

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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March 18, 1928 Then he saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayer, saying, O my Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt. Matthew 26:38-39.

STAND UP AND FIGHT

The meeting of the representatives of 32 national organizations in favor of law enforcement and improved moral and social conditions in this country, in Washington, D. C., on February 28, made a statement of policies leading up to the following demands:

That the conventions met to nominate candidates for president and vice president each include in its platform "a positive, clear-cut declaration pledging the support of the party and nominees to a program of vigorous and efficient enforcement of the eighteenth amendment and necessary supporting legislation."

"To nominate candidates who are positively and openly committed to this policy of effective prohibition law enforcement by their utterances, acts and records."

The resolutions added: "The strongest prohibition law enforcement plank would be neutralized and would be practically worthless if its adoption by any convention should be followed by the nomination by that same convention of candidates whose utterances, acts or records have branded them as personally hostile to prohibition, or as unwilling to cooperate actively to secure effective enforcement."

We record our fixed determination actively to oppose the nomination or the election of any such candidates no matter on what party platform they may stand."

Arrangements were made for presenting these demands to the national conventions.

Preliminary arrangements were made to set on foot a persistent campaign for law enforcement—

Calling on all organizations and citizens in favor of obedience to the laws of the land to join with them—

And a sample of what may be expected in this great campaign which has been thus started, under the auspices of the committee of 1000, was witnessed the past week in Salem in the meetings addressed by Raymond Robins.

The forces of decency and order are to stand up and fight—

They are going to demand a fair fight, with no side-stepping or pussyfooting or straddling—

A fight to the finish—

In the open and above board, without any excuses or palliation—

And it is high time. The great majority of the people of this country are in favor of upholding their Constitution; in favor of law and order; in favor of the enforcement of all laws—

They are against nullification.

If they were not, there would be sad times ahead. There would be anarchy.

And there can be no effective consolidation of the forces of order in this country without fighting for it. The time for passive support of the things that are decent and of good repute in this country has gone by, if ours is to be a country of power and leadership in the things that make for world betterment.

OUR CAMPUSES NOT SODOMS

The New York Times tells of the public protest of Smith college alumnae against recent lurid descriptions of the Northampton campus as a "hotbed of radicalism, atheism and immorality" and as living in a "reign of terror." It is a situation with which Miriam Van Waters deals in her book, "Parents on Probation," in which she blames the older generation for too easily accepting "vague rumors of scandal about young people."

The author might have meant Salem, in view of the high school uproar of a year or so ago—

But she did not—

In citing the case of one community where irresponsible gossip was responsible for the popularly accepted legend that 70 per cent of the boys and girls at high school drank and that immorality was rampant. After three weeks of thorough investigation and several court hearings, the facts were established. Out of a school population of 2,000 it emerged that half a dozen young people kept late hours, a few boys and girls occasionally drank and smoked, many "petted," and three girls had run away from home. All the ugly stories of habitual drunkenness and wild living were "utterly without foundation." It was shown that many boys and girls had boasted of and confessed to "experiences" that were entirely imaginary.

Parents need not always wait for official investigations and court inquiries to appraise the merits of the "flaming youth" tradition. The elder generation has its own knowledge of life to go by.

"CASEY" AT THE BAT

Among his intimates, dignified Dr. H. H. Olinger is known as "Casey." Dr. Olinger for many years has served as chairman of the Salem school board and member of the Salem library board. He devotes solid hours of work regularly and frequently to public service. As he shuns publicity, he avoids the spectacular, but can be counted on for painstaking devotion to any public task thrust upon him. Dr. Olinger's conservatism is balanced by his sympathetic humanity and his enthusiasm for education. In public service, he is one of the outstanding professional men of Oregon.—Oregon Voter, Portland.

There was a recent newspaper report that the Methodists have three times as many members of the house as their numbers would entitle them to, and five times the number in the senate, and that the Episcopalians have twelve times

their rightful number of representatives and twenty-five times their rightful number of senators. A Methodist authority explains: "The fact, of course, is that there are many millions more Methodists in the country than are recorded in the membership of the church. The Methodists put upon their records only actual members of the church, those who have taken the vows, while some other churches count the entire constituency. Upon the latter basis, it is probable that the Methodist church would show a total of not less than seventeen millions. It was carefully estimated during the war that there were about eight hundred thousand Methodist young men in the service."

The current Salem Chamber of Commerce bulletin says that during the tourist season of 1925, the municipal auto park records show that 27 families camped in the park became residents of Salem and vicinity. That the number of families in 1926 was 36, and in 1927 49 families that had camped there remained here, and many of these families bought property. That is quite a good deal to the credit of the camp ground.

The record run on Broadway, it is interesting to remember, is held not by any actor or any show, but by the great preacher, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, which stands on the "Great White Way," New York City. Dr. Jefferson has just completed thirty years as pastor of his famous church. The New York Times said recently that Dr. Jefferson might well be named the Saint of the Great White Way. His church is Congregational.

SWEETHEARTS I'DAH W. GIBSON GIBSON AUTHOR OF 'MY SON'S SWEETHEARTS, CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE, ETC.

READ THIS FIRST: Lynda Fenton, daughter of John Fenton, a periodical drunkard, has obtained her first job in the office of Armitage & Co.

Her father is always telling her that every woman has her price, and that her own mother had deserted them for a wealthy man.

Lynda's one friend and constant companion since childhood is David Kenmore, a salesman for Armitage.

Here Lynda meets Emily Andrews, who cherishes a secret fondness for David, and determines to make it as uncomfortable as possible for Lynda.

All at once it dawns upon David that, although he imagines he is interested in Emily, he is really in love with Lynda.

Returning from the office one evening, Lynda finds that her father has left, deeding the home to her. David tells her he loves her, and that if she'll wait until the first of the year he'll ask her to be his wife with him.

Lynda finds an old school acquaintance, Claire Stanhope, working in the office, and asks her to come and live with her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY Chapter 12 Lynda Meets the Young Boss

"I've never had a real home, but I'm a pretty good cook," said Claire, and there was a little of hope in her voice.

"You remember Miss Stanhope, David. She was in the grammar grades with us. She's going to stay at the house with me while Dad's away."

"There, Mr. David Kenmore," thought Lynda, "you can see how much I care for that little cat's gossip. Claire's worth a dozen of her."

The little cat unheated her velvet-covered claws.

"How lovely for you two girls to be together. Why didn't you tell me what you wanted, Lynda, when you asked whether Claire

lived at home? If you had, I'd have tried to persuade you to take me instead. You know I have to board, too. You'd have liked that better, now wouldn't you, David?"

"You'd have two excuses for making dates at the house instead of one."

"David doesn't need any excuse for coming to my house," said Lynda, quickly. "Why, he has helped me with the supper dishes three nights out of five for the last ten years."

David was not altogether comfortable under the verbal shots that were passing over him and, manlike, he blamed Lynda more than he did Emily, for he had suggested that he did not think Claire a desirable chum for her.

"I shall not be in the city much from now on, and I told Lynda she had better get someone to stay with her."

"Mr. that sounds just like a husband," giggled Emily.

"Come on, Claire. I have to get back to my work," said Lynda. "I have so much of it, I don't see how I'll get it done today."

She didn't deign to smile at Emily, who was not at all abashed, and who, lingering behind with David, called to her:

"Remember that rule in the union, old dear. He who leaves some work today will have some work another day. Don't kill yourself. A good-looking girl like you doesn't need to, you know. I saw Armi stealing a glance or two at you today, and I know he won't scold, no matter how little you do."

accidentally to Lynda: "What was the hurry? I wanted to tell you that June Challer is going to have a studio party a week from Friday night, and she asked me to bring you."

"Is Claire going?" asked Lynda, quickly.

"I don't know whether June asked her or not. You see, Lynda, Claire's got herself in mighty bad luck on account of Fred Blaque. I'd be sorry to think you've made a mistake in asking her to share your home with you, but I want you to come to the party anyway, whether she comes or not."

"I'd like to come very much," answered Lynda, excitedly, at the thought of a real party. She never had been to one in her life.

"Shush," whispered Emily quickly. "Here comes old Gallop."

"Miss Fenton, Mr. Ralph Armitage wishes to see you in his office," said Miss Gallop.

Lynda looked up quickly, but the face of the office superintendent told her nothing.

Tremblingly she tapped at the door of her employer.

"Come in."

As it happened, although Ralph Armitage had been back in the office for some days, she caught her first glimpse of him as she opened the door to his private office.

"So this is the 'young boss,'" she said to herself. He was called this by all the employees among themselves, to distinguish him from his father, who in reality ran the business. Ralph had just lately come into the office to learn it.

She had a good chance to observe him, as she hesitated just inside the door, but he did not look up from what he seemed to be doing.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Armitage?"

"Sit down, Miss Fenton. I do want to see you."

Lynda took a chair at the other side of the splendidly-carved desk, and then, with what courage she could command, raised her eyes to Ralph Armitage's face.

She saw a man with rather light-brown hair, a somber mouth, and gray eyes, in which either sadness or boredom lurked. Which it was she could not tell.

The only thing she could read was that he was not happy.

Under his silent scrutiny she blushed scarlet, and the sensitive mouth trembled.

Ralph Armitage leaned further forward over his desk, and a ghost of a smile touched his thin lips.

(To be Continued.)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(From columns of The Statesman of March 19, 1903.)

President Roosevelt wants to drive around the city and vicinity when he visits here May 21, but some of the citizens want to give him a reception. At the meeting last night, it was gleaned that Mr. Roosevelt's principal object in asking the drive, was to avoid the "everlasting hand-shake." The matter wasn't settled.

Tillamook—The editor of the Headlight has sued the editor of the Independent for \$500 libel damages, alleging that his brother editor referred to him by innuendo as a "skunk"

Yale is to have a new pep million dollar library. We hope this outlay of money will not make it necessary to curtail the salary of the football coach.

Financial statements for STANDARD ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, MARYLAND CASUALTY COMPANY, and GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY. Includes columns for Capital, Income, Disbursements, and Assets.

U. S. SUB S-4 RAISED FROM OCEAN GRAVE

Job Completed Yesterday After Almost Exactly Three Months Time

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Mar. 17.—(AP)—Just 15 minutes short of three months from the time she was sunk in collision with the coast guard destroyer Paulding off this port, the submarine S-4 was brought to the surface today by a salvage crew.

The men on board eight other vessels clustered about the scene joined in the shouting and officers on board the Falcon hurried to congratulate Captain Ernest J. King and Commander Harold S. Saunders, who were in charge of the operations.

Although divers had braved winter frost and rough water for three months to get the hull ready for raising, the final operation lasted about four hours. At 11:05 a. m. the water was blown from the control room of the submarine and one by one the other compartments were rendered buoyant.

Then came the six great pontoons which had been lowered and arranged in pairs along the hull. Commander Saunders, watching the air valve had hoped to time the raising so that the S-4 would come up at the same minute of the day that she had gone down three months ago today.

All of the 24 navy divers who worked on the S-4 were on the deck of the Falcon as the submarine came up. In the 91 days since the collision these men had had 44 1/2 days suitable for diving and had made 566 dives to the ocean bed, 102 feet down.

The S-4 is being towed to Boston and upon her arrival there will be placed in drydock at the navy yard and doctors will enter the torpedo room and after compartment to remove the eight bodies still remaining on the vessel. Thirty-two bodies were recovered during the salvage operations. A careful search will be made for letters or messages which may have been left by the six men who were imprisoned alive in the torpedo room hours after the vessel sank.

Read the Classified Ads

Bits For Breakfast

Do you want to vote? Under the new law, you can't vote if you don't register—

And hundreds will be deprived of registering in Marion county. April 17 is the last date for registering.

Salem Y free employment office had the past week 183 applications for jobs, and sent 72 out to work. Evidently unemployed are flocking to Salem.

Prof. Von Eschen of Willamette university is going to tell the chamber of commerce tomorrow noon about the possibilities of the Willamette valley from a chemical standpoint. The list could be made a long one. The chemical engineer is to be one of the big men of the future, in the utilizing of by-products and in a thousand useful ways.

This story of real life (and near death) is told concerning the experience of a Salem builder who had a repair job on the roof of

the state hospital (asylum for the insane), and who had asked for some one to assist him and was given a husky patient.

All went well until lunch time when, as the whistle blew, the builder's assistant clutched him around the neck and, giving a terrible laugh, said: "Come on, let's jump off."

The builder was almost frightened out of his life, but suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Oh, rats," he replied, "Any body could do that. Come down and let's jump up."

A colored cook came home after midnight from a revival meeting shouting at the top of her voice. Her employer, letting her in, said:

"Aunt Mandy, this is all foolishness. Religion shouldn't be so noisy. Tell that preacher of yours to give a sermon on the building of King Solomon's temple, which arose without even the sound of a hammer. And remember that real religion is quiet and peaceful."

"Lawd, honey," answered Aunt Mandy. "Us niggers ain't aiming to build no temple yit. We jes' blastin' now."

Doctor Found Women and Children Sick More Often than Men

As a family doctor at Monticello, Illinois, the whole human body, not any small part of it, was Dr. Caldwell's practice. More than half his "calls" were on women, children and babies. They are the ones most often sick. But their illnesses were usually of a minor nature—colds, fevers, headaches, biliousness—and all of them required first a thorough evacuation. They were constipated.

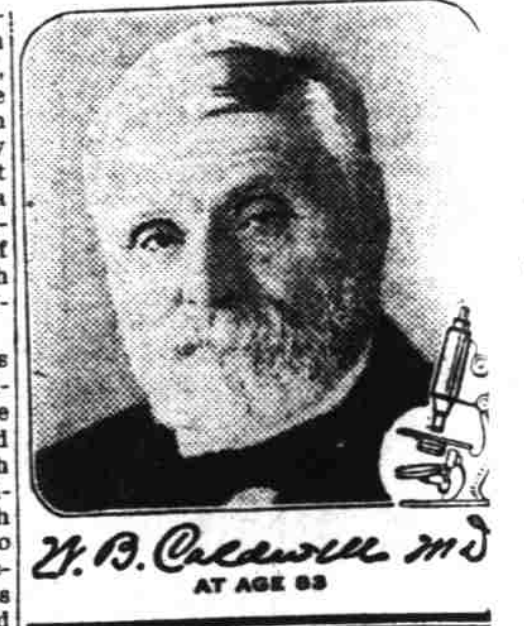
In the course of Dr. Caldwell's 47 years' practice (he was graduated from Rush Medical College back in 1875), he found a good deal of success in such cases with a prescription of his own containing simple laxative herbs with pepsin. In 1892 he decided to use this formula in the manufacture of a medicine to be known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and in that year his prescription was first placed on the market.

The preparation immediately had as great a success in the drug stores as it previously had in Dr. Caldwell's private practice. Now, the third generation is using it. Mothers are giving it to their children who were given it by their mothers. Every second of a working day someone somewhere is going into a drug store to buy it. Millions of bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are being used a year.

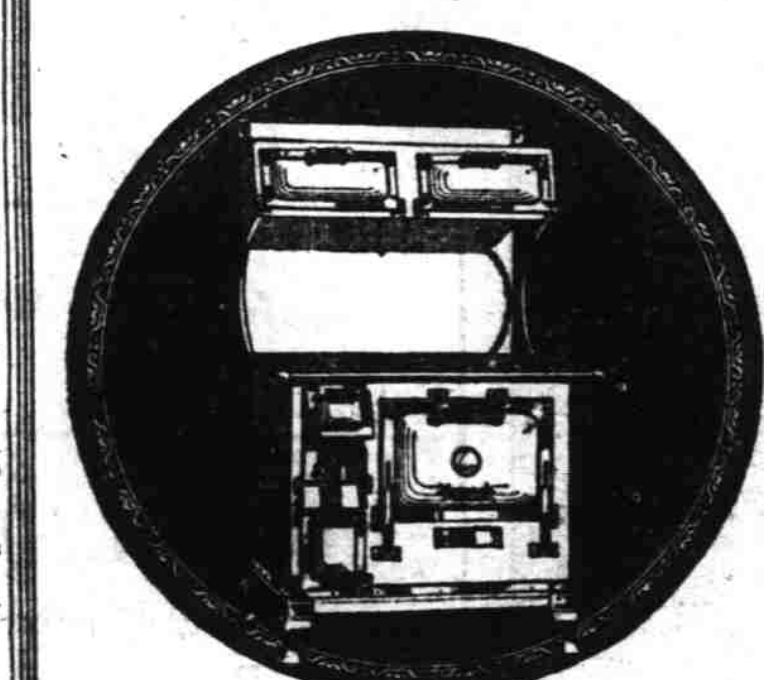
Its great success is based on merit, on repeated buying, on one satisfied user telling another. There are thousands of homes in this country that are never without a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and we have gotten many hundreds of letters from grateful people telling us that it helped them when everything else failed.

Every drug store sells Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Keep a bottle in your home—where many live someone is sure to need it quickly.

We would be glad to have you prove at our expense how much Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can mean to you and yours. Just write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, and we will send you prepaid a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.



The Choice of — America's Good Cooks



Beautiful it is, to be sure. Full enamel finish white or ivory tan the pride of the kitchen. But the real reason good cooks prefer the MONARCH is that they can depend on it for perfect baking—not only when it is new, but for many, many years.



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