

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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January 21, 1928 But we unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men...

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MORE AND LARGER INDUSTRIES

Salem is doing very well in getting new industries, and those established here are generally growing and adding to the number of people on their payrolls.

In the aggregate these additions for last year will run into several hundred; perhaps more than a thousand, counting the new cannery forces.

For nearly every worker is a member of a family, and every new resident adds to the business of the city; makes necessary more workers in all the various lines of activity.

We are likely to have a new cannery this year. There is room for one if only the fruit going to outside canneries be considered.

We are about to get a potato starch factory, which will in time be a big one, with the making of potato flour and dextrine and all the 100 or so commercial articles made from dextrine.

There are several small struggling factories here that ought to be encouraged and helped. The Salem Chamber of Commerce should be active in this work.

And the linen mills— They should be run to capacity all the hours of the 24 that it is feasible to operate.

This is everybody's business. It is the business of the owners of every front foot of property; every business and professional man.

And it will lead to specialty mills. Too much cannot be said about the importance of the latter.

For they will, whenever they can get plenty of yarn, employ several thousand people here.

They will before long, once here and established, double the population of Salem. And we are already so near to this consummation that not a great sum is needed to fully realize it.

And this is so tremendously important that such a general effort ought to be undertaken as to drag-net every person who is in any way interested in Salem into a persistent campaign to bring the thing about.

Make it come true— Make certain the coming of the several specialty mills the owners of which want to come.

LICENSE WITH OTHER SERVICE

(Portland News) When I looked out of my window yesterday morning and saw the Parade of the Procrastinators, I laughed and laughed.

I had bought my license. And they looked so silly, standing there, hour after hour, and inching along.

But the longer I looked and pondered, the less funny the parade seemed. By and by I got mad. I'm mad now. The parade this morning is still there, creeping along.

Oh, I know that procrastination is the thief of time. But whose time does your procrastination steal? Your own? They go too far, these servants of ours, when they tell us, a sovereign people, that we cannot steal our own time if we wish.

They go too far, these servants, when they tell us that, on or before a certain hour of a certain day, we must go to a certain place and buy automobile licenses, and that if we fail to comply with this command they will arrest us—us!—and put us in jail.

What is wrong with our democracy that we—kings and queens, princes and princesses—must stand out there in the cold like beggars in a bread line?

And it is all unnecessary, as well as humiliating to our pride that we must be bullied and harried by our servants. The money we spend in license fees and the gasoline tax is spent in building new roads and maintaining old ones.

Good! It's the filling station man who collects the gasoline tax. In California they put the filling station to another use. The Californian is not required to go to a certain place on or before a certain hour of a certain day to get his license plates.

Instead he stops at a filling station, along about the first of the year, and says, "Fill 'er up." When the tank is full, the station man inquires, "How's the oil?"

The crankcase, we will say, is full of oil of good quality. "Water?" "Take a look," says the motoring Californian. The radiator, too, is full.

"How about air?" asks the accommodating filling station man. The tires could stand a little air. The windshield is wiped. "License?"

"Glad you mentioned it," says the Californian. He pays the fee, the station man removes the old plates, screws in place the new ones, and the Californian is on his way. No trouble. No weary waiting. The filling station is glad to add license-selling to its other services.

The above, by Fred Boalt, editor of the Portland News, offers a suggestion— Several suggestions.

One is the fact that the adoption in Oregon of the California system of supplying license plates along with the other necessities and conveniences at the service stations would make more difficult such work as that now being done

in this state by the petition peddling posts seeking names to put the proposed \$3 license bill on the ballot.

Who are bothering the people who are paying their automobile fees.

These pests are not deserving of consideration. The crazy notion of the people who hire them, if it were enacted into law, would wreck the constructive highway campaign in this state.

It would put part of the cost of interest and principal payments, and upkeep of the present highways, onto the general taxpayers; and they could not meet the burden.

So it would throw the whole system of orderly state business out of balance.

And it would make impossible the matching of the government money for paved roads.

And the counties would be hampered in keeping up and extending their market roads, and making interest and principal payments on bond issues that were sold to provide the original paved highways.

Almost any recourse to head off this crazy scheme would be justified.

Why not place this on the menu cards? "Lake Labish Oregon Celery." S. P. dining car superintendent please take note.—Hubbard Enterprise.

That very thing is being done now. More than this, the Southern Pacific dining car heads have had printed a beautiful descriptive circular telling all about the merits of Lake Labish celery.

And still more than that, these people are regularly buying great quantities of other vegetables, and of fruits and meats and general supplies, from the people of the communities their systems serve.

In 1927, the metals produced in Oregon had an increase in value of 9 per cent over the total of 1926. That is not a great deal. But it is something. With the working of the Santiam mines, as they ought to be worked, this section can help greatly in this growth.

And that time does not seem very far away. The work now being done there is constructive, and may at any time lead to big things—giving Salem a great mining camp at her front door.

Back and support and foster the factories we have, and get more of them, and there will be no question concerning the continued growth of Salem.

The town is growing north—but it is also growing in every other direction. Make 1928 way better than last year.

THREATEN HIGHWAY SULLIVAN SPEAKER

STORM TIES UP TRAFFIC ALONG COLUMBIA

PORTLAND, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Storm conditions tonight threatened to tie up the Columbia highway for the second time this month.

Four inches of snow had fallen at noon today, and after some abatement the storm continued tonight. At 6 p. m. Paul Northrup, county engineer, reported another blockage imminent unless the snow, rain and wind subsided.

The outlook was problematic in view of the weather forecast for Portland and vicinity. The prediction indicated continued unsettled weather, with probable rain on snow and unchanged temperatures.

Snow began falling in the highway gorge last night and a strong wind whipped it into drifts and threatened to refill the narrow cuts made through the snow following the New Year's storm.

Near silver the conditions prevailed in Portland and vicinity today and rain and sleet fell in small quantities at intervals throughout the day.

WOOL MEN EXPECT LONGER SKIRTS SOON

governor of Oregon, at the morning session added his voice to the wool growers plea for retention of the wool tariff.

As a democrat he took this stand because the protective system is so strongly entrenched in this country and backed by press, organization and capital, that it would never be abolished, and hence, it behooved the western farmer to accept its principles and insist upon "getting his share of the pie."

OGDEN, Utah, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Walker M. Pierce, former governor of Oregon, turned from cattle raising to wool growing because of the advantage offered to the sheep raiser under the tariff, he told the National Woolgrowers association in an annual convention here today.

He explained that he, a democrat, favored "retention of the wool tariff because the protective system is so firmly entrenched in this country that it will never be abolished and it is up to us, the western agriculturist, to get our share of high prices.

Although there is a tariff on beef, it fails to afford any real protection to the cattle man because the production of beef in the country exceeded the domestic demand. This resulted in considerable exportation neutralizing the tariff and forcing the producer to accept the world market price.

The same condition exists, the farmer governor said, in wheat and can only be relieved through legislation embodying the principles of the McNary-Haugen bill.

The gray wolf is virtually under control in the range country of the west but the coyote still is taking heavy toll from stockmen and sheep growers, said a paper by Paul C. Redding, chief of the biological survey and read to the convention.

The paid hunter system is the only means of guaranteeing even control of the coyote, he said.

KRONOS TRUCK RETURNED AKRON, O.—A newspaper reporter hailed a taxi to reach his destination. The fare was 75 cents. Next morning the man discovered that he had given the driver, Frank McClelland, a \$20 bill instead of a \$1 greenback he had intended. He called the cab company and a few minutes later learned that his change was waiting for him. McClelland had turned over the excess fare upon turning in his receipts for the night.

Dean Ward W. Sullivan of Albany college will speak this forenoon at 10 o'clock on the third floor of Walker Hall at Willamette university, on "Latin-American Relations."

This is a subject on which Dr. Ward is an authority, for the reason that he made a thorough study of this problem for his Ph. D. thesis, and obtained admittance to the secret archives of the state department at Washington for this purpose.

The public is invited to attend this lecture.

Bits For Breakfast Watch Salem grow— Keeps right on growing— And will not be overdone, if the people of this city will give attention to the fostering of all the factories we have, and getting more of them.

The OUTER GATE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN CENTRAL PRESS ASSN., INC.

READ THIS FIRST: Bob Terry is released from prison, after serving three years for a crime he did not commit. He leaves prison with ghastly impressions and fierce bitterness in his heart.

Upon his release he is given a letter from Peter Borden, his former employer, who has added in sending Terry to prison because he thought it was his "duty." Terry determines to make Borden suffer as he has suffered during the three years in prison.

Bob is at last free to return to his home town. He takes the train home, and on the way a railroad detective hounds him, raving a lot of unfavorable attention from occupants of the car.

Bob opens the envelope the warden has given him on his release. Peter Borden the man he hates and determines to get even with him. Bob has given him a hundred dollars and also says he will meet Bob on his arrival at the station.

Bob meets Borden at the station. Peter Borden asks Bob if he will shake hands with him. Borden takes Bob home with him, and tells him he wants Bob to remain with him permanently. Bob decides to do so and to "get even" at his first opportunity.

At the Borden home he meets Lois, the daughter of the man he hates. In the old days Bob had worshipped Lois from afar.

CHAPTER 6 AFTER three years of separation he found himself looking again upon Lois Borden. And now bitter-remembered memory descended upon him with crushing poignancy.

He recalled vividly his worship of other days: a dumb and dumb, idolatry in which he had been content to accept the firm friendship of this girl, not daring to hint to her that he felt as any deeper.

It was amazing that he had not thought of her in the last year or two. And even this afternoon his thoughts had not been of Lois. For three years he had existed in a world in which there were no women except the wives and daughters who visited good-conscience prisoners o' Sunday afternoons in the yard of the penitentiary.

She stood for a moment in the revealing glow of the piano lamp; a slim, trim figure sheathed in a dress of simple white which clung softly to every curve. She seemed very small, yet he knew that she was taller than her father, and the patrician lines of her father's face were here also—softened by her intense femininity.

Her hair was brown; a glorious shade of brown which was sometimes black and sometimes sheer red-gold; and it curled over her forehead and about her ears in tiny curls. She stood motionless for a moment, regarding him with a momentary regard which softened the maternal light, and he read instantly the stricken look which came into them as though for the first time she was conscious of the havoc which had been wrought in the young man who three years before had been irrepressibly boyish and gentle and shy. She saw the color drain from her cheeks as she took refuge in action, crossing the room toward him with both hands outstretched. Her voice was soft and vibrant.

"Bob," she said simply and unaffectedly. "I'm so glad you are here."

He took her hands because he did not know what else to do, and at the contact strange, forgotten fires thrilled him and hot blood raced through veins which had forgotten the woman touch. He dropped her hands as though they burned.

"Thank you," he murmured. There was pity in the gaze she bestowed upon him as she led him to the divan and seated herself beside him. He sank deep into the unaccustomed luxury of the upholstery and sat rigid, staring off across the room. She glanced at his profile; all softness had gone. It was a stern, grim profile—granite hard. He seemed more her father's age than her own. And he seemed to have forgotten how to talk. Her own task was immensely difficult.

"You found everything all right in your rooms?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And the clothes?" "Yes, ma'am."

The tears welled into her eyes and she covered her hands with hers in an impulsive gesture of infinite sorrow. "Oh! Bob—don't!"

"Don't say 'ma'am' to me. Please—Can't you call me Lois, as you used to do? Can't we take up our friendship where we left off?"

"Yes, ma'am—I reckon so." The grinning countenance of Croesus was insinuated through the door.

"Dinner's ready, Miss Lois." She rose and walked for him.

They moved together toward the dining room; she young and lithe and filled with the eager, unashamed vitality of healthy youth, he moving with tread as measured and regular as the beat of a funeral march, head down, eyes focused on the floor, lips set in a stern, straight line. At the door Peter Borden joined them. The eyes of father and daughter met briefly, and the glance which flashed between them established the community of their sorrow and proclaimed their alliance to make up to this man for the evil which had been done.

Peter Borden sat at the head of the table, his daughter opposite. Between them was Bob Terry. He was damped by the napery the gleaming silver, the softness and quietness. There came to him vivid, starting memory of the past—three years; the three-daily feeding; a marching into a tremendous dining room where agree plates were already piled high with scorching hot unpalatable food; where men sat on hard iron stools and were denied the privilege of conversation. Three times a day for three years he had been fed, along with the rest of the pack—fed and dambled. Meats had been horrible things, not because the food was not good and plentiful, but because it had been the most animal-like phase of the sordid world.

There was little conversation during the meal. Bob was difficult to shake off, and Bob had learned not to talk. Borden and his daughter were awkward and ill at ease.

The situation amazed Bob Terry. Even in the old days he had never appeared so such lumpy as this. Occasionally he had been a guest at the house because of his friendship with Lois and also because Borden had made great display of personal interest in the lad. But his manner of living had been modest, as befitted a young man who held a clerkship and hope for the future. Now—

THE OUTER GATE—GAL TWO Coffee was served. Cigars and cigarettes were handed to Bob. He selected a cigar and at Borden's suggestion they adjourned to the soft glow of the living room and Croesus brought their coffee.

PAGE THREE They smoked in silence. Lois was on the divan and Bob sat next to her. Peter Borden, sitting opposite, observed them gravely. At length he spoke, his voice unobtrusive.

"Bob," he said. "I wish to have a talk with you—in Lois' presence."

"Yes, sir."

"Three years ago—" The older man hesitated, then plunged ahead. "Three years ago I was instrumental in sending you to prison for a crime which you did not commit. I do not have to repeat that I was conscientious—but now the time has come for me to offer what I can to atone to you for what has happened."

He paused, evidently waiting for the young man to speak. But Bob was silent, his face set and expressionless.

"I realize, of course," continued Borden, "that time cannot be turned backward, and that what is done cannot be undone. You cannot go back to where you were when I made my ghastly mistake. You see, Bob, I thought you were gallant; everybody thought you were. The thing seemed treacherous to me because I had been more than an employer to you—in some ways even more than a friend. I had accepted you in my home, permitted a friendship with my daughter. I had grown sincerely to love you. I was planning great things for your future—and to indicate that I gave you a position of trust."

"Then the embezzlement occurred. Every scrap of evidence pointed to you. You incriminated yourself. I was bitterly disappointed. I was bitterly disappointed. I do not know how to say that I might refuse to prosecute, I did not consider the idea for a moment. I believe in the maintenance of our social fabric. I believed then, and always will believe, that when a crime is committed it is the state which has suffered and not the individual. That happens to be the law, too; but it is also a legal theory which I believe. Therefore it was not the lost money which caused me to prosecute—it was that I did not think I had a moral right to withhold my testimony. You can never understand my attitude—I don't ask you to. I am merely explaining why I did what I did. I am trying to show you that my motives were not petty."

"The past is past—I hope—it is my task now to atone, as far as possible, for the mistake I have

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Griffin



"It ain't hard to win arguments with your husband after you learn to sign an answer him in a patient mother tone of voice."

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POOR PA By Charles Collins



"I asked the boss for a raise but he looked surprised, so I pretended I wasn't serious and got out of it that way."

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(From Columns of The Statesman, January 20, 1903)

The wheat market was very strong yesterday, although the price was the best figure offered.

Portland—H. W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian, returned home last night after a four months visit to Europe.

Washington—The California state board of health was authorized today of gross neglect for failing to check the bubonic plague spreading in Chinatown there.

AGRICULTURAL BLOC PUTS IN BID FOR AID

(Continued from page 1)

elsewhere. "To take bids from the market, and when dry and salable, sell them at five cents per bushel, when wet and salable, produce at four cents per bushel, half salable, dry and salable at 1 1/2 per bushel, and salable at ten cents per bushel."

"To rebate the tariff on wheat made the same on fresh pork and double the tariff on bacon, lard, shoulders and procut lard, by placing a tariff of four cents per pound thereon, which is four times the present tariff."

"To increase the tariff on corn from 15 cents per bushel to 20 cents per bushel and on meal, from 20 cents per bushel to 25 cents per bushel."

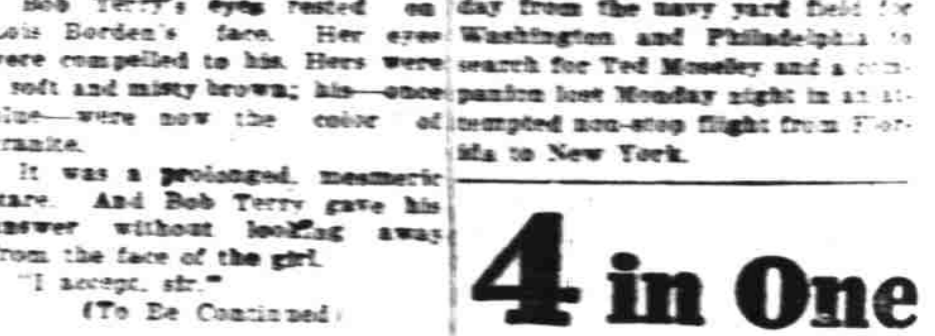
LUMBER PRODUCTION HIGH

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Production of lumber for the week ended January 14 was about 40 per cent larger than the week before and appreciably larger than a year ago. It is shown in reports from 457 mills to the National Lumber Manufacturers association.

FAMOUS FLYERS ROF

CHARLESTOWN, S. C., Jan. 19.—(AP)—William Brock and Edward F. Schire took to the air today from the navy yard field for Washington and Philadelphia to search for Ted Mosley and a companion lost Monday night in an attempted non-stop flight from Florida to New York.

4 in One



DISCUSS U. S. FLEET

HOUSE SPENDS FOUR HOURS TIME IN ARGUMENT

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—(AP)—The advisability of congress taking action that will promote development of the American merchant marine was discussed in the house today for the better part of four hours and the debate made it clear that many members for some time have been giving considerable thought to that subject.

It was contended by several members that American industry is failing to support the American merchant marine and that Great Britain rapidly is capturing the lion's share of sea-borne produce that should be transported in American bottoms.

The debate was precipitated by Representative Wood, republican, Indiana, who heads the house appropriations committee, which passed upon shipping board and merchant marine bills. He declared that the Geneva naval arms conference had been a "complete fiasco" because the United States had neither ships to scrap nor construction to stop, and that the time had come "when we must embark upon a merchant marine program that will establish this country in the eyes of the world."

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