

THE OREGON STATESMAN

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 South Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon

Manager: Ralph H. Kletzing - Advertising Manager
City Editor: W. H. Henderson - Circulation Manager
Sports Editor: E. A. Rhoads - Livestock Editor
Society Editor: W. C. Conner - Featry Editor

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

BUSINESS OFFICES:
Salem, Oregon, Telephone Broadway 9240.
Portland, Ore., Telephone Broadway 9240.
Chicago, Marquette Bldg.
San Francisco, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles.

TELEPHONES
Business Office, 33 or 583 News Dept. 23 or 106 Job Department 585
Society Editor 106 Circulation Office 583

September 28, 1927
Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Matthew 5: 5 and 6.

"ROOT OF PROSPEROUS AGRICULTURE"

The harvesting of beets in the Rocky mountain region is on full blast now, and an idea of what this means is given by a Denver dispatch telling of the operations of a single company, the largest in the industry of the United States, the Great Western Sugar company, with 21 factories operating this year—

- With 301,000 acres in beets—
Providing jobs for 57,000 hands —
The initial payments to growers to be \$32,000,000—
Producing 10,000,000 hundred pound bags of sugar—
The factories to have an average run of 114 days, completing their campaigns around January 12th—
Burning 550,000 tons of slack coal; using extra cars on all the railroads to handle the crop, besides thousands of trucks and wagons.

The Utah-Idaho Sugar company, operating 11 factories this year, comes next, and there are various other companies throughout the country, with a total of some 110 factories.

In the regions where there are sugar factories, they are calling the sugar beet the "root of prosperous agriculture." It paid for his home, says a Black Hills farmer. It is a mortgage lifter, says another. It builds up the country, says another. The most profitable crop grown, with proper use of by-products, says another. A safety crop, says another.

There are thousands of acres of land in the Salem district, and throughout the Willamette valley, that will produce more tons of beets to the acre than the average throughout the United States, and with a higher than average sugar content—

Enough such land to supply the raw materials for many factories.

And there is no other thing that will do as much in bringing about the profitable use of the idle and slacker acres of this valley; no other thing that will do as much in boosting the dairying and live stock industries here—

And all the industries on the land—

And in bringing solid and steady and enduring growth, and prosperity to our cities and towns.

Eventually we will have factories—why not now?

"ALL DRESSED UP"

The Salvation Army drive for a new building in Salem is "all dressed up and no where to go"—

That is, the campaign has been marked out, with generals and colonels and captains and workers, all assigned to trades and lines of business sections—

All set for a quick finish—

But the work does not start. It halts. It lacks driving force. It lacks the enthusiasm that would have put it over in a jiffy.

If the Salvation Army is to have a new home in Salem, there must be some way to get the workers to work; to get the organized machinery of the campaign to operating.

The work of the Salvation Army here justifies the effort for a new home with better and larger equipment for the doing of the useful things usually done by that public service agency—

Things that are left to it; that are in the particular field that organizations covers.

How shall the workers be put to work?

Who has a solution for the galvanizing of them into activity that will bring results; that will wind up the task that has been undertaken, and quickly? It can be done, if enough workers will work. The money needed could all be secured in small amounts, if enough of the workers would get busy and stay on the job a few days.

A great many people throughout the Willamette valley are trying out the growing of figs. A goodly number in Silverton and Salem and the surrounding country. There is an exhibit in the northeast end of the new pavilion at the state fair, by the Willamette Fig Gardens, Inc., of Portland, that ought to interest a great many of our people. If the fig industry is as promising as is indicated by that exhibit and the printed matter being handed out, there is a good future for it in the Willamette valley.

Things might be much worse at the state fair grounds, even with rain. There are many comfortable buildings, and concrete walks lead to nearly all the principal places of exhibit. In this respect, there has been a vast improvement the past few years.

The automobile industry makes a fine showing at the state fair, as outlined in the second section of The Statesman of this morning. It takes a lot of space, and all who are interested will find much worth seeing there—and who is not interested?

The new automobile building at the state fair is not large enough now—though it was built only last year. But it is so arranged that it may be extended indefinitely. This was provided for in the plans.

Nearly all Salem will be at the state fair today—and the people of the Salem district will aid in trying to make this the biggest day of the week.

Even clearing showers today, with fair weather the last three days, will make this the biggest state fair ever, in attendance, as it is in other respects already.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY

By JOHN GRISKING
* Adapted by arrangement with The National Pictures Inc.

Chapter VII
Of all the heroes who fought at Troy, Odysseus was the last to get home. In vain his wife expected him, and Telemachus, his young son, watching the family fortune as it dwindled, wondered if he were the head of the house, and if he ought to do something about it.

The suitors were asking Penelope to marry them, on the assumption that Odysseus was dead or ought to be, and they were advancing their plea for her hand by economic pressure, living on her bounty till she should make up her mind. Helen had her suitors at the beginning of her life, Penelope at the end, when she was no longer young, and her beauty had never been more than, as Orestes would say, a matter of opinion. This fact has led some wise men to suppose that Penelope's story, as we now have it, by some accident got told backward. However that may be, the question remains why the suitors wanted to marry her, anyway. For the property, Telemachus thought; and to his inexperienced eyes it seemed vast wealth. But Ithaca was a rocky barren place. The first time he traveled he had his eyes opened. Since the annoying suitors came from a distance, they must have known better. Just what was in their minds we can only guess, but that they did besiege poor Penelope there is no doubt, for when Odysseus returned at last he drew his bow and slew them, every one.

At one point the story of Telemachus and his absent father is touched with a memory of Helen, of some value as a picture of her on the domestic side. Just before Odysseus made his dramatic reappearance, Telemachus had grown desperate. He resolved to slip away by night in a small boat, with a few trusted men and sail to Pylos, where Nestor lived, and then on possibly to Sparta, the home of Menelaos. If either of his father's friends gave him any positive reason to think that Odysseus was dead, he would go back to Ithaca, put on a bold front, celebrate his father's funeral, marry off his mother to somebody, he didn't care which one, send the other suitors away, and take charge of the house.

He had never left his father's island before. When he came to Pylos he found Nestor just sitting down to a feast, with all his people around him. Nestor insisted that he should eat before he talked. After the meal the old man opened the conversation himself. He asked the boy if he was out on some errand of honest merchandise, or if he was operating as a pirate. Telemachus was a little frightened at the question, but he caught the idea, and let the old man think that pirating was one of his favorite sports, or would be when he had more practice.

"But I've come to ask if you have any news at all of my father. We have heard nothing at home, for I've forgotten how many years. Where in the world is he? Will you tell me how and when you saw him last, and anything you know about him since?"

Nestor went off into reminiscences. Odysseus was his best friend. He never would tire of remembering their exploits together on the plains of Troy. Telemachus was afraid he wouldn't.

"But when it came to our returning," he said, "none of us was wise. Menelaos said he was going home at once—the war was over, and there was nothing to stay for. Agamemnon insisted on some sacrifices, to appease Athena. Half of us were for sailing, and half were for more sacrifices. I saw it the same way as Menelaos, and we made up quite a fleet when we set out the next day. When we had gone as far as Tenedos, most of us stopped for a few hours and offered sacrifices, to be on the safe side, but Menelaos went on. Your father made us quite a speech. He argued that if sacrifices were the thing, after all, he was for no half-way measures, and he turned back to rejoin Agamemnon. And that's the last I saw of him. Not a word have I heard since. Most of the others reached their homes. In Lesbos I stopped to sacrifice again, to make sure, and I must say he had a great wind right into the harbor. domeneus—did you ever hear of him? The sailor Helen turned down first—he had the smoothest trip of all, without losing a man, and he's back in Crete as though nothing had happened. Menelaos is at Sparta now, you know, with Helen. She's lovelier than ever, they say. But that was a nasty trick Aegisthus played on Agamemnon! You've heard, of course, how Orestes took his revenge? That's the advantage of having a son—to see that your murdered gets his deserts. Odysseus is fortunate, I don't mind saying, in a boy as enterprising as you seem to be. He'll come home, if he isn't killed, and if he is killed you'll go after the man who did it."

Telemachus was disappointed. No news of his father, and apparently no chance of any, not even

from Menelaos. But his curiosity extended to other matters also; he was young. Telemachus said that Sparta would be his next stopping-place. Perhaps Menelaos might know something of his father. Nestor thought not, but it would do no harm to inquire. So the young man continued his voyage, hoping for news, and not unmoved by the prospect of seeing Helen, said to be more beautiful than ever.

When he came to the famous gate where once Paris had knocked, Eteoneus held him up with some feeble excuse, and hurried to find Menelaos. "There's another handsome young man outside," he said. "Do we let him in?" "Eteoneus," said Menelaos, "there have been times in your life when you did not act like a fool. I don't get the reference. Of course we let him in! When I have traveled in the past, I have always been hospitably entertained, and dare say it has happened to you. We must do the same in our turn, when a traveler comes."

"That two people could be so much alike. Of course you see the resemblance, Menelaos?" "No, I don't," said Menelaos. "Oh, you must have, the moment he appeared!" "Perhaps I must, but I didn't," said Menelaos. "I'll have to tell you, then—Odysseus," said Helen. "Upon my word, I do see it now!" said Menelaos. "And I spoke to him of his father just before you joined us; I noticed his interest in what I was saying. Upon my word! There's no mistake, is there?"

Menelaos looked at him, and he looked at Menelaos, and he noticed an expression on the older man's face which hadn't been there before his wife came in. A suggestion of serenity, or almost that; of satisfaction, let us say. Telemachus admitted he was himself. But he wasn't quite himself. They talked for hours, or Menelaos did, and since there was no word of his father, Telemachus listened politely and watched Helen and her weaving hands, and his soul went out of him utterly. Then Helen said there had been talk enough, and Menelaos looked slightly rebuked, but used to it, and he asked Helen if there wasn't to be something for supper.

Helen came to the young man with a goblet of wine in her hand, and said: "Who drinks of this wine, they say, forgets all his sorrows forever. It comes from Egypt, where they know the secrets of herbs and drugs and charms, and there's a magic in it!"

He took it from her, his hand touched hers, and she smiled at him. It was as she had said; he forgot all his sorrows—as it seemed, forever. But the magic, he knew, was not in the wine.

Menelaos was busy with his food on the other side of the table. THE END. Copyright, 1925, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Bits For Breakfast

Occasional rain— So predicts the weather man, and the less occasional the better, say most of us.

The Percy Bros., as usual, have a splendid filbert exhibit at the state fair. They are constantly boosting this industry, and thus doing a great deal of good unselfishly. There is no one thing in the field of tree fruits that promises greater things for this valley, in which we have what amounts to a franchise, because of the fact that a comparatively small strip of land reaching from the northern coast line of California to and into British Columbia is the only section of the United States where filberts may be grown on a commercial scale with great success.

Assembled in Portland, to go out at a single shipment to Japan early in October, are six thousand tons of wheat and Oregon lumber, according to water front statistics, while quotations from Liverpool, England, show that Oregon pears are selling on the wholesale market at \$4.50 per bushel.

The National Republic, Washington, D. C., prints in its October issue an article by Congressman W. C. Hawley, entitled, "Our Economic Independence." Says Mr. Hawley: "To be politically independent, a people must be self-executrix."

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion, as Executrix of the last will and testament and estate of Charles F. Straw, deceased, and that she has duly qualified as such executrix; all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to me, at the office of Ronald C. Glover, my attorney, 203 Oregon Building, Salem, Marion County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Salem, Oregon, this 7th day of September, 1927. MABEL K. STRAW, Executrix of the last will and testament and estate of Charles F. Straw, Deceased. RONALD C. GLOVER, Attorney for Executrix. Salem, Oregon. 87-14-21-23-0-5

BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost. Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillon
POOR PA By Claude Callan



"I don't want no impudent young doctor tryin' to tell me what ails me. When I call a doctor, I want him to listen."

(Copyright, 1927, Publishers Syndicate)

sophie, Clackamas and Columbia. Professor J. B. Fitch, of Kansas, is judging these cattle. It starts today at 9. The quality, according to Mrs. Hughes, is better than she ever saw it at any previous fair.

CRIPPLED SHIP IN PORT SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27 (AP)—In tow of the Red Stack Sea Scout, the Dollar freighter Grace Dollar arrived here early to-

day. The vessel was caught in the recent storm that swept the west coast of Mexico, and she dropped her propeller while battling the waves.

New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, California and Texas are the seven states having more than one million automobiles.

Read the Classified Ads

LET KENNEL-ELLIS MAKE YOUR VIEW AND COMMERCIAL PICTURES, ANY TIME, ANY PLACE. Call 951. KENNEL-ELLIS STUDIOS, 429 Oregon Bldg.

IF YOU MUST GAMBLE TRY YOUR LUCK SHOOTING SEVEN WITH THE IVORIES BUT DO NOT GAMBLE WITH LIFE - PROTECT YOUR HOME AND YOUR FAMILY - INSURANCE IS THE ONLY SAFE WAY - INSURANCE OF EVERY KIND - BROCK & HENDRICKS Insurance of All Kinds. Tel. 101. Hellig Theater Lobby, 180 N. 4th.

We Invite YOU to Visit Our BOOTH

at the The OREGON STATE FAIR

SEE OUR DISPLAY OF ALL THE NEW MODES IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Sherman, Clay & Co. logo and text.