

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
 SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing-Editor

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Eastern Advertising Representatives:
 Ford-Parsons-Spencer, Inc., New York, 571 Madison Ave.;
 Chicago, 365 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday. Business Office 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Mail Subscription Rates, In Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 Year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
 By City Carrier: 40 cents a month; \$4.80 a year in advance. Per Copy 1 cent. On trains, and News Stands 5 cents.



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A great boon: If Salem could get 100 extra men on her payroll by vacating more stub streets, that is 100 per cent more. It would be a great boon if she would vacate at least every other one—

And it would pay her property holders to bond the city for a million dollars and buy land up and down each bank of the river, the equivalent of the acreage in such stub streets, so far as the million dollars would go, for the purpose of inducing the bringing here of factories employing labor.

The surest way to get more factories is to help those already here to prosper and expand. Vacate the stub end of Trade street for the paper mill. Hand it to the owners on a silver platter, with a vote of good will.

The Oregonian said a few days ago: "Population of Salem, Mass., stands at 42,237, a gain of only 1.7 per cent since 1920. A few more years, and Salem, Oregon, will be out in the lead. Then the mayor can write another letter."

Yes, Salem, Oregon, should be "out in the lead" in 1940—away out, if her people just keep on keeping on, and vote in the immediate suburbs that ought to be a part of the city now. But it was not the mayor who wrote the letter. There are 24 Salmans in the United States, to say nothing of a Salem Station, Salmoberg, Salem Center, Salm Chapter, Salem Depot and Salmville. Some 10 to 12 years ago, when he was chairman of the promotion committee of the chamber of commerce here, Rev. James Elvin wrote to all the other Salmans and invited them to get off the map—to change their names and give Salem, Oregon the whole glory, this Salm having so many superior claims and advantages, which he named and described. Most of the other Salmans treated the matter as a joke, or an advertising stunt; but Salem, Mass., took it seriously, and set up her own peculiar claims—not mentioning among them, of course, the burning of the witches. The war of words led to a joint debate between selected high school teams of the Massachusetts and Oregon Salmans, in which the Oregon team won at both Salmes. It was a matter that attracted a great deal of attention throughout the country.

The optimistic spirit of "Jim-mie" Elvin is now in the fields of aphorism beyond the stars. But if his gentle shade can look from the battlements of heaven upon mundane affairs, it will be delighted when Salem, Oregon, gains the monuments of title of premier, ship among the cities of the name by the strongest of all evidences, that of possession—possession of major population. In due course our Salem will without doubt be a good many times as large as Salem, Mass.

Isaac A. Manning, in the eighties city editor of The Statesman, and at a latter time managing editor of this paper, and between

times U. S. consul and coffee grower in Nicaragua, and now and for a long period a prominent resident of Cartagena, Colombia, where he has been engaged in several major lines, including oil companies, wrote to an old Salem friend with whom he keeps up a correspondence, as follows: "Cartagena, Colombia, Feb. 22:—My dear friend: Your good letter of January 14 has not had attention because we have been exceedingly busy with our plans of suspension, and I have had very little time since receiving it. However, as this is Washington's birthday and I have a little time to spare, I have taken you to task. As you well appreciate, I take great interest in your good letters which always bring me a lot of news that I would not get otherwise. Your telling me about the old friends and the old places that I knew always fills me with a deal of sadness, especially when I see the changes that are taking and have taken place in the old town. So the old Amos Strong restaurant building still stands on Commercial street. What a shame this has not been replaced with a fine several story skyscraper, but still I am sure I would enjoy seeing the old building if I should return there. I suppose my little old home on Chemeketa just across from the old Howard place is still standing. I ran onto an old photo of that from time to time among my collection, and that brings back old times indeed.

"So Lena Snedecor still lives in Salem. I knew the doctor had died and left her a widow. She was always a most charming woman and we thought a great deal of her. When you see her tell her I told you this. It would be great if she, and a lot of your dear people there, would take the round trip from San Francisco on the Panama Mail steamers which go through Cartagena on their way from that city to New York and vice versa. I would love to see that you or whoever made this trip had an interesting day in Cartagena. To show how interesting it might be yesterday they wanted through the streets on parade, accompanied by the uniformed police, an old mortar of the early Spanish days, which was recently found in the ruins of an old Spanish fort at Boca Chica. In view of modern artillery it is a curious old thing.

"Maggie Coper I guess will teach as long as she lives. The last time I was in Salem, I think it was 1906 to her class of youngsters around the children of Central America, and it was wonderful to see how I could get the attention of these little tots.

"Well, we have been through another presidential election, and, thanks be, it went off very quietly with very little effort at disturbance, but still there has been some fraud in the attempt of the old ultra-conservatives to put the 'official candidate' over; but even with this they failed. Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, Colombian minister in Washington, arrived at the psychological moment and has been elected by a majority over the next higher candidate of over 150,000 votes. He has always been classed as a liberal, but in this election he was backed as a 'republican liberal,' that is a liberal

with conservative tendencies. "Olaya Herrera is in my opinion the best equipped of all present day Colombians for the presidency. He has had several years as minister at Washington, where he has been in close touch with Mr. Mellon, Mr. Hoover and all the other 'big bugs' as well as all the diplomats and bankers who gather at Washington and in New York. His speeches during the campaign show that he is well prepared for his job. He is returning to Washington next month and will remain until July when he will return to be inaugurated on August 7th. He has promised to help adopt legislation that will give foreign capital a chance to get into the country with a surety of guarantees, which it has not had for several years.

"The situation finally got so bad under the present regime that our company decided to suspend all active operations, and the result is our men from the states are being all returned home; we have shut down all drilling, and will soon only have three of us in the office here, where now we have 16. We are also letting our Colombian laborers to the number of about 300 go, with the result that instead of spending \$60,000 per month in salary and nothing of expenditures in the U. S. A., we will cut this down to about \$8,000 or \$10,000, and most of this to Colombian lawyers in Bogota. However if things change we may be able to return to work.

"Mrs. Manning and Abigail keep well, and the little one keeps us pretty busy. She is learning very rapidly to talk and I keep up her interest in English. I hope she may learn the two languages at the same time, it being easier to teach her English now than when she gets thoroughly set with her Spanish.

"I am awfully sorry to hear about Cooke Patton and Mrs. McCully. Both were always good friends of mine, and Hal and I were especially good chums. I also knew their father very well. T. McF., as we always called him, to my manuscripts, it is hard to get at them. My office hours are too long. However, I am anxious to try again, and I may be able to find a publisher."

The Open Mind

RECENT news dispatches from Washington carry the information that President Hoover retains an open mind on the proposed tariff and reserves his decision as to whether he will approve or veto it until he receives the measure. Superficially this may be reassuring to the country, implying that the president is uncommitted and that he is still in position to act freely respecting the measure.

The question which seems pertinent is this: "Is the president's mind an open mind or empty mind?"

It is now a year and three months since the president called congress in special session to enact farm relief legislation and limited revision of the tariff. The tariff discussion has dragged on with not the slightest hint from the president as to whether he felt the schedules being considered came within his formula. The only expression from the president was condemnation of the export debenture feature and the senate modification of the inflexible tariff. The result of this policy of aloofness is simply that whether the president's mind is open or empty, he is bound to sign the tariff measure. He cannot do otherwise for congress would justly offer bitter reproaches for this nullification of their months of labor. For Hoover to veto the bill after his Great Silence would be similar to the caprice of a god.

Open-mindedness is something of a virtue in a judge; fifteen months of it is most too much for an executive.

Is President Hoover empty-minded as to great national problems? Secretary Stimson on his return from London declared with evident approval that Mr. Hoover gave the delegation to the disarmament conference no "specific instructions... either written or verbal." The Nation is authority for the further statement that after the delegation sailed for England "Mr. Hoover never communicated with Mr. Stimson and his associates by letter, telephone or cablegram." When the hopes of the world rose high that some real achievement might be gained at the London conference, it seems incredible that the president could have so isolated himself from any connection with his own delegation. Did he have no ideas to offer, no suggestions to gain success for the conference?

Now we have the tariff. The president has uttered no word upon it since his original message which would give congressmen a clue as to whether their labors were along lines approved by the president, or whether he would suddenly set their whole work at naught through exercise of his veto. Is this detachment indifference, incompetence or cowardice? We write out of the pain that comes from growing disappointment when we inquire if the president's open mind is not rather an empty mind.

Books at Cut Prices

THE mayor of Seaside, so the Portland press informs us, comes to the metropolis once a month to buy a book and turn in a report on the progress of his ocean-side municipality. The mayor must be a live member of the book-a-month club. What will the mayor do now when dollar books are to be in vogue? Will he make two and a half trips to Portland a month? Or will he limit his reading to one volume regardless of price?

The backwash of the stock market crash has reached the book market. Wall Street's vibrations have rocked Grub street. Book publishers are now in a merry war of price-cutting. It started when one firm started putting out a series of low-priced books through chain drug stores. Soon the old-line houses felt the effect and the book season became as dolorous as the last Broadway theatrical season. A flop, in other words. Double day-Doran announced a series of popular novels at \$1.00 instead of \$2 and \$2.50. Simon & Schuster meet the cut; and that prompts Albert and Charles Boni to cut the price of the 75-cent editions to 50c. Macmillan on the other hand denounces the price war and claims the books with acceptable typography and appropriate royalties to authors cannot be produced for less than the old prices.

There is no doubt that sales of books have been slow at \$2.50 to \$5.00. The average book-lover doesn't want to pay \$2.50 for the late popular novel which will receive but one reading and then fade out of notice and popularity. Even \$5.00 for a best-seller biography seems rather steep. But if \$1.00 books means a flood of the low-quality fiction which modern mass-production authors turn out, then we might wish that book prices were doubled instead of cut in two. Quality in literature is as important as quantity, or more so.

"Open Under New Management"

THE resolutions adopted by the Benton county republicans remind us of the signs that appear in Front street restaurants every few weeks: "Open under new management." Benton county, be it known, is one county in the state where not enough voters knew George Joseph was in the race to put him more than a low third. Now the assembled county committee bestows its pontifical blessing on the republican nominee and calls on every republican to support Joseph, and singles out "every republican newspaper, purporting and claiming to be a republican newspaper, and being run as a republican newspaper," to boost George Joseph. Now if that doesn't spell CORVALLIS GAZETTE TIMES we don't know the English language. Claude Ingalls usually writes the county committee resolutions; but this time apparently a generation has arisen in Egypt which knows (or knows not) Joseph.

Benton county republicans are loyal to the party. And if the old Republican Cafe is open under a new management with "seats for ladies," they will continue to patronize it. That is one way of reading the resolutions of the Benton county republicans. Either that or translate the resolutions backwards like this: "Ed Bailey is a resident of Lane county and an alumnus of the university. The answer is George Joseph."

While on the subject of candidates we can't refrain from passing on to the voters the Great Discovery of C. C. Chapman of the Oregon Voter. Here it is:
 "As between Joseph and Bailey we will not hesitate to vote for Bailey. We regard him as towering high above Joseph in real worth."
 Bailey towers high physically to be sure, being another of the "scions"; but we are curious to know the other measures of "real worth" which Chapman (nee a democrat) uses in giving Bailey a higher appraisal.

"The SEA BRIDE" THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE
 By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER I

They were to be married before the open fire in the big living room of the old house on the hill. Upstairs, Bess Holt was helping Faith dress. Faith sat before the old, veneered dressing-table with its little mirror tilted on the curved standards, and submitted quietly and happily to Bess's ministrations. Bess was a chatterbox, and her tongue flew as nimbly as the deft fingers that arranged Faith's veil.

Faith was content; her soft eyes resting on her own image in the little mirror were like the eyes of one who dreams dreams and sees visions. She scarce heard Bess at all.

Only once she turned and looked slowly about this low-ceilinged old room that had been her home. The high, seat bed, with its canopy resting on the four tall posts; the high chest of drawers, the little dressing table, the delicate chairs—these were all old and familiar friends whom she was leaving behind her. And she loved them, loved the ugly paper on the wall, loved the old daguerreotypes above the chest of drawers, loved the crooked sampler that hung by the never-used fireplace. She loved all these things!

She smiled happily and contentedly. She loved them, but she loved big Noll Wing better. She would not regret—

Below the stairs her father, Jim Kilcup, talked with Dr. Brant, his minister. They spoke of wind and weather as men do when they lie near the sea. The spoke of oil, of ships, of tedious cruises when the seas were bare of whales.

Their talk wandered everywhere, save where their thoughts were; they did not speak of Faith nor of Noll Wing. Jim could not bear to speak of his girl who was going from his arms to another; the minister understood, and joined him in a conspiracy of silence. Only when Bess came whispering down to say that Faith was ready, old Jim gripped Dr. Brant's arm and whispered harshly into the minister's ear:

"Marry them tight and marry them hard and true, doctor. By God—"

Dr. Brant nodded.

"No fear, my friend," he said, "Faith is a woman—"

"Aye," said Jim hoarsely. "Aye, and she's made her bed. God help her!"

"Things began to stir in the big house. Noll Wing was in the back room with Henry Ham, who had sailed with him three voyages and would back him in this new venture. Young Roy Kilcup had found them there. Old Jim had a demijohn of cherry rum, thirty years unopened. He sent it in to Noll, and Noll Wing smacked his lips over it cheerfully and became more amiable than was his custom.

Roy Kilcup caught him in this mood and took quick advantage of it. When the three came in where Jim and Dr. Brant were waiting, Roy crossed and gripped his father's arm.

"I'm going," he whispered. "Cap'n Wing will take me as ship's boy. He's promised, dad."

Old Jim nodded. His children were leaving him; he was past protesting.

"I'm ready," Roy told his father, "I'm going to pack right after they're married." He saw Dr. Brant smile, and whispered: "Be quick as you can, sir."

The minister touched the boy's shoulder reassuringly.

"Quiet, Roy," he said. "There's time!"

People were gathering in the living room from the other parts of the house. They came by twos and threes. The men were awkward and uneasy, and strove to be jocular; the women smiled with tears in their eyes. Bess Holt, alone, did not weep. She was to play the organ; she sat down to play, and Noll Wing struck her soft skirts about her, and looked back over her shoulder to where Jim Kilcup stood out in the hall. He was to signal to her when Faith was ready.

Dr. Brant crossed and stood beside the fireplace, where the logs were laid, ready for the match. Noll Wing and Henry Ham took stand with him.

Cap'n Noll Wing stood easily, squarely upon his spread legs. He was a big man; his chest swelled barrel-like; his arms stretched the sleeves of his black coat. Cap'n Wing was seldom seen without a cap upon his head. Some of those in the room discovered in this moment, for the first time, that he was bald.

The tight, white skin upon his skull contrasted unpleasantly with the brown of his leathern cheeks. The thick hair about his eyes was tinged with gray. Across his nose and his firm cheeks tiny veins drew lacy patterns of purple. Garmented in wedding finery, he was nevertheless a man past middle life, and no mistaking—a man almost as old as Jim Kilcup and Kilcup's daughter. He was an old man, but a man for all that, stout and strong and full of sap. He had the dignity of mastery; he had the bearing of a man accustomed to command and be obeyed. Roy Kilcup looked at him with eyes of worship. Bess, watching over her shoulder, saw old Jim look up the stairs, then turn and nod awkwardly to her. She pressed the keys, the organ breathed, the tones swelled forth and filled the room. Still, over her shoulder, she watched the door, as did every other eye. They saw Faith appear there by her father's side; his arm Jim moved; Faith smiled and the others, near the window, and the memory of Dan's face played before her as she moved toward where Noll waited. Foot! Dan! Faith pitied him as women do pity the lover they do not love. She had been hard on Dan! Not her fault, but still the truth. Hard on Dan! Tebey. And misery dwelt upon his countenance, so that she could not forget, even while she went to meet Noll Wing before the minister.

While they made their responses, Noll in his heavy voice of a master, and Faith in the level tone of a proud, sure woman, her eyes met his and promised him things unutterable. It was that spark that lit the fuse that in marriage; the words are so comparatively small account. Faith pledged herself to Noll Wing when she opened her eyes to him and let him look into the depths of her.

A woman who loves wishes to give. Faith gave all of herself in that gift of her quiet, steady eyes. Cap'n Wing, before them, found himself abashed. He was glad when the word was said: when the still room stirred to life. He kissed Faith hurriedly; he was a little afraid of her. Then she stepped forward and separated them, and he was glad enough to be thrust back, to be able to laugh and jest and grip the hands of men.

(To be continued tomorrow)

LAY SERMON

YOUTH AND THINGS

"A man's life consists not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."—Luke XII:15.

Young graduates of school and college are filled with ideas of altruism, of service, of cooperation. This verse is the gist of what they have been taught and what they firmly believe.

Yet most of their lives will be spent in accumulating an abundance of things. Things, mere things are tyrants. They dominate us because they control our desires and our desires govern our wills. Things have necessity on their side, for man must eat and be clothed. And needs are easily stimulated into urgent desires.

So we labor to accumulate things: motor cars, houses, dresses, luxuries of one kind and another. They give pleasure or comfort or convenience in possession. They are set down as the signs of progress in this rich, mechanical age. Nations without many telephones, radios, newspapers are marked down as backward nations to be conquered or colonized or penetrated commercially, that the things of modern civilization may offer them emancipation.

How much of our life is spent acquiring things? The installment buyer thinks he is forever paying back installments. The cash purchaser sees some new article to save for as soon as he has taken one home from the market. It may be a car or it may be a bond.

They are things he spends his life storing up, much as a squirrel stores nuts.

Life long ago passed beyond earning a living. Now it consists of earning for luxuries. Such distention of values did not always exist. It seems peculiarly the product of the industrial revolution giving mass production for mass consumption. In the social milieu of the present men must thus labor because they cannot do otherwise. Convention binds them to the chain.

Can these aspiring young graduates obtain satisfactions in life independently of things? The genius may, the artist may; but what of the type which is less absorbed in its task? Things may emancipate. They may straighten the back of womanhood long crooked through labor at a washboard. They may broaden the mind through travel made possible through cheap transportation. Can society keep the balance? Can it make things the servant rather than the master of the family?

Success: What is it? A Pierce-Arrow and a divorce? Or a useful job, a straight character, and an appreciation of life's richer values? High resolves and euphonious class mottoes will not last long when these graduates enter the business world. Difficult it is for these entering on maturity to keep a true sense of proportion and to share their lives for abiding satisfactions rather than the mere accumulation of an abundance of things.

Yesterdays . . . Of Old Oregon
 Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

June 8, 1905

Members of the state tax commission have finally been named by the state board. All of the members are attorneys. None are from Salem.

The annual state meeting of the rural mail carriers' association will be held in Salem beginning tomorrow. Hon. P. H. D'Arcy and Postmaster Hirsch of Salem will give addresses.

Ten marriage licenses have been issued here so far this month.

No business of any kind is expected to be transacted in Salem next Wednesday, when Salem day will be observed at the Lewis and Clark fair in Portland. Nearly every business man in town has signed up to close his store on that day.

Isaac A. Manning, in the eighties city editor of The Statesman, and at a latter time managing editor of this paper, and between

TRUTH is Stranger than FICTION

Come in and ask for PROOF of every statement made in this advertisement.

A blind man of 68 fought a knife duel with a man of 25 and WON!

A N.Y. ball player was fined \$6 for swearing.

A 17 month old Long Island baby records 36 hours.

Another Truth . . .
 You will be sorry if you buy an Electric refrigerator without investigating the new Majestic Mechanical refrigerator. It is guaranteed for life. Soon to be on display.

Imperial Furniture Co., Inc.

467 Court St. Tel. 1142

WHERE QUALITY IS HIGHER THAN PRICE

A Problem For You For Today

James had 1.32 times as much money as John, and William had .5 as much as both. If William had \$108.75, how much did James have?

Answer to Saturday's Problem
 325 Explanations. Reduce feet to yards, multiply 1 by 5 by 75; multiply by 60c.