

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Exit, the Bourbons

ALFONSO the Thirteenth of the royal line of the kings of Spain becomes Alfonso the Last of that line. Bourbon he was, of that branch of the Bourbon house which ruled Spain since 1700. A Hapsburg too, through his mother, who was Marie Cristina of Austria. For over a quarter of a century Alfonso has sat on the throne, but the past decade it has been a tottering seat. Now with his consort, Queen Victoria, British born, he makes his exit. The curtain rings down on the last of the Bourbons; another monarchy has crumbled to dust.

Alfonso's troubles were partly national and partly political. He was a meddler who lacked competence, one who sought public acclaim but made himself something of the clown. He loved the trappings of royalty, and typical Bourbon that he was, made the army the bulwark of his regal authority. His struttings, his interference in political and military affairs, very often with disastrous consequences, his flightiness counteracted his obvious attempts to court public favor and with a show of bravery to ride out the storms that in late years beset his reign.

The real downfall of the Alfonso rule may be dated back to the defeats of the army in the Rif campaigns in Morocco. Without consulting the minister of war or advising the commander general of Morocco, King Alfonso sent Gen. Silvester and a body of troops to open up the road to the Rif, long guarded by the wily Abd-el-Krim. The general and ten thousand of his soldiers were killed in the ensuing battle—and Alfonso went off to play at Deauville.

That was in 1921 and the rising tide of revolt was met in 1923 by the military dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, who for four years held Spain under a dictatorship and propped the throne for the Spanish monarch. Primo grew tired and relinquished office. Alfonso's later cabinets were ropes of sand. Financial needs of the treasury pressed. Alfonso could get no one to form a cabinet. Finally on Sunday the elections went republican, and Alfonso's reign was ended. His abdication followed though he resisted the act until the very end.

Spain is still Spain. It has been peculiarly the victim of its kings. Charles V and Phillip II reigned over many lands in Europe and the Americas, but the Spain of later times has been but the shrunken remnant of former greatness. With the burden of monarchy thrown off perhaps Spain may regain some portion of her former glory. A burned out land, brown with the suns of centuries, her people are by no means a burned out people. They have spirit and pride and under able leadership should go forward to fresh accomplishments.

The Coffey-Humber "Cure"

ONE of the Drs. Mayo has visited the Coffey-Humber clinic where their discovery has been in use for the treatment of cancer and is quoted in the press as given praise to the doctors for their work.

These commendatory words of the Coffey-Humber treatment are the only favorable comment coming from the medical profession regarding this purported cure. The Journal of the American medical association said "it is in no sense of the word a cure and even its efficiency in treatment is exceedingly doubtful." A writer recently in "The Nation" summed up says that the profession after reserving its opinion pending study has finally rejected the Coffey-Humber treatment; and says: "Today they have reached the virtually unanimous agreement that the Coffey-Humber discovery is neither novel nor effective."

When the formula was first presented for patent, an examiner in the patent office wrote a long brief in rejecting point by point the claims made for the discovery and refusing the patent. Later Secretary Wilbur wrote a letter urging special and early reconsideration of the application and a new examiner within 24 hours recommending issuing the patent which was done forthwith. The action of Secretary Wilbur has drawn sharp rebuke from within the medical profession. Dr. John M. Rehfschke, radiologist and assistant professor of clinical medicine in Wilbur's own school, Stanford, has been caustic in his criticism. Dr. Ellice McDonald, director of cancer research at the university of Pennsylvania, writes:

"This patent claims that the Coffey-Humber extract is an adrenal-cortex extract, stabilizing growth, and that it controls or destroys cancer. These claims may be easily proved untrue. . . . time unfortunately is telling us that it is not capable of controlling and/or destroying carcinoma, sarcoma, and other malignancies." How such a patent was ever allowed by the United States Patent Office is a matter of astonishment. It is a very dangerous precedent, if such casual, pseudo-scientific, unproved claims to so-called cancer cures are allowed by the Patent Office.

"How any medical man could advise the Coffey-Humber treatment after reading this patent staggers my imagination."

Drs. Coffey and Humber have been held in high repute in the profession; and it is indeed regrettable if in their zeal they have given out false hopes or misstatements regarding their discovery. The tragedy comes to those stricken with the disease, who grasp at every straw, and to whom word of a cure comes as a dawn of fresh hope. Usually with "cures" which are fraudulent or ineffective, there is loss of money, and more often loss of valuable time which might have been used following other methods of treatment, surgery or radium, with very beneficial results.

There is probably no disease which is receiving as much attention from those engaged in research at present as cancer. It may be that eventually some real cure will be worked out, but until it has been tested and proven, the medical profession and the public which have been fooled so many times, do well to be extremely chary of the claims made by discoverers or their partisans.

The governor is making an evident attempt to override and beat down the other members of the board of control. Very wisely we think, the direction of the state institutions is placed by law with the board of control. Its members are elected officials. They are men of experience and men of independent judgment. They are not yes-men even to the governor, and their source of authority is the same voice of the people. Treasurer Kay and Secretary Ross have shown marked willingness to support the governor in efforts toward economy; but they have correctly refrained from joining with him in wholesale disruption of institutional staffs. State affairs are in turmoil, orderly administration is impossible, morale is being impaired. For the sake of the services which these institutions are designed to render we hope the upheavals may soon be over with.

Scarlet Fever

By VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M.D.,
Marion County Health Dept.

Parents as a rule become very much alarmed in the presence of an epidemic of scarlet fever, and even where there are single cases in a neighborhood there is apt to be much concern as to whether this disease will spread.

Years ago scarlet fever was one of the most serious diseases of childhood, taking many lives annually. It was a real scourge, and has left other children with damaged hearts, kidneys or ears. Of recent years, however, for some unexplained reason scarlet fever has taken on a mild form. There have been very few cases in Marion county which have been serious. It is unfortunate, however, that there was one death in 1930 in a school child resulting from scarlet fever. This was very severe and the child was sick but a few days.

In spite of the mild character of the disease of late years, we must not become careless in trying to prevent it. Uncontrolled, the disease may develop in the more severe form and even in the milder cases complications of heart or kidneys may result during the period of convalescence.

It is well to know something of the earlier symptoms of scarlet fever. Most of the contagious diseases of childhood are most easily communicable before the disease is even recognized by the parents and many times the mild case goes entirely unnoticed. Scarlet fever begins suddenly as a rule with a slight sore throat, a rise in temperature and almost always vomiting. On the second day a fine red rash appears on the upper part of the chest and this rapidly spreads to other parts of the body, depending upon the severity. The glands of the neck may become swollen since the invading organisms are located in the throat.

In an average case by the end of the first week the temperature has nearly subsided and by the end of ten days "peeling" has commenced. The skin may come off in large chunks, especially from the hands or it may be so fine that it resembles talcum powder so that it is hardly recognizable by the parent. Peeling may continue five or six weeks.

There is no relationship between the scales and the contagiousness of scarlet fever. All of the infection which may be passed on from another person comes from the nose and throat and sometimes from runny ears which may follow. If the nose and throat discharges are properly taken care of, there is very little danger of another person in the household contracting the disease. Scarlet fever contacts can sometimes be protected against the disease by the use of scarlet fever antitoxin which is similar to diphtheria antitoxin. This is, however, apt to give a rather severe skin reaction, resembling hives and the immunity which it confers persists for only two or three weeks. The antitoxin can also be used for treatment in severe cases of scarlet fever.

In addition to the antitoxin, there are on the market several preparations of serum which in the presence of serious epidemics may be given to children and which undoubtedly give some immunity for a short period. This particular serum, however, is not as effective as toxin antitoxin used in the prevention of diphtheria and whether or not it should be used ought to rest entirely with the family physician.

At the present time the most effective methods of preventing scarlet fever is the early isolation of the patient, the close watch by parents, teachers and nurses for new cases, and the close supervision of milk and food supplies through which scarlet fever is sometimes spread. Fortunately scarlet fever is not as contagious a disease as measles and so the disease does not spread rapidly if carefully watched at the beginning.

Yesterdays

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

April 15, 1906
The county clerk has turned official election boxes over to Sheriff Culver, in preparation for the primaries April 20.

Owing to the weather, the Salem military band concert scheduled for this square this afternoon will not be given.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Christian church will have a window sale at Perr's drug store, with sandwiches, punch and other things to be sold.

Charles F. O'Brien has received a carload of choice spring oats from Linn county to distribute among the farmers of the county.

Outdoor Picnic Season is Here

Alan saw its first out-of-door picnickers of the season Sunday at Wilson park. Several families went there shortly after noon and had a picnic dinner before starting on a Blossom Day drive. Jupiter Pluvius put in his appearance shortly after 1 o'clock but one group of picnickers were not so dismayed and calmly finished their meal before ending their early-season adventure.

SPRING SHOWERS



"A Knight Comes Flying" By Eustace L. Adams

CHAPTER XXV
"Miss Joan, what is you?" Hannah's voice held a sharp note of hysteria. "Dey's men comin' in de back doah!"

Joan knew a moment of wild panic. Where was Dave? Surely he would not have called her and then hurried away! She heard the scuffling of feet in the rear of the house.

She grasped the moist hand of the aged negro and began to tow her hurriedly toward the front door. A harsh voice from the darkness ahead struck her like a slap in the face.

"C'mon, you guys. If they're in here we'll smoke 'em out."

No Retreat
She stopped abruptly, her heart pounding in her ears. She was cut off, front and rear. There was a patio, she remembered, which opened off the dining room, but she dared not search for it.

There had been footsteps in that direction. The entire house reverberated with noise. Shouts from the empty rooms like the strident murmur of an angry mob. She must find a hiding place, instantly. Dark and without any of the familiar furniture, this house was now alien, unfriendly. She must remember what it had looked like when Anne and Ted had lived here. She had been in Anne's room many times. A wide, cool chamber, high-ceilinged after the Spanish fashion. Now she remembered. Of course, the great stairway was just behind her, to the right. She hurried through the darkness, impatient of Hannah's reluctant weight dragging at her.

"Please hurry, Hannah!" she whispered.

Hannah started convulsively. Her hand twitched in Joan's.

"Doan' have to tell me dat, Miss Joan," she panted. "Dey's a monstrous sompin' snappin' at my feet dis mornin'!"

The forged iron banisters were familiar to Joan's hand. There had been an ancient tapestry of dull red and gold at the top of the stairs. Only the darkness and the noise from below were strange. But Anne, so kind and hospitable, would not be waiting in her beloved room. Anne and Ted, Joan remembered, were running a little bakery in Miami now, glad to earn sufficient money to clothe, feed and shelter themselves.

A shout reverberated through the hall. If one of those men should use a flashlight, it would be all over. Why did Hannah pull so? There they were around the corner now, hidden for the moment in the upper hall which led from Anne's room to one of the many guest chambers in the rear. Joan tripped on a pile of rubbish and would have pitched headlong to the floor had Hannah's weight not jerked her upright. It was lighter here. Joan glanced up at the ceiling. There was a jagged hole in the roof where the tiles and sheathing had fallen away. The moonlight

streamed coldly between the beams, which reminded Joan of the bars of a jail window. How Anne would have hated that hole in the roof and that rubbish on the floor! Anne had loved the house so!

"Miss Joan, I've done beat," gasped Hannah. "The plumb winder, I bet an' you better jest go 'way and let me here to catch mah breath."

"Just a few more steps, Hannah, dear," begged Joan, desperately. "Mr. Dave must be around here somewhere. If he isn't, we'll find a place to hide. Please, Hannah, come on."

Retreat Needed
They stumbled across the threshold of Anne's room, now a dark, grim cell lighted by the four long windows which had overlooked a garden gay with bright-hued tropic flowers. Once the room had been fragrant with perfumes and cosmetics; now there was only the decaying smell of damp plaster and rotting vegetation. The walls themselves seemed to have undergone a change. Once they had smiled beneath their colorful hangings; now they stared reproachfully at the intruders, as if wishful only for peace and quiet in which to crumble into dust.

Joan shivered, although the air was stifling. She had not realized the room would be like this. She had been in Anne's refuge, but it was as unfriendly as the men from whom she was trying to escape. Where was Dave? She heard the stamping of hoofs on the floor below. The stairway creaked as someone mounted the loosened treads. The frightened girl glanced wildly around the room. The only remaining hiding place was Anne's closet, yawning pitch-black in the dark corner. Joan's flesh crawled at the thought of entering it. There might be snakes and scorpions there. But she remembered the way Kuebler's eyes gleamed at her. Hannah whimpered like a baby as Joan dragged her toward the open door.

Trapped
The absolute blackness was worse than Joan had expected. When the door had been closed the sides of the narrow space seemed to close in on them like a collapsible box. Hannah's flesh pressed against the girl's shoulder pressed against the girl's body. The negroes was trembling as if with a chill.

"Miss Joan," she chattered, "I smell snakes here. Let's us go 'way.'"

"Gh!" whispered Joan, fighting for self-control. "There's someone outside."

"I'd as soon be daid as here," moaned Hannah, rocking her huge body back and forth.

Joan placed her slender hand across Hannah's mouth. The slithering footsteps on the other side of the cypress door had died away. The silence was as terrifying as the sounds had been a moment before. Joan fought down an in-

sane desire to batter at the door with her fists and to scream and scream until her lungs burst. Hannah began to sob. In her despair to soothe the other, Joan conquered herself. She placed her arm around Hannah's shaking shoulders and whispered meaningless words and phrases, as one comforts a child who has suddenly wakened from a nightmare.

And then the door burst open. The blinding glare of a flashlight blazed into the cell-like closet. Hannah, her eyes rolling wildly, her face gray and waiting, buried her head in her arms and sank to her knees. Joan involuntarily pushed at the light with her outstretched hands. Her tousled golden hair glinted under the incandescent rays like a diamond-flecked halo. Her cheeks were drained of their color. Her deep blue eyes were wide with horror.

(To be continued)

KELLEMS TO SHOW AFRICA HUNT FILM

Dr. Kellem, who is leading the campaign of Marion County Christian churches at the First Christian church here is not only internationally known as a preacher but he has more than local reputation as a hunter of big game. He has had two big hunts in Africa, one in Rhodesia and one in Northern Zululand. Wednesday night he will show a film of one of these hunts and will lecture on the big game of Africa.

Dr. Kellem is an enthusiastic believer in measures which are now stirring the South African people on the conservation of their game.

Such large audiences are now attending these services that special seating is being arranged for Wednesday night.

Already there have been more than a hundred additions to the churches cooperating in the campaign. Tonight a delegation of more than a hundred will attend from Silverton.

FEUD OVER SPRING CAUSE OF SLAYING

SAND POINT, Ida., April 13.—(AP)—A coroner's jury decided Monday that Charles Silta, rancher, shot and killed Walter Lund, 24, last Friday in a feud over water rights to a spring near Cabinet, Idaho.

Matt Hakala, a witness at the inquest, said Silta, 18 years old, his foster father, Andrew Silta, and Abram Koski, were cleaning out the spring when Lund appeared, rifle in hand. He ordered the workers off the property, and when asked for his authority for the order, Hakala said, Lund pointed to his rifle.

Lund watched the three until they finished, and then ordered them to "line up." A shot dropped him, Hakala said.

Other witnesses said Lund and the Siltas, long had quarreled over rights to the spring.

Delaware Still Dry, Indicated

DOVER, Del., April 14.—(AP)—The state senate Monday defeated the "wet" bills, one to repeal the Klair state prohibition enforcement law and the other providing for a statewide referendum on repeal of the Volstead act.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Lost in Yamhill woods: In his "Ten Years in Oregon," Dr. Elijah White told of being lost in the woods in what is now Yamhill county, and almost starved to death.

It was "the first autumn of his residence at the mission," which makes it the fall of 1837, when, "having a patient afflicted with a threatened tumor, it became necessary that he should consult with his fellow physician, Dr. W. F. Tolmie, at Fort Vancouver. The man being out of danger, Dr. White started home, to the old mission 10 miles below what became Salem.

Dr. White had been gone longer than he expected, therefore wanted to get home to his anxious family as quickly as possible. His party was on the way by boat, on the Willamette, a considerable distance below old Champeog. His crew accosted two Indians on horseback, who said there was a nearer way by land, on the west side—and that they might reach the mission by horseback that evening. They loaned him a horse.

They lost the trail. Dr. White became separated from his guides wandering all day in the hills, accosted an aged Indian woman, who could not understand him and whom he could not understand. The shadows of night came on, and the bewildered doctor spent the night in great discomfort, and danger from wolves, part of the time in the limbs of a tree with his head on his saddle.

The next day he wandered westward up a high mountain (probably Chehalis mountain), and deciding by the position of the sun that he was going in the wrong direction, turned about and in six hours of hard going found himself on the bank of the Willamette, a short distance from where he had left the boat the morning before. Let him tell the rest of it:

After relating that his pony was utterly unable to bear him further, and himself in the better condition, and completely bewildered, he wrote: "His cogitations were most painful, but he had indulged them but a brief space when far down the river he heard the faint stroke of a paddle. It was repeated, and now the only anxiety was whether it was going from or coming towards him. A few moments, and a canoe rounded a point and came directly towards him, and, to his joy, discovered its occupant to be one of his neighbors, Mrs. Blakely, a youth named Lucia, and an Indian crew.

"As they approached to within a very short distance, Mrs. P., still then scarcely recognizing the stranger, elevated both hands, and, in broken English—for she was a half-breed—exclaimed, 'Cah masica choro?' 'Is it you, my friend?—where did you come from?—is it you, toctory?'

"He replied to the good woman that if she would give him a bite of something to eat she should know the whole story. She raised both hands as before, and with a look of consternation informed him that they had been absent from home a week, and expecting to reach home that evening, had eaten their last remnant of food about half a mile below. Observing the petitioner's look of blank disappointment, which was very pitiable, she remarked that her nephew had shot a duck just before, and inquired if he could eat it without any kind of seasoning.

"The doctor was a little surprised, not to say chagrined, at such a question at a moment when he could eagerly devour anything that was edible, and replied instantly, 'Why, yes, feathers and all!' She laughed merrily at the oddity of the expression, and said in her own language, 'Oh, that is too bad, but I guess we can fix you something.' Accordingly, the fowl was stripped, quartered and prepared for the kettle; and, although the fire burned briskly, it was then, if ever, that the hungry man realized the truth of the trite saying, 'A watched pot never boils.'

"When it was done, he seized

upon it, and never was duck dispatched in less time by one person; and it was a most delicious morsel, for it seemed but a morsel. While thus engaged his kind friend prepared for him a bed in the canoe, and she afterwards used to laugh as she told that his head had hardly touched the blanket pillow ere he was snoring lustily. They arrived at her residence about midnight, and had hardly stepped inside the door when she called a slave boy and commanded him to catch up a race horse immediately.

"Meanwhile she set before her visitor milk, pork, potatoes and bread, and he had just finished a hasty repast when the horse galloped into the yard. Mrs. Blakely then led him to the door, and, with a tearful eye and quivering lip, said, 'Mrs. White is not far from frightened to death about you. I have ordered a good horse for you; to meet you here, and return to your family as fast as he can carry you. With a grateful heart he mounted; the gallant steed bounded off in the calm light of a full moon, and about 3 o'clock he arrived at the mission, and enjoyed the happiness of embracing his family, who had become very much alarmed at his prolonged absence."

The woman who Dr. White called "Mrs. Blakely" was Mrs. Pierre Bellique. The Bellique place was on the east side of the Willamette river about a mile and a half above old Champeog. The Pierre Bellique donation claim was No. 67 and T1, modification No. 767, and contained 219.99 acres. The patent was issued to the heirs of Pierre Bellique, the claimant having died.

Pierre Bellique attended the Champeog meeting of May 2, 1843, and voted for the establishment of the provisional government, though his name does not appear on the monument there.

He had been present at the meeting at the old mission Feb. 18, 1841, where the FIRST provisional government was formed, and Dr. I. L. Babcock was chosen supreme judge, and had there been elected one of the three constables, F. X. Ladrot and Wm. McCarty being the other two.

Bellique was a French Canadian employee of the Hudson's Bay company, coming before 1832. Robert Stewart, a neighbor, and an independent settler, testified that Pierre Bellique voted with the majority at Champeog for the establishment of the provisional government.

Mistake Tunnel Of Railway For Road; Smash up

WHITEHALL, N. Y., April 14.—(AP)—Three Dutch college students who mistook the entrance to a railroad tunnel here for a highway underpass wedged their automobile so tightly between the walls that it took a locomotive to pull it out. The students were not seriously hurt but the car was wrecked.

No More Gas In Stomach and Bowels

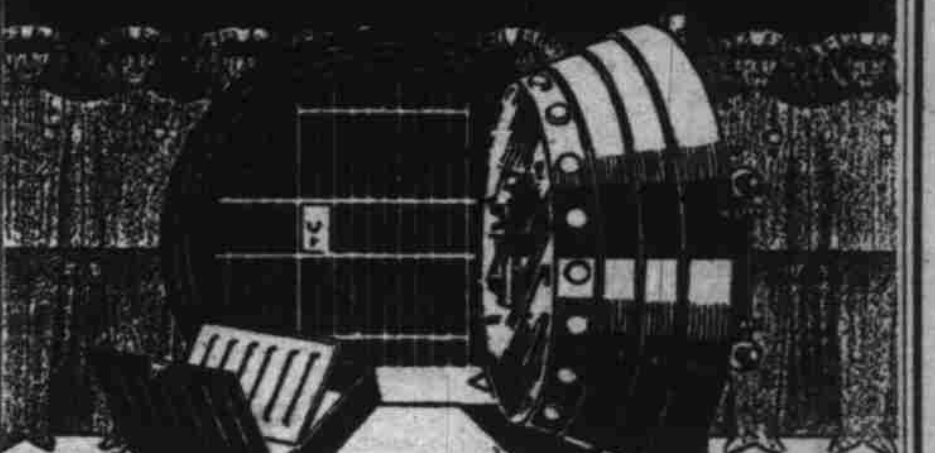
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