

# The Oregon Statesman

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 City Editor: E. A. Rhoton  
 Society Editor: W. C. Conner  
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October 7, 1936  
 A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER—"The Lord thy God accept thee."  
 2 Sam. 24:23.

## REGULAR REPUBLICAN TICKET

Tuesday, November 2

For U. S. Senator:  
**FREDERICK W. STEIWER**

For Governor:  
**L. 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 Congressional, First Congressional District:  
**W. C. HAWLEY**

**MARION COUNTY TICKET**

For State Senators:  
**SAM H. BROWN**  
**LYLOYD T. REYNOLDS**

For Representatives:  
**MARK D. McALLISTER**  
**JOHN GIESY**  
**MARK PAULSEN**  
**F. W. SETTLEMIER**

### THE LOGANBERRY INDUSTRY STABILIZED

The opening paragraph of the article one year ago that corresponds to this article was: "There are good signs for the great loganberry industry. It is on the up grade. It is looking towards complete stabilization." It may be stated at the present time that the industry is now stabilized—

Stabilized on a 5 cent price to the grower and a correspondingly low price to the consumer of canned loganberries—

For it has turned out that the great avenue for marketing the loganberry is through the canned fruit trade, and that England is taking this year and took last year nearly half the Oregon pack of canned loganberries.

The market for loganberries in barrels is considerable, and that for dried berries is a good one in some of the eastern states and Canada, and some berries are put up and marketed in the juice form every year; but the great bulk of the crop goes to the ultimate consumer in cans.

The time was when it was thought there could not be a great loganberry industry maintained without the juice factories, and the time will no doubt come when that will be an outlet for a very large proportion of the crop, and in the form of jams and jellies there will also be an outlet for enormous tonnages—

But for the present the safe thing is the canned outlet, and it is necessary to keep the prices to the consumer down, in order to maintain this market. This means about a 5 cent price for the present, and also low priced sugar; though one of the Salem cooperatives paid its loganberry pool last year at five and five-eighths cents a pound, and this year at six cents.

The time has evidently come when there can be a little expansion in loganberry growing here, continued every year, with new acreage, or still better, with a larger per acre tonnage, brought about by better attention to the yards—

In other words, we are on the up grade in the industry, and can stay on the up grade if we will keep our feet on the ground. It is around a million dollar crop for the immediate Salem district now—and it will grow to a ten million dollar crop in the course of years.

Salem is the birth place of the industry on a commercial scale, and is its center, and will likely always be; its producing center, and its canning, drying, barreling, jam and jelly, juice, processing, packing, shipping and marketing center.

Though Salem is the birth place of the commercial phase of the loganberry industry, and the center of this industry, the birth place of the berry itself is Santa Cruz, Cal., as told elsewhere in The Statesman of this morning. But it was never taken up on a commercial scale in California.

The loganberry is a wonder berry. It is the world's greatest bush fruit. And the Salem district has in its production what amounts to a franchise; along with parts of western Washington. The world will take all we will ever raise—if we will but "tell the world" of its preeminent qualities, and give the world a chance to conveniently buy loganberry products in all their various marketable forms; more marketable forms than apply to any other berry grown.

The fortunes of all of us are more or less tied up with the loganberry industry—

And it has outstanding merits that should keep it going; and that should do more; that should keep it growing.

Big men with clear visions and high class organizing powers and leadership are needed right now in the loganberry industry. Such men could put and keep the industry permanently on its feet; could give it a Gibraltar stability.

### OREGON WALNUTS AND FILBERTS

Compared with the opening prices of California walnuts, announced yesterday, the best Salem district walnuts, the grafted Franquettes, ought to bring around 35 cents a pound—

And as we will have not far from two million pounds to market this year, it will be seen that this crop will bring a handsome sum to our growers.

Also, we will have not far from 100,000 pounds of filberts to sell, and they should bring around 18 to 20 cents a pound.

We are only just started in the nut industry here; but we are fairly on our way. The new acreage coming into bearing each year, and the added growth of our nut trees, will make themselves felt in annually increasing crops; cumulatively so.

Our certain destiny is the walnut and filbert center of the world, for the very good reason that we can beat the world in quality, and we have the available acreage to exceed any other district in quantity.

### LINCOLN AND LIQUOR

(Under the above heading, Fred L. Boalt, editor of the Portland Daily News, which is anything but a strictly dry newspaper, recently printed in a prominent editorial position in that journal the following:)

William E. Barton, author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," has an article in The Christian Science Monitor of September 15 on "Lincoln and Liquor."

This Lincoln authority has been beset with inquiries concerning the habits and opinions of the emancipator with regard to the sale and use of intoxicating drink.

The wets all over the country have been saying Lincoln liked his liquor. The dries have been saying he was a teetotaler. The wets have misquoted him to show that, if alive today, he would be opposed to the Volstead law. The dries have been misquoting him to the opposite effect.

Barton, I believe, gives us the truth so far as the truth can be known.

The truth is, then, that Lincoln did not drink or use tobacco. He was not a teetotaler, but nearly so. He did not like liquor and "believed that its use was productive of great harm."

He was uncompromising in his stand for obedience to law—not any particular law, but all law.

Before the Young Men's Lyceum at Springfield, Ill., on January 27, 1837, he said:

Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

The speech from which this excerpt is taken has, Barton says, been misquoted by both sides in the controversy. Lincoln was not speaking of a liquor law, nor did he have such a law in mind; he was thinking of the fugitive slave law. He didn't like it, but it was law.

But five years later, before the Washington society, he did speak specifically about liquor. Here are his exact words:

Of our political revolution of '76 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. . . .

Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we find a stronger bondage broken, a vile slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it, more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it, no orphans starving, no widows weeping. By it, none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest; even the dram-maker and the dram-seller will have given into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom; and with such an aid its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. Happy day when—all appetites controlled, all poisons subdued, all matter subjected—mind, all-conquering mind, shall live and move, the monarch of the world. Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people who shall have nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species.

Miss Pearl Waite, 16, and Ernest Miller, 18, of Kearney, Neb., were lovers, and planned to be married in spite of family objections. Renewed opposition to their marriage is believed to be responsible for a "suicide pact," as a result of which their bodies were found in a ravine near Kearney. It is assumed the boy shot the girl and then turned the gun on himself.

where the car could be kept. Linsens and silver were not provided, but she said she could pick up enough of these at Keene to serve until her own things arrived. Wheareupon convinced that the stranger would be a valuable acquisition to the village, the kind-hearted tavern-keeper turned over the keys and withdrew.

After airing the house a little and putting a few things in order, Roberta and Piggy locked the doors and set off again in the car, ostensibly for Keene. They made a wide detour, however, skirting the foot of Monadnock by winding ways through thick forests of small pine and slender, pale-barked, golden-leaved birch, coming at last to an aggressive, freshly painted, sign beside a forking road.

**BIRCHWOOD**

Beware of the Dogs!

"That's it," she murmured, from her seat in the tonneau, as she slowed up and looked about to find the surroundings in his memory.

"The house is back on the hill to the left, behind the trees. To think that Celia's shut up there and I can't go to her! There's the barbed wire. See it?"

"That's easy. I'll get a wire cutter at Keene—no Greenfield, tonight."

They drove on toward the local metropolis, where they purposed doing some shopping, but had gone only a short distance when they heard an engine of a heavy car whining as it came up a grade ahead, and Piggy drew aside to let it pass.

He had a fleeting glimpse of a gray-clad chauffeur, the wheel, and in the tonneau a big, broad shouldered man whose cap was pulled low over his brow, leaving only his beaky nose, stubby dark mustache, and heavy jaw. As the car tore past them this man turned, eying them sharply, and Piggy thought he looked a deal like a bulldog getting ready to spring. A second later he had disappeared around a curve in the road.

"Peter!" Roberta gasped, behind her veil. "Peter! That was my father! He's found out!"

"Ho-lee smoke!" said Piggy. "We've got to hump ourselves."

Arrived at last at the scene of action, which is carefully guarded, Roberta and Piggy investigate. Without warning Roberta's father speeds into the situation; obviously the attempted "rescue" has been reported to him. He, fortunately, does not recognize them.

**CHAPTER FOURTEEN**

Meanwhile, events necessarily beyond the ken of Roberta and Piggy had taken place in New York, and her father's presence in New Hampshire was due less to the omniscience with which she was at first inclined to credit him than to one of the qualities making him a successful business man. He was a good guesser, and, having decided upon the probable goal of any opponent, it was his policy to arrive there first, if possible. Assuming that anyone was to be taken by surprise, he preferred it to be the other fellow.

His knowledge of Roberta's ex-

## Roberta Risks It

MARGARET CAMERON

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Now go off a little and let me look at you," Roberta commanded when she had finished.

"Not yet. Wait a minute."

Seizing his other bag, he made off into the brush, to reappear after a little correct chauffeur's livery, capped, leather-gaited and spruce. Saluting smartly, he asked:

"Any orders, Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, la, la!"

Their laughter waked distant echoes and caused a farmer joggling along the highway to shake his head over the wild degenerate behavior of modern youth.

Roberta insisted upon his getting out his shaving mirror, to see himself as others saw him, and when he looked into it he ejaculated:

"For the love of Mike! Why, even dad wouldn't know me! I wouldn't know myself. Who'd have thought it would make all that difference? We're safe enough now—on this score, anyway. Come on, let's go. We've got to make Worcester tonight."

"Isn't that a long way from here?"

"Yep. But we've got to be on the ground early tomorrow morning."

"Have you thought how to get Celia away?"

"Can't, until I see the lay of the land."

At a late hour that night, the clerk at Worcester's best hotel was surprised by the arrival of a young widow, motoring alone with her chauffeur—bound, she mentioned carefully, for her family residence in New Hampshire and delayed by engine trouble. The situation was more unusual than that it would be now, but her quiet manner, impeccable accent, and deep mourning convinced the clerk of her respectability, and he gave them rooms.

About nine o'clock the next morning the touring car of Mrs. Horatio Smith rolled slowly into Fitzwilliam, a village consisting

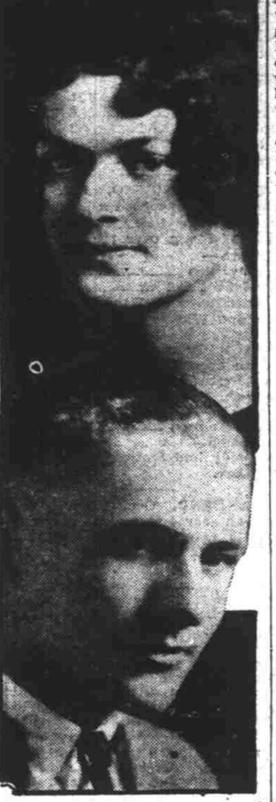
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### Young Lovers Die In Suicide Pact



pected arrival in New York may be regarded as the result of pure chance by those who believe there is any such thing.

Four days before Piggy was sent to meet Roberta at the station, while Scott's mind was chiefly engaged with business, a friend from Montreal had called upon him unexpectedly at his office. Scott invited the man to dine that night at his club, explaining that his family was in the country.

"Have they come back?" the other asked, with surprise. "I saw Mrs. Scott and Miss Celia in London in June, and they said they were going to Italy later and wouldn't be home until Christmas."

"Um—yes—that was the plan. But Celia had a bad nervous breakdown. I had to go over and bring her home."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"No. It's persistent. But not serious. If we keep her quiet enough—long enough—she'll come around all right."

"Probably that's the reason her sister's coming home, then," said the Montreal man, who knew nothing about the family breach.

"What's that?" Scott's tone was sharp.

"Am I giving away a secret? Perhaps she meant to surprise you."

"Perhaps she did. It's a way she has. What makes you think she's coming back?"

"I saw her in the steamship office buying a ticket the day before I sailed. I came on the last ship to Quebec myself, and heard her ask for a cabin on the next one."

"Sure it was Roberta?"

"Why—I thought so. I never saw her but once before. I didn't speak to her, because I was in a great hurry, and I don't think she recognized me. I may have been mistaken. Anyway, I'm sorry if I've spoiled her plan."

"No harm done. If she is coming, I'm glad to know it," an equivocal statement producing the desired effect upon the mind of the Canadian.

In his morning mail, the day after the Canadian's revelation, Scott found a notification from one of his numerous benchmen that Clifford Nixon, the young manager of a Cleveland company manufacturing automobile engines, was in New York, and his mind leaped to the solution of a simple equation wherein two and two added up to fifty per cent; or, algebraically stated, a plus b equaled half the sum x. Nixon had been one of Roberta's suitors.

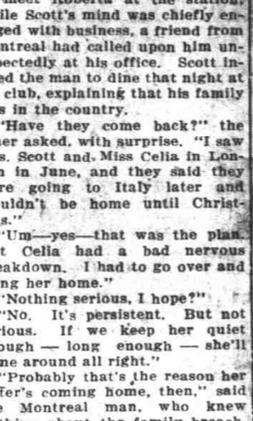
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## Young Lovers Die In Suicide Pact

Miss Pearl Waite, 16, and Ernest Miller, 18, of Kearney, Neb., were lovers, and planned to be married in spite of family objections. Renewed opposition to their marriage is believed to be responsible for a "suicide pact," as a result of which their bodies were found in a ravine near Kearney. It is assumed the boy shot the girl and then turned the gun on himself.

### Tetrazzini to Wed Man Half Her Age



Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, the famous Italian prima donna, who used to make \$2500 a performance at the Metropolitan opera at the peak of her career, is to be married to Pietro Farneti. The bridegroom, at 39, will be just half as old as his bride.

From the time she left school, and she had repeatedly refused him. In fact, her obduracy in this matter had been one of several factors in her final break with her father, who had regarded the young man with something more than favor. Ergo: Roberta being due in New York in three days, Nixon appeared, certainly to meet her, probably to propose to her again, possibly to aid and abet her in an attempt to remove Celia from the proper and ordained jurisdiction of her natural guardian.

Scott's most distinctive trait was an egotistic pride. Rufus men with a heavy hand, it irked him sore that his most formidable foes should be they of his own household, and mere girl at that. Inwardly still raw and embittered by Roberta's successful revolt, he was determined to nip Celia's unfaithful defection in the bud. And while he never admitted it even to himself, he was a little afraid of his elder daughter.

Temporarily dismissing all other claims upon his attention, he went into secret session with himself, from which he emerged after half an hour or so to order his secretary to telephone a message to Clifford Nixon's club that Mr. Scott wished to see him immediately on important business and to cancel any other appointment for an hour when Nixon could be home.

During the afternoon the young man accordingly presented him-

self, wondering, and was at once admitted to the Presence. His wonder, however, was short-lived. "Hello, Cliff!" said Scott. "So you've come to meet Roberta."

The other, taken aback, hesitated a second before replying, "In Roberta coming?"

"You know damn well she is. Her father thrust out his heavy chin, his small, dark eyes gleaming. "You're here to meet her."

"Well—what if I am?" a note of defiance colored Nixon's tone.

"Nothing. That's your affair. Going to propose to her again?"

"No. I'm going to marry her."

"The devil you are! Got tired bucking the world, has she? Finds it isn't such a snap as she thought? Well, I don't envy you or your job. All I've got to say about it is this: There's a certain situation which you may or may not know about, in which she's likely to try to take a hand. If she does there's going to be trouble, so you'd better see that she doesn't."

"I don't recognize your right to dictate—"

"Don't, eh? Well, you will. Just to show you that it's not a bluff, I'll tell you now that I own a large interest in your concern. My name doesn't appear on your books—stock's held by dummies. When you formed your company four years ago I thought you might marry Roberta, and I wanted a finger in the pie. I've still got it. I can make it hot for you if I want to, and if you or anybody connected with you tries to mix up in my private affairs I'll do it! That's one thing I won't stand from anybody. Now marry her if you want to. She's no daughter of mine. But if you know what side your bread's buttered on, you'll see to it that she lets me and my family alone. Think it over—and don't talk back," he added, as Nixon, recovering a little from the first impact, threw up his head and opened his lips. "I've got you where the hair's short and you want to watch your step. Business is business, and you're doing well. I'm not likely to interfere with you as long as you don't interfere with me." He pressed a button on his desk. "If you do—look out. That's all I have to say now. Tell Mr. Norris to come in." he commanded, as a girl opened the door "Good-by Cliff. Think it over."

Nixon walked out with his head in a whirl.

(To be continued.)

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