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

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Making Headway in Education

THE state board of education made excellent progress at I its Friday meeting in carrying forward its work of reorganization of higher education in Oregon. An important decision which will do a great deal to save the new adminisstrative set-up was the one to preserve the office of president on each campus and to give the super-executive the title of chancellor. No one familiar with school organization could imagine running a plant with the executive office miles away and the executive himself a traveling man. This will increase the expense it is true; but it will preserve administration which otherwise would be badly demoralized.

Speaking of expense it seems certain that the administrative costs will be heavily increased as a result of the new police system of control. There will be fiscal offices in Salem, but there will need to be local business offices on each campus as well. Here we will have a \$15,000 chancellor and we now have a \$7,500 "executive secretary". While the new presidents it is said will not have to be high-salaried men, it is observed that President Churchill goes to Monmouth at an igently hoard their substance. advance of \$500 a year.

We mention this not to find fault with the plan, but to inform the state that in administration at least there will be no economies, but rather increased "overhead". If unified administration can relieve the tension and bitterness it may be money well expended.

Selection of deans was another accomplishment of the Friday meeting. The board seems to have used good judgment in sorting its executives, using the best of the men available at the university and state college. Those who have demonstrated their ability in Oregon are retained and given larger responsibilities. However in the consolidation some able names were dropped.

The transfer of deans and professors may have some ern world isn't Christianity at all ain't it? You're waitin' for it, too, healing effect. Dr. Packard is moved from Eugene to Corval- but a creed and an institution the ain't you?—where does it take me lis and Profs. Hoyt and Jewell from Corvallis to Eugene. It product of centuries of evolution to? I'm aimin' to go to the state and compromise. This bending of hospital to make a call." sors, some of the commerce instructors at Corvallis going to tical persists through generations. Eugene and some of the Eugene science men going to Cor- So this historian of early Judah vallis. An exchange of students may also be made. It is rea- said: "moreover their children, sonable to expect that these shifts may serve to temper some and their children's children-as of the bitterness between the two schools. It might be well if there were frequent loans of professors between the schools.

The "chiselers" seem to be getting busy. First there is the appeal to let upper-class students complete their degree work in schools like commerce at Corvallis and journalism at Eugene. Then there is the plea of the editorial association that the school of journalism at the university be preserved. Friends of the "war departments" are on hand to urge retention of upper class military instruction. Each proposal must be considered on its merits; but the board will have to ucation schools, in your opinion?" And as long as I was comin' I be careful or the camel's body will be inside the tent again.

Radio station KOAC will be saved to the state. The present and potential value of this station is great. It is the and one with an exceptionally only full-time, non-commercial station and the only publicly broad mind. We can have nothing owned station in the state. At a time when the other stations | petty in this." are fast falling into monopolistic control and becoming almost wholly commercialized it is important to preserve this high school: "Since all the schools station KOAC. When funds are available extension should be will be headed by separate men, made to Eugene to give broadcasts from the university.

Who will be the Oregon chancellor? The choice is said under a single head, it will take to be narrowing down to a small group of men. The state somebody pretty smooth to meet wants some one who can qualify according to some exacting the rivalry between the different specifications. We really ought to get St. Gabriel on a leave of absence. Lacking that potent seraph we may hope that good angels may attend the board in making its selection, tor: "I think the University of per-man" I should think. As to The state is eager to know who will direct the destinies of was strictly an executive. Sproul am not able to state." its higher schools; and is hopeful too that he may prove entirely worthy of the office he will fill.

Truck Looks Like Landing Field
"MUDGE POT" PERRY columnist for the Medford Mail-Tribune, came to town with his ball team to look at Salem behind the ears and scribble stuff for old home town

folks to read. The first installment with the Salem date-line contained the following observations of interest:

"Arrived at 3:13 a. m. Thursday. There is no depression up here, as everybody seems to be driving a truck at night on the Pacific highway. Between Roseburg and the outskirts of Salem, only 36 trucks were counted by the chauffeur, Dubb Watson. If this does not seem like enough, it must be remembered it was a rainy night, and the dull time of the year. Near Cottage Grove,—believe it or not—a plain ordinary auto driven by a plai believe it or not-a plain, ordinary auto, driven by a plain, ordinary citizen, was caught red-handed using the right-of-way he

"Some of these trucks are monsters in size. The rear-end of one was mistaken by the writer for a landing field.

Somewhere between Eugene and Salem there is a sign which reads: 'THIS IS AN OREGON TRUNK HIGHWAY.' Not & trunk was sighted, and same should be designated as an 'Oregon

"Your corr. has witnessed eight basketball games and is rapidly getting enough. The feature of the tournament is the absolute lack of boohooing from the Salem section. They are perfect lambs and quite decorous, for a change and a wonder. Something has transpired to make them act like a 'host team.'

Portland lunch clubs are in a jam because the hotels are charging them six-bits a head for a meal which includes a place for Bobbing and Johnnying each other, listening to orators get the gas off their chests, and hearing diluted Sunday school talks on business ethics. The fear is expressed that the clubs may surrender their charters because members slip away to four-bit or forty-cent lunch counters. What a boon it would be if the hotels would raise the rates to a dollar and thus insure the end of the misery.

Chauncey Olcott, famed Irish tenor, who made "My Wild Irish e" a community song favorite, is dead. The music of that song to the heart; but the last two lines are coarse; Some day for my sake, she may let me take

The bloom from my wild Irish Rose."

It is a case where the poet's inspiration ran dry and he had to jerrybuild lines to complete his stanza.

Police circulars on the Lindbergh baby case are going over the country. The fault we have to flud with them is that they don't have the mug of the kidnaper instead of the face of the missing baby on them.

Advance showings indicate the new bathing suits will be "sheri

ay Dermon

FAITH AND PRACTICE "Thus they came to fear the Lord, but they also continued to corve their own gods, according to the custom of the nations from which they had been carried away. To this day they continue to do according to the earlier custom." II Kings 17:23-34.

Religious customs die hard, Any separatist group finds it difficult to maintain its identity when surrounded by alien faiths. The result is very often compromise between virile new faiths and venerable customs native to the soil. Thus Judaism had a long battle against Canaanitish worship. The grosser and easier religions constantly draw down those fired with higher idealism.

Similar compromises were made with the spread of early Christianity. When the new faith gained legal recognition in many of the villages of Greece and Italy it did not so much root out the ancient pagan customs as absorb them. Local gods were made over into patron saints; pagan rites and festivals were transformed into Christian feasts or holy-days. Celebration of the birth of Mithras

was appropriated for Christmas.

Christianity comes to us strained through numerous filters; through Greek speculative philo-sophy which left its imprint in the Fourth gospel; through Roman zeal for organization-by which ecclesiatical polity was formed; through Nordic instincts of combativeness by which, so it is claimed, protestant Christianity was made to sanction aggressive acquisitiveness which characterizes modern capitalism. The religion of any age is the resultant of compromise between the principles of faith, the indigenous beliefs and practices of the land, and the prevailing mental "climate."

So our western Christianity has at various times justified slavery, blessed war, accepted tainted tolerated intemperance, ignored exploitation of labor.

Christ said: "Cast your bread on the waters." His followers dil-Christ said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures." His followers build great vaults and rent

safe deposit vaults. Christ said: "Take no thought for the morrow." His followers

Men "fear the Lord" even as in ancient Israel; but they "continue to serve their own gods", of desire and self-interest. Perhaps Christianity is not practicable; perhaps to be workable it must be

their fathers did, so they continue to do to this day." Human nature still mixes high

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "What are the essential qualifications for chancellor for Oregon's higher ed-

Mrs. Joe Rogers, Independence route one: "I think he should be a man of the highest education

Fred D. Wolf, principal Salem the chancellor should be both a business executive and a good school man, too. If they are all

F. E. Neer, Salem school direc-

HERE'S HOW By EDSON



Tuesday: "Most Dreams Are Bad"

Sunday is Very Wearing Day and Not Much Can be Said For Monday

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

walted one merning for a bus at 13th and Oak streets. Also waiting was a nervous littlewoman whom I had never seen before. I inferred that she had recently arrived at the adjacent Southern Pacific passenger sta-tion. She was clinging to a small

Said she, "I subtainly detest worry themselves into the grave waitin', don't yout When I'm for fear, for fear of the ready to go I want to go, don't What creek's that over there?

"That," I replied, is South Mill Creek, and sometimes it's wet and sometimes it's dry." "A regluh astute politician of

a creek, ain't it?" she smiled. And perhaps Christianity as or- a while, if I ever do,—I suppose ganized and operated in the west- it's pretty sure to come sometime,

in vogue at the State and Commercial street intersection. "Well. I subtainly wish that bus

would hurry along. You didn't tell me whether you mind waitin' for busses and trains and things. You where I came from told me I a country where folks snap around. Came to stay with my daughter on a ranch up the line a piece. I've been simply hankerin' to see Salem. Folks are always talkin' about it, and I can't bear to listen to folks talk about anything I haven't seen, can you? thought I'd bring down a little present for a neighbor of ours whe's in the hospital. Folks back

never was a scholar. I think you get better results with an executive than with a scholar."

Mrs. H. R. White, homemaker: I don't like the whole thing if you really want to know what I awaited bus silently turned the street is alive with cars. Going think of it. The man who takes the work will have to be a remarkable executive, the Hke of which I have never seen."

Mrs. James Smith, homemaker: From the size of the job offered any man taking on the work would have to resemble Nietchie's "su-

The crisis is reached on the thir

teenth or fourteenth day. After that the aches, pains and fever gradually

A sufferer from this disease re-

uires expert care and nursing. Without it there is always danger d a serious complication, such as

of a serious complication, such as broncho-pneumonia. The patient should be given food that is easily digested; water should be taken freely, and the mouth should be kept

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

As civilization education have spread the earth, this disease has was not

disease greatly deteenth century that typhus fever was rec-ognized and treated as a dis-

fever was recognised and treated as a district disease. It is now believed to be carried by a parasite resembling the ordinary body louse.

Typhus fever occurs whenever large numbers of people are massed toysther under poor hygienic conditions. It is always found in wars. In the recent world war the lisease was one of the worst afflictions of trench life.

The disease is more common in Europe than in this country. The ast epidemic in America was in 1885, and since then only occasional cases have been reported. When the disease appears in this country, it is assually found among recent lumingrants.

Among the signs of typhus fever care sudden chill and fever. The fever persists and on the second day

Answers to Health Queries

Answers to Health Queries Mrs. P. M. Q.—I am underweight, a girl 16 years old 64 in in it all right to take cod-liver oil A.—He should water



act as if you kind o' like waitin'. find people different from what You must be an Oregonian. I I'd been used to-somethin' like came not a great while ago from China, they said, where time doesn't matter much-slow and easy, y'know. If they miss one bus they sit down cam'ly and wait for another, and sometimes, if the second bus sneaks up on 'em and they'd have to run to catch it. they wait for another. What's that buildin' over youduh?" I pointed out to her the wooler

mill, the Twelfth street cannery the dome of the statehouse (which she declared should be gilded, like the one in Boston) and explained to her the location of other state buildings. This required a number of minutes, during which time our backs were to the thoroughfare on which the bus was to approach. During which time, also, the corner, and sped down Oak street. places. The boys driving steadily

"The bus has sneaked up on us with both hands on the wheel. The and gone, madam," I announced. For a moment or two the little straight of hats, tout ensemble voman danced and sputtered, her arms waving, her eyes flashing, the day the street is again alive her face going red and white by urns. Then, suddenly she laughed, "Land o' Goshen!" she gasped. 'I'm gettin' that way myself! Serves me right for gabbin' with a stranguh." She seated herself in semble wrinkled. And Monday the one-shelf cupboard provided for waiting passengers at that cor- to be said for Monday morning, exner, opened her suitcase and dabbed some powder on her face. "Oh well," she sighed, "I'm kind o' for rest before another Sunday tired anyway and there's no special hurry that I know of. There'll be another bus in 20 minutes, you say? All right. Just the same. you needn't think for a minute I'm goin' to let this habit grow

"It will," I assured her, "and you'll be none the worse for it ossibly you'll be glad of it." "I don't believe it." she said. But there was something in the

one of her voice and the expression of her face that suggested doubt.

There are folks who smile through life in the belief that comething of a happy nature may appen, and there are others who loom through life in the belief that nothing of a happy nature will happen. Both are disappointed more or less, but I reckon the of the editorials in this newspasmiling hopers have the best of it in the long run.

(Reported. Semi-confidential. Name of newspaper not giv-

Everybody has days when nothng seems to be as it should bedays of protest and complaint And we don't gain much by 'em. Usually, nothing is wrong on such days but ourselves.

Nothing, of course, warrants he use of profane language. But there are occasions, as almost any sufferer from a sharp attack of lumbago will tell you, that approach very near to such warrant, dear friends. "Ar-r-r," gasped Pete Kipley, when a baseball hit him in the stomach, "the blank-etty-blink-blunketty-blank thing never t-t-t-touched me! Mighty near did though," he added aweetly, after he and his breath had ly, after he and his breath had resumed their pleasantly normal relationship.

Is it a diversion you long for, buddy? Buy a new shirt and count the pins.

A very trying day, Sunday, Al

"THE LOVE TRAP" BY ROBERT SHANNON

Pretty Mary Kennedy breaks her engagement to elderly Buck Landers, wealthy sports promoter, when she falls in love with his young ward, Stove Moore, Landers tries to force Mary to marry him by hidnapping Stove and threateshing him, unless she does. He gives Mary twenty-four hours to decide. She enlists the aid of Carlotta, Landers' former sweetheart, who suggests that a flirtation with Bat, Landers' henchman, may reveal Steve's whereabouts. Carlotta and Mary go to see Landers and Carlotta warms him against the hid.

"What so you mean?"

Her blue eyes held him with a burning steadiness. "You ought to know what I mean. Don't you over get sick of yourself for taking money to meak around after a girl? You look like a man—don't you ever want to act like one?"

His color darkened violently. Her scorn had touched some secret spot in his self-esteem, and he glared at her without being able, on the instant, while she gathered her daring together. It was a desperate chance aloud.

"But I don't suppose you ever want to a pal—aame as he would do a favor for taking money to sneak around after a girl? The underlying trait in him that claimed equality with his master deceived Mary not at all. He was a liar, and there was a taint of cow-ardice behind his vicious exterior. Also, he was encouragingly dumb. Mary bit her lips for an instant, while she gathered her daring together. It was a desperate chance aloud.

She was trembling inwardly, but

Mary go to see Landers and Car-lotta warns him against the kid-napping. Landers orders her out. Later, Mary discovers she has Car-lotta's bag by mistake. It contains CHAPTER XXVII

SHE walked across the lobby and out the front door. On the curb, balancing himself, stood the ever-watchful Bat. He had discarded his cap and was wearing gray felt hat.

The shape of his face was crooked He was looking at Mary with expressionless eyes. She did not avoid his gaze,

It was strange, but true, that the possession of Cariotta's automatic pistol gave her a feeling of protection. She had never touched such a weapon before, but she knew perfectly well how to use it. The movies had taught her that; you merely pointed it at somebody and pulled the trigger. It was a simple opera-tion. Bat did not seem as terrifying as he had been before. She walked down to the corner of

Broadway and stopped at a fruit-juice stand for a glass of the cold, sweet liquid. Bat hovered not fifteen feet away from her. Some-where inside his ugly head was the secret of Steve's whereabouts. If he wanted to talk-if he turned traitor to Landers—he could replace her horrible worry with marvelo joy. But to wring anything from him would be equivalent to crushing a cobble stone in her little pink palms.

A wild impulse stirred her She looked straight at Bat.
"Hello," she said quietly
He shot a surprised glance at her,

his face startled out of its crooked immobility. He hadn't expected her to speak to him-it upset his morale. "Hello," he growled with hard de-Nevertheless, Mary knew that is

some subtle way, he had been flattered. She turned and walked back in the direction from which she had come; back past the hotel in an aimless direction that was taking her harm, have I?" away from the subways and busses. It was a maneuver that puzzled Bat, from this first success of the open- body says anything to you, just call turbed fidelity. At the corner, she this creature might be used to magstopped and waited for him to come nificent purpose. His steps slowed and he hung him.

back, but eventually he had to come broath sharply, nerving herself. She half turned toward him, one of her live, gold hair had strayed from under the little blue hat, her cheeks were lit with color, her eyes full of gathered intensity. It was as though a flame burned inside her.

Bat would have walked past, with his hat pulled down and his jaw firmly set, but she pulled him out of his pretended absent-mindedness. "Don't you ever get tired of fol-lowing me around?" she demanded

His face flushed darkly, and he came to an awkward halt.

most any Sunday. Wearing. In the

morning of the day Commercial

girls pink of cheeks, red of lips,

perfect. Towards the evening of

with cars. Coming back from

places. The driving a bit unsteady,

weary like. One pink cheek where

before were two. Lips red only in

spots. Hat over one eye. Tout en-

morning-well, not much good is

cept that it begins another work-

aday week, which folks must have

It is spring. I think it must be

spring. Lo, where the rosy-bosom-

ed hours, fair Venus train appear,

disclose the long-expecting flow-

ers and wake the purple year!-

as the poet Gray or somebody

said. The youngsters in the resi-

dence districts are playing ball,

the landscape is colored with blos-

the thermometer-O darn-

thermometer-give it time.

soms, the birds are nesting, but

"Now, young man," said a Sa-lem mother severely to her 12-

year-old son, who has been disre-

spectful in his language and had

been brought into the house by

method "you sit right down in

that chair and read every word

Some of the youngsters are

I know fully a dozen men, and I

reckon there are hundreds of oth-

ers, who find it as difficult to keep

Daily Thought

lukewarm in their praise of the

spring opening demonstration last week. Because there were no fire-

the firm hand and coat collar

comes to pass.

She was trembling inwardly, but Bat began preening himself. The her mind was dizzy with longing for attention he was drawing from



A wild impulse stirred her. She looked straight at Bat. "Hello," she said quietly.

him-even if she had to force her braiding. She was different - s

way through brick walls! him against release. She tried to permitted himself, expanded his ego read what was in his mind, and it and he tried to look important. For seemed that he was more embar- Mary's daring gamble, his attitude rassed than angry. The flush on his was perfect. face looked like shame, his body was awkward, his lips jerked a little as I'm keeping an eye on you," he if fumbling for proper words with stated grandly, out of the corner of which to establish his masculinity. his mouth. "In a way, I'm a pre-

tried to make casual. "You got me wrong, Miss Kennedy. I ain't never offered you any either."

She tasted a bitter satisfaction lowing you, Miss Kennedy. If any-

She continued to look straight at

back, but eventually he had to come "Harm me? You've done things ing you tagging around after me, But this was not true, and Bat and I wish you'd quit it." knew it. He had, in fact, done very hands clutched. A tiny wisp of her little. Injured innocence came to his live, gold hair had strayed from defense and he was able, with a I'm sticking right behind you wherthrust of emphasis, to deny the ac- ever you go-but you know that

> me. You got no right to call me anything to do up there," she said. dirty names." He was apparently "If I was to go to a movie, I suppose pleased with the strength of his de- you'd trail me right inside." nial, and was tempted to embellish it. He had his pride and vanity, and had no relish to appear contemptible in the eyes of a girl as pretty as

Steve. She must find him and see Mary flattered him, despite her upway through brick walls! higher type than the girls of his own
Her eyes clung to Bat, holding circle. The bit of boasting he had

"You needn't be worried because

"I'd be a lot safer without your protection-or Landers' protection "It ain't so bad to have me fol-

"Are those your orders?"

"Nd, it's just my own idea to bust anybody that bothers you." "Well, it makes me nervous hav-

"I'm afraid it can't be helped

without me telling you." "I sin't ever lifted a finger Mary seemed to hesitate, as against you!" he declared vigorous- though in doubt as to her destinely. "If other people have made your life miserable—you can't blame ing home now, because I haven't get

(To Be Continued)

BITS for BREAKFAST

"Sure."

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Does Oregon mean Chinook?

In the Oregon Historical society Quarterly for June, 1921, there was printed an article by T. C. Elliott, beginning:

"Recent research establishes the fact that the name Oregon is a corruption or variation by Jonathan Carver of the name Ouro- and contains our first known gon or Ourigan, which was communicated to him by Major Robert Rogers, the English command- year 1778 . . . A proposal or peant of the frontier military and tition by Major Rogers to the trading post at Mackinac, Michi- King's Privy Council containing gan, during the years (1766-67) the name OURAGON bears date of Captain Carver's journey to the in August, 1767; and a similar upper valley of the Mississippi proposal by Major Rogers conriver and to Lake Superior.

"The evidence in support of

this assertion is contained in doc-

uments deposited in the Public Records Office in London, England, and now made the basis of this brief discussion . . . Connection of the name of Major Robert in in northeastern Massachussetts; became an astute Inthe leader of the famous 'Rogers' French and Indian war in North America His skill in Indian warfare exicited the wonder and admiration of his men and fellow officers and gained him a national reputation.

"Then followed 30 years of more or less continuous debauchery of both mind and body. . . . and his duplicity, marital infidelfriends and country were disgusting. During the war of the Rev-olution ha first olution he first espoysed the cause of the colonies but was suspected of heing a spy and escaped from confinement in Philadelphis about the time of the Declaration of Independence. Later he fell under suspicion while a recruiting officer for the British in Canada and fled to England. The last 15 years of his life were spent in

ficer's half pay in London, where he died in May, 1795, and the place of his burial is today unknown.

4 4 4 "Captain Carver's 'Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America,' which had such a remarkable vogue in literature mention of the name OREGON. was published in London in the taining the name OURAGON

bears date in February, 1772.

"A petition by Captain Carver to the King's Privy Council, showipg the original association of Carver with Major Rogers for the purpose of western exploration, was acted upon in May, 1769; and Rogers with Oregon history is a later petition by Captain Car-NEW and entertaining, but a ver, which shows that the jourstudy of the career of that officer nals and charts aforesaid had is not inspiring. He was born in been and then still were deposited November, 1731, in a pioneer cab- with the Board of Trade. London, bears date in November, 1773. Not only did Major Rogers put dian fighter and the organizer and into writing the name Ouragon during the year before he engaged Rangers' of the seven years Captain Carver to undertake a western journey but none of the several petitions (as far as yet examined) by Captain Carver contains the name Oregon, although mentioning other localities he visited in the west

"As governor commandant at Mackinae from August, 1776, to December, 1767, Major Rogers had abundant opportunity to inward the Rocky mountains and years of his life were spent in obscurity and low living on an ofit, dull or bright, petty or grand, pure or foul, looks out of the eyes, sounds in the voice, and appears in the manners of each individual. It is what we call personality. Charles W. Elist.

ward from a source in Minnesota ... By 1772 he had learned that the Missouri must be ascended to its source before reaching the Oursgon. Here is early geographical data that has not before come to our attention; an outline of the outward journey by Lawis and Clark in 1895 and of part of the sonality. Charles W. Elist.

(Continued on page 2)