

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Competition and Farm Products

DOES not the farmer suffer when stores which buy his produce try to make a feature of low prices for the same? The grocer for example is eager to sell eggs, carrots, beans, etc., at a price a little lower than his competitors. That may be all right for the grocer and for the consumer, but what about the farmer who tills the soil, plants the seed, tends the crop and harvests it? This competition may and sometimes does result in continued chiseling down of prices paid to the grower to a point where his return is wholly insufficient.

This was the situation in the valley during the strawberry season. Of course there was a surplus, but the price was just whittled down to where there was barely enough to pay for the hallock and the picking. The vast majority of townspeople were able and would have been willing to pay more for the berries.

The farmer is unorganized. He can't shut his factory up in the middle of the season unless he gets his price. Unless he markets his crop his whole year's expense, already incurred, is completely lost. So it becomes with him in times of stress like the present, not a matter of reasonable profit, but a matter of salvage for the money already invested, with a trust in blind providence that some way will be found to plant a crop next year.

It is folly to suggest a league of consumers to enforce higher prices for farm produce; but if there were better prices so farmers might enjoy some prosperity city people would be better off. Stores could sell their goods, more men would be employed. Likewise it is too much to expect competing storekeepers to raise prices paid farmers; but they should "have a heart" and their buyers should seek not to break the poor farmer, but to pay him the full market price with knowledge that profit is as necessary to the farmer as it is to the storekeeper.

Mr. Hide and Dr. Jewel

THE Portland News-Telegram must be seeing double. In its effort to "smear Hoover" it runs an editorial "Terrible Indictment—But True," in which it says:

"The administration is seeking desperately to create an illusion of returning prosperity—an illusion that has no basis in fact, as every statistic proves."

That indeed would be "terrible if true". But the next editorial in the column is headed "Big Bills Circulate Once More". It quotes a Portland merchant as observing many bills of the old larger size, coming in during a special sale, money that had been hoarded; and the N-T observes that a similar thing was noted in Los Angeles recently, whereupon it concludes:

Now this means only one thing: Returning confidence. Argue as you will, business prospects or lack almost solely on the amount of confidence people have in the future of their country. If they can see daylight ahead, they are not afraid to spend money, because there is a fair chance they'll be able to get more.

Now of course this nation is going ahead—in spite of everything. The great majority of its people are making money, and always will. Our trouble has been, not so much a lack of money-making, as a lack of money-using.

Does the News-Telegram have two editors? We think not. Under its opportunist policy an editor is not expected to be consistent for even two editorials. But which editorial may the afflicted reader of the News-Telegram believe?

The old wheelhorses of politics, "Economy and Efficiency," are taking a rest for the time being; but they will be up and around by the November election. These two old friends are the bywords of every candidate from constable to congressman; and no two words are forgotten as quickly as this pair of twins. Just to trot them out for a trial airing two candidates have just announced themselves for the post of city commissioner of Portland and both promise Economy and Efficiency. Promises of candidates for economy and efficiency often work like promises of savings on gas by a new carburetor gadget from a street hawker.

The brisk Gervais Star a week ago printed the news of an auto wreck; and this week the editor takes a stick and a half of type to reassess the blame. That is the customary experience where a reporter tries to say who is on the wrong side of the road. A story of an auto wreck is as good at drawing in people wanting to clean up the editor as a political write-up in the old free-for-all days. Long experience has taught us that a reporter should leave assessment of damages in auto wrecks to courts and confine himself to summary of the visible results.

When Governor Roosevelt reaches Oregon in his presidential campaign swing he will do well to turn a deaf ear to the higher educational issue. Mr. Hughes made the mistake of taking sides in a factional fight in California—and it cost him the election.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

But when he stops at Eugene he will be put on the spot like congressional candidates were, and made to "declare himself". Not even prohibition figures in Lane county this year.

Gov. Hartley for years has gone about with a little black bag which he said contained the "goods" on all the other state officials whom he labels as cheap grafters. Hartley has never opened the bag and the people are beginning to think it is just stuffed with old newspapers. Even a politician has to deliver after a time.

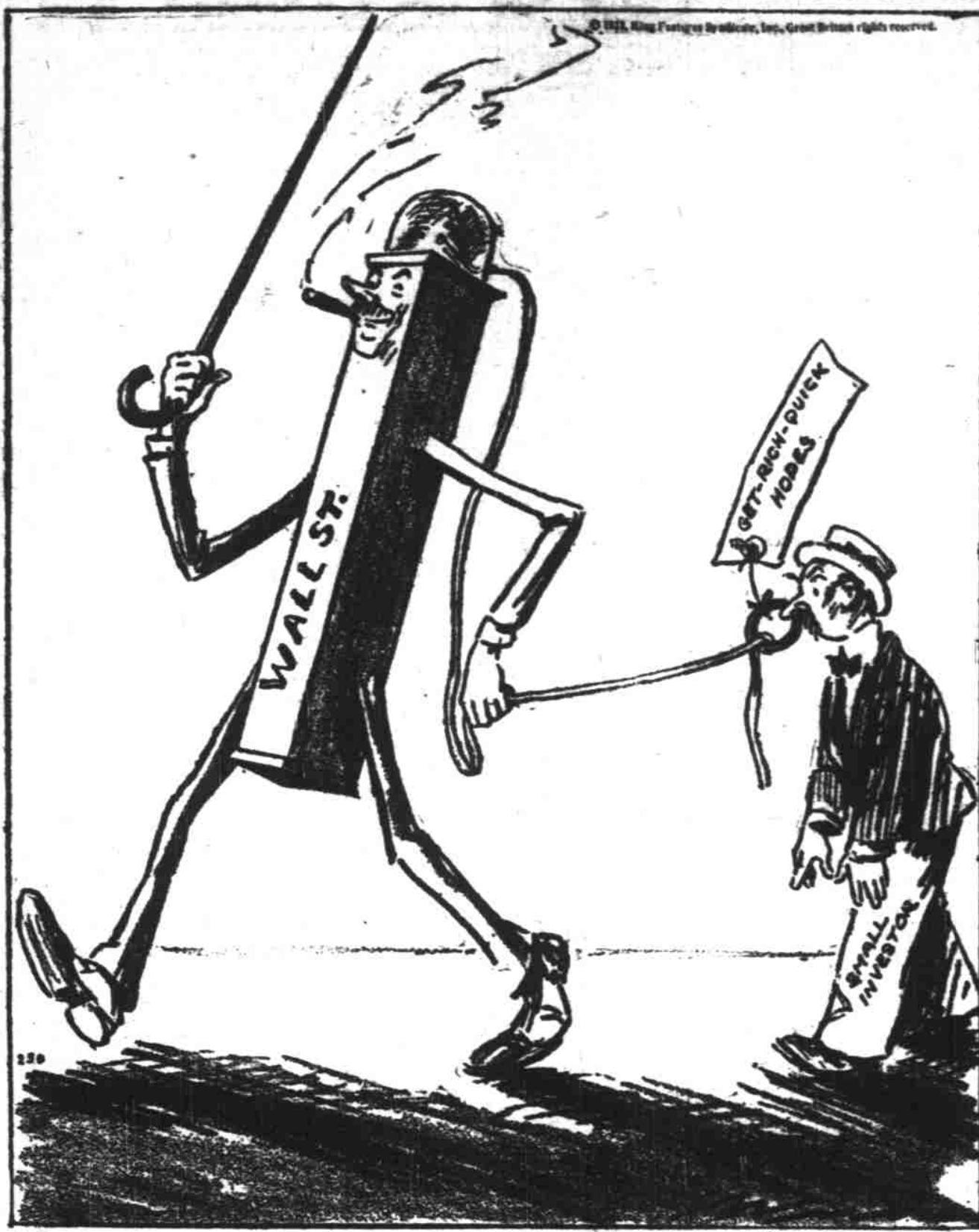
The Hopi Indians held their rain-prayer dance and got immediate results. We have never known prayers of any religion to fail—provided the supplicants waited long enough.

Pres. Hoover had another business conference yesterday to put business on its feet. Each conference in the past was a signal for fresh slumps in business. The country hopes the president has finally gotten hold of a rabbit's foot.

There is this about the farmers' strike: they won't lose their jobs if they do go on strike. They can still go back home and begin where they left off.

Huey Long is campaigning in Louisiana with an anti-bathub platform. This confirms the views of grandmother who regards politics as just a dirty mess.

The Ring is Still in the Little Bull's Nose!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

WILLAMETTE VALLEY IN 1843:

(Continuing from yesterday:) "Michel (La Framboise) is of low stature, and rather corpulent, but he has great energy and activity of both mind and body, indomitable courage, and all the vivacity of a Frenchman. He has traveled in all parts of the country, and says he has a wife of high rank in every tribe, by which means he has insured his safety."

"From him I derived much information, and to him all parties refer as possessing the most accurate knowledge of the country. He generally has charge of a party, and was formerly engaged in trapping; but of late years passing through the country to California and back. Had it not been for his proneness to dissipation, I am informed he would have risen in the company's service. To me he complained that he had not received what he considered his due, and that he was no better off than 20 years before, saying, 'he was still Michel La Framboise, only older.'"

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

AN interesting study made recently by the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness reveals that within a short time more than five hundred school children have lost their eyesight because of carelessness. From seven hundred and fifty to one thousand children suffer every year from accidental injury to the eyes, and some of them are actually blinded. In former years most of these accidents occurred in connection with Fourth of July celebrations. More than one hundred cities in the United States have prohibited the sale of toys that may be detrimental to the safety of the eyes of children. There are still innumerable toys that permit the sale of many toys and fireworks that menace the common welfare.

Danger To Children
To prevent the occurrence of such accidents, it is planned to restrict the use of air rifles, shot guns, blank cartridges, cannons, arrows, rubber-band "dippers" and other dangerous toys. To complete this work of mercy, children must be instructed in the dangers of sharp-pointed objects, such as knives, scissors, sticks, nails, wires and hooks. When these are carelessly handled, serious damage to the eyes must be expected.

The last Fourth of July recorded a marked decrease in the number of such accidents. Previous to this year, it was estimated that fireworks caused twenty per cent of all accidents to children. I am glad to say that fireworks are now more difficult to get, and that we may expect fewer accidents as the public is educated.

The danger to children in handling sharp objects cannot be over-emphasized. Children should never be permitted to play with scissors or any other object having a sharp point. A young child does not realize the danger of waving a pointed instrument or stick, and it is really amazing that there are not more accidents.

Another common accident to the eye is traced to flying particles in industrial plants, and employees in certain occupations are protected against this danger by wearing goggles and use of protective screens around machines. Children should be told about this, and warned against exposure to flying pieces of wood, steel or any other hard substance. In carpentry and wood-chopping, this menace ought not to be forgotten.

Accidents caused by dirt, cinders or sand thrown or blown into the eyes are dangerous, for infection may result if the cornea of the eye is scratched, either by the particle that has been blown in or by unskillful efforts to remove it. These cases should receive immediate care by a physician. The average layman should not attempt to remove any foreign object from the eye. This requires special skill, and the untrained hand may cause harm to the delicate coverings of the eye.

Select Toys Carefully
It is hoped that adequate legislative action will be taken everywhere to control the sale of any toy or object that is detrimental to the safety of children's eyes. Until then parents should select toys carefully, and instruct children in the proper care of their eyes. Much credit is due the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness for their efforts to reduce the number of accidents that threaten blindness in children.

Answers to Health Queries

H. A. H. Q.—What causes a burning between the shoulders and in the stomach?
A.—This may be due to hyperacidity. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

M. A. W. Q.—What causes a lump to form under the arm, right in the arm pit?
A.—This may be due to swollen glands, fatty tumor or boil. See your doctor.

A. Reader. Q.—What causes a sore taste in the mouth?
A.—This may be due to acidity. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

A. Reader. Q.—What causes black and white spots floating before the eyes?
A.—This may be due to auto-intoxication or biliousness.

ment of a constitution, and as far as his people were concerned there was certainly no necessity for one, nor had he any knowledge of crime having been yet committed. Annexed to Mr. Blanchet's house is a small chapel, fully capable of containing the present congregation. (It was the old church in the present used cemetery at St. Paul.)

"They are erecting a large and comfortable house for Mr. Blanchet, after which it is intended to extend the chapel. (Meaning the present brick church at St. Paul.) These houses are situated on the borders of an extensive level prairie, which is very fertile, having a rich deep alluvial soil; they have also near them a forest of pine (fir), oak, etc. They are now occupied in turning up the fields for the first time. Mr. Blanchet informed me that it was intended to take enough of land under cultivation to supply a large community, that will be attached to the mission; for it is the intention to establish schools here, for the instruction of the Indians as well as the Canadians and other settlers.

"Mr. Blanchet informed me that the mission had been established about a year, and that it had already done much good. When he first arrived all the settlers were living with Indian women, whom they have since married, and thus legalized the connexion. This was the first step he had taken towards their moral improvement, and he had found it very successful. There were about 30 Canadian families settled here, besides about 20 persons who have no fixed residence, and are laborers. The number of Indians is estimated at between 400 and 500, including all tribes, sexes, and ages. The district under Mr. Blanchet's superintendence takes in about 50 square miles, including the Willamette valley, Faults (Tualatin), and Yamhill plains, and extending below the Willamette falls as far as the Clackamas river. The number of white residents, including the missionaries of both denominations, is thought to be about 60."

"Mr. Drayton, Michel, and myself, dined with Mr. Blanchet, on oatmeal porridge, venison, strawberries, and cream. This hospitality was tendered with good and kind feelings, and with a gentlemanly deportment that spoke much in his favor, and made us regret to leave his company so soon. When we reached Michel's house, we left us, finding there was no further need for haggard faces, as we were now accompanied by Plamondon, Johnson, George Gay, and one or two other guides, with horses."

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters made inquiry about town on this question: "What is your opinion of the farm strike in progress in Iowa?"

H. E. Brown, realty agent: "I don't think they'll get anywhere because not enough of them will do it. What they ought to do is this: Organize every farmer in every county and state in the union and about 2,000,000 of them go back to Washington and get the army on their side. Have their measures already drawn up. They need two measures: free coinage of silver 16 to 1, and cut down those tariff walls."

Hopgrower: "Now don't quote me, but I'll tell you what I think. They aren't big enough to cut any ice. It's just like among the hop-growers. They won't stick together. They organize; then some buyer comes along and offers one or two cents more. Some grower sells, and blows it all up."

H. P. Toews, truck driver: "It's all right if they can get away with it. You and I know that they aren't getting enough for their produce. With us paying 12 1/2 cents for eggs, they don't make a living. I'll be willing to pay twice as much if the farmer'd get the benefit. I'm an ex-farmer myself. Of course, with the working man not getting but \$1.50 a day, he can't pay any more, either. So there are two sides to it."

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS

Young and beautiful Patricia Brethwaite adored her father so much that she was willing to sacrifice love and happiness to insure his future independence by marrying middle-aged Harvey Blaine for his wealth. It was Aunt Pamela who suggested that Pat marry wealth, warning that "the glamour of love wears off". Pamela spoke from experience; her own marriage to handsome Jimmie Warren, a young lawyer, was becoming dull. Jimmie, furious at Pat's engagement, availed to the realization that he, himself, cared for her. Pat, with youth's optimism, hopes in vain that the young camper whom she only knows as "Jack", and saw only once, will rescue her from Blaine. Jimmie finds her in the garden, sobbing. He takes her in his arms and, in despair and hungry for love, she permits him to kiss her. Next day Pat breaks her engagement. Pamela is in complete confusion, immediately following Pat's broken engagement, Jimmie offers to loan Pat money to study art. Pat's father declines Jimmie's offer, saying his insurance (which he would not touch for himself but felt justified in using for his daughter's career) was adequate for her needs. He plans to take Pat to Paris. One minute Patricia feels she cannot leave Jimmie, and, the next, she loathes him for the kiss experience of the previous night. Then Jack arrives. Pat thinks—if he had only come yesterday, for today, he is too late and it is Jimmie she wants. Jack explains he stayed away because her "good-bye" seemed so final. Pat learns that he is wealthy Jack Lawrence, for whom a nation's eyes were when he was kidnapped while enroute to his father's oil lands in Mexico. He tells Pat of his love and longing to take her into his arms at their first meeting. She says, "If you only had!" Pat explains how she turned, in desperation, to another in whose embrace the love which Jack had awakened—flowered!

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Patricia was awakened by an insistent rattling and swishing outside her window. She sprang up, ran to lower the sash, and looked out on a streaming world. Troubled by dreams of Jimmie and Jack in deadly combat, she had slept badly. Sometimes they were romantic gentlemen in short velvet breeches and brilliant coats, swords flashing in sunlight. Again they were trunks and padded gloves, naked bodies straining, pommeling each other inside a prize ring. Now strange savage men wearing the skins of animals, themselves like animals. Hair flowing, teeth gnashing, they wielded curious weapons of death. And always Jimmie seemed to have the better of Jack.

She dressed hurriedly. Her father had finished his breakfast and sat in conversation with a nearby couple. Long rows of white tables in pallid light. Florin faces bent over chilly grapefruit. Cold looking waiters. Shawls. Sweaters. Glooms. Loud complaints against the false advertising of Florida as a land of eternal sunshine. Assertions to the effect that it was never colder in the North than this morning. Talk of returning to steam heat and houses built for bad weather. All the intolerable aspects of a day without sunshine in Florida were being debated.

Patricia drank a cup of coffee and escaped. Her father followed her and she went upstairs with him to help him pack for his journey. "Now run along," he told her, "I must dress."

In the lobby entrance two bell-boys were divesting a tall man of a dripping mackintosh. Two others were rushing toward the desk with wet luggage. An oil hat covered the man's down-bent head. A boy took the hat and Patricia's heart lost a beat as Jack's dark and smiling face was revealed. "Even if I hadn't already heard an urgent call back to civilization," he called to her, his eyes shining, "the elements would have forced me. But I had packed last night anyway. Wait here for me," he added, following the bellboy past her. "I'll be right down, soon as I get in some dry toga."

She watched him leaning over the desk, saw the puzzled expression of the clerk's face, his quick glance at the register, and recognition...

She laughed tremulously. "It's a long and wide promise. For when I go the moon will be there. When you are an old man, and I an old lady, dimly remembered by

you, I'll step out some night, holding one of my grandchildren by the hand; and the full moon, smiling slyly down will wave her magic wand, and my grandchild—in the twinkling of an eye—will be a dark young man. My silver hair will be gold. The same will be this. It's an unfair spell you're trying to put on me."

A low chuckle escaped him. "It was done with malicious intent. Wherever you go the moon will be there to remind you of this night and me. But—I may be there too—holding the other hand of your grandchild. You don't think, little Pat, now that I've found you I shall walk submissively out of your life, leaving you to this other man? You don't think I believe your love for him is legitimate? You told me you had never wanted a man to kiss you till yesterday in my tent. I was the man. The first man who stirred the somnolent womanhood in you. I let fear cheat us both. I feared to shock you and lose you. This other man caught you in rebound from my failure. He won your gratitude and you think that's love. I don't. He's got to fight me for you. An avenger. Mostly Pat."

He turned swiftly away. She watched him push his boat off. He stood up waving to her, then began pulling, a dark figure away in rhythmic beauty against the silver mist. A little thrill caught her. The thrill of a young girl who has just received from a handsome young man the promise that he will fight for her, win her from another...

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He spoke to Jack eagerly. Jack talking to the clerk's face; then, slow agreement and the serious air of a fellow conspirator.

"He has promised not to give Jack's name to the papers," she thought. "He didn't want to. But Jack is the kind of a man who gets what he wants—usually."

The elevator opened. A woman stepped out. An exquisite woman dressed in sand color from head to foot. Her shoes and hose exactly matched the simple yet exquisitely tailored frock. Her hair, parted on one side of a low forehead, was a little darker sand and her perfect marcel had the look of having been tailored too. Not an ornament. Plain as an old-time wedding ring, yet smart, oh, very smart and modern. A slightly short, slightly square woman, altogether satisfactory.

A pair of large hazel eyes rested on Patricia. The eyes were friendly, but did not quite reach the point of a smile; they passed to Jack now nearing the elevator. She stepped out, addressing the bellboy carrying Jack's bags. He pointed to the right. She smiled her thanks, and her smile seemed to encompass Jack. Not a forward or flirtatious smile, just quiet, unassuming, quite impersonal, yet personally engaging. They did not speak, but when Jack faced around in the elevator his eyes were smiling. They followed the lady in sand on her way to the library.

To her surprise Patricia found that she also had responded to that encompassing smile. "Personality," she thought, dropping down on a big divan and looking her feet up under her "Colorless" as the desert, and as poignant.

Her thoughts returned to Jack. He had packed up his things last night—in bright moonlight, before he knew there would be rain. He had meant it—He would not give her up without a struggle. The thought of her dream; savage men slashing at each other with strange weapons. A little thrill caught her sharply, passed as sharply. Perhaps Jimmie would not fight. Perhaps he didn't want her.

She was covering the tragic possibilities in this thought when Ida Ragan, tall, blonde, slinky as to movement and figure, entered, followed by the "Fragrant." They yawned on Patricia.

"What a day! What'll we do? Think up something, can't you? Library? Children. Pat suggests the library as if it isn't dull enough already."

"Well," replied Arthur, dropping into a chair as if too weary to hold himself together, "if you all want to you can come up to my room."

"Let's go," cried Ida, showing signs of life. "Come on, Pat." "I can't. I've got a date."

"Date? With who?" "Do to what?"

"To do nothing. Just to wait here for a handsome young man."

"A new man? Have you seen him? When did he arrive? Where's he from? How'd you meet him?"

"You boys go on to your date with the bellboy," Ida said, her slinky figure straightening. "We'll stay and help Pat keep her."

Arthur was frowning darkly. He didn't want to go. But it was his suggestion. The men pulled him to his feet. He protested noisily. The lady in sand came from the library carrying a book. They paused...

Noise lessening... All watching her cross the lounge... Who's about? Not a beauty—but something about her.

Not until she entered the elevator did they resume their rough persuasion of Arthur. He yielded reluctantly, casting a dark glance at Pat. Several girls went along. Most of them stayed.

(To Be Continued)

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Yesterdays
... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 27, 1907.

Salem appears to be the mecca for merry-go-rounds. One is already in operation near Marion square and E. P. Arnold expects to arrive this week to operate a steam swing on the Meyers property on Court street, between Liberty and High.

This week will see the beginning of the improvement of Court street with bitulithic pavement from Commercial street to Church.

Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth, daughter-in-law of General Booth of the Salvation Army, and the "Little Mother" of 4,000 men and women in the penitentiaries of the United States, spent two days here visiting the penitentiary.

August 27, 1922.

The people who are boring the well for oil on the Salem-St. Paul road, near the latter city, think they are entering a flow of the real stuff. Down 881 feet they say they have encountered oil sands.

DALLAS—A greater number of the Polk county hog growers have their crop contracted for at prices varying from 25 to 40 cents per pound. The yield will be about an average one.

DETROIT—One hundred and five thousand employees of the Ford Motor company throughout the country will be without jobs after September 15. Henry Ford yesterday announced that his three big motor plants in Detroit suburbs and his assembling plants throughout the country would be closed on that date because of coal shortage.

Daily Thought

"The business man today has to run like the devil to stay where he is."

—Marie Thorpe.