

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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O worship the Lord with the beauty of holiness: fear before Him, all the earth. Psalm 96:9.

PUMPKIN CENTER OF THE WORLD

"When will the Slogan page be out with Salem as the pumpkin center of the world?" cynically inquires the Sips for Supper jokesmith of "our hated contemporary." Not soon, likely—

For there are so many other good and more important things to Sloganize in this land of diversity, and, according to the scheme of things made and provided, there can be only 52 Slogan subjects a year; one each Thursday—

Though there would be room for several hundred subjects besides; sort of sub-slogans.

And Salem as the pumpkin center of the world would not be out of place as one of these. It would not be hard to convince any one of this fact who could be shown the car load after car load and the long processions of truck and wagon loads of the raw materials for canned pumpkins piling their burdens mountain high at the 13th street plant of the Oregon Packing company the fall of each year.

These become the canned pumpkins bearing the world renowned Del Monte brand, used for pumpkin pies in all the lands bordering on the seven seas—

In the logging camps of the tall forests, in the frozen north, under tropic suns, on the dining cars of the railroads, on the tables of the best hotels, on the bills of fare of the ships that sail the great oceans—

Everywhere; for pumpkin pie is one of the most democratic of all pies; originating with the Mayflower pilgrims of New England, and thus having an ancestry worthy of the Daughters of the Revolution, or any other daughters or sons of blue blood and proud lineage.

Perhaps it ought to be added (or should it?) that the pumpkin pies of commerce are not pumpkin pies. They are squash pies—

For just as the Hubbard squash of New England makes the filling for the famous pumpkin pies of that section, far famed as the Boston baked beans of the same origin, the canning pumpkin is a squash with a college education; Burbanked and bred through many generations for the particular place it is designed to fill in the filling of the pumpkin

And Salem comes very near to being in fact, the pumpkin center of the world. Will likely become just that kind of a center as more canners follow the example of the Del Monte people in specializing on the Salem district quality stock for this pie of perfection; worthy to be named in the same breath with the nectar of the gods.

MORE ENGLISH BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

The total area under sugar beets in England this year was 221,900 acres, according to official report of the ministry of agriculture, against 95,900 acres last year, an increase of 76 per cent, and nearly four times the acreage of 1925—

And other factories are being built. One is to be erected at Hull, and the site for another one, the Bedfordshire factory, has been definitely located at Blunham, six miles east of Bedford to be ready for the 1928 crop, for which acreage is being contracted with the farmers.

In the county of Sussex, the largest agricultural county near London, the sugar beet was the farmer's best crop last year, many growers clearing 10 pounds (about \$50) an acre after spending as much as 20 pounds an acre on the crop.

British capitalists are also establishing beet sugar factories in the colonies. A British company capitalized at \$2,000,000 has been completed according to word received by the New Westminster board of trade. The company will acquire a large tract of land in the Fraser valley worked by English and Scotch labor. The plant, it is expected, will be located in New Westminster.

In the mean time tens and scores of thousands of acres of land in the Willamette valley, suitable for sugar beets—

Capable of producing a larger per acre tonnage and with a higher sucrose (sugar) content than the English or British Columbia farmers can grow—

Are lying out as slacker or idle acres. This is a great economic waste, and inexcusable, when it is considered that the dairying and live stock industries, and every other industry on the land, needs the indirect help of the beet sugar industry—

Needs the clean and rotation cultivation and the by-products of beet growing and manufacturing.

Again and again, this is the thing most vitally needed to make the Willamette valley a great farming country, and to stabilize the business and growth of all our valley cities and towns.

THIS IS ALL TRUE

(Eugene Register.)

Within the past few weeks, the state flax plant at Salem has sold 157 tons of flax fiber to Belfast, Ireland. That is an astonishing sale. It is as astonishing as if Eugene should sell a trainload of fabricated steel products to Pittsburgh.

Belfast is the linen center of the world. Its flax fiber along with the Courtrai fiber of Belgium, has been rated as the best in the world. Yet here we see Belfast coming to Oregon for flax fiber.

It is not impossible that this Oregon fiber, grown in Oregon soil, may be shipped to Belfast, manufactured there into linen products and shipped back to Oregon and sold over

Oregon counters to Oregon people. What a waste that would involve!

Imports of linen fabrics into the United States reach the huge annual total of \$100,000,000 a year. Think what it would mean if half of that total of new business could be brought to Oregon.

It is conceded that linen fiber equal to the best in the world can be produced in Oregon. We shall be standing in our own light if we do not manufacture this fiber into linen here, thus providing new payrolls and new prosperity for our state.

"The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." You have perhaps heard this. Or even read it. Something like this is happening to the beekeeping industry. The newly organized Mead Honey company, Satem, has orders for five car loads of honey, and one of them is a bid for many cars that might follow, for export. The orders cannot be filled with our local supply, for the regular trade is taking it all. They may be filled with outside honey. This is very gratifying to The Statesman, for this paper has for years been calling attention to the vital importance of the beekeeping industry in the great fruit district of which Salem is the center. The industry, coming up from almost nothing a few short years ago, is now flourishing. Taking on abundant life. It will become a big industry. It must. Within a few years, car lots will be supplied from here. They will be common. And, in due time, train lots will not be uncommon.

See how easy it is to get 50,000 hop and prune pickers for the Salem district. It will be the same when we grow sugar beets. We are used to getting laborers in large numbers.

May we promise state fair visitors that the city dump will be a thing of the past by the time of the opening of the 1928 fair?

Senator Reed Smoot of Utah is out gunning for the people who would scuttle the American protective tariff ship. He is able to head off that bunch, though backed by some of the most powerful interests of this country.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY

By JOHN ERSKINE

Published by arrangement with West National Pictures, Inc.

THE CHARACTERS Helen, an ancient lady with modern ideas. Menelaos, her husband while she stayed at home. Hermione, her daughter and severest critic. Orestes, her nephew—young enough to have ambitions. Eteoneus, gate-keeper by calling; philosopher by instinct; moralist by observation. Adraate, handmaiden and friend to Helen; scandal to most everybody else. Charitas, the lady next door. Damastor, a boy who strayed from the family door-step. Chapter III "We have news," said Eteoneus. "and I don't like to tell it." "Tell us, Eteoneus," said Helen. "We can stand the news, good or bad!" "Agamemnon is dead," said Eteoneus. "Menelaos!" cried Helen. She went over to him, and stood by his side. "My brother is dead!" repeated Menelaos. "I didn't like to tell you," said Eteoneus. "Who—how did he die?" asked Menelaos. "He was killed," said Eteoneus. "Aegisthus killed him." "Never!" said Menelaos. "It's a mistake. Aegisthus could not stand a moment before my brother in a fair fight!" "No, he couldn't," said Eteoneus. "but it wasn't a fair fight. Agamemnon went into his house, as the trader reported to us, and thinking himself safe at home, he took off his armor and hung up his sword. Then they killed him." "They? Who were they?" cried Helen. "Tell us all," said Menelaos. "Who killed my brother?" "I believe Aegisthus was most to blame," said Eteoneus; "he's the one Orestes is after now, and it may be he has already paid him back for it. The messenger says Clytemnestra was implicated." "My sister, my sister! I knew it!" cried Helen. "I knew in my heart she would murder him some day." "Helen," said Menelaos, "you and I have had difficult moments, and I've said hard things about you, to your face, but I don't believe a sister of yours would do that. I can't believe it of a woman so near to us, of your blood. This murder is just the sneaking kind of thing a coward like Aegisthus would plan. Moreover, if she had done it, the people would have killed her in revenge before this. My brother was never what you could call popular, but his men

were devoted to him." "There's another thing too," said Hermione. "Clytemnestra knows there will be some sort of revenge for this murder. Orestes will exact a terrible penalty from Aegisthus, but if Clytemnestra were implicated, he would have to punish her too—all the murderers, in fact. She understands where such a deed would end." "Orestes wouldn't kill his mother," said Menelaos; "otherwise I agree with your argument. I think Helen is unjust to her sister. Eteoneus, did the messenger give you any further details?" "These are the details," said Eteoneus. "The messenger says Agamemnon went into the house, as the trader reported, and after a while the people went away, not seeing more entertainment in prospect. Then Clytemnestra had them all called back, and she came out and made them a speech. She said she had enjoyed such admirable relations with her neighbors that there was no reason why she should not take them into her complete confidence. She had, she said, just killed her husband. They probably knew that Aegisthus and she had been living together, and considered themselves man and wife in the eyes of the gods, if the gods had noticed it. She had doubted that Agamemnon would return—rather hoped he wouldn't, for he had murdered their daughter, and she was bound by every piety obligation, as they would readily appreciate, to slay the murderer of her child. She had therefore drawn him into a remote part of the house, had invited him to rest, and when his armor was removed, had killed him. In a great burst of jealousy, which she mentioned with regret, she had also killed Cassandra. It was clear now, she said, that this second murder was unnecessary, but it's hard to think of everything at the time. She would now take Aegisthus as her lawful second husband; she had accepted no aid from him in killing Agamemnon, for after all, the feud had to do with her daughter and not with her love-affairs. Aegisthus was entirely innocent. The messenger considered it quite a speech," said Eteoneus, "and at first it was well received, but the people began to notice, as they thought it over, that she really was shielding Aegisthus, and trying to lay the blame where no vengeance could strike. The messenger says that Orestes will have the people with him if he succeeds in killing Aegisthus, but if he fails, they'll probably stand by Clytemnestra—she has the situation well in hand." "Of course she has," said Helen. "She undoubtedly planned it all, even the speech, long ago. She leaves nothing to accident. She murdered him. I'm glad at least she didn't pretend otherwise." "Don't you think you'd better go help Orestes, father?" said Hermione. "I'm going within the hour," said Menelaos. "I'm going to help Orestes have his vengeance on Aegisthus." "And on Clytemnestra?" said Helen. "Dear me, no!" said Menelaos. "We'll leave her to her guilty conscience. But Aegisthus is the villain. I do believe, all the more because she defended him so energetically. I'll be back at once, in time for Pyrrhus." "Bring Orestes back with you," said Helen, "and the wedding can take place without further delay. It will rehabilitate that branch of the family, socially I mean, to have the alliance with your daughter, and it will take the poor fellow's mind off his terrible troubles." "That wedding can wait," said Menelaos. "Of course it can," said Helen. "Meanwhile, what will you do if you meet Clytemnestra now? Won't it be rather awkward for you to pass the time of day while you're killing her lover? And won't it be still more awkward afterward? I'm thinking that since Agamemnon is gone, you must approach Clytemnestra, as the surviving parent, when you arrange the details of Hermione's wedding, and perhaps it would therefore be wiser to keep out of this feud—especially since Orestes seems able to bear her wrath." "I don't see that at all," said Hermione. "He can't keep out of the feud, mother. He might just as well go now and help Orestes, and I can marry without Clytemnestra's approval. In fact, I don't wish her approval. I intend to have nothing to do with her." "But you can't ignore your mother-in-law," said Menelaos. "Do you know, Hermione, it might be wise to reconsider the whole situation. I like Orestes better than ever, but in marriage you have to reckon with the relatives. Marriage is a frightfully social institution. I have absolutely no social leanings toward Clytemnestra." "I can't let Orestes drop, if that's what you mean," said Hermione. "I'm committed to him—I'm engaged—I've promised myself. I thought you knew that, father. I'd like to marry with your blessing, but I shall marry Orestes." "I don't think that's quite dutiful," said Menelaos. "You ought to listen to a parent's advice. We used to respect our elders." "I respect your elders too," said Hermione, "but you are breaking faith with me." "Hermione," said Helen, "that's not the way to speak to your father. The question isn't whether parents deserve the courtesy; the question is whether your own nature is fine enough to prefer courteous expression. . . . Marry Orestes when you like, so far as I'm concerned; it's for you and your father to work out." "The only way I'll work it out," said Menelaos, "is to postpone the whole matter. I'll go now and do what I can to help the boy; after that we'll see." "You may wait, as you say," said Hermione, "but it's only fair to let me repeat that I've nothing to gain by waiting." "Oh, Hermione, can't you have some sense?" said Helen. "Your father will help Orestes now, and afterward, just because of that help, the wedding will follow quite naturally. If you only wait, you'll see." "She won't see anything of the kind!" said Menelaos. "The relations are distinct. If I thought they weren't, I'd let Orestes handle the whole thing myself! He'd better not think I'm committed to him for life, as Hermione says she is, just because I join him now to avenge my brother's murder!" Chapter IV "You don't think he will?" said Hermione. "I'm sure he won't," said Eteoneus. "I don't like to think my father a coward," said Hermione, "but it will be difficult to explain his staying home now. Decency requires him to see justice done." "He's no coward, not in the ordinary sense," said Eteoneus. "Your mother dissuaded him. You heard her do it. When she began urging him to go help Orestes, so that he could arrange the sooner for your wedding, and when she reminded him that he'd have to

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillen "Jim was so lazy we always thought he'd have to be supported by the public some day, but it surprised us some when they sent him to the legislature instead of the poor farm." (Copyright, 1927, Publishers Syndicate)

POOR PA By Claude Callan "Every few months Ma finds some excuse for tellin' me how much life insurance her sister Mell's husband is carryin'." (Copyright, 1927, Publishers Syndicate)

arrange the wedding details with Clytemnestra, I knew there'd be no helping Orestes, and no wedding. I'm no one of your mother's devoted worshippers, but you have to admit she's clever.

"Eteoneus, do you think Orestes is strong enough to meet Aegisthus?"

"Alone, yes; but if Clytemnestra is helping her lover, Orestes should be careful. The combination was too much for Agamemnon. They ought to cut her throat first, and do for Aegisthus afterward."

"How bloody-minded you are, Eteoneus!" said Hermione. "You could have given another Pyrrhus, if you had given your attention to it."

"I suspect you mean no compliment," said Eteoneus. "What's the trouble with Pyrrhus?"

"He's a brute," said Hermione. "He doesn't mind killing women, not a bit; in fact, if he were in Orestes' place, I dare say he'd rather kill Clytemnestra and let Aegisthus go free."

"There's something to be said for that point of view; she's the guilty one," said Eteoneus, "and she's a woman."

"Just the reason for sparing her," said Hermione.

"I know," said Eteoneus, "that's the last word in fine manners, but I don't believe in it. Women make most of the trouble in the world, and it's weakness, I say, to spare them their punishment. Otherwise they'd always be doing as they liked."

"You are talking nonsense, Eteoneus, and you know better. Women are defenseless before men."

"Are they?" said Eteoneus. "Clytemnestra!"

"That's a special case, and it's not what I'm talking about," said Hermione. "I repeat what I said, that women in general have a hard time, and that men treat us so badly we lose our respect for them."

"It can't be done," said Eteoneus. "You can't treat a woman so badly we lose our respect for her, provided you still show some sort of interest in her."

(To be continued.) Copyright, 1925, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

Several years ago Governor Coolidge made a record in Boston for courage, and now Governor Fuller proves that the quality in Massachusetts governors has not run out.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

All correspondence for this department must be signed by the writer, must be written on one side of the paper only, and should not be longer than 150 words.

Editor Statesman:

The death of William Davis and burial in Hazel Green cemetery recalls the events of the 70's and 80's when the three Davis brothers, William, Samuel, and Hans, owned and operated a saw mill in Hazel Green on the Little Pudding river.

This mill supplied much lumber for near by places on Salem prairie and Howell prairie.

Logging was carried on with oxen, or rolling the logs by hand with cant hooks and hand spikes into the stream.

Hans Davis, youngest of the brothers operated the steam engine which furnished power. So correct was the silver watch which he carried that the whistle of his engine at 7, 12, 1, and 6 o'clock became the rule and guide for other time pieces in the surrounding neighborhoods. Horses hitched to the plow would stop in their tracks at this welcome signal for relief from toil.

It was the ambition of many young men to work in the mill, turning screws, off bearing, or in the timber.

For such pioneer men as James Tanner, Andy Conner and Isaac Stevens, feeding threshing machines or driving horse power was no small accomplishment.

These workmen and others in the language of the time were glad, "When Hans pulled the string."

E. B. Fletcher.

VET COMMITS SUICIDE

Thirty Eight Year Old Sergeant Inhales Gas Fumes

PORTLAND, Sept. 8.—(AP)—Richard Tassala, about 38, died here today as a result of inhaling gas fumes in a room in a local hotel. His body was found by the landlord. Papers in the man's clothing showed that he had been honorably discharged from the army in July. He was a first sergeant and a veteran of the world war.

The body was turned over to the coroner who was making efforts to locate a sister said to reside in Astoria.

A Picture-Story of the World War Drama by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson WHAT PRICE GLORY Pictures from the Fox Film To Be Shown at The Capitol Text from the Scenario



A Little Affair in Manila SECOND EPISODE

Pride wounds heal more slowly than heart wounds, which are supposed to leave deeper scars than injuries to the flesh. The bluish on Flagg's ego left by the Shanghai Mabel episode was still red when the marines of the Legation Guard at Peking were transferred to duty in the Philippines. The islands were peaceful, the Sun and Tagalog gave the soldiers no anxiety. So Sgt. Flagg was athirst for adventure. Adventure appealed in the physical form of a Spanish renegado, the toes of whose head and the wordless language of whose dreamy eyes lured him with a power beyond resistance. A little flirtation—a little chat in Spanish that was more eloquent than correct, but which made perfectly understandable an invitation to a picnic outing in the hills. And it was over so hot in Manila that day. While Sgt. Flagg foraged for sandwiches in



Eyes Met Quirt's Inquisitive Wink

a cafe the Senorita waited outside, and what the novelists call "the long arm of coincidence" pushed Sgt. Quirt into the picture. The languorous eyes met Quirt's inquisitive wink with welcome, and the ride to the hills started, but without provisions and with a different company. The same old horse, the same old carriage, the same old driver, but Quirt, not Flagg, was the second passenger. Flagg watched the disappearing expedition



To the Hills in Other Company

from the cafe door. His sandwiches had turned to Dead Sea fruit before they were tasted. Score another mark for Quirt's foil. The red scar of Peking on Flagg was matched by a Manila cicatrix. And that marks the real beginning of a much bigger story—a long continued duel between men who fought for the love of fighting and loved with the same courage as they fought. (To Be Continued) Copyright 1927