

THE OREGON STATESMAN

Published Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 212 South Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon

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BUSINESS OFFICES: Member Selected Oregon Newspapers Pacific Coast Representatives—Duty & Sippes, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg., San Francisco, Stratton Bldg., Los Angeles, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 124 136 W. 23rd St., Chicago, Marquette Bldg.

TELEPHONES: Business Office 23 or 583 News Dept. 25 or 105 Job Department 588 Society Editor 106 Circulation 107

Entered at the Post Office in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter. February 3, 1928. But of that day and hour knoweth no man, not the angel of heaven, but my father only. But as days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. Matthew 24:36, 37.

ON THE JOB

"I am much interested in getting allotment in connection with the deepening of the river between Salem and Portland, and will actively cooperate in improvement of the channel. Charles L. McNary, United States Senator."

The above dispatch was received yesterday by Mrs. Emma Murphy Brown, who was the stenographer at the river improvement hearing on Wednesday.

Senator McNary is strictly on the job. He has been on the job ever since the project was officially given the sanction of federal law.

In the rivers and harbors bill signed a year ago in January.

The clause in that bill was written by Congressman Hawley, and it authorized the examination by the United States engineers, to determine the feasibility of maintaining a boating stage in the Willamette river the year through from Portland to Salem.

Both of the members of the Oregon delegation in congress who have their homes in Salem are strictly on the job, and both are influential.

In several branches of legislation, Senator McNary is the most powerful member of the upper branch of congress.

And Congressman Hawley is the ranking member of the ways and means committee, called the committee of committees, and the most powerful committee in either house.

And the ranking member is the working member. No piece of legislation carrying an appropriation gets by the ranking member of the ways and means committee without his scrutiny, no matter how large or how small the proposed appropriation may be. That is in the line of the duties of the ranking member, and Mr. Hawley is old fashioned enough to believe in attending to his duties, no matter how exacting the task may be. And it is exceedingly exacting.

This river improvement matter had to originate as it did. That is the procedure. It is now on the way, with a favorable hearing. The results of this hearing will go to Washington. If a favorable report is made by the men in high authority in the engineering department, which is a part of the war department, our Salem members of the Oregon delegation will be on the job, and no doubt the other members, too.

And the Willamette river will be improved as it should be. The chiefs of the engineers at Washington have the large vision.

They are predisposed to the great project, and, from the present proceedings, we may well hope for the final consummation; the greatest one accomplishment that can be had in favor of the development of the great Willamette valley.

ABOUT CEMETERIES

Gladstone once said that the degree of civilization of any people can be reckoned by their burial customs—the manner in which they care for their dead. Cemeteries are recognized as necessary. We cannot do without them. We must have suitable sites set apart for the last resting places of our loved ones. Such places are hallowed by the most sacred memories and tender thoughts. Our idea of a cemetery is necessarily based on the kind of cemeteries we have been used to. In the last decade many new ideas have been worked out and the modern cemetery is very different from the old fashioned "churchyard" of our grandfather's time. The automobile has had its effect here as in many other phases of modern life. Whereas a few years ago in the horse and hearse days cemeteries were necessarily located close in to population centers now the matter of a few miles further out is a matter of only a few minutes for an automobile procession. As cities grow and expand it is the common history that old cemeteries are encompassed and new sites must be found.

Salem proudly boasts of her fourscore years of history. She has grown from a pioneer settlement on the banks of the Willamette to a modern city of over 25,000. She will continue to grow and her area will expand accordingly. Not the least of many things to be considered in planning our future is the location of our cemeteries. Those in use for years are already surrounded by suburban homes. They are limited in area and must eventually expand or new sites be found. In fact one cemetery is now planning an addition of twelve acres to their present site. What of the future? Shall we permit additions to the cemeteries already in our city? Or shall we require that all new sites be at proper distances out to care for our future needs?

Cemeteries are privately owned but they are public property in the sense that every citizen has a vital interest in their location and management. Our laws have recognized this in placing them under the zoning commission, which must approve their sites.

A recent number of the American Magazine contains a most interesting description of a park cemetery at Marshalltown, Iowa, a city of some 18,000. Their cemetery is a wonderful park of rare beauty. It is an attractive spot that hundreds daily visit to enjoy its beauty. Children play there and lovers stroll through its beautiful walks. One such walk is actually christened "Lovers' Lane." The place has lost all the morbidity and depression common to most old fashioned cemeteries. It is used alike by all creeds. There is no Potter's field for the poor. None is needed, for the poorest can lay away their loved ones where beauty is the common property of all.

Our Chamber of Commerce listened the other day to the proposal of a San Diego gentleman to establish such a memorial park here. He has already established a similar one at San Diego, California. Los Angeles has three. His proposal is to beautify a forty acre site about four miles

south of the city. He will spend over \$100,000 of his own money—and does not ask a cent from us.

The Statesman believes the citizens of Salem should be interested in outlining plans for our future needs. Do we want more cemeteries within the city—or shall we require that all expansions and new sites be located farther out with view of fitting in with our future growth?

The Farm and Industrial Magazine Section of the Sunday Statesman will contain some articles concerning the flax and linen industries that will be interesting and valuable. We are well on our way to epochal developments in these industries.

The OUTER GATE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN CENTRAL PRESS ASSN., Inc.

Chapter 17 SHE did not speak. She sat looking at his averted face, the deeply chiseled profile, the lines of torture about the corners of eyes and lips, the stooped shoulders.

"Bob?" Her voice came to him softly above the clatter of silverware and the chatter of conversation.

"Yes." "What are you trying to tell me?"

"Nothing." "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm just a fool, Kathleen. I'm no good. I can't think of anything except Borden. I hate the man so deeply I'd kill him if I had the nerve—and that's rotten. What right have I—"

"Stop, Bob—please. Let me say something. There isn't but one thing in the world I truly care about and that's a quitter. When you tell me that you want to get even with Borden, I can applaud you, because it takes a degree of courage and of manhood. If you want to make him suffer—go ahead. You have that privilege. You hate—and only strong men can hate as you do. But for God's sake—do something. I've watched you, I've suffered with you. I know you. And I'd rather see you working with Carmody, doing some of the things which he would ask you to do and which the world would frown upon, than see you continue to do nothing. That is why I am so insistent; it is because I have thought so much about you, and hoped for you."

"Why?" His voice was sharp and direct.

"Because you are sorry for me."

She hesitated, then with a quick, impulsive gesture placed her hand over his. "Bob," she said, "a minute ago you were trying to tell me something. What was it?"

He looked at her in a panic. His heart pounded and his vision blurred.

"Will it make it easier for you to say it, Bob? If I tell you that I love you?"

For a single glorious moment, the world stopped. Bob's heart was pounding, his eyes were wide, he trembled.

The thing seemed unreal. Everything, for that matter, had seemed unreal since the day he had been thrown back into the world as unceremoniously as he had been snatched from it.

But, looking through the haze into the twin stars of Kathleen Shannon's eyes, Bob knew that this instant marked the commencement of a new epoch in his life. He felt a sense of warm gratitude for that—and, for the first time, it came to him that perhaps there was something of happiness left for him. And because Kathleen knew that he knew she would understand, she was happy—more happy than she had ever been before.

The declaration had sprung unbidden from her lips. She had not thought of it—nor weighed the consequences. It had seemed so frank and natural a thing to do, and she did it without hesitation, without mock modesty, without reserve. But her cheeks were very white and her eyes very dark as she watched the effect on the man opposite. She waited tensely for words which were so slow in coming.

"Oh, Kathleen!" he said at length. "Oh, Kathleen!"

"That was all. They were oblivious to everything in the world save themselves, and this exquisite moment—and then his voice came again, broken, piteously pleading. "You don't really mean that, Kathleen?"

"Yes, Bob. I mean it." "But you couldn't. I'm no good. I'm a jailbird. I'm—"

"I love you, Bob. And it isn't fair that you should not know." He bit his lip. "Do you love me, Kathleen—or are you just sorry?"

"Can't you look at me and answer that for yourself?" Her eyes compelled him. She was gloriously alive and vivid; eyes and hair of midnight, lips of coral and cheeks of rose blush and there was in her whole attitude the manner of a woman who surrenders to the man she loves. Kathleen was too strong a character to regret what she had done; too sure of herself to harbor petty fears that she perhaps had overstepped the bounds of convention. And, most important of all, she knew herself. She loved Bob Terry; she realized now that she had loved him almost from the moment when he had stepped into the Carmody offices, pallid, broken and bitter. The maternal instinct had flamed into life, and

then she had begun yearning over him because she understood every last agonizing detail of the battle which he faced. His situation impressed her as being so hopelessly unjust. Toward him would be directed all the impertinent curiosity which society reserves for the ex-convict; the inherent distrust of anyone who has lived involuntarily behind the gray walls of a prison. Occasionally society would remind itself that the man was innocent, that he should never have been in that prison; but the fact remained that he was branded for life as different.

His voice brought her back to the immediate moment. "You would really marry me, Kathleen?"

She did not evade. "Yes." "Oh—"

He looked away from her; but whether into the past or the future, she could not tell. And because she was intensely a woman, she questioned him:

"Do you want me, Bob?" "Want you?" He swung back to her and she saw a flare of wild passion in his eyes. "Want you? Good God! Can you doubt that? Haven't you known it—always? From the moment I saw you in Carmody's office? Haven't you felt it every second we have been together? I can't talk. I have forgotten how—but most especially I cannot talk about—this—you and me—"

She traced on the tablecloth with the tip of her slender finger, and a wistful little smile played about her lips.

"I expect Uncle Todd in a week," she said. "He will be surprised."

"Will he?" The question came naturally, without thought of its penetration.

"Perhaps not," she answered gravely. "He loves us both very dearly."

"We will tell him together." "Yes. It will make him happy."

"It will. Queer man—Todd." "Queer. And lovable. Naturally honest, naturally decent—yet with a mental quirk which occasionally overbalances his brain. He does things—perhaps he will again."

"Not with us!" He stopped short and stared at her. "When will we be married, Kathleen?"

And now her bravery vanished and it was she who looked away. Love-making had seemed so safe and wonderful in the crowded restaurant. The merest mention of marriage—her exquisite body went cold and then hot. For a few moments she was just plain woman.

"Not now, Bob." "Why?"

"We must wait." "For what?"

"You must pull yourself together. You must do something I love you, Bob—and I wouldn't hurt you for worlds—but can't you realize that I couldn't live on money which Peter Borden was giving you?"

Bob felt himself shivering. For the first time since leaving the penitentiary, he experienced a sense of shame over his anomalous position in the Borden home. He was eating the bread and sharing the roof of the one person in the world whom he hated. He possessed nothing that was not given him by that man—and the fact that the thing was equitable did not alter the situation.

"If I did something? If I went to work for Carmody?"

"Then—when you were able—and wanted me, I would come to you."

He gazed levelly at her, and she quivered to see the smoldering flames. "You understand one thing, Kathleen—I hate Peter Borden."

out, Bob. But nobody else."

"Very well. I'm going to wait until I see him—and talk things over—before definitely accepting Carmody's offer."

(To be Continued.)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(From columns of the Statesman, February 4, 1903.)

Survivors of the First Oregon Cavalry and the First Oregon Infantry met here yesterday.

It would be a fine thing for Oregon to have a governor's mansion. The E. N. Cooke residence is suggested.

Street Commissioner Griswold asked the council last night for another boy and another horse to aid in street work.

New York—James J. Corbett signed contracts for a twenty-round fight with James Jeffries. The purse is \$25,000.

Within a few weeks the great Siberian railroad which spans six thousand miles of wilderness will be ready for all kinds of traffic.

Bits For Breakfast

Well on its way— Still water in Willamette—

A good hearing; then a favorable report, and the Oregon delegation in congress will do the rest.

It is strange that the up river cities apparently took no interest in the river improvement hearing. Do the people up the valley think this is a Salem project? It certainly is. But the improvement will by no means stop at Salem. It will go up to Eugene, and perhaps beyond in time.

There is a fine movement on for better community club work in Marion county. The full cooperation of all the communities will be a good thing for the whole county.

Mark McCallister, corporation commissioner, is to take full charge of the probe at Portland of the smash of the Overbeck and Cooke company. He will have his hands full; and perhaps his nose, too.

Prisoner—(Just back from trial)—Hurray, fellows! I'm crazy.

Cheer up! Perhaps the population really isn't as dense as it appears at the main street intersections.

"Kills son for no reason," says a newspaper headline. And so many fathers having such good cause!

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Marion.

Department No. 2 Paul R. Wandrey, Plaintiff, vs. Bertha Wandrey, Defendant.

To Bertha Wandrey, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit, on or before the 2nd day of March, 1928, and if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in such complaint, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and the defendant, and for such further relief as may be equitable; and you will take notice that this Summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Oregon Statesman, a newspaper published at Salem, Marion County, Oregon, for the period of once a week for four weeks, pursuant to an order of the Hon. L. H. McMahan, Judge of said Court, made at Salem, Oregon, on the 2nd day of February, 1928; and that the date of the first publication of this Summons is the 3rd day of February, 1928, and that the last publication thereof will be on the 2nd day of March, 1928.

JOHN BAYNE, Attorney for Plaintiff F3-10-17-24M2

FARMER WOMAN IN OKLAHOMA

Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Because It Gave Her Health and Strength

In a sunny pasture in Oklahoma, a herd of sleek cows was grazing.

They made a pretty picture, and you will take notice that this Summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Oregon Statesman, a newspaper published at Salem, Marion County, Oregon, for the period of once a week for four weeks, pursuant to an order of the Hon. L. H. McMahan, Judge of said Court, made at Salem, Oregon, on the 2nd day of February, 1928; and that the date of the first publication of this Summons is the 3rd day of February, 1928, and that the last publication thereof will be on the 2nd day of March, 1928.

JOHN BAYNE, Attorney for Plaintiff F3-10-17-24M2

"I understand."

"From the day I went to prison I swore I was living for one thing: to make him suffer. That has been my single idea since I came out. Perhaps that isn't heroic—but it is the one thing which I shall do. Much as I love you—and you don't know how much and you—I could never be happy until I had made Borden understand from personal experience what it means to suffer. I don't know how I shall do it. I don't know when. But if there is a single ambition in my soul, that is it. And it wouldn't be fair to you if you didn't understand."

"Do, Bob."

"Yes—I do. That, too, may be a hopelessly human confession. But I must be honest. If I were in your place, I should feel the same way."

The bond between them was cemented more firmly. They were allies in this thing. The girl did not quibble. She accepted his hatred as human and strong and natural.

"We'll tell Todd when he comes

The World And All

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

I do not know what a clean-cut young man is. All my life I have heard about clean-cut young men, and I have lain awake nights blaming myself for my stupidity because I have never known what was meant. Everybody else surely knows, or everybody else wouldn't be using the expression so often.

Just what makes a young man clean-cut? And isn't there any chance for a clean-cut man? Has anybody even seen a clean-cut girl, old lady, baby or street car conductor?

What is the young man who isn't clean-cut and how may I know him when I see him? Might I call him dirty-cut if he were quite the opposite to the clean-cut fellow?

My own idea is that a clean-cut young man is one who resembles the young man in the collar ads. Under twenty-three, well-dressed, freshly shaved, with regular features, and with a slightly go-getter personality. Am I right or wrong? And even if I am right, why call the poor fellow clean-cut?

If I have defined the clean-cut young man correctly, then he is just one of many desirable and deserving young men. For many excellent fellows are past 23, have irregular features, and are a trifle diffident. But undoubtedly I have envisaged the clean-cut young man incorrectly, for I do not know what he is.

I do not know how to play bridge, who invented the susepider, whether monkeys ever are born twins, how to drive a car how to calm an excited woman at a fire, anything about the fourth dimension, why gold is the standard of money values, who killed Rasputin, why I continue to pay tribute to hat-snatchers at restaurants, who invented the idea that Mary Garden is a great singer, how the mother whale trains her babies to swim, how to tell when Easter comes without looking at the calendar, how table-tippers make the tables tip, or why astronomers so often fail to predict comets accurately.

I do not know whether Richmond P. Hobson ever remembers the days when he was being kissed by some woman than ever kissed any other man. I do not know whether the women who kissed him now tell their daughters about how they fought madly for that kiss, and whether they now consider that it was worth while.

I do not know what to do for my cold, what to say to my children when they tell me there is no Santa Claus, how to make fire with dry sticks, why so many buildings have loose windows, how to put a ribbon on a typewriter, how to thread a needle, why anybody wants anybody else to go to the South Pole, or what the train-caller is saying at any given moment of time.

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillen



POOR PA By Claude Callan



"I know I'm a sentimental old fool, but I wish Pa had kissed my hand when we was young so I could set an' remember it when I'm wore out after a day's washin'."

"Betty's bean won't flush cold-water for three long years, so Ma porter talks against too much education."

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FIREMEN TREAT ASTHMA CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—(AP)—Unable to get a physician promptly, the husband of Mrs. Adeline Selpp, 33, called the fire department

ment pulmotor squad last night to treat a case of critical asthma. Oxygen was pumped into Mrs. Selpp's lungs for three and one-half hours.



Care of Babies

This baby has never had a day's sickness and never a cross or fretful spell that lasted an hour. And what do you suppose is responsible for this healthy, happy condition? Not diet, for he has eaten just about anything and every thing a child could eat. Not kind doctors specify. And with every bottle comes a book on drugs, for he has never had a drop of paregoric. Nor has his sensible mother ever made him taste castor oil. Yet his nerves are sound and his little bowels are strong, and when he does seem the least restless or wakeful, or out of sorts—or likely to be—his mother has him all serene again in ten or fifteen minutes!

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why physicians tell parents they may use it freely with children of any age—the youngest infant. And how they love the taste!

One word of warning: get the pure, real Castoria. Fletcher's Castoria is the original. It is the kind doctors specify. And with every bottle comes a book on "Care and Feeding of Babies" that is worth its weight in gold to any mother or prospective mother. So remember: tell your druggist you wish Fletcher's Castoria.

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