

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - Editor and Publisher

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Farmer-Labor Alliance

THAT a severe strain has been put on the so-called farmer-labor alliance is very evident. Leaders of the state grange have been criticised for standing with labor against certain pending bills. The strong demand for action to repress organized labor comes from farming districts where losses have been sustained because of the maritime strike. There is genuine fear also that strikes among agricultural laborers may tie up harvests and permit crops to spoil. To avoid this Messrs. Gill and Tompkins have proposed forming a new board of conciliation for farm labor.

While these grievances or fears have foundation, in the opinion of this newspaper an even greater danger to the farmer lies in the pushing up of costs of goods he purchases because of wage increases. We read of strikes, then of settlements and men going back to work. Almost universally the return to work is at an increase of wages or a lessening of hours or other improvement in conditions. What happens then? The employer passes along all the increase, or just as much as he can, to the consumer. If the consumer can retaliate by increasing selling prices for his goods or service then he is safe. The rub comes for those unable to move up their incomes to meet the higher costs of things they buy.

In this group are farmers, white collar workers, unorganized workers, civil servants, persons on fixed incomes. Farm prices do respond to general conditions, but special conditions within the commodity market are more apt to be controlling. So the farmer is vitally concerned with urban wage increases which boost the prices of the goods he must buy.

Farmers and laborers have had and do have a common interest to protect themselves against exploitation by "big business." After that they are on opposite sides of the bargaining fence. The farmer employs labor. He buys the products of urban industry in which the labor cost is a large item. He depends on transportation of his produce, much of it perishable, to market, and so is deeply concerned over the cost of transportation and its being kept open. The farmer also sees entering into costs the new social security taxes which improve the lot of the urban worker but give neither the farmer nor his hired man any security for themselves. His concern is not adverse to good wages for city workers; but a wonderment over his own position as a buyer of the products of city workers. How large a share of the wage and tax increases will the farmer have to bear? To what extent can he protect himself by increasing his selling prices? These are vital questions in the farmer-urban laborer relationship.

Urban labor is coming to be better organized politically as well as economically. Farmers are divided in organizations and many are members of no organization. In the political sphere labor would appear to have an advantage. There remain zones in which farmers and laborers should unite for mutual protection against exploitation. But there are very definite limits to their political affiliation because their economic interests are in many respects divergent.

Court House Financing

THE bill introduced by Rep. Hosch and others, HB 400, to assist Deschutes county in the construction of a new courthouse, may prove of value in Marion county. While the amendment proposed to the old law does not change the procedure in giving the people the opportunity to vote on the question, it does improve the method of financings. Amendatory matter in the bill reads:

"Said notice shall state definitely the amount of the proposed tax levy, and whether such levy is proposed for one year only or is to be apportioned and continued for two or more specified years; also, whether the proposed tax levy is to be submitted to the legal voters of the county for specific authorization outside the limitation of Article XI, Section 11, Oregon constitution."

This enables the county court to provide for spreading the cost over a term of years; also to submit the question of going outside the six per cent limitation. The latter has not been proposed in Marion county, but the spreading of the levy has been considered, and the bill, if enacted, would permit that to be done. The bill will be helpful to Marion county and other counties as well as Deschutes.

Rainbow

ALL available space for shipping lumber is contracted for on boats leaving for the Atlantic coast for 120 days ahead, says a report from the West Coast Lumbermen's association. This is to move the lumber already sold, delivery of which was held up by the recent strike. Now business will have to wait until May or June for water shipment. This shows that west coast lumber mills have a prosperous period ahead. The handicaps that remain are shutdowns due to weather and delays because of continued disputes in the shipping industry. If these clear then the northwest's largest industry will operate full time well into the summer; and that will provide wages for workers, trade for stores, patronage for service stations, beauty shops, and daily newspapers. When the lumber business is good the northwest wears a rainbow round its shoulder.

Senator Robinson charges there is a strongly organized publicity campaign against the plan to change the supreme court so as to get pro-union decisions. None has reached this far. But there is a definite spontaneous activity of plain citizens in protest against the packing of the legislature of that state to give persons leaving the prison \$7 a week for six weeks. There is no doubt that one cause of quick return to crime and to the penitentiary is lack of finances. Men are discharged with a new suit and \$5. Unless they have a job to go to, or some one to support them temporarily, the easy thing is to drift back in the old haunts and the old ways—the end of which is again the jail, the courtroom, the penitentiary. This cycle is more costly than helping men get on their feet again.

The warden of the Washington state prison recommends that prisoners earn a "nominal" wage while incarcerated; and a bill has been offered in the legislature of that state to give persons leaving the prison \$7 a week for six weeks. There is no doubt that one cause of quick return to crime and to the penitentiary is lack of finances. Men are discharged with a new suit and \$5. Unless they have a job to go to, or some one to support them temporarily, the easy thing is to drift back in the old haunts and the old ways—the end of which is again the jail, the courtroom, the penitentiary. This cycle is more costly than helping men get on their feet again.

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Frank Davey, 3-20-37
good citizen, loyal friend, loving husband and father, an able man.

Oregon will be lonesome because the brave and gentle spirit of Frank Davey has gone to the asphodel fields beyond the stars. He tarried in this state for more than 50 long years, and was active, helpful and companionable in many kinds of honorable endeavor and enterprise.

In that time this commonwealth has not had an abler all around orator, or one more ready to lend his aid to a worthy cause. He served three terms in the legislature, two of them from Marion county and one from Malheur and Harney, and was speaker of the house during the 1907 session, making a singularly able and fair presiding officer.

Frank Davey was a republican in both sentiment and party, and fought a straight political fight, but he never struck below the belt, and took no mean advantage.

He believed in giving fair blows and taking fair ones in return, and, though born in Ireland, was an American of the Jeffersonian type, or the Lincoln style, standing for a government of, by, for the people.

Mr. Davey came to work on The Statesman for and with the writer in 1888, two years after having arrived in Oregon, and that relationship lasted in all for 29 years and more, and the close friendship then formed endured for nearly a full half century, other mutual relationships having been entered into from time to time.

This writer took charge of The Statesman property August 18, 1917. This happened to be Frank Davey's 34th birthday—and August 18 was mutually remembered and observed by the two friends in all the after years.

Many matters arose in the passing time that brought events for mutual remembrance.

Most people know about the I. W. W. disturbances of the '80's, '90's and later. I. W. W. for Independent Workers of the World, often except the "I Won't Work" order, or worse.

The I. W. W. enthusiasts had many soapbox orators who made loud and long noises, and many towns were afraid of them and refused them the right to speak. The writer hereof, as many will recall, was not in favor of suppressing those orators, and Salem never did drive them away. They had a right here to say their say, always.

But one of them, more loud mouthed than most, and more reckless of his utterances, became peculiarly violent in his talk—called the Pope names, cursed out all preachers generally, and saw no good in anyone or anything.

So Frank Davey volunteered one evening to take him on. He listened attentively to what the fellow had to say, and then, as a matter of fairness and justice, politely asked for the right to reply.

Frank so blasted his arguments, one by one, that the soapboxer was completely routed. He was quiet for a few evenings, and when he came back and Mr. Davey was notified he went, and repeated the performance. Then that man actually gave up and left town.

His experience was a lesson to other radical speakers, and Mr. Davey did not feel called upon to interfere again frequently, though he did enter into their debates a few more times, for their good and the general quiet and order of the town.

Few men have appeared in public life anywhere quicker on their feet in debate than Frank Davey. Such skill came from two things, a natural talent for ready speech and a large fund of available knowledge. He had both.

Had Mr. Davey lived six months and one day more, he would have been a senator, and yet his mind retained its resiliency and his memory its nimbleness. That is somewhat unusual.

Though he was a Catholic and true to his faith, Frank Davey had no quarrel with the religious views of any man, and so worked in harmony with all. That tolerance was a part of his democracy that attracted him to the shores of America, land of the free, when he was a youth of 17.

He was a ready writer as well as a ready speaker, and he turned out an unusual amount of good "copy." And this was true when, in his early career, typewriters were not invented. He wrote a hand almost letter perfect.

Such hands were more usual on the average in the old days than now. Prof. J. B. Horner, who worked his way through Williamette university while holding a position as reporter on The Statesman, wrote a wonderful hand, and rapidly, too, as did Davey.

Mr. and Mrs. Davey would have come to the 60th anniversary of their wedding day on April 4, and they had a very happy life together, blessed with a fine family to the fourth generation.

Frank was happy with and proud of the old, as he was appreciative of his wide circle of friends, and his illuminating smile and friendly greeting will be remembered and missed.

Fish Family Moves

SILVERTON, Feb. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Fish and family have moved from 407 West Main street to the Chris Enevoldsen home at 915 Pine street. Mr. and Mrs. Enevoldsen will move to Portland to be with their daughter, Miss Marcelle Enevoldsen, who is employed there.

Can He Make It Go as Far as George Washington Did?



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"LUXURY MODEL" by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER XXII
At the back of Jimmy's mind floated thoughts of Luana. He was convinced by now that the happenings of the evening had been entirely her fault. Surely she could at least have waited for him in her apartment?

But Luana, he told himself was spoiled. Possibly she had gone off with someone else, someone with more money who could entertain her better? To justify this extraordinary situation where he found himself alone with the charming Mrs. Vandaveer, perhaps he wanted to think that.

Better think that! His artistic sense revelled in the beautiful Florentine hangings of the salon and the priceless tapestry that ran clear across one wall.

The very chair he sat on had come from a palace of the De Medici! The present-day world faded, and he was transported back through the long centuries to the glowing capital of Tuscany.

The woman opposite him took on a strange beauty. Her face seemed to come near and then to recede. Her milky skin had an unearthly radiance. She was a creation of Michael Angelo, the great Florentine painter! The wine was in his head. To think was to speak.

"You look—like Beatrice—Dante's Beatrice," he said thickly, for he was suddenly greatly moved.

"If I can inspire you to great deeds, then to you I shall be Beatrice," said Lorraine, and her voice vibrated in the air like the notes of a violin-cello in some lonely forest. She rose from her end of the table and came to him, putting her two hands in his.

Jimmy Randolph, for all his good looks and 25 years of southern life, was inexperienced with women.

Still less did he comprehend a woman of the caliber of Lorraine. At this moment she seemed to him the epitome of all that was spiritual and gracious. He was still enraptured in the vision and the sense of her, and yet his mind retained its resiliency and his memory its nimbleness. That is somewhat unusual.

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What would have happened had not the butler entered the little salon at that moment, Lorraine was afterwards to wonder?

Simes was a fool. She must get rid of him. He had no tact. He wore a silver salver with a decanter on it, and two liquor glasses the size of thimbles. Also a silver coffee-pot and two demitasses.

Like a schoolboy caught in wrong doing, Jimmy dropped her hands instantly, and his face that had been so pale and strained a moment ago was suffused by a dark flush.

He stepped back awkwardly so that his elbow caught his hitherto untouched water-goblet of ruby cut-glass which fell to the polished floor and smashed into fragments.

He apologized and stooped down to mop up the water with his napkin.

"Let me do that, sir," said Simes. "I'm a clumsy idiot, Mrs. Vandaveer. Please forgive me," Jimmy said hastily, straightening. And to her conception, the shamed look in his eyes was more for her than for the accident itself, which was a trivial one.

She laughed it off, knowing that the spell was broken. "Are you superstitious?" she asked.

"Fardon me, madame, but a broken mirror, unlike a broken mirror, is a lucky omen," Simes volunteered as he collected the smashed ruby pieces.

"Then your pantry has a lucky angel for you're a demon when it comes to breakages," she said tartly, for she was annoyed with Simes. "Put that tray over on the terrace. We'll have coffee and liquors out there," she added sharply.

The blundering butler certainly must be dismissed. Just how much had he seen that could be construed as compromising with women?

When Simes had gone, Lorraine wrote the letter and the treasurer in the room for dinner was ended, there was no point in going back to her chair.

The light in his eyes was not for her, this time, but for the beautiful mosaics and oil paintings, and the wonderful old Florentine tapestries, and the broken flag and rare transcript.

She opened an inside cabinet that had a glass front to it, and on whose shelves, on beds of crimson velvet, rested relics of the past.

Here was a bracelet made by Benvenuto Cellini, the great hunchback of Florence. Lorraine's lips twisted wryly as she recollected that Ramon and she had quarrelled over the bracelet. He had wanted to wear it in the Charity Fazaar in Madrid on some Boston street where he was taking the role of Cellini, and she had refused to let him have it, and he had been furious with her.

Among the curios in the cabinet were several old rings of intricate design.

"This is particularly beautiful," said Jimmy, reverently fingering a heavy, embossed gold circlet on its bed of velvet. "I'll bet it has a marvelous history!"

"It's said to have come from the palace of the Medici," his mistress replied. Why not give it to Jimmy to cement their "friendship"? It would put him in her debt in a way, and be a sort of talisman between them, possibly with a gracious little speech that would restore lost unity to her, since Simes's untimely interruption.

Lorraine greeted Mr. Briscoe enthusiastically, for she was a born wire-puller.

Briscoe was a short, bald, elderly man, as rich as Job, and perhaps richer. When the School of Architectural Design was concerned, no one had been more generous in the donation of money, interest, and time. His say-so went a very long way with the committee which he headed. Until the introduction which Lorraine effected, Jimmy had no knowledge of his identity, for he had never met Wallace Briscoe although, with a thrill of excitement, he recognized the name at once as heading the committee of the school.

Simes brought fresh coffee for Mr. Briscoe which he drank, but he declined the proffered liquor.

After sundry attentions, and flattering inquiries after his health and welfare, Lorraine wasted no time in coming to the point.

"This is the young man of whom I spoke to you on the telephone, Wallace," she said briskly. "He's extremely anxious to take a three months' course in Paris just as soon as your committee can arrange it. I know there are plenty of applicants for the exchange, but a word from you will carry weight."

"Ah yes," commented Mr. Briscoe ponderously, putting his finger tips together and staring over his glasses at the good-looking young man. "Mr. Randolph, I understand from our hostess that you won a scholarship to our institution, and that you've entered the lists for the \$10,000 prize the

littered the heavy ring, holding it speculatively for a moment. She wondered if what the old jeweler in Florence had told her had been true, and if it had really belonged to the wicked Lucrezia Borgis? But no! . . . she had never been able to find a secret spring in it, though she had tried, time and again.

"Let me try it on your little finger!" She smiled dazlingly at Jimmy—a bright, friendly smile that seemed to hold no arreter-pensées.

"Why, it fits perfectly!" he grinned. He turned and twisted his left hand to the light which flashed on the high points of the old gold circlet.

Jimmy was about to slip it off, when his hostess stopped him. "That would be terribly unlucky! I know nothing definite about the ring except that the owner of the antique jewelry shop in Florence where it came from told me that anyone—man or woman—who removes this ring from his finger once it has been set there by a friend—or lover—will meet with some terrible disaster!"

The word "lover" echoed in Jimmy's ears. He was embarrassed. What on earth did she mean? How could he possibly keep it?

He was about to take it off again, laughing at the stupid superstition, but Lorraine put her white hand over his, covering the ring, and pleading that he comply with her request.

"The bad luck would fall on me, as well! Jimmy, I feel un-canny about your removing it!"

"But if bad luck's coming," he protested grinning, "isn't it as well to take it by the forelock—I mean, meet it halfway?"

"You silly boy, you'll have GOOD luck if you wear it! I insist you wear it! Mark my words, if you wear that ring, and never take it off, you'll win the prize for the most beautiful building in the exposition! I'm certain of that!"

At nine, Wallace Briscoe arrived. By that time, Lorraine and Jimmy had had coffee and liquors outdoors, and were en rapport again. Simes showed the all-important Briscoe out to the terrace where they met in the soft moonlight, discussing Jimmy's future.

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Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The surprise attending Mr. Roosevelt's action about the supreme court was one of a double kind. It in the sense that Mr. Roosevelt had with great pains kept it secret until the moment he read it to the newspapermen. His success at keeping it secret gave him pleasure.

It was a surprise also in the sense that nobody expected—or nearly every well informed person expected, so to speak, the absence of any sensational step by the president. Everybody supposed the president had turned his face in the direction of calm and healing. Immediately after the election sources close to him gave out the notion that he had a period of quiet, an "era of good feeling," said a confident of the president, Dr. Stanley High, in "Liberty" for January. The same spirit emanated from the president's circle through many channels. Intimates reported the president as feeling that there should be an end to the agitation, commotion and public nervousness, that the country must be led into a period of repose and tolerance. This imposition permeated the Washington atmosphere, a dispatch from Washington written by myself November 18 reported democratic party leaders as feeling assurance that Mr. Roosevelt's second term would be more calm than the first, and that Mr. Roosevelt's whole eight years would be seen in history as merely a period of necessary and wholesome democratic Jacksonian reform.

Why Mr. Roosevelt should have blasted this atmosphere of quiet with one of the most sensational and provocative actions in American history is a question, of which the answer lies in the mysteries of human personality. Mr. Roosevelt's personality is not only a part of the Washington scene in the ordinary sense. Because he has already been given such great powers by congress, and because of the prestige of his overwhelming election his temperament has an essential factor in government.

The general expectation of serenity was confirmed when the supreme court on January 4 handed down a decision in which the court seemed to accommodate itself to Mr. Roosevelt, seemed indeed almost to make a conclusively amiable gesture toward him. This decision of January 4 meant it possible for Mr. Roosevelt's objectives to be attained without necessity of constitutional amendment or of any change in the court or curb of it.

The January 4 decision of the supreme court in the convicted-goods case, was immediately recognized by lawyers and statesmen as having far-reaching importance. Several legislatures had passed statutes forbidding the sale within their borders of goods made by convict labor. Thereafter congress, in order to aid the states in making such statutes effective, passed the Ashurst-Summers act. This statute forbade shipment of convicted-made goods into any state which outlawed such goods.

The decision of the Ashurst-Summers act seemed to break the jam caused by the court's invalidation of NRA and other New Deal legislation. It seems to ease the tension between the president and the supreme court. The path seemed wide and open for the attainment of Mr. Roosevelt's objectives, without change in the constitution or change in the court.

The situation created by the Ashurst-Summers decision remains. The path opened by this decision remains an easily available and abundantly satisfactory way to attain Mr. Roosevelt's objectives. It is free of the disadvantages, whether the present way, or the way of constitutional amendment, or the way of limiting the court's function. Besides, the Ashurst-Summers way has one immense advantage; it achieves the desired objectives, but at the same time preserves states' rights.

The way opened by the Ashurst-Summers decision consists of combination of state and federal legislation; it conforms to what Mr. Roosevelt himself suggested in his January 6 message to congress, "federal laws supplementing state laws."

Any state that wants to can, and probably all would, pass statutes forbidding the manufacture or sale of goods made by child labor or made with labor receiving less than a minimum wage, or made under other disapproved conditions. These local laws will, of course, protect the states against the making of such goods or the violation of such standards, within their own borders.

Thereafter, congress can pass a law, analogous to the Ashurst-Summers one—a law forbidding the shipment of goods made under

backers of the forthcoming exposition are offering for the finest plans for a building to be put up in the exposition, said prize being open only to beginners—those who have not yet advanced the ranks of professional architects.

"That's so," said Jimmy nervously. Mr. Briscoe deliberately drained his coffee cup, set cup and saucer on a small glass table beside him on the terrace, and nodded his head.

"Apart from the fact that your achievement to date warrants the (Continued on page 9)

disapproved conditions into any state that outlaws such goods. By this federal law the state would be protected against disapproved goods coming in from other states. By its own local statute it would be protected against the making of such goods within its borders. By the combination of the two the state one, the state would be protected completely.

True, this path depends upon getting rid of one obstacle that still remains. The supreme court must yet hold that states have the right to pass laws forbidding child labor, or wages below a minimum. At present, the court is on record, as late as last May, with a decision that a minimum wage law enacted by New York state was unconstitutional. But competent opinion believes the obstacle presented by that decision will soon disappear. Competent opinion believes that with a relatively slight change in jurisprudence, the New York minimum wage law would be found valid. The adverse decision last May was a 5 to 4 one. A switch by one justice would uphold the law.

The court does not exist in a vacuum—it knows what is taking place in the world. Throughout the country's history, the list of articles defined to be deleterious, and therefore banned, has always been growing. In the Ashurst-Summers decision last month, Mr. Chief Justice Hughes read a list of articles which have already been barred from interstate transportation, by laws which the supreme court has sustained. They include diseased livestock, lottery tickets, adulterated and misbranded articles, kidnapped persons, women transported for immoral purposes, intoxicating liquors, diseased plants, stolen automobiles—and no convict-made goods.

To add to this list, now, goods made by child labor, goods made by labor at less than a minimum wage, and goods made under other undesirable conditions—to do that, would be a small matter. And it would be a natural evolution, of the kind through which the court's lines of decision are constantly passing.

(New York Herald-Tribune Syn.)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Would Strengthen Law To the Editor:

I read in an inconspicuous place in the morning paper that the House has passed without opposition a bill to eliminate a minimum sentence upon conviction for drunken driving. This bill also provides that it be left up to the judge whether or not a drunken driver's license should be suspended, and that a man has to be proven careless in addition to being drunk before he can be found guilty of manslaughter.

I'm not surprised at this House passing everything but that they should pass such a vicious measure without opposition is a disgrace to any member who claims to be sober.

Secretary of State Snell has just announced that Oregon's traffic fatalities increased 28 per cent last year, making Oregon the worst offender of any state reporting. Drunken driving plays an important part in traffic fatalities. What is removing the penalty for drunken driving do to this condition?

I'm wondering just why the House has decided to make Oregon a heaven for drunken drivers while other states are tightening their laws against them. Perhaps it is a desire to attract tourists or the mad chase for liquor revenue may have something to do with it. I would hate to think that the majority of our representatives feel that they are better drivers while in a slightly inebriated condition and wish to so drive without the danger of having their licenses revoked.

This bill can yet be stopped in the Senate and I believe that if the majority of the Oregon people know what the bill contains it will be.

Sincerely,
MRS. C. W. STACEY,
Rt. 4, Salem, Oregon.

Ten Years Ago

February 20, 1927
Construction of a two story concrete building at Liberty and Cheneketa streets, costing \$35,000 will be started soon for A. C. Nelson, he announced Saturday.

Salem is to have a new \$300,000 hotel and the work of construction is to start very soon; Hawkins and Roberts to build it on northeast corner of High and Court street.

A nature study club was formed last night at the local Y. M. C. A.; George Shand was elected president and Morton Peck, vice-president.

Twenty Years Ago

February 20, 1917
House was in conference last night as time for adjournment approached and time-pieces halted.

General Frederick Funston, commander of southern department, died last night in a San Antonio hotel, collapsed few minutes after dining, due to acute indigestion.

Justice Wallace McCamant with subject "George Washington, Gentleman" gave the address at the annual high school civic club of senior high school.