

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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Stephen A. Stone, Managing Editor
Ralph Glover, Cashier
Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

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PAVING PROGRAM PROVIDES PERMANENT INDUSTRY

Oregon commenced her paving program late. But she commenced right. Her paving program is only three years old. But it will live a thousand years. And even then it will be in the heyday of its youth. Its foundations are sound. They are imbedded in the solid rock and cement of indirect taxation.

The stability of this foundation will finally suggest the right way to provide all the funds for carrying on the state government—As all the money for carrying on the national government ought to be raised.

Hon. R. A. Booth recently predicted in a speech in Salem that Oregon will have put \$100,000,000 into paved highways at the end of a ten year period commencing two years ago—

In eight years more. And he predicted that \$75,000,000 of this sum would come from the state and the counties and \$25,000,000 of it from the federal government.

The writer thinks he was conservative. After that \$100,000,000 shall have been invested in paved highways in Oregon—in Pacific and Columbia and Roosevelt and other state highways, and in county market roads, the indirect state taxes will very soon take up all the burden of renewing and repairing the paved roads, and in extending them gradually—

Till all the main roads of Oregon are finally paved. That is an encouraging outlook.

Oregon will truly have been made over. A new day of prosperity and happiness and enlightenment will have been ushered in indeed.

Instead of 200,000 automobiles in Oregon, as modestly predicted in the Affirmative Argument for the new state bond extension, there will then be a million buzz wagons, and then some.

And the best system of paved highways in the world will have been presented to all the people of the state for their use as a free gift—

A free gift of the flivver owners—
If the reader will forgive the alliteration.

A reading of the Salem Slogan pages in this morning's paper will be enlightening and refreshing to most Oregon people.

They point to rays of hope—to a whole bright rainbow of hope for our people.

They prove, incidentally, the truthfulness of the slogan theme—the building up of a basic industry in Salem—

An industry connected with the rebuilding and repairing of the road machinery and road building and repairing equipment of the state and the county; and the keeping here of a small army of technical and clerical forces connected with the highway departments.

These are bound to grow and expand. They are bound to mean much to Salem in many ways, adding more than numerically to our population—for a large proportion of these men are men of genius and education and culture.

The Salem Slogan theme for next Thursday is Broccoli. Our people ought to ship car loads, train loads, of broccoli. They can make big money at it; hundreds of dollars an acre. If you, Mr. Reader, know anything about broccoli, please help. It is your duty and ought to be your pleasure.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Paved roads—

They are paving the way—

Paving the way to prosperity.

And paving the way to a greater Salem.

All paved roads lead to Salem; and their repairs and renewals for all time.

The hospital must be built, and the task of getting the funds pledged ought to be hurried.

The roads that the Caesars built in Italy and France are still there; and they will be there for another two thousand years.

They are kept in constant repair. It will be the same with the Oregon paved roads. Their surface dressings will wear out; but they will be renewed. There will be broken foundations, but they will be replaced.

PROPHECY

The final disappearance of burglars and highwaymen, will occur when people learn not to carry or keep money and other valuables about. Banks were invented for safeguarding those things, and the result speaks for the means. The United States National is surrounded by every modern protective device.

United States National Bank
Salem Oregon



Let Us Fit YOUR EYES

HENRY E. MORRIS
Optometrist
305 State Street

No convenience or accommodation should be omitted in making the automobile camp grounds in Salem attractive and sought for. The automobile tourists are from now on going to be a great Oregon asset, and Salem must be in line to reap her share of the benefits; and a little more than her share, if she will by her exertions deserve it.

Japs Relieve Siberia of Much Valuable Fur

MONTREAL, March 24.—Keishei Ishino, representing the Japanese department of agriculture and commerce, said today that the great Siberian fur catch now controlled by Japan, probably would find its way to the next Canadian fur auction. The Japanese government's action, he said, would depend upon his report. During 1919, he said, the value of furs taken by Japan out of Siberia was \$10,000,000.

Sales at the auction here today at noon had realized \$1,448,214. Raccoon skins sold today for \$30 each, a new high record here, and other prices were high.

Suitable Present.

A farmer had come up to town for a few days. Before he started he had promised to bring his daughter a present, so he went into a jeweler's shop and said to the assistant: "I want a pair of earrings, cheap, but pretty."

"Yes, sir," said the jeweler; "you want something loud, I suppose?" "Well, I don't mind if one of them is a little loud," replied the farmer. "My girl is slightly deaf in one ear." —Tit-Bits.

Hoover's Friends Would Make National Organization

NEW YORK, March 24.—A national conference of representatives of state and local Hoover organizations will be held in Chicago within the next ten days, according to announcement tonight by John F. Lucey, temporary chairman of the Hoover National Republican club.

The conference, he explained, was for the purpose of co-ordinating activities for Herbert Hoover as the Republican presidential nominee. Delegates will be asked to name a permanent national committee, a permanent national chairman and to outline policies and future work for a Republican Hoover campaign, if such action seems desirable.

I WANT TO GO BACK HOME.

By Mrs. Leon Beason.

The storms may rage, and snows pile high
And earth is lost to view,
And it is twenty-five below
As is sometimes quite true;
And all the streams are frozen o'er
As hard as any stone;
I do not care a rap for that
I want to go back home.

The coyotes send their dismal cry
Far on the midnight breeze,
And stalk about in search of prey
Among the barren trees
And days are short and nights are long
And no one cares to roam;
I do not care a fig for that,
I want to go back home.

A cozy corner by the fire,
A rocking chair or two,
The kiddies playing on the floor
And magazines for you
The latest song hits softly float
From out the graphophone;
Ah! that's the life away back there,
I want to go back home.

And Spring will soon come tripping on
So winsome and so gay,
And flowers will bloom and birds will sing

The happy live-long day,
Through sunny days and starry nights
My fondest memories roam
And linger in the singer's refrain,
I want to go back home.

THEN AND NOW



Louis XIV

L'ETAT EST MOI—(I AM THE STATE)



W.W.

NO ACTION CAN BE TAKEN WITHOUT ME

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 552

HOW KATHERINE'S "NEVER TAKE ANYTHING FOR GRANTED" RESULTED IN A MOST SATISFYING SURPRISE FOR MADGE.

Katherine Sonnot returned from the telephone booth from which she had sent a long distance message to the sanatorium for drug addicts where Mrs. Allis was confined, her face grave.

"Mrs. Allis has been seriously ill for a week," she said. "They only pronounced her out of danger today. And she has been closely watched since she entered, for her's is a rather unusual case. There's no possible chance of her having had anything to do with sending the clippings."

"Then Grace Draper must be in New York," I exclaimed, and there was despair in my voice. I hadn't realized how much I had hoped we would find Mrs. Allis had sent me the clippings, until the impossibility of her having done so had been proved.

Mrs. Allis, with her drug-crazed brain, her insane, revengeful feeling toward me, was infinitely to be preferred as an adversary to Grace Draper, with her mad passion for my husband still consuming her.

"See here, Madge!" Katherine's tone was incisive. "There's something about this that's beyond me. I think you ought to get in touch with your friend, Lillian Underwood. She has the cleverest brain, the sanest judgment of anyone I know."

"But she's out of the city," I said. "Are you sure?" "She has been gone for over a week."

"But how do you know she hasn't?"

FUTURE DATES.

March 24, Wednesday—Lecture at public library by Dr. J. H. Gilbert of the University of Oregon on immigration and the future American stock.

March 24, Wednesday—Special meeting of Salem Business Men's League.

March 25, Friday—Salem high school alumni banquet at Marion hotel.

March 26, Friday—Mrs. Jean Morris Ellis to address ex-service men at Y. M. C. A.

March 27, Saturday—Intercollegiate debate, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound.

March 28, Sunday—Hayesville district Sunday school convention at Jackson Lee Methodist church.

March 29, Monday—"Save money on meat week" begins.

March 30, Tuesday—Queen of Hearts musical benefit hospital, Moose hall, 8 p. m.

April 1, Thursday—Marion County Veterans' association meets at Woodburn.

April 11, Sunday—Baseball, Salem Senators vs. Moosejaw.

April 20 and May 1—"Awakening of Spring" pageant Opera House, hospital benefit.

May 11, Tuesday—Intercollegiate debate, Willamette vs. O. A. C.

May 11 and 12—Nineteenth annual convention of Oregon State Association of Master Plumbers, in Salem.

June 15 to 17—Officers schools for Oregon National Guard at Vancouver and Fort Stevens.

June 19 and 20—National gypsy-tour motorcycle events in Salem.

July 6 to 20—Annual encampment of Oregon National Guard, infantry, and engineers at Camp Lewis, artillery at Fort Stevens.

unexpectedly returned?"

"What Colossal Luck!"

"I don't know," I returned mechanically. The conviction that Grace Draper was responsible for the sinister clippings seemed to have dulled my faculties.

"Never take anything for granted," Katherine retorted briskly. "Call her up and we'll soon know for certain."

I went to the telephone, a tiny hope begotten of Katherine's manner growing in my heart. And sure enough, Lillian, herself answered the telephone.

"You blessed child!" she said. "What colossal luck! Just got in, not fifteen minutes ago!"

"May Katherine and I come up right away? Something has happened about which I must ask your advice."

"Don't waste time asking," Lillian advised merrily. "Take the first taxi."

"We'll do just that," I returned, and within a few minutes we were being warmly welcomed by Lillian in her wonderful brown-toned library, where Betty had just laid a little fire.

"These first days of spring are pretty raw," Lillian said in explanation as she drew our chairs up before the hearth.

"Tell Me your Troubles."

Her appearance was almost enough to make me forget the trouble which had brought me to her door. Her face was glowing with exercise, and the crown of softly plied hair above it with its wonderful silver tone made a regal frame. And I looked in vain for traces of the humiliation and anguish I knew to be her portion on account of her husband's callously brutal treatment of her, and because of the irony which had brought Robert Savarin back into her life too late.

For Lillian was masking whatever unhappiness she might hold in her heart behind a brilliant smiling countenance as in the old days when in her own words, she was "playing the game with Harry," and had masked her graying hair, her slightly aging face behind an atrocious mask of rouge and powder and hair dye, because her husband, Harry Underwood wished her to do so.

But I knew also that Lillian could never be truly unhappy as long as her little daughter, Marion, from whom she had been tragically separated for so long and who had but recently been restored, was with her. Instinctively I looked around for the little thing who was never far from her mother's side. Lillian took her with her on her trips whenever possible, and employed a governess instead of sending the child to school. Her maternal love for Marion was the one strong passion of her life.

"Where's Marion?" I asked. "Upstairs asleep, poor little kiddie," her mother returned, and the smile which the thought of the child always brought irradiated her face. "She was so tired from the journey that I had scarcely taken off her wraps and shoes and covered her up warmly, before she was sound asleep. I am afraid I shouldn't take her with me on those trips. They're too fatiguing."

"Send her to me whenever you go away," I said promptly and sincerely. "I'd love to have her."

"I know it," Lillian flashed an affectionate glance at me. "But you didn't come here to talk about Marion. Sit down and tell me your troubles."

(To be continued)



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