

# The Oregon Statesman

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BLESSING AND CURSING—"Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee." Nu. 24:9.

## PAVE THE EXTRA 50 BLOCKS

It is said that there are 50 blocks that ought to be paved this year in Salem—

In addition to the 100 blocks on the program; the 100 that can be finished by the present equipment working an eight hour shift.

The owners of the extra 50 blocks have petitioned or are anxious to petition for the paving. They will pay the cost of the paving, less that of the intersections, which is borne by the city; or general bonds issued against the amount of their cost.

So it becomes a matter of preference. The owners of the last 50 blocks are as much entitled to have their paving done this year by the city paving plant as are the owners of the 100 blocks on the program for this year.

The only difficulty seems to be the possibility that the city might get beyond its ability to pay the interest on the bonds that would be issued to pay for the paving of the intersections of the extra 50 blocks.

Some way out of this ought to be found.

Ways ought to be found to pave all the streets the abutting property holders want paved, and are willing to pay for—

And not to wait another year, which might mean two years, or indefinitely.

The writer has been voicing the wish that a paved highway may be built over the Cascades by way of the Minto pass—to connect the great central Willamette valley with the great central Oregon country by the shortest feasible route. Well, the Hogg pass, then. But the first thing should be an extension of the new highway from Detroit to Niagara to the Breitenbush hot springs. That would give Salem an added attraction for tourists. The Breitenbush hot springs are among the greatest of natural wonders. Clackamas county is moving for a paved highway to the Willhoit springs. That would give Salem easy access to that health resort. We cannot get too many attractions for the tourist harvest that comes and will come in greater abundance each year.

## "THE DYNAST OF THE FAT"

In the biographical sketch in the Congressional Directory of Edgar Howard, who represents the Third Nebraska district in the lower branch of our national law making body, appears the following statement:

"Admitted to the bar in 1885; held offices of probate judge, member of the Nebraska legislature and lieutenant governor of Nebraska, holding contemporaneously THE HIGHER OFFICE of editor of a country newspaper, and still in that estate; married at lawful age to Elizabeth Paisley Burch, a native Nebraska girl; still married."

That is certainly complimentary to the estate of a country editor—

But the principal object of printing the above lines is to give a background to the following paragraphs of a speech of Mr. Howard in the house on June 2, and printed in the Congressional Record of that date:

Seriously, my friends, do you know the present situation is dangerous? First let me tell you I am an optimist always and never a pessimist; but I am afraid. I view the situation apprehensively. We have one vast interest in control of our government. There is no use to deny it. We are doing the best we can as individuals, but we appear to be handicapped by that vast interest which is more powerful than we. I designate that interest fairly, my friends, under the designation of the Morgan-Mellon group of international bankers.

We talk a good deal about Mussolini over the sea. Do not you know that our American Mussolini is far more powerful than Benito over the sea? And rules here more absolutely than Benito over in Italy.

What is going to be the end of it all, my friends? I want to tell you earnestly some words spoken not long ago by the greatest living poet in the world. He had been talking about this invisible government about which we have been talking here, and he personified it under the name of the Dynast of the Fat. He had been talking about that great monarch, and he had been talking about him: in a manner which you may regard in one light and I in another. Now, mind you, I told you that I am an optimist; I am never a pessimist. It does not matter to me—yes; it does matter to me; yet still I shall say that no matter what may happen in this country of ours I am a believer in the good horse sense of the American people; and although disorder may come, I am a believer in the gospel that the good horse sense of the American people will quickly bring order out of any chaotic situation which may arise.

But let me tell you about what this wonderful poet said not long ago when he personally addressed this Dynast of the Fat. I want to quote him accurately, because somebody may ask me about the lines of this wonderful poet, whom I designate as the greatest of living poets. I read:

Behold potential plenty for us all;  
 Behold the pauper and the plutocrat;  
 Behold the signs, prophetic of thy fall,  
 O, Dynast of the Fat!

Lo, even now the haunting, spectral scrawl,  
 Lo, even now the beat of hidden wings,  
 The ghosts of millions through thy banquet hall,  
 O, gullitist and last of all the kings!

Beware the furies stirring in the gloom!  
 They mutter from the mines, the mills, the slums,  
 No lie shall stay or mitigate thy doom—  
 The red wind comes!

Think it over, gentlemen. That is the way men are thinking now when they see our representative form of government set aside for a one-man Mussolini government. That is the way men are thinking. It will be well for all of us to think what this greatest of all living poets has said to the Dynast of the Fat. Think it over.

Some of his fellow members attempting to get Mr. Howard to tell the name of the greatest living poet to whom he referred, but he would not answer, pleading that his time had expired, excepting to repeat, "the greatest living poet." Whereupon a fellow member said: "I congratulate the state of Nebraska." (Meaning, of course, that the "greatest living poet" was Howard himself.)

A great deal is being said in and out of congress along the line indicated by the speech of Representative Howard, by members of Howard's party (for he is a Democrat), and by those of other political affiliations—

And late primary election returns from several states indicate that the public mind of this country is disturbed over the situation—

Leaving one to wonder if President Coolidge can afford, for his political future, to continue to carry the load he is carrying in the persons of several members of his cabinet.

## Bits For Breakfast

Better weather—

And more of it promised—

For the cherries and berries and the pickers. Cool and pleasant.

The board of directors of the Y. M. C. A. had its first regular meeting in the new building yesterday. The swimming pool will not be finished for a few weeks. In the meantime, plans are being made for a big membership drive. If this can be put over as planned, and all the rooms kept rented, the amount of funds asked for on general subscriptions will not be as large as in the old building, though the budget will be more than twice as large. It will be about \$25,000 a year.

Gordon E. Tower, orchardist of the cottage (asylum) farm is already picking ripe peaches from the Mayflower trees there—as fine as any country can produce. The trees are only four years old. Is this not a suggestion for the general growing of an early peach here for the market? It is worth looking into, by our growers.

Statesman advertiser says he has 285 feet of parking space near his store. That ought to be an inducement; would accommodate something like 40 automobiles.

F. A. Legge has a lot of Bing, Black Republican and Black Tartarian cherries that he will let you pick and pay him half the market price. 1499 State street. Phone 904-J No doubt he will get all his cherries picked on this proposition.

A Lake Labish grower says the old mint patches down that way look fine, though some of the new plantings did not make as good stands as they might. He says he has heard from the big Michigan mint districts, and the growers there were not expecting more than half a crop, owing to untimely freezing weather in the spring. That sounds good for fair prices again this year for peppermint oil, if not boom prices like last year. The same man says everything else in the "lake" district is all right, including clover seed, a big crop down that way. The Lake Labish lettuce growers have already shipped out more cars than they expected for the whole season; something like 20, including local demand. And fine lettuce, too.



FIFTY-TWO

If Madeline Overstreet had not been there, Eve's answer to John Ingate's invitation might have been different. Any means of getting away from Madeline would have appealed to Eve at that moment. She was worn out and unnerved by her cousin's garbally and inquisitiveness. And so Eve, after giving half a glance at the

visitor, told John "yes." "How soon shall I drive by for you?" was his answering question. "In about half an hour," she would like to have said five minutes. "Very well, you may expect me." Eve put up the receiver with decision. "You'll have to rush through, Madeline. Mr. Ingate is coming by to take me to his house—to do some work." In her code a half truth was the same as a lie, but her conscience never hurt her when she lied to a person like Madeline.

"All right." But as Eve went hurriedly about clearing away the dishes, Madeline gave no evidence of "rushing," continuing to eat in her languid, pseudo-mannered way, with the result that Eve's annoyance began to show. She grabbed all of the furnishings of the table except the Madeline's plate and fork, piled them in the sink in the kitchenette and began pulling in the dressing table that was concealed by the folding bed, for her best dress, the evening gown she had obtained in Chicago on her honeymoon. It came to light full of wrinkles.

"You'll have to let me have the table, Madeline. I must press this dress." The visitor got up without giving an indication of any intention to carry the remaining plate to the kitchenette and surveyed her cousin as she fumbled with her hair. "Gee, you're going to get all dressed up to go to the boss' house."

Eve did not trouble to reply, but cleared the table spread over it a sheet from the linen closet at hand and connected the electric iron. "Maybe he'd drop me off at home," Madeline suggested. "Of course not! He doesn't know you and his car isn't a taxicab. Please run on, Madeline; I have so much to do." She no longer tried to be patient.

The visitor put on her coat leisurely, spending more than one minute before the mirror in the bathroom dabbing her nose. "Well, if Clay steps out, you have a right

to, to, and I would if I were you," she called out.

"Don't be silly Madeline." "Well, goodbye. Have a good time." From the door the blonde threw a kiss. "Don't take any wooden nickles—or kisses." Her chuckle could be heard as the door closed behind her. Eve turned off the iron, slipped out of the housedress, grabbed new underclothing from the concealed dresser and dashed into the bathroom. When the bell rang fifteen minutes later she was almost ready. She was not satisfied with the effect her gown made and stood studying it critically, perched upon a chair, for an awkward minute. It looked rather used and dowdy. The pressing had not helped much. But it was the best she had. She shrugged. No use, anyway, trying to make Mrs. Ingate and Josephine think she wore expensive clothing.

To her surprise John turned the car into Washington street instead of toward his home, but she did not speak, thinking that he had a mission to perform downtown. But when he passed through the business district in Main Street and on into Broadway a frown wrinkled her brow. The country club? She didn't want to go there. What would she look like? And besides, it would be embarrassing to be seen in public with John Ingate now. Besides, how could she explain to Clay?

"I've certainly missed having someone across the diner table from me," he remarked after a while. "Have your mother and sister gone away?" "Oh, no, I'm down at the club. I thought I mentioned it—told you to have me called there if anything came up."

"I didn't know—" The turn of her thought cut short what she was going to say. Then they weren't going to Ingate's house? Where was he taking her? Oh, she mustn't be seen in a public place with him. . . .

"Where are we going?" "Lone Pine Inn. . . I—er, didn't think you would wish to be seen with such an iniquitous creature as myself in one of the downtown places. It's quite jolly out at the inn. . . I wish Clay could have come with us." (Of course he didn't wish that.)

What to do! How was she to extract herself from this dilemma? Not that she felt she was doing something wrong. No, people would misunderstand. And how could she ever explain to Clay? Oh! The idea of asking him to take her back, of pleading illness, surged forward. . . No, she couldn't do it. Lone Pine Inn was far out and no one she knew would see them. She tried to take comfort in the thought. . . .

The car stopped under a blazing sign: "Pine Tree Inn—romantic rendezvous of tired business men." Many women, but no wives. Eve stared up at the sign and

hesitated. This was no place to be seen, and especially with John Ingate—now. Shouldn't she turn back? But again her nerve failed her. She couldn't hurt him. He would be careful. . . She got out and went in on his arm. They took a table in a shaded corner, and this, in Eve's mind, only made matters worse, although she knew John Ingate had chosen it to save her from curious eyes. . . Oh, why had she come anyway! . . .

The next half hour was a nightmare, and she concealed her discomfort with pleasure. Perhaps John sensed her state of mind; anyway, when her dinner was only half served, and he saw her color, he suggested: "I'm afraid you aren't feeling very well."

"I'm not." She tried to smile. "Perhaps you'd better go." "It escaped her in a gush of relief. She was conscious of eyes as they made their way to the door. There a really startling surprise awaited her. John was at the checkroom, getting his coat and hat, and she knew John Ingate had chosen it to save her from curious eyes. . . Oh, why had she come anyway! . . .

What happens when Eve and Clay see each other alone? Read the next instalment.

## Governor's Conference to Have Woman as Hostess

CHEYENNE, Wyo.—A slender, dignified woman, wearing widow's weeds, will be hostess to the governors of the several American states when they assemble here July 26 for the annual governors' conference.

Wyoming was chosen for the 1926 conference as a tribute to the nation's first woman state executive—Nellie Taylor Ross. The experiment of the woman in politics has received an important test in Wyoming's woman governor. Mrs. Ross, the mother of three sons, was thrust suddenly into public affairs when her husband, Governor William Bradford Ross, died in office. She was nominated by an emergency democratic state convention and elected to complete her husband's unexpired term.

The male governors may find her an interesting study of how a woman runs the "house of state" in Wyoming's political experiment.

## Kansas Mentor Has Coached Seventeen Basket Champs

LAWRENCE, Kan.—Dr. F. C. Allen, director of physical education at the University of Kansas, has coached 17 basketball quintets to championships in the last 13 seasons. Originator of the five-man "zone" defense, the Kansas coach has developed undisputed basketball champions of the Missouri valley for four consecutive seasons, and five years ago his team tied for first place in the valley.

Under the zone system each player has a zone of 14 feet to guard. If an opposing player breaks through the defense, the nearest guard covers him while a forward occupies the vacant guard position. His offensive game consists of short passes, pivots and accurate short shots. The Kansas coach usually keeps the largest squad in the valley at work during the season.

## Water Conservation Chief Topic Before Convention

BUFFALO.—The problem of teaching the American public to pay for what it gets, and take only what it pays for, will be tackled by the American Water Works Association at its annual convention to be held here June 7 to 11.

Conservation of the public water supply is one of the foremost tasks confronting the industry, said Harry F. Huy of Buffalo, president of the association.

"Hardly any city has access to an inexhaustible water source, and a great many cities are faced every year with a water shortage that annually becomes more serious," he declared. "Discovery and usage of new water supplies are important, but most of these supplies now seem to be in use. Therefore, the problem is one of conservation. Water men must find ways to conserve water, and educate the public to follow these ways."

## New Type of Women in Spain to Seek Rights

MADRID.—Nobility of birth and character is wide-spread among the women of Spain, but nobility is scarce. There is, however, a class of women coming to the front who are likely to be heard about on account of their achievements.

One of these new women of renaissance Spain who has, in spite of her youth and humble origin, acquired nation-wide fame is Clara Campoamor, the woman lawyer.

After fighting against all the prejudices of Spain where the woman is still subordinate to the man, Madame Campoamor succeeded in gaining recognition for her sex before the curia of law. She met opposition from her father until her majority had been reached or had married the man chosen for her; then from her husband, without whose consent

she could do nothing. By her ability, good judgment, learning and powers of oratory, she now promises to go far in the struggle for the emancipation of Spanish women.



An old negro preacher was introducing a white preacher. The white preacher had offered to preach a sermon for the colored brother, and, in introducing the white preacher, the old negro could not find enough adjectives with which to praise the visitor. "Dis noted preacher," said the old negro to his flock, "is one of de greatest preachers of de age. He knows de unknowable, he kin do de undoable and he can onscrow de unscrutable!"

In a confidential little talk to a group of medical students an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he said, "come, of course, to the established specialist. For instance I charge \$25 a call at the residence, \$10 for a telephone consultation and \$5 for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative and envious silence, and then a voice from the back of the amphitheatre, slightly thickened, spoke: "Doc," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"

Two northern girls in Florida were comparing notes on the journey. "We had a sleeper, of course," said the first. "Its name was the Oskaloosacaloosahatchie."

"Ours was the Kumquatario." A hobo who had been listening in panhandle: "Ladies, could you spare a dime or two bits? I came all the way from Ontario in the Boxcarcarp, and I'm trying to go back in the Refrigeratorio."

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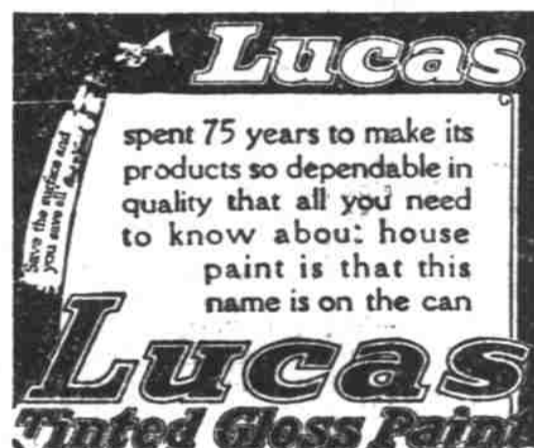
We don't always list all the special priced goods we have in the advertisements. So when you are looking around be sure and note the items we have priced in the windows.

### For Saturday Selling We Offer Four Lots—

- LOT NO. 1—SPECIAL COMBINATION SLIP JOINT PLIERS. These are the handy size to carry. Some have the thin nose for light work, others are heavy. All are made of tool steel. Saturday Special Only..... **25c**
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  - LOT NO. 3—GRANITE DISH PANS. Just the thing for the fruit season. They come in 14 and 17 qt. in either roll rim or with handles. A pretty good gray ware. Take either size— Saturday for Only..... **45c**
  - LOT N. 4—BROOMS. Yes those same heavy, well made ones that we sold about a month ago. We got another lot and they are fine. They ought to bring a dollar—but you may have them Saturday for Only..... **50c**
- (Limit 4 to a customer.)

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