

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Swain Us; No Fear Shall Ave" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Poetry Week

JUST another week, following salmon week, and spark plug week, and orange week, and toast week. It seeks to employ the tool of mass publicity for the advertising of an art. The muses are to dance to the kettledrums of exploitation borrowed from the marts of commerce.

Well, that is one way of looking at Poetry Week which is "on" for this week. We can look at it with the eyes of a cynic and shoot darts of ridicule at those who yield to the mass regimentation which one of these "weeks" requires.

Poetry has come on rather dismal times, it seems. There are as many verse-makers as ever; but Pegasus seems jaded, and the poetic offerings seldom rise above the tree-tops. If there are no Shakespeares and Miltons who trill through the ocean of thought, nor yet Valcassian fountains like Bobbie Burns to tempt the wayfarer, there is a company of poets whose work is of no mean order and who keep alive the poetic tradition.

Another fallacy has been exploded about canned vegetables; they are fresher for busy mothers, when traveling in the summertime these vegetable preparations are very handy since they occupy very little space, and can be prepared quickly and without much labor.

Here is his famous panegyric to literature: "Other pursuits belong not to all times, all ages, all conditions; but this gives stimulus to our youth and diversion to our old age; this adds a charm to success, and offers a haven of consolation to failure."

So much for the solace of poetry to the individual. We may quote again from this great oration as to the duty of society for the cultivation of the fine arts of which poetry is one:

"Saxa et solitudines vocis respondent; bestiae esse immanes cauta fleat utraque constant; nos instituti in rebus optimis non potestur voce moveramur."

Poetry Week may after all prove of real worth in directing public attention to poets living and dead whose songs help make the world more livable and more worthwhile.

Prevention or Cure?

ONE resolution passed by the Knights of Columbus at their recent convention in Salem deserves notice and commendation. It related to welfare of juveniles and directed the subordinate councils to appoint

"a committee whose duty it will be to keep in touch with the juvenile courts in their vicinity and take an active interest in all boys, especially Catholic boys, who may come before these courts and to secure parole of worthy delinquents, particularly first offenders, who may not have committed serious offenses and who may be the victims of circumstances."

Our wastage is a terrible indictment of our modern civilization. The constant stream of youth haled into court and fed thence into jails, corrective homes and penitentiaries reflects upon the failure of our churches, homes and schools in carrying youth over the critical years of adolescence into the more settled years of maturity.

Society may not just shrug its shoulders and say "bad boy" when it sees a lad summoned for some offense. It should get busy and seek to recover that boy for society. The right kind of discipline and control, the right kind of discipline will in the majority of cases effect this salvage.

Getting Sobered Up

THE business freeze is not without some benefit. It has killed some of the noxious weeds that grew up in the days of loose prosperity. The night clubs have gone dark under the frost of hard times. Where are the butter and egg men who got the guff of the vaudeville jokesmiths? Where are the "hot mamma" who rolled in the roadhouses? For them all "the melancholy days have come."

Canned Foods

By G. C. DAUER, M. D. Marion Co. Health Dept. Many more people are now depending on canned or preserved foods that are purchased from their grocers than was some fifteen or twenty years ago. It was the custom then to preserve large quantities of vegetables and fruits in the summer for winter consumption.

With the use of modern methods of utilizing steam under pressure for cooking, canneries are in a position to place on the market foods that will keep longer and will also have a higher vitamin content than home preserved foods.

There has come into use in the past few years, preservation of certain vegetables for feeding of infants and children. The vegetables are processed so that they are ready for use after warming and this has been found to be a great saving for busy mothers.

Most vegetables and fruits are canned in tin receptacles and contrary to the belief of many people there is not the least danger in opening a can and leaving the contents in it for some time. If placed in a refrigerator the contents will keep even longer than when transferred to another dish or receptacle.

Another fallacy has been exploded about canned vegetables; they are fresher for busy mothers, when traveling in the summertime these vegetable preparations are very handy since they occupy very little space, and can be prepared quickly and without much labor.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion county department of health. The answer will appear in the column. Names should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 27, 1906 High school commencement exercises will be held June 15, with Capt. J. H. Ackerman to deliver the address. A. O. Condit, president of the school board, will present the diplomas.

Johnnie Watson was awarded the silver medal in the W. C. T. U. contest held at the close of the U. S. convention. Mrs. E. M. Steele was reelected president. This convention was held in Turner, while the 1907 one will be in Salem.

M. A. Barber, E. J. Farnham and M. W. Steed articles of incorporation for the Marion Building association.

May 27, 1921 Hundreds of delegates are gathering at Silverton for the annual convention of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod, which convention ends June 1. All together, a 1000 delegates are expected.

The Southern Pacific has doubled its freight crew here, due to increased business. Edward Edmussen, Salem high school graduate, has been appointed to Annapolis naval training school. He will leave for there early in June.

Daily Thought

"It strikes me dumb to look over the long series of faces, such as any full church, courthouse, London tavern-meeting, or miscellany of men will show them. Some score or two of years ago all of these were little red-colored infants; each of them capable of

the same wife. Capt. Martha Randall of the women's protective division of the Portland police force says even the frivolous girls have sobered: "They have taken off their rose-colored glasses and are looking at life seriously." And the woman who "thought her husband too conservative, too much of an old plodder, well, she's fallen in love with him again. The very qualities which used to bore her, that used to make her wonder why she married anyone so dull, now are what she boasts about over the back fence."

Folk are not worrying now about which roadhouse throws the wildest party, nor whether they can get reservations for Saturday night at the jambouree night club at uptown cover charge rates. They are wondering if the mill is going to close down or the pay check get sliced and whether the good old three square meals a day of simple wholesome food are going to be supplied right along.

Well, this is something. Long history has shown that when people wipe off the froth and settle down to work it isn't long until the results of thrift and economy are felt. The jazz age looks pretty seedy now, and that in itself holds a promise of better times.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



DIAMONDS IN YOUR COFFEE! Face L. M. HENRICKS, AS PRESIDENT COLLEGE... Tomorrow! The Kiss of Death.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENRICKS

Burying Indians alive, etc. (Continuing from yesterday.) That night the intelligence reached Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and till morning they were obliged to endure the agony, for it was nothing else, of imagining the sufferings of the victim, for it would have been worse than presumption to attempt his rescue, for the night was intensely dark, and in the day time the rock was extremely difficult of access.

"At the dawn of day, Mrs. Perkins, looking almost like a corpse, they left their home and reached the rock, some three miles distant, before sunrise. Mr. Perkins forced open the tomb, and, after waiting till the steaming death fumes had partially escaped, they entered and searched for the boy. They found him stretched on the ground, for in his struggles he had kicked himself off the pile of dead, and now lay perfectly insensible and almost breathless. They conveyed him to the open air, which, with all their anxious efforts, for a long time failed to revive him.

"He at last gasped convulsively, but his senses for some time refused to communicate to his bewildered brain the reality. Imagining he was yet in that horrid cell, he was mad with frantic terror. He strained his blood-shot eyes in their sockets, shrank about his poor freed limbs, screamed and raved of the sights he had seen, and voices of the dead he had heard whispering in being kneaded and baked into any social form you chose; yet see now how they are fixed and hardened—into artisans, artists, clergy, gentry, learned sergeants, unlearned dandies, and can and shall now be nothing else henceforth." Carlyle.

Vast changes have taken place in the animal life of this section since the missionaries first came in the thirties and forties. They found great numbers of swans on the Willamette river, for instance, and many eagles throughout the country; and flocks of cranes numbering scores of thousands, and filling the sky, darkening the sun in their flight. In many respects, complete changes have taken place. The Willamette valley was full of wolves—hence the appeal of the famous "wolf meeting" that called the Champeau gathering that voted to establish the provisional government.

New Views

"Do you think Mayor Porter of Los Angeles was right in walking from the room in Paris where he was asked to drink a toast in wine?" was the highly controversial question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Floyd Womack, Willamette student: "I think he did right."

Prof. S. B. Laughlin, sociology department, Willamette: "I would have done the same thing probably, on first thought. On second thought I would perhaps have lifted the glass to my lips so as not to hurt the feelings of the French but would not have drunk."

M. Clifford Moynihan, attorney: "I think he did right in refusing to drink but would, better have done so in a less spectacular manner. The manner of his refusal made his action too much like a publicity stunt."

J. K. Cameron, salesman: "His manner of refusal made him ridiculous. He had a perfect right to refuse to drink but it is actions such as his that make America the laughing stock of Europe."

J. P. McGee, surveyor: "Imagine a man walking off from that!"

John Porter, county commissioner: "I guess it's his own business. If he didn't want to drink, it must have taken courage not to do it there."

"MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

Travers Lorrimer, shell-shocked war veteran and son of wealthy Margaret Lorrimer, mistakes pretty Mary Lou Thurston for Delight Hartford whom he is supposed to have married in England. Mrs. Lorrimer induces Mary Lou to assume the role of Delight, of whom no trace can be found. Travers is told he must be firm again with friendship. His interest in life is renewed. No mention is made of his marriage until the visit of Larry Mitchell, Mary Lou's friend. Then Travers, believing Larry is in love with Mary Lou, reminds her she is his wife. At Christmas, Mary Lou, irritated by Travers' lack of holiday spirit, terms him unselfish. Brought to his senses, he joins his mother and Mary Lou in delivering gifts to the needy.



CHAPTER XXV. Lorrimer said very little, but Mary Lou could sense his unhappiness, his uneasiness. It would not, she thought, hurt him. And it might help.

The last address on the list reached and taken care of, Lorrimer, glancing at his mother's notebook, indicated the considerable remainder of the packages and asked: "Where are these going?"

"To the Veterans' hospital," she answered, quietly, and gave the address to the chauffeur.

Lorrimer said nothing for a minute. Then he muttered: "No—not there. I can't."

"You needn't come in, Lorry," said Mary Lou, "you can wait outside with Rodgers."

Her voice was perfectly friendly but a little cool. Lorrimer did not reply. On the long ride up town he was silent, struggling with himself. Black memories thronged him. He couldn't. It wasn't in him. It was inhuman to ask it of him! He'd tried to forget... tried. Yet he must, he had to do it, whether he could or not. Out of sheer stubborn pride, to show her that he wasn't quite the weakling she thought him. Not quite.

So he went into the place with them, the bare echoing place with its smell of disinfectant, its gloom, its air of silent suffering, its silent record of failure and success.

Out of the Past He walked through the ward to which Mrs. Lorrimer, followed by Mary Lou and Rodgers, made her way. Walked through it, not looking right or left. Just a room, a being. And suddenly he heard a voice...

"Lieutenant... Lorrimer!" A husky voice, broken... a shattered voice. For this was the tubercular ward, from which transfers were made to the upstate sanitariums. Lorrimer started, turned... and halted beside a bed.

"Mac!" Sure! Gosh! where've you been? I've tried to get in touch with you but guess the address was wrong. Gee you look great! What a lucky break!"

He was thin and very dark, the shadow of a man, with the most eager eyes in the world, the most whimsical and the most gallant smile.

formidable, often following herds of elk, wild horses and buffaloes, as dogs do sheep in this country, seldom desisting until they have destroyed great numbers. One or two instances will serve to illustrate their indomitable perseverance:

"One of these creatures pursued a noble stag, till, overcome by fright and fatigue, it sought refuge in the mission yard, where the boys (no doubt Indian boys) were milking. Another time a party of 70 men of the Hudson's Bay company were at rendezvous, when a large, beautiful deer fled into the camp, chased by a wolf, and actually hid his head between the knees of one of the men, as if trustingly imploring protection; its fear of the savage foe banishing its shyness of the human race."

It is possible that among the "boys" who were milking in the old mission yard were Sandwich Islanders. The Hudson's Bay company had scores, even hundreds of these people working at old Fort Vancouver, and in the earlier and correspondence of the missionaries these natives from the Hawaiian group are often mentioned as workers, and they young of herds. It is very common. The others are three or four times larger than this, and apparently altogether a different species. They are exceedingly vicious, and when banded together in the night time, fearfully

"Mother," said Lorrimer, unevenly, as his little advance party stopped, and turned around, "Delight!"

His voice was broken, too. This was "Mac," Jimmy McEwan, the best pal, the best mechanic that ever lived.

Mrs. Lorrimer came back to the bed, and Mary Lou followed and shook hands with the attenuated, perfectly-at-ease mortal as Lorrimer made presentations. And presently they went about their benevolent business while Lorrimer sat beside Mac's bed and answered, or tried to answer, the hundreds of questions Mac poured out on him. He looked great—Did he remember this? Did he remember that? Had he forgotten that old crate of theirs... the one he'd named the Flying Fury? What had become of Captain Perkins? Did he ever hear from Smitty? And about a thousand more.

Lorrimer answered, at first with difficulty, then with more ease. He couldn't let Mac see anything was wrong. Of himself, he said merely that he'd been living out of town.

He stayed nearly an hour while Mary Lou and his mother amused the men Mrs. Lorrimer had come to see, waiting patiently until Lorrimer should give the signal. Finally he gave it, rising and looking down on the glowing, moved face of the lonely, courageous man in the narrow white bed. Tubercular—and crippled... and... laughing.

When Lorrimer left, it was with the understanding that he would come back often. He would keep in touch with McEwan and Mac was to write him for anything he wanted or needed. That perhaps he could get him the desired transfer or, if not, would make other plans for him himself.

In the car: "Wouldn't it be possible for us to take him out of there and send him to my expense to a sanitarium?" he wanted to know. "I spoke to the nurse about it. I can go back and see the head doctor. If there's a chance for a cure... we can get him well and find him a job... or something. He's a corker—Mac," said Lorrimer simply.

Good Medicine Mrs. Lorrimer felt tears rise in her throat and Mary Lou's eyes were dim. They hadn't seen him so eager, so taken out of himself—Mrs. Lorrimer, since his return perhaps he could get him the desired transfer or, if not, would make other plans for him himself.

When they were home again and he was alone for a minute with Mary Lou, he said, quite simply: "Thank you for making me go, Delight. I wouldn't have missed that meeting with Mac. And how close I came to missing it."

"I didn't make you," she said, at once, "you—made yourself."

So Christmas day came. Cold and clear and perfect, the Christmas day of a bright, tinselled card. For snow had fallen the night before and Westwood was eroded in white, soft and shining, the bare branches of the trees glittering with frost, with silver armor, and a pale golden

CROWDS PANICKY AS PLANES ARE VIEWED

BOSTON, May 26—(AP)—New England thrilled Monday to the onrush of nearly 700 army airplanes that swept eastward to the sea from Springfield, Mass., and Hartford, Conn., to repel a mythical invader, threatening the coast.

Alexander Gets One-Ten years

VANCOUVER, Wash., May 26—(AP)—Dr. Charles B. Alexander formerly president of the closed American Security bank, was sentenced to one-to ten years in the penitentiary Monday on a charge of borrowing \$1875 from the bank without the consent of the directors, and one to 15 years on a charge of not repaying the money. The sentences are cumulative.

Railway Strike May be Averted

TOKYO, May 25—(AP)—The strike of 210,000 railway workers with possible spread to include all classes of workers in Japan was deferred and perhaps averted Monday by minister of railways Egi, who agreed to ask the cabinet to rescind a wage cut affecting 9,000 railway officials.

Cut is Made in Postal Expense

WASHINGTON, May 26—(AP)—A \$22,000,000 reduction in postoffice department expenses this fiscal year was said today by Arch Coleman, first assistant postmaster general, to have been due largely to vacancies in personnel which had not been filled.

Photo reaching Pacific coast by radio and telephoto shows smoldering ruins of the Church of the Jesuits in Madrid, Spain, following fire set by anti-clerical mob.