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WANTED, A WORKER

A merchant in Sidney, Montana, just a few years ago got the idea that Sidney ought to have a beet sugar factory. He became obsessed with the idea.

He talked it. He got everybody in town interested. He got the farmers interested. He wrote to the factory people—the companies owning strings of sugar factories. He got the head of one of the companies interested.

Not one of the largest companies, either. He interested the head of the Holly Sugar corporation, Colorado Springs, Colo.

And the merchant persisted till he secured a sugar factory for his town.

Worth more to Sidney than all the rest of the business and manufacturing concerns there combined.

This can be done by some man or some organization in Salem. It should not cost much. Just enthusiasm; and a spreading of the enthusiasm so as to take in the whole city and country.

Especially the country.

A sugar company proposing to build a factory in Salem would probably not ask any subsidy at all. Its manager might want a site at reasonable cost. It should be a considerable piece of ground. At Bellingham, Wash., it is 40 acres.

But the company manager would want contracts from the farmers. He would want to know that he could have the sugar beets, and for a term of years.

Do you know of any one thing that would do Salem more good? One sugar beet factory here would bring others; it would scatter them all over this valley. This will one day be considered one of the great sugar countries; especially on account of the fact that this is the industry capable of doing more than any other in making ours a great dairy country.

SUGAR BEETS GOOD CROP

Many people here will remember the campaign of a year ago last fall for sugar beet acreage in the Salem district, the beets to be shipped to the Utah-Idaho company's factory at Bellingham, Washington, with the idea of that company the following year erecting a factory in this district.

That would have been a good thing; a wonderful advance, had it resulted in the building of a factory here, costing around a million and a quarter dollars.

Concerning the sugar beet industry at Bellingham, the Herald of that city, in a recent issue, had the following to say:

"Every farm should grow some cash crop."

"Every farm is in need of a cultivated crop."

"The sugar beet is both a cash and a cultivated crop."

"The results of the 101 farmers listed below who grew sugar beets in various parts of Whatcom, Skagit and Snohomish counties in 1927 amply prove that sugar beets can be and are being successfully grown throughout the district."

"What 101 farmers have accomplished, others can duplicate under similar conditions."

"The figures submitted herewith are based on the initial payment, viz., \$7 per ton, and do not take into account the splendid crop of dairy feed left on the ground in the shape of beet tops and crowns, or the fact that farmers who grow sugar beets are entitled to the dried beet pulp manufactured from their beets, at a price far below its market value, viz., \$25 per ton, freight paid. These two items alone will equal a reasonable rental on the ground in which the beets are grown, and the soil will be improved by having had a thorough cultivation."

"A few acres of sugar beets on every farm should mean hundreds of thousands of dollars produced and kept at home."

Down in Waycross, Georgia, the other day a moving picture patron tendered a silver dollar for a ticket. Later on it was discovered that the dollar was minted in 1804, and the proprietor of the theater has been offered \$1250 for it by a coin collector in Fort Worth, Texas. Knowledge is a useful thing. Knowledge of the value of that 1804 dollar, for example, would have been worth \$1249 to the movie patron who spent it for ticket. The value of the 1804 dollar is not based upon its age. Very few silver dollars were minted in that year, and very few of those minted are still in existence. Their rarity causes them to be valued by collectors. The age of a coin is never a gauge of its value. Collectors will pay a great deal for some comparatively recent coins and very little for many comparatively old ones. It all depends on whether the collectors want them or not.

A deputation from the liquor trade waited upon President Cosgrave of Ireland asking that saloons (called public houses there) be allowed to remain open on St. Patrick's day, as their closing on that day, especially in Dublin, inflicted a hardship on large numbers of people who flocked into the city attracted by important sporting events. But President Cosgrave refused the petition. The Irish people may some day learn that it is as wise to close their public houses on other days as on the birthday of St. Patrick. But it will likely be some time. If prohibition in the United States is finally generally observed or enforced, it will dawn upon other peoples that they cannot compete with America in efficiency. A sober people will be an efficient people.

TREATY RATIFIED
WASHINGTON, Mar. 6.—(AP)—The French arbitration treaty with its declaration against war was ratified today by the senate with little discussion and without a roll call.

PARALYSIS FATAL
MARSHFIELD, Ore., Mar. 7.—Walter Worthington, 25, (AP)—Walter Worthington, 25, of one child, died today of infantile paralysis after a week's illness. He was a resident of Libby, an old mining suburb of Marshfield.

Now that the Senate has adopted a resolution declaring that no president shall serve more than two terms, the public might declare against any senator serving more than two terms. The Path-

SWEETHEARTS

IDAHOGLOE GIBSON
AUTHOR OF "MY SON'S SWEETHEARTS," "CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE," ETC.

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READ THIS FIRST:

Lynda Fenton, daughter of John Fenton, a periodical drunkard, has obtained her first job in the offices of Armitage & Son, textile manufacturers.

Her father, kind enough when he is sober, continually, under the influence of liquor, hurts insults at her and her mother, who, according to him, deserted her father when she was a baby.

Reeling across the kitchen the evening of her first day at work, John Fenton, stumbling, clutching Lynda for support, inflicts a bad scratch on her shoulder, and then storms out of the house.

Later her one friend and companion, David Kenmore, drops in and accidentally learns of her hurt.

David is bathing Lynda at the moment her father comes back to the house.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Chapter 2

IS HER MOTHER'S FATE TO BE HERS? LYNDY FENTON'S face became scarlet, and she looked pitifully at her father, as if to beg him not to humiliate her before the boy.

As for David, he started toward the man who had insulted both the girl and himself. Lynda, however, held him back.

"Aren't you making a mistake?" continued her father, in an ugly voice. "You can get more for your wares from young Armitage, who is a millionaire, than from old Kenmore's son, who is a pauper."

Lynda had been holding David's sleeve, and begging him, in a low voice, not to row with her dad. At this, however, he broke away from her and strode up to the older man, who cowered before his clean, youthful vigor.

"Take that back!" he said, shaking the drunken figure. "Take it back, you beast. You don't deserve to have a girl like Lynda to keep your old rattletrap of house for you."

(To be Continued.)

GLENDALE BABY HAS TEN LIVES, CLAIMED

FIVE WEEKS OLD GIRL HAS "DIED" THAT NUMBER OF TIMES, STATEMENT

GLENDALE, Cal., Mar. 5.—(AP)—A baby five weeks old, which, say attending physicians, has "died" ten times during the past seven days and each time been brought back to life by scientific means, now will live, the doctors announced today.

Reluctantly David left.

"That'll do for you, you lying cur. I would knock your head off your ugly old body after breaking your neck for your insinuations, if you weren't Lyn's father."

"Please, please, Dave, don't stay any longer," begged the girl, trying to push him toward the door. "I'll see you tomorrow. My shoulder will be all right."

When the baby was first struck Feb. 25 the fire department pumper revived her. Then Dr. Philipp Schmidt was called. He said the little girl was suffering from pleural pneumonia.

The doctor, helped by relatives and friends of the Olmsteads, kept up artificial respiration but nine times more its breathing and heart stopped. By Thursday night three blood transfusions from mother to babe had been performed.

She had suffered insults and cruelties, but never had lost courage.

She had been hungry and cold at times, and had made no friends, except David Kenmore, who had been her pal and companion since she had started to school.

She had come from work that day feeling very happy. Ever since she was fourteen years old she had worked for the job that had a few days ago been given her. David had promised to try and get her a job with Armitage & Son as soon as she was graduated.

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She had been hungry and cold at times, and had made no friends, except David Kenmore, who had been her pal and companion since she had started to school.

Tonight it seemed strange that when she had a chance to put her mother's sordid story behind her, live her own life, and make something of herself, it had all come back again; stiff and stark the skeleton, which she thought she had safely locked in the closet with her childhood, stood beside her.

"It's no use. Your father is right," came through its grinning jaws. "It's only a question of time when you'll yield, as every woman does if she's tempted long enough."

"Mother, Mother, why didn't you take me with you?" Lynda Fenton hysterically asked. "There must be some explanation. I don't, and won't, believe you went away with another man, as father always tells me."

"Come back and tell me you had to go away to escape father's cruelties. Oh, why didn't you take me, your helpless little baby, with you?"

Lynda Fenton had never given her mother for deserting her. She could not excuse her for that, even if her father's theory of all women were correct.

Ever since she could understand what her father was saying, he had told her that all women have their price. That price might be position, name, security, a sop to vanity or weakness, but it was usually money. Whatever it might be, no woman, if the temptation came at the right time, and in the right place, could resist it.

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