

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Weighs Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Lay Sermon

AN EARLY BUILDING JOB
 "It is the eighth year, in the month of March, that the first building was erected in the city of Salem, Oregon. It was a small house, finished in all its details and according to all its specifications. This was seven years in building it." Kings VI:38.

Solomon, you see, built the temple by force account. He didn't let a contract with penalty for failure to complete the structure in 120 days. He built by day labor so it took seven years to do the job. That wasn't bad though compared with his own palace which took thirteen years to construct. There was a real building boom in Jerusalem under Solomon for the record reads that he raised a levy of 20,000 forced laborers and sent them up to Lebanon by relays to work in the woods. He used 80,000 stone cutters in the mountains going rats of granite bearers. He had 2,800 officers and overseers to boss the job.

It is interesting to read about getting that timber out for the temple contract. Solomon relied on King Hiram of Tyre to furnish the cedar and look after the cutting. As he wrote Hiram: "There is no one among us who knows how to cut timber like the Sidonians." Genuine lumberjacks date a long way back in human history. Hiram wrote back that his people would get the cedar and spruce down to the sea, and I will make them into rafts to go to sea to the place you shall direct me, and I will have them broken up there, and you shall take them up." Our loggers think they are doing something when they make their cedar-going rafts to go to sea from Siletz bay to Gray's Harbor, but the same thing was being done in ancient times.

Our recent trade of wheat for Brazilian coffee was not unique in history either, because Solomon traded for 2,000 measures of wheat and twenty baths (measures) of olive oil every year, for this bill of lumber.

Solomon was a good patron of lumber even if he did have to dig it from a long distance. The temple was largely a frame structure standing on stone foundation. It was sided on the inside and floored with lumber. In fact it would do a lumberman's heart good to read: "The whole was cedar, there was no stone seen." There was a lot of wood carving too, such as the ancients had time to do, the decoration scheme being cherubs and palm trees and opening flowers. These carvings were over the olive-wood doors and the walls. There was considerable gold overlay and ivory. Solomon brought down a bronze worker from Tyre whose mother was a Hebrew and who put in a lot of bronze work.

While they had no contractors and no labor unions in those days, they must have had architects because Hiram once speaks of designing the house "in all its details and according to all its specifications." Nor is there any record of quarrelling over what the blueprints called for. Perhaps Solomon was his own architect, like a good many moderns who design their own houses which their neighbors later pick to pieces for defects in planning.

While the temple may have been a great structure for Jerusalem it would seem rather small and tardy if we should dig it up today. It would not be a temple to compare with other temples and palaces of the ancient world. Both Egypt and Assyria erected grand edifices and showed more originality in design than in construction. The old temple was rather a simple frame building, with extremely simple ornamentation, nothing to compare with the temples at Luxor or the pyramids and the great piles of masonry like Sargon's palace at Nineveh which covered 25 acres and had 200 rooms.

The temple at Jerusalem however had far greater historical significance because Christianity grew out of Judaism which was nourished in this old temple. Seven years, Solomon took to build it on force account, a structure which now would be erected in 90 days. But the influence of this old temple, the building made of Lebanon cedar has persisted through long centuries. Seven years were not too long, after all, to spend on a building people still revere after twenty-five centuries and more.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON



Tuesday: "Something New For Hot Days"
Editors Are Different as Pies; Than Which Nothing Different
 By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

We are prone, most of us, to exaggeration in giving out news. A Salem citizen, who had narrowly escaped being run down by an automobile, was described as looking pale as a ghost. As a matter of fact, his nose was a bit less red than usual, but otherwise his color was unchanged.

Don't watch the clock if you would have time pass more rapidly. Old advice and not always good. A Salem schoolboy carefully refrained from looking at the schoolroom clock one morning. Result: he romped home at recess, thinking it was noon, and was spanked for it.

Garden seeds are on display in the stores, and some of 'em are already in the cold cold ground. Oud Henby tells me that gardens planted now will begin to sprout vegetables simultaneously with those planted six weeks later. Cud may know. He took a promenade for potatoes, which he would not have taken, so one of his neighbors says, if the judges had cooked 'em and eaten 'em instead of just looking at 'em. I'm sure I don't know anything about it.

The onion market smells powerful good, eh?

Life has its ups and downs for a free-lance literary worker—which term includes, I should judge, approximately fifty percent of the population. Life has its ups and downs for all of us (I'll say it does) only with the free-lance literary worker the ups seem more upish and the downs more downish—and at times more permanent—than in most other vocations. I had a sermon of sorts and sent it to the editor of a favorite magazine. He returned it with the statement that it was a darn good story but was too effervescent, too light in treatment. Also, he said, it had fifty faults of a similar nature. "Tone it down," he said, "and let me see it again." So I toned it down and let him see it again—the identical story, mind you, only toned down—and he said, "Great Scott, man! you've made a sermon of it!" Whereat I groaned a great groan and gave up so far as that particular editor was concerned. Listen, boys and girls, you who are aspiring to write fiction—editors are as different one from another as pies, and there is nothing different one from another than pies, more especially—pies of the same name.



D. H. TALMADGE

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

SYNOPSIS
 Shortly after her mother's death, Mary Kennedy, young and pretty stenographer, decides to live her own life and avoid the poverty she has always known. She rents a small room and then seeks a position. Mary meets Buck Landers, elderly sports promoter, who proposes to her. She does not love Landers, but his wealth attracts her. Without waiting for Mary's decision, Landers presents her with a diamond ring. He threatens anyone who comes between them.

CHAPTER IX
 He turned and beckoned to the clear-faced young man who had lingered behind obscurely at the far end of the room. Mary, it seemed had not met him.

"Steve, come here—I want you to meet Mary Kennedy," Landers said. "This is Steve Moore. He doesn't belong to that mob yet. I want you two to be awfully good friends. Mary's the girl I'm going to marry, Steve. And Steve is the nearest thing I've got on earth to a son."

Mary put out her hand and Steve Moore's gaze met her own. She had a vision of youth, of freshness that swept her with a startled pleasurable sensation. Her heart suddenly, went into rapid pulsations.

"How do you do?" the young man said to Mary, gazing at her with a raptness that indicated that he, too, was feeling something of the same exhilaration that was striking her.

For several seconds, it seemed, they had both forgotten the presence of Buck Landers. Some natural spark, appropriate to their youth, had leaped the gap between them. Immediately there was the swift telepathy of reciprocal attraction.

The only thing about Steve Moore that Mary realized were his clear gray eyes; she did not observe that he was nearly six feet tall, that he was spare, yet athletic; that he had a mouth that looked forever as if he was about to smile. All that she saw was the eyes; what she sensed was a certain humorous something in his lurking behind a slight bashfulness. They were both young, and it followed she did not at once discern that he was solid and substantial; nor did young Steve himself see beyond the blue of her eyes, the soft yellow of her hair, the grace of her small, shapely body. Yet they passed instantly into an understanding of each other, standing, one with the other, that left Buck Landers all but forgotten. When he spoke something of the gossamer cloud around them broke and scattered.

"Steve has the advantage of you Mary. He arrived yesterday and I've been telling him all about you—but I didn't tell you anything about him. How do you like him?"

Mary colored with embarrassment. "Why—I think he's nice," she said, avoiding the eyes of Steve, who was looking at her and smiling.

"Well, sit down, Mary, and I'll explain Steve to you," Landers said. "Steve's father was my pal out West a long time ago. Saved my life once. After that he got married and we drifted apart. He's dead now and so is this boy's mother. In a sort of way I've been looking after Steve out of gratitude to his father and because the boy's a darned fine kid himself. I'm not as cold blooded as a lot of people think around the big town here."

"I'll say you're not," chimed in young Steve. "You've been like a father to me. You know, Miss Kennedy, he sent me through college and gave me a regular allowance like other fellows had. In fact, I'm



"How do you do?" the young man said, gazing at Mary with raptness.

"I'm going to build him up to take my place and handle my affairs. I'm going to start him in by degrees and he can take a lot off my shoulders and leave for me—pleasanter things."

Mary's gaze did not falter as she looked from Landers to his protégé, but her color changed swiftly, a faint rosy tide swept her cheeks and then faded, leaving her pale. Her lips came near trembling. It was as though Buck Landers was tightening a chain around her, binding her publicly to him. She had no chance to deny anything. He was acting as though they were finally pledged to each other—was making it difficult for her to act otherwise. He took out his watch and looked at it.

"Say—I've got to be getting along," he declared. "Now listen, Steve, and you, too, Mary. I'll be gone a week in Boston. Steve's new in New York, and I thought you might be able to show him around a bit of evenings, Mary. It will keep him out of mischief and he'll keep other fellows away from you. It's a big town and a tough town, Mary. Steve's father was my pal out West a long time ago. Saved my life once. After that he got married and we drifted apart. He's dead now and so is this boy's mother. In a sort of way I've been looking after Steve out of gratitude to his father and because the boy's a darned fine kid himself. I'm not as cold blooded as a lot of people think around the big town here."

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His crafty brain had outwitted her experience. . . . "He's a great chap—Buck Landers, isn't he?" Steve Moore smiled at her. "Has the time of the wedding been set yet?"

Out of embarrassment, Mary shook her head. "No, it hasn't," she said faintly.

A mask of reticence passed over his eyes for a moment; if he had caught any distress in her voice he ignored it. Mary was wondering what he thought of her—surely it must be apparent to him that she was after Landers' money. He must think she was a gold-digger! What else could he think?

"I know you're working here in the hotel, but can't we have lunch together today?" Steve asked her politely. "Buck told me to look out for you, you know."

Mary looked at him with his eyes averted. "I can't today. I have a date with a girl."

"Are you sure?" he asked, with a slow smile of suspicion.

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Well, then, I'll eat alone, but I really must insist on seeing you for dinner tonight. It's a solemn duty, and I don't want to start off in New York by dodging my responsibilities. Buck expects me to look after you, and I'm going to do it. If I have to pick you up and carry you down the street under my arm, kicking and squealing. That's the way we handle reluctant ladies out in California."

He looked at her and laughed in such a friendly way that little bubbles of amusement began to sing in her veins and she was forced to smile. She liked him—she liked him!

(To Be Continued)
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Hoover's Defamers Exposed

ARTHUR TRAIN performs a genuine public service in writing, and Collier's weekly a commendable service in publishing the article "The Strange Attacks on Mr. Hoover" which appeared in Collier's of Feb. 20th. The article is copyrighted so we are not privileged to quote from it. The magazine is available in the libraries and in many homes and this article should be widely read, because it exposes both the falsity of the attacks on the president made in a recent scurrilous book, "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover—under Two Flags", and the knowledge of libel on the part of its author. The book publisher is a native of Australia, known as a publisher of obscene literature who has done two prison terms. It would take some one of this low character to stoop so low as to circulate such gross falsehoods. Thanks to a decent judge in New York the publication was enjoined and there has been no further attempt so far as we know to circulate the book, but the malicious untruths continue to be peddled about in one form or another.

Mr. Train defends the professional, the business and the public career of Mr. Hoover, which was foully attacked. He quotes from various individuals who were acquainted with the facts of Hoover's business and professional connections and they denounce as false the implications of these base fabrications of falsehood. So swiftly have come the refutations of the aspersions in this book, with the author himself describing the source material as false and libelous, that it has been unnecessary for Pres. Hoover to demean himself to seek by civil or criminal process to defend his character and prove his reputation.

The country is getting fed up on this scandal mongering which includes both the type of literature such as this "Strange Career" and the post mortem Harding books, and the backstairs gossip books like "Mirrors of Washington" and "Washington Merry-go-round". Behind the mask of anonymity the latter circulate half-truths that are vicious as downright lies. The country has had a surfeit of all of them. Rarely is a president, regardless of party, spared: Cleveland, Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, Hoover, all suffered. Of course none of them was perfect, nor will any president have a sinless personal history. We do not seek to cover up or suppress what faults our great men may possess. But they are entitled to a fair deal, and to the confidence of the public which does well to ignore tale-bearers and literary stench-spreaders who speak and write without evidence and without authority.

"Star Chamber" Bogey

"STAR chamber" is the term hurled at the state highway commission for not throwing its meetings open for the public, particularly the reporters, to listen to. If the star chamber procedure results in getting things accomplished, then let the commission proceed. The board will hold public meetings for such matters as awarding of contracts. In discussion of matters of policy the board will probably do better if it meets behind closed doors and threshes out its problems.

There is a time for the open meeting and a time for the closed meeting of groups charged with executive responsibility. When all meetings are public meetings the members are forced to whisper in hotel rooms or behind posts in the corridor. Such a procedure does not make for frankness, does encourage intrigue and secret understandings. In closed meetings however matters may be discussed frankly and freely.

The board has made a good ruling in limiting the mass meeting methods of its public meetings. Instead of allowing these to be a procession of local notables harranguing the commission on local demands, the hearings are to be more orderly and less voluminous. A limited number may speak for a limited time. There is no danger that any part of the state will not get its needs voiced; and the board will not have to listen to hours of fervid oratory, ad nauseam.

The state wants results and it wants a square deal for various parts of the state. The board may adopt its own procedure; and the people should be satisfied if the board delivers the goods. The newer procedure it seems to us gives assurance of better results than the old.

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem
 Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

February 28, 1907
 Notwithstanding the imporing telegrams and communications received by Governor Chamberlain from all over the state, rallying to the support of Monmouth, it looks as if the old school will have to go, as well as Dr. Rain.

City Marshal Gibson did an excellent thing when he warned the bicycle brigade to keep off the forbidden sidewalks, but so far the orders have been flagrantly disobeyed as numerous people have been injured by bicycle riders.

The next session of the city council promises to be a warm one. The paving situation has assumed a "white elephant" aspect, and what the city dads will do with it is a matter of speculation.

February 28, 1923
 Numerous errors by the court are alleged and constitutional law is attacked in the brief of attorneys for Dr. Richard M. Brumfield which was filed in the supreme court yesterday. Dr. Brumfield was convicted in the circuit court at Roseburg for the murder of Dennis Russel, laborer.

Chicago — Wheat ran up in price to within 1-8 cent of \$1.50 a bushel today, barely missing the height which for months has been the ambition of bulls.

It has been frequently stated that living costs were lower in Salem elsewhere in the state. One evidence of this fact is that

New Views

Quite several of last winter's

Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question: "Are you planning to buy a new spring outfit this year as usual?"

Mrs. R. E. McNulty, housewife: "I don't know."

Margaret McCullough, attending Girl Reserve conference: "I'll buy one eventually."

Nathalie Smith, stenographer: "What woman won't if she can? I'm going to declare a moratorium on the depression for a few days and buy a lot of things. I didn't last year."

Winifred Sonn, elevator operator, state office building: "I'm afraid not. The depression hits state employees, too. Don't you know?"

Daily Thought

"Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
 The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
 Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
 Who works for money coils his very soul.
 Work for work's sake then, and it will be that
 That these things shall be added unto thee."
 —Kenyon Coe.

Yesterday eggs were retailing in Portland for 25 cents a dozen while in Salem, the price was 25 cents a dozen.

Keizer Peace Class Meeting is Tuesday

KEIZER, Feb. 27—The Keizer community peace study class, a part of the city wide campaign will meet Tuesday night 7:30 at the George W. Thompson home. The time was changed to allow those who wished to attend the

LEAFY READ HOME

HUBBARD, Feb. 27—Leafy Read, daughter of Bill Read, came home Thursday, after a nine days stay in the Deaconess hospital at Salem. She is recuperating at home of her uncle, Walter Read, and will probably return to her own home Sunday.

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Bank robbers, being unable to get anything for stolen bonds are said to be turning now to the kidnaping business.

Bank robbers, being unable to get anything for stolen bonds are said to be turning now to the kidnaping business. Exquisite torture methods are devised to induce their victims to part with large sums for release. Organized syndicates are making kidnaping a regular profession. Education is no cure for crime. Society's sole protection seems to be organized police systems, and when graft gets into enforcing agencies then conditions are deplorable.

The teachers who proved conclusively that they couldn't stand a pay cut are now rushing around in various school districts trying to peddle their pay checks at discounts of ten per cent.

The teachers who proved conclusively that they couldn't stand a pay cut are now rushing around in various school districts trying to peddle their pay checks at discounts of ten per cent. There will be a good many school boards that will cut the salary schedules this year instead of letting the warrant clippers get the rake-off.

The papers say: "Women start drive on hoarding". Very likely; the spring styles are now in.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Grave of Gov. Jackson: Where Marion got her name:

An inquiry came to the writer's desk from the office of the state librarian a couple of days ago. It originated in the office of the Missouri State Historical society. The query: Where is the grave of Hancock Lee Jackson? He died in Salem May 19, 1875. Who was he? He was lieutenant governor and governor of Missouri, according to their blue book.

The next day came the same inquiry, from George H. Himes, curator of the Oregon Historical society. But Mr. Himes said: "Hancock Lee Jackson came to Salem from Missouri in 1845, and that 'he was a son-in-law of John F. Miller."

This made a definite answer to the inquiry easy. The grave is a well marked one, near the big Kinney monument, in the L. O. O. F. Rural cemetery. Accompanied by Justice of the Peace Miller

Certainly not. The show must go on.

I do not always care greatly whether or not a motion picture is to my liking. If the audience is large—meaning in numbers—and disposed as a whole to favor the picture, I find a definite enjoyment in the show despite any little I may have to say about it. When the atmosphere of a room is loaded with enjoyment one cannot avoid absorbing some of it.

Jimmy Kelly, who years ago covered the theater of great coast newspaper, once said to me at the close of a loudly-applauded act in a continuous performance house: "Give 'em a hand, boy. The act was ver-r-r-rible, but 'tis not for us to be nasty. Sure, did we find fault with the act we'd find fault at the same time with all these people, our valued readers, and it would not do. They know their public, the boys and girls in that act do, and—aw hell, we've called 'em back again!"

Hayden, the writer visited the historic grave yesterday. Why with Miller Hayden? Because Governor Jackson was the great-grandfather of Miller Hayden and General John F. Miller, who in 1862 made a strong run for governor of Oregon, and was defeated by C. Gibbs, who was Miller Hayden's grandfather. The four graves of great-grandfather and mother and grandfather and mother are side by side, in the order named, excepting that the one of General Miller is the fourth instead of the third.

The Jackson hestone reads, on the south face: "Hancock Lee Jackson, born in Madison county, Kentucky, May 13, 1796. Died March 19, 1876. May his rest be the rest of the just."

"Urley D. wife of H. L. Jackson, born Madison county, Kentucky, July 15, 1803. Died March 4, 1880. She rests, sweetly rests."

Next is the grave of and marker for Zarlida Miller, and next the grave of and marker for General John F. Miller.

The Jacksons, father and mother of Mrs. Miller, died at the home of the Millers, a colonial style mansion that stood where the office building is now for the state school for the feeble minded. They had come to live with the Millers right after the Civil war, when their property had been all swept away.

Jackson was a relative of Stonewall Jackson. On his mother's side he was descended from the John Hancock family of Revolutionary war fame. The Jacksons and Hancock were intermarried. And the Lees, the writer does not know which branch of the Lee family, Hancock Lee Jackson had been one of the largest slave holders of Kentucky, and in Missouri he was interested in slaves, with partners, on a large scale. Jackson county, Mo., was named for him.

General John F. Miller was a pioneer of southern Oregon; was engaged in the Indian war there, and acquired large land holdings in that and other sections of the

Benjamin Hayden, grandfather on the other side of Miller Hayden, whose grave is near the Jackson-Miller plot, knew both Jackson and Miller as soldiers in the Mexican war. John F. Miller was in the company of Jackson, and in that way became acquainted with the future wife, youngest daughter of his commander. The all three were well acquainted with General Joe Lane, afterwards first governor of Oregon, in the Mexican campaign. Benjamin Hayden's tombstone, furnished by the government, reads: "Capt. Benj. Hayden, Co. G, 1st Oregon Volunteers, Inf. Mex. War." He was captain of cavalry in Oregon Indian wars, and a member of the infantry in the Mexican war.

The pages of Kentucky, Missouri and Oregon history told that of the Mexican and Civil wars, would reveal many pages concerning Hancock Lee Jackson, and General John F. Miller, and Benjamin Hayden.

Another inquiry is on the Bits man's desk. It came to the secretary of Willamette university, reading: "As a point of historic interest concerning Oregon, can you give me the following information: In what year was the origin of the name Marion given Marion county? How did that name happen to be chosen? The writer was born and raised in Marion county as a boy and has often inquired concerning this name, but has never received a satisfactory answer. V. W. Crabb, (With Figueroa Finance company, 2575 Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Cal.)

The original name for the district, then county, was Champeco; spelled in a half dozen or more ways, Sept. 2, 1811, the provisional government legislature changed it to Marion county, in honor of General Francis Marion, popular hero of the Revolutionary war, whose daring and dashing exploits, often with a nation's many men, caught and held the public fancy. There are Marion postoffices in 27 of our 48 states, with five others having

(Continued on page 7)