

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Lay Sermon

THE FALLACY OF "SOLUTIONS"

"It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." Proverbs XXV:3.

The western mind is extremely practical. It likes things sharp and clear and definite. In mathematics we want accurate answers to our problems; our minds are dissatisfied if the results are not as positive and final as two plus two are four. The eastern mind reveals more in hazy speculation. It even admits the proposition of futility which is quite abhorrent to westerners.

So our westerners, particularly Americans, think there must be some definite and clear solution to every problem which vexes. We seek for social and economic problems answers as definite and clear as in problems of arithmetic.

What an outburst of "solutions" have been proposed in recent years! There is the farm problem; how many economists, politicians, agricultural experts have battered their brains out trying to solve the farm problem! It isn't solved yet. The current depression has evoked a confusing array of solutions nearly all embracing some form of socialism. The critics of the existing order are active in pointing out its failures; and are quick to propose changes which, THEY think, will set things right. Our journalists and economists are restless until they find some remedy for what ails us.

There is the evil growing out of the use of alcoholic liquors. Invoking the laws of finality effected as a solution; and drastic prohibition statutes were enacted. Yet the use of intoxicants continues to be a distressing problem of society. Some people now are offering "solutions" to the problem. One "think" of any number of problems which are baffling. Just what is God and where does He reside? How positive are the proofs of immortality? Where does personality come from; where does it go to?

Here is the problem of world peace. Everyone admits the evil of war, and its supreme folly; many people propose one plan or another to usher in universal peace. We are eager to find a solution for the problem.

How easily does society actually arrive at narrative remedies of social and political and economic evils and philosophic problems are old as humanity;—but how few of them are actually and finally solved. These problems are like those of higher mathematics where the factors are variables, where values change. Relationships are complex and constantly changing. What seems a correct answer to today's problem is incorrect tomorrow.

Shall we therefore cease our efforts and give up in despair? Not at all. We shall probably never arrive at positive and clear certainties on any of these subjects; but the constant effort does make the necessary adjustments to meet the changing conditions of the times. Beware of the panacea. Beware of the author who convinces you of our troubles. There are no panaceas, no final "solutions" for these problems. We must just fight on and on, to make this world as tolerable for humanity as we can.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

THE KISS PERIL!!

POISONING IS CAUSED BY A GERM, JOHN ROBERTS DISCOVERS THAT THIS GERM CAN BE TRANSMITTED ONLY BY CONTACT KISSING SPREADS IT



SYNTHETIC GRASS—2000 FT. OF ARTIFICIAL GRASS IS BEING TESTED ON A N. W. BOULEVARD

MEMBER OF PEARL JACQUES FOR AUTOMOBILES IS MADE FROM FISH-SCALES

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER ONE

Every morning at seven Lily Lou's alarm went off. Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

Lily Lou leaped up. Like a hawk and ladder company about to make a left hand turn on Market Street. Nothing ruffled about it. Not even a decent bedroom sine. One of those big, old-fashioned alarm clocks, made to sit on a shelf over a kitchen sink.

Lily Lou hated it. Hated getting up. "Oooh!" she yawned. "Oooh!"

One last snuggling under the blanket, one last sinking into sleepiness.

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

The second alarm wasn't so loud as the first. But it served. With a groan, half sigh, half yawn, Lily Lou reached a slim arm out of bed, and stopped the din.

Once out of bed it wasn't so bad. A hasty wash in the small, steamy bathroom at the end of the hall. A tumbling into clothes laid out on a chair the night before. Doff smoothing of powder over fresh, tingling skin. Touch of lipstick, drop of perfume behind the ears and on her hair.

Up she went the wallbed. Into the closet went hosiery and gowns. The bedroom was a living room for another sixteen hours.

In the empty kitchen she found a dish of prunes, and a slice of buttered toast, which she ate standing up, holding a cup of cooling coffee in the other hand. Not much of a breakfast, but all she ever had time for.

This morning, as usual, she had to run for the train. Promptly at eight-two it slid into the station. Eight-two and a half, and Lily Lou was tearing the day's ticket out of the commutue book in her purse. The train was on its way to San Francisco. One more day begun. One more chance for life to set the wheels of adventure in motion.

Lily Lou was twenty.

Twenty. . . She could remember the time when that seemed old. When she was fifteen, sixteen, seventeen. . . well, right up to a few months ago, twenty had sounded old. She had thought that something would happen, long before that.

Being married for one thing. When you're fifteen or sixteen you think that SURELY you'll be married when you're twenty. At least Love. . . it must come soon. It must, it must! But the days slip by and you get older and older, and there's nothing. . .

Oh, boys, of course. Back home when she was going to high school Lily Lou had had the usual boy friends. There was a tall boy with sandy hair who had had her, even when she was in grammar school. Invited her to his house for a party, once, but she had been too shy to go, and she had had the Valentine he sent her. Later on there was Bert Bartelli, and George Reed and dances, and rowing and swimming in the lake. Sometimes, looking back at it, Lily Lou felt a little pang of regret for Bert. . . It was true he hadn't amounted to much. . . never would. . . but maybe it was better, settling down with a fellow who was sure to be a success, happily married to someone like that, than trying to amount to something yourself.

Amounting to something is discouraging sometimes. It seems a thrilling at first. Then it gets hard, and then it gets tiresome, and then you begin to wonder if after all. . .

Take the matter of money. A hundred or more sounds like a fortune in the country. But it doesn't go far in the city. Not if you're paying for music lessons, and board. "I won't take board!" May had said at first when it was planned that Lily Lou should come to live

with her. "If my own sister can't get there. . . but oh the days. . . the days of days that had to be lived through before then. . ."

Sitting there on the upper deck of the ferry, Lily Lou looked around at the other commuters. At the girls, young and pretty girls like herself. They sat together in little groups, chattering and laughing, on their way to work.

Maybe they weren't going to have careers, but they were having a lot more fun in the meanwhile. They didn't have to save all their money for lessons. They didn't have to practice every night. They were living now. . . this minute. . . buying the pretty things that tempted them in shop windows, going out, enjoying themselves. . .

The boat creaked slowly into its pier. The gangplank was lowered. The crowd streamed off.

Lily Lou walked briskly. A new day beginning. . . Anything could happen. . . Anything. . . The look of expectancy came back into her dark eyes, the corners of her full red lips turned upward, the warm color came into her creamy skin.

"I'm not really discouraged," she thought dreamily. "Just kind of tired of waiting. . . I wish something would happen. . . soon."

Lily Lou didn't know it, but something had already happened. Something that was going to undermine the foundations of that very career she was so sure about.

Up Market Street, at the head of the crowd of eight o'clock commuters, strode Lily Lou Lansing, eyes star to be, brown eyes aspartic, red lips parted, dark hair whipping in the wind, under her tan felt hat.

And after her, fast as he dared, strode a young man with a rather collegiate cap, and a camel-hair overcoat that flapped about his knees.

His brow was puckered, his long arms were thrust into the overcoat's capacious pockets. His eyes never left the slim, hurrying figure of the girl ahead.

(To Be Continued)

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Baring the Bear Market

ONE doesn't need to look for bogeys in the closet to find the cause for declines in the prices of securities. The bears may have been helping the skid along, but the major reason for the decline is the failure of people to buy offerings of tired holders of stocks or of necessitous sellers. The investing public is not without resources but they have had their hands burned so often when the market broke through previous lows that they are in no mood to risk another wad. They are inclined just to let the market sag to wherever it will go. Later their mood will change and they will crowd in to buy. Stock market prices are a product of mob psychology and the mob always buys feverishly when prices are the heights in expectation of further gains; and always refuses to buy when prices are lowest because of fears.

There has been nothing encouraging in business the first quarter. Earnings were at the lowest levels, dividends were being cancelled, interest defaults were numerous. Under such adverse influences prices of bonds and shares could not sustain themselves. It may be as reported the bears were planning for a killing on Saturday, but the previous declines we predict will be found due to steady liquidation with few buyers coming into the markets.

Men of wealth are completely frightened out of the market. They look on the tax act as confiscatory and are hurrying to get under cover of tax-exempts. So we see prices of First Liberties advancing while other governments subject to surtaxes have shaded off. The people who have small incomes may justify stripping the rich man of his income on the ground that he doesn't need it; but the rich man doesn't like the treatment and hunts a cyclone cellar. This dries up the flow of credit and capital into business.

The general liquidation process has now reached the one time strongly entrenched utility holding companies. The big Insull combination is under fire, values of its holding company securities have been washed down the river. Electric Bond and Share scaled down its capitalization but even then it hasn't regained public favor. Most of the other big holding company sponges are undergoing dehydration now. Their declines affect sympathetically other investments.

It may be hard medicine but the country has got to get its eyes off the ticker tape. If merchants would quit trying to predict the course of business by the gyrations of Wall street and focus attention on stimulating sales in their own line of business their minds would be healthier and their businesses soon would be also.

What is past is past. What is lost is lost. Thousands of people may as well forget what went down the Wall street spout and set about building up a new fortune and then start in praying the Lord not to let them be foolish with their money when they do get it.

Woman Marvelous; She Can Wash Full Sized Blanket in Washbowl

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

The grounds at the state hospital and at the prison are beginning to take on their annual spring beauty. A drive there on a sunny afternoon may act as a reviver of fallen spirits. Anyhow, the experiment is worth the making.

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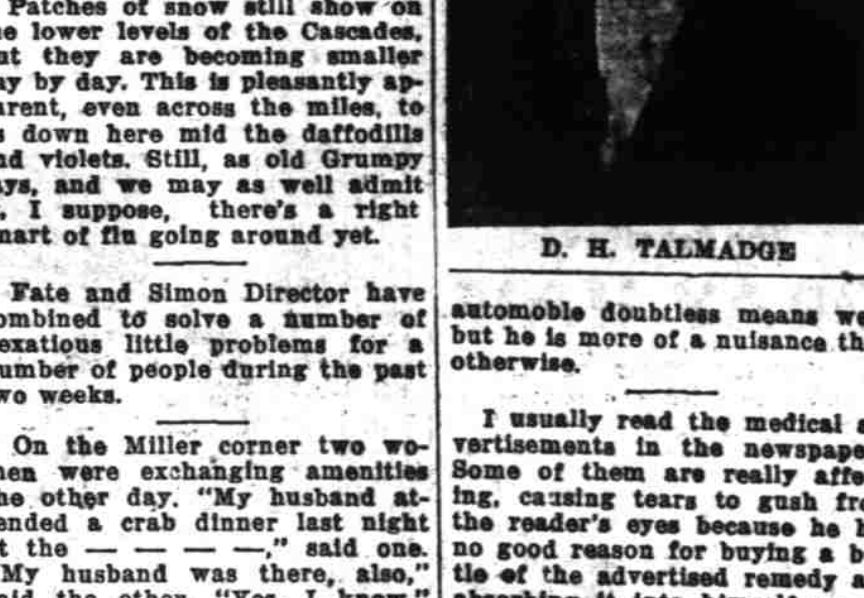
Snakeologists tell us that a rattlesnake can jump no further than its own length. I cheerfully take their word for it. Several of us, although keen enough to increase our store of interesting information, have neglected a number of opportunities to verify the statement, being engaged on these occasions in jumping our own lengths.

Patches of snow still show on the lower levels of the Cascades, but they are becoming smaller day by day. This is pleasantly apparent, even across the miles, to us down here mid the daffodils and violets. Still, as old Grumpy says, snows are companies. F. I. suppose, there's a right smart of flin going around yet.

Fate and Simon Director have combined to solve a number of vexatious little problems for a number of people during the past two weeks.

On the Miller corner two women were exchanging amenities the other day. "My husband attended a crab dinner last night at the . . ." said one. "My husband was there, also," said the other. "Yes, I know," sweetly said the first, "he was the crab."

The man who shoots out a clutching hand to draw a companion away from the path of an



Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 10, 1907

The state railroad commission yesterday ordered Oregon railroads to arrange for relieving the arrival and departure times of their trains.

Yesterday was an anniversary for Rev. P. E. Knight of this city. Fifty-four years ago, Mr. Knight, then 16 years old, shouldered his ox-whip and set out for his journey across the plains from his Iowa home.

Samuel Hutchinson, an old soldier who has lived here for many years, has just fallen heir to valuable property in Florida, through the death of an uncle, General Slocum. There are 2500 acres of land in the estate, much of it being in orange groves.

April 10, 1923

In a letter addressed to Grant B. Dimick of Oregon City, chairman of the "Citizens' Committee to draft George A. White for Governor," Colonel White has finally announced his acquiescence in their demand that he should become a candidate for the republican nomination for governor.

Special business men's religious services are to be held at the Oregon theatre every noon during Passion week, beginning Monday noon.

The challenge issued Saturday by Al Lake of Portland in the name of company B, for the Salem, owners of Company A, meant them in an athletic carnival, got a rise out of the Salem soldiers. Captain Paul R. Hendricks accepted the challenge and also stated his willingness to hold boxing or wrestling contests between the commanding officers.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Turner's leading citizen: the question of with a characteristic chuckle, guff and compliment. But inquiry among those who know her well reveals the fact that she has been an extensive reader of good books throughout her life. S. M. Endicott, the Salem attorney, who is her business agent, rather prides himself upon his English. But he says Mrs. Davis often corrects his errors, saying "this word or that or the meaning of that, would make the meaning clearer, or express better the idea, which is to be conveyed. And he says this woman, though her advantage for schooling when young were slight, can now repeat passages of Shakespeare with the facility of a student of the writings of the immortal bard, or a finished actor of his part in portraying to critical audiences the intricate meanings of the great playwright.

Salmon's oldest continuous resident and grand old man, Joseph A. Baker, will have to wait until July 23 of next year, 1932, to celebrate his 94th birthday, while Coraella Ann Davis will arrive at that milestone in her useful life in December of the present year. The writer has the day of the month in his files, but hopes there may be some occasion for searching them for the exact figure for a long, long time.

Mrs. Davis is not planning upon giving up an active interest in and a firm hold upon life. That thought is as remote as it could be in the mind of one whose quarters of a century younger in years than she is. She knows what is transpiring around her, and is active in the handling of all her various and rather extensive affairs. Her idea is not to go to a nursing agency for any selfish purpose—not merely to add to this world's goods for the mere satisfaction of having or leaving more. She does, however, have a keen interest in seeking out places where she may do good. And that is an incentive that makes her happy, even with the

The Lawyer's Pre-Primary

THERE is a lot of dynamite in the pre-primary the law are planning to hold. The ones that fail of endorsement are sure to repudiate the whole business as a work of the devil. The ones that are endorsed will have to be cautious or the reaction will be fatal to their candidacy.

Ordinarily one might think a professional group like the lawyers would be the one to recommend men for election as judges. But the dear public likes to vote without leadership or guidance. Particularly in its present mood it is apt to repudiate advice from experts or professional groups.

There is a chance too that the pre-primary of the lawyers might be subject to ganging-up methods. With most of the lawyers in Portland groups might trade off support and thus obtain endorsements not on the ground of worth but because of political cleverness.

If the lawyers go ahead with their scheme it may prove to be efficacious; but if anything explodes then it will be a long day before the attempt is made again. We fancy most of the candidates will cross over on the other side of the street when they see this pre-primary coming until they can determine whether it will be a help or a hindrance. Eventually, if the primary draws forth honest convictions from the lawyers it might have the result of eliminating persons who are obviously unfit and strengthening those who would grace the bench. The situation is rather peppery at present.

New Views

"How does this weather strike you?" asked Statesman reporters yesterday.

Mrs. Ed Donnelly, housewife: "It's fine, isn't it? Most people I know haven't done any gardening; the weather has been too bad."

K. R. Kugel, steamship and insurance agent: "Just what we need."

Nealon Brown, clerk: "It's a gorgeous day."

Stanley Batchelor, postal messenger: "You can't beat this. Here's hoping it lasts awhile."

Mrs. Elizabeth Gallaher, E. W.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

I BELIEVE that common skin disorders cause more distress than any other human ailment.

There is no physical pain. The distress is caused by embarrassment and mental anguish.

In a healthy, well nourished individual, the skin is smooth and free from sores and pimples. This healthy condition of the skin is maintained by proper action of the internal organs.

Minor skin ailments are caused by digestive disturbances, faulty elimination, lack of proper food and exercise and overindulgence in sweets. The individual element enters into this problem. Food is not alike. Food which is suitable for one individual does not harm another. Some persons are sensitive to sea food and others are not.

Medical authorities agree that constipation is a common factor in most skin diseases. Poor elimination permits poisons to accumulate within the body. The skin aids in excreting poisons from the body by means of the sweat glands. When too heavy a burden is placed upon the skin the complexion is impaired.

If you are sensitive to certain foods, you should avoid them. The diet should include plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits. Avoid all fried and greasy foods, sweets, pies, pastries and condiments. Drink at least six to eight glasses of water every day. A daily bowel stimulation is essential.

The skin should be kept clean by daily bathing. It is best to use a pure, non-irritating soap and warm water. This keeps the pores clean and allows for normal excretion of sweat and waste products.

Within recent years there has arisen the belief that many disorders are caused by infection. This includes acne, eczema, psoriasis, nasal sinuses, tonsils, gall bladder, appendix or any other organ in the body.

Do not be satisfied to apply ointments to the skin. For complete cure in these cases remove all points of infection. Infected tonsils should be removed and all infected teeth extracted. Even though pain is not present, have the teeth X-rayed to determine whether they are infected.

Persistent skin disorders should be treated by a physician. Advice given you by friends is well meant, yet it may do more harm than good. Each skin disorder requires individual attention.

Be in mind that there are hundreds of forms of skin eruptions. They are caused by different things and require different treatment. For example, acne, an inflammatory condition of the skin, makes up about seventy per cent of all skin diseases. There are many varieties of acne, each being treated in a different manner. No one treatment is applicable to all types.

Cleanliness of the body, inside and out, is the first step in giving a skin a chance. Simple food and hygienic living are important.

Daily Thought

"War does not of choice destroy bad men, but good over."—Sophocles.

CONCERT IS TONIGHT

WEST SALEM, April 9 — The McKinville M. E. choir will present its concert at the Ford Memorial church here Sunday night at 7:30 o'clock, instead of Tuesday as announced.