

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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The Close of the Campaign

AS THE campaign closes three names are recognized as being in the lead of the various candidates for the republican nomination for governor. They are: Norblad, Corbett and Joseph. The Statesman reiterates its endorsement of Harry Corbett for the post of governor.

Corbett is honest, both personally and politically. That means much if you know politics. It means that he will give the state an honest, capable, independent administration supported by a mind that thinks clearly, is not easily stampeded, is not busily engaged in fence-building and repair. It means that as his record shows he is not out to curry favor with every group of three or four voters. His campaign shows that. He has made no promises and so will not be embarrassed by the importunate demands of those who cry for the moon.

Oregon is not prepared to launch the dream of George Joseph for state-owned power plants. There is no financial backing for the enterprise save the property of the people. There is no outlet for the product save displacement of that now supplied by private companies or the natural increase which time brings. Farmers should see through this proposition because it places a mortgage on their lands; and has the effect of taking off the taxrolls utility property and the farmers are the ones who must take up the slack in taxation. When the question arises as a straight out power question let it then be fought out on its merits. A vote for Joseph is merely a protest vote so far as this immediate issue is concerned.

We are not excited about this election. We think the dome will remain on the capitol no matter who is nominated or who is elected in November. But we have confidence in the ability, the character and the record of Corbett so that we do not hesitate to recommend that the republican voters of Marion county cast their ballots for him. His nomination will give no cause for regret and points the way to a smashing republican victory in November.

Not Trying to Unload

A CITIZEN writes in that he is suspicious of the water company's propaganda against municipal ownership, believing the company may be desirous of shifting the plant onto the city. We are positive that he is mistaken, that the company is sincere in wanting to retain ownership of the local plant. So far it has been a hard proposition. The plant was in dire need of reconstruction when they bought it and they have had to pour lots of money in. But it is a unit of a big concern that looks ahead for returns for fifty or a hundred years. So they don't want to sell and will fight purchase to the last ditch.

At Hoquiam the Oregon-Washington Water Service company has fought the purchase clear through the courts. The same thing would follow here. A condemnation suit would be necessary, which would probably be made as protracted and expensive as possible to run up costs above the \$1,200,000 authorized in the charter amendment, which would then require a supplemental bond authorization from the people.

No, the company's opposition to municipal ownership is not hypocritical. They will leave no stone unturned to retain the plant in which they have invested the money of their bond and stockholders. If the proposition carries, the citizens of Salem must not think the issue is all settled. Judging from the experience at Hoquiam it will take a long, hard court battle before the transfer of ownership occurs. We mention this at this time because we don't want the voters to get cold feet after they get over the first hurdle next Friday.

Soldier of Cross and Country

CHAPLAIN W. S. Gilbert, D. D., who died suddenly at Oak Grove Saturday night, was probably the best known and best loved of the clergymen of Oregon. Long years of pastorates in the state gave him a wide acquaintance, and his faithful service in the national guard and in the army brought him in touch with thousands of Oregon's finest young men.

We must pay a personal tribute. During his brief service in Salem as supply pastor at the Presbyterian church we heard him several times. To hear him was to be touched with new inspiration. We had known army chaplains, many of them rather indolent intellectually and somewhat lax morally. But here was a true nobleman of God. His sermons betrayed a depth of scholarship and a fire of holy passion such as may come only from a true and consecrated preacher. The best proof one may have of the virtue of the christian religion is in the example of the life and character of a man like Chaplain Gilbert.

Saturday night, the end of the day and the end of the week. The end, too, of a busy, devoted life. "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

Kelty Back to Oregonian

PAUL R. Kelty, for nearly two years managing editor of the Eugene Register and previously editor of the Eugene Guard, is returning to his first love, The Oregonian, where he will assume an editorial and executive position. Mr. Kelty is known as one of the most gifted writers in Oregon and his new position will give him a much wider audience. His editorial work on the Oregonian is to embrace economics, state politics and national events. What, we may wonder, is there left for the other editors to write about? Oh, fish and homilies on eternal goodness.

Salem's Population

SALEM residents may feel quite happy over the showings of the 1930 census. The count as just announced by Supervisor R. J. Hendricks is 26,045. This is a gain of 8,366 over the census of 1920, which is nearly 50% in a decade, the biggest gain of any similar period in the city's history.

Now for the next ten year stretch.

This is the season for May parties. There are the May-pole dances, the crowning of the queen, the May fetes. It is the season of flowers and showers and sunshine and new foliage. Why fret and worry about business and politics when such wealth in nature is here, free for all?

A heading says "Indiana election to involve liquor." Liquor has the rare faculty of being involved in most elections.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

It is a matter of great rejoicing that real progress has been made in the control of tuberculosis. A forward movement of still greater importance has now been started in co-operative research in tuberculosis.

This has been undertaken to the end that knowledge of the means of its prevention and a more direct method of treatment may be obtained. This highly specialized and technical research is being carried on under the direction of the National Tuberculosis Association. Outstanding specialists, both men and women, in individual fields, are attacking the study under a carefully laid co-operative plan.

The work is being carried on in twenty-one different laboratories—such as The Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Vanderbilt University, University of Nebraska, University of Chicago, Cornell University and other medical centers.

Two phases of work are being undertaken. One is for social research and the other for medical research. The germ responsible for tuberculosis is called the "tubercle bacillus." There can be no tuberculosis in the absence of this germ and unless there is a favorable soil for the nourishment of the germ, it cannot take root, or at least cannot thrive.

The presence of some of the most simple, ordinary illnesses, and a tendency to colds, may indicate a run-down condition of the system. A slight cough, which has on after a series of colds should be looked after by your doctor.

Undernourishment from lack of food, or from eating the wrong foods are other causes. A distinguished physician who is a recognized authority on tuberculosis has said:

"There are six danger signals which should be watched for especially in children: "First, persistent underweight. Children and thin people should be weighed frequently and sent for examination if they do not gain as fast as they should. "Second, unusual fatigue. "Third, any cough which lasts a month or more. "Fourth, any spitting of blood no matter how slight; remember this may be the only symptom. "Fifth, a recurrent tendency to colds or fevers. It is very dangerous to disregard what so many people consider 'just a little cold' or feverishness. "Sixth, a slight persistent cough."

No single one of these danger signals should be ignored, and when two or more of them are present, it is especially important to consult a physician immediately. Remember that good food, fresh air and plenty of rest will cure the disease in its early stages."

A Problem For You For Today

After Q does 1/4 of a piece of work in 3 1/2 days, and R 2 1/2 of it in 2 1/2 days, S does the rest. How many days will it take S provided it would take all 2 1/2 days? Answer: 1 1/2 days and 1 1/2 by 15. Find least common multiple of 15, 18 and 24; divide by 60.

Mother's Day Is Home Coming in Fall City Area

FALLS CITY, May 14—Mother's day was the occasion for the homecoming of one-time Falls City residents.

Miss Vivien Deal, Peedee high school student, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Deal, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Deal, and family of Springfield and Randall Bull of Dallas were guests of Mrs. Henry Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hartley of Coquille were guests of Mrs. Hartley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Arstiff were guests of Mrs. Phoebe Ward, Mrs. Arstiff's mother. Mrs. Arstiff is attending the Oregon Normal school and Mr. Arstiff is teaching at Coquille.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Driggs and daughters of Salem were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Igges.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hames and baby daughter visited Mr. and Mrs. Worthington.

Those who spent Mother's day out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Mather Smith, Ned Smith and Mrs. Annie Vedder, who were in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Helm who visited Mrs. Helm's parents at Pacific City; Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman and son Wallace, who were in Suverton; and Mrs. E. B. Watt, Eada and John Watt and Clinton McDonald who visited Mr. and Mrs. Chester Benefield at Grande Ronde.

Mrs. C. R. Horn attended the Mother's day exercises at the University of Oregon as a guest of her son, Richard Horn.

Mrs. D. J. Grant attended the Mother's day banquet at the Sigma Tau fraternity at Willamette university.

Mrs. A. G. Adams and daughter Virginia attended the Dallas Rainbow girls' Mother's day dinner.

COUGARS TRIM VANDALS
FULLMAN, Wash., May 14—(AP)—Washington State college went on a hitting and scoring rampage to defeat the hapless Idaho Vandals, 13 to 5.

A SEASONABLE HANGING

AUTOMOBILE PARKING PROBLEMS



"WHERE'S EMILY?" by CAROLYN WELLS

CHAPTER XXVIII

So it was left in the young people's hands and they invited a handful of people for the evening. "And if Emily comes home, it will be like a celebration," said Betty, by way of saving her conscience, which pinched her a little.

The party was a pleasant one, and as Aunt Judy saw the young people enjoying themselves, she was glad she had arranged it.

Rodney sat on his sofa, which had now come to be looked upon as his special place of property, and for the most part conversed with Abel Collins or Aunt Judy. He danced a few times, but his heart wasn't in it, and concluding he was a gloomy partner, he gave it up.

And so the evening went by, and still no trace of Emily Duane. Rod had telephoned his people that the wedding would perhaps have to be postponed, and had then written a letter, telling of Emily's disappearance.

He gave few details; indeed, there were few to give. He just told how she had started for the hospital and had never reached there, and said that was all they really knew. He said nothing of Pauline Pennington's death, for they didn't know Pauline and could not be greatly interested.

He told them further that if Emily returned in time for the ceremony, which was set for noon on Saturday, or, indeed, if she came Saturday afternoon, the wedding would take place. If she didn't, they must await developments.

Getting this off, Rod felt his work was finished. He went back to his sofa and sat there.

Always energetic, always ingenious in thinking up plans, the situation now completely baffled him. He saw no use in rushing madly around the country on a search which was continually being conducted by better men for the purpose than he. He sat and thought and thought what he could do to further the hunt, but he could think of nothing.

He had advertised extensively. Emily's picture was in many papers, but though large rewards were offered, Rod hadn't much faith in it all.

He had telephoned his friend about Fleming Stone and the friend had promised to do his best to secure the great detective's services. But Stone was out of town and couldn't be reached before Sunday at the earliest.

However, Rodney's judgment prompted him to wait, rather than engage a lesser expert.

Then Friday became a thing of the past and it was Saturday. The wedding day! The day looked forward to so eagerly by the principals, by the attendants and by half of Hilldale, who would be the wedding guests.

The florists and caterers had been told to proceed with their work as if nothing had happened, and they began to arrive early with their cars and trucks and workmen.

Aunt Judy was up and dressed early, too, and she gave, with wisdom and clarity, orders which were promptly carried out.

She was here, there and everywhere, and her white curls were like the plume of King Henry of Navarre.

The young people, coming down later, found the gala effect really breath-taking, and, too, in a way, it was ghastly.

The marriage bell, large, white and beautiful had been hung, and it seemed as if it might well be used to toll a requiem.

The flowers gave forth a delicious fragrance, and a peep into the pantries showed marvelous

confections of all sorts, yet, a strange air hung over it all, not quite so much of gloom as of mystery, yet partaking of both.

Rodney, his hands clasped behind him, stood looking out the French window, across the lawn.

"Poor little Roddy," said Neil, coming along and slipping her hand into his, and Rod felt that if he had one shred less of self-control, Lawlor would have a real murder to investigate at once.

"All right, Neil," he said cheerfully. "Maybe Emily will come back today."

"Maybe," said Neil, smiling at him. "Come to breakfast, Roddy."

"One more nickname, my lady, are you doing today, children?" wanted to see how that would be permitted that luxury of speech.

With a pleasant countenance and did his best to help carry on. "You see," Aunt Judy was saying, "when Emily comes in, we want to be all ready to say, 'La fayette, we are here,' and so of course, we must all be here. What are you doing today, children?"

She asked of her brood for it was being borne in upon her that for Emily's sake, she must be a delightful and efficient hostess. "Better go for a round of golf before it gets too warm."

"Yes, dear, we will," said Betty, always ready to help. "I suppose Emily's nothing we can do around here; we'd only be in the way."

"You have second sight, haven't you, Betty?" smiled Aunt Judy. "Now here's orders. I think we'll have everything in readiness in case Emily appears, except our clothes. You see, she'll have to dress, and that will give us all time to dress. So when you girls come back from golfing, put on a nice little frock, but not your bridesmaid's togery, see?"

"Yes," said Betty, quickly understanding.

To her mind there was not one chance in a million of Emily's return in time for a noon wedding, but, then, there was no counting on it.

"Why the Pennington funeral is today," said Neil, suddenly.

"I know," Aunt Judy replied. "But I didn't think you young people would care to attend. Do you ever go to funerals?"

"Well, no," and Neil flushed a little, but, to tell the truth, it was a question of how that funny Spinks would look running a funeral!

"You wouldn't be greatly defiled, my dear," Aunt Judy spoke a little severely. "Mr. Spinks is a most efficient man and his capabilities as a funeral director are quite as good as when he officiates at any light function."

"Don't go, Neil," Betty begged. "Let the men go, if they think it's necessary, but let us stay at home."

"I'm not going," Aunt Judy said. "I must be here for many reasons. And Jim Pennington must mind. I don't believe he'll know who's there and who isn't."

"What's become of him?" asked Betty. "I invited him over to meals, he has such a forlorn household."

"I asked him," Aunt Judy told her, "but he's busy packing to go away, and, too, he doesn't care to be social just now. Said he'd look in and say good-bye."

"So the matter was settled and Rodney Sayre and Lamb, with Pete Gibby went to the funeral in the Hilldale church."

Like all Hilldale institutions, the church was beautiful.

Modern and substantial, it was in accordance with the best canons of architecture and good taste, and his restrained use of the finest of stained glass was a joy to con-

noisseurs. The congregation was arriving, and a decorum marked their march, which was quite different from the dignity shown by them at the inquest.

Also, they dressed the part, as they always did. The women wore modish black frocks, with bunches of violets and perhaps a string of black beads.

Our young men met or saw many young people whom they knew, but were disappointed the most nod of recognition.

Gibby thought whimsically that he'd seen nearly everything here but a christening, and he wondered what that would be like.

Then he realized he hadn't seen a wedding—yet.

Nor did he expect to see one. He had not the least hope that Emily would return that day, nor any other day. This was not pessimism, but a conviction that she was either dead, or for some other reason, lost to them forever.

The strains of music as they entered, sounded like heaven. It would, in Hilldale.

The congregation took the pews with no rustle or sound, and the services began.

They were very short, simple and beautiful.

Handkerchiefs were lifted decorously, there was, of course, no sob or snuffle.

Rodney could just see Jim Pennington's profile as he sat near the front.

Poor old Jim. Rod couldn't quite make up his mind whose lot was worse. He would think it easier for Jim, for he knew where Pauline was. Then he would realize that hard as his own case was, not for a moment would he admit that he would rather know Emily dead.

No; while there was life there was hope, and, if he couldn't quite say that, at least, while there was ignorance, there was hope.

(To be continued)

Junior-Senior Banquet Held At Turner High

TURNER, May 14—The Turner high school junior-senior banquet was held Friday evening in the dining room of the Christian church. The high school faculty and all members of the classes were present.

The decorations were in the class colors, red and black streamers were used and baskets of huge peonies and red candles were placed on the tables. A three-course dinner was served.

Miss Alene Robertson, president of the junior class, was toast mistress. Russel Denger gave the junior class welcome, with response given by Cecil Miller, president of the senior class.

Prof. J. E. Cox, Prof. D. B. Parks and Mrs. Jean Peary, teachers, each gave a speech.

Glady Hale, Faye Barber and Willett Jesse of the senior class, each gave a talk.

Mrs. Peary favored with a solo which was given in her usual gracious manner.

A very pleasant evening was spent and all realized that the end of another school year is ending May 29.

FORMER RESIDENT VISITS
GERVAIS, May 14—Art Lettman and family of Seio stopped in Gervais for a short time Saturday while enroute to Oregon City to visit relatives. Mr. Lettman was born just west of Gervais and attended the grade school here 20 years ago when Mrs. A. R. Siegmund was one of his teachers.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

With all due respect:

To some of the best friends of the Bits man, who say, regarding the proposed purchase of the water system: "The question is always open, and we can go into the water business at any time, but it is our belief that sufficient study and investigation have not been made to undertake so important a step at this time."

The voters of Salem who have been here for 20 years, and new comers who have kept up with events, do not need this advice. It is manifestly given as a friendly and sympathetic gesture to the private owners of the water company, whose present managers have done very well with the property—and are making and promising improvements.

These things are all admitted. But the people of Salem considered this matter seriously in 1910, and they voted for city ownership, and their city council passed the necessary ordinance for selling the bonds, and the ordinance was vetoed by the then mayor, and, for various reasons that need not now be recalled (in recrimination and bitterness), the veto was not overridden.

The price then was around \$400,000, the estimated physical value, with no charge for franchise value. Had the purchase been made then, the profits would have long since wiped out the first cost of \$400,000. The people who voted for buying the water, sold, along with their children and others who came after them.

Around 1927, the question was up again, definitely, and committees were appointed. (It had been up several times in the intervening period; for instance when Dr. Stieve was mayor.) The price in 1927 was around \$700,000 to \$800,000. And even then, physical value only was considered. The people would have voted to buy the systems then, had they been given a chance—without a doubt. But, for various reasons not necessary to relate (also in bitterness), the proposition was sidetracked and kicked about, till the present private company got a chance to buy, at perhaps a higher price than the city would have had to pay, had its voters been given the chance to take a ballot.

Now, after 20 years of time to consider, the matter is up again, at \$1,200,000, representing both physical and franchise values. The owners are entitled to franchise as well as physical value. The courts would grant that. The property would be sold in the low price again, but then why wait? What sense is there in waiting?

Why will the price never again be as low as now? Because the franchise value grows every day. It is made higher by every baby born; by every new citizen in the city. Salem and suburbs have grown at the rate of 1000 a year for the past 10 years. That means about three new people a day. It will be more than four new people a day for the next 10 years. It will be more than five, perhaps much more, the double that, in the following 10 years.

Of course, the present owners want delay. Every day of delay means dollars of profit added to what the people will finally have to pay them. They are gambling on a sure thing. Why should they not spend a lot of money campaigning, trying to seduce the voters into giving them further time? They would be crazy, as business rules ordinarily go, if they did not ask for delay—and put up the hardest kind of a fight for it.

But what of the people—the voters? Why should they delay further, and thus pile up values for the company, to be paid for later by themselves or their successors; their children or children's children?

Can any person tell why? No one can. There is no sane reason for any Salem man or woman to vote no on the proposition.

City ownership will put value into Salem property. It will make it a more stable city. It is more than a straight business proposition. It is one of sentiment, too. Even those who now speciously argue for delay (Salem citizens) will soon be proud to tell new comers, prospective settlers, that Salem owns her own water works, and is in position to keep the supply pure and ample, and to extend and enlarge the mains; more and faster than any private company could do. Why? Because the city can borrow money cheaper than any private concern can, and the city is here for all time. It can afford to build for the future, more than any private concern could.

This is the third time. In the name of common sense, vote yes, and get the matter settled. Show the world that Salem is a progressive city, ready for all enterprises; prepared for the great advantages that are coming from the overflow population from the south—that is bound to come, because of the lack of enough water to accommodate more people.

Looks like James W. Mott will without question be named to occupy one of the Marion county seats in the lower house of the legislature. It is well. The people of this county will have in him an ample and fair fighter for their interests, who knows all the rules of the game, and plays them with consummate skill.

Looks like Judge McMahon will have about all the votes in Marion county; and in Llan county they propose to make it unanimous.

The Bits man will vote to allow the Oregon Stages its bus franchise. Why? Because that

company is doing a good job now, and this franchise will guarantee its continuance, with no raise of fares. This for five years. At the end of that time, if the people on deck then want to end the franchise, they can do so. This is only fair and decent. If you were in their place, would you want to risk such a venture, involving a great deal of money, without some assurance that you would have a "run for your money" for at least five years?

You would want it for a longer time, unless you had a very large bank account and were reckless in the use of it.

Appreciation Expressed by War Mothers

Mrs. A. A. Lee, on behalf of the Salem branch of the American War Mothers, has expressed appreciation for the aid given by many local persons in the carnation sale held last Saturday. The sale was a success, with \$490 received on that day. Supply of red carnations was not great enough for the demand.

The three stations in charge of Mrs. Mary E. Watson, Mrs. Minnie Humphreys and Mrs. Mary Walling made the highest sales in the order given. Prizes for high selling were awarded: Irene Scheeler, first; Kathryn Horton, second; Marjorie Schoemaker, third; Frances Snyder, fourth; Esther Busch, fifth.

Lincoln Girl to Go to Summer Camp For Work

LINCOLN, May 14—Miss Georgia Mills of Lincoln returned to her home at Lincoln after spending a week at Camp Santia near Mehama.

Miss Mills will leave the first of June for a girls' camp where she will be a life guard.

Former Resident At Independence

INDEPENDENCE, May 14—Johnnie Alexander of Anacosta, Montana, is visiting relatives and friends here. He has been in Anacosta for the last 23 years.

It is 20 years since he was in Independence. He finds many changes in that time. He has been calling on old friends in Parker, and around in the country south of town where he used to live. He is a brother of Mrs. J. Stumington, Mrs. Will Scott, Mrs. John Scott, Harley Alexander and Pearl Alexander.

Visitors Arrive At Pleasant View

PLEASANT VIEW, May 14—Mottier Howe of Newport and I. N. Howe of Salem were Tuesday morning visitors looking after business interests in this section.

Mrs. Mary Staples of San Francisco has come to her country home for an extended visit.

ELECTED AT NEHALEM
GERVAIS, May 14—Prof. J. Carl Stewart received his contract Monday to teach in the Nehalem union high school as principal and coach next year. This is a three-teacher school and has about 50 pupils. Mr. Stewart is completing his third year as a teacher