

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave"
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The Truth on the Columbia

THE non-political board of army engineers has turned in a report on the Columbia river that doesn't satisfy the politicians who are anxious to make records for themselves by getting the federal government to spend hundreds of millions of dollars on the Columbia for development of navigation which would not be used and of power which is not needed. The engineering board says what was common knowledge before, that the "Columbia river and its tributaries are susceptible of being developed into the greatest system for water power to be found anywhere in the United States. The power can be developed at low cost."

Regarding the value of the stream for navigation the report states that present commerce on the middle river is unimportant, and there is no reason to anticipate substantial commerce with large transportation economies even if the river were improved for efficient and economical barge operation. The board does take the stand that if power dams are built, providing slack water, the government might be justified in spending \$16,000,000 for canals and locks as aid to navigation. These conclusions seem eminently sound though the booster organizations will weep copiously over the findings. When we first came to the northwest we heard "open river" speakers saying that all that was needed was the building of the Cello canal. These locks were built at government expense, and now are never used. They are a monument to a mistaken idea. Why should the government pour more millions into making over the stream when present facilities are unused?

There will be a real quarrel over the engineers' report that the federal government should not finance the power dams but leave that to local government authority or private interests. But certain facts are so apparent that our senators should exude no bile over this recommendation of the report. Certain it is there is no present or prospective market for the power; and certain it is that the federal treasury is in no condition to stand such a costly venture.

The matter of Columbia river development might very well be put to sleep for at least a decade except for the great need of candidates who want to get elected to congress and the senate and the governorship. It must be kept alive to serve as political ammunition biennially.

The Question Box

SOMETIMES in the past this paper has looked over its glasses at certain suggestions from the Hon. State Treas. about how to run the state's business. But we must commend him for his latest proposal that there be a suggestion box set up where persons could drop in suggestions for more economical or efficient administration of state affairs. Now there's a real bright idea; and we think Gov. Meier was wrong in changing the subject and not following it up. A box like they used to poke tickets in for the night of the spring opening ought to be put in the center of the rotunda, right "under the dome". That would be big enough to hold all the suggestions that seekers after truth, babes in the political woods, and earnest souls might think of to drop in the slot.

The suggestion box ought to be opened publicly and the items read in a loud, clear voice and the answers announced with no mumbling of the words. It is to be expected that there would be a miscellaneous assortment of foreign matter, wads of gum, cigarette butts, candy bar wrappers; but who knows, there might be some gems of wisdom in the box too, which Hon. Holman could use for a fresh theme-song.

The idea is a good one and ought to be carried out—clear out. There is not an office where the subordinates couldn't say just how it could be run better than the way it is run; and by use of the suggestion box they could get their ideas across and still hold their jobs. If the box is planted, we have a hatful of suggestions to drop into it.

Government Money-Lending

EVIDENTLY Secretary of Agriculture Hyde doesn't think much of his assignment of parcelling out loans to farmers. He ought to know because the department has had experience in former years with seed loans, and no year's loans have ever been collected in full. In fact losses have been heavy. Last year's loans through the drought belt were repaid only in a small percentage because of the serious drought through the northern tier of wheat growing states. So experience justifies Hyde in saying that as a loan agent, the department is the "prize boob in the history of finance." He further testifies that now the loans being made cannot be called good business, and "the department is lending more money on thinner security and sustaining more losses than ever before in the history of money-lending in the world."

The department takes fair security in a first mortgage on the crop to be grown; and in any normal times this is more than ample to repay the loan if the government makes diligent effort to collect it. But where people borrow from the government they rarely feel under much compulsion to repay.

After observing federal and state seed loans for many years, we have about come to the same conclusion as Sec. Hyde that it is poor business for the government to branch out as money lenders. But congressmen must be re-elected.

Portland Republicans

ARE there any republicans left in Portland? Apparently not, of the loyal variety. Here is a city of 800,000 population, normally heavily republican, with no real party man as candidate for congress. True J. E. Bennett is a candidate; but on an anti-Hoover platform. And Harry Gross is a candidate on his own platform of anti-republicanism. Is the party organization there absolutely moribund? Or is there a deal to re-elect General Martin, whose independence in congress has not been to the exact liking of his party whips?

A few days remain for candidates to file. Why not graduate Mayor Baker into congress?

The fiercest Irishman has been elected president of the Irish Free State, Eamon De Valera. Only he isn't an Irishman either. He was born in America of a Spanish father. His mother, Irish, still lives in this country.

G. Porter has sank into running for the legislature.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

"R. Porter" is still struggling along at one-half of one per cent.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 1, 1907
The talking machine craze is still on and bids fair to continue with increased interest, local music house proprietors say.

A bird lovers' organization was effected yesterday. Officers elected were: president, A. F. Hoyer; vice president, Mrs. D. J. Fry; Mrs. J. Frank Hughes and Miss Taylor; secretary, J. Cox; corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. C. Hawley; treasurer, Mrs. Hughes.

NEW YORK — Out of the ruck of the broken stock market have come many stories as to the fortunes won by the lucky few who succeeded in calling the turn.

April 1, 1922
At a meeting of the Willamette university campus committee yesterday, it was decided that the maple trees along the State street parking should be pulled down and replaced with rose bushes.

Hottest day of the year! Yesterday was by 10 degrees the most summery day of the season. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a downtown thermometer registered 70 degrees.

Totally unexpected to him, Frank Davey was presented yesterday with a fully signed petition with a large number of names attached asking him again to become a candidate for the legislature.

New Views

"Do you think satisfactory prohibition law enforcement possible in Salem? In Oregon?" These questions were asked about town yesterday by Statesman reporters.

P. H. Jaskowski, printer: "That's hard to tell. Why should you ask me a question like that? No, I don't think it is any harder to enforce for the whole state than for Salem."

W. H. Henderson, ad solicitor: "I don't know. That's a hard one. I'll let someone else answer it."

Mrs. C. H. Ringwald, homemaker: "Yes, I think it can be satisfactorily enforced in both the city and state. A more particular group of enforcement officers could make this possible."

Mrs. A. E. Wickert, homemaker: "Of course it is possible. Salem is more a religious center than most cities and that makes it easier to satisfactorily enforce prohibition here. As to the state—it's hard to say."

Mrs. Winifred Pettyjohn, realtor: "That is what is bothering all of us. I'd like to see it. I think that in time it can be worked out. Likewise in the state. There's a solution needed but I don't know what it is."

Mrs. L. S. Steiner, homemaker: "It should be enforced if proper measures are taken, in the state as well."

Daily Thought

"The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower."—Ingersoll.

REHEARSALS STARTED
HUBBARD, March 31—Rehearsal for the musical comedy "Lilac Time" have been started. It will be presented on Monday, May 2 for the benefit of the community club fund.



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We invite you to open and maintain a regular account here so that you also may enjoy to the maximum extent the benefits available through such an association. An initial deposit of any reasonable amount will open an account.

The United States National Bank
Salem, Oregon

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



FOR 7.50!!
THAT'S ALL THE AVERAGE OLD-UP WEBS—DENVER POLICE FIND!

Tomorrow: "Americans Eat the Most"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Peter Skene Ogden:
"His body was laid to rest in Mountain View cemetery at Oregon City, where his grave may still be seen, a wild rose bush its only adornment, and the glistering peak of Mt. Hood its only monument."

Thus wrote T. C. Elliott in relating the last sickness and passing of Peter Skene Ogden at his home, "The Cliffs," near the city by the falls on September 27, 1854, attended in his last sickness by his wife, who was a remarkable woman, though an Indian of the Spokane tribe, and his favorite daughter, Sarah Julia, the wife of Archibald McKinnay, a chief trader of the Hudson's Bay company; and by Dr. Forbes Barclay.

Mr. Elliott wrote the above quoted words in the course of an interesting review of the life of Ogden, connected with the publication of Ogden's journals in the Oregon Historical society quarterly numbers of 1909 and 1910; the journals being taken up largely with the trapping expeditions led in the years of the twenties (1800) sent out by the Hudson's Bay company, and led by him.

These expeditions, called the Snake country expeditions, ranged all over the country beyond the Cascades, and as far east as the Rockies and Great Salt Lake and southwest into the Shasta region of California. He discovered and named the Shasta river and Mount Shasta. Ogden, Utah, was named for him, also Ogden hole nearby, and Ogden river and Ogden valley.

The cavalades he led contacted with all the tribes of Indians of an empire in extent of territory, at a time when many of the tribesmen had not before seen the face of a white man, and when to travel through their territory was at the daily risk of life at their hands, and from predatory animals, to say nothing of the chances of starvation in sections therefore unexplored, without food for man or beast except what

was afforded by the wild country itself—and with snowy mountains to climb and frozen and swollen rivers to cross—for the trapping season late fall, winter and early spring; and the regions principally subject to very low winter temperatures.

No man in all the history of the fur trade in North America risked more dangers, suffered more from near starvation, was exposed to more hardships. Yet his remarkable qualities of mind and body carried him through a career of adventure that began in boyhood in the wilds of Canada and continued over half a continent in its primitive stages until he was 69, and brought him, in pawn of fortune, safely through it all, to die of natural causes in his own home and in the bosom of his family.

Reverting to the first, quoted, paragraph of this column, the writer would suggest that the memory of Peter Skene Ogden is deserving of a more distinctive and enduring monument over his grave than a wild rose bush—and would be only one great and high service credited to the many performed by him, but of a multitude of them to our early pioneer ancestors, in his character as ranking and chief officer of the Hudson's Bay company. That one was the rescue of the living victims of the Whitman massacre.

The story is a familiar one in pioneer annals. Archibald McKinnay, his son-in-law, husband of his daughter Sarah Julia, wrote of that exploit of him: "He was undoubtedly a man of great courage and endurance, his utter disregard of personal inconvenience and suffering rendered him just the man for any difficult and dangerous task. He was greatly esteemed by his brother officers and nearly worshipped by his men and the Indians. His last great and good work was when he went with a small party of men to liberate the poor women and children captured by the Cayuses after the Whitman massacre, a dangerous task and one which the Indians plainly told him no other need have attempted."

Mr. Elliott briefly told the story in these words: "On December 6, 1847, late at evening, a French-Canadian messenger arrived at Port Vancouver in a canoe from the Columbia, bringing a letter from Wm. McBean of Fort Walla Walla giving the news and particulars of the massacre and captivity at the Whitman mission. Mr. Ogden was first informed and at once went into consultation with Mr. Douglas.

"The problem presented to them was a complicated and perplexing one. The location of the international boundary at the 49th parallel had been determined by treaty 18 months previous, the Whitman mission was an American settlement and the legislative body of the provisional government of Oregon was at that time in session at Oregon City only 25 miles distant; but that government was physically powerless to begin and carry on a war against the Indians without calling upon the Hudson's Bay company for even powder and lead, not to mention other equipment.

"Should the officers of the company take the initiative, or merely report the event to the Americans? If the former alternative, could the company accomplish anything before the excitable Americans further angered the Indians and rendered the Hudson's Bay company's influence? (Continued on page 7)

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

CHAPTER XXVII
LITTLE color came back to his face. "Isn't Bill Calvert a peach? I know you'll like them all, just as I do. It's a bit thick on Eileen for me to be asked to like this for a couple of weeks, but honestly, I don't think she minds it. Everything worked out splendidly, Mary. I'm so glad I came up here, and broke the news to her in my own way."

"It makes our conscience feel better, doesn't it?" Mary smiled.
"The old conscience is as clear as a maiden's prayer book," she said, with a flash of his old self. "Will be back on my feet and fighting as soon as I get rest... rest..." His voice trailed off.
She could see that he was weak. No use taxing his strength too far. She bent over and kissed him lightly on the cheek, and as she straightened up, the nurse came back into the room. In her own room, Mary found a maid in a black dress turning down her bed.
"Shall I unpack your things and hang them up?" the girl asked pleasantly.
"No, thank you very much," Mary said, unwilling to have this strange girl rummage among her clothes.
"Young Mr. Calvert is down in the library," said the girl, "and he said, if you weren't too tired, he'd like to have you drop down and have a bit of refreshment with him before you turn in."

A pleasant house. . . . A charming, dignified way to live, Mary thought. No hurry, no excitement. . . . so different from any life she had ever experienced. Some day it would be something like this.

A little later she walked slowly down the wide staircase, and her nervousness gone and her weary self already refreshed and quietly content. Bill was in the library, busy with a silver percolator on a small table, a tray of sandwiches, and a plate of cake cut in squares. A small roll of flesh showed above his collar—the explanation of his slight overweight was visible before him.
"I always have something before I turn in—seem to need just a snack," he explained, coquishly.

They sat on one of the two sofas that flanked the empty fireplace, with the little table between them. It was very confidential and friendly, this midnight snack, with Mary nibbling a piece of cake, and Bill Calvert putting away innumerable small sandwiches. No wonder Steve adored these people. Money was at the base of their life, of course, but there was something else besides that—an unconscious and simple ease that a man like Buck Landers could never acquire if his wealth ran into billions.

"And when am I to see your sister?" Mary asked Bill.
"Oh, in the morning, I suppose. She's gone to bed now, and so has father. But, oh, yes; Eileen wants me to tell you—she wants to have an important talk with you. That's what she says it is—important."

A maid with a tray tapped at Mary's door in the morning, and she had breakfast in her room. Apparently such was the custom in this house of gracious living. Yes, it was heavenly to have enough money to provide luxury and beauty in one's daily life.

Mary came downstairs at her leisure; if she had previously felt any social embarrassment, it had all vanished now. Mrs. Calvert met her near the library door.
"Good morning, Miss Kennedy. Did you sleep well? Yes, I know you did because you look so completely rested and bright."

Mr. Calvert appeared, an older, broader edition of his son, a broad-shouldered man with close gray hair and the deep tan of a man who plays much golf. Even now he was moving toward a car that waited outside with a driver.

glad the great mentor has decided himself and that the flat "Yes" or "No" statement the famous and successful coach owed the University of Oregon a week or so ago has been issued. We don't mind saying we're glad the flat statement which finally answered the question was "Yes." I'm going to Wisconsin." Further, we feel enough confidence in the Oregon sense of pride and self-respect to wager that if a poll were taken now of students, alumni and other persons interested in football the answer would only hurry the doctor toward his new field of endeavor.

What other attitude could Oregon people take? What other reaction could be had from Spears' capers during these days of conversation between Madison and Eugene? Spears tells a Portland Oregonian reporter that his action is taken with sincere regret. No doubt! There's good fishing here and year-round golf. "He felt his presence at the university under the present terms of his contract, which calls for \$11,500 a year, was not in keeping with the program of economy." Alibi! Here's the real meat of the situation:

"But with the wide demand in the state for unification of the University of Oregon and Oregon State college and an economical program, and since the board of trustees has indicated its desire to make some changes in the athletic program of the school. . . . So far he has given a clear and, probably at the time negotiations with Wisconsin started, justifiable reason. But he must put his foot on the gas of the sentence. . . . I do not believe that any of us should stand in the way."

As though Spears cared one way or the other! Spears was scared, seemingly too scared to accept assurance from the highest authorities involved that the state board would not touch his exalted position. Such assurance was given him. He was given an unofficial test vote of confidence from all over the state that should have won loyalty from anyone capable of such a feeling—even without a supposedly binding contract. His remark that "remaining at Oregon

might embarrass the educational board" is the sort of thing some people say when they try to explain away a situation that should be painfully embarrassing to themselves. The people who were

really embarrassed yesterday were those of Oregon who had openly expressed their confidence in Spears—and wa, unhappily, number ourselves among the embarrassed ones.—Eugene News.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

FOR centuries night air was believed dangerous and harmful to health. Windows were barred, and children as well as adults rarely ventured out in the night air.
I am sorry to say that the ancient and barbaric custom of sleeping in a room with closed windows still prevails in many homes. Even now there are those who do not realize the importance of properly ventilated homes—the health value of fresh air.

When impure or stale air is breathed the resistance of the body against infections and disease is lowered. Headache, irritability, loss of appetite and even severe digestive disturbances are often due to impure air. A common cause of the ordinary cold is breathing the dry air of crowded places and of poorly ventilated rooms.

Lack of fresh air in packed trains, theatres, offices and schools often causes severe headache and dizziness. If you work in a crowded room, make sure that the windows are open from the top and bottom. This will supply the necessary moist air and replace the impure air.
During cold weather ventilation is an especially important problem in every home. Generally one member of the household prefers a warm room and shivers at the mention of an open window. Ideal room temperature is between 68 and 73 degrees Fahrenheit and the air should not be dry, yet it should not contain too much moisture.
Dust, gas and smoke are three fac-



"I wonder if you realize just how much of your future happiness is in my hands—not in Steve's—mine?"

again," Mrs. Calvert told Mary. "I expect it will be all right for you to see him sometime before lunch—after the doctor finishes."

But Mary was not worried over Steve's recovery now. Last night Bill had explained how Steve's horse had shied off the road and stumbled. No, it wasn't a fractured skull or a concussion—something about a cerebral effusion—there was a scalp wound but it was negligible; time, rest, protection from excitement constituted the main treatment. No, there was nothing to worry about.

"I want you to meet my daughter, Eileen," said Mrs. Calvert. "Eileen, this is Miss Kennedy."

Mary saw a dark-haired girl, slim and tall, her eyes brown and brooding. Eileen Calvert seemed scarcely to belong to this placid family; her regular features were sharp, but the somewhat narrow face, with its rather wide mouth, was distinguished and obscurely calculating. The cheerful innocence of her mother's countenance was missing, and in its place, Mary decided, was mystery. The dark hair, beautifully arranged, gleamed with exotic radiance. She was perhaps twenty-five years old—at any rate older than Steve.

"I'm glad to see you, I'm sure," she said without warmth. "If you're not doing anything right now, Miss Kennedy, perhaps you might like to come out to the garden with me. It's nice in the morning before the day gets too hot."

An instinct told Mary to be on guard. "Oh, yes, I'd like very much to go out to the garden with you." They walked out through the double glass doors of the dining room and up a little terrace to a stone stair that led to the flower garden.

There was a circular pool in the center, where a small fountain sprayed a thin silver mist in the warm perfumed air. It was still and languorous here and quiet, save for the faint tickle of the fountain and the flutter of birds in the border of aithaea. A path, edged with dwarf-wood laid them to an old stone bench in a little arbor.

"Here—" Eileen said, sinking down upon the bench. There was a wicker chair, bright with glossy blue padding, and a small painted

table of metal, from which tea might have been served. Eileen Calvert, on the bench, crossed her slim, graceful legs, leaned back, her hands composed together in her lap. She was cool, detached. The limp line of her body was an impersonally graceful as a Greek sculpture.

"You have no idea how I've longed to see you," she said to Mary, so slowly that her voice was almost lazy. "I wanted to behold the superior beauty that so overpowered poor Steve."

The voice was velvet, but the challenging steel thrust of bitterness was perfectly frank. Swiftly, Mary knew that she must not try to equal

the other girl's mockery. Her own weapon would be a simple bland honesty. . . . Nothing that Eileen could say would change the fact that Mary owned all of Steve's love.

"I think you overrate what you so kindly call my beauty," Mary replied.
"Yes, perhaps you're right," Eileen said, levelly. "It must have been something else more effective than beauty to accomplish your purpose. I'm curious about it, really. Was it charm or propinquity—or what?"

"I couldn't say myself—perhaps Steve might answer better." Imperceptibly, a rigidity crept through Eileen's figure. Her face remained smooth, cold, but under the dark eyes was a flash. A twitch crossed the mouth faintly, and she leaned forward suddenly.

"Miss Kennedy, what would you do if you felt robbed of your dearest, your most sacred possession?" she demanded, her voice fast and stinging. "If someone stole your lover behind your back? Forget this artificial thing we call pride. Face the fact that dirty work has been done. What would you do? What do you think I'm going to do?"

"I have no idea what you're going to do, Miss Calvert."

"I'm going to do what any sane woman ought to do. I'm going to put up a fight. I'm going to fight you with the truth. . . . Mary kept her own voice very steady. "And if I decline to discuss any of it with you, Miss Calvert, you'd be left somewhat in the air, wouldn't you?"

"Ah, believe me, you will listen to me, because you are quite egotistical enough to enjoy your present advantage," said Eileen, her words and voice mingling in a ready fusage. "And, after all, I'm the only person remaining between you and Steve. Yes, my dear, you have a sort of intelligence that keeps you interested in your enemy. You are wise with men—wiser than I am—but I think, wise with women. I wonder if you realize just how much of your future happiness is in my hands—not in Steve's—in mine!"

(To Be Continued)
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