

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Vicarious Suffering

EVERY winter along about this time we begin to realize again the great injustice in the distribution of the good thing of life. Bob Ruhl, editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune, convinces us. For when the rest of the plodding editors are snowbound here in Oregon and fighting hard to keep up courage through short days and short business of February, Ruhl always hikes down south and writes the most engaging correspondence about the new shows, the new sights, the new court trials, the new people. You just can't help reading his stuff, though it stokes the fires of envy. Still if we can't go we can read about what Ruhl sees and hears.

Ruhl is the best dramatic critic in the state, because he writes so fluently you know he isn't having a mental brainstorm to awe his readers with. Now just read this which he sent to his home town paper from Los Angeles:

"Standing room only at Warner's Hollywood theatre yesterday with Edward G. Robinson in his new film, 'The Hatchet Man.' Gene Dennis, the 'psychic,' was no doubt partly responsible. Gene is advertised as the marvel girl who baffled Einstein. She met the relativity wizard at Palm Springs a few weeks ago and told him something he declared he supposed no one knew but himself. It's the same old gag, but Gene gets away with it in grand style. Anyone in the audience can ask questions, but has to stand up in a clearly lighted theatre while Miss Dennis answers. This takes nerve, but the audience yesterday had plenty of it, particularly the women.

"One girl asked if she should continue to go with her red-headed boy friend or turn her attention to the oculist who proposed marriage.

"Have the oculist examine your eyes," said Gene, "and if the red-headed boy still looks good, it's all right with me."

"A woman in a big fur coat asked where her husband had gone. Gene opened his eyes in the vicinity of Minneapolis; asked if the lady hadn't questioned his sanity before he disappeared.

"Oh, he isn't crazy," came the reply, "but he is an awful liar."

"This caused a big laugh. There were serious questions, too. One woman asked if she would ever get her money out of a certain building and loan association.

Said Gene: "Some of it, when you have one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel."

"A blind man was told how to cure his blindness, and a woman how to find her lost boy.

"Gene announced a matinee for 'women only,' adding dryly: 'It will last for two hours, so you better come, girls; there ought to be plenty of dirt.'"

"As the 'Hatchet Man' Robinson is good, and Loretta Young as his Chinese bride, very beautiful. But the play is weakened by the fact that there is no attempt at Chinese characterization, except in setting and costume. A Chinese hatchet man talking and acting like a New York gangster, and his Chinese bride talking and acting like the typical Hollywood beauty, made the play as a play somewhat absurd.

"They have a very attractive movie theatre in Pasadena, on Colorado street, next to Sears Roebuck's big store. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in 'The Guardsman,' and another packed house. We are still under the spell of these two supreme artists, and can truthfully say that 'The Guardsman' is the best talkie we have ever seen. Roland Young and Zasu Pitts supply the support, which is perfect, as is everything about this altogether delightful performance. Let those who deny that the talkies have made a permanent contribution to dramatic art see 'The Guardsman'! The highest tribute we can make is simply state a fact—that when we get a chance we are going to see it again."

We Take What We Get

WE do not get the 30-foot paved road now. We do get a 20-foot paved road with promise of a 30-foot road in the indefinite future. As the decision seems to be final, we will take what we get. Eventually the proper road from Salem to Portland will be a four-lane road. It will come when traffic increases and money increases to pay for the road.

The stumbling block on the 30-foot highway was the right-of-way. The state and federal people would not put a 30-foot paving on a 60-foot right-of-way. The county court was not able to buy the extra 40 feet required, and the residents along the way were hostile to widening because of damage to buildings and trees and yards. That question will bob up again, and there is the chance that an altogether new location will be made when the wide highway is built.

While it is painful to get our own fingers and toes cut off, the governor is right in urging a curtailment of costly road projects for the state as a whole. Months ago we urged deflation of the road expenditures; and if in adopting such a program one of the projects affected is one we are most interested in, still we have to take the bitter with the sweet.

There is some blessing in this, that we will get nine miles of a wider pavement all in one year.

Great is inventive genius. The ladies are now being offered turtle oil cream, made from genuine south sea turtle oil. It is said to be great stuff for crow's feet and wrinkles. Dave Talmage who parks his Sunday feature in an adjoining column ought to buy a bottle. He would make a fine test case for the stuff. It doesn't sound very good to us though,—don't believe we could drink it.

The Maharajah Sharmisthabal Holkar, nee Nancy Ann Miller, comports herself like a lady. She came home to Seattle for a visit, traveled inconspicuously, sought no publicity. She seems loyal to her husband and happy with her life. The world might let her alone; but that isn't the way of the world. It wants to pry into the private lives of those who step out of convention.

The signs point to Al Smith's running again for the democratic nomination for president. That will lend color to the show from the beginning, insure a good fight, and probably result in throwing the nomination to Garner or Baker.

One trouble with this country is that we haven't a big enough population to eat up all we are producing. The other trouble is that we have too many people so thousands can't find jobs.

Japanese soldiers captured Harbin with weather reported at 30 below zero. We can't think of any city Americans would want that bad.

The Oregonian opines the country may never have another such authority as Coolidge on the matter of keeping cool. And what about this: Keep Hot with Hoover?

Our capable state librarian, Miss Long, is quoted as saying: "At present George Washington is the big issue." Fine, gives prohibition a rest.

The China dispatches report the arrival of an American war vessel named the Pope. Now what can the kluxers do about that?

Lindbergh is only 30 years old. Just think what a long twilight that man will have to live through.

HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

UNTIL a few years ago, the value of foods was expressed in terms of their content of protein, carbohydrates and fat. The next step forward in food appraisal was the recognition of the value of the mineral salts. At a later date, the value of the vitamins was discovered and acknowledged.

Although the literature on nutrition contains hardly more than brief references to our diet that there is another element which foods contain in varying degrees. It is only recently that some of our leading physicians have come to recognize its importance.

I refer to the quality that some foods have for promoting the physical well-being. This evidence of good health is shown by one's spirits, the clearness of the eye, the lustre of the hair, the smoothness of the skin, and the general bodily comfort. All these good effects result from the normal functioning of the digestive tract. Needless to say, the digestive sense of well-being has its influence upon the behavior, good nature, and efficiency of the individual.

One quality in brain has been recognized more than its other—that its use is an ideal way to add cellulose or bulk to the diet. This helps amazingly to relieve common constipation, a safe and natural manner. This quality is so generally understood that brain is recommended for this purpose in many of our standard medical works.

Within the past few months clinical investigation has proved another thing. It shows that brain is rich in vitamin "B," which improves the tone of the intestinal muscles. It has been established, too, that brain contains relatively large amounts of iron. This mineral is most important in the making of good red blood. This iron-rich brain is easily assimilated by the body because it is accompanied by a small amount of copper. The two metals act together for the welfare of the human body.

It is safe to say that constipation attacks fifty per cent of our population. It is one of the greatest of our physical ailments, and it is a source of inefficiency. Because of this it is easy to see the importance of this food factor, and our widened knowledge regarding it.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss D. K. Q.—For the past three months I have been troubled with a rash on my face. My hair is mostly around my fingers. What is this due to and what can be done to clear it up?

A.—Probably eczema, caused by some infection in your system. Wash your face with soap and water. Use a mild skin cream. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Many Thanks. Q.—I am a girl in my teens. I'm underweight. I keep losing weight. What would you advise?

A.—Have an examination to determine if you are suffering from any trouble. In the meantime try to improve your general health. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you think a 20-foot, non-skid pavement with a six-foot shoulder on each side adequate on a road between Salem and Portland on the east side?"

John C. Siegmund, county judge: "I do not think we could have obtained more now. The federal authorities would not cooperate with funds unless a 100-foot right-of-way was secured and this was not possible now."

J. V. Crossler, manager Breiler store: "I don't believe 20 feet is enough, but of course it will help matters."

Richard McNulty, Kenilworth grocery: "Yes, you bet! I have had enough experience on that stretch of highway to make me in favor of the proposed change."

James E. Smith, county commissioner: "The road will help for now; at some future date I believe the state's engineers have in mind a more direct route which will go across a new bridge near Wilsonville and avoid the heavy traffic at Oregon City."

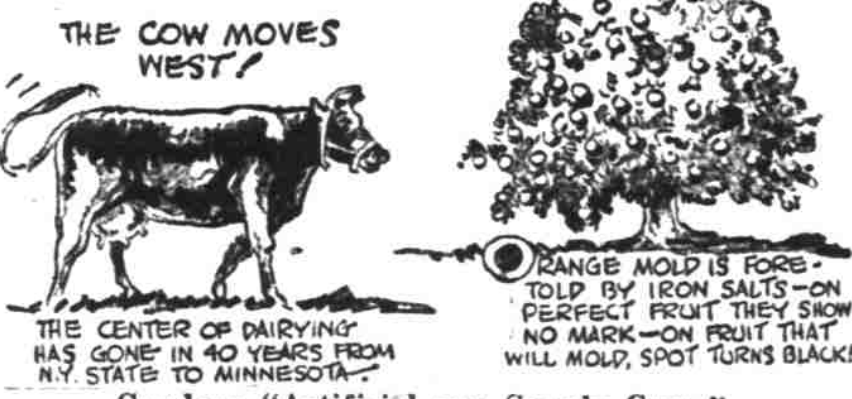
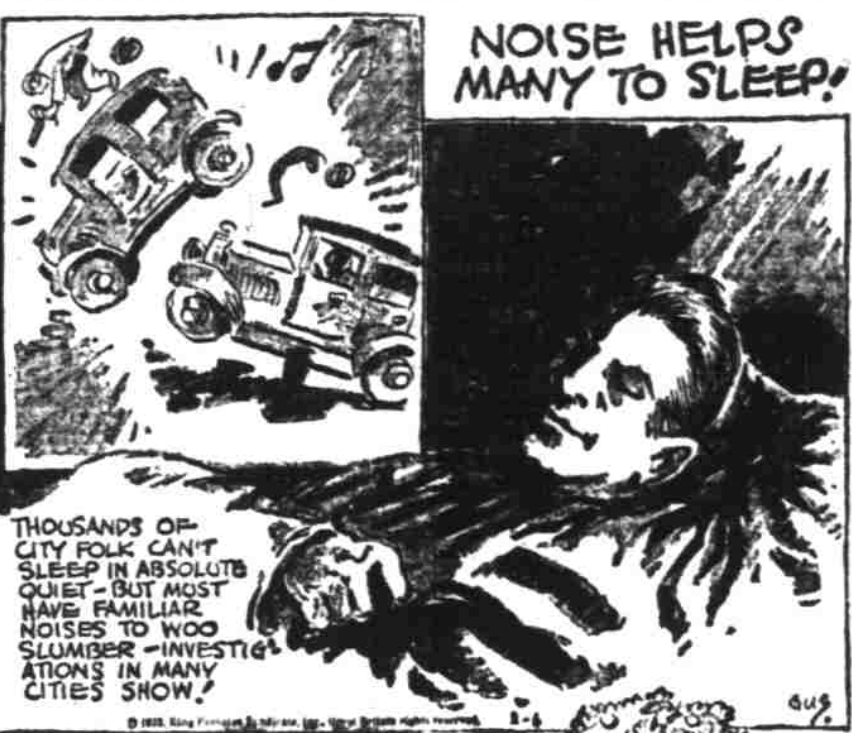
Max O. Buren, furniture dealer: "From what I have read of the proposed setup I am in favor."

Fred Smith, university athlete: "I think it's a good idea. We need a road that will carry the faster traffic."

Kenneth C. Perry, pharmacist: "I'd just as soon drive the present one. Of course, I'd prefer the three or four-lane road."

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Sunday: "Artificial sun Speeds Crops"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

First territorial officials

(Continuing from yesterday.) The reader who follows this column will recall the romance of David McLoughlin and Trottie Dring, the breaking up of which sent the dashing and polished son of Dr. John McLoughlin to follow the "call of the wild," as told by Eva Emory Dye in her rare book, "McLoughlin and Old Oregon."

He will be interested in the record of the fact that Trottie's father, Captain Dring, with his fine East India built teakwood barque Janet brought General Lane and Joe Meek from San Francisco to the Columbia—the same vessel that carried the disconsolate Trottie Dring to sea and away from the love-lorn David, and sent him in desperation into the wilderness, with the refinements of civilization sloughed off, though he did not cease to dream of the great days of his past in Paris and London and at old Fort Vancouver when it was the metropolis of a vast wilderness empire.

Governor Joseph Lane, on the day following his arrival in a Chinook Indian canoe at Oregon City, published a proclamation, as follows:

"In pursuance of an act of congress, approved the 14th of August, in the year of our Lord 1845, establishing a territorial government in the territory of Oregon: I, Joseph Lane, was on the 18th day of August in the year 1845 appointed governor in and for the territory of Oregon, and have therefore thought it proper to issue this my proclamation, making known that I have this day entered upon the discharge of the duties of my office, and by virtue thereof do declare the laws of the United States extended over and declared to be in force in said territory, so far as the same or any portion thereof may be applicable. Given under my hand at Oregon City, in the territory of Oregon, this 23d day of March Anno Domini 1849. Joseph Lane."

March 2, 1849, the day of Gov-

believe the state's engineers have in mind a more direct route which will go across a new bridge near Wilsonville and avoid the heavy traffic at Oregon City."

Max O. Buren, furniture dealer: "From what I have read of the proposed setup I am in favor."

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PROTECTING AMERICANS IN SHANGHAI



The safety of American lives and property in war-torn Shanghai hangs on the oft-proven courage of the Fourth Regiment of the United States Marines shown above marching through the foreign settlement. The Japanese occupation of the city having met with unexpected resistance from the Chinese, fighting has broken out in Chapel, the native section on the outskirts of Shanghai, and U. S. Marines and British Tommies are standing ready to defend the lives and property of their fellow countrymen and women. U. S. warships are speeding to the scene to render aid in case of emergency.

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

CHAPTER I

Always a Morales has been lord over this land. It is a past one may be proud of. For forty years it has been in my care, and I have added to its acres and increased the number of its cattle and the power of its name. I have made a domain of this land, a desert kingdom, yet today I am not content. I had hoped when the time came for me to join my fathers that I should see you with children and a husband fit to become master here."

"That is hardly the right order, uncle," she smiled up at him. But I think I understand you. You are going to tell me Ted Radcliffe cannot be a fit husband for a Morales."

"His eyes go further to meet hers. 'I would go farther. I would say no American could be. Their ways are not our ways. And yet, too, I will confess the fault in part has been mine. One forgets how the years pass. To me you are still a child. I have jealously kept you at my side, not realizing that here is, no one worthy of marriage with you. One forgets. It was wrong that you should be kept here at home on the border, among peons and half-castes, and American adventurers. I should have kept you longer in Mexico City. Already you are more American than Mexican. That was the fault of your hot-headed father. But that is over."

A spot of color glowed dangerously in the girl's cheeks. "Uncle, aren't you taking a very long way of saying that you don't want me to marry Ted?"

"Do I seem to be saying merely that? No, chiquita, what I am really saying is that you will never, never so long as I live, marry Ted Radcliffe."

For a moment the girl looked steadily into his fixed eyes. Then her own eyes flashed. She stood before him, with little clenched hands. "You tell me that? And I tell you, to me, that if there is life in me, I am sure of it, it is that I will marry him. I will be his if I must give up everything I have ever known—if it makes me an outcast, poorer than your driven peons. So you waste your time and mine in useless quarrels that hurt us both, and do nothing more. It is not fair that I, who am a woman, should be told that I shall not marry, for I say to you now and for always, I will."

For a time the old Mexican sat brooding before the girl. He seemed to be considering something fairly amusing. At last he said: "Who shall say? And yet I rather doubt that you will marry this American, since it is my wish that you leave for Mexico City tomorrow morning."

She was past pleading now. For answer she laughed. "Uncle, I have no least intention of going to Mexico City, either tomorrow or next month."

George L. Curry again became secretary of the territory May 14, 1853, by appointment of President Pierce, and governor May 19 of the same year, upon the resignation of Governor Joseph Lane.

Curry was born in Philadelphia July 2, 1820, of English ancestry, became a jeweler, but had a flair for literature, wrote poetry, and became a scholarly man. He became editor of the Spectator, first newspaper on the Pacific coast, in October, 1846, and held that position longer than any other man who had it—there being frequent changes because of his misadventures. Curry tried to be fair to all the owners and factions, but soon after Governor Lane's arrival he lost his place because he printed something distasteful to the Methodists who were stockholders; printed in the columns, not editorial, Curry was a man of good ability and of spotless character. He was strongly supported in the turbulent period of state building by the "Salem clique," of which A. Rush, publisher and editor of the Statesman, was the outstanding figure. In 1860, Curry was one of the leading candidates for United States senator, when Col. E. D. Baker and J. W. Nesmith were chosen, the other unsuccessful ones being George H. Williams and Matthew P. Deady, with Delano Smith and other aspirants receiving scattering votes.

This story might be vastly extended. Says Bancroft: "Thus Oregon enjoyed one day's experience under the president whose acts were signally linked with her history, in the settlement of the boundary, and the establishment of the laws of the United States," meaning, of course, President Polk.

The only other presidential appointee besides the governor and marshal present in the territory at its setting out on its new career was Associate Justice O. C. Pratt, who had arrived about a month previously; the bark Undine, bearing him, together with returning gold miners, had missed the Columbia and run into Shoalwater bay. Pratt landed there and went down the beach to Cape Disappointment and Baker's bay, and crossed to Astoria, where a witness, as his introduction to the field of his labors, a barbarous Indian festival at which a savage and big war dance was enacted. Justice Pratt administered the oath of office to Governor Lane and Marshal Meek.

"No!" The thin lips of Morales tightened. "Then you have twenty-four hours to revise your intentions. In the meantime keep to your room. Jito will drive you to the station in the morning. You forget, I think, that you are in Mexico. Now leave me."

Head held high, she left him, but her hands were still clenched, and once in her own room she threw herself on the bed and gave way to a storm of tears. They were more of anger than of fear, those tears, yet to her came the thought that everything Morales threatened her had the right and power to do. They were, as he had said, in Mexico. It lay wholly within his power as guardian to send her wherever he chose. Slowly the sobs died. She lay on her bed, chin in hand, and looked resentfully out at the bright morning. Once, in a frenzy of grief and anger, her little fist beat upon the pillow and hot tears started to her eyes. From beyond the window she heard the passing of a horseman, humming a Spanish song of love and fate. Suddenly the thought of separation from Ted, of living exiled from him, even for a time, became intolerable. For the next half-hour she lay outstretched on the bed, brooding, planning, and at last she tiptoed to the door. Just outside she heard someone breathing and knew that already her uncle had set a guard over her. She was a prisoner! Again her eyes flashed in rebellion.

Kicking off her shoes she tiptoed back to the window. Nothing moved outside the big hacienda. Her rooster still stood by the gate, and now she suddenly smiled. Quickly she threw off the light silk dress and slipped into a traveling costume. Again she listened at the door and heard the soft breathing of her uncle's servant outside. She walked to the window and leaned out. The patio and yard beyond lay empty in the glittering sunlight. Thickly on both sides of the window the old wisteria clung to the stucco walls. Softly she raised herself to the low window sill. Hand over hand, very gently, she lowered herself, then reached down with one slender leg until she found a resting place in the gnarled vine. In less than a minute her foot had touched the soft grass beneath, and in another instant she was running down the long path toward the tall black gates.

She looked back. A peon lounged beneath the eucalyptus. Toward the corral a dog lay, lazily scratching in the shadow of the wall. She was through the gate now, and, vaulting into the seat, touched the starter. The hum of the motor broke the desert silence and a moment later she was speeding for the open road.

The revolt against Morales had begun. Once she gained the broad Verde road the mile posts flashed by. At

the rate of over four inches an hour.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

February 6, 1907

The Willamette river rose to the 30-foot stage last night and flooded the west portion of the Spaulding lumber yard. Residents along Water street were forced to vacate their dwellings yesterday afternoon. The river was rising at

We will assume that the governor's proclamation was issued on Sunday because there was not time left on Saturday to prepare it and have it printed.

Also, the bill for the act creating the territory of Oregon was passed in the senate on Sunday, after a day and a long night of bill-busting and turmoil. In for the bill, the senate passed the bill, which was signed by the president on Sunday, August 13, 1846. President Polk signed it the next day, so the 14th was the day handed down as the date of admission.

Sunday, for final passage, Sunday for the proclamation. "The better the day the better the deed."

WAR CHIEF



Upholstered as a protection against the intense Manchurian cold, Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, standard-bearer of the Kuomintang, Chinese Nationalist Party, is shown as he left the Peking station on his way to Nanking, the capital of the Chinese Republic. While the seat of government has been removed from Nanking, troops of the Chinese army have been pouring into the city to defend it should the Japanese attempt an occupational move.

each rise she glanced behind her, half expecting to see her uncle's car in pursuit, but the rum to Verde was safely made, and an hour later the fugitive drew up before the major's quarters.

In quiet sympathy Aunt Clara listened to the girl's story and when the end came, as it did inevitably in a flood of tears, the older woman put her arm about the girl and led her into the quiet coolness of the house.

"Let's worry no more, dear, about trips to Mexico City. Instead, we'll talk about that big lover of yours. How did you two children decide you were in love?"

Through her tears the girl smiled up. "That's what's called calming the patient, isn't it?"

"Don't you care what it's called. I'm giving you a wonderful chance to talk about your Ted." She leaned back, looking at the girl with pity and something of envy. "And you do love him, don't you, dear?"

"Love him? It's as if I had been waiting for just this to happen for years. As if all my life before was just a kind of preparation for now. Does love always come like that, Aunt Clara? Does it come to everyone like that? It almost seems that to me alone this thing should be. Is it always like that, and can one keep it like that—like a clear flame?"

The older woman answered: "She may have been wondering how to reply, wondering if anyone ever could reply to that eternal question."

"Dear," she said at last, "that word love takes me back so many half-forgotten years. You will have to ask a wiser woman how long love lasts or when it goes, or why. I can only tell you that it is the most precious thing that you will ever know, and that the years have nothing to bring in compensation for its loss. For that reason, my advice would be that you see Uncle Morales and everyone else in the old familiar place before you give up Ted Radcliffe. Today he is the most talked-of human being in all the border country, and Verdi is for him, to a man. Bob told me—this is a dead secret—he's going to make your young man a partner. But how did you decide to love him?"

"She laughed. Of course not. It just came over you like pneumonia, didn't it, dear?"

Then suddenly Aunt Clara's eyes widened as she looked out the window. She chuckled. "Well, we'll have to admit the dear uncle doesn't tell much cactus grow under his feet. Look!"

Jumping to the window the girl followed her gaze to see Paco Morales's car swinging down the long, winding road of the military post. She turned to Aunt Clara with a gasp of dismay.

"Oh, I'm so weary of fighting and of wars," she sighed.

(To Be Continued)

the rate of over four inches an hour.

A bill will be introduced in the senate this morning by Senator Hodson seeking to make the Associated Press a common carrier. In event the measure is passed, the Press will be bound to furnish its service to all papers demanding it.

The selling of liquor to minors received a severe jolt yesterday when the Settlement bill passed the house. The person who violates the law forever forfeits his license to do business and lays himself open to prosecution on perjury charges.

February 6, 1922
According to the literacy standard of the National Educational association—the inability of any person more than 10 years old to write in any language—Salem has 307 and Marion county 567 illiterates.

Because of lack of funds, work on the new Salem hospital was stopped yesterday. There already has been expended \$39,000, according to Henry W. Meyers, and \$17,500 is necessary to complete the unit.

Articles of incorporation have been filed by the Capitol Ice & Storage company at a capital stock of \$75,000. Louis Lachmund, H. A. Talbot and John H. McNary are the incorporators.

Daily Thought

"The pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows, but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey." — Spanish proverb.

WASHINGTON PLAY TO BE PRESENTED

In preparation for the Washington's birthday assembly program at the senior high school is "Delusion at Dawn," a play written by Major R. B. Lawrence and centered around the life of George Washington at Valley Forge and his political difficulties. The production will be given by students of the history department under the direction of Miss Gertrude Smith.

The cast is as follows: George Washington, Robert Bishop; Martha Washington, Lucy Klein; Colonel Tilghman, Ben Thomas; Alexander Hamilton, Joe Darby; Baron Von Steuben, Zolli Volchok; messenger, William Hemenway; soldier, Henry Hockspier; widow, Frances Parks. Kenneth Morgan is manager; Claude Martin, stage manager; Marlene Crites, assistant stage manager. The stage setting is being arranged by Maurice Hudkins.