

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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Entered at the Post Office in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter. February 12, 1928 They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them; but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. Matt. 25:3 and 4.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday is on this 12th of February celebrated around the world, belonged to all humanity, because he represented ideals that appeal to the heart and reason of every thinking man and woman— The ideals of the lowly Man of Galilee, that all men are brothers and children of one inheritance— The ideals that brought the Pilgrim fathers across the uncharted seas, seeking a land where men might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences— The ideals that were written into the Declaration of Independence; that all men are born free and equal— The ideals that were followed through the privations of Valley Forge and all the heroic days leading up to Yorktown— And the ideals of a government of the people, by the people, for the people, that, implanted in the minds of the struggling soldiers of the World War, and of their brothers at home, were the most powerful influences that led to the ending of that titanic struggle. The world was made a far better place in which to live because there lived in it for a brief time Abraham Lincoln.

THE WORK OF PROF. PECK

Editor Statesman: I have read with great interest your recent editorial concerning Prof. Peck of Willamette University. Since I am intimately acquainted with the aims of Prof. Peck and not a little interested in botany myself, I should like to have an opportunity to correct any wrong inferences some might get from reading your editorial. I sincerely believed your editorial was an earnest attempt to further his cause, but through your lack of botanical knowledge, you unintentionally over-emphasized some things which were not particularly important, and almost failed to mention the thing which is near and dear to Prof. Peck and his host of friends—his unfinished book, "The Flora of Oregon."

But let me begin at the beginning. In the early sixties two brothers, Joseph and Thomas Howell, became interested in the rare and unusual flowers of the northwest, particularly those of Oregon. They braved the dangers of storms, sickness, and lurking Indians to collect the strange and varied plants which they sent to the great botanists in the east, Asa Gray and others, who in turn described them in scientific and obscure publications. Joseph died before the brothers were able to bring together a compilation of these scattered descriptions. But Thomas Howell, about his only encouragement coming from W. M. Gorman, determined to print a book of the flowers they had collected. The fact that he was so badly crippled that he could scarcely use his hands did not prevent him from setting the type and printing himself a book of 792 pages of scientific descriptions. It was published in eight parts, the last one bearing the title "A Flora of Northwest America," and dated Aug. 10th, 1903. He did not live to see his work appreciated, and died in poverty. The unbound parts of his work were kicked around for years in the warehouse of J. K. Gill, who finally bound them and put them on the market. They were quickly sold, and I'd like to know where I can buy one today. Meanwhile a new host of wild flower lovers have arisen in Oregon who would like to have a book containing the descriptions of the plants of Oregon, but there is no such book.

Let us remember that Thomas Howell's book was only a compilation; scarcely twenty pages of it were original. Then the public ought to appreciate having a man like Prof. Peck, who is big enough to write an original book from cover to cover, not even having to invite any specialist to write the descriptions of the grasses or sedges. This is the main reason for his arduous collecting for the past twenty years—he wanted to draw new descriptions directly from the plants themselves, and not have to copy them from some one else's work. He has covered the entire state—seashore, fields, woods and mountains, and not just the Willamette valley, as the editorial implies, and the mounted plants have always been the property of the University, and not, as the editorial implies, to be transferred when the book is completed.

Prof. Peck has long planned this trip east so as to be able to examine the first collections from which the first descriptions were based, and in no sense is he being "sent." Our hearts beat faster when we read how Linnaeus was assisted financially by his sweetheart. Linnaeus is known today as the "Father of Botany." Our hearts are likewise warmed by the generous act of the trustees of Willamette University, who have so nobly showed their appreciation and faith in the years of service Prof. Peck has rendered to the University by making it financially possible to complete a work of love. May the blessings of all lovers of Oregon plants go with Prof. Peck, and let us praise the trustees for their splendid generosity in so worthy a cause—that of helping a worthy man take his place among the foremost botanists of today and all time to come.

—J. W. THOMPSON, W. U.

The article in this morning's Statesman on Lincoln, by Hubert Work, United States secretary of the interior, is well worth the reading. It may be called "A Perfect Tribute," like the gripping book by a Confederate soldier, which no doubt the reader has seen.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809. Had he lived till today, he might have celebrated his 119th birthday. Can you vision the reverence of the multitudes that would have paid their loving tributes to him? Many men and women have lived more than 119 years. And, according to men of science, the average span of life ought to be that long.

NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood. We move along asunder, Our paths grow wider as the season's creep Along the years; we marvel and we wonder Why life is life, and then we fall asleep; Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions, And hug them closer as the years go by, Till virtues often seem to us transgressions, And thus men rise and fall, and live and lie; Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge; The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision Are oft impelled against those who mold the age, Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action Which lie beneath the surface and the show, Are disregarded; with self satisfaction We judge our neighbors—and they often go Not understood.

Not understood. How many hearts are breaking For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day, How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking, How many noble spirits pass away, Not understood?

Not understood. How trifles often change us! The thoughtless sentence or a fancied slight Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us And on our souls there falls a freezing blight; Not understood.

Oh, God! that men should see a little clearer, Or judge less harshly where they cannot see; Oh, God! that men should draw a little nearer, To one another, they'd be nearer Thee, And understood.

—Mrs. Georgiana B. Thompson.

LINCOLN

(By Charles H. J. Bliss, Los Angeles, Calif.) A child of nature from the very first, Born in a wild and rugged mountain land, Reared by a godly mother's careful hand, And in the lap of goodness gently nursed, His brow by wholesome forest breezes fanned, All these gave him in wisdom to be versed, Made him a master fitted to command, Leader of men, in noble thoughts immersed. In every worthy cause he found his work, Nor is there in all history a name Can be recalled as more beloved than he. O happy man, who did not shrink nor shirk, Life's goal to thee was usefulness; and fame Now crowneth thee with immortality!

IMMORTAL LINCOLN

(Edna Garfield) Immortal LINCOLN! Loved throughout the world! Superb the freedom gloriously unfurled, Despite the vile assassin's bullet hurled!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Renska Ladd Swart.) Lincoln! Glorious actor on the stage of life! Martyred for the freeing of a race! Who reunited a disrupted nation, And became the beacon-light Of the world's hope for Democracy. LINCOLN!

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. Natural ability, a light-hearted, ambitious young fellow, he is turned out of prison hardened and bitter with a "get even" complex. He is particularly bitter against Peter Borden, his former employer who felt it his "duty" to send Bob to prison. Upon his release, Peter Borden meets Bob and urges him to live at his home. Borden is genuinely sorry for his mistake and wants to share his fortune with Bob. Lois Borden, Peter's beautiful daughter whom Bob has always admired from afar falls in love with Bob. Bob gets engaged to Kathleen Shannon, niece of his former prison pal. Kathleen works for John Carmody, the state's political boss, who also wants to get even with Peter Borden. Carmody is secretly in love with Kathleen and when he learns Bob is engaged to her he determines to entangle both Bob and Peter Borden in an embroilment plot which will send them to prison. Lois Borden learns that Bob is in love with Kathleen Shannon and is curious to meet her. Kathleen and Todd Shannon, Bob's prison pal, are invited to call at the Borden home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Chapter 25 NOW that they were actually coming, Bob felt that the whole thing was a mistake. He moved uneasily about the vast, softly-lighted living room, and tried futilely to vision Todd Shannon and Kathleen in that environment.

Peter Borden was seated in his favorite chair under the reading lamp, absorbed in the day's newspaper news. He had said little, but Bob felt a surge of gratitude—the first hint of kindness toward the older man—when he saw that dinner clothes had been eschewed for this particular occasion. And Lois—all that Bob could tell was that she was simply and quietly dressed; he was too entirely a man to understand the hours of meticulous care which had gone into her toilet, nor could he know that she had studied scrupulously

every detail of her ravishing simplicity. No one was happy or at ease. Borden's thin face was inscrutable; Lois was nervous. Bob was frankly regretful. His invitation to Todd and Kathleen had been a gesture of defiance—as he explained to Todd at the time. "They're bluffing, and I'm calling their bluff." But they had not been bluffing, and Bob was impressed by their calm acceptance of the fact that they were spending this evening in their own home, with his former cellmate and the niece of the ex-convict. Borden merely said that he was glad Bob had invited his friends; Lois actually was glad. This was her first and only opportunity to meet Kathleen Shannon, of whom she had heard so much. She was prepared to hate the girl—and to treat her nicely. After all, she was, in a certain way, an ally in the rehabilitation of Bob Terry. Chiefly, however, Lois was curious. What manner of girl was this who was niece to an ex-convict and private secretary to the shrewdest political manipulator in the state? What was the bond between her and Bob? Lois did not know exactly what she expected; a rather loud creature, of course, and one untutored in social niceties. All her life Lois had been sheltered from the ruder contacts; persons existing on Kathleen's plane had been creatures of hearsay whom she had never been sufficiently interested in to investigate. And Lois was entirely too human a person—and too wise a one—not to realize that in this first meeting under the eye of Bob Terry, she had all the advantages of her own background. She belonged here, in this modest luxury; Kathleen would be entirely out of her element.

At first Todd violently opposed the visit. But to his amazement, Kathleen overruled him. And Todd was too ponderous a thinker to analyze her reasons. Kathleen was engaged to Bob Terry, and with a woman's intuition she sensed a dangerous rival in Lois, not so much because of

what Bob said about her as because of what he did not say. She, too, had noticed the change in him since regular work in Carmody's office had restored a measure of his self-respect. Before, he had avoided Lois just as he had avoided every one who might by any chance have patronized him. Now he was seeking more of her, and enjoying her companionship. What Kathleen believed was far from reassuring. She learned that in the old days Bob had worshipped Lois from afar—the attraction of the clerk for the beautiful daughter of his wealthy employer. That there had been nothing personal in their contact—that they had moved on different social planes—were things to worry about because the change had been so radical. Now they were in daily contact in the intimacy of home shared. She knew by hints from Bob that Lois was almost too vitally interested in his career. She was sufficiently well versed in masculine psychology to understand the tonic effect of association that Lois was dramatizing Bob beyond all reason, and she knew that he could not remain indifferent to her acceptance of him as an intimate.

And so she prepared for the visit in a spirit of desperation. She loved Bob with a deeper love than he could possibly understand. He had roused in her all the mother instinct, and had fanned into flame the long dormant woman. He was a powerful and appealing figure, and he was her kind. She suffered with him, because she knew how deep the cut had been. She saw him as he was before he went to prison; responsible to the slightest impression. Even yet he was impressionable to an unusual degree, but only Kathleen truly understood the agony that he had suffered. And only she knew how he would inevitably respond to the influence of a girl who had once been a fairy dream.

The doorbell rang and Peter Borden rose. Bob again experienced a sense of gratitude toward the man whom he hated; he appreciated the thought which caused Borden to greet their guests instead of confronting them with the dignified figure of Croesus. Bob and Lois followed the older man into the reception hall. They saw him open the door. Todd Shannon's tremendous figure bulked there. He was clad in a new and vivid suit of reddish brown and he was twisting a felt hat in his enormous hands. "Mister Borden live here?" The host's hand came out. "I'm Borden. And this is Mr. Shannon. I believe." Their hands clasped. A slow grin crossed Todd Shannon's lips. "Gosh! What a place you got here!" "Thank you," Borden was very much at ease. He addressed the girl standing somewhat timidly in the background. "And this is Miss Shannon."

"Yes, sir." Borden bowed as they entered. Lois held back. Todd Shannon was just what she expected—a trifle more kindly of eye, perhaps—but she experienced a not unpleasant surprise at sight of Kathleen. Kathleen was clad simply in a blue ensemble edged with the thinnest touch of silver ribbon. Her hat was a little thing of gray felt, tam-o'-shanter shape and set off by a bit of blue feather. The costume proclaimed taste and delicacy and Lois knew that she was looking at a woman who had more than beauty to recommend her.

Now Lois understood what Bruce Richardson had meant when he used the term "ivory" in describing Kathleen. She had fancied that he meant coarse or loud. Kathleen was anything but that. She radiated refinement along with poise and self-confidence. And Lois was surprised to find that she was sorry for the girl's obvious embarrassment at this moment of meeting. Lois was human—and genuine. She came forward eagerly, her hands outstretched and a smile of real welcome on her lips. "Hello, Lois Borden, Miss Shannon."

The girls met eye to eye. And from that instant each admired the other. Lois was friendly. Whatever unworthy ambition she might have had to shine in Bob Terry's eyes by contrast with a rather blatant woman of another world was forgotten absolutely. "I'm awfully glad to meet you, Miss Shannon. Bob had spoken of you so often."

A soft voice, and vibrant, a woman of power and striking femininity. They stood face to face, both beautiful—yet in marked contrast. Where Lois was slim and delicate and radiantly blonde, Kathleen was slightly heavier and dark-eyed. "It was Bob who was most ill at ease. He had regretted his invitation and had prepared for an uncomfortable and combative evening—brief, unpleasant and awkward. Now, as Borden adroitly led them into the living room and assumed charge of the conversation, Bob felt out of the picture, as though he were the only spectator at a little drama which he could not understand.

His greatest surprise was Todd Shannon. Todd was slow and heavy, as usual, but he was not at all embarrassed. He met Borden's conversational advances with a quick remark. "I'm sorry you're never been here before, Mr. Shannon," vouchsafed Borden. "Yes, sir." Again that slow, knowing grin twitched the corners of Todd's lips. "I ain't been out so very long."

Bob saw Kathleen flash, and was grateful when Lois interjected a quick remark. "But you must come often. We've tried to make Bob understand that we'd like his friends to be ours."

"That's real kind of you, Miss. Of course me and Kathleen ain't used to such as this. Me, I'm liable to rush into something—you know."

Lois laughed. It was a genuine, infectious, friendly laugh, and Kathleen liked her for it. It would have been so easy for the blonde girl to have taken Todd's remark seriously. It put Kathleen at ease, and dispelled the last of her fears. For one thing, Todd was not at all abashed, and that phase of the evening had perturbed her considerably. Right now he was engaged in conversation with Peter Borden. (To be Continued.)

BEST BROODER FUEL FROM SALEM'S LEADING HEAT MERCHANTS GASCO BRIQUETS

NO ASHES—CLEAN BURNING—THEY'RE ALL HEAT Come and get them at our bunkers or phone or write us and we'll bring them to you.

HILLMAN FUEL COMPANY

PHONE 1885 Yard Office 1405 Broadway

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Bits For Breakfast

Salem has good dentists— All the special lines are represented here.

And it is not necessary to go elsewhere for work of this nature. No better dentistry can be had anywhere.

These are some of the outstanding things that the dentists of Salem are to impress upon the people of this city during the territory in a publicity campaign. This will increase the amount of dental work done here; it will improve the average efficiency of our people by helping to keep them well. It will save many precious lives. People who get their teeth at home that would otherwise go to other cities. So it will be a good thing all around. It will be worth more than it will cost to the dentists themselves, and it will make for economy on the part of the people of this district.

There is a Portland newspaper claiming to be the "only independent newspaper in Oregon." That will get a rise out of a lot of Oregon newspapers. What is an independent newspaper, any way? Independent of what? It would be a fine thing for this country if more of its newspapers were independent of the part of the public that is looking for crime and other sensational news.

The Salem Y. W. employment office had the past week, up to Friday night, 143 men and 48 women applying for work, and found jobs for 62 men and six women. Going better now. Yesterday was a good day.

Salem, the boyhood home of Herbert Hoover, is to organize a Hoover club on Wednesday evening at the court house.

ROCKEFELLER WILL PRESENT EVIDENCE

Wealthy Standard Oil Man Arrives In Washington For Hearing

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—(AP)—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., commanding figure in the Standard Oil interests, arrived last night from New York in response to a subpoena for his appearance tomorrow before the senate Teapot Dome committee which is seeking to unravel the mystery of the Continental Trading company of Canada.

Upon his arrival Mr. Rockefeller declined to make any statement, saying with a smile that he would do that "at 10 o'clock in the morning," which is the hour he is to take the stand before the senate committee.

A subpoena for Rockefeller was issued after Robert W. Stewart, head of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, had failed to heed his admonition to answer all questions put to him regarding transactions of the Continental company. The senate investigators intend to ask him what Stewart has told him, but in his telegram to Senator Walsh of Montana, prosecutor of the investigation, accepting service of a telegraphic subpoena, Rockefeller said he could furnish no more information than the committee already had obtained.

By a coincidence the head of the Rockefeller Foundation was assigned to the same hotel suite that Stewart occupied a week ago to-night under guard of a deputy sergeant-at-arms after a senate warrant for his arrest had been served upon him.

REPORT SINNOT BILL OUT

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—(AP)—The Sinnott bill to provide for the construction of the Deschutes irrigation project in Oregon was reported here by the house irrigation committee.

The bill would authorize the secretary of the interior to construct a storage reservoir and other incidental works on the Deschutes river at Benham Falls, Ore.

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET

By Robert Quillen



"I like to see people be sanitary, but there ain't no sense in Pa takin' a bath ever' night when he ain't got but three suits of heavy underwear." (Copyright, 1928, Publishers Syndicate.)

POOR PA

By Claudio Callan



"I was gone two weeks an' when I got back Betty phoned over from her chum's to see if I'd brought her anything." (Copyright, 1928, Publishers Syndicate.)

ASTORIA'S CHARTER AMENDMENT VOIDED

Ordinance Held Faulty Because "Emergency" Clause Unjustified

Because the city of Astoria failed to give a reason for attaching an emergency clause to an ordinance proposing a charter amendment, the state supreme court this week declared the ordinance to be void and the ordinance which it proposed to amend valid and in full force and effect.

The opinion was written by Justice McBride and reversed Judge J. U. Campbell of the lower court in the case of W. E. Joplin, appellant, against J. C. Ten Brook, mayor, and other officials of the city of Astoria. The lower court held for the city of Astoria whereupon Mr. Joplin appealed the case to the supreme court for final determination.

Other cases handed down by the supreme court follow: J. W. DeYoung and K. A. Roald, doing business under the firm name of DeYoung & Roald, vs. J. S. Crooks and Jane Doe Crooks, appellants; appeal from Multnomah county; suit to foreclose mechanic's lien. Opinion by Justice Roseman. Decree of Judge Ashby C. Dickson modified.

F. W. Peterson vs. Fred Dose, appellant; appeal from Multnomah county; action to recover rentals. Opinion by Justice Brown. Judge Louis P. Hewitt affirmed. Leo Roberts, appellant, vs. Carl Gerlinger; appeal from Polk county; suit to foreclose lien. Opinion by Justice Bean. Judge W. M. Ramsey reversed.

Ruhama L. Wertz vs. Joseph Wertz, appellant; appeal from Multnomah county; suit for separate maintenance. Opinion by Justice Belt. Judge B. P. Hewitt affirmed. John Tryon vs. George F. Palmer, trustee for Mabel C. Hinkson, bankrupt, appellant; Henry Hoshel and others, defendants; appeal from Lane county; suit to foreclose mortgage. Opinion by Justice Coshov. Judge J. W. Hamilton affirmed.

Irene Davis vs. Ernest Davis, appellant; appeal from Multnomah county; appeal from decree awarding respondent certain interest in real estate. Opinion by Justice Coshov. Decree of Judge Ashby C. Dickson modified. Mary E. Hinckley vs. Josephine Marsh and James Marsh, appellants; appeal from Multnomah county; suit for damages. Opinion by Justice Coshov. Judge Walter H. Evans affirmed.

Hansen, Hammond and Clis vs. Broadway bank, Portland, appellant; appeal from Multnomah county; suit to recover money for labor and materials. Opinion by Chief Justice Rand. Judge George W. Stapleton affirmed. May Lakson, appellant, vs. John Lakson; appeal from Multnomah county; suit for divorce. Opinion by Chief Justice Rand. Judge Ashby C. Erickson reversed.

In the matter of the adjudication of relative rights to use of water of Rogue river and tributaries; appeal from Jackson county; suit involving use of water of Little Applegate, tributary to Rogue river. Opinion by Justice Bean. Decree of Judge P. M. Callkins modified.

RICH OIL OPERATOR SET FREE BY COURT

Sheldon Clark of Chicago Eliminated From List In Contempt Case

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—(AP)—Sheldon Clark, wealthy oil operator of Chicago, was eliminated today from the list of six persons charged with criminal contempt of court because of the Fall-Sinclair oil jury surveillance.

In sustaining a motion to dismiss the charges against Clark, Justice Siddons ruled that his connection with the case was "casual and accidental." The Chicagoan, he said, had come here to testify in the oil trial as a character witness for Harry F. Sinclair and in his capacity of a friend twice was asked to hand reports made by Burns detectives of the shadowing activities to Henry Mason Day who hired the agents.

"I could not convict you of contempt of court," said Justice Siddons, "and send you to prison or impose a sentence upon you because I have not been convinced beyond a reason doubt of your guilt." The elimination of Clark leaves Sinclair, William J. Burns, W. Sherman Burns, C. L. Veltch and final contempt charges.

PROBE DEMANDED WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—(AP)—Investigation of charges of manipulation of the cotton market by cotton exchanges and "undue influence" on the department of agriculture in making cotton reports was asked here by Senator Smith, democrat, South Carolina.

LOWDEN'S HAT IN GALESBURG, Ill., Feb. 11.—(AP)—A petition to list the name of Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois as a candidate in Illinois' republican presidential preference primary next April was sent to Springfield Friday by O. M. Custer of Galesburg, in charge of the Lowden campaign in Illinois.

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