

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

R. J. Hendricks, Manager
Fred J. Toomey, Managing Editor
C. K. Logan, City Editor
Leslie Smith, Telegraph Editor
Audred Bunch, Society Editor

W. H. Henderson, Circulation Manager
Ralph H. Kietzing, Advertising Manager
Frank Jaboski, Manager Job Dept.
E. A. Shotton, Livestock Editor
W. O. Cooney, Poultry Editor

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

BUSINESS OFFICE:
Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 141-145 West 90th St., Chicago, Marquette Building, W. R. Grothwohl, Mgr.
Portland Office, 826 Worcester Bldg., Phone 6637 Broadway, Albert Byers, Mgr.

TELEPHONES
Business Office . . . 23 or 583 Circulation Office . . . 583
News Department . . . 23-106 Society Editor . . . 106
Job Department . . . 583

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter

June 2, 1925

HOW TO WIN:—Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.
Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass. Psalm 37: 3, 5.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR

The lot of any conscientious editor of a newspaper in a city the size of Salem, or in most any city, would be made much easier if his friends would observe some of the simple rules that are dictated by common sense and a due consideration for the time and patience of an over-worked man—

For instance:
In sending news matter, please make it plain; and use a typewriter if possible, unless you write a plainer hand than is usual—

And, above all things, make the names plain. You know the names, but the printer may be a new man, and so may be the proof reader, and even the copy reader. The names that are plain to you may be as Greek to one or all three of these.

The editor regrets mistakes in names, or in words or sentences, as much as you do; more. But there are thousands of words and sentences and names in each issue of a newspaper even the size of The Statesman. And to err is human. Consider this in preparing copy for the newspaper.

And another thing:
The editor of The Statesman has been on the job a long time. He is known by 50,000 or more people in Salem and the Salem district. He would like to personally attend to the matters of news of each of the 50,000. But this is manifestly impossible. The job has grown too large. There are only twenty-four hours in a day—

So please remember that there are reporters and office help who can attend to your wants as well or better than the editor. However willing the editor may be, there are limits to his time and his strength. He is a willing slave for sixteen hours a day, all his waking moments; but beyond this he cannot go.

THEIR MEMORIAL

(Portland Journal.)

Mothers who lost their sons in the World war led a Memorial day parade to the east approach of Broadway bridge Saturday.

It was a unique and pathetic ceremony.
Upon the quiet flood of the Willamette they scattered roses in memory of the heroes slain. With the petals fell their tears, a more personal memorial to sons who never came home.

There were fathers, too, in the group that gathered at the side of the bridge while unchecked life in street cars and automobiles hurried by. There were ex-service men—men scarred by the wounds of the Argonne, and men almost equally scarred by the struggle and discouragement since in the economic order.

An escort for the War Mothers was furnished in the persons of military students from the Hill academy, boys whom another war would claim from their mothers and who would have a preparation for it.

They were reverent people those who had stepped out of the ranks of life for a little time. They were people who know by experience the real meaning of devotion and sacrifice and patriotism.

GOVERNMENT COORDINATION

Closer coordination is needed in all departments of government, national, state and municipal. Needless duplications are just as reprehensible in national departments at Washington as elsewhere. Duplication of work is waste since it requires more service and larger costs to the taxpayers. In weeding out this duplicity of work and in striving to coordinate departments to reduce the requirements of employment to a minimum the President has the commendation of the nation's citizenry.

In state institutions there is much overlapping of boards and commissions. But there are noted here and there movements toward elimination and coordination. Michigan, Illinois, Washington have been leaders in this effort to coordinate and thus cut expenses of government, and in spite of herculean efforts of office holders and keen-visioned politicians to discredit it, progress toward greater efficiency and reduction in costs of government has been made.

In most cities of medium size municipal and county government overlaps. For instance there is the police force and the sheriff's force of officers covering practically the same territory. The belief that these two departments of government can ordinarily be united under a coordinated city and county government with greater efficiency and lower cost of operation is general. And to this end Portland and other cities and counties of Oregon are now working.

What is true of the executive branches of city and county governments is also true of other departments of the same unit. Elimination and coordination is also one of the big problems for the state of Oregon, with her eighty boards and commissions, to solve.

AN URGENT NECESSITY

Is it possible that within this city a life saving instrument of so great importance as the pulmotor could not be found ready for service on Sunday last? Frequently in cities the size of Salem there is demand for its immediate use. When through accident or otherwise human life is in the balance it is only reasonable to expect that through the city service departments as fire, police or health this instrument could be obtained for immediate use.

In Sunday's accidental drowning which shocked the community no pulmotor in working order was found in this city. One was obtained from Independence but too late to be of effective service.

No excuse has been offered to justify this neglect. And to acknowledge the lack of this public service equipment is our discredit. To provide at once against a repetition of the recent emergency need or others in which the use of their instrument is essential, should be the city's first concern.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service

CHAPTER 474

What Grace Draper Threatened When She Discovered Katherine Was in the Next Room

"If you weren't so cross," Linda whined childishly, "I could tell you a lot more about that nurse." Grace Draper eyed her keenly. "I'm not cross, you little fool," she said indulgently. "Go ahead and spill all the gossip you've got in your system."

"Well, in the first place she isn't a prisoner, like this one"—she jerked a contemptuous hand toward me. "She's here to take care of the sick man, and she's allowed to go through the halls most times, and down to the kitchen at certain hours. And the man is somebody's white-haired boy all right. The Prince himself came to see him last night."

"The devil he did!" Grace Draper ejaculated. "Now, what does that mean?"

Madge Pleads for Katherine.

She strode up and down the room for a few seconds, evidently pondering Linda's revelation.

"I don't like the idea of the nurse," she said at last. "The man is probably one of us. I wonder if she is. What does she look like?"

"She ain't a bad-looking dame," Linda said judiciously. "A bit smaller than this one, with brown hair and brown eyes, and little bits of hair."

Without warning, Grace Draper whirled and fixed her eyes upon my face. In my tense interest in Linda's description of Katherine Bickett I had forgotten Lillian's first commandment of a "poker face," and I saw, too late, that Grace Draper, her memory challenged by Linda's description, had discovered my intense interest in Linda's description.

"So!" she said after a second's deliberation. "I think I'll get a lamp at this nurse."

She hurried out of the room while I sat sick with terror, and when she came back a few minutes later, her body was quivering with rage.

"I thought so," she said, towering above me. "She's your friend, and she's been planted in this job. Well, there's one comfort! Neither she nor you will ever get out of here to spill anything."

For Katherine I did what I would have scorned to do for myself: "She stood by you once," I reminded her, "for weeks—brought you back from death itself!"

"I'd Start the Third Degree!"

A sneering little laugh interrupted me.

"You'll probably admit yourself that she might have been in better business," she said, and there was no hint of any softening in her tone. "Nay, nay, little one," she went on mockingly, "don't delude yourself. I haven't a hundredth cubic inch of soft feeling left in my system for anybody, let alone any friend of yours."

"I have no delusions concerning you," I answered with a steady voice, "nor would I have asked any favor for myself."

She laughed again, and there was something in her laughter far more sinister than imprecations. "Which shows you have a lingering remnant of common sense," she commented, then turned to Linda.

"You'll probably have this baby on your hands until tomorrow, Linda," she said. "I'll relieve you some time in the night so you can get some sleep, and I'll look in on you once in awhile. Blast her—she can sleep if she wants to, while I've got enough on hand to wear out a yoke of oxen. If I had my way I'd start the third degree with her today, but the orders are to treat her pretty well until her time comes. Sort of fattening the missionaries for the cannibal kettle stunt, I guess. Now, you remember what I told you, Linda."

Lay off the hooch, even if you get a chance to steal some again which you won't. I settled that chef's hash just now."

"Did you tell him I snatched some out of his bottle? Did you?" Linda cried in dismay.

But Grace Draper swept out of the room without designing any other answer than a curt command to keep the door locked. Linda stood looking after her, futile anger shadowing her weak face, while I, alternating between stark terror of the sinister possibilities at which Grace Draper had hinted, and the belief that she was manufacturing most of her cryptic threats in order to weaken my nerve, watched furtively, eagerly, for a chance to play upon Linda's irresolute, enfeebled mind. (To be continued)

DINNER STORIES

The man who had just arrived at the summer resort turned to the man sitting in the next chair on the veranda.

"Say, I don't understand," he remarked, "why they call this hotel 'The Palms.' There isn't a palm tree in sight."

"You just wait," his neighbor answered. "You just wait till you want some of the help to do anything for you."

A troupe of ambitious actors, whose existence as such was due solely to their ambition, had unfortunately booked a college town. One of the scenes was an animal act—in which two really dangerous lions were used mainly for atmosphere. The first night's performance had not exactly met with success.

The curtain was about to go up for the act of the two comedians. One of them was to enter from the far side. Suddenly his partner rushed around behind the curtain. "Get out on the stage! The lions are loose."

"No," replied the other, who had been peeking out at the audience. "You go on out on the stage—I'll stay back here with the lions."

An American in dear old London was bragging about his automobile. He ended his eulogy by declaring:

"It runs so smoothly that you can't feel it; so quietly you can't hear it; has such perfect ignition you can't smell it, and as for speed—boy, you can't see it."

"But, my word, old dear," interrupted the Briton, anxiously, "how do you know the bally thing is there?"

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By R. E. Walte, Secretary Shawnee, Okla., Board of Commerce

That persistent advertisers maintain business principles all the time.

That they deal fairly and squarely with the public, giving them everything they can in the way of service and goods at the lowest price possible.

That quality and economy are linked together at these places of business.

That they have their prices coupled to service.

That their clerks are courteous and attentive to business.

That they carefully consider the every want of the people.

That these business concerns show a conscientious effort on their part to supply the best goods and service that is sold at any price.

That is wise economy on the part of the buying public to read the ads before they shop.

That ads show ample choice and price to select from.

That the wise buyer clings fast to that fact.

That the modern way of advertising is as usual, the sensible way for the business concerns to get business.

That the modern way of buying is by reading the ads and buying where the best buys are.

Many business concerns help to postpone prosperity for themselves by curtailing advertising and talking pessimistically.

Harry Thaw's Mother Acts as He Begins Another Broadway "Spree"



How long will it be before he is locked up again? The question is being buzzed along Broadway as Harry Thaw applies another coat of red paint to the Great White Way of which he once was king. The slayer of Stanford White, now gray-haired and broken, has been lavishing money and champagne on women and men friends since he made a sudden and dramatic reappearance in New York. His mother, Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw, who has spent more than \$2,000,000 to keep him out of prison, is taking steps to end the "spree." Meanwhile, Evelyn Nesbit, Thaw's divorced wife, is in Chicago, fearsome that Harry will injure her.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

THE TRIAL OF BEALE AND BAKER IN 1865

A Tribute to the Memory of the Lawyers in the Case

The articles written by "Old Timer" and "Native Oregonian" concerning the trial and execution of Beale and Baker for the murder of Daniel Delaney in 1865, which recently appeared in the columns of The Statesman, were of an interesting character, particularly to those who belong to the pioneer period of Salem.

However, the criticism of N. T. Caton, David Logan and Rufus Mallory, prominent and distinguished lawyers who were engaged in the practice of law at that time in Salem, were somewhat severe, if not unjust to these gentlemen.

N. T. Caton was associated with David Logan, C. G. Curl and Judge B. F. Bonham in the defense of Beale and Baker. He did nothing but what any honorable attorney should do—see that his clients had a fair and impartial trial. He stood well as a lawyer in Walla Walla, Wash., where he moved to practice law.

C. G. Curl was clerk of the supreme court of Oregon, a splendid lawyer, and died in our city respected and honored by all our people.

B. F. Bonham became judge of the circuit court of the Third judicial district, including the counties of Marion, Linn, Polk, Yamhill and Tillamook, consul to India and postmaster at Salem.

David Logan was a notable lawyer. His forensic ability was admitted by all. He was the son of Judge Logan of Springfield, Ill., the friend and associate of Abraham Lincoln. He was a high minded and honorable member of the bar of this state. He was not a politician. He was too frank and outspoken to be what is called popular among the mass of the voters. Mr. Logan was no hypocrite. Everybody knew how he stood on all questions. Always said what he meant. Had nothing to conceal. This class of men seldom hold office. The trimmers and double dealers as a rule occupy positions of trust and as a consequence the taxpayers and citizens suffer thereby. With the exceptions of the little trailites of life, there was no one among the pioneer lawyers of our state who stood higher for honor and integrity than David Logan.

As no appeal was taken from the trial in circuit court to the supreme court, it clearly indicates that the lawyers for the defense were right in every way and that which they were required to do, see that their clients had a fair

court and jury showed his ability as a lawyer. He was not a case lawyer, but well grounded in the principles of the law. His literary knowledge was well known. As a student of Shakespeare he had no equal at the bar. If he had seen fit to follow the stage he would have become an eminent actor. As an elocutionist he had unusual ability.

Another able lawyer who participated in the trial of this case was Richard Williams, well known to the pioneer element of our city and state. He had excellent ability as a trial lawyer and was our congressman from March 4, 1877, to March 3, 1879.

Being a boy at the time of the trial of Beale and Baker, I have a clear remembrance of many things which occurred. I was present when the plaster on the walls of the Griswold building, where the trial was had, began to crack and fall off from the overcrowded condition of the courtroom.

This communication is for the purpose of aiding historical accuracy and giving a just tribute to the lawyers who took part in this noted trial, all of whom are now dead, and see that their memory is properly appreciated.

SALEM PIONEER.

KIMBALL COLLEGE GRADUATES SEVEN

(Continued from page 1)

the class, Mr. McAbee.

Speeches and stunts by the members of the middle and junior class were the next on the program and the senior response was given by L. C. Kirby, member of the senior class.

The piano duet given by Mrs. Robert Melvina and Mrs. Dean C. Poindester came as an enjoyable break in the program and was followed by an address delivered by Dr. Hickman, president of Kimball, in which he said farewell to the members of the class on behalf of the college.

A duet by Dr. and Mrs. Riddle, a vocal solo by C. W. Bryant, and a horn solo by M. G. Tension were the concluding numbers of the program.

Delightful refreshments consisting of punch and cookies were served at the close of the program. Mrs. A. M. Gentry, Miss Leone Hilt and Miss Lorena Geer serving at the punch bowl.

DRT PILE STILL THERE

TWO MORE MONTHS WON'T HURT, MAYOR GIESY TOLD

"Two months longer won't hurt anything," Mayor Giesy. It's been there three years already," declared Alderman Rosebraugh, in commenting upon the pile of dirt at Church and Chemeketa belonging to Dr. White. This pile of dirt has been a bone of contention for many months between the residents of the city, the council and Dr. White, according to reports made at the meeting.

Dr. White has promised to remove the dirt, if he has to, but would like to have permission to keep it there during the coming three months. What is to be done will be determined by a committee, which is to act upon the question.

Children Cry for



MOTHER:—Fletcher's

Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

A personal message to YOU

EVERY advertisement in this paper is written to you—to help you choose worthy products—to save you money—to give you some worth-while item of business news.

Read the advertisements. Convenient, courteous information is yours at a minute's glance. Style, variety, price, where obtained. That minute's glance may mean the difference between buying unworthy wares—and the best—the difference between getting the new—and the old; between the improved and the ordinary.

Advertisements protect your purchases—read them

ITCHINGS
See your doctor. Vicks, however, will alkyl the irritation.
VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly