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July 18, 1926 SEEING GOD'S ACTS—"Your eyes have seen all the great acts of the Lard which He did." Deut. 11:7.

ROCKEFELLER AND OUR ROADS

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is visiting Oregon, showing Mrs. Rockefeller and the three youngest of their five boys the country. (They have also a married daughter.) In a conversation with a Portland newspaper reporter Mr. Rockefeller spoke in high praise of Oregon's road system-

But he suggested that the state must be bonding itself heavily for these highways, and that, while the rights of way and the grades for these highways are, of course, permanent improvements, which future generations as well as the present citizens of Oregon will enjoy, the heavy bonding raises the question of whether we are being entirely fair to our children.

The newspaper reporter should have told Mr. Rockefeller that, though Oregon issued bonds in large amounts for money to build her paved highways quickly, not one cent has been assessed to Oregon property-

That the automobile licenses and gasoline taxes have paid for everything, and are paying the interest on the bonds, like an impositer, who had lived and retiring the bonds, which were all issued serially-

And that the peak load will come next year, after which there will each year be less money to pay on bond interest and principal, and more to spend on new construction.

So Oregon is literally not only now "paying as she goes" for her state highways and their repairs, but is adding to her mileage without issuing more bonds.

There are many Oregon people who believe some of the load ought to be passed on to future generations-

At least the cost of the rights of way and grading and the bridges-

By reissuing some of the serial bonds-

That, in fact, we are being too fair to our children, instead of not being entirely fair, as feared by Mr. Rockefeller.

AN ARTIST'S VIEW

Fendor Chaliapin, world renowned Russian basso, mustcredited with political as well as musical sense. In a recent radio address to his fellow countrymen who are struggling under the Soviet government, he said:

"America and not Russia is the real workers' republic, for there the people get what they work for. Give a workman head upon his shoulder, Sylvia what he needs and he will give you all he has to give. Then you will have neither revolution nor strikes. America's real strength is not in its gold but in the will to work which American workmen have, and the opportunity to work out their things in most unexpected ways. own salvation."

This quaint but direct philosophy strikes to the root of ing. the question of government," says the Wheeling, West Virginia Intelligencer. "The constitution of the United States provides more than personal liberty under the law and the free institutions through which the law operates. The constitution permits the American people to have exactly the kind of government they desire. Even the constitution itself permits the change to come in accord with new conditions. The electorate alone, of the whole nation, is the supreme

"Under such government it is but natural that a people, characteristically industrious, energetic and broad-visioned, should pattern their economic and social institutions and practices along the same line. That is why we have democracy in industry and democracy in social life to a degree unheard of in any other country.

THIS SOUNDS LIKE GOOD SENSE

The Manufacturer and Industrial News Bureau of E. Hofer & Sons, Salem, sends out the following, which is sane and sensible:

The next Oregon legislature will consider a bill exempting young, growing timber from annual taxation until it reaches the crop-harvest stage; the yield then is taxed as a product. Under the coast climatic conditions, a crop of timber may mature in from 40 to 80 years; for some purposes there would be considerable yield in thinning, in from 20 to 40 years. Most of the nation's timberland is in private hands. Private growers must grow the forests in the future, if they are to be grown at all. Manifestly, they are few who are able, or willing, to pay annual taxes on forest lands that will produce no crop for almost a century; a tax exemption must be made as a protection for the future, and for even the present, in saving watersheds and shade and health by means

of trees. A good forest-tax law will be a national boon." (If this takes a vote of the people, it should be invoked. The electors would favor it, for the preservation of the principal industries of this state, which are based on our timber supply.)

Salem may have a new cannery. This time it is a poultry cannery, already established in McMinnville, and doing a good business. There is opportunity for expansion, and for taking on new lines, and Salem would be a splendid location for the enlarged business. This city is the center of a booming and expanding poultry industry, and here is a chance to add materially to this boom and growth, one of the most promising we have, because it will benefit every other industry on the farm, and more especially in our fruit growing sections. Let's have the new cannery. V'e can make Salem the Petaluma of Oregon-plus, with a \$20,000,000 annual income from the sales of poultry products, if we will take advantage of every opportunity for the development of this line.

disagreable, with gusts of sleet to temporize. and snow, but Sylvia and Steve minable miles, saying little. Mr. moods; the thought of reaching

as it did Sylvia.

"Well-its o'ver," he said, gazing into the swirl of mist ahead. New York now, and slushy, dirty streets, and a lot of bedraggled people buying Christmas presents they can't afford. I wish we were back in New Orleans again." Then whimsical smile broke through the gloom which shrouded his face, "Next time we'll take a longer trip-weeks-months. You're the loveliest person to travel with I've ever met. How about going to India some time-China? Great, don't you think?"

"I'd love it." Sylvia whispered. 'It's been such fun." "H-m." Mr. Collins pressed her arm with his. "We'll have to see about that. How long are you going to be in New York?'

"Not very long," Sylvia told him rather faintly. She had carefully avoided all references to her future movements. "I want to spend Christmas with my people -my father and sister."

"Yes. I've got to do that, too. Mother and the girls always have a fit if I'm away during the holidays. After that, I'll be up to see you, And look here-you haven't told me where you live."

"It isn't far from New York I'll give you the address in the morning." Sylvia's troubles came back to her with a rush. She felt for five days under false pre-

Mr. Holins did not pursue the matter. He seemed fully occupied with his own thoughts. But Sylvia knew that, like Cinderella, she would have to rush off home before the clock struck twelveand the hour was yery close at

Some spirit of restlessness kept hem on deck after dinner, long after the other pasengers had sought the comfort of the library. the smoking room. It had grown very cold, and finally, after watching the grey-black waves sweep endlesly by for an hour, they gave up the breasting wind, and took refuge behind a corner of the deck house, where a couple of chairs had been placed.

Mr. Hollins tucked Syvlia up in a steamer rug, tried to light a cigarette, but the eddying currents of wind baffled him, Suddenly he tossed the cigarette over the rail and leaning toward Sylvia slipped his arm about her and drew her was taken completely by surprise, but she had learned by now that Mr. Hollins was a very surprising young man, who invariably did She remembered the unconventional manner of their first meet-

"Its' silly, dear," he said earnestly, "to tell you that I love you. You know it. We both know it. I love you, and I want you-always. Mary, dear, you're going to marry me." Without waiting for a word of reply he bent down and kissed her, not savagely, ruthlessly, in a gust of passion, but with vast tenderness as though sealing some very wonderful compact.

Sylvia had been kissed beforethe last time by Sydney Harmon. The memory of his bruising, alcoholic kisses was with her yet, they had left her cold, resentful, filled with disgust and loathing. Hollins' kiss, on the contrary, seemed infinitely sweet, set her blood to dancing joyously though her whole being had suddenly been swept by a clear, bright flame. For a moment their lips clung, and to Sylvia it seemed he most wonderful moment of her life. She was sorry when Steve released her, drew back.

"Well?" he said, smiling down at her in his quiet whimsical way. 'That's that.'

For an instant—a very brief incolors of the rainbow. Then, at the touch of grey reality it vanished, and in its place she saw a question mark, black, menacing. Marry him? How could she do that without first telling him who forward steps in the movement. she was? There was no hope of concealment, even had she wished to conceal what had happened to her. In a few days-a few weeks at the most-he would find out. The mother, the sisters with whom he lived would soon see to that. And on the other hand, how could she confess to him that she was Sylvia Thorne, the picture actress, notorious now from coast to coast as one of the principal figures in the lastest Hollywood scandal? That terrible Thorne girl! Dragged from her position in the screen world because decent people were unwilling to see her in pictures. Of course she might ex- in worse shape than your little plain-might tell him the truth loved one. about that dreadful night-but! would he believe it? She knew very well what the answer was, to that. No-there was nothing she could do now. To accept him, under false pretenses, would be

Halik & Bott Electric Shop, 337 Court St. Everything electric, from motors and fixtures and sup-

unthinkable. To attempt to justify The afternoon before their ar- herself, without proof, would be rival in New York was raw and madness. Womanlike she sought

"Are you sure you want me, bent to the decks, tramping inter- Steve?" she said with a queer, nervous laugh. Hollins was in one of his quiet known each other for five days." "Five days-five years-what New York seemed to depress him, does it matter? The whole question, Mary dear, is whether you love me. As far as I'm concerned, you're the only woman in the

> Did she love him? Sylvia had found the answer to that when he kissed her. Yet her lips were

"I gan't tell you tonight, Steve," she said slowly. "Not tonight. You -you'll have to give me time to -think it over." It was the usual excuse of the woman wishing to magnify the importance of her surrender-of herself by not yielding too quickly-and Sylvia hated it. Left to herself she would have thrown her arms about his neck and promised to marry him the moment he could get a license. But she was to honest to deceive him-too sensible to suppose that her secret could be kept, even had ner. she been willing to try to keep it. All she could do now was to put off the evil hour, give herself a little more time in which to think things over, decide what was best to do.

"Why, of course, dear-if you feel that way about it," she heard Steve saying and it seemed to her there was a trace of disappointment in his voice. "You see, I was so certain about the way you felt that I-well-I took a chance Conceited, I guess. But you do love me, Mary dear. I know it Tell me that you do." His lips were very close, very tempting. and Sylvia suddenly found herself powerless.

"Oh-Steve-of course I do" she whispered, and surrendered herself to his arms. It was after that kiss, which left

Sylvia breathless, that he again spoke of the future. "If you care for me-like that

"he said triumphantly, "noth ing makes any difference.' "Oh, but it does, Steve. There are things I've got to considerthings you don't know anything

about. "Another

nett, to whom she was more than half engaged. He might afford a simple solution of her problem. But as quickly as the idea came to her she discarded it. She knew had never loved him, or anyone, in fact, until she met Stephen Hol-

land." She shivered at the thought

it's getting late. You'd best turn in, now, I've had all the happiness can stand for one night." He reached down and taking her two hands drew her from the chair and into his arms. Sylvia, in the sweet madness of that goodnight kiss, felt as though her heart would break, between happiness and despair.

To be continued.) opyright 1925, Frederick Arnold Kum mer. Released by Central Press Association.

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Tree Association Backs Editors in Forest Policy

WASHINGTON .- (AP.) -Recognizing the action of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, which at its recent meetstant-Sylvia's happiness lay in ing urged continued educational her hands like some beautiful support of a national forest policy fairy bubble, glowing with all the program, Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Tree Association, has written E. H. Baker, publisher of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, that the association's action is one of the great Mr. Baker is chairman of the

Father! Help Your Weak, Frail Child

forest resource committee of the

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children love to take them .- Adv.

publishers, which in its report to spector, visiting a provincial door and burst upon the class.

the Association said: "Your committee asks each and very one of you to discuss this matter thoroughly in your editorial councils with a view to keeping the public fully acquainted with the necessity of rehabilitating our timber supply and preventing, before it is too late, the destruction of our forest legacy.'

The paper committee of the asssociation, at the same time, has reported that Canada this year for the first time will produce more news print paper than the United States and may soon be in practical control of the situation. The committee recommended consideration of development of American paper resources in the north west and Alaska.



kia. The lights were dim. Suddenly a man came running out of a side street.

"What is the matter?" asked curious policeman. "I am frightened," said the run-

"What has frightened you?" enquired the curious policeman.



"I just passed a bad Czech, replied the runner.

The street car was crowded, and an old gentleman with a kindy twinkle in his eye took five year-old Jimmie on his lap.

"This will be better than stand ng, won't it boy?" he suggested. "Yes," said Jimmy, rather reluctantly, for he had enjoyed

lurching about the car. "But you want to be careful that I don't pick your pocket," th old man said, in a whisper. "Can's," Jim retorted, his voice

somewhat muffled. "As soon as saw you lookin' at me I put my fare in my mouth."

A certain rather irritable

school, was worried by the noise of the scholars in the next room.

Seeing one boy taller than the caught him by the collar, hustled meek little voice said: At length, unable to bear the up- him to the next room, and placed roar any longer, he opened the him in a chair, saying, "Now sit teacher!"

Ten minutes later a small head others talking a great deal, he appeared round the door and a

"Please, sir, you've



Readiness

ALL over the then-known world the runners and mounted messengers of ancient Assyria bore the decrees and edicts of their rulers. Trained for fleetness and endurance, these message bearers of a vanished empire stood at their posts, stripped for the task, prepared for instant dispatch of whatever was given them to speed to distant points.

The universal message bearer now is the telephone. Its nationwide range has come about through a far-flung system of wires, cables, switchboards and supplementary apparatus, Through the cooperation of a vast army of men and women it daily transmits the thoughts and desires of millions.

It is because of unceasing inspection, watchfulness, coordination and all else that makes for instant readiness that Americans today, anywhere, can talk to one another, any time.



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Learning Things

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When you buy, you know it's the use of a product that counts, not merely its pleasing sound. You can learn its uses and all it means-before you buy. If you read the advertisements, you know definitely how a certain refrigerator will act in your own kitchen; how that furniture polish will improve your own chairs. What is advertised has to do what it's advertised to do. Advertisements are honest. They invite too many thousands of testers not to be honest. Their continued advertising proves them honest! You take advertised facts on faith-as you take the dictionary on faith. You know that the perfume, hosiery, canned goods they describe are the perfumes, hosiery, canned goods widely enjoyed. You read advertisements to know the true meaning of things before you invest in their use.

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