

The Oregon Statesman

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September 26, 1926 CALL ON GOD—"I will call on the Lord, who is worthy to be praised; so shall I be saved from mine enemies." 2 Sam. 22:4.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN TICKET Tuesday, November 2

For U. S. Senator: FREDERICK W. STEIWER For Congressman, First Congressional District: W. C. HAWLEY 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 For State Senators: SAM H. BROWN LLOYD T. REYNOLDS For Representatives: MARK D. McCALLISTER JOHN GIESY MARK PAULSEN F. W. SETTLEMIER

BET SUGAR FACTORY IN SALEM

Salem is to have a beet sugar factory, in time to take care of the 1927 crop of beets—Eight thousand acres of beets—

If the people of the whole Willamette valley will find 8000 acres of the right kind of land on which to grow beets, under the proper tillage— And contract for the growing of the beets, with the Utah-Idaho Sugar company, the next largest concern in the United States in the industry, and the oldest, and absolutely reliable.

Why the whole Willamette valley? Because the Utah-Idaho Sugar company will absorb all the freight charges within a radius of 60 miles. That puts every acre in the Willamette valley at the command of the Salem factory, for trucks can carry the beets to the receiving stations beyond the 60 mile radius, or growers beyond that radius can absorb the small extra charge on their beets.

Can we get the 8000 acres? Of course we can. Eugene is interested, and Albany and Irving and Junction City, and Newberg, and Corvallis, and Lebanon, and Oregon City and McMinnville and Hillsboro and Forest Grove— Every town and city in the valley, and all the farmers— And the district outside of Salem that makes the best showing in acreage and per acre tonnage and quality will be the most likely candidate for the next factory— And there are going to be beet sugar factories all over the Willamette valley—100 of them before many years. Sugar beets will boost dairying and live stock breeding and swine and poultry raising beyond any other one thing, or any dozen things. Now, it is up to this valley to contract to grow the beets. It will take good land, proper tillage, and irrigation; direct or sub-irrigation. ((And rotation.)) Everything else is easy. Now, let's sign up the acreage, and let the work of building the factory proceed. It will have to be finished just a year hence, October 1, 1927.

There are those who would have us believe that the states had little voice in voting this country dry. The facts are six states, including Oregon, Washington, Montana, Utah, Colorado and Arizona were made bone dry by popular vote in 1916 and 1918, the 18th amendment not being ratified until 1919. Idaho, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Georgia, and Florida were made bone dry by legislative acts in 1917 and 1918. In 18 other states state-wide restrictions had been voted and were being enforced before the 18th amendment was ratified, leaving a comparatively few states that had not already closed the saloons or adopted drastic regulation laws before the ratification of the 18th amendment. So it will be seen that a large proportion of the states had taken popular definite action on the prohibition question long before the ratification of the 18th amendment.

A friend sends this note: "Can you imagine anything more ridiculous or more shameful than a man who makes a complete political platform out of a beer mug?"

"THE MORE WE KNOW MATTER, THE MORE WE KNOW GOD"

As civilization advances life grows more intricate. And as the complications increase men's minds naturally adjust themselves to meet the various problems. The thoughtful of all ages must marvel at times at the wonderful power of adaptability inherent in man and wonder anew at the mystery of its nature and origin. Of all the thinkers who have influenced the past generation, none had greater power of clear thinking than John Burroughs—that young-old philosopher and scientist whose book, "The Breath of Life," was published a decade ago. In his introduction he says that as his life nears its end he finds himself speculating more and more on its mystery— Its nature and origin. Here are a few of the words in the introduction: "When for the third or fourth time during the spring or summer, I take my hoe and go out and cut off the heads of the lousy burdocks that send out their broad leaves along the edge of my garden or lawn, I often ask myself, 'What is this thing that is so hard to scotch here in the grass?' I decapitate it time after time and yet it forthwith gets itself another head. We call it burdock but what is burdock, and why does it not change into yellow dock or into a cabbage? "It is some living thing; but what is a living thing, and

how does it differ from a mechanical and non-living thing? If I smash or overturn the sundial with my hoe, or break the hoe itself, these things stay smashed and broken, but the burdock mends itself, renews itself."

Modern chemists try to explain away the origin of life and growth—both physical and mental—by saying that chemical elements are responsible, but no one has ever been able to create life. As Burroughs says:

"The chemico-physical explanation of the universe goes but a little way. These are the tools of the creative process, but they are not that process, not its prime cause. Start the flame of life going, and the rest may be explained in terms of chemistry; start the human body developing, and physiological processes explain its growth; but why it becomes a man and not a monkey—what explains that?"

"Through all the processes of evolution—in the physical, mental and spiritual realms—we see a creative power that was present at the beginning of things—if things can be said to have a beginning. We may call it creative energy. Certain it is that.

"The more we know matter, the more we know God; the more familiar we are with the earth forces, the more intimate will be our acquaintance with the celestial forces."

Robertta Risks It MARGARET CAMERON

She explains it's her sister who is being kept prisoner by her father because she fell in love with a French mining engineer and Rowena's set on rescuing her before her father breaks her spirit and ruins her life. Incidentally she surmises that a little man in blue, who loiters about, is a detective in the employ of her father. Now what happens? Carry on with the yarn, you'll like it.

CHAPTER EIGHT Piggy glanced out of Sherry's window and saw a small, dark man, wearing a blue suit and a gray fedora hat, loitering on the corner. "Humph! Foxy little guy, anyhow. He thought of the catering place, too, and planted himself where he could see both doors. All right. We'll fool him."

"How?" "Wait a minute. Let me think." "He thought, sometimes his lips twitched with amusement; sometimes he frowned and shook his head. The girl sat quietly awaiting the result of his lucubrations. At last he looked up with his wide smile.

"I've got it. It won't do for him just to lose you, for then they might think you'd gone to your sister and they'd yank her away somewhere. We might have the very deuce of a time finding her. So we've got to make him think you're headed in some other direction. You've got some luggage, haven't you? Well, we'll go over to the Grand Central and order it transferred to the Pennsylvania. He'll find out all about that, and the Penny doesn't run to New England. Then you'll have to kill some time, so I'll take you to the Waldorf and leave you. You'll sit in plain sight in Peacock Alley, looking at your watch every little while. If you see your sleuth, don't notice him. I'll disappear. He can't follow both of us. When the time comes, you'll take your little bag into a cab and go to the ferry and across to the Pennsylvania Station. He'll be right on your heels and will see you buy a ticket for Washington."

"But I haven't any money!" "Oh, rats!" said Piggy. "Forget it. This thing strikes me as a good sporting proposition and I'm for it. What were you going to do about money before you met me?" "I—I thought I was going to marry a wealthy man today." "Well go ahead and marry him when he gets back. Then you can make him pay me what it costs. But if we wait for him, your sister may be on the way to China or Timbuctoo before you get there. And the principal thing's to get her before that happens, isn't it? Well, then! Now listen."

The man on the corner had a long wait, but eventually his patience was rewarded. After an early and brief luncheon, the young persons in whom he was interested emerged from Sherry's door, the girl again closely veiled, and entered a cab. Again he took the next one, following them back to the Grand Central Station, where he contrived to overhear Piggy's clear-voiced instructions to the transfer agent to be sure to send the lady's trunks to the Pennsylvania Station in time to catch the Congressional Limited. The dark man's expression at that moment might have led anyone watching him closely to suspect that he was puzzled. But no one was watching him. Piggy's glance touched him lightly, casually, indifferently, as the two turned to saunter back to their waiting cab.

Only when the vehicle had started did young Brazenose permit himself to chuckle. "You're dead right, He's after us. Did you see him?" "Yes, I knew he'd follow us." "Well, we'll give him a run for his money." Piggy's gray eyes were luminous with the light of adventure, twinkling in triumphant and mischievous anticipation. "I only wish I could hang around and see how sick he looks when he finds he's lost you."

At the Waldorf he dismissed the cab, and they strolled, chatting, into the hotel. He took her to the news-stand and bought a couple of magazines for her, after which he escorted her to a chair in the lounge, just off the popular corridor known as Peacock Alley, where he sat down her bag. "Good-by," he said distinctly, as the little man in the blue suit drifted in their direction. "It's been bully to see you and I'm terribly sorry I can't stay and take you to your train. You really think you'll sail Saturday?"

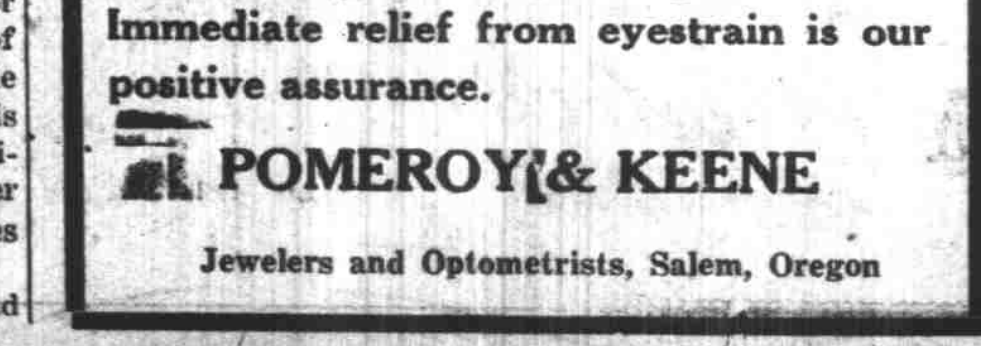
Their shadow stopped near them, looked at his watch, and glanced around the room as if he expected to meet some one there. Piggy lowered one eyelid amusedly. "I suppose so." Her low voice carried clearly. "That is, if Mrs. Miles is well enough. Of course, I don't want to stay in this country any longer than I have to." "No, of course you wouldn't—under the circumstances." Piggy's tone grew sympathetic. "It's a darn shame, too. Family fights are the dickens. Well, let me know if you have any time before you sail. I'll see you at the dock, anyway. Good-by."

Smiling, he departed, and the man in the blue suit found a seat down the corridor a little way, whence he could watch unobtrusively from behind a newspaper the quiet brown figure in the lounge.

Piggy walked briskly up the avenue, pausing now, and then to look behind him until he had assured himself that he was not followed. Then he called a cab and drove to his bank, where he drew a substantial sum, afterward visiting a dealer in leather goods to buy a large dull-black suitcase which he took away with him in the cab. He then drove to a shop specializing in women's mourning apparel, spending some time in consultation with an eagerly sympathetic young woman over a list

he carried. She obligingly had his purchases packed in the suitcase for him. After other brief stops for shoes and hosiery and gloves, he directed the driver to take him to the ferry, which landed him in time at the Pennsylvania Station—a terminal then on the New Jersey side of the river.

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LIVING and LOVING BY FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

"OH, TEACHER!" "What are you going to be when you grow up?" is the time-worn query fatuous friends of the family inevitably put to little Johnny. And little Johnny, quite as inevitably, makes one of two equally time-worn answers: "Oh, a fireman. Or a cop." When one is very young the future is afar off and glamorous with adventure. No vision of the patient plodder through desk routine he shall grow to be dims the glow of little Johnny's imagination.

When one is a few years older grown one discovers how thoroughly unreliable dreams are, what gay deceivers—deserters in the face of stern reality. Little Johnny need take no thought for the morrow. But the members of the High School senior class must. To them the choice of a vocation is a serious thing.

In the Good Old Days teaching was one of the few honorable ways in which woman might earn her living. And tradition still causes it to be generally believed that teaching is the profession of professions that appeals to woman. However, upon recent evidence of our own eyes and ears, we come to the conclusion that tradition is wrong again; that teaching is not so alluring as it has had the reputation of being.

The Sweet-Girl-Graduate-To-Be was discussing this very subject with us over a cup of tea. "It does not yet appear what I shall be," she declared, "but I have made up my mind what I shall NOT be, and that is a school-marm!" And although there was a smile on her lips there was a gleam in her eye indicative of firm determination.

"But why?" we asked curiously. "It's too stuffy! My cousin teaches out in one of the suburbs and she says it is perfectly dreadful the way she has to watch her step. Not that she wishes to do

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