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SEEK THE LORD—"Thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and with all thy soul." Deut. 4:29.

HOW MANY PENITENTIARIES PAY?

Speaking before the Salem Rotary club, at the noon luncheon of Wednesday, Charles H. Stewart, vice president of the Northwestern National bank of Portland, gave some valuable information, clothed in apt phrases—

In short, gave a good and informative address— But he went out of his way just a short step, into the domain of politics, to take a fling at the man behind the Oregon penitentiary management. That was all right. It is the privilege of any man to differ from Governor Pierce on economic or political questions, or any other questions—

But Mr. Stewart said something like this: "We do not want to entrust a gigantic business with a man who has not yet shown that he knows how to make a penitentiary pay."

How many penitentiaries conducted under civilized conditions in all the history of the world has any one been able to make pay; that is, to pay their own way; to become and remain self supporting?

Just two. The Minnesota state penitentiary at Stillwater and the Missouri penitentiary at Jefferson City. Really, under the above specifications, only one—the Stillwater institution. The Alabama penitentiary is more than self supporting, through the working of the prisoners (mostly colored men and women) in coal mines under conditions worse than those of the old slavery days in the south.

What is more than this, the Oregon state penitentiary has, in less than three and a half years, built up from nothing (or rather from a saving of \$100,000 made from the maintenance fund based on the preceding biennium), a surplus in buildings, machinery, equipment and stock on hand of about \$400,000, and is well on the way towards complete self support—

Will surely be self supporting without more than the temporary use of another single dollar of public money—

And before very long, too; certainly within the next eight years—

And surely in the next three to four years, with the appropriation or temporary loan of around \$100,000 for new machinery and equipment.

Then the Oregon penitentiary, according to the plans now being worked out and well along in their workings, will be on a par with the Stillwater institution; with a small wage for every worker; with complete self support; with the burden of its maintenance lifted permanently from the shoulders of our taxpayers—

And with as high a record for reformations as any similar institution on earth; as high as that at Stillwater.

KIMBALL COLLEGE

The loyal and devoted men and women in Salem who are getting under the load of Kimball college, in order to make up its budget and set it on its way towards the great future for which it was destined when it was founded, are deserving of all praise—

For they are performing a task that some one must perform in order to take the curse from the institution that was placed upon it through the misguided efforts of those who were lured by the will o' the wisp of fickle fortune in a distant place and went off after false gods—

Put the institution on skids.

The determination that actuates these devoted men and women must be encouraged; must be brought to a point higher than the goal sought, and thus Kimball college be given a permanent home, as fixed as the northern star, in the place of its birth; in Salem, where it belongs, and where it is destined to do a great work.

Bits For Breakfast

More loganberry pickets—

And still more, especially in the Marion county yards—

And now flax pullers are wanted. See the free employment bureau or the Salem Chamber of Commerce. Price, \$20 an acre, for pulling flax.

The Y free employment office is having a lot of calls for hay harvest. A number of men were sent to the hay fields yesterday and the day before.

Miss Lillian La France, the young lady in the motor drome at the carnival, is the only woman in the world except one who rides a motor car up a straight wall. She has been doing this for several years. Performed for 10 weeks straight in Honolulu. The drome is her own. That is, she owns it. She employs her assistant, who rides a motorcycle up the straight wall in the drome with death. Out of the drome, Miss La France is a modest American girl, born and raised in Nebraska. The secret of her trick is the impact of her machine, its momentum carrying it up and around the straight wall. But it takes a clear eye and a steady nerve, and perfect control of her machine, which was

built by the Indian motorcycle people.

Don't get too much excited about the flax pulling coming all in a bunch, though it is ripe or ripening fast. The weather man predicts cooler weather, and we may get our "usual June rains" any time now, too.

But the new crop is already coming to the big sheds at the penitentiary.

FOREST BLAZE WILD; IS WHIPPED BY WIND

(Continued from page 1.)

degrees and the humidity dropped yesterday, the fire got away from the fire fighters.

The blaze menaces one of the finest stands of pine timber in Klamath country.

A second forest fire, 20 miles west of Klamath Falls in the Spencer creek watershed, is raging uncontrolled, according to word received here. Starting yesterday afternoon the fire soon spread to large proportions, covering a timbered area of several square miles. Fire fighters were being rushed from Klamath Falls to fight the conflagration, which was spreading rapidly according to last reports.

Bend-Oregon Trunk railroad will establish division station here.

THAT TERRIBLE THORNE-GIRL

BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

"I hope somebody has left you a million," Jean said, as they passed into the street.

"Sweet chance," Sylvia laughed, glancing at the message, "but there's a nice boy from my home town coming to see me this evening."

"That sweetie of yours you've been telling me about—the one who wants to marry you?"

"Yes," Howard Bennett's name. He says he's tired of being a bachelor."

"Well," Jean replied with a laugh, "the only way for a bachelor to have any freedom nowadays is to get married."

"Like your friend Sydney Harmon?"

"No, I suppose," Sylvia remarked, demurely.

Miss Martin gave her a quick, darting look.

"Why—yes—like Sydney, now that you speak of it. I don't doubt that he was courting his wife here had a moment to call his own."

"No—no—like Sydney, most married people, these days, are you and this Bennett had engaged?"

"No—not exactly. He's asked me a lot of times, but I haven't said I would."

"Why not? Don't you care for him?"

"I suppose I do—in a way. He's young and good-looking, and I've known him all my life. With him, then, I mean, he's my jack."

"Loads of it. Back home where I come from his father owns about half the town—and has a mortgage on the other half. I guess."

"Then I don't see what you're waiting for," Jean snapped. "I love to get my business done. Are you a Rolls Royce? If any attached young millionaire should come along and offer to provide me with the sort of home to which I haven't been accustomed, I'd take a chance with him just to see what it was like. And anyway, a woman can be married and still make a success on the screen, can't she?"

"Frequently, I should say. But it isn't that. I—well, it may sound sort of old-fashioned, but I'm not sure I love him."

"Bank," Miss Martin said, shortly. "Forget it."

"And I'm not sure," Sylvia went on, "that he would want me to stay in pictures. Howard is like a lot of other small-town people—he thinks Hollywood has got Sodom and Gomorrah looking like back towns in the state. I'm afraid, if I should marry him, he'd want me to go back to Millersburg, Pa., and look ornamental around the old family manse. Hundred per cent domesticity and all that. 'I'd smother.'"

"Not with Howard you couldn't. He's set in his ways. But he's nice just the same and I want you to meet him. Are you doing anything tonight?"

"I don't know yet. Sydney said something about taking us both down to the beach. He admires you—a lot."

Sylvia made no reply to this and the two girls walked on in silence. The girls didn't believe that Sydney Harmon admired her particularly, although he always insisted that she should accompany Jean and himself on their little excursions, and occasionally she had accepted. But whether the suave Mr. Harmon liked her for herself, or merely wanted her along as a sort of smoke screen to hide his flirtation with Jean she had never been able to determine. He had been impartial enough in his attentions on these few occasions, but now that his wife had come back from the east, Sylvia had resolutely stayed at home. She had no wish to incur Mrs. Harmon's animosity. And she thought Jean a good deal of a fool to give people a chance to gossip about her.

Like a course Sydney had always been like that, flitting from flower to flower in the garden of life, and Isabel Harmon, who was a quiet and self-contained woman, paid little attention to his "buzzing," as she called it, but just the same Sylvia was determined to keep her skirts clear.

It was not until dinner was over and the two girls were dressing for the evening that Jean again referred to Mr. Harmon.

"He likes me a lot," she said, defiantly, as though some mood of self-defense had come over her, "and he's an awful good sort of an egg, but I guess I'll have to cut him out."

"I would, if I were you," Sylvia told her. "I'm no prude, Jean. You know that. And I wouldn't mind if you hadn't brought the subject up; but it seems to me a mistake—your letting Sydney come here. Not that I think there's been anything wrong," she added quickly, as she saw her friend's eyes begin to harden. "If I had, I don't mind telling you I'd have moved out long ago. But you know what a place Hollywood is for gossip. And Mrs. Harmon is an important woman with a lot of important friends, so you see."

"Hell's bells!" Jean interrupted stormily. "You sound like one of the Elsie books. It isn't considered any crime nowadays, is it, for a married man to have women friends? Go about with them? Especially if his wife happens to be several thousand miles away? You don't suppose SHE sat around and twiddled her thumbs those months she was in New York, do you? I'll say she didn't."

"Then why," asked Sylvia, quietly, "have you decided to cut him out?"

"I'll tell you why!" Jean Martin stood poised in the act of getting into an evening gown, her slim, half nude figure tense with excitement, her eyes like thin jade slits.

"Because the dumbbell has got an idea in his head that he cares for me—that's why. And while as an art director I take off my hat to

LIVING and LOVING

Either it may be of inestimable value or it may be worth just nothing at all.

It all depends upon who does the criticizing, and in what mood he does it.

Judgment based on justice is often the semaphore warning effort from the wrong course to the right one.

Opinion formed too quickly has little true worth nor does it warrant much recognition when into it enters the petty or the personal.

There is no more helpful force in the universe than kindly constructive criticism. There is none that accomplishes less good than criticism of the destructive sort.

Teardown without building up, and what is the profit thereby?

And when after having once decided that criticism is for the good of a cause there is more than one way of going about it.

The battering ram method may serve a purpose in the exceptional instance, but in the average it defeats its own purpose.

Pride rebels at being knocked down and dragged out, and self-respect and faith in one's own ability, once laid low in the dust, are a long, long time rising in the field of endeavor.

The indirect way of reason and appeal is far more fruitful in desired result.

Jill's Jack was forgetful. Already promises made and unfulfilled had caused slight rifts in the matrimonial lute.

Jill was beginning to worry—not for herself or their happiness—she felt sure love and understanding would ever cement the fissures—but for Jack's business future. Sooner or later—she was sure of it—that bad memory of his would prove a handicap to his ambition.

She had broached the subject to him that very morning and she'd not soon forget his words as impatiently he flung away

"What if I don't remember every last little detail as you do, Jill! It's not the besetting sin you'd have me believe. You're constantly reminding me of this and that until I actually dread to hear you."

"What, you've forgotten again? Why, I told you"—and so on. Do for goodness sake stop nagging me!"

The glint of anger in his eye! No, it certainly would not do to speak directly to him again about it. Yet how could she help Jack not to forget? It was so necessary that he shouldn't! Suddenly the idea came to her. The indirect methods! Suggestion without that criticism which, after all but

Mellon's Daughter Becomes a Bride



The most notable wedding Washington has ever seen took place when Miss Ailsa Mellon, only daughter of Andrew W. Mellon, secretary of the United States treasury, was married to David Kirkpatrick Este Bruce of Baltimore, eldest son of Senator William Cabell Bruce of Maryland, at Washington, D. C. The above photo of the young couple was taken shortly after the ceremony.

made him stubborn! Splendid! She'd try it!

And try it she did!

That very night when Jack came home he was pleasantly surprised by the lack of any reference to his bad memory. Jill talked merrily and casually about many things, mentioning in an off-hand way that there was an exhibition of pictures in a certain gallery and she was going to run down next afternoon to see how they were hung. She might get some suggestions for the arrangement of their few.

"That reminds me, dear," said Jack, "tomorrow I'll bring home some picture wire and we'll hang up our new pictures." Which was exactly what Jill has been trying to make Jack remember to do ever since Christmas.

Next time you want "your Jack" to remember, forget to criticize him for his careless indifference to your wishes as you have so often done. Just experiment with the indirect method. It will serve your purpose quite as well, and it will save your Jack's nerves and his temper.

Astoria—Presbyterians will build new \$65,000 church and civic center.

DINNER STORIES

The sailor approached the officer at the gate with a knowing leer. "Say, skipper," said he, "if I bring off a few little movements tomorrow will it be all right? I'll make it all right with you."

"Sure," said the officer, "what time will it be? I want to be here myself to see you go through."

"Make it 2 o'clock," said the sailor.

The next day at that hour along came the sailor, glancing furtively from side to side. As he approached the gate the customs officer and two huskies jumped him and searched him. Not an atom of dutiable stuff could they find.

"Lost your nerve, huh?" laughed the officer.

"No," said the sailor, "I was taking it out yesterday when we met."

A Scotch subaltern was one day on guard with another officer at Gibraltar, when his friend fell off a precipice and was killed. The subaltern, however, made no mention of the accident in his guard report, but left the addendum, "Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting," standing without qualification. Some hours afterward the general demanded an explanation.

"What do you mean, sir, by reporting, 'Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting,' when a fellow officer has fallen down a precipice 400 feet deep and has been killed?"

"General," said the lieutenant, slowly, "I dinna think there's anything extraordinary in that. If he had faun down a precipice fewer hunnert feet deep and nae been killed, that would ha been something like."

An English curate taught an old man in his parish to read. After his lessons were finished he was unable to call upon him for some time, and when at last he called he found only the man's wife at home.

"How is John?" he said. "And how does he progress with his reading?"

"Oh, nicely, sir."

"I suppose he can read his Bible quite comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir!" exclaimed the woman. "Lor, bless your soul! Why, John was out o' the Bible and into the sporting pages long ago!"

Gresham—Record berry crops of all kinds, being grown here this year.

Let's welcome Summer with a new outfit--fine car--new tires--bright household--and plans for a Fourth of July Tour

Summer is here. Let's celebrate—for she's the gayest and kindest of seasons.

Let's spruce up, doll up, paint up, clean up—let's abandon the old togs, the old ways and the old conservatism—let's step out and buy!

New clothes put new color in life's picture, new pep in the step. A new rug—new porch furniture—animates the cheer of the home. New tires, a new battery and clean cylinders revitalize the good old car. A new trunk—a new suitcase—brings vacation days closer.

Let's link arms and step out!

Retail values were never greater—or fairer. Never has there been so much offered for the money—in style, in variety and in utility. That applies on all desirable and usable things—all commodities—all articles, whether for adornment of person or home.

As a newspaper with interests of all at heart, we believe it our duty to point out these things. People far more interested in their own thoughts, their own pleasures, their own cares frequently overlook the trend of values. Values are like the tide—they advance and recede. The time to buy is when the dollar buys most—and that time is NOW!

Buying now means saving money. There is no other practical viewpoint. So, like all prudent, thrifty citizens, let's buy NOW!

THREE GLORIOUS DAYS ARE COMING!

Holidays! July 2-4-5. Spend them touring . . . behind the steering wheel . . . unwinding mile after mile of beautiful scenery . . . with a pause at quaint, cool inns for fresh country-cooked foods. Get the car in shape—and pick out the long, long trail. If tires or accessories are needed, buy them now.

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