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THE ONE GREAT FRIEND.—A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Proverbs 18: 24.

GIVE THEM WORK

(Portland Journal.)

At the Minnesota penitentiary convicts have been put to work. They turn out many kinds of products. The result is that the penitentiary is almost if not entirely self-supporting.

In Missouri the convicts are at work. They manufacture annually millions of dollars' worth of work clothing, shirts, shoes, brooms, rope, binder twine and various other articles.

At other institutions similar conditions exist where the convict is at work, and through his efforts much of the cost of maintaining the penitentiary for him is paid by the man who makes penitentiaries necessary.

A start has been made in the Oregon penitentiary to put the men to work. They are not all busy, but many of them are. Men can work at those institutions without selecting occupations which offer opportunities to escape. If the proper trades are chosen there need be little of the trusty business.

Oregon should not lag in the movement to keep her convicts busy.

Work is good for the convict and it's good for the state. The faster all convicts at Salem are placed in properly selected trades the faster the state will come to a solution of its convict problem.

The above from the Portland Journal is very good; it shows the sentiment that, if persisted in, will result in making Oregon the model state of the Union in respect to the handling of men and women in prison.

But the case might be put much stronger.

The Minnesota penitentiary is entirely self-supporting, and has been since 1905, and has a surplus of some \$4,000,000 in its revolving fund; and it does not "turn out many kinds of products." It turns out only rope and binder twine, and binders, mowers, rakes and light farm wagons. The making of the farm implements is not profitable there, but the making of rope and binder twine is very profitable, though the sisal comes from Yucatan, Mexico, and the manilla hemp from the Philippines, and a considerable proportion of the labor is free labor. And every worker receives a daily wage, depending partly on skill and partly on the size of the family, if any, on the outside needing support. And this results in the highest percentage of reformations for a prison of that class in the whole world; 85 per cent.

And the Missouri penitentiary is entirely self-supporting, and has a revolving fund surplus of \$9,000,000. Also, the Alabama penitentiary is more than self-supporting; supports itself and helps support the state university; the work being in coal mining, and the prisoners mostly colored men and women. The South Dakota penitentiary is approaching self support, and so is that of Michigan, of Indiana, and a number of others.

The Oregon penitentiary, with its flax industry, will become self-supporting, when it reaches the stage of spinning yarn, and employs all surplus help in making shoes, automobile tags and other non-competitive articles, with gainful work for the last man—and woman; outside of those employed in the kitchens, dining rooms, etc.

And more than this, the Oregon prison will be able to pay a wage scale like that of Minnesota prison at Stillwater.

The main object of a prison should be the reformation of the prisoners. That is so declared by the Oregon Constitution. This does not overlook the protection of society. It conserves it. It reduces the number of repeaters. It tends to stop the breeding of natural moral perverts. It reduces court expenses. It helps the innocent victims on the outside of the prison.

The only way to bring about these things is to give the prisoners work, and to pay them wages; the wages mostly going to the innocent victims (the families) on the outside. It will take the burden entirely from the backs of the taxpayers. The men, for the most part, want to work.

All this is being brought to pass at the Oregon prison, under the revolving fund law. It will gradually reach its full fruition as outlined, while constantly reducing the cost to the taxpayers and finally wiping out the cost to them for good and all.

If only there is no break allowed to come in the present program. It has so far cost not one cent of the money of the taxpayers. It has gradually built up a going business, despite the fearful loss of a destructive fire, setting back the progress for at least a year. All it needs for full and final success is a strong and wellnigh unanimous sentiment built up along the lines of the Portland Journal editorial quoted above.

PROMOTION GIFTS

A distinguished educator declares there is a vast difference between the person who has merely been "through" school and one who is really educated. To go through school and then possess little or no desire for further educational training is to fall far short of the opportunities and privileges of the student.

Graduation is only a milepost along life's pathway and

there should be no faltering at this point. To the well-trained graduate of our high schools and even colleges graduation is and should be the beginning of life's practical training.

Educational development after graduation is obtained through reading and social contact with other educated individuals or organizations. The latter means of development is not easily conferred. It is largely a matter of choice by the individual. Books, however, may become a valuable possession at any time, either by gift or purchase. Why not then choose books for promotion or graduation gifts?

Carlyle declared "The true university is a collection of books." Many an historical figure owes his elevation to high places and responsibilities chiefly to the study of books. Youth or adults possessed with the love of good books have no desire for any other kind. And one who has developed a real desire for profitable reading will continue to educate himself during the years following his school days.

To choose proper books requires keen discrimination and a knowledge of human character. Educated parents, librarians and teachers should be able to give valuable information and assistance to those who hesitate to make the selections. Books possess the element of permanence. Well chosen, they are a source of pleasure and inspiration. The gift of a good book compliments both the giver and the recipient.

THE MERCHANT MARINE

The welfare of the American merchant marine is a great problem and should be given definite consideration by congress. It should no longer be used as a political football to be kicked aimlessly over into any field where there is the loudest shouting or away from where there are the most vigorous threats.

The policy toward our merchant marine should be "Build up America's shipping." If this can be done by preferential tariff favoring American vessels let us have it. If it is necessary to subsidize them let it be done only to the extent that the subsidy on competing foreign vessels shall be overcome. American vessels built by well-paid American labor cannot now compete successfully with European vessels built by low-priced labor and also subsidized by the nation whose flag they carry.

Statistics compiled by the administration shows that some action favoring American shipping must be taken. With our boats practically crowded off the seas, water transportation rates will go up and American export tonnage will be further reduced.

During the eight months ending with February last, American ships conveyed 36.39 per cent in value of our exports and 31.23 per cent of our imports as compared with 39.29 per cent in value of our exports and 32.06 per cent of our imports in the corresponding eight months ending with February, a year ago.

President Coolidge recognizing the need of legislation encouraging the merchant marine has requested a careful survey of this department as a basis for his recommendations to the next session of congress.

The government merchant fleet should be an asset. It is now operated at a loss. It should be kept profitably employed in time of peace and during this time train thousands of men so they will be ready for transference to the navy department in the event of war. Congress should act promptly. No longer should neglect of this economic protective feature of the government be tolerated.

To independent thinking clear expression and prompt action upon matters political the Oregon state grange has just claim.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 479

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GREAT ROOM TO FATHER SPENSER, KATHERINE AND TO MADGE

Grace Draper's hand gripped my arm and urged me forward. I could feel her fingers trembling with the impulse to disregard Harry Underwood's injunction and dig them, talon-like, into my flesh. Urged beyond my accustomed stride, we followed my father, conveyed in similar fashion by Mr. Underwood. And though we marched swiftly, Grace Draper—whose face was still covered by the yashmak veil—seemed eager to catch up with them, as I well knew from her tensing fingers digging into my arm, but they swept on too fast.

Through the upper hall, down two flights of broad stairs, guarded by quality carved old balusters, along the lower square-entrance hall to wide old double-doors we went. Grace Draper and I were still behind Harry Underwood and my father when the double-doors swung open at our approach and admitted us to a room which even through my terror, made a rapturous appeal to my beauty-loving soul.

It was a large room, which I judged was used for private theatricals, for musical functions, for dancing, as need might require. A pipe organ which many a church might envy, two grand pianos; a harp and two or three exquisite music cabinets were the chief furnishings, for there were but half a dozen chairs in the great room. The walls were almost completely hidden by tapestries of breath-taking beauty, and the polished floors were covered with rugs so

rendolent of the Orient that one almost instinctively looked for figures of the Arabian Nights to rise from them.

Across the front of the room was a low platform—a veritable dais brought from medieval days—raised but a sweeping step from the floor. Old gold and blue velvet curtains hung at each side, presumably masking the entrance to wings. A similar drapery was thrown over the back of a tall throne-like chair, and in this was seated a figure I recognized with a renewed clutch of terror at my heart.

A Vindictive Figure.

For the man whom I had seen as Smith, the arrogant land-owner in the Catskill mountains, as the supposedly ignorant Anton, the farmhand in Mr. Briggs' employ, and as the murderous midnight visitor to my own farmhouse, sat facing me. And so fantastic, yet so impressive a figure was he that I felt my pulses thrill to the colorful picture of old-world pageantry he presented, even through they chilled at the malevolence in the eyes which watched our entrance.

That he was a royal exile, Lillian had discovered, and above the tufted eyebrows which had given her the first clue to his identity was a new evidence of the rank to which he still fondly clung. This was a flat black velvet cap of the kind I had seen in pictures of royal personages. An elaborately embroidered robe of purple velvet covered his really superb figure, and many jeweled decorations blazed across his body. One had to admit that he was indeed a kingly figure, though an evil one.

Pride, cruelty and imperiousness were in every line of his face, every posture of his body. I could well believe Lillian's statement that in his own country he had been called "The Unspeakable One," and that the most awful punishment he could receive would be deportation to the land he had misruled, and the vengeance of the peasants there.

Beside him sat a man, evidently an intimate, though of lesser rank whom I guessed to be the Otto who had assisted Smith's escape from the vicinity of Sag Harbor. He leaned deferentially toward his chief, and whispered something

which evidently pleased the former royal personage, for a grim little smile touched his lips as he looked at my father standing by the side of Harry Underwood.

Then, as the stalwart men bearing a stretcher with Joe on it came through the doors, and Katherine's slender figure in her nurse's garb followed it, so fierce and vindictive an expression came over his features that I shuddered and turned my own face away.

The sudden movement focussed my eyes upon the tapestry nearest me, and I saw it sway toward me, then draw back exactly as if some hand were grasping the folds. I wondered vaguely if my brain were giving way when I fancied I heard a slight grating noise.

Grace Draper's fingers tightened convulsively upon my arm, and she jerked me toward her. "Keep your eyes front," she whispered savagely, and the words and action made me know that I had experienced no hallucination. Something—somebody—was behind that tapestry, and Grace Draper knew it, knew who it was and the reason the person was here. That it boded no good for me, I well knew, and I determined to keep alert to what might at any instant happen behind me. No matter what should take place in front of me in that regally appointed room of terror, I must also guard against the danger which lurked behind that now stilled tapestry.

"She Was Goot to Me."

When my eyes again focussed on the dais the stretcher was standing by the foot of the throne-like chair from which leaned the



Jersey City, N. J.—"For years my skin would break out every once in a while—and ointments did very little to help me," writes Robert Koenig. "I read a doctor's article stating that pimply skin usually comes from the stomach—and bowels not getting rid of the poisons. I tried Carter's Little Liver Pills for a few days—and since that time my skin is smooth and clear. Now I tell my friends the right way of getting rid of a broken out skin—and also of steering clear of upset stomach and sick headache. Carter's are all you claim for them." At all Druggists.—Adv.

man I had known as Smith. His eyes were blazing with cruelty, from which Katherine shrank with face as white as parchment. But she could not flee, for each of the stalwart stretcher-bearers remorselessly held her by an arm, and it would have done her no good to run, she well knew, for even better than I she had seen the medieval guards who had seemed to step forth from every corner as we had come down the broad stairs. Out of mists there came to me the concluding words of what must have been virulent accusations which cascaded from the lips of Smith.

"Spy!" he shot at Katherine. "Do you know what we do with spies here? Sometimes we are merciful and we kill them at once." His outstretched hand touched that of Joe's extended pleadingly toward him from the stretcher. The steel of a revolver flashed in Joe's hand as with royal condensation Smith pursued: "You, Joe, may have the pleasure of executing—"

"She was goot to me!" Joe gasped. "I no keel—"

Smith's eyes blazed, his sensuous lips were distorted, he leaned forward like a flash and the

darting fingers that wrenched the revolver from Joe's weak grasp must have pressed the trigger at the instant the barrel pointed at Joe's heart. Even Grace Draper recoiled from the sight—swinging close to the draperies which I thought now parted.

"Now, the Old Man." For a long minute of which my shuddering terror prevented me from taking advantage, she released my arm. Then my arm was grasped again, but so different I thought it was another until with

(Continued on page 8)

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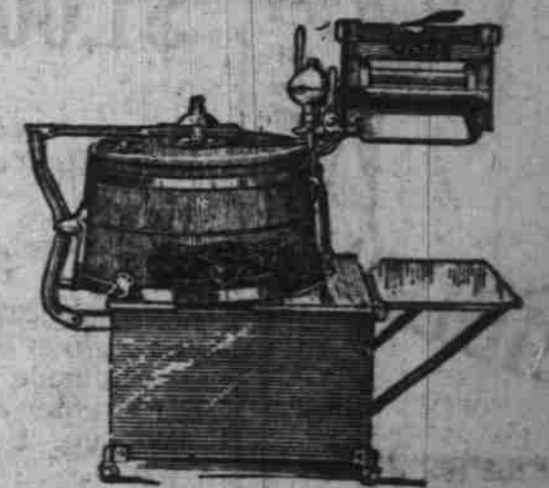
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