

The Oregon Statesman

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April 7, 1926

THE RIGHT RESPONSE—"And Moses came and told the people which the Lord hath said will we do." Ex. 24:3.

OUR WIDE STREETS AND OUR CARS

All the people in Oregon could get into their motor cars this morning, if all of them were so minded, and take a ride, and not be at all crowded—

Because there is one car to four people in this state, with perhaps a few over to fill the seven-passenger cars.

The registrations in Oregon will this year show between 230,000 and 240,000 automobiles, and the population of this state is not far if any above a million.

Every state issues automobile licenses, and so the number is known to the last car. The official figures for last year put the total at 20,051,176. That makes one car for every six persons, to be exact for every 5.3 persons. So our entire population could get into its automobiles at one time and take a ride, provided it didn't try to go over the same highways, as sometimes appears to be the case.

New York has the most automobiles, 1,625,583, but California has the lowest ratio, with one car to every three persons. Oregon's ratio makes a better showing than the average.

Some busy days, on the down town streets of Salem, you will see two lines of automobiles on each side, going in opposite directions—and still there is room for parking. This makes us appreciate our wide streets; 100 feet wide in the down town district.

The time is coming when there will be four lines on each side, and then there will be no room for parking in the style that is now provided.

The automobile manufacturers are all set to turn out 4,000,000 cars this year, if the public wants to buy that many, and whether it does or not, and in spite of the machines that go to the junk heap, the traffic density is bound to be increased somewhat in 1926. Perhaps we are going to a car to a person in time. Who knows?

THE PENITENTIARY INDUSTRIES

The writer did not believe, in the beginnings of the flax industry at the penitentiary, that the institution could ever be made self supporting through that industry alone, excepting by the installation of spinning machinery for making "yarn," and perhaps twine—

But developments are now indicating that full self support may be achieved short of spinning; especially with the development of other suitable industries there.

The flax plant is getting into full operation every day in the year, or working to that end. Retting and drying operations are going on steadily; were commenced months before they were started in former years—

And about 100 bushels a day of flax seed is being threshed, 1000 pounds a day of spinning tow being produced, and 500 pounds of long line fiber, besides a quantity of upholstering tow, and some ground seed for the drug trade for poultices, and some bolls for sale to the makers of stock feed—leaving only the shives or waste, now being burned, and making a saving of \$20 to \$30 a day in fuel cost.

This all brings a gross cash value for the output of the state flax industry of over \$500 a day. But this will be increased by putting in more scutchers. It will be increased again by putting in machines for treating the cut flax straw. It will likely be increased still more by putting in a plant of recent French invention (the patents now being owned by a big English concern that builds ships and other things), that rets and dries the flax with the use of steam and hot water and dry air, along with a chemical that does not affect the quality of the fiber. This will supplement the retting that must now have sunshine for drying.

The scutching is already arranged to be carried on every day in the year, with humidifiers in the scutching mill, similar to those used in the Henry Ford plant near Detroit, Mich.

So, finally, the state flax plant may take on 3000, 4000 or more acres of flax each year, and treat it, with the aid of modern machinery and appliances; getting a much larger output per man employed; taking the gross revenue up to \$1000 a day, and thus aiding the linen mills established and to be established here.

More than this, it may quit burning the waste and convert it into paper string, worth about 10 cents a pound. This waste on the basis of the present operations is about two and a half tons a day. The waste of the waste (shives) would be about 500 pounds a day. So, on the present basis of operations, the paper string may bring in over \$400 a day; and, of course, double that amount, when the output of the other products shall have been doubled—

And that would put the institution on more than a self supporting basis; besides providing a small wage for every worker—

And, more than this, it will furnish a tremendous impetus to flax growing and linen making in the Salem district; for what can be done with the waste at the penitentiary can be done with it in other scutching plants, located throughout the district, like those already at Turner and Stayton, and at other places. If there only one

stalled at the penitentiary for \$20,000. This matter is now being investigated, and plans prepared.

This flax waste is suitable for combining with the kraft paper process, and making a very high quality of ledger and similar papers.

Thus the time is at hand when the linen industry and the paper making industry here in the Salem district, and throughout western Oregon, will go together; each adding to the enduring stability of the other.

Do you get the vision? The pioneers in the flax industry here builded wiser than they knew. They started something that will grow greater with the years, and will last as long as water runs and grass grows.

The above was written partly to answer numerous inquiries. The attention of many people has been attracted to our flax and linen industries. It should be stated, in this connection, that very thorough book keeping methods are now being employed in the state flax industry, from the growing flax in the field to the finished product. The people will thus know just what farmers should get for their flax. They will know every detail of cost, up to the turning out of the finished product. They will be able to trace back to every acre of land that grows flax. These things, so important for general information and understanding, have heretofore been done in ways that gave very faulty information. There will be no secrets here after. This is public business, and the public will hereafter be furnished with all the details of transactions and operations.

Marion county is to have a bee inspector, and his services will not cost the general taxpayers a cent. His pittance pay will come from the bee keepers, who will be very glad to make their contributions, for their own protection against bee diseases. Marion county has been far too long in providing a bee inspector. She is several jumps behind Polk county in this respect, but she will catch up in good time.



FOUR

The day that John Ingate was thirty his mother, watching the way he conducted himself in the company of the young women she had assembled at his birthday party, decided that he was "woman-proof"; that he would never marry. He was coldly formal and courteous with them, and apparently bored. They were all the young women of the town she deemed sufficiently eligible to be her daughter-in-law.

The truth of the matter was that he was "fed up" on his mother's and his sister's interference in his affairs, and indelibly associated their ways with all of the women of his class.

Mrs. Ingate has been disturbed by the spectacle, and yet not ill-pleased. It was irregular for a man not to want to continue a family tradition handed down to him by his grandfather and father in turn; that there must be a John Ingate trained and ready to step into the presidency of John Ingate's Sons, Inc., when it was vacated by death. On the other hand she disliked the idea of living a lonely life, with both her children married. She had resolved never to live with either, and have grandchildren under foot, and daughters-in-law looking upon her as an intruder.

Naturally the news that John was seriously in love with this MacLurie girl was disturbing. For two reasons. It would be a social comedown, she felt. Further, more, it would make it certain that she must live a lonely life. For she could never even visit John if he married Eve MacLurie. Their magnetisms were different, and uncompromising. They would never be able to get along, it was plain. At the very moment when John Ingate, in the privacy of his office, was proposing marriage to Eve MacLurie, his mother was weeping upon her pillow in the stuffy old suite in the ancient Ingate mansion that she would never allow to be changed.

Eve, facing her employer, could not blurt out what was upon her lips. Some power held a finger upon her mouth.

"Is it because you don't love me?" John pressed.

Impulsively she shook her head. His eyes brightened and he leaped toward her. "Oh, Eve, my darling—"

"Wait, John wait!" It was the first time she had ever called him by his first name. "Wait—I love Clay, too."

John Ingate, in the act of grabbing her into his arms, stopped stark still.

"Then you don't love me?"

"Yes—Oh, John, I love you both, I do."

He studied her, puzzled.

"I do," she repeated, trying to make him understand.

"I don't see how you can love both of us," he said slowly.

"But I do. I've—Oh, I've been in torment since yesterday. I've tried to decide, I think I have—"

"No, Eve, I don't think you love both of us. You love Clay, or you love me." His eyes held hers relentlessly, seeking the truth.

"Oh, why can't I love both of you?" she broke out in anguish.

"A mother has love two children—"

world for each man? Only one—"

John Ingate sat down again, stiffly. "What would you say, Eve, if I told you that I loved two women—that I loved another as much as I loved you; no less no more?" He was puzzled, distraught.

"I would believe it if you told me so, John," she replied with passionate earnestness.

The response struck him silent for a moment. He wanted to believe her, but couldn't.

"I'm afraid it is Clay you love, Eve," he said huskily. "You just don't want to tell me. . . . If you really loved me, you would not doubt it; you would be sure." He arose. "I—perhaps we'd better"

She comprehended that he thought they ought to separate; that either he or she ought to leave the office. She also arose. Her legs trembled, she shivered; she sat down again.

John Ingate made as if to go, then turned. "I think I understand, Eve, you don't want to hurt me. I understand. That's good of you, Eve. I like you for it." His voice was huskier. "I think I'll go." He grabbed his hat and went out.

Eve sat staring after him. He didn't, he wouldn't understand. Clay would. . . . Yes. Clay would. . . . She would go to Clay now. . . . Her heart was suddenly at ease.

The door opened as she was going forward toward it, and John Ingate re-entered the room. She was startled by the change in his expression. He seemed like a new man. He had fought a battle with himself. He looked confident now. He was John Ingate, the businessman, again. The other John Ingate, the lover, had gone out.

"I hope you are feeling better," he said, not unkindly, but with repressed feeling. "If you wish, you may go home for the rest of the day. . . . I am sorry I lost control of myself."

Eve eyed him wonderingly. She hadn't supposed he could be like this the man she loved. He was apologizing, regretfully, for having told her he loved her, as if he realized now that he had made a mistake. She felt humiliated.

"I think I will, Mr. Ingate," she said. "I'll have Miss Copley come in and finish the dictation." She opened the door.

"Wait, Eve, wait. . . . Please close the door." He repeated the order as she hesitated.

"As a friend, Eve," he went on, "I want to say a few things to you. As a friend. Please think this matter over carefully. I'm not considering myself now. . . . Clay is a weak fellow. He's spoiled. He has a temper. . . . He—Oh, it's caddish of me to talk about him, but I don't think you've considered him deeply enough, Eve. He's weak, I tell you."

She nodded. "Yes, John, Clay is weak. That's why I love him. He needs me. . . . I am going to marry him."

In a moment she had closed the door behind her, leaving John Ingate with bowed head and clenched fists.

(To be continued.)

In the next installment: A Woman's Way.

Random—Local growers plant the quantity of broccoli as an

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

All correspondence for this department must be signed by the writer, must be written on one side of the paper only, and should not be longer than 150 words.

Would Start Newspaper Editor Statesman:

I am sorry I haven't got the qualification and financial means that it requires to publish a newspaper. I would give it a new name, for we American farmers are always falling over ourselves and one another for something new. Now comes with something new in the way of seed flax, and credit, are expected to attend. Not for the love of seeing a man die upon the gallows, but because the public, by whose will the death penalty is exacted, has a right to know the manner in which its will is carried out by prison officials.

Wholesale admittance of the public is impossible. Your representatives, newsmen, replace you in the death chamber. So in the courts, the public representative, the press, remains the quiet spectator of the dramas people write with their lives. This workable theory, guaranteeing admittance of the public's representative, was sustained when the Oregon supreme court wrote:

"The Oregon statutes specifically declares that all officers having the custody of any state or county records in this state shall furnish reasonable opportunity for the inspection and examination thereof to all persons having occasion to make examination of them for any lawful purpose."

"Obviously, the term 'all officers' includes the clerk of Deschutes county, and the term 'all persons' embrace the petitioner, and the purpose of the petitioner is lawful."

The opinion was written by Justice George M. Brown, with Justice Bean and Belt and Chief Justice McBride concurring.

The court Tuesday also dissolved pending disposal of an appeal a temporary injunction issued a week ago prohibiting the grazing

reporter, competent and trained, is thereby enabled to learn facts which he, in turn, can present to thousands of readers whose right to information is undented.

But the underlying principle had not been firmly established then. The Eagle's reported was denied inspection of books, containing public facts. Reporting to his chief, editions appeared on the streets bearing that freedom-of-the-press slogan, "there is no such thing as a private-public document." Since that time, right of press inspection has seldom been denied.

Next week Arthy Cody will die in the state penitentiary for the slaying of a sheriff. Witnesses are restricted. Newspapers, duly credited, are expected to attend. Not for the love of seeing a man die upon the gallows, but because the public, by whose will the death penalty is exacted, has a right to know the manner in which its will is carried out by prison officials.

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The court Tuesday also dissolved pending disposal of an appeal a temporary injunction issued a week ago prohibiting the grazing

of sheep on certain unenclosed lands in Jackson county. The injunction was sought by the Big Butte Horse and Cattle association, with Alex Anderson and other sheep owners named as defendants. The lower court held in favor of the sheep owners.

Other opinions handed down by the supreme court Tuesday follow: Blake Shaw, appellant, vs. E. B. Moon and F. R. Fortner, city recorder and ex-officio justice of the peace for the city of Wasco; appeal from Sherman county; action to recover personal property. Opinion by Justice Belt. Judge D. R. Parker reversed.

W. A. Barrett and J. J. Barrett vs. Union Bridge company, a corporation; appeal from Linn county; petition for rehearing denied in opinion by Justice Rand.

Thomas Hanson, an incompetent, by Ansavilla Hanson, guardian, appellant, vs. Johnson Contracting company; appeal from

Multnomah county; action to recover money for services; case remanded in opinion by Justice Coshaw.

Mary E. Ogden vs. C. V. Ogden, appellant; appeal from Douglas county; suit for divorce. Opinion by Justice Burnett. Judge J. W. Hamilton affirmed.

Warren Lumber company, appellant, vs. J. H. Smith and others; appeal from Clatsop county; suit to foreclose material man's lien. Opinion by Justice Bean. Judge T. E. J. Duffy reversed.

A. M. Dickerson and Caroline H. Dickerson vs. Herbert Cox and Nancy Cox, appellants; appeal from Washington county; suit to foreclose real estate mortgage. Opinion by Justice Bean. Judge George R. Bagley affirmed.

Robert B. Rice appellant, vs. Nellie N. Rice; appeal from Multnomah county; suit for divorce. Opinion by Justice Rand. Judge George R. Bingham affirmed.

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NEW SHOW TODAY WED. THURS. SAT.

A deceitful, dangerous she devil transformed into a repentant, lovable angel—through love

MAE MURRAY in *The Masked Bride*

Brand New ANDY GUMP COMEDY

HEILIG LEAH HOLT AT THE ORGAN

25¢ matinees! 35¢ nights

Bits For Breakfast

Here is an idea:

Why not boost for a highway through the Minto pass?

Why may not Salem help to put this over, and thus give this city the most direct connection with the heart of the eastern Oregon country?

It can be done, if we will all go to work at it, and keep it up persistently. Congressional action will have to be had, perhaps, on account of the forest reserve. But Salem is surely entitled to such consideration. Then help may be had from Jefferson county, and from the people of Bend and other live cities just over the Cascades from Salem.

Legumes is the Slogan subject tomorrow. The Salem district is coming on in this field; fine. If you can help the Slogan editor, please do so, today.

Bert Haney's talk before the Salem Kiwanis club yesterday was good. The present program for the federal ownership and operation of ships must be followed; absolutely. That is all we can have for the present. But the right way is to give preferential duties to American ships. That will get the government out of the shipping business. It will create a merchant marine on a permanent basis. It will cost nothing.

Mr. Haney also has the right idea about the importance of developing new markets in the South and Central American countries, and in Japan and China and the rest of the Orient. These are the great fields of the future for Pacific coast business.

FREE PRESS BATTLE RECALLED BY DECISION

(Continued from page 1)

Haner, county clerk of Deschutes county, a newspaper sought to examine public records. In so doing, the newspaper was acting on the justifiable fact that one man, a

RED PEPPER HEAT STOPS BACKACHE

The heat of red peppers takes the "ouch" from a sore, lame back. It can not hurt you, and it certainly ends the torture at once.

When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub, and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers.

Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Pain and soreness are gone.

Ask any druggist for a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.