

## The Oregon Statesman

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May 14, 1926

VERIFICATION: "Thou shalt rise up before the heavy head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God." Lev. 19:32.

## HOW BIG WILL SALEM BE?

"Salem will have 50,000 people; she will grow steadily into 100,000 population; she will have 500,000, and she will have a million people. And when? As fast as she uses her water powers and develops her potential agricultural resources, and manufactures her raw products."

That was the opening statement of an article on this page of The Statesman of yesterday, at which a cynical and skeptical friend, direct descendant of the twin Thomas Didymus, casts a doubting verbal stone.

Well, Salem is a city of over 25,000 people now, and she is using a peak load of only 7500 horse power in making her electric lights and running her electrically driven machinery. There can be developed, at comparatively low cost, water powers now running to waste, within a radius of 50 miles of Salem, of 250,000 horse power, a million horse power within 100 miles; three million within 150 miles and four million within two hundred miles.

And the raw materials can be produced in the Willamette valley, in the Salem trading district, to justify the harnessing of all this power—and this will ultimately be done.

Belfast, built up and maintained by the linen industry, has about 600,000 people. Ultimately Salem will make twice as much linen as Belfast, and this district will grow all the flax, whereas Belfast imports all but about 15 per cent of her flax. Our flax and linen industries alone will finally justify a city of half a million people here. And we will have a great hemp industry to go with it, producing the raw materials for it, too.

We will irrigate our lands and put lime on them and rotate our crops and build up a great sugar industry, fostering an enormous live stock and packing and dairy industry. In our fruit and nut industries, large already, we have only made a fair start. In paper making, we are only beginning. The Willamette valley will be one great orchard and truck garden, with crop rotations and soil fertilization that will make present crops seem like child's play. We will have still water in the Willamette. There will be a great mining district in the Santiam region, and the great eastern half of the valley counties will pour untold forest and other wealth into the lap of Salem.

Then we will have a million people here; the most prosperous and contented million people on earth; and ten millions in the Salem district. How long? Who knows? It took Los Angeles only the span of a short life time to build on sand dunes not worth a dollar an acre a city of over a million people.

## LOWER RATES ON LIME

Efforts are being made to secure lower rates on lime; lower freight charges on the lime rock from near Gold Hill to the penitentiary, and a reduced tariff on shipments of the ground product to valley and coast county points.

And this would be a great thing. There is scarcely an acre of land in all these counties that is not acid; that cannot be enhanced in crop production value by the application of agricultural lime, and the immediate response on the part of the farmers of this section has been a great surprise.

Their response to the opportunity to get their lime at a lower cost, and in any quantity desired, at the state lime plant, recently removed to the prison.

The rate on the rock was \$2.50 a ton. It has been reduced to \$2.05. The rates on the ground product have been reduced, too.

But in neither case are they any thing like as low as are granted by the railroads in many eastern sections.

Such men as Tom Livesley and the managers of the Horst hop yards have been using lime for several years, at a much higher cost than the present, and on some of the richest land in the valley. Such men do not have to be educated on the value of lime.

But think of the vast demand that will come about when all of our people know of the benefits of lime on their land.

There are vast acres here worth nothing whatever now that will be brought up to high values with the use of lime.

This will vastly increase the revenues of the railroads. They would surely be justified in giving the lowest possible rates in order to secure the largest possible use of lime.

## EVE'S TWO LOVERS

EDGAR POE NORRIS

THIRTY-TWO

The search for a home continued until after evening shadows began to dance behind the foot-lights provided by Central City's "great white way."

After a succession of futile visits to every house that bore a "TO RENT" sign, they found themselves in Lincoln street, where the "frenzied but appropriate" appellation of "Valley of Lemons" because of the number of boarding and rooming houses of the very ordinary sort located there. This was the abode of the families men who earned their bread and buttered boots in Noble Harwood's National Axle & Bearing Co. plant.

Eve surveyed the gloomy expanse of huge houses, depressing monuments to the expansive tastes of the gaudy ninties, and remarked without enthusiasm: "I suppose there are many places down here."

"Yeah, but we don't want to live in any of them."

"We probably can afford a furnished apartment down here."

"Aw, we don't want to live down here. You know we couldn't invite people down here to see us. Why, they'd—"

"No," said Eve reprovingly. "Sensible people don't expect young married couples to have much. . . . And you know as well as I do that most of them can't afford the grand scale they start on."

"Oh, possibly not. But I don't want to live in Lincoln street. . . . We can afford one of these apartments on Madison. They're only—"

Eve momentarily lost patience with her husband. "Yes, they're ONLY—ONLY! Only one hundred dollars and that is more than we can afford. Why, you know we went along better streets in Chicago where apartments were advertised for less than that. . . . But I suppose Central City is the highest priced place in the state."

Clay ended the argument abruptly. "I'm tired. Let's go home. We can look tomorrow. That's when most rental places are open to inspection anyway. We can go to an agent's place tomorrow, and have him ride us around until we see something we like."

"Yes, for the Lord's sake, ride around. I'm nearly dead after this jaunt today."

Mother Wales greeted them questioning on their return. Eve felt impelled to report. "We haven't found exactly what we want yet. We're going to look again tomorrow."

The elder woman did not directly reply. After considering Eve's words momentarily, she spoke to Clay: "You pa is upstairs."

Eve looked up eagerly. She was curious about Clay's father, whom she never had seen. She had been told that he was a big, red, rough fellow, a locomotive engineer, crude but kind; oppressed by his wife, but satisfied with his lot in life.

"I'll run up and see him," Clay said, striding toward the stairs. "You come up, Eve, when I whistle."

"Your pa is in his bath," Mrs. Wales announced firmly.

"Oh!" Clay turned back.

Eve smiled and retreated into the "parlor." From there, a moment later, she heard Mrs. Wales addressing her son in low tones. She strained her ears to hear, but could not. Were they talking about her? She had an irresistible impulse to eavesdrop. Moving swiftly and carefully around the room, she settled down by a door upon the piano stool. She was not aware that this stool was placed almost directly in line with a mirror which permitted persons in the hall near the doorway to see what was going on in the room.

She was so intent upon what was being said that she did not consider the possibility of being discovered. As a matter of fact she really didn't consider herself as doing anything wrong; didn't consider at all. . . . Abruptly she realized that Mrs. Wales was watching her in the mirror. She flushed.

Clay joined her, with it seemed to Eve, a hurt expression.

The sudden appearance of Clay's father saved her from what might have been an embarrassing scene. "Ah-ha, my first and only daughter-in-law," he enthused, in his crude way. "Ain't it customary for father-in-law to welcome new daughters to the fold with a kiss?"

"It ought to be customary," said Eve warmly, frowning up to him. Henry Wales enjoyed the kiss. Men never get too old to appreciate a pretty woman.

Eve, backed away feeling a

slight repugnance. The odor of tobacco was strong upon the old man's breath, and mingled with it, she thought, was the smell of whiskey.

Mrs. Wales was a good cook but she had no imagination about menus, and the meal she served that evening was the conventional one of meat and potatoes, and heavy dessert, with the usual trimmings. Eve was not particularly hungry, but she made a pretense of eating. Clay, she noticed, ate ravenously, as did his father. The latter began the meal with an effort toward the observation of etiquette about which the popular priced tomes on the subject grow hysterical, but soon subconsciously grew careless. When he had cleared his plate he looked up, clearing his closed mouth with his tongue and after feasting his eyes upon Eve, said: "Well, are you young folks coming to live with us?"

Eve, startled and not knowing whether this was an invitation or a rebuke, glanced in confusion at Clay.

"I don't think so, dad," said the latter. "We're looking around for a place."

"Be mighty glad to have you. Fine to have young people around. Makes you feel young yourself." Mr. Wales smiled, being unaware at the moment of the burning look his wife was leveling upon him.

Eve, watching Clay, was afraid that her husband wanted to stay. It would be an easy solution of their problem, but it was one she did not want to accept. She wanted a home of her own, if it was only a single room.

(To be continued.)

Does Clay dash her hopes of having a place of her own? See the next instalment. In it John Ingate again casts a shadow over their happiness.

## THIRTY-THREE

"Well, I don't know, Dad," was Clay's reply.

Eve frowned. She saw that her husband was about to continue, and broke in: "I don't think it is wise for young married couples to live with either parents. They ought to solve their problems alone. But it's awfully kind of you to suggest it, Mr. Wales."

Clay's mother, relieved, nodded. "Henry and me didn't live with anybody when we got married. We had a one-room shack down by the railroad, and made a few pieces of furniture, and I'll tell you we were mighty happy. These young people of today have to have too much to be happy, and still they aren't happy. And they can't afford it."

"I don't intend for us to start out heavily in debt," Eve observed. "We'll get just the necessary things and pay as we go."

"You're exactly right," said Mrs. Wales, feeling a new interest in her daughter-in-law.

"When Henry and me was married, we didn't have anything but a bed, a table and a cook stove. Married folks didn't start out with a whole household of pianos and things in those days, unless they were lucky enough to have somebody to give it to them. And that didn't happen often, because there were always eight or ten children in the family, and the older ones had to get out as soon as they could, with so many mouths to feed."

Mrs. Wales gazed reflectively out of the window. "I really believe people were happier in those days, at that," she went on. "There wasn't so many things for them not to be able to afford, so they were content."

"You're always thinkin' of the past, mother," said Clay's father, not unkindly.

"Pa, when folks get as old as me and you, the past is the best thing to think about. There ain't no future to cheer you up. . . . I never felt so old as today, as I was fixing things for my son's bride."

"Only yesterday he was runnin' to me whenever he got his finger cut. And now here he is, pa, with a wife."

Clay felt very badly whenever his mother fell into her present tone. Eve noticed his discomfort and cast her eyes down.

"Aw, you got many years to live, mother," said Mr. Wales, comfortingly. "We can have a second honeymoon now. We'll go down tomorrow and get you a new dress."

Mrs. Wales, a faraway mistiness about her eyes, shook her head and sighed.

Eve was thinking of this scene around the table when she went out with Clay in the evening to go to a movie. They had asked the

ol talks to accompany them, but pa was too tired. Mrs. Wales told them. Pa's protests that this wasn't so, were ineffectual.

"Your mother is going to miss you, Clay," Eve said.

"Oh, yes, she'll miss a nuisance." There was just a little bitterness about the way he said "nuisance" that made her frown, and she changed the subject.

Clay, sluggish after his heavy meal, was bored with the movie, and wanted to leave before it was over. "All she can do is pose," he said contemptuously of Gladys Glanders, who, her press agent declares, gets \$2,000,000 a year.

But Eve, chafing because of his indifference, made him stay until the end. He did not offer to take her into Cary's for refreshments, as usual. She noted this, not because she wanted any of the sticky, indigestible "refreshments" served there, but because she took it as an indication of changing attitude. Clay Wales, lover, was becoming Clay Wales, husband.

"Let's get up bright and early in the morning, and go look around again for a place," she suggested, as they walked home in the soft, balmy air.

"I'm willing; but where are we going to look? I'm not so sure we can find a mansion for fifty dollars a month, as you seem to think. We're either going to have to pay a stiff price, or live in one of those hovels down in Lincoln street."

She got the idea he was endeavoring to be sarcastic. "I don't think you're showing the right spirit," she answered, simply.

"Well, where are we going to look?"

"The Sunday papers always have lots of houses listed. We'll visit every one, apartments, cottages, bungalows and all."

"All right," he said resignedly. They walked along in silence for several blocks. Then Clay abruptly exclaimed: "I've got it! I know what we can do. . . . Let's build a place. We can get the money from a building and loan association on a note."

"But you have to have a first payment. Besides, we haven't anyone to go on our notes. I don't think we should ask your father or mine."

"John Ingate."

Eve regarded him in amazement, doubtful that he was sincere.

Clay read her glance. "Well, why not," he protested. "I don't see how you can think of such a thing!"

Her husband was unable to see any reason for such forceful displeasure.

"You would expect me to ask him to do it, I suppose, she said. "That wouldn't be necessary. I could speak to him about it."

John Ingate was shadowing their happiness again.

(To be continued.)

What does John Ingate say when Eve goes to him for help? See the next instalment.

Before an audience of 3000 women from all parts of the country, an elaborately staged and produced pageant is to be given at Milwaukee, April 24, under the auspices of the National Y. W. C. A. The theme will be woman's progress since the pre-Christian era, a series of episodes under the title of "Forward Through the Ages."

Miss Era Bestner, author and director, will be in charge of the production. Nearly 800 people will appear.

## LISTEN IN

DINNER CONCERT  
6:00-7:00—KFWV (212), Portland.  
6:00-7:00—KQW (491) Portland.

MUSIC  
7:15-10:00—KFWV (212), Portland.  
Spartan's hour and trio, concert, orchestra, 7:30-7:50. The Parker quartet, 10:00-10:30. The Owl, 10:30-11:00.

6:00-9:30—KTRZ (263) Portland. Program: 6:00-6:30, orchestra; 6:30-7:00, orchestra; 7:00-7:30, orchestra; 7:30-8:00, orchestra; 8:00-8:30, orchestra; 8:30-9:00, orchestra.

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