differed in their ideas as to what is the principal asset of this district."

"Some said that low transportation costs because of being located on the waters of the bay is the Petaluma poultryman's most valuable asset. Others attributed the success of the industry to the much talked of California climate. They said that year round sunshine keeps their hens working while their eastern neighbors are frozen up. They don't seem to be satisfied with this advantage, however, for we saw that during the winter months, the hen's working hours were lengthened by turning electric light on her early in the morning and late in the evening."

"The degree to which the keeping of poultry has been specialized is also interesting. We learned that very few Petaluma poultrymen hatch their own chicks, and but a small percentage produce fertile eggs. We visited one of the large hatcheries which perform this work for the poultryman, and saw a plant which turns out One Million Eight Hundred Thousand (1,800,000) baby chicks every three weeks. And this is but one of many hatcheries, although our guide modestly stated that the capacities of the others were all smaller."

"The average size poultry ranch in this section is 7 acres, and the average flock kept is 3,000 hens. Some poultrymen keep as high as 50,000 laying hens, and on such farms each part of the work is departmentalized, and it is operated along the lines of a modern factory. The grain and other feeds are the raw materials, the White Leghorn hens the machines, and the white shelled egg the finished product."

"To care for the marketing of their product, the Petaluma poultrymen support large organizations. Some are independent operators, and one is a cooperative institution. We visited one of these plants and saw many thousand eggs being made ready for shipment. Every egg is inspected and graded for size, shape, shell texture and quality. An average of 6 car loads, (each car containing 500 cases—30 dozen eggs to the case) are shipped daily, so the eggs produced get into the channels of trade without delay."

"We were interested to learn that over 300 carloads of eggs were shipped to New York City alone during 1925."

"The citizens of this district seem to think, live and dream in terms of eggs and chickens. They point to the many acres of unim-

proved land in their valley and claim that the time will come when they and their new neighbors will control the egg production of the United States.

"Verily, this is an age of specialization, and we cannot fail to admire the energy and spirit which has enabled these Californians, new and old, to make a name for themselves in the world's history and to have done it with eggs."



THAT TERRIBLE THORNE GIRL

BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

TWENTY-ONE

Sylvia tossed the magazine on the bed with a groan. Even to think of marrying Steve Hollins, in the face of such condemnation, without defense against the calumny, its slander, was preposterous. How could she go down to his home, ask the blessing of his family, when within twenty-four hours, for all she knew, she might be recognized, shown the door as a woman unfit to associate with people of decency and refinement? Steve would no doubt insist on going with her, sharing her shame, but the mere thought of such a thing made her shiver. It would mean suicide for him, for both of them.

With sudden decision she began a search of the telephone directory and finally located Steve's number, his address. Then she called for a porter. To Sylvia's mind but one course now lay open and she had decided at all costs to follow it. She would take the next train for Millersburg—and oblivion.

As she paid her bill, arranged for her baggage to be taken to the station, momentary reflection came over her. A man, a lawyer, a lobbyist who reminded her somewhat of Steve, he would give her a coward, torn up about giving him any money. But Sylvia's good sense told her it was better so. Having told him nothing, he might conceivably still love her; she doubted that he would do so, knowing the truth, or what now passed for the truth. She worded her telegram very carefully, so as not quite to burn her bridges. "Am leaving for home this afternoon. Some day you will understand why. Goodbye, and all my love. Mary." She almost signed herself "Sylvia." Perhaps he would understand, some day, when she found herself, if she ever did in a position to prove her innocence. This telegram dispatched, she sent another to her father, giving him the time of arrival of her train. When she at last boarded it, it was with a vast feeling of relief. Her father would be waiting for her when she reached Millersburg. Possibly he could give her good counsel, advice. Sylvia loved him very greatly; since the death of her mother years before, he had been her one dear and understanding friend, to whom she had taken all the troubles of her childhood. And in spite of her nineties years, she was very much of a child still.

Sylvia, gazing eagerly through the windows of the Pullman, was conscious of a feeling of mild happiness as she departed the water tower at the end of the railroad yard. The approach to the home did not seem after all home did seem. In spite of the fact that Millersburg, even at its best, was not a thing of beauty, the gloom of a winter was a little more than a day's ride upon the landscape—a mass of brick stacks and shadows, cubes, split here and there with rows of winking lights.

She descended to the platform, looked about for her father, but he was not visible. A few arriving and departing passengers hurried, with upturned collars, on their various ways. As she stood beside her little pile of baggage and watched the train pull out, it seemed to her that her home town was giving her a rather cold welcome. On the occasion of her last visit not only her father and sister but half a dozen friends had been on hand to greet her. She gazed about the dreary, ill-lighted platform and wondered if her father had failed to receive her telegram. She was just considering the advisability of asking the hovering porter to call her a taxicab when he spoke in a low voice.

Jim McKenna was a product of the braes of bonny Scotland, and looked it. His hair what there was of it, was rusty red, and surrounded his shining bald spot like some shabby and moth-eaten halo. His eyes, however, kindly, humorous eyes though they were, amply made up in brilliance for any lack of it in his hair; their warm grey depths sparkled with intelligence and keen understanding. As for his clothes, they were the garments of a student, a bookworm, mere coverings intended for the strictly utilitarian purpose of keeping out the cold, not to decorate the man inside them. A greyish, somewhat shabby figure, he dashed from the entrance of the waiting room, his arms outstretched, his features twisted into a humorous and self-accurring smile.

"Why, Mary child!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms about Sylvia's slender person and giving her a great kiss. "Wasn't it just like me to be ready to start for the station half an hour ahead of time, and then get so interested in a new book that I'm five minutes late? How are you baby? Seems to me you look a little peaked. Well—well—I don't wonder, after all you've been through." He gave her shoulders affectionate little pats. "Rotten deal, those people out west gave you, Rotten. But don't mind."

know it's all a lie, so you don't even need to explain things to me. Come along, now. I've made Ellen stay this evening, and she's got some hot supper waiting for you—muffins, chops, lettuce salad. I made the dressing myself—the kind you like." He tried to pick up Sylvia's array of bags and boxes, but she grasped his arm. "The boy will take them. Dad," she laughed signalling to the red cap. "Do you think we can find a taxi?" "I guess so," he peered through the gate. "Just saw Joe Tibbets driving up as I came in; if nobody's hired his Rollie, I think it may hold together." He led her to a street, a shadow of a street, beneath cheery Mike McKenna knew far better than Sylvia did, who was blind of her. They passed by generalities during the drive home, and after a while Sylvia was eating the supper she had feared to broach the subject nearest their hearts. But when Ellen, the taciturn and somewhat forbidding woman who looked after Mr. McKenna's comfort, had gone and he and Sylvia retired to the little parlor, he called his study, they sat for a time in a silence, broken only by the faint bubbling of Mr. McKenna's ancient birdwood pipe.

There was a walnut center-table in the middle of the room, littered with books. One of the reasons why Jim McKenna enjoyed keeping a book shop was the opportunity it afforded him to read all the latest publications—not fiction, as a rule, but works on travel, on excavations in ancient lands, on archaeology. He would have been a great traveler had he had the opportunity; as it was, he sat contentedly enough in the little room over the book shop and roamed the world—in imagination. Sylvia picked up the volume he had been reading—on account of some recent explorations in the ruins of the ancient city of Ur. It made her think of Steve Hollins, and his enthusiasm over the Maya ruins in Yucatan.

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 150 words.

Drunken Drivers

I seek information. I have lived in Oregon only three years and find many queer things in the Oregon conception of justice. Like most people, I suspect all lawyers of iniquity, and get a big kick out of seeing it proved occasionally.

So if Fred Williams is guilty of official lassitude I shall chuckle as loudly as anybody at the proposed sentence.

But is the prosecuting attorney also the sentencing magistrate in Oregon? I had figured that when I got an attack of the zig-zags I would have to mollify some austere judge, but if the prosecuting attorney is the whole business I want to know it so as to be able to plan accordingly.

In most states, you know, sentences are handed out by a man called a "judge," his duty being to judge which lawyer makes the best speech or has the best political standing, and decide the case accordingly. But evidently it is different in Oregon, as in the long list of culprits who have not been properly or lawfully sentenced I see no mention of a presiding judge.

Whoever had the responsibility of sentencing them was evidently convinced of their guilt, for they were convicted; but he got weak-kneed when it came to imposing the penalty, flouted the law and refused to impose the jail sentence which is stipulated as a part of the minimum lawful penalty.

So it seems that Mr. Williams is a good prosecutor but a punk magistrate—assuming that he acted in both capacities, since the things he is being cussed about seem to be the failure to impose adequate and lawful penalties.

If there is any object whatever in publishing any of this stuff in the newspapers, it is that the public may have a chance to judge the facts—if any. This being the case, it might help quite a bit if all of the facts were given, instead of only part of them.

Why use dashes instead of names in publishing the list of cases? Names and addresses might help considerably in enabling the public to understand why these culprits were slapped on the wrist instead of socked in the nose. I note that one of them was really penalized; fine and jail. How come? Was he even a stranger? Maybe he was not even an Oregonian, which, of course, would make the procedure entire-

ly just and equitable in his case. A. M. CHURCH, 545 North 13th Street, July 16, 1926.

Cottage Grove—Loop trail built by forest service into Bohemia mining district.

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PUBLIC MARKET

Editor Statesman: I am a producer of vegetables of all kinds. And am very much in favor of a public market.

It is almost impossible for us to compete with commission houses that sell consigned stuff for any old price.

I sold melons on the street last year. Get in where I could. It is a hard game.

I speak for a stall now.

I live near Wheatland on the west side, what is called the west side river road to Salem is designated Market road No. 15 or 16. What is the use of a market road without a market? I would like to see a comfortable place, so that one could sell his country sausage—home-made cheese, etc. Give us the market. We will make you proud of it. If you have a public meeting would like to attend. Yours very truly,

W. R. KERKWOOD, Millersburg, Ore. July 14, 1926.

The following conversation took place between a maid and her mistress.

"I'm going today, mum," said the maid.

"Where have you only been here a week?" said her mistress.

"What's the matter?"

"It's a night deceit, mum. Yesterday you gave me the keys of the car and trunk, and as you were gone, I was about it—and—"

"Not one of them fits what you said they fitted!"

Bits For Breakfast

Billy Sunday tonight—

He will draw a crowd that the big Chautauqua tent will not hold tonight.

There is a fly in the ointment of good fruit prices, in the case of Bartlett pears. But they will all be taken and canned, at some price. Let's hope for the best.

The action of the state emergency board in putting its o. k. on the financing of the present flax crop, so that the growers can have their money as fast as they deliver their harvest, sets a good precedent. This action may not be repeated again; and then again it may be needed.

If it shall transpire that the French system of artificial retting and drying of flax is available, and within reach of the state flax plant, either from its own resources or through legislative action; also if the Czechoslovakia invented machine for taking the fiber from the straw without retting, the way Henry Ford is doing with a machine of his own invention, shall be installed, it is conceivable that the penitentiary plant will be able to use the product from a greatly increased acreage—perhaps twice the acreage of flax of this year. This may happen for the 1927 crop. In that case, it is conceivable that the action of the emergency board may be needed again.

Whenever the two Salem linen mills can spare enough yarn from flax fiber, of the proper lea or fineness, Salem will have a Diemel specialty plant, for making linen mesh underwear and bath and hospital towels, employing 1500 people. And this is possible, within a year or so.

The patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Whitworth raised her hand, warning the others to silence.

"Hush," she said softly. "The children are going to deliver their goodnight message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them—they are so much nearer the Creator than we are and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence—then—"Mamma," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bedbug!"

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