

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Reactions on the Game Board

TOWNS which have men to be placed on the new game commission praise the selections made by the governor, with an apparent sincerity that goes beyond mere home town loyalty. The Bend Bulletin remarks that "Dr. Vandeventer is an enthusiastic sportsman . . . the ideal person for the position." It further remarks: "With the commission newly constituted of such an admirable group we may expect to see a fine administration of game affairs."

The Baker Democrat-Herald describes the Baker appointee, Carl Silven, as "an aggressive alert, public-spirited citizen who should represent this section with distinction. Moreover he was clearly entitled to recognition from the administration for his valuable services during the campaign."

For the men who are displaced however the home-town papers are a bit mournful. The Eugene Register-Guard takes note that David Evans was the last Lane county holder of a state office. The Klamath Falls Herald, original Meier booster, weeps copious tears over the dropping of Harry Poole, saying: "Without exception officers of the Klamath county sportsmen's association and the Isaac Walton league charge the governor with a rash and unwarranted act."

Base ingratitude is further alleged, because of the five displaced men "Harry Poole was the only one who was outspoken and active in behalf of the Meier campaign for governor."

The Herald is wrong when it says of the wholesale dismissals: "Not one man familiar with the functions of the department is left as a nucleus of a new commission." Corrigan served for several years as a member of the commission. While he was a minority member, not being in accord with the Clifford regime, he knows the work of the commission. In fact, eliminating the florid oratory of Dana and Vining, Corrigan will probably be the effective head of the commission. If he is, the body will not go far wrong.

Chicago Not Reformed

THE universal rejoicing over the defeat of William Hale Thompson as mayor of Chicago needs to be considerably tempered. His successor, Anton J. Cermak, is no lily white reformer, but an astute politician who has run Cook county politics while Big Bill ran city affairs. Cermak first gained his fame in Chicago as head of the United Societies. This was an organization of the foreign element which fought consistently against all forms of prohibition, local option, closing laws, etc. Cermak was head and front of this movement.

The broom which Cermak alleges he will wield will be merely to replace the Thompson grafters with the Cermak satellites. Cermak had the support of decent people because they thought he might at least break up some of the Al Capone racket. It remains to be seen whether he will do this, or make truce with the beer barons and racketeers and let them continue to rule Chicago.

Thompson's defeat by no means spells Chicago's reformation. Booze will still be abundant as Cermak's bottle-opener emblem symbolized. Cermak trained with Roger Sullivan and George Brennan, politicians as wicked as Croker and Charlie Murphy. He may give uplift a little boost in Chicago; or he may tammanize the city, leaving it permanently in the grip of the professional politicians.

Cermak is slightly preferable to Thompson, but a few years hence he may be in similar disrepute from the all-too-impotent decent element of the city. The cause of good municipal government gains a little comfort but not much, from Thompson's defeat.

Just a Paragraph

AN OBSCURE paragraph in the news of yesterday was a report from Seattle to the effect that the president of the Puget Sound Power and Light company announced the resignation of Norwood W. Brockett, who for 28 years had been director of the department of public relations. The department is to be abolished.

This is the first bit of light that we have seen breaking among utility companies. They have been the biggest dupes imaginable in their efforts to win favor to themselves. The title "department of public relations" has all too often covered a multitude of sins as well as duties. It was the "fixer" division for the utility. It handled the lobbying, the publicity, the "expense accounts", the liquid refreshments, the good-fellow stuff.

The utility companies would have been far better off to have stopped the waste of money through these departments and dealt directly with the public. Important problems before public officials may be handled in straightforward manner by real executives or attorneys for the company.

The companies have not been altogether to blame, for they have long been the subject of baiting by impetuous legislators and others. The sooner the companies kick loose from such entanglements, the stronger they will be, and the safer.

The junior symphony orchestra is to appear tonight at the armory. Music is something we seldom get too much of. This group has been practicing faithfully through the winter and undoubtedly has a program of merit to present tonight. Your presence at the concert will give encouragement to the director and the players, and will indicate that Salem appreciates the work of its musical organizations.

Cass Baer Hicks, writing in the Oregonian, gives some hope that Jane Cowl may visit Portland this spring. Miss Cowl is soon to appear in repertory in Los Angeles, first in "Art and Mrs. Cowl" and later in "Twelfth Night". The concert managers Miss Cowl vividly as "Kathleen" in "Smilin' Thru", and lovers of the drama would be highly elated to be assured of her return to the northwest.

France is Out For President; No Loud Cheers

BALTIMORE, Md., April 9 — (AP) — The announcement of former Senator Jose, I. F. once that he was a candidate for the republican nomination for president in opposition to President Hoover failed to arouse enthusiasm among Maryland party leaders. "My judgment is that the re-

publicans of Maryland are for President Hoover's re-nomination," said Senator Phillips Lee Goldsborough.

CHALLENGE ISSUED
MEXICO CITY, April 9 — (AP) — Jesus Salas Barzans, head of the gang that slew Pancho Villa in 1923, was challenged today to a duel by Damian Gonzalez Vasquez, who was one of Villa's staff.

LINCOLN WARMER
LINCOLN, Neb., April 9 — (AP) — The mercury climbed to 88 degrees in Lincoln Wednesday.

Trench Mouth

By DR. VERNON DOUGLAS
County Health Officer

Vincent's angina is a disease of the mouth which is commonly known as trench mouth due to its greatly increased incidence under military conditions. It is very common only found, however, in civil life at all seasons of the year. The germ which is a corkscrew shape is often found in normal mouths especially where oral hygiene is not good. When conditions for its increased growth are right, such as, fatigue, chilling, exposure, insufficient use of alcohol and tobacco, symptoms of the disease may develop. Bacteria may develop the condition due to imperfectly sterilized utensils and in fact it is generally spread through dirty dishes, glasses or drinking fountains.

The essential pathology of trench mouth is an ulcerated condition of the gums and throat, often resembling diphtheria. As a general rule this is not serious unless the ulceration becomes very extensive. It is important in all ulcerated conditions of the mouth to make sure that diphtheria or some other more serious condition is not present. Therefore, a culture or smear taken by a physician is necessary and sometimes a blood test. Marion county provides laboratory service for the purpose of diagnosing such conditions.

The prevention of trench mouth consists in sterilizing dishes and eating utensils, keeping up bodily resistance through rest and proper diet and correcting all dental defects or poor oral hygiene. All family physicians are acquainted with the curative treatment which fortunately is in most cases very effective. This consists of local applications and at times intravenous medication.

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Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

April 10, 1906

Squire Farrar has just been appointed postmaster of Salem, succeeding Postmaster Hirsch.

H. N. Edy of this city was awarded contract for constructing the new Salem Elks' lodge clubhouse, the bid being \$15,861. Work will start tomorrow.

Owing to a severe cold, Mrs. Hallie Parrish-Hines is unable to fulfill her engagement with the Graham string quartet, and services of Mrs. Anne Beatrice Sheldon, Portland soprano, have been obtained.

The Salem Library association will hold a progressive "500" party at the residence of Judge T. G. Hailey.

Clifford Brown, a student at the state university at Eugene, is in the city.

DONALD CRAMER IS LAID TO REST

KING'S VALLEY, April 9. — Donald O. Cramer, aged 14 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Cramer, was laid to rest by the side of his maternal grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Critchlow, in the Smith cemetery near Lewisville, April 7.

The services were held in the Lewisville church and conducted by Reverend Fogg of King's Valley. The students and teachers of King's Valley high school attended in a body and many of the schoolmates acted as pall bearers.

The church was filled to overflowing with relatives and friends of the boy and family.

Many beautiful floral offerings attested the love and esteem of the many friends.

Seven Years to Be Penalty For Robbing Cripple

TACOMA, April 9 — (AP) —

Declaring the crime almost equivalent to stealing the proverbial pennies off a dead man's eyes, Superior Judge W. O. Chapman today sentenced Thomas Murphy, 47, longshoreman, to three to seven years in the state penitentiary at Walla Walla for stealing \$400 from Mrs. Michael Hennessey, hopelessly crippled when two bandits murdered her husband last June 30.

Damage Feared Due to Insect Pests in Grain

WASHINGTON, April 9 — (AP) — Agriculture department entomologists reported the possible damage principle commercial crops will suffer this year will be determined largely within the next four weeks.

During that period the insects will be present from winter hibernation. Cold weather and frosts would tend to destroy large numbers while warm weather would be favorable for propagation.

TOPEKA, Kas., April 9 — (AP) — One heat prostration occurred Wednesday as rising mercury made bids for spring temperatures. Records. New maximum for the year of 89 was reported from Pittsburg.

AN EFFICIENT GUARDIAN



"A Knight Comes Flying" By Eustace L. Adams

CHAPTER XXI

Talbot bolted toward the door, then stopped abruptly. "I promised to bring Dave some flashlight. Have you any, Miss Marbury?"

Joan and Sally had settled back in their chair and were watching Barbara, who had just screwed another cigarette into her long red holder and was smoking with quick, nervous puffs.

"This is certainly a wow, this party you've brought me to," said Barbara bitterly. "And to think that we missed a costume ball at the Vinoy Park!"

"Don't forget you invited yourself along, Babs," retorted Talbot, heatedly. "Gerry and I were all for dashing over here and bringing Dave back with us. But no; you got all warm and uncomfortable about something and had to come, too. Well, you're here, my spoiled sweetheart, so be a good sport about it."

"This is one of your horrid nights, Talbot," she snapped. She turned to the Marbury girls with a shrug. "His manners are beastly, aren't they?"

"Honest criticism is never pleasant to hear," retorted Sally, her black eyes glinting.

Barbara's insolent stare encompassed the younger girl, examining her simple wash dress, her carefully-mended silk hose, her somewhat shabby slippers. Sally, a vivid spot of color on each tanned cheek, matched her, stare for stare.

"Miss Marbury," said Talbot, hastily, "have you any flashlights you can lend us?"

Joan rose and left the room. Barbara tossed her cigarette end into a flower pot.

"I suppose I'll ruin this frock," she sighed, "but I'm tired of it, anyway."

"I'll say you'll ruin it," agreed Talbot, vindictively. "And you'll need new shoes, too. If you're going, you'll have to ankle every step of the way."

He whirled and retreated precipitantly, slamming the door behind him. Joan returned with the flashlights just in time to hear his heavy footsteps clattering across the porch.

Hannah's portly figure was framed in the dining-room door.

"Miss Joan, is y'awl gwine out?" she asked anxiously. Joan glanced uncertainly toward Barbara, whose hand was already upon the door knob.

Sally, too, had risen and was following Barbara.

"Yes, Hannah," she said. "We'll be back in an hour or so."

Hannah untied her voluminous white apron and began to fold it. Her eyes rolled wildly and her huge mouth was set in a straight red line of determination.

"Miss Joan," she declared positively, "I enta gwine res' in dis house one little minute alone. Lawd, no! Dey's too much ruckus as gwine on dis night. I's gwine righty along w' you, I is."

Left Behind

"Let her come, Joan," laughed Sally. "We can leave her in the car while we go after the boys."

Barbara opened the door and peered out into the night. The sound of a whining motor came into the room.

"Talbot has taken the car," she said.

"It doesn't matter," said Joan. "I know where they are. We can take our Ford."

"That will be most amusing I'm sure," purred Barbara.



"Don't forget you invited yourself along, Babs," retorted Talbot, heatedly.

I'm that nervous."

"One more rip out of you and I'll tie you and Gerry together, gag you both and turn you loose in the scrub," retorted Dave, emerging from the thicket which surrounded the nearest of the abandoned houses.

"Where's my car?" demanded Gerry, thickly, appearing from behind Dave.

"Well, well, well!" commented Talbot, admiringly. "Still schmozzled, what?"

Gerry, weaving gently, bestowed an unfavorable glance upon his friend.

"Where's my car?" he repeated. "Dave won't let me go find Mueller. I'm going home."

"Your car is in the road back there, with its bow turned back toward Joan's. But don't worry about not finding Mueller. This is a night when my perceptions are sharp. Something tells me that we'll have an eyeful of Mueller before the sun rises."

"Are the girls all right?" interrupted Dave impatiently.

"Well, they didn't seem very chatty with each other," returned Talbot, evasively. "They've been sitting around hating each other all evening. I sort of gathered the idea that they were a little bored or something."

"You get behind Gerry and see that he doesn't stray away," directed Dave. "We ought to hang a cowbell around his neck. Come on, let's go."

"Go where?" demanded Gerry, truculently. "No sense in wasting good liquor like this. I've got a fight in me. Ought to use it. Don't like the way Mueller parts his hair, or the color of his necktie, or the perfumes he's doused with. Want to tell him so. Tired of walking. Never did like to walk."

"Too bad that liquor hasn't got a silencer in it," commented

before the sun rises.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Marking founders' graves:

(Continuing from yesterday:) The first year in Oregon, Reuben Lewis resided at The Falls and worked in the saw mill of Dr. McLoughlin there. After the arrival of the Applegate train, in 1845, Lewis worked as a carpenter, for that embryo town then enjoyed its first building boom. Only two or three houses were there when he arrived, and by the end of the next year it contained over 30 buildings. Old Champeog was the metropolis of the little colony before that.

In the first years of their settlement, the Lewis people had to make buckskin clothing serve almost exclusively—for women as well as men. Since they were as well off as their neighbors, they were contented and happy.

Reuben Lewis was engaged, with the other early settlers, in the Indian troubles of those days. He was in the skirmish called the battle of Battle creek, and also he participated in the "battle of the Abiqua," in which some 15 Indians were killed, with no loss of life to the whites.

Mr. Lewis was present at the Champeog meeting of May 2, 1845, and voted for the provisional government that remained at the meeting held on the spot for the choosing of officers, and was elected one of the four constables; the others being G. W. Ebberts, J. C. Bridges and F. X. Matthieu.

He joined the gold rush to the California mines in 1848; mined on the Feather river, where the yellow metal was in such plentiful supply that in an afternoon, with his pocket knife, he took out \$100 worth from one crevice. He started home by sea, expecting to return to California with his family, but the sail boat he took passage on was the Brother Jonathan, which was 15 days reaching the mouth of the Columbia, and he was so dreadfully sick that he decided to remain in Oregon. He made a sea voyage after this, in 1856, going by way of the isthmus of Panama and on to New York and back to Wisconsin, to get his mother, whom he had left behind in 1842. He returned with her by the same route. A few years after this the young wife, the bride of 1844, died, and the young grandmother proved a wonderful help in the family left motherless.

Reuben Lewis was a good and thrifty farmer and a capital trader, but he was liberal and always willing to share with those of lesser means. Near his donation claim was a place where many immigrants camped while looking around for location. Whenever a company fresh from off the plains came to that camp it was the habit

Talbot, sadly. "It certainly sets Gerry to talking. If it should set him to thinking, too, no telling what might happen. Go on, now, Gerry, old soak, and follow Dave before he leaves us flat."

Dave was already pushing through the underbrush, leading the way toward the black bulk which loomed over the tops of the scrub pines and young cabbage palm.

Bottles Everywhere

"The second house was jammed to the ridgepole with liquor, Talbot," he whispered. "Now we're going to have a look at the house near the county road. There's been a whale of an uproar from over by the landing field. Guess the guns got loose and set them all to rushing about looking for us. They're likely to come over this way at any moment, now."

They crossed the wide flagstone porch of the abandoned house, Palmetto scrub was pushing its way up between the flags, bending them in its remorseless, patient strength. The front door, a massive slab of pecked cypress, swung listlessly on creaking hinges of hammered iron. Within was a vast, echoing expanse of black hallway, at the other end of which was a patch of dim light, the door to the patio in the rear.

Dave groped his way along the hall, glancing into the huge, high-ceilinged rooms which stretched off to either side.

(To be continued tomorrow)

of Mr. Lewis to kill a beef and divide it up among the new arrivals.

The marriage of Reuben Lewis and Polly Fraser was among the first celebrated by a white man and woman in the Oregon country, outside of missionary circles. One writer thinks it was the second, and that the one of Allen J. Davis and Cynthia Brown, the "belle of Oregon," was the first. Another writer says a sister of Cynthia, who married Henry Foster of the 42 immigration, was the first white woman among the settlers to wed a white man. So there were at least three of the fine Brown girls, instead of two, which a slip in the use of words in this column of yesterday may have led the reader to infer.

Nine children were born to Reuben Lewis and wife. Four are still living. They are: Newton, who makes his home with his daughter at Mill City, Oregon; Frank, who resides near Walla Walla, Washington; Mrs. James Chambers, of Turner, Oregon, and Abner, mentioned above. Abner was the second child, the date of his birth December 10, 1846. So he will pass the 85th milestone of his earthly pilgrimage December 10th, next. On the 15th of the same month his good wife and himself will celebrate their 62nd wedding anniversary. She was Margaret Baker, daughter of Harrison Baker and wife, who came with the 1851 immigration from Iowa and settled a short distance above Turner, Marion county.

Abner Lewis still owns part of the donation land claim of his father. His own claim, in the same section, has had but three owners, from the patent by Uncle Sam. Abner served his school and road districts for many years as director and clerk, and supervisor. He was a worthy member from Marion county of the state legislature in the regular and special sessions of 1889.

He is one of the oldest living men born in Marion county, and still residing here, if not the oldest. His memory runs back almost to the beginnings of Salem.

The Daughters of the American Revolution, as was said in this column in yesterday's issue, are planning to mark the graves of nine other men in the Salem area where lie the bodies of that number of the Americans who voted in the affirmative at old Champeog on the question of establishing the provisional government.

One of these holds the sacred dust of Allen J. Davis. Note the spelling. It illustrates the difficulty of arriving at accuracy in such matters. The name is spelled by the various Oregon historians in three ways, Davis, Davy and Davery; most frequently the last form being used. And the original survey records of the government make it Allen J. Davis. But, in signing deeds, he himself spelled it Allen J. Davis, and in making his will he called himself Allen Jones Davis—and an affidavit had to be secured by his executor to show Allen J. Davis and Allen Jones Davis were the same person. Some writers spell Allen, Allan.

His donation claim contained 643 acres, in sections 32 and 33, T. 8 S., R. 1 W. and sections 4 and 5, T. 9 S., R. 1 W. It was about a mile east of the present Aumsville. The land now has a number of owners. The notification was No. 53, and the claim numbers 46 and 66, and the patent was dated October 24, 1865; recorded October 29, 1865. The notification, No. 53, shows that the Davies were early applicants for donation rights. The patent was to Allen J. and Cynthia Davis.

An interesting side light in the fact that, in making deeds, Mrs. Davis signed with a mark, showing she could not write, and the person writing her name did not know how to spell it. He wrote "Cynthia." But old pioneers remember that Cynthia Brown-Davis, the one time "belle of Oregon," was a good and true woman.

(Continued on page 5)



For COLDS

We all catch colds and they can make us miserable; but yours needn't last long if you will do this: Take two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin just as soon as possible after a cold starts. Stay in the house if you can—keep warm. Repeat with another tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin every three or four hours, if those symptoms of cold persist. Take a good laxative when you retire, and keep bowels open. If throat is sore, dissolve three tablets in a quarter-glassful of water and gargle. This soothes inflammation and reduces infection. There is nothing like Bayer Aspirin for a cold, or sore throat. And it relieves aches and pains almost instantly. The genuine tablets, marked Bayer, are absolutely harmless to the heart.

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