

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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January 19, 1928.
And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father which is in heaven.

WE CAN GET A SUGAR FACTORY

There is printed in The Statesman of this morning an article from a Colorado newspaper telling of the season's operation of one of the sugar factories of the Great Western Sugar company, the largest concern of its kind in this country—

Showing the enormous sums paid out for labor and for the beets grown by the farmers—

And the letter accompanying from Rev. Shanks, former Salem pastor, who tells of the fact that the managers of the great company operating there are looking for locations for new factories—

That they will build where they are wanted; where the farmers will contract to deliver the necessary beets.

At \$8 a ton, the price paid for last year's crop by the Great Western people, there is good money in growing sugar beets—

And there is as much in the Salem district as in Colorado. We can grow here as large a tonnage to the acre, and we can produce a beet with as high a sucrose (sugar) content—

And we can make even better use of the tops and the pulp and molasses in feeding dairy cows and other live stock. And we can get greater benefits from all the other indirect ways in which sugar beet growing helps a country; because we have a greater diversity here. We have more chances for rotation with profitable crops.

And we can get beet sugar factories here if we want them, and will say we want them, and put it down in black on white. The Great Western people would build here; so would the Utah-Idaho people. Or a number of other concerns—

And we ought to want beet sugar factories more than any other one thing, right now. No other one thing will help this city's and this section's growth as much.

Also, we can get major irrigation projects, if we will say we want them, and persist. And major irrigation projects will surely bring beet sugar factories; though there is room for several here without these projects.

A BETTER CORN COUNTRY

Our pioneers knew they could raise corn in the Willamette valley; but they regarded this as a poor corn country. Under seed selection and proper tillage, we realized, a few years ago, that we have a good corn country—

We are coming to have a better corn country; better every year, through improved methods. The case for corn in this section is fully made out. We are growing and will grow more corn—

And we must get corn canneries. The first cannery in Salem, started by our local people, canned corn. Also, it canned peas. That cannery became the present big Twelfth street and Fourteenth street canneries of the Oregon Packing company, units in the great and world wide string of Del Monte canning and preserving and processing concerns. And there have grown up in Salem six more big canneries and several barreling and packing and fruit shipping concerns besides—

In fact, Salem has become the canning center of this section; our canneries pack about two-fifths of all the fruit packed in the Pacific northwest.

The Salem district is constantly increasing its lead as the greatest corn growing section of Oregon. Marion is the leading corn county of the Pacific northwest, and Polk county is coming up to the point of making a good second, and Yamhill and Linn and Clackamas are not far behind.

Our farmers are growing matured corn in annually increasing tonnage for feeding swine and poultry—

To say nothing of growing more and more corn for silage and silage; far exceeding in acreage the amount raised for the mature grain.

Our best farmers have learned by experience that the Salem district, and in fact the whole Willamette valley, is a good corn country; that this depends upon the selection and acclimatization of seed, and upon the preparation of the seed bed and cultivation to hold moisture during dry seasons, and, under the leadership of these men, and through other agencies, the wonderful increase in corn growing has been brought about.

"More Cows, More Corn, More Clover, More Hogs, More Money." That is a slogan that, under the direction of "Farmer Smith," was adopted a few years ago throughout this region, at many meetings held under his (C. L. Smith's) direction, when he was working as agriculturist for the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and other railroads—

And it is a good slogan. Our best farmers realize it. There are reports of 75 bushels and more to the acre here in numerous fields; and Jesse Huber said six years ago that he had produced 80 bushels to the acre, just north of Salem. Governor Patterson gets an average of 48 bushels to the acre, and he has grown 77 bushels to the acre. Our leading growers are hitting around 85 bushels now, and are aiming at the 100 bushel mark. Oregon grows an average of more corn to the acre than Kansas. The average yield for the whole of the United States was a few years ago 24 bushels to the acre.

The important thing is that the general average yield here is being gradually increased. Our farmers are learning to grow better corn, and to grow corn better; more to the acre. Perhaps of still more importance to the Salem district is the production of more corn for silage, for in this respect corn is the great stand-by; nor is there intent to detract from the importance of silos in preventing loss of various crops in cases of unseasonable rain; or, indeed, from

the importance of any other crop that is commonly used or may be used for filling the silo, in whole or in part.

There is no agricultural interest in the Salem district that will not benefit from the production of more corn, which will mean more poultry, more cows, more hogs and more live stock in general, and therefore a better chance to keep up and improve the fertility of the land devoted to tree and bush fruits and all other products of the soil.

The man from any one of the corn states, accustomed to hearing that a country cannot be truly prosperous without corn, may, in the light of our later experiences here, be with full confidence invited to come and grow corn here in the Willamette valley—

And he will soon be found raising a lot of other things that will also help in the prosperity and development of the country.

MORE TRAVESTY ON AGE

(Portland Telegram.)

Many will recall that a certain Dr. Osler of Baltimore a number of years ago, seeking cheap notoriety and publicity, announced that a person who reached the age of 40 years should be given a dose and passed to the "vale of tears" because his usefulness was at an end.

Recently another so-called philosopher, Dr. Durant, with a mental complex similar to Osler's, cut off five years and says a man at 35 is at his zenith. The learned doctor being past 40, no one would object to his putting his theory into practice on himself.

We note that Georges Clemenceau, John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, all did great work after they were 60. The same is true of Gladstone, Bismarck, and many others. In the World War Hindenburg, Von Bulow, Pershing and Haig were engaged in the great conflict. Justice Holmes of the supreme court is 86 years old. Thomas Edison is now 80 years old and still active in his work. Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the great bone specialist, is 73, and even Henry Ford of flivver fame is 64 years old. Calvin Coolidge was unheard of at 35, and we might go on enumerating outstanding instances of noted men who did not reach worth-while proportions until after their 35th year.

What nonsense it is to proclaim that a man's usefulness passes after 35. As a matter of fact, this old world of ours would be topsy turvy if we didn't have some of these older heads to balance our human activities. The age of man has very little to do with his true value.

Hundreds and thousands of men and women have reached their three score years and ten, or even more, whose departure from this life would leave a vacancy in our society that would be hard to fill. There are many lounge lizards at 25 that would not be missed, but the type of men and women we have mentioned are sorely needed at all times.

The state of Oregon will not have to pay for the automatic flax scutching machines. The state will have to advance the money to buy them, and they will pay for themselves, each one in a short time—and then go on making profits for the taxpayers, so that in good time the Oregon penitentiary will never need another appropriation. Its expense will be taken permanently from the shoulders of the taxpayers of this state—forever and a day.

There are several surprises in the corn Slogan articles this morning. Read them. One is that Oregon grows more corn to the acre than Kansas. Another is that Governor Patterson has for four years fed corn instead of oats to his work teams.

The Slogan matter will be in Thursday's paper of next week. Then there will be a jump to the following Sunday and thereafter the Slogan matter will be carried in the farm and industrial magazine section of the Sunday Statesman.

Students will note that the prizes for Slogan articles have been revived, in a little different offering, to begin with a week from next Sunday.

The OUTER GATE
By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
CENTRAL PRESS ASSN., Inc.

READ THIS FIRST:
Bob Terry is released from prison, after serving three years for a crime he did not commit. He leaves prison with ghastly impressions and fierce bitterness in his heart. Upon his release he is given a letter from Peter Borden, his former employer, who has aided in sending Terry to prison because he thought it was his "duty." Terry determines to make Borden suffer as he has suffered during the three years in prison. Bob's prison pal is Todd Shannon, who urges him to call on his niece, Kathleen Shannon, when Bob returns to his home town. Todd tells Bob he might also look up John Carmody, a criminal lawyer and political boss in the state, as Carmody may have employment for him.

Bob says good-bye to his prison pal, Todd Shannon, and accepts a present of a little carving of a Japanese pagoda Todd has carved out in prison, using an old safety razor blade. Bob is at last free to return to his home town. He takes the train home, and on the way a railroad detective heckles him, causing a lot of unfavorable attention from occupants of the car. (Now go on with the story.)
CHAPTER IV
BOB'S face softened. The old newspaper wrapping took unto itself the warmth of a human handclasp. It was the grasp of sincere, unaffected friendship extended to him across the scores of miles. He fumbled with the piece of twine and slowly unwrapped the parcel.

It was a queer thing which he held: a block of red cedar about two inches square and 16 inches high—and it had been carved by Todd Shannon into Shannon's distorted idea of a Japanese pagoda. It was a ridiculous thing—pathetically ridiculous; all irregular curves and warty angles, with

slating the delicate razor blade, jaw as firm as though engaged in physical combat, unruly red hair falling over the level eyes which could see nothing save the task in hand.

And only because three years behind stone walls had taught a grim lesson in self-control was Bob Terry saved from breaking down. Here in his hand was a grotesque token which carried a warm message of love and cheer and unswerving friendship. Everywhere else was insolent curiosity and the overt hostility of society in general for the man who had been seared with the brand of penal servitude.

It was then, in his moment of ultimate bitterness, that Bob remembered the letter he had been given by the warden. From Peter Borden, Mason had said. Damn Peter Borden! Damn this man who had once so smugly protested that he felt like the lad's father—and for whom Bob Terry had entertained a deep affection and a vast respect.

He took the envelope from his pocket and ripped it open. Something fluttered to the floor. Bob recovered it hastily and stared at the yellow back of a hundred-dollar bill. His thin, sensitive lips tasted into a grimace of anger. The man was giving him money! As though the money could rectify the blasting of a future!

He scanned the brief, amazing letter. It was typical of the man who had written it. No banality, no mock sentiment. It was written simply and directly, without salutation and without preamble: "I have arranged for this to be given you at the hour of your release. You will understand that by now I have learned of my mistake."

"I first thought to meet you at the prison—then changed my mind. I wished you to have an opportunity to recover from the first flush of your inevitable and natural bitterness."

"I would not have intruded upon you in this hour had it not been for the fact that I have something very definite to propose. With this I am enclosing some money. If you will use it to come to me at once, we will discuss your future and the part I hope to play in it."

"I will not trouble you with the customary: I am sorry. No one knows better than I the futility of mere words at a moment like this. I will reserve what I have to say until we see each other. I will meet you no matter when you come."

Bob Terry looked up from the letter. On the seat beside him was Todd Shannon's parting gift. All about him were shabby, shabby travelers—and they were eyeing him askance and whispering about him.

So Peter wished to see him! Peter Borden wished to talk with him! Peter Borden wished to play a part in his future! The asetic face of the young man grew ugly. His eyes blazed down at the note. His fingers closed, clumping it. "He wishes to see me, does he? Well, by God! he'll have his wish!"

The man stood alone at the barred gateway of the passenger exit at the Terminal station. He was a small man, slender of figure and plainly dressed, and his hair was unnaturally white for one so recently past the half-century mark—but the thing about him which was most distinctive was his face: cameo clear and unmistakably patrician.

And on that finely chiseled countenance worry had set its hand; a worry which put tiny lines at the corners of the eyes and about the lips. It was as though he waited for something vital: something for which he was eager and yet which he feared.

Since 8 o'clock that morning Peter Borden had been in the waiting room at the Terminal station. With the arrival of each train he had risen and moved with quiet dignity through the crowds, to stand close against the iron gates of the exit. It was plain that he was fearful of missing the expected arrival. And always he stood there, fixed and motionless.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion duly made, rendered and entered of record in said court on the thirtieth day of December, 1927, George E. Given was duly appointed as administrator of the estate of Nora E. Given, deceased, and that said George E. Given has duly qualified as such administrator. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, with proper vouchers and due verification, to said administrator at 214 United States National Bank Building, Salem, Oregon, within six (6) months from the date of the first publication of this notice. Dated and first published the fifth day of January, 1928. GEORGE E. GIVEN, as Administrator of the Estate of Nora E. Given, deceased. CARSON & CARSON, Attorneys for Administrator.

TRUSTEES SALE
Stock of General Merchandise located at Turner, Ore., Stayton, Ore., and Aumaville, Ore., will be offered for sale by sealed bids. Bids will be opened at 11 o'clock A. M. on Friday, January 20th. This stock inventories Stayton, \$3907.50; Turner, \$294.06; Aumaville, \$907.89; fixtures Stayton, \$1328.00; Turner, \$717.60; Aumaville, \$966.25. Certified check for ten percent of amount of bid must accompany bid. Stock may be inspected Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17-18. Right reserved to reject any or all bids. Bids can be submitted on individual stores or all 3 stocks together. G. W. INGRAM, Trustee. 671 Pittcock Block Portland, Oregon. J13-14-15-17-18-19

FREE VOTING BALLOT
This ballot is good for 200 votes for the candidate in The Oregon Statesman Subscription Campaign, whose name is written on it. Do not fold. Trim.
Name
Address
VOID AFTER MAR. 10TH, 1928
ANYONE CAN VOTE FOR FRIENDS

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET
By Robert Quillen



"A man kind o' loses interest in his wife if he gives her an allowance. You ought to ask him for it a little at a time, so he can enjoy feelin' generous."

POOR PA
By Claude Collins



"I got up before I was entirely well, but I knew that doctor wouldn't ut comin' as long as I stayed in bed."

ately sensitive; responsive instantly to praise or censure; immature, obvious. That was Bob Terry when catastrophe had occurred; that was the Bob Terry of the pre-prison days: soft and gentle and impressionable.

It was the same person who slowly mounted the steps to where Peter Borden stood; the same person—utterly different. Peter Borden looked down upon a figure stooped and broken, the splendid young muscles softened by confinement and lack of exercise; the fine unspooled light of the blue eyes usurped by a suspicious squint. There was a sardonic twist to the left corner of the mouth and a hardness of eyes and jaw which told a tale of rude, crude awakening and of bitterness beyond repair. The springy, alert step of rampant youth was gone, and in its stead was the heavy, measured tread of a man whose very hopes have been taken from him—the most striking of all were the tiny touches of gray at the temples. (To be Continued)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
(From the columns of the Statesman, Jan. 17, 1903)

Willamette defeated Albany at basketball, 15 to 6.
Whitman college debaters defeated University of Oregon.
The new telephone directory contains 910 names as against 630 in the old directory.
Oscar Steelhammer returned from Portland where he played with the Mount Angel band yesterday.
Grants Pass—The Advance Electric Power and Irrigating company has taken up work of irrigating Grants Pass and surrounding country.
San Francisco—Rudyard Kipling has declined to permit the Ladies Relief society of Oakland

to publish a calendar containing excerpts from his work.
Building is being carried on extensively. Among the buildings nearing completion are the E. P. Cornack building on Liberty street, and the new post office.

"The Republican party's sole object," says Senator Walsh, "is to make the men of wealth safe." This will include rich democrats, of course.—Boston Globe.

TURN TO THE RIGHT PLACE
Fitzgerald-Sherwin Motor Co.
Corner Liberty & Chemeketa Telephone 1132
DON'T PUT IT OFF! NEW YEAR
OTTO BUY
He'll say "What's a few thousand miles for a good car? Grab one of these bargains!"
Lt. Study Roadster 1926
Chrysler Coach 1926
Chrysler Sedan 1927
Fords \$100.00 up.
Fitzgerald-Sherwin Motor Co.
Corner Liberty & Chemeketa Telephone 1132
"The House of Courteous Service"

WATCH THIS SPACE for PEP Co. Announcement NEVER SUCH BARGAINS