

The Oregon Statesman

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July 21, 1926 THE HIRED SERVANT—"Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren, or of thy strangers that are in thy land." Deut. 24:14.

LAKE LABISH ON A LARGER SCALE

The news columns of The Statesman this morning carries a story of the organization of two new companies that have taken over the water rights of the Santiam irrigation districts, with over 27,000 acres of rich lands, some of the best in the Willamette valley, that will be made vastly more productive with the use of water and the modern methods of fertilization and rotation adapted to intensified farming.

Here is a Lake Labish district on a larger scale—

A section capable of producing millions of dollars annually in value of cash crops; wanted crops—wanted by the canneries and the other concerns supplying the markets of this and other countries.

The men backing these projects are strong financially, and they understand the problems of irrigation—

And this development will be worth watching. That section is worth a visit even now, to see the Kentucky Wonder beans, the tomatoes and other cannery crops, to be packed at Stayton and Salem.

A visit will open the eyes of any observing person to the great things that are happening in that part of Marion county, and that will continue to happen, contributing immensely to the growth and well being of Salem and all of this part of the state.

FROM THE MARKET REPORTS

There are two items in the current market reports that are of interest in Salem and the trade territory of this city—

The one, referring to cascara bark, being as follows: "Eastern reports are to the effect that a general shortage of cascara looms and only the fact that leading consumers now seem to be well taken care of by former purchases has prevented sharp advances in prices. The Journal of Commerce of New York predicted an advance in price as a result of the bark situation, which promises to become acute before the season is over."

The other item refers to an advance of 4 cents a gallon on linseed oil.

The writer believes, and has contended for a long time, that one of the great future sources of wealth for the Salem district will be the crude drug industry, and that one of the major branches of that industry will be the growing of cascara bark. There is no substitute for cascara bark in the manufacturing of drugs. There is nothing just as good. Probably no suitable substitute will ever be discovered. The cascara trees of this section, which is the great source of supply for our country, are being killed off and not replaced, except by chance growth in our forests. They will ere long all be gone, or so nearly wiped out as a source of commercial supply as to be negligible, unless cascara trees are cultivated. Many of our forward looking farmers and owners of idle lands ought now to be planting cascara trees. This will have to be done, in due course of time, and continued for all the future.

The fact that linseed oil is up affects our flax and linen industries. Linseed oil is made from flax seed. Linseed is the only "drying oil" of commerce. It is necessary in all paints, all putties and all linoleums. It enters into every article that has to be protected from rust or rot, from a hair-pin to a battle ship or a pencil to a skyscraper—

And the higher the prices for flax by-products the better it will be for the flax and linen industries.

THE TERRIBLE THORNE GIRL BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER TWENTY-FOUR

It was not yet 10 o'clock and Mrs. Sollers was still busy with household duties when Sylvia came in. She stared at her sister in a curious and not over-friendly way, as she closed the front door behind her and led the way to the bright little parlor.

"Well, Mary," she said, giving Sylvia a perfunctory peck of a kiss, "Dad told me you were expected last night. Don't you think you made rather a mistake to come home, under the circumstances?"

"Why?" Sylvia asked, flushing. "You haven't the least idea, have you, about those articles in the newspapers were true?"

"I hope not, I'm sure. But your coming here, instead of staying in Hollywood and fighting the thing out, is going to make a lot of people think so. Arthur and I were talking it over last night, and—"

"Katie, I came home to tell the people I care about what really happened. To tell you." Briefly, in a few short sentences, she explained to her sister what misfortune had befallen her. The constrained expression on Katie's face however, did not relax.

"That's all very well, Mary," she said slowly. "And I believe you, of course. I couldn't imagine you being fool enough to get mixed up with some married man, when you had a chance to land a rich and prominent fellow like Howard Bennett. But, just the same, it's one thing for me to believe your story, and another to convince the public. Arthur says—"

"If you and Dad, and my real friends believe me," Sylvia interrupted. "I don't care about the rest."

"Maybe you don't, but others do. Have to, in fact. As I've been trying to tell you, Arthur says that until you are publicly cleared of these charges, you'd better not be coming here—"

"What?" Sylvia exclaimed, a flare of anger in her eyes. "You mean to say you don't want me in your house?"

"It isn't what I want. It's business. Arthur says if he and I accept you, go about with you, act as though everything was all right, he'll lose half his trade over night. Mrs. Witherspoon, who is—"

L. A. Scheelar Auto Wrecking Co., oldest in the Willamette valley. New and used parts and equipment. Low prices and quality service here. 1355 N. Com'l. (\*)

ways has her whole family taken every year, told him only yesterday that the only way decent people could uphold the sanctity of the home was to have nothing to do with you. Her husband, you know, is one of the deacons of the First Church, and a very particular man. I'm sorry, Mary. I don't like to seem harsh. But I've got my husband, my children, to consider. Arthur says—"

White with anger, and quite indifferently to what Arthur had said, Sylvia rose.

"You mean, then," she asked indignantly, "that I'm no longer welcome here? Is that it?"

"I mean that until you clear your skirts from this mess you've got in, you can't expect people to act as though nothing has happened. I'm sorry for you, Mary, but I'm not going to take the bread and butter out of my children's mouths, ruin my husband's business, just for the sake of sentiment. You're my sister, of course, and I'm not going to close my door on you but I should think you would see—"

"I do see," said Sylvia quietly, her temper now under control. "I won't come again." With her chin high she marched out of the door, down the concrete-paved sidewalk, wondering if, after all, the vivid struggle in Hollywood, with its many-sided but brilliant antagonists, might not be preferable, to the sordid and narrow-minded enmity she was beginning to feel in her contact with Millersburg. She compared her sister's attitude with that of Marion Allison, with results not at all flattering—to the former.

On her way home she passed a great many people she knew, some the merest acquaintances, others, friends of long standing. Their attitude both surprised and hurt her. Some, managing not to see her, did not speak at all. Others hurried by with a nod, as though affairs of the utmost importance called them. Three girls whom she had known at school stopped to greet her, hysterically giggling. She heard one of them say, as they moved off:

"Gee, she's got a nerve, coming back here. Mother says I wasn't to speak to her." Sylvia sighed as she heard it. She scarcely noticed Mrs. Witherspoon, as the leader of Millersburg society cut her dead.

Near the corner of Bank street she came face to face with the Reverend James Wharton, of the First Church, whom she had once upon a time, in the days of short dresses, called "Jim." He came up to her with outstretched hand, a benign expression on his rather handsome young face.

"Mary," he said, clasping her hand in both of his. "It is good to see you. Keep up a stout heart child. Remember the story of the ninety and nine and do not be afraid. We all make our mistakes, but charity and forgiveness, the Good Book tells us, are better than chiding and blame. I must come and see you, some time, in your trouble. There is no error that may not be forgiven, to the sincerely repentant. And I can see, just by looking at you, that whatever you may have done, you are truly sorry for it." Certainly the expression on Sylvia's face at that moment was sufficiently lugubrious to convince anyone that she was sorry, although the reverend gentleman was mistaken as to the cause of her sorrow. She was thinking, not so much of anything she had done, as of what others were doing to her now. "You did well to come home," Mr. Wharton went on, smiling benignly down on her. "Better far to flee from the temptations, the loose associations, which inevitably surround those in the world of the screen. It is no fit life for any young girl. Here you will be among friends ready to offer you help and encouragement in your time of need. Good-bye. And remember, not a sparrow falls, but there is One who knows it." He passed on, leaving Sylvia speechless with anger and resentment.

Why had he not given her a chance to explain? Why assume that she was guilty, treat her as a wayward child? It was outrageous.

At the very next corner she came upon one of those "friends" ready to offer her "help and encouragement" in her time of need. It was Mr. Sam Miller, proprietor of the picture house in which, on

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

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

Fibre silk hose at 49c a pair. Pure silk hose, service weight, \$1 a pair. New line of felt hats, the very latest, \$3.95. Salem Variety Store. (\*)

White House Restaurant, 322 State St., where hundreds of people prefer to eat. All you want to eat for less than you can eat at home. Quality and service. (\*)

Ladies! When you are at the matinee, park your car with us for expert washing and greasing. O. J. Wilson, the Buick man, 328 N. Com'l. Tel. 220. (\*)

Naah Furniture Co. takes the lead with low prices on chairs, rockers, tables, wood and steel beds, springs, mattresses. Saves you 25%. 219 N. Com'l. (\*)

Vick Bros. are selling the Oakland and Pontiac cars. Agents for the valley counties. Pioneer firm in autos. Oakland coach now only \$1290. 250 S. High St. (\*)

Other articles filed in the state corporation department here follow: C. H. C. Inc., Portland, \$10,000; Lee S. Hickman, R. E. Chadwick and Robert S. Crook, C. H. C. Manufacturing company, Portland, \$25,000; Lee S. Hickman, R. E. Chadwick, Robert S. Crook and R. H. Keagy, Campaigna and Special, Inc., \$5000, Portland; Joseph Campaigna, Salvatore Campaigna and Filippo Special, Chapman Community club, Chapman, Columbia county, \$1000; M. R. Knox, Charles Strutz and C. H. Schueller, Kallies Manufacturing company, Portland, \$5000; Louis Kallies, W. F. Meyer and Rose Kallies, The Stone Supply company, Portland; capital stock increased from \$50,000 to \$75,000; Williams General Agency, Delaware corporation, \$100,000; granted permit to operate in Oregon.

Mr. Used Car Buyer: Have you seen the real buys at the Capitol Motors Incorpoyat? See Biddy Bishop, 350 N. High St. Telephone 2125 and 2126. (\*)

NEW INCORPORATIONS

The Western Oregon Land company with headquarters in Portland and capital stock of \$50,000, has been incorporated by L. E. Gilham, F. K. Masters and L. L. Linn.

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Advertisement for Matjes featuring an image of a tin can and the text: JUST A TIN CAN THAT'S WHAT THE EXPERT CRACKSMAN THINKS OF YOUR SAFE—IT'S SO EASY FOR HIM TO OPEN— WE SELL SAFE BURGLARY INSURANCE— BECKE & HENDRICKS Insurance of All Kinds Telephone 101 Heilig Theater Lobby, 129 North High

DINNER STORIES

Uncle Joe owns and operates an "exclusive shoe-shining parlor" in a small western town, and, as customers are rather scarce thereabouts, he can't afford to offend any of them. But his "parlor" has to be run on a strictly cash basis.



So when a man a little too well known to Uncle Ned as "allow pay" came in to have his shoes shined and suggested to the old negro a desire to pay at a later date, Uncle Joe did some quick thinking.

"I'm sorry, boss; I sure is," he replied, "but I jes' can't do it, you see. De banker on de nex' coher an me—we done made a 'greement dat ef I didn't len' no money he won't shine shoes, an' I jes' can't break dat 'greement."

Hiram Snickleby, a New England horse dealer, sold a horse to an expressman who, however, returned in a day or two with the statement that he was not exactly satisfied with his deal. He was asked the reason for his dissatisfaction.

"There's only one thing I don't like about this mare," he said. "She won't hold up her head."

"Oh, that's only her silly pride," explained Hiram. "She will when she's fully paid for."

Homeliness and Youth Face Japan's Premier

TOKYO.—Japan's new premier focuses public attention wherever he goes but not because his personal appearance is especially agreeable to the eye or that he possesses any particular charm of manner.

On the contrary, he rather prides himself upon being the homeliest man in his country.

It is his extreme youth that puts him into the calcium light and this alone that prompts such speculation as there may be of his qualification for high office.

Retjro Wakatsuki, successor to the late Count Kato as head of government, has barely turned sixty-one. In Japan, age comes before beauty and there is some concern among the ultra-conservatives whether Wakatsuki will prove capable of coping with the tremendous problems of state. Prince Saionji, the last of the Elder Statesmen who have always been "the power behind the throne" is ninety years old. The late Premier Kato was sixty-seven, and many believed even he had not attained the years of discretion. Most of the other premiers have been men past seventy.

Only a company such as "Union Oil of California" can make a motor fuel as good as—

Union Gasoline (Non-detonating)

Union Gasoline provides, and always has provided to Western motorists, the non-detonating feature which supplies full power to the pistons throughout their entire stroke and eliminates all explosive "knocking" or "pinging" on the hills or in heavy pulling—a quality for which Eastern motorists are now buying "special gasolines" and paying 3 cents per gallon in excess of usual prices for them. Yet Union costs no more than other high grade fuels.

Always use Aristo Motor Oil with non-detonating Union Gasoline because this combination minimizes carbon to the extent that motors in good condition are run for several years without it.

Advertisement for Union Oil Company of California featuring an image of a gas pump and the slogan "TO SERVE YOU"

Large advertisement for Ann, eat your breakfast featuring the text: HERE'S cream taken from a bottle, and breakfast food got out of a box. I haven't tasted them yet, but I'm not afraid to ask you to eat. And in the bathroom is new tooth-paste to use on your teeth. Here's medicine to take before you start off to school. . . . Don't forget to wash your hands—that's a fresh bar of soap—and maybe dust your face with powder. No, it won't hurt the skin. This list of things I've seen advertised—stop and give it to your father. He'll bring them home tonight. Some of them old, some of them new . . . but what a civilized thing! To buy on faith and use on faith and never be betrayed! Read the advertisements. Their honesty is as clear as a mirror. You can believe in them as surely as you believe in yourself. You can follow their directions with utmost faith. You can use their products with confidence you'll want to use them again. Theirs are facts proved and accepted. Use their news.