

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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January 22, 1928 Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say, Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor. Matthew 23:15-16.

OUR COUNTRY GREAT BECAUSE GOOD

The United States is a great country because it is good. Because it is altruistic and eleemosynary. Because, while thinking of its own, it thinks of others, and backs its sympathetic heart with the helping hand—

Does these things and feels this way above any other country; and above any other time in the world's long history.

Altruism is the mother of love, and these are the finest sentiments in the human heart. They join the people of the earth to those in the fields of asphodel beyond the stars—the finite with the infinite; earth to heaven—

And those who delve in the fields of science and talk in the language of metaphysics believe that the first promptings of the causes that differentiate the races of men from the brute creation came from altruism; from the love of the animal mother for her offspring; feelings that will make the tigress give up her life for her cub.

In considering the statement that the United States is a great country because it is a good country, the reader will be right if he will suggest that the United States is not all good; that there is much crime and selfishness in this country; that the jackal is not far under the skin of vast numbers of our population. Manifestly and admittedly true—

But the streak of goodness in the United States is the wide one, compared with the narrow yellow streak of egotism and brutishness.

We read of the doings of the people of the narrow yellow streak. The doings of the great majority making up the mass of our people go largely unheralded. Their honesty of purpose and their daily deeds of charity and mercy and good will, and their industry and thrift and decency are all taken as a matter of course. They do not make news. They do not blazon themselves in "scare heads" across the front pages of our newspapers.

We show our altruism by giving away the greatest sums annually ever bestowed by any people, of this or any time. This spirit of altruism marks our people as individuals. The vast, vast majority of them. We are our brothers' keepers. We recognize the precepts of the brotherhood of man proclaimed by the lowly Nazarene. We love our neighbors—

And our neighbors are those who have need of our help, the world around; even the children of our enemies, like the German and Russian orphans of the World war.

We are prone to think of great corporations as soulless; as outside the promptings of altruism. In our country, this is a mistaken notion. Proofs of this statement might be piled high, like Pelion on Ossa. They run through all American corporate life. Here is one major recent concrete instance, taken from a late Southern Pacific Bulletin, printed under the heading: "Now It Can Be Told," as follows:

Believing that it would be of public interest, the Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Railroads has secured from eight railroad companies involved in the Mississippi flood areas a statement of their free relief services.

These railroads are: Southern Pacific, Missouri Pacific, Illinois Central, St. Louis-San Francisco, Texas and Pacific, St. Louis Southwestern, Kansas City Southern, and Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific.

From the beginning of the floods up to June 15, 1927, these eight railroads:

Operated 304 special relief trains. Brought out 104,788 refugees. Saved 2,479 carloads of household goods and live stock. Furnished 4,794 cars for temporary living quarters. Transported 504 carloads of food and supplies.

The above services are in addition to the labor of thousands of their own maintenance employees; the transportation of tens of thousands of laborers from plantations to levee protection; and the transportation of many thousands of carloads of sand, rock and lumber used in protecting levees.

All of these services were without charge. The railroads in question do not attempt to place a money value upon these services. The relief authorities, however, have estimated that value at not less than five million dollars.

A DISTINCT ADVANCE

The Statesman has referred a number of times to the new cow feed being made at the state flax plant—

Made from the flax bolls and small and broken and stray seeds, and the other seeds mixed from the fields with the flax—

All of which, up to a short time ago, went to waste; went into the furnace for fuel, making up in that shape a by-product of insignificant value.

This cow feed is being turned out at the rate of about five tons a day. It sells at \$25 a ton. That is \$125 a day for a new by-product; like extracting money from the air. Figure it up. Estimate the new source of revenue by multiplying \$125 by 312 working days of the year—

But more than this. This year, the flax acreage will be 3000, against 2000 grown last year for the state flax plant. It will be more next year; likely 4000. It will be 8000 as soon as the building up of the revolving fund will allow of the handling of that great a tonnage. (Or perhaps the next legislature may wisely provide funds to carry it to 8000 acres at one swoop.)

And this benefit to the flax industry will extend beyond the state flax plant. It will be carried to private plants all over the valley.

There is now being experimented with a slightly richer

STUDENTS INVITE FATHERS JAN. 28



"Dad's Day" during which students of the University of Oregon will entertain their fathers. Has been set for January 28. Heads of the committee to welcome them, pictured above, are Marion Barnes, Tacoma, and Herbert Socolofsky, Salem; below, Marion Leach, Ashland, and Robert Galloway, Cottage Grove.

and different stock feed; some additions of vetch and oats, etc., that will sell for \$35 a ton.

Will there be a demand for all this—for all that can be turned out at the state flax plant and at all the private plants to be scattered over the valley? Yes.

Yesterday a Portland concern offered to buy all the cow food on hand; about 67 tons, at the \$25 price. The whole supply could be sold to dealers, to be distributed all over the country.

But none of it will be sold, excepting to local dairymen, who need it and will buy it all. Soon, there will have to be an end to the making of the cow food, till the next harvest, which will bring in the new flax tonnage to be threshed. The raw supply will be temporarily exhausted.

There are other experiments being made at the state flax plant, looking to the profitable use of every vestige of the flax and linen industries here.

Here is a little look into the future. How far into the future? Probably not very far. Salem is going to surround the Oregon penitentiary. That institution is in the city limits now. Has been since the latter part of 1909. Homes and factories and stores will be clustering east of the prison lands by the hundreds soon. The place surrounded by the brick stockade of the institution will be very near to the center of the Salem of the future—of the next 10, 20 or 30 years. The prison authorities, besides using the farm lands around the institution to the limit, growing vegetables and breeding chickens and raising swine, etc., are renting about 500 acres for farming and gardening operations. They keep about 600 hogs; they have a large dairy herd. The tonnage of field vegetables is large. Well, the time is approaching when the land around the present stockade and main buildings will sell for enough money to buy 500 acres or more further out. Perhaps for enough to build a new prison, more modern and convenient for housing the inmates and carrying on the industries than the present plant. How long? This is a thing to be considered by the men in charge of the business of the state.

No one interested in the future of the Willamette valley must be allowed to overlook the meeting in Salem on February first to consider the importance of the improvement of the Willamette river, so that a boating and barging stage may be secured irrevocably the year through. It is the biggest thing on the tapis, affecting the value of every acre of land between the Cascades and the Coast Range, and every front foot of city property.

Whatever helps the flax industry at the state prison affects the value of the land all over the Willamette valley upon which flax may be grown—and this means near every acre, that may be given over to flax as a valuable rotation crop. Hill and middle and low bottom land. Every acre that is good for grain.

Colonel Lindbergh All Ready to Resume Flight

COLON, Panama, Jan. 21.—(AP)—Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, refreshed by a week's vacation at hunting and fishing, was back in Colon tonight ready for resumption of his good will tour which will carry him to the Pan-American congress at Havana, Cuba.

The American flier who spent the past week in the little town of Bouquete, near Davis, 200 miles from the Canal Zone, arriving safely in an army plane at France field at 2:22 p. m. this afternoon.

He returned to find his famous plane, the Spirit of St. Louis, tuned up for resumption of the flight which already has carried him to Mexico City and to all the capitals of the Central American

The OUTER GATE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CENTRAL PRESS ASSN., Inc.

READ THIS FIRST:

Bob Terry is released from prison after three years for a crime he did not commit. Peter Borden, his employer, thinking Bob was guilty, thought it his "duty" to send Bob to prison. Bob is released with hatred in his heart for Borden, and determines to make him suffer as he has suffered. Borden, sorry for his mistake takes Bob into his home and offers to share his fortune with the man he sent to prison. Bob stays at the home of Borden and plots to "get" him. Bob meets Lois Borden, the beautiful daughter of Peter Borden. In the old days Bob has worshipped Lois from afar. Todd Shannon, Bob's prison pal, tells Bob to see John Carmody, the state's leading criminal lawyer and political boss. (Now go on with the story.)

Chapter VII. THE man's reputation sat oddly upon his narrow shoulders. He was short and thin and his face was sharp beneath straggly hair which was never quite smoothly brushed. He appeared to be a clerk—and only in that capacity not out of place in the luxuriously furnished office on the floor of which was the single word—Private.

Yet this was John Carmody's office, and Carmody was the sharp-faced man at the desk who deliberated with punctilious care between two brands of perfumed cigarettes. He was dressed with a plainness amounting to severity.

His private office occupied a corner of the fourteenth floor of the First National Bank building and between it and the hall were other offices: those of hiring lawyers who attended to routine work for him, and of law clerks and of many stenographers and typists and filing clerks. One did not gain an audience with John Carmody easily—and never unless he desired it. There were many who tried to blast through—and always without success. There was rigid austerity for the timid and, if necessary, brute force for any who might harbor a deep personal animosity against the acrid man in the corner room.

John Carmody had enemies: powerful ones, for to be an enemy of Carmody's one must be powerful. Ostensibly the man was merely an amazing successful practitioner in the field of criminal law; actually he was an omniscient power in city, county and state politics with a finger firm on the pulse of the underworld and the proletariat.

Personally, he cared nothing for the political limelight. He never sought office and would have refused it had it been thrust upon him. But it pleased him—and was of inestimable personal benefit—to control those who did hold office. It is difficult to overestimate the value of knowing in advance just who will be on the jury in a vitally important case; it is of absorbing interest to a criminal lawyer to know exactly who the real criminals are so that at times these men sought his services defensively, merely to close lips that might otherwise be used to assist the district attorney.

That was John Carmody: a rapier brain behind an innocuous mask of bland friendliness; a master player moving his chessmen about the vast board of the state; a person who knew to the tiniest fractional part of an inch what he could and should do—and what had best be left undone. It pleased him to earn the worship of the criminal world. Its citizens furnished him with an adequate practice, but more particularly they held tiny bits of information which could be woven prettily into the warp and woof of information texture which enabled him to invest his personal fortune soundly and successfully.

Only the very honest dared express hatred of John Carmody. If they snubbed him, that was their business and immensely amusing to him. They did not have the power to blacklist him from the city's exclusive clubs, nor to debar him from the best social circles. Socially, he was considered a lion. Men responded in spite of themselves, to the sheer force of the man, and women—only one or two of Carmody's intimate friends—and none of his enemies—knew of the chink in the man's armor. They regarded him as inhuman, bereft of any distinctly masculine emotion; yet beneath the retiring exterior were veins in which red blood coursed hotly—so hotly, indeed, that on more than one occasion it had come near to betraying the man. Where women were concerned he was not always bland and suave—and never negative. It was that which had sent Todd Shannon to jail. Carmody could have picked his own jury in that trial, and would have had it not been that he learned of Kathleen's intention to come into his employ. With Kathleen as his private secretary, he considered it more profitable to his own interests for Todd to be in prison. And so to prison Todd went—and his niece filled with admiration for the heroic efforts of this great man on Todd's behalf—and Carmody was left with a free hand to do as best he could with the girl. For years she had baffled him. He knew that she worshipped his power and his ability. Her admiration of his accomplishments showed in every look and gesture—yet in all the years of office in-

timacy he had never pierced the veil of personal reserve. He was further away from the girl now than he had been when Todd Shannon first went to prison, and he had been too adroit, too much the master strategist, to risk disaster by one grand false move. He had never succeeded in convincing her that he was a mortal man and not a demigod, and flesh-and-blood women do not fall in love with gods.

The door opened and a man entered. He was a tremendous figure, oddly picturesque. Officially he was John Carmody's collection agent. Actually, he was Carmody's "Friday."

His more than six feet in height bulked against the panels of the walnut door, broad and forbidding. The head, magnificently formed, was almost hairless and it glistened in the glare of the morning sunlight which streamed in through the east window. The jaw was that of a professional pugilist, the walk that of an over-muscled wrestler. But when he spoke, his voice came with a sense of shock.

The man whispered: "There were some who yet thought that Willie Weaver's whispering was an affliction. The thin, whistly syllables came queerly from the broad, firm mouth; they were startlingly at variance with the herculean figure and the cold, level eyes. Whispering Willie Weaver! A man and a fighter. A physical bulwark between John Carmody's frailness and bodily danger. Not that Carmody was lacking in courage; but he did lack in strength, and that Willie Weaver supplied."

And now the whispering voice sighed through the room as the giant extended a newspaper. "Seen this, John?" Carmody glanced at the headlines and smiled. "Bob Terry?" "Yes and no." The whispering seemed sinister. "I mean where he's gone."

"Ah! You don't mean?" "Yes. First edition of the evening paper says he's going to be temporarily at the home of Peter Borden, the iron magnate. Iron magnate! Get that?" "Foolish old man, isn't he?" "Busted the kid in the first place because he didn't have a lick of sense—and now takes him right spang into his house. Never did trust Borden."

"To honest, Willie. I never trust a man who is too honest." "Yeh." The whisper filled the room. "Now this kid is sort of him. I got that from Todd Shannon, and him and Tod having been buddies."

"He'll come to me. That's understood. Be very nice to the lad Willie."

"Yes, Sir. And now—"

"That's all, Willie. Run along." The huge figure hesitated—then turned and departed. Carmody smiled after him. Then, alone again, he rose and crossed to a mirror which hung on the wall. He smiled thinly at the meek, guileless countenance reflected. He smoothed his scarf and adjusted the modest sapphire pin. He fumbled with a handkerchief and rearranged it in the breast pocket of his coat so that the very tip showed. Then he returned to his desk and pressed the buzzer.

Kathleen Shannon entered, and Carmody's eyes flickered. He had never quite become used to the magic of her nearness—to the knowledge that a touch of his delicate finger on the buzzer would bring her to him.

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillen



"I tried h'rtn' a servant once, but there ain't no satisfaction in it unless you can make up your mind not to care a rap whether things is done right or not." (Copyright, 1928, Publishers Syndicate.)

POOR PA By Claude Callan



"Aunt Ellen is so mad about the way young people are doin' that I can't help thinkin' it's part envy." (Copyright, 1928, Publishers Syndicate.)

The price paid for the two newspapers was not made public. Change in the ownership became immediately effective.

Celoneo Copley, the new owner of the Union and Tribune, is also owner and publisher of the Aurora-News-News; Elgin Courier-News; Joliet Herald-News, and Illinois State Journal—of Springfield, all Illinois papers and served six terms as congressman from the Eleventh Illinois district.

Editor Statesman: First saw this place thirty years ago. It had about 5000 population, and now it has about 100,000 and has national football and international opera. It is still a show place and most beautiful city in our county. It has the same quiet, peaceful Sunday afternoon country cemetery atmosphere every day in the year. A funeral could be held on the busiest street. The services here out doors would not be interrupted anywhere. A marriage could be conducted on any acre of hte city with orange blossoms scattered over the lawn. Saw no factory smoke or dinner pall brigade. —COL. E. HOFER, Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 19, 1928.

COL. HOFER TELLS OF PASADENA, CAL.

The prediction is made that there will be a larger immigration into Oregon and Washington than ever before.

Grants Pass—Non-union men who have a majority on the city council here are bucking Mayor Bashor's appointments to city offices.

A sixteen inch coast defense rifle, costing \$100,000 with a range of twenty miles, was successfully tested at the government proving grounds near Sandy Hook, last Saturday.

Ashland—The plant of the Sixtyfour Electric power company on Falls Creek above Clamathon will be the third or fourth largest on the coast. It will furnish power for ten or more towns.

Senator B. F. Mulkey Monday introduced a resolution in the senate memorializing the national congress to the need of legislation against trusts.

Chinatown, Salem's eye sore, must go. The city council last night ordered town down the half block of ramshackle buildings on Liberty street between Court and State, and the Hirsch buildings on the corner of Commercial and Perry across from the Willamette hotel.

San Diego Paper Bought By Aurora, Illinois Man

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 21.—(AP).—Announcement of the purchase of San Diego Union and Evening Tribune by Colonel Ira C. Copley of Aurora, Ill., was made this afternoon by the new owner and William Clayton, representing the J. D. and A. B. Spreckels Investment company, former owners.

Doctor Found What is Best for Thin, Constipated People

As a family doctor at Monticello, Illinois, the whole human body not any small part of it was Dr. Caldwell's practice. More than half his "calls" were on women, children and babies. They are the ones most often sick. But their illnesses were usually of a minor nature—colds, fevers, headaches, biliousness—and all of them required first a thorough evacuation. They were constipated. In the course of his 47 years' practice (he was graduated from Rush Medical College back in 1875), he found a good deal of success in such cases with a prescription of his own containing a simple laxative herbs with pepsin. In 1892 he decided to use this formula in the manufacture of a medicine to be known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and in that year his prescription was first placed on the market.

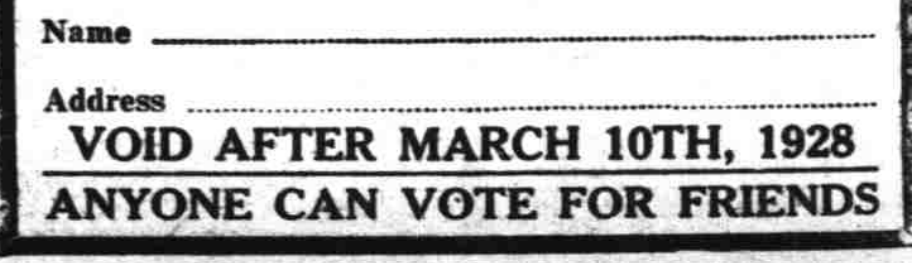
The preparation immediately had as great a success in the drug stores as it previously had in his private practice. Now, the third generation is using it. Mothers are giving it to their children who were given it by their mothers. Every second of the working day someone somewhere is going into a drug store to buy it. Millions of bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are being used a year.

Its great success is based on merit, on repeated buying, on one satisfied user telling another. There are thousands of homes in this country that are never without a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's

Syrup Pepsin, and we have gotten many hundreds of letters from grateful people telling us that it helped them when everything else failed.

Every drug store sells Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Keep a bottle in your home—where many live someone is sure to need it quickly.

We would be glad to have you prove at our expense how much Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can mean to you and yours. Just write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, and we will send you prepaid a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.



Dr. J. B. Caldwell, M.D. AT AGE 83

SAYS RED PEPPER HEAT STOPS PAIN IN FEW MINUTES

Rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, backache, stiff neck, sore muscles, strains, sprains, aching joints. When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers, and when heat penetrates right down into pain and congestion relief comes at once. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the tingling heat. In three minutes the sore spot is warmed through and through and the torture is gone. Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, costs little at any drug store. Get a jar at once. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles in every package.

FREE VOTING BALLOT This ballot is good for 200 votes for the candidate in The Oregon Statesman Subscription Campaign, whose name is written on it. Do not fold. Trim. Name Address VOID AFTER MARCH 10TH, 1928 ANYONE CAN VOTE FOR FRIENDS