

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHEDDEN F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHEDDEN 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 in this paper.

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

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parrish-Steele, Inc., New York, 221 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 340 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. \$1.50; 3 Mo. \$4.50; 6 Mo. \$8.25; 1 Year \$14.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$4.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 7 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

"A" is for Abrams

A is for Abrams; B is for Bean; C is for Carson and D is for Dana and on down to Z is for Zinser.

What an acrostic might be made of the names of the various candidates for office. For never in the history of the state were there so many aspirants for public office as there are this year. Whether it is the depression which inclines many to the security of a place on the public payroll or whether it is a sudden desire to serve the public is a matter of pure opinion. For many however the former reason applies. When jobs are scarce the competition increases for the ones that are filled by elections.

It will be a difficult task for the voter to thread his way down the list of names. In the space of a few minutes in the crowded booth he must make decisions respecting his senator, his congressmen, his state legislators, his councilmen, his sheriff, his county commissioner. And before him will be an imposing assortment of names with an even more bewildering array of slogans.

Now the voter will have many opportunities in the next six weeks to learn something about the people who yearn for public office. The candidates themselves will be pressing their campaigns and spreading cards freely about the county. It is a task somewhat disagreeable to many people who hate to engage in the personal solicitation for votes. But the primary system which makes every voter a king makes every candidate a menial and he must perform shake hands from Aurora to Jefferson and from 33rd degree Mason to strict Roman Catholic.

The voter should do a little work on his own account. He should read the papers, he should make inquiries regarding the character and ability of each person he considers voting for. He ought to have regard for the welfare of the country and not just his own interest.

The Statesman has no "ticket" to promote. It will try to treat the various candidates fairly in its news columns. As the campaign progresses it will endorse editorially those whom it thinks are deserving of public favor. But the individual voter must act on his own responsibility. Newspapers have long since found out that they cannot dictate how people will vote.

The big race is now on. It is too early yet to tell how much mud-slinging will be indulged in, how many "yellow" tickets will be sprung, how many campaign "canards" will have to be denied. We expect the country to survive this election just as it has a lot of others.

The State Power Plant

THE governor's committee has brought in a report recommending that the state spend \$80,000 in putting in a plant to generate electricity for state buildings here in Salem. This is in the face of a report by engineer Lester of the public service commission that the kilowatt hour cost would be over 3c an hour while the state is now buying juice for about a cent and a quarter.

The committee makes no report on what brand of mathematics it uses to justify spending a lot of money on a new plant and then a lot more for operating it; but as they are all public ownership advocates it is safe to conclude they let their sentiment prevail over mathematics. Of the committee Sen. Burk was author of the resolution and is a "free power for nothing" fan; McGuire is manager of the McMinnville municipal light plant; and McArthur is engineer for the Eugene plant. They couldn't bring in a different report any more than Guy Talbot and Franklin T. Griffiths could bring in a report favoring a publicly owned plant.

The legislature however is hardly apt to authorize a big plant investment just on Jawbone economies.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Team!

THOSE Columbia university athletes who broke up the weeping willy male sobsters at Columbia university deserve a vote of thanks. The strikers were probably the usual run of bespectacled, spindly-legged, socialistic, fresh-beards who take seriously the cant of their racket-brained professors. It took only a dozen athletes to bust up the party of 200 strikers. A good job and a good day's work, to show the A-chasers there's a little red blood left in the old college.

Our instructors for freedom of the press incline us to believe the student editor at Columbia should have been permitted to spout his spout. But when the student sympathizers get up a strike with pickets and posters, why then they need to be on the buffer end of a good center rush.

Athletics in college is overdone and harabolded. But it does save the schools from becoming cloistered seminaries.

Now the Pathfinder has a poll. It is not the same as the Lit. Dig. poll on prohibition. Instead the Pathfinder, which is a clever little news magazine published in Washington and distributed widely, especially among school students, has been conducting a presidential straw ballot. The Pathfinder is non-partisan. It has gotten back 235,000 ballots and the amazing thing for this "democratic year" is that Pres. Hoover has more votes than all the democratic candidates combined. He received 115,043 while Franklin Roosevelt, who was next in order, got only 49,626 votes. A straw vote like that may encourage republicans to come out of their cyclone cellars.

We think the lumber men are on the wrong track in trying to get a bigger tariff on lumber. The amount of foreign lumber that comes into this country is just a dribble compared with the total production and consumption here, and not as much as we export. A concerted drive toward lowering present high tariffs with reciprocal reductions of tariffs of foreign countries would serve to open up foreign markets to far more American lumber than boosting the American tariff would. Canadian and Russian woods, Jack-sawing the tariffs merely further paralyzes international trade.

Washington's loss may be our gain. J. E. Bennett files for reelection as state senator. What would a session of the legislature be without hobnobbing, bumptious Bennett?

Federal Employees of Chemawa Hold Meet

CHEMAWA, April 7.—Miss Marie Roddy returned to Chemawa Monday morning after spending the past 10 days visiting her mother, who is ill, in Kalispell, Montana.

The Federal Employees Union held their monthly meeting at the practice house Tuesday evening. After the short business meeting

a social hour was enjoyed by the members and their friends.

TWO IN HOSPITALS
MISSION BOTTOM, April 7.—Miss Russell who underwent an appendicitis operation Wednesday at the Salem General hospital is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Robert Cole underwent a major operation last week at Willamette sanitarium. According to last reports her condition is satisfactory.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talker from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 8, 1907
Dr. W. B. Moore will leave today for an extended trip through California and to the east. He plans to spend two and one-half months taking post graduate study in New York city and with the Mayo Bros. in Rochester, Minn.

The great big joyous event of the season will transpire at the Grand opera house Wednesday evening when Klaw & Erlanger's "The Fire Lioness," John Phillip Sousa's new military comic opera, will be given here.

WASHINGTON — President Roosevelt is receiving many letters regarding a combination which it is asserted has been formed to defeat him at the coming presidential campaign.

April 8, 1923
Walter M. Pierce of La Grande yesterday filed with the secretary of state his declaration as candidate for the democratic nomination for governor. His slogan is: "Reduce state taxes 50 per cent by income tax and voting appropriations."

Campers are beginning to flock into the Salem camp ground in considerable numbers. The park is clean and attractive, though some of the brick stoves seem to have floated off down the creek.

Poll on daylight saving time: For—4; against—12.

New Views

Statesman reporters asked these questions yesterday: "Do you like to play games? What are your favorite games?"

Gussie Amend, elevator operator: "I like pinocle best. It's more fun than '500'."

Romeo Gossett, legislator, hop man: "I think contract bridge is a good game. We play it quite a bit."

Joe Bailey, school boy: "Sure I like games; don't you? I guess I like baseball best. Right now anyway."

Hal Moody, school boy: "I like them all. All the games boys play. I mean. Dad and Dad like that contract bridge."

L. E. Rydell, employee, state engineer's office: "Yes, Chess."

E. D. Roseman, teacher of commercial subjects: "Yes, I like to play basketball better than anything else."

Bryan Goodenough, ballist surprise court: "No, I don't care much about games. Getting along in years you know and us old folks have to be careful."

E. R. Derry, band director for Salem schools: "I like all sports, but bridge is my favorite game."

Daily Thought

"No man is the absolute lord of his life."—Owen Meredith.

BUILDS FRUIT STAND
WEST SALEM, April 7.—Wilbur F. Lewis, who owns the orchard at the Polk county end of the inter-county bridge, has built a new fruit and vegetable stand at his corner, has planted four acres of early potatoes, two of tomatoes and will run a succession of fruits and vegetables. In addition to this preparatory work he has planted five hundred peach trees and otherwise improved his place.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

IN the front of the neck, close to the Adam's apple, is an important structure, the thyroid gland. When this gland enlarges we have the condition known as goiter.

Simple goiter is caused by a deficiency of iodine in the diet and is common in regions where iodine is lacking in the drinking water or in the food supply. It is a frequent disorder of people living in Switzerland, where the water lacks iodine. In our country it is most common in the Great Lakes region, where school children as well as adults are afflicted. The condition affects girls more often than boys.

As a rule there are no disturbances in the general health, and no impairment of nutrition, if neglected, may produce serious ailments. Goiter is easily and quickly recognized by the swelling of the gland in the neck.

Fortunately, since it is known that a lack of iodine in the water and food produces goiter, it may be prevented by the addition of iodine to the diet. In sections where goiter is prevalent, health officials administer iodine to school children at definite periods. In some cases small quantities of iodine are added to the municipal water supply.

Iodine should never be used in the water supply, however, unless it is a definite iodine deficiency in the community. It should never be taken as a medicine, certainly, without the consent and supervision of a physician. It is a harmless preparation when used scientifically, but can do great damage when taken unnecessarily.

Under normal conditions, the body requires a very small amount of iodine. This is well taken care of by the food we eat. It is well to remember that shellfish, such as scallops and oysters, are an excellent source of iodine, and this food should be included in the diet at least once a week.

Never neglect any swelling or tumor-like growth of the neck. I am sorry to say that many individuals overlook the importance of this condition. And they are largely a physician for they fear the "knife." This is one condition where it rarely happens that surgery is necessary. However, there are certain thyroid growths that require operation. In these cases delay is dangerous.

Answers to Health Queries

"A Reader." Q.—What causes one to grind the teeth while sleeping?

A.—This very often indicates intestinal worms. Consult your doctor for treatment.

C. H. S. Q.—What do you advise for hemorrhoids?

A.—What causes hemorrhoids? 1.—What causes hemorrhoids? 2.—What causes hemorrhoids? 3.—What causes hemorrhoids?

A.—Send self addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and request your question. 2.—This may be due to a circulatory disturbance, to an eye or ear

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow: "Smoke Pleasure From the Sun"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Turner's leading citizen:

(Continuing from yesterday):

The mother of Mrs. Davis was nearly seven years older than her father, but the wife and widow outlived her late husband over 13 years. He passed away June 26, 1899, and she died July 26, 1882. She was born January 18, 1809, and the date of his birth was September 28, 1816. George H. Turner was born at Scio, Ohio, March 24, 1848. He died at Turner October 11, 1899. Louis H. Turner was born at Scio, Ohio, in 1844 and died at Turner August 25, 1880. There were only three children, and Mrs. Davis is the last of the family.

Thus, very briefly, is sketched a mere outline of the story of one of the pioneer families of Oregon, and one which had a large part in the development of our state and in the material and educational progress of this state. Mrs. Davis has lived under 24 presidents of the United States. Only seven held that office before she saw the light of day. Martin Van Buren was chief executive when she was born, and Andrew Jackson had closed his eight-year term the year before and lived seven years after. His predecessor, John Quincy Adams, was alive for about 10 years from the time of her birth.

Though Mrs. Davis will come to her 94th birthday next December, her hearing is good, her eyesight is but little dimmed, and her mind and memory are clear and alert. She is a wonderful woman; truly nearly as young as she looks. And she has a plan for extending her span of years far beyond the century mark. How does she keep young? The reader may well ask this question. She maintains the spirit of youth by living the simple life and looking and planning ahead. And her plans are largely along the lines of high endeavor. How can she accomplish good for the people of her day and generation and those to follow her? This is her chief urge for living, and her days are full and happy ones. She has a garden, a greenhouse, and is an enthusiastic—part of her very self. They would make a valuable asset for anyone starting out on a career at an age four score and ten years earlier than the span allowed.

ready given to her.

Marion county has a gravel plant on her land, near the place where the south highway leaves the one running east past Aumsville, Stayton, Mehama, Mill City, etc. Near the familiar big oak tree that stood at that intersection. The taking out of the many thousands of yards of gravel by the county highway forces left an unsightly hole; a space of several ugly acres. Mrs. Davis has been recently planning to make some good use of this unsightly area. She has arranged that it be strung into a fresh water lake, stocked with fish. This was her own idea, evolved from her study and planning. Work is now going forward on the project—and, presto, or pronto, the ugly blot near the junction of the two highways will soon be a pretty sheet of clear water—and one filled with such speckled beauties as are found only in Oregon streams and lakes. And those who pass that way will delight their eyes on the scene instead of wishing to look the other way. And someone, likely, will have a comfortable living for himself and his family and several employees, with perhaps handsome profits besides. That is a Turner trait, making more than two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. It is the spirit of the survivor of nearly 100 years as it was in any of the members who have gone the way of all flesh.

Peter Peterson has his filbert orchard opposite the place where the fish lake to be; Barcelonas and DuChillies, the trees seven to nine years old. It is probably the largest filbert planting in the state, or in the United States. His son, Phil Peterson, is the efficient chief engineer of the Western Paper Converting company, Salem. Another son, Ole M. Peterson, is to have direct charge of the fish project. He has had some experience in that field. He has already arranged for 25,000 rainbow trout eggs, from parties in western Washington, and is planning up the land now, and will plant shrubs and flowers, and in other ways develop there a beauty spot.

There was a harvest last year of 5000 to 6000 pounds of filberts from the Peterson orchard; the first considerable crop. In prospect, this will grow annually. In the present generation, and in future generations, without limit of years, Phil tended filbert trees, like walnut trees never grow old, so far as history has so far observed. One may confidently look forward to the time when this will be a famous show place for tourists—the big filbert orchard on the side of the highway and the beautiful trout farm on the other. And utility combining with beauty to form a picture satisfying to the sense of proportions.

Prof. Thomas Condon peered far back into the unfolding pages of geological records and found that, in the eons of the past, the Columbia river emptied its waters over the Cascades at a point or points far south of its present gorge—long before it wore its way under the "bridge of the gods" and finally undermined that structure of nature's builders and caused its fall. There is every indication that these waters, or considerable portions of them, anciently poured down the Santiam valley, depositing unmeasured stores of sand and gravel.

This, with the decayed vegetation of the uncounted centuries, made a rich and deep soil in that section, which, though showing much surface gravel, is productive, and exhaustless in its fertility, if used in husbandlike ways known to modern science.

So the roots of filbert trees may extend down indefinitely, and never reach the bottom of fruit life giving and fruit bearing sustenance. (Continued tomorrow.)

MRS. TIVE HOSTESS COMMUNITY CLUB

WACONDA, April 7.—Twenty members and guests gathered at the home of Mrs. Richard Tive

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

CHAPTER XLIII

She was angry, as a first reaction, at the stupidity of the man who had failed to put the letter in the proper place. Of course, Steve had written—somebody had been careless. She went down the basement stairs and routed out her sulken-faced landlady.

"You didn't get no letter!" the woman declared stubbornly. "I handed the mail myself, personal, and no letter ain't ever lost in this house. It ain't a bit of good staving and waiting—your letter ain't there."

Gradually, Mary was forced to believe that Steve had failed to deliver her. There was no chance of a delay at sea—the ship, from Cuba, arrived steadily as clockwork. He hadn't written her because he had been with Eileen Calvert. He always wrote on Sundays... Perhaps Eileen had occupied all his time last Sunday...

Another week passed and another Friday came, and, again, there was no letter from Steve. Alone in her room, the memory of his smiling face, his humorous tenderness, the embrace of his arms, rushed on her and she sobbed, face downward on the bed, with heartache and humiliation such as only a woman might know... It was a case of plain neglect... Had he been ill or injured, a cablegram would have reached her... It was unfair, it was mean for him to treat her that way!

In the midst of her disappointment, she had to dry her eyes and go down and answer a telephone call from Buck Landers. He wanted her again to go to dinner. Yes, she would accept the invitation—anything was better than shut up alone in her little room that had suddenly become a prison. With a grim desperation, she dressed in her most becoming frock—if Steve but knew it, other men would look upon her with admiration tonight! But her secret heart told her that this was insincere rebellion, that she was merely trying to blind the blues away.

When she went downstairs, Landers was waiting for her in the hall.

"Looks like Steve's getting mighty impatient," he said with a smile. "There's a cablegram on the table there for you."

A cablegram! Strange she hadn't been called down to receive it—how careless such people as landladies could be with such tremendously important things!

"Excuse me a minute, please," she said, her heart swelling as she tore at the envelope. Adorable Steve—this would explain everything—maybe he was coming home! She held the message under the electric bulb in the hall.

"Forgive me, Mary, and forget all about me. Our engagement was a mistake for both of us. I married Eileen Calvert yesterday because I always did and always will love her."

STEVE.
Her body turned to ice, then it turned to fire. All of a sudden her legs no longer supported her, and she would have fallen had not Landers caught her and guided her to a sofa against the wall. It was shocks like this that killed people—but while something vital perished, her body, her mind, stayed alive. Landers read the cable and passed it back to her. The words were before her eyes again, each one beating at her heart with hammer blows. Steve married to Eileen! Oh, it was too cruel—too hateful! For a minute, she winced ardently to die—to pass into oblivion where this pain could not reach her and tear her to pieces.

"But how could such a thing happen?" she said aloud, in a trance-like state. "I don't understand why he should have done that to me. I thought he meant everything to me—why, I suppose it was just

—a position—for Steve. And I look at carefully... but he wouldn't be captured. Oh, my God!"

She covered her face with her hands—but her eyes were dry as stones. Oh, if she could only go somewhere and bury herself... If she could only forget! Instinctively her bright head began to rear itself with her inherent pride. It was beastly that Steve should have done this thing to her! After she had given him all of her love... to trample upon it brutally, was not the act of a real man.

"I reckon he couldn't resist all that Calvert money," Landers was

soon, with scorpion stings, lashing his pride? It was but right that he, too, should suffer. But revenge, however just, required a fierce heat of passion... and the blood in her veins was frigid... "Is it possible to fight back against sorrow?" she wondered out of the melancholy that was crushing her.

"Absolutely!" Landers shot back at her. "If you will like a coward, you're sunk, but now is your chance to sock back at him with a knockout. Beat him to the punch—cable him you were married last week. I'm



Sitting with Landers at dinner, Mary marvelled that she could seem to be alive to other people when her living self was as dead as a mummy.

saying: "Here as I am—you would have been better off if you had married me in the first place. But come—don't let him play you. Where's your spunk, girl? We're going up to dinner tonight—you and I—to devour with everything else!"

A wild recklessness, as untamed as a jungle beast, leaped in her breast.

"Yes, we'll go out to dinner Buck Landers! That's the only thing that matters on earth now—we're going out to dinner!"

Sitting with Landers at dinner, Mary marvelled that she could seem to be alive to other people, when what appeared to be her living self was as dead as a mummy, ready to crumble to advantage at the first touch. Buck's voice reached her distinctly, but her mind scarcely registered the impact of his words.

"It looks like you'll have to marry me, after all," he said.

It was curious that he took it so seriously, when it didn't matter at all. How could anything be important to anyone—why should anyone want to marry this relic of the girl who had been Mary Kennedy?

"Why do you want to marry me?" she asked dully. "I have nothing to give you. What could you do with an empty shell? There's no point to it, really. There'll be no more happiness for me—I'm hollow—if you touched me, I'd fall to ashes..."

He consecrated his arguments with the haste of a man who had to prove to advantage that would never come again.

"I'm going to make you snap out of this idea of letting everything go to pieces over a fellow who ran out on you. Good Heavens! where's your pride? Do you want him, and her—to think you're a dumb, heart-broken fool? Haven't you nerve to show them you don't care? If it was my last act on earth, I'd slap a cable right back at him that I was married myself. If he knew you were married to me, it would burn him up alive!"

It was possible, in her arid mind, to agree with Landers. Yes, it would hurt Steve to know he had been so lightly loved. To marry Buck Landers might be like pouring acid on Steve's vanity, on his happiness. Would a cable reach him and say him, in the midst of his new happy-

The idea of marriage that flamed in Buck Landers was without significance in her dazed understanding—whether she did, or didn't, would not matter either way. There was nothing to lose except the surrender of her dead, valueless self.

"I've got to have you!" he implored her. "We'll find happiness together! Let's try it, Mary. Won't you trust yourself to me, dear?"

She felt dazed, beaten. The strength to combat his words was not in her nervous being...

"Maybe you're right," she sighed, like a child. "You're too good to me—I don't understand why you want me, but—oh, I don't know..."

Her voice broke, and she nipped his advantage swiftly.

"Tomorrow morning, first thing, I'll call for you, and we'll shoot down to the marriage license bureau. We'll get the whole thing over before noon. No more time for hesitating, Mary. This time it's going through—there's everything to gain and nothing to lose!"

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, King Features Syndicate, Inc.



Relation of bank to business

Few enterprises achieve outstanding success without the constructive cooperation and experienced counsel afforded through a connection with a good strong bank such as the United States National.

Successful business concerns everywhere find that the proper use of banking facilities is one of the most effective aids to scientific management and business efficiency.

We cordially invite you to make your banking connection here.

The United States National Bank
Salem, Oregon