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Then said Pilate unto Him, Hearstest Thou not how many things they witness against Thee? And He answered him to never a word; inasmuch that the governor marvelled greatly. Matthew 27:13-14.

EASTER

The epitaph of one of the greatest writers of the last century, Charles Reade, contained this striking message as his last words to mankind: "I hope for the resurrection—not from any power in nature but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot."

That is the hope of Easter. It is the faith in life beyond the grave—

And that hope and that faith grips constantly more and more of the teeming millions of the humar race and clothes life on this earth with beauty—

And, under the teachings of the Man of Galilee whose victory over death heralded the first glad Easter morning; teachings proclaiming the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and peace on earth and good will to men, and the love of neighbor equal to love of self—

All this spirit of Christianity is the spirit of service above selfishness; the spirit that is destined to usher in universal peace and friendship and forbearance and toleration—

It is the spirit of Easter.

THE COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT

Salem yesterday entertained a group of country correspondents of the newspapers of Marion county; the people who write the neighborhood news—

In the rural sections the most eagerly read of all the news—

The news that comes from the heart of things; from where the people live and strive and hope; from the homes that make up the foundation stones of the Republic, without which there could be no firm security for the institutions of the country. The faithful chroniclers of the neighborhood events are thus of the salt of the earth. Unpretentiously, they are doing a worth while work, calculated to endure. They are at the source of the stream which feeds the best life of the great cities.

The statement was recently made that every prominent newspaper man in New York City, the largest newspaper city in the world, has come to an important post from some small town where he has learned how to reach down into the hearts of the people.

"The chances for business success are much greater with the man from the small town than they are with the man from the larger cities," recently declared one of the heads of the house of the J. C. Penney company, the second largest chain store concern in the United States.

"The small town boy learns the importance of thrift and application early in life and generally follows the principles of these two great virtues throughout life—

"They are essential to business success."

The small town boy also learns the habit of being neighborly, and it is this habit which gives him a standing with the people with whom he must come into contact in business life—

For, after all, in the heart of it, a nation is made up of neighborhoods, craving for the touch of neighborliness; for the contacts of mutual interest and helpfulness.

The country correspondent is the fostering preserver of neighborliness, deserving well of his or her day and generation for unselfish devotion to tasks the performance of which is worth while.

LIGHT AT THE TOMB: EASTER MORNING

By Amos R. Wells

Oh, the women came at dawning with a burden on their hearts,

And they left with all their burden rolled away;

So we take our grief to Jesus and the sorrow all departs,

And we leap from midnight into day.

Yes, the women came at dawning, came in tears to find their dead,

And they found a radiant angel shining there.

"Seek him not, for he has risen," blessed words the angel said,

Song of hope from the tomb of despair.

So the women came at dawning with their spices and their balm—

They would seal the precious body for the grave;

And they left with souls anointed by the glory of a psalm,

The joy that can lift and save.

Said the women at the dawning, "We are nevermore to see His dear presence in the city, on the shore."

Said the angel, "Go to meet him, he awaits in Galilee;

Now and ever he goes on before."

Moaned the women at the dawning how the Rock Apostle fell,

How he hung his head in weeping and in shame.

Said the angel, "His disciples, go and find them, go and tell,"

And he added Simon Peter's name.

Ah, the women at the dawning, how they trembled in their fear,

How they left the mighty message all unsaid!

We will tell it, we will shout it, so the whole wide world shall hear:

The Lord of Life has risen from the dead!

CONDITIONS PROTESTED
 WARSAW, Apr. 7.—(AP)—The Polish Telegraphic Agency reported that mass meetings have been held throughout western Poland protesting against "deplorable conditions" among the Polish popula-

tion in German upper Silesia. The only difference between some candidates and the low-brow movie comedians is that the candidates throw mud instead of caustic pills.

SWEETHEARTS

BY IDA H. GIBSON
 AUTHOR OF "MY SON'S SWEETHEARTS, CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE, ETC."

READ THIS FIRST:
 Lynda Fenton, a singularly innocent girl, is private secretary to Ralph Armitage, who has an insane wife. Her father, a drunkard, tells her that her mother deserted them, and that all women have their price.

Lynda meets Emily Andrews, who cherishes a secret fondness for David Kenmore, Lynda's companion from childhood. Emily plots against Lynda from the very beginning. David tells Lynda he loves her, but she decides she doesn't want to be in love with any man. David is away on a trip.

Lynda's father deserts her, and Claire Stanhope comes to live with her. Lynda has been invited to a party, and Emily secretly sends her a letter suggesting that she come home for the party, so that Lynda may be made to feel at ease. Then she sends him an anonymous note, saying "Ralph Armitage is rushing your girl."

David writes to Lynda, admonishing her to beware of Ralph Armitage. It stirs her ire, and turns her thoughts to Ralph. Ralph has met with an accident, and Lynda goes to his home to take dictation. There he holds her hand and gains her sympathy, and when she bends and kisses him lightly, in simple innocence, he terminates the session.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
 Chapter 30
 The End of An Imperfect Day
 In her pity for Ralph Armitage Lynda Fenton had felt toward him just as she would have felt toward David if life had dealt him such a blow.

Ralph had asked in every way possible for her sympathy, and when she innocently gave it to him, he had told her she must not stay any longer. She could not understand it. She felt the tears rise to her eyes. She had thought that he was quite as understanding as David, but it was perfectly apparent that he wasn't, and now he might always think she was cheap. Surely he did not think she was trying to flirt with him.

Emily Andrews had been quietly scrutinizing Lynda, and she decided there was something behind her silence. Too many emotions were passing across her face.

"I wonder what happened at the Armitage house?" she asked herself. "Surely no girl in her senses would be so senseless as to turn Armitage down if he had let her see he was struck on her, which I am sure he did. Lynda must have found out about Pamela Sheaton and come to the conclusion that the game was up as far as she, herself, was concerned. So she came back as soon as possible."

"Lyn," Emily asked, abruptly, "when are you going to invite me over to your house? You ought to have a party, and invite all of us over very soon."

"I'm going to," Lyn answered, "as soon as David comes home. Claire and I were talking about it the other night. Each one of you girls will have to bring your own escort, for you know that with the exception of David and Mr. Armitage, whom I would not dare to ask, I do not know any men."

"Good Lord! What an innocent you must be! We'll soon remedy that, however. I'll get Armitage to come. He won't be in bed long, will he?"

"He wasn't in bed this morning, Emily. He was lounging in a gorgeous robe. They had split up the sleeve over his dislocated shoulder," said Lyn, innocently telling Emily what that young woman desired to know. "But do you think that Mr. Armitage would come to my house? He is pretty democratic, but I did not know he would be as democratic as that."

"Democratic, my hat! Ralph Armitage can be the most snobbish person living if it suits him; but he likes you. Don't you understand that? He would turn down an invitation from the Prince of Wales for you."

"I wish you had not told me about his tactics, Emily."

"I had to, Lyn. Any girl who becomes a secretary to Armitage to become hard-boiled, if her time in his office is not short. You just come to me, old girl, if that boy tries any of his cutesy ways on you, and I'll enlighten you as to what he means by any or all of them."

"It's a hard job to keep, Lynda, and I'm not quite sure yet if you are clever enough to do it. You'll have to deny him as a lover, and still keep him as your friend, if you want to stay where you are. Armitage is a nice boy, if thoroughly selfish—one of those men who never recognize traces except as something to kick over."

"As a business man, just now he is a splendid asset. I will say this for him, however: I think he will be all right when he gets a little older. He lives up to his code, and is not more selfish than most men."

"Well, here's where I leave you, Lyn, here's where I leave you. You take the bus, do you not?"

Glady Lyn bowed her head. When Claire looked as wretched as she felt.

"Was Ralph Armitage able to see you?" she asked.

At the question, Lyn remembered that she had not said one word to him about Claire.

"Yes, I saw him," she said, "but I did not stay very long. He said he was not able to give me dictation. I did not have time to say anything about your affairs. I'm awfully sorry, Claire, but I think he is asking me to come out tomorrow, and then I'll tell him."

The girls ate their meal in silence. It had been a very hard day for both of them. Early Lynda went to her room. She took a hot bath, spent about half an hour over her nails, sprayed herself with perfume, and finally amused herself by putting an entirely new mouth on her face. She was just getting into bed when she heard Claire talking to someone, and then there was a tapping on her door.

"Lyn, dear, there is a man out here with a message for you." Hastily slipping on a bathrobe and slippers, she came out into the living room, to find Wilson, Ralph Armitage's man.

"Please, Miss Fenton, Mr. Armitage told me to give you this, and wait for your reply."

Hastily opening the note, she read: "Dear Lynda: (A sick man may call you dear Lynda, may he not?) 'After you went away today, I felt that the sun had ceased to shine, and that my room was full of lurking shadows. I began also to think that perhaps you might feel as though I had not wished you to stay. I did not mean to be too abrupt in sending you away; but, my dear girl, I could not stand the gaff another minute. It was because I wanted you to stay so much that I told you to go. I felt my taut nerves, stretched to the breaking point, were suddenly going to pieces, and I was vain enough not to want you to see me in a condition verging on hysteria. Nothing that you could have done would have helped matters in the least, and I did not want to

frighten you, so I thought the best thing to do was to try to do decently carry on by myself. 'Tonight I am wakeful, unhappy and blue, and it seems to me that if I could just talk to you a little while I might forget the pain of knitting bones. 'Yes, dear girl, I know it is very late, but I'm sure the ride in the moonlight will rest you. I fear that I tired you with my upbraiding of fate this afternoon. Get Claire Stanhope to come with you, and make me a call. The man will bring you to me and take you back home. This house is so lonely that it drives me mad. 'I hear you say that you know this is true, as only a mad man would write a letter like this to you. I hope you can read it, however. You know I'm writing it with my left hand. Isn't it lucky that when I was at college I used to be able to write, after a fashion, with either hand? I did not know, then, that I would lose the use of my right hand; otherwise I could not have sent this badly-written note of longing to you. 'Now, dear, I'm waiting impatiently for you. Tonight you must come, not as my secretary, but as an understanding friend, whose very presence will calm my unhappy heart. RALPH."

(To be Continued.)

Stock Market Outlook?

A sound, conservative analysis of the stock market has just been prepared. This analysis will show you the probable market conditions next fall.

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VOTERS - REGISTER

You MUST be registered before you can vote. No one can be SWORN IN on Election day.

ALL VOTERS must be REGISTERED 60 DAYS before any Election. This law is an amendment to the Constitution and was voted in by the People at the June 1927 Election.

Registration closes April 17th

A voter who is now registered and moved out of his precinct, or wishes to change his politics, or a woman who has married must REREGISTER.

If you are registered, and voted once in the two years last passed, and have not moved you need not register.

To register call at the County Clerk's Office, or any of the Registrars in the different parts of the County, all are authorized by law to register you free of charge.

Do this now, if not already registered, so you can vote on Election day.

U. G. BOYER, County Clerk

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