

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELTON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
Arthur W. Sprague, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Pearson-Stecher, Inc., New York, 11 W. 42nd St., Chicago, 269 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$5.00; 3 Mo. \$12.50; 6 Mo. \$22.50; 1 Year \$40.00. Outside Oregon: 1 Mo. \$5.50; 3 Mo. \$13.50; 6 Mo. \$24.50; 1 Year \$42.00. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

"Mountain Whites"

THE term "mountain whites" has been used to designate the mountaineer folk of the southern mountains in Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas. But there are somewhat similar population pockets in the mountains of our northwestern states. Some of the folk who live here have immigrated from the southern mountains. Their slow gait and pronounced drawl betray their origin.

While the mountain folk in some of the communities of Oregon and Washington may not be quite as primitive as their comrades of the south, they do present a problem. Social agencies will need to converge upon them to prevent their becoming congenitally a permanently backward people. Schools, nursing service, profitable employment will be helpful to reclaim them to society and to save their children from degradation.

News of the conditions may come as something of a shock to the intelligent, progressive citizenship of the valley, but conditions as they exist form a dreary picture which was sketched recently for the Corvallis Gazette-Times by the county nurse of Benton county. This is the picture:

"Homes filled with children, a dozen or so in a couple of rooms, the homes stuck back somewhere among the ferns and brush of western Benton county, were described. Fathers long out of work; out of work or just making a bare living even in 'good times,' children with skin diseases, the mothers in many cases too lazy to work or indifferent to it all, ill smelling, ill ventilated houses, tell a pathetic story of the way part of the population lives each day, month, and sometimes year after year. And Benton county is no worse than many like sections of the coast range country in Oregon, she believed, where a flock of goats is tended, and a small family garden is about the sole possession of many people."

In seasons of depression the marginal folk sink a little deeper, fall a little lower on the ladder. Families are poorly nourished, idleness becomes habitual, the fires of ambition go out. To prevent or retard such decline in standards requires social engineering of a high order. Not only must there be book education in the schools, but more practical education through nursing services, through Four-H club projects, through demonstration workers in the homes and communities. Such work is social salvage or prevention of social decay. It is far less costly to maintain the requisite agencies than it is to let large elements of the population subsidize semi-civilized lives.

End of Waiting Period

NOW the suspense is over. Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt has authorized the use of his name as a candidate for president in the North Dakota primaries. For months Roosevelt abstained from comment about his candidacy. A year ago he said he was so very, very busy being governor he couldn't consider the presidency. Recently he was too busy again to go down to Washington for the Jackson day banquet at which nearly all the democratic notables still extant were assembled. Cornered at last the New York executive says he will allow his name to be voted on; wherefore the suspense is over.

But there was no real suspense. All the Roosevelt gestures were directed toward the White House, even his muteness. He has been busy with lieutenants laying the wires for the 1932 convention. In his late address to the New York legislature he declared the great need of the day is for "leaders," with the very obvious intent of focusing the spotlight on himself as rider of the party jackass in this campaign year.

Roosevelt is not without certain good qualities. He is personable in appearance, of good antecedents, and with a decent public record. However he is rather flat, shallow as a thinker, apt to be on many sides of an issue, deficient in originality.

He is unloved by Tammany, the party organization is rather cool towards him; but he has captured the fancy of the party underlings in many states, as in Oregon for example, so he will go to the Chicago convention with the largest block of pledges. Whether he will secure the remainder when the balloting starts, or whether he will be broken on the old two-thirds rule, that remains in the lap of the gods.

The \$30,000,000 worth of property proved too tempting for the Spanish revolutionists who have confiscated the holdings of the Jesuit order in Spain. Members of the order are not banished from the state, but deprived of their properties which thus go to the state. Some day the states may tax all the churches in this country, though confiscation of property is yet a long way off. It is a secular age, and the old authority of the church, whether Roman or Greek or protestant, is under attack.

Having had so many conferences on moralism, it is in order now to have a moratorium on conferences. Since the war the chief occupation of foreign ministers is conferences. They are as busy with "conferences" as vice presidents of banks, film companies and investment trusts.

These are the days when the Scandinavians come into their own. We note that Hjalmar Hyam won the ski jump at Mt. Hood Sunday. At Canton, S. D., Steve Fredheim won. There is just no use for Jones or Smith to compete with these boys from the caves of the arctic.

Public indebtedness averages about \$300 per capita. But the private indebtedness is what brings on the grey hairs.

This is one eastern trip Gov. Meier will make which is a selling trip and not a buying one. More power to him!

When Heflin left the senate, Huey Long came in; so there is still an odd one in the august body.

W. S. S. CLUB HOLDS INTERESTING MEET

WEST STAYTON, Jan. 25.—The W. S. S. club held its meeting at the school house Friday afternoon.

Committees appointed were the Sunshine committee, which keeps the school grounds clear of weeds; papers; Naomi Chamberlin, Dorothy Harnes and Melvin Asche; room committee, which looks after the blackboards and desks; Loraine Fair, Wilma Edwards and

Thelma McKim. A joint program was given with the upper grades after the meeting adjourned. The program was as follows:

Song by Intermediate grades; playlet by Josephine Snoddy, Velma Royce, Neva Harnes and Donald Hankel; reading by Una Lew-grades; Tired of Church by Ruth Kohl and Ivan Royce; song by Intermediate girls; playlet by Mark Lewis, Paul McKim, Lawrence Tegen, Gene Lee, Conrad Lee, Texas Snoddy, Dean Bowne, William H. Harnes, Lawrence Bowne, Clark Downer, John Vyt-lacit and Enmit Heaney; playlet, Robert Irish, Keith Crane and Virginia Darley.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 26, 1907

If plans are carried out, Salem eventually will have two electric lines to Portland, one on each side of the river. Work is to begin at once on the United Railways line.

NEW YORK.—Selection of a jury panel to try Harry K. Thaw is proving tedious. When court adjourned yesterday, five jurors had been accepted and sworn in.

A skating club is being organized in the high school. The members will hold skating parties throughout the winter.

January 26, 1922

Taxi men in Salem allege they are being taxed out of business, and complain that they pay \$160 premium on a required indemnity bond, \$25 tax, \$16 seating capacity tax, \$22 state license and \$2 chauffeur's license.

No less than 600 stock and securities salesmen have dropped out of that business in Oregon since November 1 as a result of stringent regulations placed upon them by the state corporation department.

John W. Tood yesterday for the second time was acquitted of a charge of using the mails to defraud. The jury failed to agree.

New Views

"Can Franklin D. Roosevelt secure the democratic nomination at Chicago in June?" This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Clayton Bernhard, newsman: "I think Roosevelt will get more than half of the votes but I do not look for him to get the two thirds necessary for nomination. Then I look for a swing to Ritchie and his nomination."

E. B. Wood, contractor: "Well, sir, I don't know. I'd hate to guess on it. I think he has as good a chance as anybody. This wet and dry question makes it hard to tell."

Dr. Edward A. Leibold, physician: "Ha! Ha! I'm not a politician at all. I'm not worrying about it."

Rich L. Reiman, real estate: "That is hard to tell. The psychology of his name is all in his favor."

Ralph Ville, laborer: "Roosevelt will be our next president."

Daily Thought

"Sleep hath its own world, a bower between the things misnamed death and existence."—Byron.

CLUB REALIZES \$48 FOR BUILDING FUND

ROBERTS, Jan. 25.—Forty-eight dollars was realized at the basket social held at community club Saturday night. A fine program was given on the new stage and everyone was very much pleased with the alterations made. At the business meeting a report was made that the approximate cost of improvement would be \$50. Thanks were extended the men who so faithfully donated their time.

The young people from the Bible school of Portland are continuing their services through this week at the church. The meeting began at 7:30.

Mrs. Esther Query and Miss Julia Query were week end visitors at Government Camp, enjoying the winter sports.

It was recorded that "Mem" Chapman had lived nearly all his

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

COOKING EGGS BY WHIRLING THEM!



AMERICA'S BIGGEST LABORER?—CONGRESSMAN RICHARD M. KLEBERG CLINGS TO HIS CHAIR OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.

TEXAS

Tomorrow: "War Made Impossible"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A saintly woman goes:

The passing away at her home in Salem early last Thursday morning of Mrs. M. N. Chapman marks the mind of the writer back to August 15, 1884, when he took charge of The Statesman newspaper, and the few days prior thereto.

He lacked by \$800 enough money with which to pay his bargain part of the purchase price of this newspaper. M. N. Chapman loaned him the \$800, on his unsecured note, on the recommendation of the then County Judge T. C. Shaw, father of Mrs. H. C. Epley, the wife of the well known dentist, "Doc" Epley. Mr. Chapman and the writer had not before been acquainted, but Judge Shaw had in pioneer days known his father and mother.

Thereafter, as long as he lived, M. N. Chapman, familiarly known as "Mem," was one of the first friends of the writer of these lines, and upon his death, on May 5, 1893, it became his sorrowful duty to announce the news of his passing. He stated in the newspaper article then written, that Memory Noble Chapman was born in Pike county, Ills., August 19, 1845, and would have celebrated his 44th birthday had he lived a little more than three months longer.

The 1893 news article went on to say that he was a son of Captain Willie Chapman, who came with the 1847 immigration, in what was known as the Oskaloosa, Iowa, covered wagon train; that the mother of his four children, "Mem," then being next to the youngest, and aged two years, died in the Grand Ronde valley of "camp fever"; that the father planned to spend the winter at the Whitman mission, but moved on when suitable quarters were not found—thus escaping the Whitman massacre; that he came to Oregon City, and in the spring of 1849 settled in Salem; that he became a leading builder—constructed the first plastered house in the capital city, on the lot next to the southwest corner of State and Church streets, opposite the present First Methodist church, and that he was the foreman of the force that built the first Marion county court house, where the beautiful second one now stands.

It was recorded that "Mem" Chapman had lived nearly all his

years in Salem; that on Christmas eve of 1868 he married Jennie Thatcher in Salem, Rev. P. S. Knight performing the wedding ceremony. That before he was age he began clocking in the office of his brother-in-law, George A. Edes, county clerk, and was afterwards deputy clerk under Capt. Edes, and served in that capacity for 12 years. That for a time he was the clerk at the Siletz Indian reservation, and that he was elected Marion county clerk in June, 1884, and was re-elected in 1886.

The children then were Mrs. George Mack, nee Loru Chapman, now of Los Angeles, May Chapman, now Mrs. Lot L. Pearce of Salem, and Miss Oda Chapman. Miss Oda remained with her mother in the home, 732 North Church street, up to the time of her passing. Mrs. George A. Edes, sister, at the time of "Mem" Chapman's death, was living. In the family home which is now owned and occupied by the family of the late Dan J. Fry. The funeral services of "Mem" Chapman were conducted by Rev. P. S. Knight.

These lines are quoted from the news article written the day of the funeral: "He was a most affectionate husband and father, a true friend and an honest and upright man. He never performed a mean act in the whole of his useful life, and never spoke an unkind word unduly, his life was an open page on which there were no stains."

Mrs. Chapman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Thatcher, was born May 26, 1853, in Iowa, as the emigrant train with which her parents were traveling halted for a time. The family first settled in California, but they came to Oregon in 1867; 75 years ago, first making their home in the Siletz country, then coming to Salem. She united with the First Congregational church of Salem March 4, 1865, and remained a faithful and very helpful member of it to the close of her life; thus for 68 years being associated with the church of her choice. That church was only 14 years old when she became identified with it, having been organized July 4, 1852. No man of the force that built the first Marion county court house, where the beautiful second one now stands.

It was recorded that "Mem" Chapman had lived nearly all his

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Bob Harkness, a respected rancher in the Mexican border town of Verd, is "El Coyote," the masked bandit and bitter enemy of Paco 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 sets 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 Adela, the Spaniard's beautiful niece. Jito, Morales' ward, is jealous of Ted. Major Blount of the U. S. Cavalry summons Bob and Ted to his headquarters to hear one of "El Coyote's" hideouts 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. Under Ann's and Ted's care, Bob recovers. He relates the story of "El Coyote."

Again the low voice stopped and the flare of a match lighted up his thin features. His eyes twinkled, and the half-mocking, half-wistful smile crept back to his face.

"Meanwhile, my services as a trouble-maker have been flatteringly appraised at fifty thousand dollars gold, alive or dead—preferably dead. The last little of all is still ahead. For a long time I have decided that El Coyote must go. But before that I'm going to show the border country that the reign of the cattle king is over. If I can make the border blaze with revolt and see men hold their herds and haciendas in defiance of all Morales' vaqueros, it will be something worth living for. But it's not your fight, and I'm not going to have you take part in it. You'll have job enough running these ranches of mine while I'm away and keeping Jito on his own side of the fence. Now I'm tired of talking, and I'd like some food, or whatever it is you feed to wounded bandits."

As Ted rose, Bob added, in quiet decision, "And tomorrow morning I get up."

That same bright morning Mendoza, patron of the glittering palace of dance, was standing very submissively before a limousine drawn up outside his patio. Mendoza's black eyes glistened with excitement. Not for months, he was exclaiming in voluble Spanish, had he been so honored as now. Never before dared he even hope that Señor Paco Morales might pay a visit to his unworthy place. But he was desolate that the señor had come in the morning, for now all was silent; yet if he would do him the favor—would he not take a glass of Spanish wine to refresh him?

Morales listened noncommittally to the fellow's talk, while his eyes passed leisurely over the low, adobe building that, like some gigantic cat, of the desert, brought human moths of both countries to its nightly lure. At last Morales raised his hand and Mendoza froze to respectful silence.

"You have here, I am told, many beautiful women, no?"

The little innkeeper's eyes took on a cunning, knowing look. Now they were getting somewhere. Now, he assured himself, the old fox talked business. He raised his hands in a wide gesture. "Señor, there are women here who would make the great saints weary of paradise. I have here the beauty of many nations. For the dance there is a girl from the boulevards of Paris, a girl, you conceive, who has just come to my palacio. Her little foot—"

"Let us not spend this delightful morning talking of a woman's foot. Especially the foot of a woman who does not interest me."

Again Mendoza sank into a despairing silence. These lords of the land, they were so difficult, yet, yet one must somehow please them.

Meanwhile the low, incisive voice went on.

"I am interested in a woman here who sings. They call her Ann."

"Si, señor. The American. Her real name—"

"Why should we seek real names? The name I speak serves. I want to see this woman—now."

"I shall tell her you are here, señor. Yet it is, you understand, quite early. She may not be up, for she sings only early dawn. If you

likely that El Coyote can stand out against the military of both nations. But whatever happens, I know this. I will have loosened the yoke on the neck of the small rancher across the line, and, when I pass, men can say that in the long list of rustling, raiding, and killing that can be laid at my door, not once have I sided with the strong against the weak. Not by one hair's breadth have I ridden from the course I believe to be right."

Against the low voice stopped and the flare of a match lighted up his thin features. His eyes twinkled, and the half-mocking, half-wistful smile crept back to his face.

"Meanwhile, my services as a trouble-maker have been flatteringly appraised at fifty thousand dollars gold, alive or dead—preferably dead. The last little of all is still ahead. For a long time I have decided that El Coyote must go. But before that I'm going to show the border country that the reign of the cattle king is over. If I can make the border blaze with revolt and see men hold their herds and haciendas in defiance of all Morales' vaqueros, it will be something worth living for. But it's not your fight, and I'm not going to have you take part in it. You'll have job enough running these ranches of mine while I'm away and keeping Jito on his own side of the fence. Now I'm tired of talking, and I'd like some food, or whatever it is you feed to wounded bandits."

As Ted rose, Bob added, in quiet decision, "And tomorrow morning I get up."

That same bright morning Mendoza, patron of the glittering palace of dance, was standing very submissively before a limousine drawn up outside his patio. Mendoza's black eyes glistened with excitement. Not for months, he was exclaiming in voluble Spanish, had he been so honored as now. Never before dared he even hope that Señor Paco Morales might pay a visit to his unworthy place. But he was desolate that the señor had come in the morning, for now all was silent; yet if he would do him the favor—would he not take a glass of Spanish wine to refresh him?

Morales listened noncommittally to the fellow's talk, while his eyes passed leisurely over the low, adobe building that, like some gigantic cat, of the desert, brought human moths of both countries to its nightly lure. At last Morales raised his hand and Mendoza froze to respectful silence.

"You have here, I am told, many beautiful women, no?"

The little innkeeper's eyes took on a cunning, knowing look. Now they were getting somewhere. Now, he assured himself, the old fox talked business. He raised his hands in a wide gesture. "Señor, there are women here who would make the great saints weary of paradise. I have here the beauty of many nations. For the dance there is a girl from the boulevards of Paris, a girl, you conceive, who has just come to my palacio. Her little foot—"

"Let us not spend this delightful morning talking of a woman's foot. Especially the foot of a woman who does not interest me."

Again Mendoza sank into a despairing silence. These lords of the land, they were so difficult, yet, yet one must somehow please them.

Meanwhile the low, incisive voice went on.

"I am interested in a woman here who sings. They call her Ann."

"Si, señor. The American. Her real name—"

"Why should we seek real names? The name I speak serves. I want to see this woman—now."

"I shall tell her you are here, señor. Yet it is, you understand, quite early. She may not be up, for she sings only early dawn. If you

will wait but a moment, señor." And scarcely more than a moment later Mendoza returned. The señorita will receive you within ten minutes. Meanwhile accept this glass of wine, as an favor," he lisped the old Spanish courtesy.

Leisurely Morales sipped his wine and considered things in which Mendoza had no part. At the end of ten minutes Mendoza led him upstairs and down the darkened hallway to a closed door. There, with a nod the Spaniard dismissed his guide. He knocked softly and the door opened. A woman in a jade kimono stood before him.

It may have been the velvet blackness of her hair, or the marble whiteness of her neck, or again it may have been the two great black eyes that looked incuriously into his. Whatever the cause, the tall Spaniard's own eyes brightened with pleasure for a brief second, then very formally he bowed.

"I am Paco Morales."

"Come in, señor."

He noticed with an artist's satisfaction how low and full the voice was. He watched her walk to the chaise longue and curl up comfortably, and he noticed with a little smile the jade slippers and the bare, slender ankles. At last he seated himself near the window.

"Perhaps," Morales suggested, "you have heard of me?"

"She smiled. 'Who has not?' She watched him for a while with those calm eyes that to him seemed veiled either in sadness or weariness. 'They even tell me men fear you, Señor Morales.'"

"Men, yes—and some women."

"I wonder why?" Again their eyes fenced.

"It may be they have sufficient reason. But never a beautiful woman—as you are," he added. "May I smoke?"

She held the match for him, then asked, "I am wondering if you came here so early just to tell me that?"

"By no means. It has been long since I first sent you word asking if I might come, and it has been some weeks since I wrote you that I might. Many things have prevented. But chiefly I wished to learn about you before I trusted you too far. Today I come early that I may find you alone, and my reason for coming at all is to ask you certain questions. I expect to pay for the answers. I always pay. Both loyalty and disloyalty I pay, but in different coin. Señorita, you are intelligent, so we can put aside formalities. I am a very powerful, a very rich man. You are a singer at Mendoza's. You do not always desire to remain among alkali and cactus. It may be you dream already of Paris, New York, or Vienna, but to make that dream come true one needs power and money, no?" He paused, and his cold eyes passed over her. "I could perhaps supply both."

"The señor is a lover of art?" Her words had just the faintest stink of mockery.

"You mean that in jest, señorita, and yet, in a way of speaking, I am. But it is not art, or, if you will permit, it is not even my great admiration for you, that prompts this offer. You see, I can be practical, like you Americans."

Again the girl smiled. "Neither my voice nor my body. What else have I to offer?"

"Information and aid."

"What do you want to know?" She reached for a cigarette.

"Who is El Coyote?"

Her heart jumped, but the hand that held the cigarette never wavered. In contemplation she carefully blew and laid it down. She nodded. "Yes, you would be willing to pay for that knowledge, wouldn't you?"

"Seguro. And rather handsomely."

(To Be Continued)

Parke, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. C. C. Colwell, and Mrs. J. E. Woodburn Malm.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

TODAY I want to tell you about some common ear complaints. Most of them are caused by negligence.

Have you ever noticed how many persons there are who constantly scratch or pick at their ears? Not only is this an unpleasant sight, but it is a practice that often leads to trouble. Others are too energetic in cleaning their ears and in this way do damage.

As a result of this too strenuous cleaning, the wax is pushed inward and is formed into a plug that cuts out the sound waves; then there is difficulty in hearing.

If you have an excessive amount of wax in the ear, do not pick at it or try to remove it. Above all, never use a toothpick or a hairpin in this effort. It should be removed, but it is better done by a physician. He will get rid of it without damaging the ear drum.

One who has a cold or sore throat may complain of pain in the ears. This occurs when the infection travels from the throat or nose to the ear. An infection of this type requires attention.

The middle ear is an acceptable place for germs to grow. If this happens they will eventually produce an inflammation, perhaps with pus formation. Then there will be severe pain in the ear, and sometimes the condition requires surgical attention.

There is one thing about which I would warn you. Avoid excessive and violent blowing of the nose. Many individuals seem to think that in blowing the nose it is necessary to make as much noise as possible. The pressure caused by doing this is often enough to shoot the infective material to the middle ear.

The nose should be blown gently and slowly. It is best to empty one nostril at a time, and to do it very gently.

A common and annoying condition is itching of the ear. This may occur when water remains in the ear after swimming or bathing, or it may be due to an irritation of the skin lining the canal of the ear. When rough efforts are made to scratch the ear it may become inflamed, and a dirty infection may occur, and this may develop into a painful abscess.

When the external ear is exposed to great cold, it may become frozen. If this happens, never use hot applications or hot water. To do so may cause severe damage. The ear should be rubbed with snow or ice water. The cold massage is stimulating and brings about the normal blood supply.

Chronic deafness from the ears is a common condition in children. This is usually a result of measles or scarlet fever. A child with an infection of this sort should receive proper attention by a specialist.

One of the most annoying conditions of adult life is head noise. In elderly people this is usually due to a hardening process in the tissues of the ear, or to high blood pressure.

In young people these noises in the head may be due to some abnormality of the ear, nose, throat, sinuses or tonsils. The exact cause can be determined only by a careful examination.

Answers to Health Queries
G. L. H.—What should a boy of 15 ft. 10 in. tall weigh?
2.—What will create an appetite for food at mealtimes? I am always hungry afterward. What causes this?
A.—You should weigh about 146 pounds—this would be about average for your age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons.
2.—You probably eat between

WHERE A CITY SPROUTED IN THE DESERT

