

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Dry Thoughts on a Wet Subject

THE Wickersham report has served to increase the tension of popular feeling over the question of prohibition. There are some things which we feel that honest friends and honest foes of prohibition frequently overlook.

Now here is what the friends of prohibition may forget: the object of prohibition is to suppress the evils of alcoholism. The purpose was not merely to get the 18th amendment frozen in the constitution; and not just to close the doors of saloons. The definite object was to root out or at least to greatly minimize the consumption of alcohol, and particularly to shut it off from growing youth. The 18th amendment and the Volstead act were mere tools with which to effect this purpose. Their virtue must be measured by their success in suppressing the evils of alcoholism and this virtue must be discounted by whatever evils prohibition itself may have made possible, such as bribery, poison liquor deaths and such.

Another thing which prohibitionists must realize and that is that summary legislation must rest for its support upon the approval of a positive majority of the people. American reverence for law is not sufficient to make such legislation self-enforcing; it must be backed up by staunch public sentiment. That is why prohibition has on the whole succeeded in Oregon; and why it has failed in a city like New York.

Now here is something that the honest wets should reflect upon: the mainspring of the liquor business has been commercial profits rather than mere appetite. Outside of a comparatively few old soaks, the majority of drinking men could get along quite satisfactorily without liquor. But it is constantly thrust upon them, either socially or by the salesman. Liquor law violations have grown more because of the lust for profits than the taste for liquor.

We have never known anything quite so insatiable as the lust for profits on the part of liquor manufacturers and dealers. Wets themselves admit that and promptly say that they do not favor the return of the open saloon. But the opening of government liquor stores does not do away with profits in liquor. There still would remain the temptation to illicit manufacture and to bootleg. Sales would be made out of hours, or to minors, or to those whose "books" have been taken from them, or at "cut-rate."

It is not enough to "control" liquor—you have to control this lust for profits which debauched the liquor business, corrupted local and state politics, and provoked the revolt that resulted in prohibition. And any proposals for modification or repeal of present laws must show how this lust for profits will be effectively thwarted.

On a subject so hot as the liquor question, it is perhaps too much to call for cool, clear thinking. But this question in the end must be solved by our intelligence and not by our emotions.

## Putting Prophecy to Test

THE Statesman's Monmouth correspondent is either naive or gaily cynical when she writes:

"Monday's springlike weather and sunshine, which will render the groundhog's traditional coveting obvious, brings to mind some weather prophecies of early autumn."

As certain also of our own poets have said: "Why bring that up?" But Mrs. Craven does, and refers to what the Indians said last fall, that this would be a hard, hard winter; and the testimony of the squirrels and chipmunks was introduced in evidence that snow and cold would envelop the land—were they not more provident than is their wont? and perhaps their fur was longer; or was it that the bark on the trees was thicker or the moss heavier than usual?

Why now embarrass the old Indian or the field mice or the alder tree? Why mention the fact that crocuses bloomed in January and farmers plowed, and cats started shedding? Why quote the temperature statistics and remark on the absence of frost to say nothing of snow and ice? Why jibe at the groundhog who presumably did his best to invite the north wind to disport itself in the Willamette valley? Are we not happy enough without dwelling upon what must be gall and wormwood to the hard-winter "propheteers"?

Our capable Monmouth correspondent doubtless is fully aware that people must be supplied with long range weather forecasts. The trained scientists of the weather bureau will not venture more than a few days ahead; and Dr. Hicks and Dr. Foster no longer produce their almanacs (or do they?). So the first settlers and the Indians must be depended upon to supply the demand. And the only way attention may be gained is by prophesying the unusual. The winter must be long and cold (or warm and open); the summer must be extremely dry (or excessively wet).

And the mass of the people who enter the season under such fear may always be counted on to forget before the season ends, just what the forecast was. Mrs. Craven may laugh to herself about the failures of the old Indian or the wrong guess of the squirrel and the badger, but she should be more gentle than to chide them over their shortcomings. Besides she might raise some element of Doubt in the minds of the people; and that would never do.

The point which Father Keenan raises regarding free textbooks is "not well taken." Textbooks may be considered as much a part of a free system of education as the school buildings. So far as discrimination with parochial schools is concerned there is none. The public schools are open to all children, and are supported by public and general taxation. If parents desire to send their children to private or parochial schools they may do so; and naturally the extra expense must fall upon them. There is no more reason for sharing textbooks or textbook money with private and parochial schools than for supplying them with school houses or a share of tax money. It does make a burden upon groups such as the Catholics and the Adventists, but it is a self-assumed burden.

A Holley rancher planned and attended a funeral for himself. He is 79 years old, too. Either he has a well-preserved sense of humor; or else is a little "off." But it will be a long time before the people of eastern Lincoln county forget Peter Rapp's "funeral."

Bishop Cannon, militant soldier of the South Methodist church, is now on trial again. He committed the unpardonable sin of supporting a republican, and so will probably be found guilty of conduct unbecoming a clergyman (M. E. South).

The new vatican broadcasting station is initiated HVJ. We do not see what that means, any more than what PBO stands for. Why not change it to the historical IHS (in hoc signo) which dates to Constantine's vision of the sword in the sky?

# HEALTH

## Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

"Chorea," or "Saint Vitus' Dance," it is commonly called, is a disease of the nervous system. It occurs in early school life, usually among girls between five and 15 years of age. The exact cause of this disease is not known. It is usually associated with acute rheumatic fever and heart disease. Over-pressure in school work is often an important factor.

Anomia in children must be considered as a factor, because most of the cases show very distinct blood changes. Chorea may follow as a complication of any of the infectious diseases. This is particularly true of scarlet fever and typhoid fever.

The disease comes on slowly. Quite often the child is accused merely of being "nervous." If at school it is noticed that he is having difficulty in writing or drawing. At home the child is continually dropping things, has difficulty in feeding and dressing himself. At times the feet fall, and there is stumbling, with frequent falls and difficulty in climbing stairs. In other cases the spasms is in the face. Unconsciously, he makes grimaces, for which the poor child may be punished.

When the disease is fully developed the movements characteristic of this ailment are unmistakable. There are irregular and jerky motions, varying from an occasional muscular twitching to almost constant agitation.

Excitement, fatigue and embarrassment, or any effort on the part of the child to control these movements, increases them. During sleep the movements disappear.

Unfortunately, these children are brought to the physician's attention weeks after the onset of the disease. Upon the first sign of suspicion of chorea, the child should be taken to a doctor. If neglected the condition back of this disease may injure the heart.

Children with chorea should not be permitted to attend school. They should receive plenty of fresh air, nourishing foods and adequate rest. Such children should never be ridiculed or punished because of the movements they cannot help. They cannot control them, and, as I have said, any effort on their part to do so increases the movements.

In severe cases the rest treatment is imperative. This means placing the child in bed, where complete mental and physical rest may be obtained. This, perhaps, may be best accomplished in a hospital.

This disease has a tendency to recur, particularly in the spring months. Children who have had one attack should be watched carefully, particularly after they have returned to school. They should not be forced to do too much school work, and should be given frequent vacations.

# Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Towa Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

February 5, 1906  
Star Juniors of the Salem Y. M. C. A. won 13 to 4 from the Portland Y. M. team at Portland. Playing for Salem were: Ostrander, D. Johnson, Stran, Hendricks and E. Johnson.

F. P. Talkington returned from Portland, where he attended the big meeting of the Hiks lodge.

A. M. Clough, who has served this county as coroner for 10 years, has filed petition for re-nomination.

A. M. LaFollette of Gervais and Mr. Aspinwall of Brooks were in the city on business. LaFollette is seeking the state senate place in the republican ticket.

The boys' glee club of the University of Oregon will present a program here February 12.

## All But \$10 of Bank Robbery's Cash Recovered

KLAMATH FALLS, OR., Feb. 4.—(AP)—Officers Tuesday recovered \$870 from a woodshed at the home of J. G. Nichols, cashier and confessed robber of the Chiloquin state bank. Nichols led the officers to the money's hiding place. All except \$10 of the \$3,500 taken from the bank has been recovered. Nichols told authorities this amount had been spent by D. E. Stout, store manager at Chiloquin, who also is said to have confessed complicity in the robbery.

Louis Duvall and Carl Eastlick were arrested at Ashland today in connection with the robbery. Nichols said they received each \$500 for participation in the robbery.

## FARM IS SOLD

ZENA, Feb. 4.—The sale of a 255 acre farm has just been consummated by W. E. Cox of Zena who sold this property to Paul G. Freeman and two sons, Gerald and Harold Freeman of Rickroall. The farm adjoins "Eagle Crest," home of Mr. and Mrs. Cox, on the south boundary. "Eagle Crest" including 177 acres is situated in the highest of the Zena hills and the greater part is in apple orchards.

# RUSHING THE SEASON



## "Murder at Eagle's Nest" By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XIV.  
"Lies!" thought Bim wildly. "Lies! What are they all trying to cover up? They couldn't all have done the murder; they couldn't all know who did it. Yet they've all got something they don't want known—something they want to make seem different. What's happened here is going to change things. It's going to dig into secret places in all their lives and then those places won't be secret any more. We'll all know things we've no right to know; things that will probably make us hate each other. Then what will happen?"

She watched Laura fling herself into her long sports roadster and drive furiously away; she watched Reynolds and Walter and Em move off to the library and still she lingered here in the morning sunshine, pondering the lies she had heard.

First there was the butler's lie last night about a robbery; a lie in which the maid, Jane, concurred after he had put the story in her mouth.

Then Mary hadn't told the truth this morning; she had said that she and Ted went directly home and remained there whereas first Imogene and now Laura Allan declared they had seen her here an hour later.

Then either Imogene or Jane had lied about the quarrel in the Baroness' dressing room and now Laura Allan had lied about wearing Mary Frost's shawl, for surely Imogene would have no object in telling that story if it were not true. Lies—lies—and why?

Because, Bim concluded there had been more going on in the Pine Hill crowd than met the eye—more than she suspected. With a sensation of things crashing all about—Bim wondered if it were her illusions falling—she strolled thoughtfully around to the west wing and paused at the edge of the ravine, gazing down the vine-covered rocks. Then she wandered around the other way, lingering on the southern terrace and finally striking out through the grounds toward the wall at the back of Eagle's Nest.

Em had telephoned the Trents, who had promised to stop by on their way to the village where they had made an engagement for luncheon; now, while they waited, Walter and Reynolds would be in the library going over the evidence, or lack of it, gathered so far—a tedious process in which Bim had no wish to share.

Giving the summer house a wide berth, she made her way up the hill and finally came to a stile, up which she climbed to settle herself on the wall. On the other side of the wall was a narrow, private road, running along the southwestern end of the estate. The road had been chopped off of the woods at great trouble and expense and covered with loose pebbles which sprinkled trees and shrubbery and the long grasses growing all about them with dust as fine and white as flour. Bim stared at the road and the whitened verdure and gave herself up to thoughts of the confusion likely to be stirred in Kingcliffe by the chance visit of the Baroness—the unknown woman whose life had touched Kingcliffe lives so briefly and with what promise to be such disastrous effects before it was snuffed out with a breath. Missing this, Bim nevertheless was sufficiently alert to wonder why at the tracks in the white dust of the road. She had supposed that nothing came on this road excepting the light wagon which the gardener, Terrance O'Toole, drove behind a fat old dog and back and forth between Lowland drive and the ravine.

Yet the tire-tracks were distinct where the dust had been pressed down beneath the weight of a car, and there were two sets of them, showing that the car

had run as far as the stile and then backed away. These which would have been made by the left rear and the right front wheels showed smooth places where the rubber, no doubt, was worn; the left front tire had been new, for the prints it left were deep and sharp while unmarked depressions attested to the ancient state of the right tire.

While Bim was speculating on the identity of a driver so foolhardy as to take this steep, bumpy road, she heard a crackle in the grounds at her back and presently turned to see the little gardener, with scythe over his shoulder, his wiry, crooked little legs clambering up the hill.

"You look like Fat-r Time," she called. "Whither away, Terrance?"

"I do be wor-kin' in the woods the day, cuttin' them dommed locusts, savin' your presence. And how's the murder-er gettin' on, Miss Bimmy?"

"Not so good, I'm afraid. People forget things they ought to remember, and they remember things that don't count, and there you are. I don't suppose," she asked hopefully, "you've thought of anything that slipped your mind this morning?"

The old fellow let his scythe fall to the stile with a clatter as he dropped himself on the lower step, and, removing an old straw hat, mopped his head and neck with the bandana.

"I dunno, I have, Miss," he replied finally. "Whist, now, I said nothin' of me little walk ar-round to the lad, I'm thinkin' not that I was for-gettin' so to speak."

"You took a walk last night, Terrance?" Bim tried to keep excitement out of her tone.

"I did that Miss Bimmy, what with Maggie's coffee and the wakefulness on me. Just a bit of a stir-rol on the road here where it's quiet-like of an evenin'."

"See anyone up here?"

"Not a soul. 'Twas late and folks had gone home and to bed—most folks anyways."

"Probably someone was up," Bim suggested. "If you'd know where to look for them."

"They was that," Terrance agreed, winking slyly. "Not that it's for-r the likes of me to be tellin' ye who."

"The old fellow was enjoying himself, Bim saw. He wished to be coaxed, and she set about this with a slyness which matched his own.

"You'll tell me, though, won't you? I'm dying to hear. I'll bet Bunny Baird!" She fastened on Baird at random but saw that she had hit the mark.

One mild blue eye closed as the little man nodded. "Twas only Miss Bimmy. Thanks I 'Tis a night for-r a r-ramble and I'll betake meself up the hill and sure enough up the hill I goes. till I comes to a light. And there's me fine ar-r-rist's place with his shadow on the blind, and he set up up his face craftily. "Nor that ain't al, neither."

"Terrance O'Toole, if you don't tell me the rest this minute!"

"Well, then, they's another shadow on the blind, along of me fine ar-r-rist and it's a lady's shadow!"

"No!" Bim pretended to be overcome as the mild blue eyes watched the effect upon her of this news. "Did you see who the lady was?"

"I did not," regretfully.

"That's too bad, Terrance. What time did you say this was?"

"I didn't say, Miss Bimmy, but 'twas somewhere near two."

"Well! Thanks for the story, Terrance. It's sure a good one."

"It is that." He shouldered the scythe and scrambled away in the woods while Bim tried to guess the identity of the woman who visited Bunny Baird in his bungalow at two o'clock. Laura

Allan? But Laura had said she was home and asleep at two o'clock. Besides it didn't sound like the aloof and conservative Laura Allan. Whoever it was would deny it; that much was certain.

With a tired little sigh, Bim started back down the hill and arrived at the mansion in time to see a dilapidated old car rattle up the drive and Bob and Millicent Trent get out.

(To be continued)

GUESTS AT KINGWOOD KINGWOOD, Feb. 4.—Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Finley were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Gretzinger, Mrs. Minnie Sedgwick, Mrs. Stanley Bloom and small son Ronald, all of Swegle. The Gretzinger family formerly lived here on the William McDonald farm.

# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Two great bishops: Captain Jack and other leaders were hanged.)

(Continuing from yesterday's article of Rev. Thomas H. Pearne, and especially the part of it describing the sermon of the great Bishop Matthew Simpson in Salem on Sunday, March 26, 1854.) "And then, while expectation was keyed to its utmost pitch, he eliminated the thought, by quoting:

"Faith lends its realizing light; The clouds disperse, the shadows fly; The invisible appears in sight. And God is seen by mortal eye." Tears of joy and shouts of rapture attested the magic of his eloquence.

"The greatest triumph of his preaching power which I witnessed was on the occasion of Lincoln's reinauguration. The inauguration day, Saturday, was dreary, cloudy, drizzly. Just as Mr. Lincoln took the oath of office the clouds parted, and sunshine flooded the scene. The next day the bishop preached in the house of representatives to a most distinguished audience.

"Senators, congressmen, diplomats, secretaries, judges, generals, admirals, and many others, were present. Floors, galleries, aisles were crowded. In front of the speaker's desk sat Mr. Lincoln. A lady led the singing. Prayer was offered by Dr. Thomas, afterwards killed by the Me-docs. (In the massacre for which

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"The bishop's text was, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' He spoke of the power of Christ to diminish war and promote peace, and then, as if recollecting himself, he referred to (Continued on page 11)

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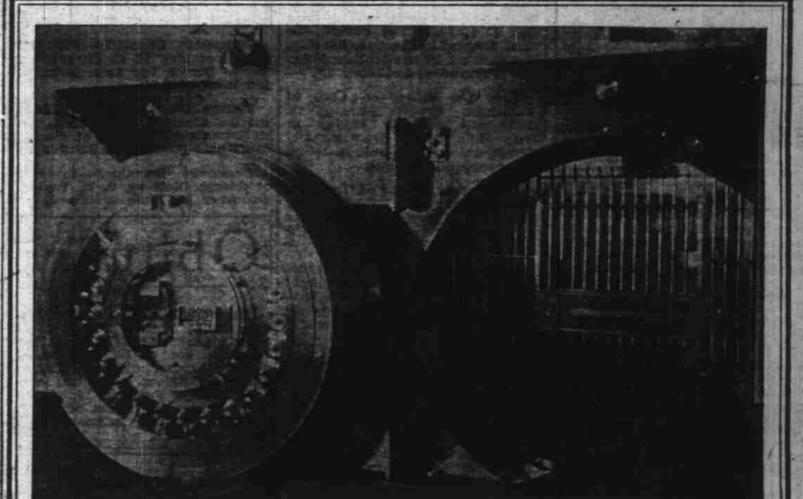
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