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HANNAH COMFORTED—"Then Eli answered and said, Go in peace; and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him." I Sam. 1:17.

THE GAINES VERDICT

The writer did not read much of the published evidence in the Gaines murder case of Seattle; there was such a mass of it that this would have been a burden, and a distasteful task.

But he did read one day of it, in the Seattle Times, and a summary of what the prosecuting lawyers were attempting to prove.

And he was frankly surprised at the news of the jury's verdict; mostly because he could not bring himself to believe any normal, sane man could perform such fiendish acts as the attorneys seeking to convict him claimed against him.

These claims being built up on circumstantial evidence, mostly. Evidence, if true according to their theories, that made a conclusive case against the accused man, and branded him as worse than the fiend, because Gaines appeared in the printed word to be a man of at least ordinary intelligence and judgment.

One thing struck the reader in reading the day's report of the trial, and that was the fact that Gaines seemed to make no denial of his insouciant breaking of most of the moral and statutory laws, as though it were a matter of course—as though it were the usual thing in Seattle. The same thing evidently struck the writer of the following editorial in Portland Journal of last night.

"Men with stronger evidence against them than was placed in the record against W. C. Gaines, have been acquitted of murder. Men against whom the evidence was much less circumstantial have found guilty. Men toward whom the finger of guilt has pointed much more convincingly have been given less than the death penalty."

"But the Seattle jury heard the evidence. The entire picture was before it. It heard the arguments. And it brought in a verdict of guilty of first degree murder in three ballots."

"Running all through the trial and against the defendant was the story of a wife and loose life. Had W. C. Gaines been less of a drinking man, he might not now be facing the gallows. Had he displayed more of industry and worth, he might today be a free man. Had he displayed more of a purpose to serve, produce, and live up to the accepted standards of citizenship, the jury's verdict might have been the opposite."

"The unanimity of the jury on three ballots, and the verdict of first degree murder, indicates that there was little doubt in the minds of those who heard the testimony as to the guilt of Gaines, despite the purely circumstantial character of the evidence. That a good part of the evidence might have been tinged with neighborhood gossip, apparently did not impress the veniremen. Gaines had lived a loose and wild life, there was circumstantial evidence against him, and the result is, he stands convicted of a horrible crime by a jury that plainly showed its belief in his life guilt."

DISPOSITION OF SEWAGE

The proper disposition of sewage is commanding more attention from the cities and towns of this country than heretofore.

But it has a long way to go.

Rochelle, Ill., has a septic tank system for the disposal of its sewage. At some seasons it turned out an effluent that was worse than the raw sewage. A new plant is being installed, similar to that for Canton, Ohio, mentioned in The Statesman yesterday.

It will turn out a sludge, to be pumped as fertilizer onto the land, and a dried sludge, in condition to be hauled away and used as fertilizer.

This seems to be the modern way of sewage disposal. "In the present state of the art of sewage disposal, several processes have been developed, but they all have a common purpose and they all do the same thing in different ways," says Robert L. Randolph, consulting engineer, of Chicago, referring to the Rochelle plan.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY SERIES

Article 9; Our Beet Fields Near

This is probably the next to the last article in this series. Rev. James Elvin, formerly pastor of the First Congregational church of Salem and now pastor of the First Congregational church of Helena, Montana, was in charge of the church of the same denomination at Sidney, Montana, when the beet sugar factory was secured for that town. He is now visiting in Salem.

He says the beet sugar industry has transformed the Montana districts where they are operated. Dry farming, that took the place of the open ranges for cattle and horses, was an indifferent success in Montana. It was and is a failure in many sections. But the beet sugar industry, in the sections of that state where it has been established, renders the country prosperous and gives the towns solid business that makes them lively.

Few people in Sidney thought of a beet sugar factory here. Two business men got the vision and followed it; went after a factory and persisted in it till they landed it. The Holly Sugar corporation, Colorado Springs, Colorado, built the factory. Some of the beets come 125 miles or more by rail to the Sidney factory. And some of the beets of that district go to the Billings, Montana, factory, over 200 miles away. The Billings factory belongs to the Great Western Sugar company, of Denver.

Sidney grew like a green bay tree after her sugar factory was secured. Everybody prospered. But the labor for thinning and weeding the beets comes from Mexico. Families from Mexico come and contract to do the work at \$21 an acre. They live in shacks, like our hop pickers. The sugar companies bring them on the railroads, and send them home in the same way after beet harvest. A family will contract to take care of 40 acres of beets. Russian laborers were at first

tried in the Montana beet fields. But the Mexican laborers have been found more satisfactory and have replaced them. The big thing the beet sugar industry has done for Montana, outside of the direct benefits, has been in booming the live stock industry, through the feeding of the tops, crowns, pulp and molasses. It has transformed the country. All the beet lands there must be irrigated.

In the Salem district, the beets for a dozen and more factories can be grown within a radius of 25 miles from this city, in Marion, Polk, Yamhill, Clackamas, Linn and Benton counties. Our roads are such that the beets can all be trucked in to the factories. And we can secure the labor for thinning and taking care of the beets right here; without sending to Mexico for laborers. On the 71,000 acres running from the Salem city limits east and southeast and northeast, for which irrigation water will be available from the two Santiam districts by the first of next May, beets can be grown for eight or ten factories, not going more than 20 miles from Salem.

In this series 18 beet sugar factories in the United States have been mentioned that are idle and will be idle this year, nearly all of them on account of the destruction of the young beets by the beet leaf hopper, which comes in clouds and eats the tops from the young beets.

Information now comes that the factory at Elsinore, Utah, will not start up this year. It belongs to the Utah-Idaho Sugar company, for which the experimental plots of beets were grown in the Salem district last year and the year before, as mentioned in the first article of this series. Cause, the same; the ravages of the beet leaf hopper (or white fly), which has put practically all of the other 18 factories out of business for the season. That makes 19 idle factories this year, out of the 108 in the United States.

But the Great Western Sugar company, which put up two large new factories last year and enlarged another one (at Ovid, Colorado), has just announced that it will build another new factory, at Lyman, Nebraska, just over the Wyoming line; to cost over a million dollars. This will make 21 factories for the Great Western company. Lyman is a town of about 25 families now. Its population will double and then double again ten to twenty times, as the work on the factory goes ahead and the growing and processing of the beets proceeds. Work on the new factory is to start about October 1st.

Even with 19 idle factories, the production of beet sugar in the United States this year will likely be as large as last year (about a million tons), on account of the new factories and the bumper crops in the Colorado and some other districts.

THAT TERRIBLE APHORNE-GIRL

BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Forty-seven Sylvia, watching the lights of Los Angeles as the train ground its way toward the station, seemed almost unconscious of the presence of Steve at her side.

So many memories crowded through her brain, so many recollections, both pleasant and terrible, swept over her, that she almost forgot for the moment the new emotion that had come into her life, to dwarf all else by its magnitude. She was living now in the past, going over the hopes and fears, the successes and the failures which had made up the past two years of her existence.

No one in Hollywood knew of her coming—not even Miss Allison, for she had told no one. During those last hectic moments at Rosemont that Saturday evening her one desire had been to get away. Nor was she entirely pleased when Steve announced his intention of going with her. She had meant to go alone. Nothing however, could stop him. Where Sylvia went, there he would go too.

It was flattering, and when Steve told her that his mother had advised it, she was secretly glad. Mrs. Hollins was a dear, there was no denying that. The knowledge of it made Sylvia all the more eager to justify herself in the old lady's eyes. As for Julia, she was not so sure. The instinctive dislike between the two was a barrier that only time could demolish. Sylvia was determined to do her part in its removal.

Her trip west had not been entirely a happy one. She was fully in earnest in her determination to keep Steve at arm's length until she had justified herself in the eyes of the world, while Steve, demanding so much justification for himself, thought it silly on her part not to take back his engagement ring and go on just as though nothing had happened. But Sylvia would not do it. She would not even permit Steve to kiss her. They travelled as friends. It was not that she wanted to be technical about the matter. She did not deny to herself that she desired Steve's kisses—she was hungry for them. But to let down the bars would not be keeping faith with Mrs. Hollins—or with herself. She had told Steve's mother, his sister, that until her name was cleared, her engagement was at an end, and she was determined to abide by her word. Sylvia was a gentle woman in most of her contacts with life, but when she was aroused, she was like a bit of finely-tempered steel.

The hotel, when she and Steve finally arrived there, brought back vivid memories of her first days in Hollywood. It had been her stopping place for a few weeks. There were a number of persons in the lobby, but she knew none of them, and none of them seemed to recognize her, not even the clerk at the desk. He, at least, should have done so. Sylvia

thought, forgetting for the moment her hennaed hair. When she reached her room, she called up Marion Allison, only to learn that her friend was out of town. She did not ask to speak to anyone else; Marion's husband was a charming fellow but Sylvia felt that nothing would be gained by discussing matters with him until she had first laid out a definite plan of campaign. Rather disconsolate, she went down to the lobby, to find Steve waiting for her.

"Well," he said gaily, "what's the next move? Isn't there somebody you want me to beat up? I'm rarin' to go."

"Don't be silly, dear. Mrs. Allison is not at home. There's nothing to be done, tonight, except go to bed."

"Bed? So this is Hollywood!" he gazed gloomily about the lobby. "I thought this was just about the time you 'movie' people got properly waked up. Bed! What a life!"

"We could find plenty of action, Steve, if we wanted to look for it. Cabarets and dancing and everything. But I don't think it would be such a good idea for me to make my first entrance that way. I'm a marked woman, you know, a notorious character. I suppose if I wanted to live up to my reputation I'd put on my gayest gown, let you take me to the Coconut Grove and spend the evening dancing my head off. It would be all over town by morning."

"Instead of that, I'm going to get some beauty sleep, and put in an appearance tomorrow morning looking like the wronged heroine in East Lynne, returning to the old farm. So we might just as well say goodnight." She spoke bravely enough, but Steve was not slow to detect a certain wistful note in her voice, nor did he fail to appreciate the ordeal which lay ahead of her.

"Don't worry, sweetheart," he told her. "You've got me, you know, whatever happens. And along with you, now. I know how you feel. But tomorrow morning's always another day. Cheerio, and all that. We'll beat 'em yet." He pressed Sylvia's hand, and when she had left him, sat smoking for over an hour in lonely silence, rather cursing his inability to help. Had he but known it, his mere presence was the one thing Sylvia needed to give her the courage to face an almost intolerable situation.

(To be continued.)

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

The Opera House Drug Store. Service, quality, low prices, friendly give increasing patronage. Old customers advise friends to trade here. High and Court. (9)

BUDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

BUDDIE, WE'RE A COUPLA SIMPS WAITIN' AROUND HERE IN THE RAIN FER THAT SCOTCH FEIST. HE'S PROBABLY OVER TO MCMAJUS'S IN FRONT OF A FIRE WIT' HIS FRIEND THE CAT.



ANYWAY, ME OLD BARREL IN THE ALLEY IS DRY AN' WAITIN. LET'S BEAT IT FER HOME! I CAN SETTLE OLD SCORES WIT THAT ANGUS BIRD SOME DAY WHEN THE CAT AIN'T WIT HIM.



HELLO, KELLY? ME AN' TAMMAS HERE ARE ENJOYING THE HOSPITALITY O' YERE ROOF. I BROUGHT HIM HERE, KNOWIN' HOW CATS DETEST THE WET. THANKS TO YOU, WE'RE SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG.



HELLO, KELLY? ME AN' TAMMAS HERE ARE ENJOYING THE HOSPITALITY O' YERE ROOF. I BROUGHT HIM HERE, KNOWIN' HOW CATS DETEST THE WET. THANKS TO YOU, WE'RE SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG.



Metropolitan Newspaper Service 7-21-22

LIVING AND LOVING

FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

WOMAN'S BUSINESS "What's on your mind?" we asked Bob after that young gentleman had spent a long half hour slumped in deep dejection in our living room easy chair. "You don't seem to be in your usual good spirits. Anything gone wrong?"

"Not yet but soon," was the pessimistic answer. Then Bob grew more loquacious. "Betty and I had a long talk yesterday. She told me she couldn't marry me under false pretences—that she wanted me to clearly understand that dearly as she loved me her career would have to come first. That not even our marriage could be allowed to interfere with it. She added that to the modern woman marriage was only secondary consideration, that the development of one's talent was far more important. Being a product of this age of progress I admit a woman's right to live her own life as she chooses. I am willing for Betty to keep on with her work. I am ready to do everything within my power to help her to success. I am prepared to accept second place in her interest if she wishes it that way. But I have been thinking things over and I can't understand her attitude. Why should a career mean more to her than a home, a husband? I am sure my mother didn't feel about life as Betty does, couldn't have had her sense of values. What does it all mean? Has time really worked a transformation in feminine nature? Woman today is free to give rein to her ambition. Must she put the curb on love?"

"In the twinkling of an eye we were involved in that most frequent of modern controversies, Marriage or a Career for Woman, or as the young man might have put it.

"Right off hand and without stopping to ponder, our answer is.

It shouldn't. It isn't so long ago since society lifted its eyebrow and held up its hands when a feminine foot slipped over the border of the narrow path prescribed by custom and convention. Those were the days when brains were more liability than asset to a woman, and talent coupled with ambition a team likely to carry their fair rider to the brink of calamity if given their head. Home was woman's place. She could bake and she could sew and she could tend the "kinder." And she could do little else in the way of bread winning if she were to keep her name clear of criticism.

Today the world is woman's sphere. With man she is doing the world's work and receiving fair pay for it. Before the law she stands equal with man. Nor does fame slight her to give him the laurels.

Butcher, baker, candlestick-maker through the modern woman be, after all this is only her avocation. Her vocation is now as it was in the beginning, at is ever shall be—to kindle the flame at the altar of love and then—to keep the love light burning.

To love and to be loved, that is woman's chief business. Nor does the professional bent subvert the maternal instinct. When a woman loves children she is going to hame them, understanding full well that all the power and the glory of success are not worth the clinging touch of baby fingers.

Marriage no longer may be wo-

stinctively it leads in importance. True, circumstances have altered cases. Woman works and weeps and works on, but she is all woman still. In the midst of Lú-bó, Love remains the greatest thing in the world. Betty's Bob has no real cause for worry.

WITH THE WOMEN OF TODAY

A careful physical examination for every child entering school this fall is being advocated by Dr. Ella J. Fifield, supreme medical examiner of the woman's benefit association of Port Huron, Mich. Through 40 health centers in as many cities Dr. Fifield is offering physical examinations for children of school age.

Each child should be weighed, measured and receive a careful examination of the eyes, ears, nose and throat. Dr. Fifield advises, with special attention paid to conditions indicating under nourishment and special care devoted to examination of tonsils and teeth.

Physical examinations twice a year for everyone would extend the average life span by 10 years, Dr. Fifield believes. She is, therefore, an earnest advocate of such examinations regularly.

At Camp Lighthouse, Waretown, N. J., a number of blind girls are being trained for the official life saving tests. Camp Lighthouse for blind girls is one of the several vacation centers operated for the blind. It is situated close to the water on Barnegat bay. The excellent swimming facilities and the eagerness of the blind campers to spend a great deal of time in the water led to the decision to teach the better swimmers life saving.

In the little French town of Gannat the washerwomen have threatened to go on strike. They say they will not work for less than eighteen francs a day (something like half a dollar). In addition they demand coffee in the morning and it must be real coffee, not chicory, they say.

Marahena Barrie of New York City has won acclaim by her painting on chiffon and velvet. She paints women's clothes to fit their personalities. Her scarfs have been on exhibition in New York.

Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis of Cambridge, Eng., died recently at the age of 83. She had made six trips to Mount Sinai, where she discovered ancient manuscripts of the gospels in the convent of St. Catherine, which earned degrees for her from many great universities. Until she was 75, Mrs. Lewis was traveling almost constantly, deciphering oriental manuscripts and inscriptions and contributing constantly to the world's knowledge of the history of the Holy Land.

Miss Helen Jane O'Farrell Kelly, an Irish woman, was the first woman omnibus owner to operate a line in London. She has now sold out her fleet of omnibuses and will enter the taxicab business. She drove a British army motor lorry in France during the war.

Kate M. Foley is employed as home teacher for the blind in the San Francisco district of California. She herself has been blind since babyhood. She is working to insure complete obliteration of infant ophthalmia and to teach the public to unify all teaching for the blind, and to recognize the need of self-supporting employment for them.

DINNER STORIES

A negro met an acquaintance of his, also colored, on the street one day and was surprised to see that his friend had on a new suit, new hat, new shoes and other evidences of prosperity.

"Hey, boy," he said, "how come you dressed up this way? Is you got a job?"

"I've got somethin' better'n any job," replied the other. "I've got a profession."

"What is it?"

"I'm an orator."

"What's an orator?"

"Don't you know?" replied the respondent one in surprise. "Well, I'll tell you what an orator is. If you was to walk up to an ordinary nigger and ask him how much was two and two, he'd say 'four,' but if you was to ask one of us orators how much was two and two he'd say, 'When in de course of human events it becomes necessary to take de numeral of de second denomination and add it to de figger two. I says unto you and I says it without fear of successful contradiction, dat de result will invariably be four.' Dat's a orator."

Two sisters—apparently all in all to each other—had lived together for many years. Then, when one was 98 and the other 96, the elder died. The relative who undertook the task of breaking the painful news to the survivor feared the shock would be fatal to her. But the old lady bore up wonderfully.

"Ah, well," she replied, "now I suppose I shall be able to have my tea made as I like it."

Dugald, north of Scotland game-keeper, was much disgusted at his new boss, a loud-waistcoated, cigar-smoking foreigner who had come up from London and announced that he had bought Dugald's precious moor and would be up for the August shooting.

He showed obvious lack of knowledge of shooting, understood the term "guns" to mean weapons when it really means those who carry them, and otherwise incurred the Scot keeper's disdain.

On the day of the shoot the new lord of the moor appeared in a crossword-puzzle set of tweeds and with two dozen guns. A small army of beaters and underkeepers and a long string of dogs followed him forth to the fray.

He banged away all morning. About noon Dugald announced acidly: "Weel, ah think we'll be gooin' hame noo."

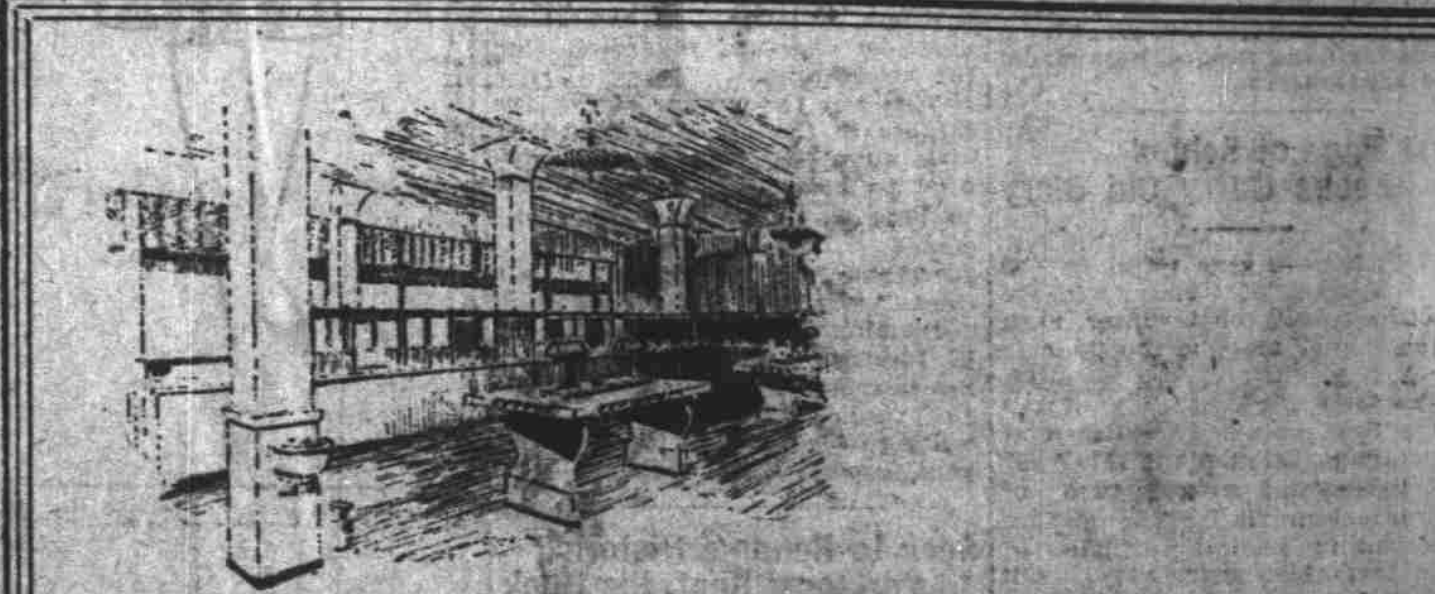
"Why, what's the matter?" sharply queried the new owner. "Aren't there any more birds?"

"Aye, they's plenty of bur-r-ids," said Dugald, "but you's the last dog!"

Prince Albrecht Gives Own Orchestra Concert

BAD GASTEIN, Austria.—Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, cousin of the ex-Kaiser and generally considered the musical prodigy of the Hohenzollerns, has been conducting a series of charitable orchestral concerts at this well known resort. His favorite instrument is the cello.

His programs, which are largely devoted to symphonies, also comprise several of his own compositions, foremost among which are, a "Rhapsodical Fantasy," a "Raskoinikow Fantasy," a symphony entitled "From Night Till Morning" and a musical poem "The Drowned," based on the poem of Pushkin.



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