

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

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September 25, 1926 GOD IS TRUSTWORTHY—"The God of my rock; in Him will I trust; He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation; my high tower, and my refuge, my saviour." 2 Sam. 22:3.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN TICKET

For U. S. Senator: FRREDERICK W. STEIWER For Governor: I. L. PATTERSON For Superintendent of Public Instruction: C. A. HOWARD For State Labor Commissioner: CHARLES H. GRAM For Public Service Commissioner: THOMAS K. CAMPBELL For Justices of Supreme Court: THOMAS A. McBRIDE GEORGE M. BROWN HENRY J. BEAN

GET READY FOR NEXT YEAR

Walter S. Low, Salem's street commissioner, is working on his ninetieth block in this year's street paving program— And he is hoping to finish twenty-five more blocks before the rainy season makes the finishing of paving jobs impossible.

Parts of Salem are being made over with the paving of the streets; made beautiful; made into inviting districts for pleasant homes; taken up out of the mud of winter and saved from the dust of summer. Wherever a street is paved, its residents immediately take more pride in improving their premises, in keeping up their lawns, in planting trees, in growing flowers.

Salem is becoming "The City Beautiful," and this is being greatly facilitated by the paving of several miles of streets each year.

There will be a larger program for next year— And every preparation ought to be made for it. There are several ways. One is to prepare the largest possible number of streets this fall and winter, by draining and graveling them, and allowing the travel of the rainy season to pack them and render them fit for the finishing work next summer. There are a number of sections where this should be done—

Notably the one surrounding the new linen mill. A year's time can be saved in many cases by the preparatory work. The thing to do is to save it.

THIS IS THE UNITED STATES

Douglas Fairbanks, actor and motion picture star, makes the amazing and amusing suggestion that, because in Russia the government has a monopoly of the film industry and produces pictures that he calls remarkable, the United States should take over and control motion pictures in this country.

Motion pictures, says Mr. Fairbanks, are recognized as an instrument of propaganda, and the government might as well use that instrument.

There are at least three objections to the plan Mr. Fairbanks suggests.

In the first place it is based on a fallacy. Motion pictures are not an instrument of propaganda in any free country. They constitute a form of artistic entertainment capable of wonderful development and expansion.

In the second place, if the government ought to own and control motion pictures, it ought also to own the plays of the spoken drama and the theaters at which they are produced—

And the newspapers and magazines— And, finally, motion pictures would degenerate inevitably into an instrument of propaganda, and both art and freedom would be remorselessly sacrificed to bureaucratic interests.

It is so in Russia, with both motion pictures and newspapers.

Douglas Fairbanks is an actor of ability and a motion picture maker of parts, but he is not a statesman. He is like some other Americans who have visited Russia, who have not looked through and behind the soft words of the propagandists.

This is the United States, not Russia. We have different ideals from those of the soviet overlords of Russia. We believe in free speech and a free press, and by the same sign we believe in an untrammelled motion picture industry, as long as it remains within the limits of decency.

The ideals of the United States are for a true democracy; for political and religious liberty; for freedom and tolerance; for all the things that were in the minds of the fathers of our Republic when they wrote the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution of our country—

For all these things, and every improvement on them that progress in every way has brought or may bring.

WORLD PARLEY TO CUT ARMAMENT COST CALLED

(Continued from page 1.) ment of the facts, but believed the matter would be settled. He insisted, however, that the Chinese statement did not help friendly negotiations.

The Chinese delegate lodged his protest after making the floor to announce that the Chinese government was presenting to the league library a complete set of Chinese encyclopaedia, the largest of its kind in the world. He then said that he desired to state the facts of an international incident which occurred in his country, his government having instructed that

they be made known to the assembly as a matter of record. He then gave the details.

CANCER EXPERTS ISSUE BASIC DISEASE FACTS

(Continued from page 1.) he made to improve the methods of diagnosis in these various locations and the treatment of the cancers so discovered. "The public must be taught the earliest danger signals of cancer, which can be recognized by physicians without a special knowledge of the subject and induced to seek competent medical attention when any of these indica-

Roberta Risks It

MARGARET CAMERON CHAPTER SIX

Once the young man smiled surreptitiously as he pictured his father's reactions to this situation, should he ever learn of it. There was no denying that the scion of the house of Brazenose had acted upon impulse again. Then he flushed hotly, remembering the absurd accusation that he was romantic and reflecting upon the interpretation his parent would certainly put upon this adventure. He decided that it was lucky his dad would never know anything about it. But he was pricked by a disturbing possibility and asked abruptly:

"Do you believe in romance? Think there is any such thing?" Without changing her position, the girl replied from the surface of her mind:

"Gone are the Gods of Hunt and Dance, And He with them—Farewell Romance!" "Kipling," said Piggy instantly. "Like him?" "Of course."

He might have known she would. But he had met girls who didn't. Reassured, he relapsed into silence again. If he remembered the full content of the verses from which she had quoted, it was to dismiss the plea as part of a poet's job. Even a short-haired, red-blooded poet like Kipling, he supposed, couldn't wholly escape the taint of his trade. Which seemed a pity.

Before Sherry's door he helped her out of the cab, and while he paid the driver she crossed the pavement to the steps, turning just in time to see another hansom driven slowly past. Its only occupant, a small, dark man, leaned forward to eye her searchingly. The girl caught her breath and again the color ebbed from her face.

"Oh, la, la!" she whispered. The restaurant was deserted, save three or four late-breakfasting men absorbed in morning papers, and Piggy chose a corner table, ordering two glasses of old sherry and biscuits. The he leaned back in his chair, smiling at her, and said:

"Now! Let's begin. How about telling me your name, as a star-er?" "Smith. Rowena Smith. Yours, you said, is—?"

"Brazenose." She looked at him reflectively. "I used to hear sometimes about a boy they called Piggy Brazenose."

"H'm . . . yes. Ever hear anything to his credit?" he asked warily.

"He was a great athlete at college, and was always doing daredevil things and getting into scrapes."

"Dad says I still do 'em." "Oh! I wondered if you were he," she replied gravely, and went into a brown study from which after a long pause he jogged her.

"Well? What about it?" "Is there any way out of this place except that?" She nodded toward the entrance they had used.

"Not that I know of. Why?" "Isn't there a service door on an alley, or something?"

"I doubt it. I suppose you could go out through the catering place on the Avenue, at a pinch. Why?" When she did not answer, he paraphrased a line from "Floradora," then having one of its numerous revivals: "You've got to trust somebody, and it might as well be me. You can, you know."

"Y-yes, I think I can. Anyway, I've got to—a little. There's a man following me and I want to slip away from him."

"Where is he? Show me and he won't annoy you any more."

"He hasn't annoyed me—that way." She smiled faintly. "I mean, he's not trying to flirt with me. But I saw him at the station, just standing around watching. I didn't think anything about it then, but before we came in here he drove past in a cab and leaned forward, looking at me, and I'm sure he followed us."

"Oh, I guess not." Beginning to wonder whether she was slightly demented, young Mr. Brazenose adopted the soothing tone used on occasion by all normal males toward women, children and horses—a kind of "So-o, boy, steady" tone. "Probably he just happened to be coming this way. Lots of people do. Drink some of that sherry. You're as pale as a ghost."

"I think he's a detective." "A detective! Why should a detective be following you?"

"He might—if they found out," she returned ambiguously "though I don't see how they could. I know it sounds queer, but—it's something I can't explain. It's nothing criminal." She opened to his gaze the deep, clear pools of her eyes.

"But it's almost a matter of life and death."

"To you?" "Oh, no! I don't matter—except for what I came to do."

"I thought you came to be married," he blurted youthfully.

"I did. But for something else, too. It's that they're trying to—"

"The most reliable forms of treatment, and, in fact, the only ones thus far justified by experiment and observation, depend upon surgery, radium and X-ray."

stop, and they mustn't. I must do it."

"Piggy began to realize that in championing this curious wait he had undertaken rather more than had at first appeared. But his interest and what, if he had been called upon to analyze his feeling, he would have called his sporting instincts, had been aroused.

"Hadn't you better tell me something about it?" he suggested. "Just so I'll know where we're at."

"I don't want to get you into it."

"I'm in now. You're not going to throw me out, are you?"

She gave him a grateful glance, but shook her head. "You're not very far in, and if you'll just get me away from here without that man's knowing it, you'll have done a big thing for me."

"I'll get you out, all right. What comes after that? Go on, tell me. Maybe I can help. You seem to know my reputation," he added, with his boyish grin.

"Nothing comes after that—for a while. I've got to earn some money first."

"Oh, come off!" Piggy elegantly remarked, in the tone he would have used had she been a man of his own age. "Don't be an idiot! It things are as bad as you say, you've got to get busy. Go on! I'll see you through. I happen to have a pretty fair bank balance right now, and I've seen enough of you already to back you to the limit. If I can help, I will. If I can't, I'll forget it and no harm done."

The friendly warmth of his manner, together with its utter lack of deference, the absence of the slightest implication that she was a maid and he a man, combined with her need and what she had previously heard about him to break down her reserve.

(To be continued.) (Copyright by Margaret Cameron Lewis. Released through Central Press Ass'n.)

CHAPTER SEVEN

P. G. (Piggy) Brazenose is a young man who has a habit of getting into trouble, probably because his mother named him Percival Galahad. He's really a good sort, but he doesn't take anything seriously, including the business that is Heaven and Earth to his dad. That gentleman calls Piggy into his office for a stern session. It appears that

Bits For Breakfast

State fair Monday—

And everything will be in order.

With the most wonderful and most interesting exhibits ever seen at what has been for years the best and biggest state fair west of Minnesota.

And, with favorable weather conditions, it looks like Mrs. Wilson, the manager, may have some money left for more new buildings and improvements for the 1927 fair.

There was a proposition to employ a man to travel over the valley and coast counties selling lime to the farmers, from the state lime plant. But the orders are coming in so fast that it was decided to not employ the man. If all the farmers get the idea of the absolute necessity for lime that many of them have already, and that more are getting, there will never need to be any one employed to sell them lime. They are now and have been for several weeks many laps ahead of the plant's capacity with two shifts to keep up with the demand. And the orders keep piling up.

Some one remarks that John Barleycorn is dead, but he left a legacy.

Peppermint oil is down again. The New York Commercial quoted it last Saturday in that market at \$7.50 to \$8 a pound. It will perhaps go lower, and the business will likely be overdone. But finally the farmers of the Willamette valley will control the growing of peppermint in the United States. For several reasons. Cheaper land for one. Larger amount of oil to the acre for another. Better quality for another. A higher menthol content for another. Do you want proof of the last statement? J. O. and A. E. Hayes of San Jose, Cal., are the largest growers of peppermint in Oregon, on their Lake Labish holdings. They have a long term contract with an eastern gum manufacturer for their output. J. O. Hayes was in Salem a few days ago. He visited the Indigna and Michigan oil districts last year, and the manufacturers who use peppermint oil. He found a manufacturer of gum who told him he did not dare to use more than a certain percentage of Oregon oil for his gum, because it was so strong in menthol content. So he was mixing the Oregon oil with the eastern oil, trying it out, so as to not affect the taste of the gum to which the consumers of gum were used. After a while, perhaps, the knack will be learned, so that 100 per cent of Oregon oil may be used. But it will not take so much oil. That will be a big point in favor of a higher price for the Oregon oil. There will be less years, perhaps, for Oregon mint growers—but in time they will produce most of the peppermint oil of the United States. And they will build refineries. These developments are in cards, by the very nature of things.

At Elsinore Tuesday



Tom Chatterton with Street Players

Living and Loving

BY THEIR EYES—

Some sage gave it as his opinion that one can't know a man until one lives with him.

It must be admitted that up to date we have had to take a great many things for granted where we gave our friendship or bestowed our love.

This, however, is an age of invention and discovery. And a certain modern wise man has just revealed a method by which we may read the character of the most casual acquaintance. And read it on sight. All we have to do is to look the casual acquaintance straight in the eye. By the color of the latter we shall know him.

Taken seriously, this method promises to save us a lot of confusion and trouble.

From now on we shall be enabled at a glance to tell that the man we meet is not the man we are looking for and to pass right on, interest whole and fancy free.

Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, lexicographer of note and compiler of the

may one day stand him in good stead. For instance—

"The woman" with hazel eyes never elopes after marriage, never retails scandal, seldom finds fault and never talks too much nor too little. She has a cool, calm and deliberate temperament and a placid, evenly balanced nature, but tokening exceptional ability in management and good luck on the whole. She has a power of quick recovery should misfortune come, and of adapting herself readily to circumstances.

Reading such good fortune in his hazel-eyed sweetheart's eyes, would any man in his right senses linger longer in leading her to that altar where two are made one?

The most fascinating eye is the black eye, declares the lexicographer, and it is a barometer of emotion. In anger it flashes, in love it grows limpid. And it tells the world that, whatever its owner makes of matrimony, in affairs financial he is bound to be successful.

Blue eyes are lucky in love and in other things less sentimental. Perhaps because they take their color from the untrammelled sky, blue eyes belong to the strong of heart and the well poised of mind; to those who never side-step difficulties but who, by sheer strength, overcome them.

Brown eyes bring luck to their owner, too, although not quite so much as blue eyes do.

If there's green in your eye, you cannot count on your own good fortune, and you are apt to upset the best laid plans for peace and pleasure of those who love you.

If you've eyes that do not match, well, the odds may be against you or greatly in your favor. In the superstitious years you might have been accused of possessing the "evil eye." Now it is generally conceded that you will triumph in whatever you set your will to.

"Let us look into your eyes and we will tell you what you are," may well become our slogan.

FROST STRIKES YAKIMA POTATO CROP HARD HIT BY KILLING COLD WAVE

YAKIMA, Wash., Sept. 24.—(AP)—As the result of the killing frost here last night it was estimated by potato producers and shippers here today that the Yakima valley potato tonnage had been reduced from 10 to 25 per cent, or 1,200 to 1,800 cars less than normally expected this year.

The reduction will be caused by the vines being killed, thereby preventing the tubers from completing their growth.

TOM KAY FAVORS STATE BUILDING

Departments Could Raise \$350,000 Toward Structure, He States

The state of Oregon sadly needs a new office building for housing various state departments and commissions that are now scattered all over Salem and Portland, Thomas B. Kay, state treasurer, told the local Lions club at its luncheon yesterday noon. Finances for the new building could be raised chiefly by the departments themselves, he believes.

The state is hampered in appropriating money for such a purpose by the six per cent tax limitation, which allows only a six per cent increase in property tax each year over the tax of the year before. The property tax is low now because it was cut down in 1923, the year of the income tax here, and it will take a long time to build it up again.

"No one would fail to advocate this new building if he saw the basement of the state house, where many state employes are now compelled to work," said Mr. Kay. "This basement is dark, unsanitary, and has a very low roof. Working conditions in it are very bad."

The various commissions now pay about \$40,500 for office rents annually, according to Mr. Kay, and they should be able to raise between \$300,000 and \$350,000 toward the new building. He cited the automobile license tax as one bringing in a surplus of money each year.

USE YOUR CREDIT SUITS - O'COATS \$5 DOWN BALANCE 10 PAYMENTS AL KRAUSE QUALITY MEN'S WEAR The Store With the Fountain

Don't Fail To See Hillman Fuel Company's exhibit of Diamond Briquet Orchard Heaters Main Pavilion, State Fair Absolute Frost Protection For Oregon's Outstanding Industry No Smudge --- All Heat PACIFIC COAST FUEL COMPANY E. C. Jerome, Oregon Representative Medford, Oregon