

The Oregon Statesman

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RESPECT THE RIGHT—"Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God's." Deut. 1:17.

A NEW SPIRIT FOR WILLAMETTE In this column on Sunday the year's work of Willamette was reviewed, telling of the graduating class of 97 students, the largest in the history of the institution; of the increase in the budget of \$10,000 for the coming year, going to \$145,000; of the fact that Willamette now has approximately a \$1,000,000 endowment, \$1,000,000 in buildings and equipment and grounds, and will have a million and a half endowment fund in 1928, making it a two and a half million dollar school; that there is a program for quality students and quality work, and science, library and music buildings are also in the program—

But the commencement exercises of Sunday and Monday brought out some new facts that are significant and heartening. The baccalaureate sermon of President Doney on Sunday was a masterpiece; the graduating address of Hon. Robert A. Booth on Monday was one of the finest in all the long history of the honored institution—

And the alumni banquet on Monday evening was unique even in the galaxy of such banquets; it was both brilliant and inspiring.

The alumni association had at its afternoon meeting committed itself to a loyalty fund, and had started it with about \$150; the idea being that every alumnus shall contribute something every month or every year to this new fund, which shall be an endowment fund—

And at the banquet the spirit that inspired the loyalty fund was dominant. It was a fine spirit; it was a new consecration of love for "the old school" on the part of all the men and women scattered the world over, who will have a constant purpose to make it each year bigger and better; who will radiate helpfulness in many ways; in securing gifts from others, in sending key students from all the great field; who will look back to "old Willamette" and her activities with a reverence akin to that of the Israelites who turned their faces in their prayers to Jerusalem.

Hon. Robert A. Booth spoke to this theme, feelingly, wonderfully. He has the best right of all men to so speak, for he has been the largest individual giver to Willamette; the greatest giver of money, and the best giver of himself and his time—helpful in every possible way. He sensed the great things that are to flow from the inspiration and inception of the loyalty fund. He visioned the good that will come from a unitedly helpful alumni, growing greater in numbers and in influence throughout the years.

He spoke of the other great benefactions that are bound to come from the gifts, small and large and regular, of the far-flung alumni, active in various callings in all the lands bordering on the seven seas; in missionary fields, in teaching and preaching positions, in the professions and business and on the farms and in high and humble places.

Willamette university's future in the keeping of such a band of loyal men and women is secure, and there was a hush over the banqueters as they listened to the inspiring words of Mr. Booth. Impromptu, they were from the heart of the man; eloquent to the point of inspiration; speaking almost as the officers reported to the chief priests and Pharisees, on an occasion the report of which rings down the ages, "Never man spake like this man."

OUR SALEM HOTELS

The criticism of the Salem hotels by Irving E. Vining, president of the State Chamber of Commerce, in his noonday luncheon speech before the Salem Chamber of Commerce on Monday, was not like it appeared in the printed words, says Mr. Vining—

Because the reporters misinterpreted and misunderstood that portion of his remarks.

Mr. Vining was complimentary to the Salem hotels in the matter of their comfortable accommodations—

But he said Salem has no outstanding hotels that would attract coast wide attention.

The fact is, Salem has a number of good hotels, and the fact is also that Salem does very well in accommodating large crowds, like those attending the state fair and the legislature and various conventions that are held here. Our hotels, when great crowds are expected or come, when their accommodations are insufficient, assist in locating rooms for the overflow guests, and at such times our best homes are opened to the visitors—nearly all of our homes having extra accommodations being brought into service on some occasions.

Salem has also many fine restaurants and boarding houses, and rooming houses—

And in fact, up to the present time, Salem has done quite well in this respect; in accommodating all comers and making them comfortable.

Perhaps the time is here, or about here, for a George B. Guthrie; for a man like the builder of the new Elsinore theater here—

For a man to build in Salem a distinctive hotel, that will command coast wide and nation wide repute.

This man need not necessarily be an outsider. He may live in Salem now. He may be like Mr. Davenport, who built the renowned Davenport hotel in Spokane; beginning with a small popular restaurant and working up—a member of the Marion county, Oregon, Davenport family; a relative of

our Homer Davenport, who was America's outstanding cartoonist while he lived.

In the mean time, however, Salem is doing very well in the way of hotel and restaurant accommodations—

With ambitions for something distinctive and outstanding in the hotel line, for the distinctive city that she is and is becoming in greater degree.



EVE'S TWO LOVERS

FIFTY-SIX From the street Clay Wales, returning at dusk, could see that there was no light in the apartment, and his heart beat heavily as he automatically hastened his steps, with his mind whirling around the question of what he would do if Eve left him.

The door into the apartment had what was to him an ominous creak. No familiar form revealed itself to him in a sweeping glance around the room, and his heart beat the harder.

"EVE!" The sound of his voice died in the silence. She wasn't there. Clay sat down limply. Then, suddenly, he got up, pulled out the folding bed and looked into the drawers of the dresser behind him. No she hadn't taken her clothes. Perhaps she hadn't left him after all; was only over to her mother's.

Clay had had a wretched afternoon with his conscience. His mother had appeared rather hurt over the absence of Eve and the tardy explanation, and her questioning glances had only added to his discomfort. Then, there was the dullness of endeavoring to be interested in the reminiscences and conversational commonplaces of the elders and their dry humor. He had never liked the sort of people his parents apparently cared for, anyway.

All the while as if being the only young one in a crowd of ancients was not enough of an ordeal, there was Eve to worry about. There was the plaguing thought of losing her, and the personal embarrassment involved. Separation would mean damaged pride as well as an injured heart. And it cannot be said that in his worried reflections at this particular time, was one of these more important than the other.

After smoking a cigarette, going through the Sunday paper again, making a search of the ice box that revealed nothing tempting to his gorged palate. Clay went to sit by the window. Plainly he was one of those gregariously-minded persons who do not know what to do with themselves when alone. A few minutes at the window, spent in covetous contemplation of a flashy sport model of car, and he was again restless. And worry about Eve and her whereabouts was by now in the

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Miss Johnstone seeks to ensnare Clay in her plot against John Ingate. See the next installment.

Picture time is here. For your films and kodaks and kodak supplies see Nelson & Hunt, Drugists, corner Court and Liberty streets. Telephone 7.

Complete line of red and black rubber hose at wholesale prices. Malcolm's Tire Shop, 205 N. Commercial.

Her voice remained low and unemotional. She spoke as though she had thought out every word.

Clay felt called upon to act a part and had time to return to the suite and get himself posed in a chair as if he were sleeping before Eve came in.

A sigh of exhaustion escaped her as she dropped into a chair, pulling off her hat and pushing out her feet. For a long time she sat gazing toward Clay's face—but looking through rather than at him, while he, from under his eyelids, stole a furtive glance at her now and then. At last tired of his role, he had a pseudo-awakening and sat up, blinking. "Hello, dearest. . . . Go to your mother's?"

"No, I was walking in the park. . . . Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Aw it was awfully dull, as I expected. A bunch of old fogies, and all they knew to talk about was something that happened a long time ago."

"When we get old we'll live in the past too. Youth lives in the future; only middle age in the present." She got up and drew a cool pitcher of water from the kitchen tap. Clay whistled some bars of a popular song. When she returned to offer him a glass he said: "Let's go to a dance tonight." His outstretched arms moved in rhythm with the tune he was whistling.

She shook her head. "I want to talk to you, Clay."

Her countenance told him what she wanted to talk about.

"I went to the park this afternoon to walk and think. . . . I thought about you and me and our marriage—and our future. I don't know whether I love you now Clay. I only know you've hurt me very deeply—hurt my heart, my conscience, my pride, all of the inside of me. I suppose, though, that if I didn't love you I wouldn't feel so badly about it."

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anything she had to say. "I don't know just what I've done to make you do as you have done, so I don't know how I could prevent a recurrence of it in the future. And I don't think you know, either." She waved down the words he appeared to utter, and went on in her same even tone: "I don't believe in divorce, Clay. . . . But if we are not suited to each other—incompatible, I believe it's called—then I think we ought to separate now—before there are children to consider."

There was a pause, in which she gazed away from him out of the window at the distant electric signs, and not at Clay, who was fumbling subconsciously with his fingers. Then she went on: "I never expected to have to think about such a thing as divorce, but now I know why it is necessary to some persons, and why divorce laws of some states are so cruel."

Clay broke in: "Oh, but Eve, dearest, we don't want to talk about it."

"Yes we do," she rejoined. "If we can't be happy now is the time for us to separate; not when it is too late. I don't know how it is out; parents managed to get along together for so long, for surely they had their ups and downs, too." As if she were conscious of having wandered from the point at issue, she abruptly brought herself back again: "Clay, we mustn't think of having any children until we are sure of ourselves."

"I am sure, Eve. I love you." She reflected a moment. "But love isn't enough—I know that now. . . . I can see how love blinds us and gets us into trouble. I can see how persons who really don't love each other can be contented in marriage. . . . Oh, there are so many things I can see now! Clay, you too, must have a wholly different view of love and life and the important things than you had before you married me. I have. But Eve, I know I love you."

She gazed long and intently into his eyes before she replied: "And if you didn't would you tell me so? Don't you feel that you must tell me that you love me whether you do or not, just to—to, well, sort of make it easier for me?"

"Yes, I would."

"I don't think so, Clay. We're all cowards in matters of sentiment."

"Well, what are we going to do?" There was weariness and impatience in his tone.

Then she unfolded her plan. (To be continued.)

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blank shell of the revolver with rock salt. The actor managed his fall dramatically. "I'm shot, I'm shot!" he cried, and rolling to the footlights, lay dead. On the first night one of the stage hands for a lark, filled the

ing effects of the salt, and became extremely nervous. Just before the curtain went down, the audience was terribly surprised to see the apparently dead man rise to his feet. "By Jove!" he shouted, as he got up, I am shot!"

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