

I believe in laughing, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises and in the divine joy of living.—Grover.

Looking Backward and Forward

ON Sunday last a party of fliers and guests took a trip around Mount Hood's top with three planes— When a cloudless sky and bright sunshine made every contour of the mountain visible to air voyagers— The flight being made primarily to obtain moving pictures of Oregon's tallest peak; three planes being used. Less than an hour was taken in the trip, and in that time the observers saw ten snow peaks—Hood, St. Helens, Adams, Rainier, Jefferson, and Three Sisters, Shasta and McLaughlin. Only about 60 years ago, parties in the Willamette valley began making ascents of Mount Hood, going with slow wagons to the edge of the timber line and making the dangerous and toilsome climb to the highest point—if they reached it—with much greater hazard than attends the present mountain climbing parties. Followed auto trips; and many thousands have gone each year merely to get a close view of the majestic mountain. That is looking backward, and only a little way—

And looking forward we can vision the ethereal heights about the pinnacle of the peerless peak filled with tourists making their way in this sight seeing jaunt— In a comfortable ride of a few hours as an after lunch pastime; as a matter of course. It will not be 60 years. The mountain will be the same; the forces of nature making such things possible have lasted throughout the eons. Only man's mastery over the "elements" has been and is changing— And still we are only at the edge of the illimitable mysteries of nature. We only strive to define them—we do not yet know what the "elements" are or whence they came or whether they go. Solving mysteries every year and every hour, we look into the future and wonder about more mysteries than our forefathers dreamed of.

Selling Themselves to Themselves

THE city of Chehalis, Wash., is going to spend a bunch of money this year to sell itself to itself, and its first move made with a view to stealing up on its blind side is to advertise itself to itself on a couple of billboards. Commenting on this program, an exchange says: "We don't know when we have heard about a more commendable enterprise than that since Heck undertook to be a dog by starting in as a pup." The fact is, it is the thing most needed in every city and town on this coast which has a good reason for its existence— Or a whole newspaper page full of good reasons, as is the case with Salem.

That is what the Statesman has been trying to get the people of Salem to do for a half century and more— With rather encouraging evidences of helpfulness in this crusade in the past 10 to 20 years— But this thing cannot be overdone, here. We have here the land of diversity, the country of opportunity, and the city of destiny; and Salem is still in its swaddling clothes, or at least in the infant class, with respect to what it will become when it grows up. There are a dozen lines of industry and endeavor any one of which is destined to add 25,000 or more to the population of this city; and at least one of them 100,000 or more. That one is the flax and linen and hemp industry. Let's sell ourselves to ourselves more and more. Let's get the California spirit, and go them one or several better.

Spending for Health

INDIVIDUALLY, there seems small doubt, we are as attentive to and as anxious about the health of our children, as we are to or about anything that draws our interest. Collectively, perhaps, we are open to the charge of neglect. We have a strange way in our well-ordered civilization of doing things backward at times. As, for instance, when we spend well in excess of two billions of dollars a year for education and seem never very loud in our cries against increases in the cost of knowledge. But we spend only a fraction of that amount to equip our children with sound minds and bodies that they may better absorb the education we are paying for. In fact, public education for our children costs at least 50 times more than the cost of all our public and private child health work. As has been noted repeatedly, we go to great lengths to control and eradicate disease in livestock, that it may not tell in the flesh of present and future generations. Why should we be petty in the matter of child health? It still is possible to be penny wise and pound foolish! Dr. Louis I. Dublin, a recognized authority, declares that the wastage of children up to 15 years of age is \$240,000,000 a year, a sum representing the amount which the country would ultimately gain were these lives saved and allowed to reach maturity and play their part in the nation's work. However, the same authority avers, we hesitatingly spend forty millions a year, and largely waste it, in our half-hearted effort to conserve child life in America.

Quantity Production

THE northwest manager of the concern that is to take over the West Salem cannery was here the other day, making some preliminary arrangements and giving this city and section a sort of once over, or survey— And one of his conclusions is this: The canning and processing business here, in order to attain its maximum success, must think in terms of quantity output and efficiency operation. Quantity production in the city will mean quantity production on the land, reached by the same methods. The man who was here said members of his firm had been at Detroit, studying the methods of production by Henry Ford, General Motors and other leaders of mass production— And he said the Detroit disciples of the new school can give us cards and spades, and then some. We have so far thought we were doing very well here; we have made great progress— But we have been only piddling, compared with our possibilities; compared to what is going to happen here. The estimated cost of the Boulder dam on the Colorado river, together with the power development, may run up to 120 million dollars. The dam will be 550 feet high and will impound 26 million acre feet of water. It is claimed that if the power generated can be sold at three-tenths of a cent the returns will pay for the cost of the project in 25 years. Snowstorm in Texas shows what the November landslide did for them.

Kellygrams

BY FRED C. KELLY
A PRETZEL manufacturer tells me that his business is the best he has ever known—much better than in the days when real beer and pretzels were as universal a combination as ham and eggs. He offers an interesting theory to explain why prohibition has helped rather than hurt the great pretzel industry. People who drink beer today seem to feel that, if they have pretzels right alongside, it is just that much more like the olden days. The beer may not be the same, but the pretzels are of pre-war quality and the two together are pleasantly reminiscent. In other words, pretzels are bought partly for food and partly for background.

Bits for Breakfast

Coming up now—
The sun will get higher and the daylight longer for six months, and we may look forward to spring days.
It is more blessed to give than receive, and the good people of Salem are filling the charity chests fuller than ever before.
There are more reasons why the naval dirigible base should be located at Salem than exist in favor of any western Washington point.
So do not worry about that section winning out over ours. But we have cause to fear some California point, where there is less fog than here; though we do not have many foggy days in the 365.
Old Santa Claus is going to be surprised at the number of good little boys and girls in Salem; and a lot of them are not blessed by mere Christmas goodness, either.
Salem has everything in her favor in the location of canning and processing plants here—excepting one. That water will be overcome by still water in the Willamette. That is one of the biggest goals we have to shoot at.
The Iowa lad who raised the prize steer of America sold the steer for nearly \$5000 which admittedly is a pretty good price for beef. When he got to the International Livestock Exposition at Chicago he tried sleeping in a "stuffy city hotel" but changed for a bed in the barn with the stock. That trait probably accounts for his winning the prize.
A soft coal mine in Ohio solved the labor situation by selling its plant to the miners. They are successfully operating it but it is noticeable that the first act of the new management was to reduce the pay of the miners so as to permit operation at a profit—Exchange.
Even managing editors of newspapers make mistakes or at least they did 25 years ago. Several refused to accept the story sent by a country reporter of the successful flight of Orville Wright on the ground that they had no

room in their papers for cook and bull stories. The young reporter scooped the world on his story but it was too wonderful to be accepted then. Nothing is too wonderful to be accepted these days.
Rumor has it that if and when the present Prince of Wales succeeds to the throne of England he will call himself David I. Choosing a title is about the only personal prerogative retained by the king, and he ought to be allowed that title if he thinks it is a nice one. His full name being Edward Albert Christian George Patrick David Windsor, he has quite a variety from which to select.
A man at Chehalis, Wash., in an advertisement cordially invites all the people of his town to come around and see his new undertaking establishment. Some may snub him now, but he'll get 'em all sooner or later.
About the 1929 car: Perhaps the most noticeable improvement on the late model is the general adoption of chromium plating for all exposed bright parts. For practically all automobiles for the coming season, from the lowest to the highest priced, this non-tarnishing finish has been adopted. There has also been an increase in engine power. In many cases this has been achieved by merely increasing the compensation which the general improvement in motor fuels and special non-detonating liquids has rendered practical. The use of light alloy pistons and larger and higher lift valves has increased the potential speed.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Dec. 21, 1903
An organization to be known as the Intercollegiate Basketball association of Oregon was formed at Albany, with Winslow, Williamette, named secretary. Members are Willamette, U. of O., O. A. C. and Dallas.

The first taxpayer's meeting to be held in Greater Salem will occur Wednesday night when the 1904 school budget is voted. The amount of taxable property has greatly increased, while at the same time the expenses of the school district are also greater.

A special musical program will be given at the First Congregational church tonight. Members of the choir are Mrs. W. E. Smith, Miss Louise M. Church, S. E. Purvane, H. E. Markie, Miss Hailie Thomas, Kinney Miller and Will C. Kautner.

Dinner Stories

TAINT RIGHT
A chance remark overheard by a mother of a small boy was repeated by her to the father. "John, it's pretty shameful that your Junior talks," she said, "I just heard him say: 'I ain't never went nowhere.'"
"Shameful!" raged the father. It's worse than that! Why, the young whelp has traveled twice as much as most kids his age!

One-Minute Pulpit

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.
The blessings are upon the head of the just; but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.—Proverbs, x, 5, 6.

AIKEN HOPEFUL OF PROJECTS SUCCESS

George Aiken, editor of the Ontario Argus and next year to be mayor of his home town, was a state capital visitor Thursday, calling on several of the state officials with the view of presenting them with recent developments about the Warm Springs irrigation project. This district, formed about 10 years ago, has been the subject of constant ill-fortune. Its bonds are delinquent and in default and fully 60 per cent of the available tillable land in the Warm Springs valley is uncultivated.
Aiken hopes for some settlement of the problems facing the district, but he admits that an equitable outcome is an exceedingly difficult matter to arrange. He hopes that the state government will remit any lien it has for nearly \$500,000 bond interest advanced, for the reason that such action would be in step with the eastern Oregon program of getting the lands back on the tax-roll.

The Grab Bag

December 21, 1928



Who am I? What position did I hold from 1921-1923? Among what people have I done considerable welfare work?

Who saved members of the colony of Virginia from starvation and death during the latter part of 1608?

Where is the Washington Elm under which George Washington is said to have assumed command of the American army?

What is "The Fourth Estate"?

"God loveth a cheerful giver." Where is this passage found in the Bible?



Today in the Past
On this day the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620.

Today's Heroic
Persons born on this day are bold and brave. They are of a spiritual nature and they are not susceptible to outside influence.

A Daily Thought
"Facts are stubborn things."—LaSage.

Answers to Forgoing Questions
1. Alice Robertson; a seat in congress; Indiana.
2. Captain John Smith.
3. Cambridge, Mass.
4. The press.
5. II Corinthians, ix, 7.

Of course it's none of our business, but we would respectfully suggest to those South American statesmen that if they will only listen to Mr. Hoover they may learn something.

LET'S LIVE! MILDRED LAMB

READ THIS FIRST:
Byrd Browning, brought up in a small town, was trying to add to his income by being a salesman. He had a young husband, Larry, but she soon discovered that Jack Duncan, his boss, was making him rich as he went along. Larry's friends were lively and cheerful, and Larry, too, was spending his entire income, even the large sums he was continually borrowing from Mr. Hamilton. Byrd's father, on useless extravagance and on indulging in a corner business of "ar-y's," who "borrowed" from everybody, had a young sister who lived with them in their small, expensive apartment, introduced with city life, started a pace of her own. Finally Byrd bought a house without Larry's knowledge and paid \$1000 down on it, of the last loan. Larry approved of the purchase of the house and he and Byrd spent the entire day buying furniture and furnishings, charging everything to the new accounts which she opened.

CHAPTER LXI
The next day Byrd awoke at dawn. The entire world seemed to be shimmering in a thick mist which thinned out into a soft haze as the streaming rays of the sun cooked it away. Lights and shadows struggled for existence. She lay quite still, listening to the sounds that came lulling along on the quiet air, the twittering of the birds, the clatter and tinkle of the milkman's wagon and the steady chattering of a neighbor's lawnmower.
She lay staring at the ceiling, her blue eyes shining like stars that had fallen out of their accustomed places in the heavens.
She stepped out on the rug in her slippers, bare feet.
There wasn't a sound in the house except those that slipped in through the open windows.
She ran into the bathroom, spread the bathmat and stepped under the shower. As she looked into the full-length mirror in her room, rubbing herself vigorously with a bath towel as big as a sheet she thought smilingly of "September Morn."
She fluffed a powder puff as big as a pancake over her smooth, white body.
After Pat had gone, she made out a daily chart of the week's routine of housework, for she had telephoned an employment agency the day before and they were sending out a "colored lady."
Byrd saw a heavy, squat, black figure totting up the street, almost collapsing under an old battered telescope, and ran down to help her.
"I'm Mandy, ma'am," said the woman, between breaths, drops of perspiration coming down over her fat, brown features.
Byrd loved her on the spot.
"I think I'm going to like you, Mandy," she said, impulsively.
"I do hope so, ma'am," said Mandy, a little fearfully.
There was about her that spirit of southern kindness that seemed to stamp her at once in Byrd's mind as just the right person for her home.
And at the end of the day, Byrd felt that Mandy was already a fixture. She belonged absolutely to the Colonial house as if together they had been lifted out of the 18th century and set down here to finish living.
"Jes' a house after ma own heart," said Mandy, after Byrd had shown her through it. Mandy commented extravagantly on every detail. "Let's wash machine, too. Washin' with them contraptions is jes' play." And at a question from Byrd, "Yas'm, I'm a good hand at tinkerin' with 'em."
Every woman experiences a tingling elation at the idea of freedom from the daily grind of housework, but with Byrd there was mixed with it a feeling of vague discomfort at the thought of paying out \$60 a month from funds somewhat uncertain.
Sixty dollars a month would buy many necessities, but wasn't Mandy a greater necessity?
"I'll say she is!" said Byrd, slantly, to herself.
Byrd decided to go down to Jack's office immediately and have it out with him on the matter of Larry's buying those shares of stock. She tucked the check for \$300 in her little shabby purse.
As she started toward the garage in her grey suit, she felt disgusted with her appearance. Well, she was her own fault for looking so dowdy. And then and there, she decided to spend the afternoon

shopping and to buy some really good-looking clothes for fall.
She saw the name "John R. Duncan, Investments," printed in bold type on a row of doors in the new Union Mortgage building.
After giving the girl behind the mahogany railing her name, she slipped into a chair in the corner and looked about her with wide, curious eyes.
There was a grandeur about the suite that opened up, one room into another, like a luxurious apartment. This room, with its great upholstered chairs, heavy brocade at the windows, a carpet of green moss, soft and deep to the step, deep mahogany panelling that ran almost to the ceiling, bowls of roses, made her think of the offices of oil magnates and railroad kings.
She was shown into Jack's office.
It had the same air of sumptuous magnificence with an enormous tapestry that completely covered one wall and a huge oil canvases the other, and expensive chairs, bookcases and tables.
Byrd was horrified by all this splendor. And oppressed by it.
It seemed the final proof that Jack was making his money crookedly.
Six months ago, he had one little office.
"Gee, it's good to see you," said Jack, a little too cordially.
Byrd shook hands very formally. She realized she must collect her somewhat wilted courage to carry through her program.
"You don't look very well," she said, studying his face candidly.
Jack frowned. He didn't care to have his appearance commented upon adversely.
He looked, thought Byrd, as if dissipation and a gnawing worry had deprived him of sleep for many nights.
"I'm feeling fit," he replied, "having a grand time clipping coupons."
A slightly cruel look seemed to spread like a mask over his really good-looking features. His eyes looked suddenly like infected pools that had never known the sunlight of peace and happiness.
Byrd opened her purse and took out the check.
A spurt of dull red shot through his cheeks and into his eyes.
She saw the sudden anger that had swept over him like a summer storm, and held up her hand as if to stay it.
"Please don't be angry, Jack," she said. "I came to talk to you frankly and openly about this stock. I want you to hear what I have to say before you say a word."
"All right," he said, calming down.
"I think you should know that we've borrowed every cent of the money Larry's put into the Builders' Supply and we borrowed the little we've put into the house," Byrd began, slowly, "and we just can't afford to risk another penny on anything."
"That's the very reason you

must keep these real estate stocks," said Jack. "They'll make it possible to own the house and to pay back all your loans."
"You've overlooked the element of chance," insisted Byrd. "The risk of loss is greater in these stocks than in anything else we've got."
"You know the wealthiest men in the city are those who are most heavily in debt!" smiled Jack. "These stocks are going to make Larry a rich man."
"But they're men who have regular incomes sufficient to meet their losses by speculation," said Byrd, wisely.
"I'm sorry," said Jack, "but for your own good I can't take the stock. I believe in it."
"But how can you?" cried Byrd, her cheeks dyed a deep scarlet with excitement under which she was laboring. "You know that stocks that skyrocket as these have, can't last. Some day there will be a terrible calamity."
"Women never take chances," said Jack, easily, and with a little significant glance in her direction, "and besides, your father's a banker. It's a double handicap."
Byrd knew she couldn't move Jack through argument.
There was just one way to get him to take back the shares. She knew that if she would make love to him, banter him, flirt with and flatter him, perhaps he would dinner with him, she could accomplish it.
But her firm little chin turned down the suggestion even before it became a thought.
She held up her head, proudly.
She gathered together her gloves and her purse.
"You can't go yet," Jack jumped up in alarm. "I haven't seen you for a month of Sundays." His voice dropped to a subtle, wheedling tone. "I want to kiss you, just once."
He reached her side with rapid strides.
"Byrd, you try me more than any woman I know," he whispered, "and you could be so marvelous. You know I adore you."
Just then the door opened and Byrd stepped back to conceal her

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Bean Submits to Major Operation
L. E. Bean, member of the Oregon public service commissioner, underwent a major operation at a Salem hospital Thursday. Physicians said the operation was successful and that the condition of the patient was satisfactory. Mr. Bean has been ill for several weeks.

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