

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## A Telephone Operator's Tonsils

Tonsillitis is no illness for a telephone operator. Other aches and pains may be suffered without interference with the rites and ceremonies of the office, plugging in and saying sweetly "Number please"; "Line is busy"; "Mr. Adams w.h." (Just what does "w.h." mean?) Chills, indigestion, even a headache if not splitting will not bother the dutiful telephone girl in the performance of her routine. It is all right for a telephone operator to have halitosis, but tonsillitis—that really gets her down.

But tonsillitis, that gets 'em. Instead of the sweet chirrup, "Number, please" there may be a throaty squawk. Those voices at central which drip honey become screechy or flat when the tonsils are inflamed and the dreaded white patches back there bespeak an infection. An hour or two of it, and the operator's voice is clear gone; all she has left are whispers and they do not work well with farmers, nervous lawyers, office girls, housewives and others whose constant use of the telephone gives occupation to so many telephone centrals.

So it is that when the efficient and esteemed operator at the Stayton exchange suffered long enough with tonsil trouble she did just what hundreds of others have done, she went to the hospital and had the offending bits of flesh extracted. Whereupon each user of the telephone noted a strange voice answering back, and soon learned that their dependable Mrs. Hattie Picklin was taking an enforced rest in the hospital while she recovered from the doctor's lancing in her throat. And that prompted our competent Stayton correspondent to make note of Mrs. Picklin's malaise, and give her a typographical bouquet that should indeed please her as she tries hard to swallow a drink of water or hears some heartless one suggest that she eat toast for breakfast. For our correspondent says that hundreds of those who know her voice only as it comes over the wire, know her as "an accommodating, efficient and obliging operator, who is pleased to give to the company and its patrons a friendly service, born of her friendly personality and desire to be of service." That we are sure is a tribute any "hello girl" should prize.

Dials give us only a burrr sound, not unpleasant, but mechanical. The dials never get tonsillitis that is true, and we still have human voices that come from the long distance boards, but as the Stayton correspondent goes on to comment:

"In small towns, 'operator' becomes something more than a blinking masterpiece of mechanical genius, or 'number, please' which may come from one of many voices."

So we hope the Stayton operator recovers fully, that the doctor didn't leave part of a tonsil to harbor germs of tonsillitis in the future, and that the Stayton telephone subscribers will give Mrs. Picklin a cordial greeting when in a few days they hear again her kindly "Number, please."

## Lighted Schoolhouses

DRIVING home from Eugene Friday evening we noticed at nearly every community from Santa Clara to Sunny-side, some community gathering. Usually it was the schoolhouse. The first indication of a crowd was the sight of numerous motor cars lining the highway. Then one saw the illuminated hall or schoolhouse filled with people. It was Friday night, and Friday night in most places means community gatherings of one kind or another.

Some were no doubt basketball games where teams of rival communities battled for a victory. Some may have been community or school programs attracting parents and friends of the school. Whatever the occasion the people were there mingling in true American fashion, with a common interest.

It is a mistake to think that social life is largely centered in cities. On the contrary the city may have little social activity. Small groups may be active, but the larger groups inactive. In smaller communities however the attendance at affairs is nearly 100%.

Our community life must be maintained. These general gatherings in schoolhouses or halls provide needed social contacts, are wholesome, stimulating and uplifting. They combine entertainment and instruction, and encourage folk to keep up their individual, family and community responsibilities.

Lighted schoolhouses and community halls on Friday nights are a sign of real community life which is one of the foundations of progressive American life.

## Something New Under the Sun

ONE always learns something at the conference of newspaper men held at the state university. This year we learned a new wrinkle in pipes which a university prof. has invented. Varsity profs. affect pipes, it should be stated. Whether that is to give them a greater professorial look or whether it actually stimulates cerebral activity we will not say. But the idea of this chem. prof. was to filter the smoke as it is drawn up the stem, so it would be a dry, tasteless smoke. After considerable experiment he hit upon cutting a cigarette in two, inserting the half in his pipe stem. The tobacco acts as the filter, and when it has done its duty and absorbed the moisture, et al. that heretofore have been going into the smoker's mouth, it is replaced with a fresh half a cigarette.

Dean Allen was using one, and the aluminum splice in his pipe stem attracted attention, whereupon he told the story. The inventive prof. has patented his gadget, instead of dedicating it to the public like the Babcock milk tester. Perhaps it will be on the market soon. Anyway it should call for a bigger appropriation for research at the university.

So that is one thing we learned at the press conference, which is worth while, especially since we do not smoke a pipe. The other thing was that Eugene would like to see Frank Jenkins on the highway board.

What a pair of empty echoes the two highway commissioners, Almsworth and Hanley, appear to be. When Commissioner Spaulding made what now seem to have been very modest demands for reductions in overhead costs, in the highway department, the majority pointed, refused to acquiesce, encouraged their friends to get the naughty Spaulding off the commission because it was disturbing "harmony." Finally they ordered a ten per cent cut for the period of a few months. Now when the governor urges using the broadaxe reductions of THIRTY per cent in the administrative costs. The signs indicate that Spaulding will have to go, the new announcement being merely to set the stage scenery for his exit. The two who are

## Lay Sermon

"DUAL CONTROL"  
"The virtue of prosperity in temperance. The virtue of adversity in fortitude."—Francis Bacon.

That sounds just like one of Bacon's aphorisms. It is meaty. It has the balance of a couplet. The antithesis jabs one into mental alertness.

There is a stole cast to this utterance of Bacon. It bespeaks grimness even in affluence, and stoic indifference in the midst of ruin. What, one may think, is one to get out of life, if he must be cautious when he has abundance? Recall the silk shirt period of the world war, when shipyard and munitions workers blossomed forth in silk shirts? How they were derided a few years later when the bubble burst and the war workers were unemployed. Why didn't they save their money, it was asked.

But in the ensuing period of plenty, men wore not only silk shirts but silk undershirts; not silk exactly, but rayon which is a close imitation. Girls and women passed to the silk age, too. You do not see cotton hosiery now. The girls cling to silk even when it runs.

Stoic and epicurean, never the twin shall meet. "Care the stem" enjoy the day. Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die. There was the orgy of spending in Germany when the mark was sinking in value. Spend, because tomorrow the currency would have less value. That is the epicurean idea. Contrast that with the counsel of thrift, of frugality, of conserving resources, of "getting ahead."

As Bacon said, be temperate in time of prosperity. It takes probably as much courage to be temperate in good times as to be brave in spending in bad times. The stoics of course are the ones who get the money. What the epicureans spend, the stoics get. Some waste, others accumulate. The grimmest irony of all however is when the ones who have been most frugal suddenly find their savings to vanish. Then they wonder if they have not been fooled, or rather if they had not fooled themselves in putting too much security on their savings.

The true philosophy of the stoic however is not stinginess, but a sense of proportion. To him there are other considerations than the accumulation of things which money may buy. He looks through and behind the silk shirts and the upholstered furniture to the more permanent realities. He practices temperance in prosperity, not for fear of future lack, but because he sees no reason to be extravagant. He practices fortitude in adversity because his range of view is longer and he can see farther ahead to a period of restored stability and abundance.

The new automobiles give us what is called dual control. Old Francis Bacon suggested an excellent dual control which is as practical now as when it was proposed, many centuries ago.

## Daily Thought

"Equality causes no war."—Solon.

TWO-TONED BAGS  
PARIS.—(AP)—New handbags are designed in two tones, reflecting the dual colors of winter ensembles.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

IN their eating habits the old New Englanders were very wise men. When meal time came they knew what to do. Perhaps they did not know the exact reason for taking this or that food, but their good common sense rarely failed.

Even today one finds that a great many New Englanders live up to the rule of their forefathers: Food is eaten at the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night. At the first meal of the day heaping dishes of fish, meat, potatoes, eggs, pie and bread are served; at noon less is served, while the night meal is rather frugal.

What could be better than a hot, wholesome meal in the morning? The human body is relaxed after several hours of sleep, the organs and functioning at minimum speed and the temperature of the body is considerably lowered. There must be a stimulus to rouse the body to temperature, to almost running speed, but it gives the digestive organs something upon which to work.

Florence F. Q.—What do you advise for callouses on the soles of the feet?

A.—Send self addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Mrs. M. B. Q.—What causes a prominent Adam's apple in a woman's neck?

A.—This may be due to goiter. Consult your doctor for examination and treatment.

Shorty. Q.—What can I do to increase my height? I am going to take a civil service examination and have to be about 5 ft. 8 in. tall. I am just a little over 5 years of age.

A.—You will continue to grow until you are twenty-one. It is almost impossible to add to the height after this age, at least to any appreciable extent. Join a gymnasium for some all round systematic exercises.

Miss S. N. S. Q.—Would chronic appendicitis, indigestion and gases tend to make the stomach protrude? Would kidney trouble be apt to cause a similar condition?

A.—Yes, due to the gases. Correct the diet and make sure that the bowels are functioning properly. For full particulars send a self addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. It may under certain circumstances that this is not usual.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



CHAMPAGNE FLOWS AT WASHINGTON—THE REAL STUFF WAS USED TO CHEER UP A PLAQUE AT BOLLING FIELD—(CAN EMBASSY—LIQUOR WAS LEGAL)

Tuesday: "Cooking Eggs by Whirling Them"

Most Trousers Wear Out First

In Seat; Very Few at the Knees

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Sure, indulge yourself in a good suit if you feel that way. One kind of weather long continued becomes powerful monotonous.

We do someone a favor, or what is so intended, now and then, and because that someone falls to make a do about it we think him ungrateful and say so in various places. And we may be entirely wrong. He may be so grateful that he is utterly speechless. And, anyhow, something is wrong with the favor that is done for the sole sake of the acknowledgment.

There may be, I think, such a thing as too much acknowledgment. After a person has said "thanks" every five minutes for an hour the sweet little word ceases to have much meaning.

So far as I know, there is no such word as jiggery, but that is the way a fellow feels when he is routed out in the middle of a cold night by a fire alarm from downstairs.

Sometimes we get more than we are entitled to and sometimes we get less and sometimes we get neither more nor less and are never perfectly satisfied with it, and that's the way life goes.

No, no, no, it is getting old, but it requires a longer time for some of us to get our feet warm than it used to require.

After one has been to the hairdresser's and to a talkie and still feels depressed in spirit, what can



D. H. TALMADGE

one do? Nothing, child, nothing. Lie down and let the black waters roll over thee.

There was a day when certain of us loved the beautiful snow, even as the children of men and the children of dogs love it now, but alas, that love is dead. A dear dead love! I am tempted to believe the snows of once upon a time to have been warmer than the snows of now.

Goosepimples, prevailing mildly at this time, will give you presently to prickly heat in a mild form. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest!

It is hardly worth the while trying to drive a nail with the fire shovel. It is better to make an extra special effort and take the long wearisome trek to the woodshed and get the hammer.

Eve, the common mother of us, ate an apple—probably a green apple with a worm in it, which is why, perhaps, we are—well, such a wretched lot of folks.

Walking in the streets when the night is wet and the pavement a patchwork of lights and shadows and intermediates it is my way at times to choose a nice dry spot upon which to place a foot and to find the spot covered with several inches of wet cold water. Otherwise, I have no specific fault to find at present with fiscal glasses.

Observe the difference in men: Hal Patton announces his birthday and 650 people turn out to congratulate him. One of the others of us announces a birthday and somebody grunts "Hmph," real congratulatory like that, and that's all there is to it.

Much of that which is termed sympathy—and perhaps is sympathy—the silver link, the silken tie or whatever the poet called it—frequently goes wrong, however good its intentions may be. It is the case at times, I have observed, that the individuals most deserving of sympathy get little or none of it. Their own fault, perhaps or misfortune. They are ill, but have a healthful appearance (except possibly, to the eyes of an understanding physician), or they have a pride that prevents them from asking in times of trouble for that which they crave more than anything else in the world. Nor is it invariably pride; it may be a desire to save others from the burden of cares not their own. Fine characters, but lonely and a bit pitiful. I don't say I can always pick 'em out. I can't. But I've known a few of 'em.

Note the trousers at a rummage sale. One or two pairs worn at the knees. A dozen or more pairs showing the unmistakable effects of long continued and arduous sitting.

I love to talk with a boy—an ordinary boy, ten year old or thereabouts. He knows something of pretty much everything, such a boy, and is charmingly natural and unaffected. And so clear in his reasoning. "Do you ever see Mr. Black when you are at the theatre?" I inquired of a boy who

## "The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Bob Harkness, a respected rancher in the Mexican border town of Verdi, is "El Coyote," the masked bandit and bitter enemy of Pedro Morales, self-appointed ruler of the border country. "El Coyote's" identity is known only to Ann Reed, an entertainer at a notorious resort. She is in love with him and acts as his spy. "El Coyote" wreaks vengeance on Morales for his unjust treatment of the ranchers. There is a high price on "El Coyote's" head, but all search has proved futile. Bob's foreman and friend, Ted Radcliffe, is in love with Anna, the Spaniard's beautiful niece. Jito, Morales' ward, is jealous of Ted. Morales' U. S. Cavalry summons Bob and Ted to his headquarters to hear one of "El Coyote's" lieutenants reveal his identity. Bob goes outside. Two shots ring out. Bob returns and, shortly after, the informer is carried in, mortally wounded. He dies without a word. On the way home, Bob collapses from a wound in his side. Ted realizes the truth. Bob sends for Ann. Against Bob's wishes, Ted calls in Dr. Price and swears him to secrecy. Ann and Ted keep constant vigil over Bob.

CHAPTER XXXIX

He hurried into Bob's room. The girl was still sitting by the bed. As he entered she smiled, the happiest smile he had yet seen on her white face.

"He woke up once and knew me. I leaned over and kissed him and he fell asleep again. He's been sleeping ever since. I haven't dared stir. And I'm too stiff to move."

Ted put his arms about her and raised her. "It's bed for you, little girl," he said, and obediently she left him.

Remembering Price's words, Ted poured a few drops of brandy between the man's lips. His face was cooler. The deadly pallor had gone. For a time Ted waited, then walked to the window. At last, conscious of eyes upon him, he turned toward the bed, and with a wild thrill of joy, found the gray eyes of Don Bob open and the lips faintly smiling.

"Thank God!" The words burst from him.

Bob moistened his lips. "Something tells me," he said in a weak whisper, "you've been feeding the patient brandy." He motioned the boy nearer. "Did anyone see us that night?"

"Not one."

"Good."

"But you're not to talk," Ted warned.

"Oh, the devil I'm not," and a moment later Bob had fallen asleep. But it was not until two days afterward that Price pronounced Bob out of danger.

"And it's only because of those two kids," the gruff old fellow had told him, "that your homely, grinning self is still with us."

For a time the doctor hesitated, then blurted out at last, "Give it up, Bob. You can't buck all the powers of northern Mexico. As for Morales, the man has a crack in his brain that will never let him change."

Weakly, Bob smiled up, but the old, unquenchable fire glowed in his gray eyes. "I couldn't give it up—I wouldn't know how to give it up. These people out there are looking to me to save them—to make free men of them. When I've done that, I'll give it up—not before."

Price nodded. "You know what I think. I think you're one of destiny's pawns. I think both you and Morales stand for forces in the world that must always be at war. The forces of despotism and freedom. And you can't help being enemies any more than a rattler and a bull snake. Well, I suppose my job is to nurse you back into shape until you can get hell shot out of you again. Meanwhile, I'm telling everyone that



"I suppose my job is to nurse you back into shape until you can get hell shot out of you again," said Price.

you're enjoying a strained back. See you tomorrow."

That night and each following night a rider came to Bob's window and sat there silently in the starlight until Ted came outside. Always the same grizzled Mexican, and always he asked the same question.

"El señor?"

And each night Ted answered, "Buena," wondering as the man rode away by what telepathy he had known of Bob's danger.

So for a week Ted took full charge on Bob's ranch, riding the range, working out with the cowboys, herding the cattle on both sides of the border line. One evening as he came back dusty and tired, Bob looked up at him with an affectionate smile.

"Remember I once told you I needed you more than you did me?" he asked. "Without you, old fellow, I'd be lost in every way."

And it was that same evening he talked for the first time of the night that for him had so nearly been the end of all things.

It was a moment both had dreaded and postponed. Yet both men knew that the secret of El Coyote had to be faced. Not for always could they share such knowledge in silence, and so, as Bob lay on his pillow that night in early spring, he considered for a while how best to begin. They were alone, for the girl had returned to Mendoza's.

Bob asked for a cigarette, and after a puff shook his head. "Tastes just like an inner tube," he complained, and Ted laid it aside.

Bob watched the blue smoke curl upward on the quiet air.

"I suppose," he said at length, "you'd like to know just what happened outside the major's tent that memorable evening?" For a moment he frowned in reminiscence. "A devilish close squeak. I'll never be a really successful bad man until I lose all faith in humans. Almost I have, but not quite—not enough. And it may get me some time. That beast Antonio was selling my life to Blount. I never suspected the fellow. Not once. I had saved his skin only two years ago, with some little danger and effort. He was very grateful then, and he swore with many fine Spanish oaths he would serve me always. For two years he did serve me. And then,"—Bob stirred restlessly—"then, I suppose,

Outside the night wind rustled among the tall eucalyptus. Flares crackled in the fireplace across the room. Bob's gray eyes had grown tender with the memories of days and faces long past.

(To Be Continued)

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The low-eel: Indian old people's home:

In 1862, William H. Rector, who had been appointed by President Lincoln as superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon, then an important office, named T. W. Davenport as agent of the Umatilla reservation, to fill a vacancy.

Davenport had not solicited the place, in fact did not know there was a vacancy, until a messenger arrived at his Walden hills home with the offer from Mr. Rector. He asked for time for his answer, saying it would depend upon his wife. She was willing to go, and they went. Mr. Rector was a leading Salem citizen and city builder; was largely helpful in getting the first woolen mill on the Pacific coast built here. T. W. Davenport was the father of Homer Davenport, great cartoonist. Mrs. T. W. Davenport was Florida, daughter of Ralph C. Geer, an outstanding pioneer, first nurseryman in Oregon south of Milwaukee.

Some time later, T. W. Davenport wrote a series of articles under the title, "Recollections of an Indian Agent," most of which were published in the 1907 numbers of the Oregon Historical Society Quarterly. Every page bristles with criticisms of the Indian agency system as then carried on—and all of it is interesting, in a style showing the scholar and philosopher. Telling of his attempts to have proper farming and gardening work carried on at the Umatilla agency, in one place he wrote:

"Let no one smile, either through pity or disdain, at such apparent want and evident isolation. (Continued on page 7)

## New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you think Governor Meier should remove Senator Charles Spaulding from the state highway commission?"

Hugh McGilvra, Forest Grove editor: "I hardly think such an action would be consistent."

W. H. Stevens, farmer: "No. Spaulding won't go if the grangers can help it."

A. Slaughter, master Salem granger: "No."

Karl P. Mobley, painter: "I do. I don't think he's qualified. He's certainly shown that he isn't."

William F. Neptune, meat dealer: "I don't know a thing about it. I haven't studied up on it at all."

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 24, 1907

Hon. William Jennings Bryan, recognized democratic leader and most distinguished citizen in the United States, last night held in the hall of his hand the great audience that packed the opera house. Hundreds of others were turned away.

SILVERTON—Local business men have subscribed sufficient funds for paying right-of-way damages for the proposed railroad of the Silverton lumber company.

WASHINGTON—The senate today accepted the proposition of the house to increase the salaries of senators, members and territorial delegates to \$7500 annually.

January 24, 1903

Mrs. C. M. Kay of 835 Court street, Salem, and Mrs. Margaret Wittschen of 1141 Court street, have the honor of being the first women in Marion county ever drawn from a regular jury panel to serve on a jury.

Mrs. Helen Hamilton Gardener, civil service commissioner, has obtained a ruling from Postmaster-General Will H. Hays that

a woman does not change her status in the postoffice department by becoming a bride.

Salem high school will graduate the largest class in its history next June when approximately 150 seniors will receive their diplomas.