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A CURE FOR WORRY:—Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Philippians 4: 6, 7.

AGE OF ELECTRICITY AND OUR WHITE COAL

About 1874, at an exhibition of electrical devices of Vienna, the wires from a crude dynamo were accidentally attached to another dynamo and at once its armature began to revolve—

And thus was unwittingly discovered the method of transmitting electrical energy. That day the Age of Electricity began and as the years have gone by, its marvels have increased. At Menlo Park, N. J., near the city of New York, the man who did most to make the commercial use of electricity possible, still lives and labors. He has seen such a change in the world, because of his inventive genius, as no man could have foretold in the first years of his work of devising ways and means of creating and distributing electric current.

It is fitting that the New York Edison company, about to build a \$50,000,000 power station at Fourteenth street and East river, New York City, bears his name. This proposed plant is to be capable of generating 1,000,000 horse power. The ordinary man has little conception of what that means, or of the perfection of power machinery in these days of big electric current generating units.

For properly condensing the steam which the turbine engines of this new system will use 800,000 gallons of water a minute will be pumped from the East river. This is more water than New York City uses in the same length of time. The coal which will be burned to make possible this power development, would, were it to be carted through the streets of New York, require the use of a fleet of 500 large trucks. It will not be delivered in that fashion, however, but by water and unloaded by machines capable of handling 500 tons an hour.

Enough power will be generated by this station alone to provide 3,000,000 six-room houses with all the electric light their occupants might require, or it would give any state in the Union, outside of New York, all the power it consumes.

Compare this \$50,000,000 investment with the expenditure of a like sum in developing water powers in Oregon—say along the Deschutes river just over the Cascades from Salem. Or in the Columbia river or any one of a half dozen other of its tributaries.

The cost of the vast expenditures for coal would be saved, and of pumping the water to make the steam, and of the man power in attending to the vast waste in burning the coal and attending to the boilers and engines—

Compared with which keeping up the water power equipment would be insignificant.

And then the water power would never consume itself. It would never pinch out, as coal measures must do, and grow scarce; for it could be used and used and used, and never diminish.

This is a fair illustration of the great advantages we of this section, where we have available nearly half the potential water powers of the United States; advantages that will bulk larger as the coal of the country and of the world approaches exhaustion or by reason of growing more scarce and more expensive to mine becomes a greater and even greater item of expense.

This is the reason why our section, with its "white coal," and by reason, too, of having the bulk of the timber resources of this continent, will become the great manufacturing section of the United States and of the world.

Mr. Edison recently said that electric power is the only thing in the world that is growing cheaper and cheaper. It will keep on growing cheaper, as our water power development proceeds, until the time will come when every other section of this country, in competition in manufacturing, will be at a greater and greater disadvantage as compared with our section; for the use of machinery in all manufacturing, and in all the processes of living, grows and grows, with new inventions.

This will tell amazingly in the development of our flax and linen industries, in our sugar industry, and in a thousand and indeed tens of thousands of ways, to the advantage of our favored section.

GIVE THEM WORK

A job for everyone is a familiar slogan. Everyone for a job would be a fine complement. But there are those who are so particular about that job that while decision is being made the jobs go undone.

What about jobs for the prisoners in the county jail? Wouldn't digging the plantain from the lawn around the courthouse be a worthwhile job for them? The county is now paying for their living. They are obtaining their food and shelter without the "sweat of their brow." And these conditions are bad for the county and for them.

There is no good reason why the taxpayers should thus be taxed to maintain men in idleness. Nor is there any reason why even those held for offenses against the community should expect to be kept in idleness at public expense. Even

to the prisoners themselves idleness and being fed at public expense is degradation of body, mind and soul.

Plans for working prisoners held for crimes are in successful operation. In California and in some other states they build and repair roads. In Oregon they work at several occupations. In some counties they break rock and otherwise engage in profitable labor. At Kelly Butte, Multnomah, prisoners make a handsome profit for the county. Clackamas county has plans under way to employ her prisoners at breaking rock for the county roads.

Marion county has about twenty-five whose activities have placed them behind the bars. A sufficient guard could be maintained at small expense compared to the possible earnings of the men. Work is their greatest need—physical, mental and moral. Voluntary idleness usually leads to crime. Enforced idleness in prison prepares oftentimes for further crime. It almost never reforms.

Preceding more permanent provisions for their employment why not have the men now in jail weed Marion county's court house lawn? The prisoners, the lawn and the county would be the better thereby.

EXEMPLAR OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

In the passing of Thomas R. Marshall there has gone out from American political life a character unique and outstanding. Governor of Indiana and vice president of the nation his service was unique as it was meritorious. Modest and methodical his work was accomplished with a quiet and dispatch which elicited the most favorable comment.

Loyalty and unselfishness characterized his political life. These were shown especially during the physical breakdown of President Wilson. During this period near the close of the administration when most men would have been laying plans for promotion from the second to the first office in the land Vice President Marshall gave increased devotion to the work and policies of his chief. He scorned the advantage presented to elevate his own fortunes. The preferred duty to self aggrandizement or official position.

Marshall possessed poise and with it an exalted sense of humor. His canaality and humor were oftentimes safety valves for senatorial action—the balance wheel for that human intensity of feeling and action which threatens wise and deliberate procedure. So informal were his accomplishments that then seldom elicit praise. But his life history presents an exemplar of the high type of American citizenship.

Here's to the new members of the fish commission. Let us hope they will "pour oil on the usually turbulent waters"—the fishing grounds.

The record of the last legislature appears to be well preserved at the state house.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 475

THE DISCLOSURE LINDA CONFIDINGLY MADE TO MADGE

Linda's weak face, which once had been pretty, held the shamed grief and the mulish obstinacy of a child who has been humiliated. She looked moodily at the door through which Grace Draper had just passed, and her chin quivered with futile anger, while impotent tears rolled down her cheeks.

"She hadn't ought to have told the chef I snitched that little bit of hooch," she said plaintively. "It wasn't any harm, but he'll be sore at me, and he's always treated me white. I don't know what made me do it, anyway. I didn't need to."

She stopped abruptly and looked furtively, speculatively at a good kid. "Say, you look like a good kid," she announced at last. "And you're sore at Gracie, too. Lookit. You wouldn't snitch on me to her, would you, if I showed you something?"

"I snatched at the heaven-sent opportunity."

"Of course I wouldn't," I said warmly.

She nodded her head sagely. "I knew you were a good kid," she announced, and when she had locked the door she came back to me, staring at me with blinking, red-rimmed eyes.

"You swear you won't tell Gracie," she said.

"I swear it solemnly," I returned.

"Thass all right then," she said, and walking to the radiator, pulled aside the exquisite hooked rug which covered the jagged hole in the floor.

"Come here," she said, with a peremptory jerk of her head. I obeyed her quickly.

"Kneel down here," she whispered, and when I had done so, she took my hand in hers and thrust it into the jagged hole in the floor boards.

below," she said nervously, "and that pipe's just like a telephone wire. You can hear just as plain. Nobody knows that but me, though, so don't you tell Gracie."

With one of the freakish impulses of partial intoxication, Linda patently had taken a fancy to me, and for the present I was in high favor with her. She uncorked the bottle, lifted it to her lips, tilted her head back, and with closed eyes and rapturous face took a long draught. Then she held out the bottle with the generous glow of self-sacrifice on her face.

"Have a little snifter," she invited cordially. "You look as if you needed one."

"I'd love to, a little later," I prevaricated promptly. "I have a headache now, and even a taste would make it much worse."

To my great relief, for I feared to offend her, she accepted my explanation.

"I know," she said, wagging her head sagely. "This stuff goes to your head something fierce. I'd like to go to sleep right now."

Familiar Voices.

She stood looking vacantly at me for a minute, which seemed endless, then a cunning smile spread over her face.

"I'll tell you," she said. "You're awful tired. Why don't you go to sleep, too? We'll both go to sleep."

I seized the suggestion eagerly. "That will be splendid!" I said. "Only I don't want to go to bed. I'll just get into a negligee and slippers and lie down on the couch. But it's so near the fire, can't we move it over the other side of the room?"

She considered judicially. "Why, yes, I guess so," she said. "Take hold."

When we was fast feeling slightly she grasped the couch, and though I watched her furtively, I saw that she suspected nothing when I put the head of the couch so near the hole of the radiator that I could reach down and lift the rug without moving from a reclining position. I straightened myself with a sense of relief.

"Now I'll have a nice rest," I said.

"So will I," she returned. "I'm glad you don't want the bed, for I'm going to take it. I need to stretch—out."

She watched me change to a negligee with eyes which she tried in vain to keep watchful. And no sooner was I ensconced on the couch than she threw herself ensconced on the couch than she threw herself upon the bed.

I had to wait only a few moments before the sound of her breathing told me she would be safe for hours.

Then I lifted the corner of the rug and listened for sounds from the room below. And when an hour had slipped by my vigil was rewarded by the sound of voices—voices which I recognized as those of Grace Draper and Harry Underwood.

DINNER STORIES

He is a small town tailor who takes his vacation in jerks. When things become dull in his place of business he locks up the store and leaves for a while without saying anything to anybody about it. Being told by a friend that he should



have some excuse to give to his customers when he takes impromptu vacations, he printed a large sign which at frequent intervals he places upon the front door of his business place, bearing this legend:

"This shop is temporarily closed. Am sick, out of town, attending a funeral or fishing."

Col. Lorillard Spencer of New York was discussing the culpability of the men responsible for the country's miserable fleet of aircraft during the world war.

"Each of these men," he said, "tried to put the blame on the asked me who was the most blameworthy. I'd tell them the story of a Chinese."

"A Chinese was held up by two horrible-looking tramps. They told him they had been disputing a long time about which of them was the uglier, and they were now going to leave the decision with him."

"Then the tramps took their places side by side in the middle of the road. The Chinese, calm and silent, walked round them. He considered them from every angle. Finally he gave his verdict."

"Both are worse," he said.

The proprietor of the new store in a crossword village was Sam Sampson. Business was far from good and Sam stood at the door of his store one morning gazing gloomily at the all but empty street. A little girl, who had just turned the corner, paused uncertainly before him, a crumpled dollar bill in one hand. Instantly Sam was all smiles.

"Say," began the little girl, "does my mamma owe you a dollar?"

"She does, she does!" exclaimed Sam. "And—and—whose little girl are you?"

MARSHALL HONORED BY ENTIRE NATION

(Continued from page 1)

News correspondent, who was her husband's former secretary; John H. Cowles, representing the Scottish Rite Masons of the southern jurisdiction and James M. Baker, secretary of the senate during six years of Mr. Marshall's regime as its presiding officer.

The service today was held in the New Willard hotel, where Mr. Marshall lived while vice president and where he died, having returned for a brief visit, as he had frequently done. Some 200 officials and friends attended the services conducted by the Rev. Dr. Charles Wood of the Presbyterian church of the covenant, where the Marshalls worshipped here.

He was a "puritan of the puritans," Dr. Wood likening him to John Bunyan and asserting that the secret of his life was his faith.

Prominent among those at the service were Chief Justice Taft, Associate Justice McReynolds, Senator Moses, president pro tempore of the senate, former Secretary and Mrs. Robert Lansing, former Secretary William B. Wilson, and Isidore B. Dockweiler, national committeeman from California, representing the democratic national committee.

LARGE BUILDING COMPLETED

TACOMA, June 2.—After standing unfinished for nearly five years, its 17-story skeleton a mute monument to the tragedies and suffering caused by the failure of the Scandinavian-American bank, the structure started by the now defunct institution in 1920 is today virtually completed and the first tenants have moved in.

The linen mills will mean fortunes to Salem people. The wise investor knows this, and invests accordingly.

Forbidden
 Revelation's of a Woman's Loves
Confessions of a Queen

Trade In Your Old Cabinet.
 See Windows

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



THE GOLD DIGGERS

SELLER'S SALE

KITCHEN CABINET



Sellers Mastercraft

The Latest Idea In Kitchen Cabinets

You can't modernize your kitchen without an up-to-date Kitchen Cabinet

The Sellers is the biggest dollar-for-dollar kitchen cabinet value on the market.

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR THIS—COME IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

THIS WEEK ONLY

\$1 DOWN

FREE

With every Seller's sold this week we give absolutely free

32 piece set of dishes
 10 piece cutlery set
 11 piece glassware set

All three without extra cost to you.—This week only.

Puts the SELLERS CABINET in Your Kitchen. Balance Easy Terms SEE OUR WINDOWS

COVER YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR

This Week **PABCOLIN 69c** Sq. Yd.

All Patterns

See Windows

Trade In Your Old Cabinet. See Windows

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING

Credit Gladly Without Interest