

# The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 315 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

R. J. Hendricks, Manager; W. H. Henderson, Circulation Manager; Fred J. Toose, Managing Editor; Ralph H. Kietzing, Advertising Manager; C. K. Lough, City Editor; Frank J. Kietzing, Manager Job Dept.; Leslie Smith, Telegraph Editor; E. A. Kholan, Livestock Editor; Andrew Bunch, Society Editor; W. C. Conner, Poultry 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 OFFICE:** Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 141-145 West 43rd St., Chicago, Marquette Building, W. S. Grotzwohl, Mgr.; Portland Office, 326 Worcester Bldg., Phone 6637 Broadway, Albert Byers, Mgr.

**TELEPHONES:** Business Office, 23 or 583; Circulation Office, 583; News Department, 23-106; Society Editor, 583; Job Department, 583.

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter

## IF SOMEWHERE ELSE

(Salem Journal)

If the proposed linen mill will be only to be located in the heart of that tropic garden of Eden off the coast of Sinaloa known as Palmeto del Verge, instead of Salem, there would be a lot of our fellow citizens waiting in line to invest; if it were in some mythical timber belt promoted by a convicted swindler, good citizens of Salem would be falling over themselves to buy; or if it were a wild-cat oil well in Texas or Panama or some other distant oil-less region, or a remote gold or copper mine where gold and copper never grew, how the Salem money would roll in!

If, instead of being 7 per cent preferred stock in a local enterprise designed to build up the city and develop the country, the investment were in 7 or 8 per cent bonds of some shaky foreign nation on the verge of collapse and revolution, how popular the investment would be; or if it were in the high interest bearing securities of some faraway bankrupt community, what a harvest the high-powered salesmen would reap in Salem!

In the past few years, Salem investors have lost enough money in get-rich-quick schemes and fly-by-night frauds to build several linen mills. They have invested enough in foreign securities to make the valley a textile center. They have, in addition, actually financed paper mills in Vancouver, Washington, and St. Helens, and in short have been and are keen for any investment outside Salem.

But we cannot build a city by sending money made in it away to create payrolls in other communities, nor by boosting realty prices, raising rents and letting the other fellow do it for our own benefit in Salem. We will have to cooperate—each do his share, throw off lethargy, shake indifference, bury cupidity or herald to the world that we lack enterprise, progress and public spirit.

The linen mill is not asking a donation, nor a gift, but offers an investment in the best security for the rapid rebuilding of the city and permanent development of country and state.

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

This is "Be Kind to Animal Week"—a portion of the year set aside by proclamation of highest state authority for emphasis on kindness to dumb creatures. It is an observance common now to nearly every country in the world, though the movement was originated by the American Humane Educational Society and a similar organization of Massachusetts, only a few years ago.

Humane education and practice is endorsed by leading men and women the world over as a requisite for worthy citizenship. That humane treatment of all living creatures deserves the maximum of consideration is the declaration of the nation's chief executive. It is and has been, a cause close to the heart of truly great men and is increasing in interest and application with the march of civilization. A few years ago the employment of animals trained and performing under cruel treatment and under fear was an amusing spectacle for men and women, boys and girls. But this condition has been changed.

Humane societies have sprung up, have united and become national in their operation and influence. The righteousness of their cause has been recognized by legislatures and municipalities and their efforts to obtain kindly treatment for children and for dumb creatures are supported even from the public treasure. Their work has been and is now outstanding in accomplishment.

A single example of the results of humane effort and change of public sentiment is the recent action of Ringling Brothers circus management who have eliminated this year from their program those acts in which animals have formerly played an unwilling part. The elimination of the dancing monkey and the hand organ outfit is also in response appeal and education.

Kindness to children, to pets, to every living creature is the slogan of every school. It is the demand of every worthy citizen.

The effect of cruelty to animals is to dull the sympathies, increase indifference, deaden the emotions and make more brutal the individual. Cruelty inflicted upon the kitten, the dog, house bird or other living creature makes easier infliction of cruelty upon the helpless child or other persons. Away with cruelty to animals and cruelty to human beings will also disappear. Every boy and girl, every man and woman owes it to self and to the state to participate in kindness-to-every-living-creature, education and effort.

A man may think the world owes him a living but he will never collect. He is more likely to go to jail as a vagrant.

It is rankest fallacy to assume that something worth while may be had for nothing. The world parcels out its bounty according to individual effort, generally.

## IF HARRIMAN HAD LIVED

If E. H. Harriman had lived, the Willamette valley would now be much further along in the development of the linen industry—

Its ultimately greatest industry—

Because the natural conditions are more nearly perfect for its development and permanent prosperity here on a gigantic scale than in any other section of the entire world. Through the work of the late Mrs. W. P. Lord, the favorable attention of Mr. Harriman had been attracted to the possibilities of the industry here, and he was moving towards making the connections that would have put it on its feet on a firm basis and on a large scale. He was ready to furnish himself or to underwrite the necessary capital—

And in the midst of the negotiations, a plume from the wing of death brushed the cheek of that great and far seeing captain of the forces of progress, and this section lost its chance.

If E. H. Harriman had lived ten years longer, Salem would now be a city of 100,000 people.

There are several men living in Salem who could give some of the details of the negotiations, and so could some of the Portland officials of the "Harriman line."

Henry Ford, another of the greatest captains of industry the world has had, has seen the light. He grew 800 acres of flax last year, will grow 4000 acres this year, and 100,000 acres annually a few years hence, to supply the 3,600,000 yards of cloth he needs for car tops and seat coverings and other uses of his automobile manufacturing.

Better than all this, however, all the people of the Willamette valley now see the light—

And the Harriman dream will come true, perhaps in ultimately greater measure than it could have done under the leadership of a few big men.

## MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

### Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service

### CHAPTER 435.

#### WHAT DICKY DID TO "MAKE GOOD" ON THE TELEGRAM.

Dicky put his packet of letters back in his pocket, and stared moodily at the floor. My fingers itched to snatch the letters from his pocket and look them over carefully, for I was sure that somewhere among them was the telegram which Dicky had accused me of losing. But I could do nothing to prove my theory, or to help Dicky in the dilemma now facing him.

"Fine time I'll have trying to trace this address now without that telegram," he growled.

"Would it help you any if you had the words of the message?" I asked diffidently.

"How would that—" Dicky began truculently, then he changed it to a grudging "It might. Can you remember them?"

"I think so," I said, pretending diffidence. But in reality I was very sure of every word enclosed in the yellow envelope which meant so much to Bob Bliss. Almost unconsciously I had concentrated on its contents as I do when I am trying to remember something and my freak memory had done the rest.

"Then write them down please," he said ungraciously, and I complied, with outward docility, but inward rebellion.

I knew he was honest in his belief that I was responsible for the disappearance of the important telegram, but that did not excuse his obstinacy in giving but a perfunctory search to his own pockets.

"There!" I looked up triumphantly as I finished. "I'm sure this is an exact copy," and I handed the paper to Dicky, who took it with a ludicrous mixture of sulkiness and respect.

A Puzzling Question.

"Hate yourself, don't you?" he queried, but the beginning of a grin quirked the corners of his mouth, and I knew that his ill-nature, always evanescent, was already fading.

"I'll do the best I can with this," he said, and rising, put on his hat and light top-coat enclosed.

"Don't sit up for me, girls," he said with his hand on the hall door knob. "Only Lady Luck knows when I'll be back."

Clare was stretched full length on the couch reading a magazine between frank intervals of dozing.

"Oh, we couldn't think of sleeping with you out alone in the great cruel city!" she burlesqued.

"So have pity on us and hurry back."

"Much worrying you'd do over anybody, young woman," Dicky retorted as he went into the hall.

And when the closing door had given a period to his words, I pondered them in puzzled fashion. Was this airy indifference of Claire's the secret of the undeniable attraction she appeared to have for my husband?

"Holy Mackerel!"

The question remained with me

during Dicky's absence, prolonged for two hours. I had no sewing or mending with me, and I could not fix my mind upon reading, although I kept up the pretext of perusing a book. I was glad indeed that Claire seemed disinclined to conversation. I felt that could not have borne the strain of talking with her upon any subject. And I was glad indeed when Dicky came in, even though my first look at his face showed that he was in a black mood indeed.

I forbore to ask him any questions but Claire Foster either did not see his mood or disregarded it.

"What luck?" she asked lazily.

"Luck!" Dicky reiterated scornfully. "Where d'ye get that word? I haven't seen any of it in so long I wouldn't recognize it, jady if she came up and kissed me. But of all the idiotic, asinine, mulish—"

The adjectives preceded a diatribe against telegraph companies and their employes which was lightly pictured and eloquent, but which I guessed to be unjust. Boiled down, it amounted to a refusal to give out to Dicky the information for which he asked.

"They treated me like a second-story man," he said, "just because my name didn't happen to be Bob Bliss. The telegram wasn't addressed to me, they argued, therefore I had no right to any information about it. Of course, if I could have had the original telegram to show them it would have been different, but as it was I suppose I'm lucky to be here instead of in jail."

I had hard work to repress a smile at his ludicrous exaggeration, but Claire laughed aloud gleefully.

"If you could only see how funny you look," she gurgled.

"Oh, I'm amused," she said stiffly, and then he sat down and pulled the letters from his pocket once more.

"There's only one thing I can do," he said. "I'll telephone a wire to old Bob, telling him what has happened and repeating what you remember of the original telegram, and then he'll have to get in touch—Holy Mackerel!"

He had brought out the packet, to get my transcription of the telegram, but in the nervous fingers which had been shuffling the papers I saw the original telegram, for whose disappearance he had blamed me.

(To be continued)

Russia Believes not only in giving them liberty or giving them death, but in giving them both.—American Lumberman.

## THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



## The Fun Shop

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

The man whose face is long and grim Will have few friends to cling to him; While he whose face is wreathed in smiles Will have friends tagging him for miles.

Probably Not: Mother: "Does Dick ever kiss you, Miriam?" Miriam: "Now, ma, did you think Dick came up here three times a week to work cross word puzzles?"

A foreigner, seeing many of our newspapers, would get the idea that American girls always dressed in bathing suits.

Solid Voucher Powers: "I understand he's a model husband." Singer: "He must be. He comes up to the expectations of his wife's relatives."

—Mrs. T. F. Schuler.

### MEOWS FROM THE CAMPUS CAT

Dear Ed: The question of kissing came up last night, as it will you know, among young girls. Harriet, who graduates in June from Wellesley, quite shocked little Lola, '27, by admitting that she had been kissed by a young man whom she only met that afternoon.

"But Hattie," gasped Lola, "you ought not let strange men kiss you."

"Nonsense," said Harriet, "anyone can be kissed—by men they know; the new ones require technique."

Lola became interested!

"How often do you let a young man kiss you in an evening?" she asked.

"That," said Harriet, "depends entirely on his self-control. This poor boy only kissed me once and then looked fearfully embarrassed and said I was the first girl he had ever kissed. Imagine! I told him I was inclined to believe him."

"But what do you do? what do you say, when a man kisses you?" asked the bewildered Lola. "You must say something!"

"Not at all," said Harriet, crisply. "Just keep your mouth shut. Never try to talk in cliches."

Perhaps it's just as well that Harriet graduates in June, eh Ed? Not that I think you are interested in the subject of kisses, because of course you're not! Meow—meow. Yours for the fat of the land, —Carrie

The Danger Light Little Billy, aged three, was riding in the country with his father. Noticing some lightening bugs

along the road he exclaimed: "Oh, Daddy, look at the mosquitos with their lights lit!"

### Irony Of Fate

Felst: "I've sold all those jokes I wrote making fun of the Easter bonnet." Mrs. Felst: "Then hand over the money. I've just selected the hat I'm going to have." —Nicholas Kerr.

### Catty

Mary: "At least I've tried not to let my beauty go to my head." Jane: "You mean, at least none of it went to your face." —R. G. F.

### SOLD!

Salesman: "You'll find it an excellent pocket-book. Madam. It makes you look very slim."

### TURNER

The folks about Turner had an interesting time at the "impromptu wedding party" of Fay Webb and Miss Reed, who were married Easter. The jolly couple came to town but finally followed the crowd out to the farm. They enjoyed watching them storm the house and find no one. They then went in and waited until the crowd tired of hunting, returned. Then the lights were on and a lively time followed. Miss Avalyn Deljell returned to

OAC after spending Easter at home. Miss Thelma Delzell of Woodburn attended the Christmas church dedication Sunday.

### CANNERY IS BURNED

YAKIMA, April 16.—Fire destroyed the processing plant of the American Squash Produce company at Mabton, south of here, last night, with a loss of \$8,000, partly covered by insurance.

**Grand**  
With the world's greatest roadster  
HOOT  
**GIBSON**  
Let'er Buckle  
SATURDAY  
SUNDAY  
MONDAY

**The New Circular Dresses Are Here**  
For Your Inspection—New Silk Dresses Are Arriving Almost Every Day

Features Definitely New Come With The New Dresses  
Tunics, pleated or circular; apron fronts; side draped tunics.

Fashion's trend toward tunics, flounces and ruffles is very evident this season—you must have at least one dress that has a tunic. Many tiny buttons are used, artistic applique embroidery, mandarin stitching in beautiful colors, everyone a fascinating model. Colors are particularly striking, green, rosewood, rust, blonde, moonstone grey and others.

**\$19.75 \$24.75**  
**\$29.00 \$35.00**  
**\$49.75**

**Kafoury Bros.**  
"CAN AND DO"  
SALEM STORE 466 State Street  
PORTLAND SILK SHOP 383 Alder Street

**Children Cry for**  
**Fletcher's CASTORIA**

MOTHER: Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of **Dr. J. C. Fletcher**. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**TENTS For that FISHING TRIP**

Auto Tents, Wall Tents, Palmetto Tents

Our Tents Are Made By One of the Largest Manufacturers on the Coast and Are Guaranteed in Every Way

**We Have Tents Set Up in the Store for Your Inspection**

Suggestions:—To Make Your Trip More Comfortable

Camp Stools, Camp Tables, Camp Grids, Pack Sacks, Cot Pads, Camp Chairs, Luggage Carriers, Barrack Bags, Rolled Camp Beds, Folding Cots, Lazy Back Chairs, Mattresses, Gasoline Stoves, K & B Camp Beds, Blankets and a number of other items that we carry in stock for your comfort.

We also carry a complete line of outing shoes, clothing and outdoor wear of all kinds.

**ARMY OUTING STORE**  
Everything for the Workingman and Camper  
189 N. Commercial St. Next Door To Busick's Salem, Oregon

**Special Aluminum Sale**

We have just received another big shipment of that High Quality Aluminum ware, values that are very much out of the ordinary. This big lot will be sold Saturday only—this week. None sold before—nothing set aside. We want you all to have an equal chance this time. Here are some of the articles:

Large Round Roasters  
Three Piece Sauce Pan Sets  
1 1/2 and 2 Qt. Double Boilers  
5 Qt. Tea Kettles  
5 Qt. Covered Drain Kettles  
10 Qt. Dish Pans  
10 Qt. Heavy Water Pails  
Large Colanders  
8 Qt. Preserve Kettles  
6 Qt. Covered Berlin Kettles  
Covered Bake Dishes  
Angel Cake Pans

Take Your Choice of Any of These

**Saturday Only \$ .75**

We invite you to compare weights and sizes of this ware with any other make of aluminum.

**GEO. E. ALLEN**  
Hardware and Machinery  
236 North Commercial Street