

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Schoolboys in Trouble

THERE are some anxious school boys and some anxious parents in this town, and worried and perplexed school authorities. All because some over-zealous lads decided to vent their grudge against a schoolmate and did so in brutal fashion. There is a species of self-government among youth in high school and college, with its own discipline, its own mode of meting out punishment. When boys violate the tradition of the group or the school, then the others feel a "duty" to administer punishment upon the one they deem the culprit. Ordinarily this student self-government is a pretty good thing. It puts boys in their place; it imposes a degree of conformity that is worth while.

But the mild hazing which is usually all that is indulged in to carry out the student code should never extend to brutality. The gang which leaps on a single victim and mauls him to unconsciousness is showing neither bravery nor spirit. It is cowardly in fact. No doubt the boys regret that they went as far as they did; but they are old enough to know when brutishness begins.

The difficulty accentuates the problem of secret societies in the high school. The school authorities have tried to endure with minor restrictions on these organizations. What help have they had from parents? Why do not the parents cooperate in terminating these secret clubs which create a false and vicious atmosphere about the school? Until the parents show some disposition to assist, the principal will have a difficult time to root out these clubs which have been a constant source of friction within the school.

There is nothing inconsistent in Sen. McNary's vote against 4% beer. He has said he was in favor of modification; but he wants it done by repeal of the 18th amendment first, which of course is the constitutional method. Then the senator said last summer that wines and beers wouldn't do because the American people have a taste for hard liquor. The four per cent beer bill is just in entering wedge. Honest wets should know that the proper procedure under the constitution is to repeal or alter the 18th amendment before four per cent beer could be legally sold.

All would-be murderers should look up the books and find out how to acquire "delirium with ambulatory automatism." That is what one alienist says Lieut. Massie was suffering with when he killed the Hawaiian who assaulted his wife. As we get it this form of insanity is one that lasts long enough for one to do the killing but clears up in plenty of time to keep him out of jail and the asylum. That alienist should get a patent on his brand of insanity.

There is a perceptible lessening of pulse count among republican leaders since Frank Roosevelt got way out in front in the race for the democratic nomination. As the pungent Yakima Republic puts it:

"Gov. Roosevelt of New York is running away with the Democratic nomination for president, apparently. Not in a long time have we had a man in the race for the White House who had so little to run with. It looks now as if Hoover will be reelected by the Democrats."

The state college has issued an interesting folder entitled "Twenty ways of using carrots." We hunted through the list and couldn't find the only recipe we knew when we were growing up. We still insist it is the best recipe for carrots. It was simple too,—feed them to the cows. But times change we know, so we have passed the folder over to our society editor with our compliments.

President Hoover plans to visit his home in California during the summer. He will also attend the Olympic games. Oregon should invite him to plan his trip through this state. His residence in Newberg and Salem as a boy and young man have identified him with this state and Oregon would delight to do honor to a president whose formative years were passed in its confines.

Three hundred passengers will make the trip on the steamer Undine which is to restore navigation between Portland and The Dalles, starting from Portland Saturday morning. It's a beautiful trip. Time was when couples took their honeymoon that way. Autos took the romance out of slow-going steamboats however.

The price of wheat got to climbing last week, and then the federal farm board got to being quoted in the papers and the market started dropping. Traders were merely reminded that the farm board had a big store of wheat they were sure to let go of on a rising market.

Rep. LaGuardia, billed to oppose the bonus, came out for universal employment insurance instead. LaGuardia reasons that most everybody is in need, so the government shouldn't stop with bonuses to the soldier boys.

A Portland restaurant has sued an adjoining bakery alleging that its thumping dough-mixer has caused "head-aches and falling plaster." That's a bad combination; worse than a love-jilt and broken arches.

The supreme court says Mayor Baker will have to pay back the \$600 he drew in salary on his trip to Europe to publicize Portland. Maybe the mayor gave the wrong kind of publicity to his old home town.

Will Rogers says that Wall street is short and that "neither end don't lead nowhere." They do too. There's Trinity cemetery at one end and East river at the other.

A Wenatchee woman got mad in a beauty parlor and ran out with 12 wave irons hanging to her hair. Maybe her temper is permanent if her wave isn't.

C. C. Pyle, of union derby fame, has been in Portland. Which reminds us, whatever became of Red Grange? Is he back on the ice wagon?

Ask a person the abstract question: Should a drunken driver be sent to the pen? and he is most likely to answer in the affirmative. But pick a jury of twelve people and the drunken driver seems to have a pretty good chance of getting off without any punishment.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman:

Lately we have read a good deal about branding the boys as criminals who go into basements for liquor but we have read nothing about the liquor owners. So, I have gradually increased a temperature until it has reached that degree where a blow-off is due.

The youths mentioned in this well meant newspaper style are not criminals nor do they possess the necessary elements essential to criminals. They are just school boys who unwisely placed their fun and pranks. They are our future big men about town. Why handicap them and the city by a false sense of justice. We do not of course approve of their antics nor admit that they are in the least wise, but we do expect a common sense application of the facts and a reasonable interpretation placed on them. Unwise comments however will mean cause the fickle public to jump at conclusions entirely unwarranted.

Compare the minds and experiences of these lads with those of mature adults who openly break the law. People who vote and swear to support the constitution and laws openly violate them. The very ones who have broken the law rush madly to the police to have their infants who indulge in pranks which were induced through their own violations. These very people who are confessed violators expect the law to apply to others but not to them.

They expect the police to prosecute them for them but they do not expect to receive any police attention for their own violations. They are favored business men and sports and immune. So it seems these law violators while furnishing the youth an outlet for pranks think that they are real pranks. They have liquor on tap, fall to show their sportsmanship when a prank or joke is played on them. They will howl if someone catches a five inch trout or fishes or hunts two minutes past time limit in the evening, because they think that they are such good sportsmen, but when a little sport is had with them that by childish pranks induced through their own law violation their sporting blood runs into their socks.

Imagine the state of affairs. The hand growing boys as criminals and every action display the usual youthful ambition such as every grown man has on numerous occasions elaborated and bragged about as his accomplishments of youth such as, stealing eggs, chickens, melons, fruit, ice cream and milk. We cannot approve of children violating the laws any more than we can mature folks, but there is a wide gap between the minds of children and adults and children should not be placed on a higher plane or even the same plane as adults as far as discretion and understanding of right and wrong are concerned. Naturally if the adult brags about youthful pranks and continues to be a law violator the present day youth has a dandy example to follow should he so choose.

Justice is blind? Not so far as one might imagine. It observes plenty, it sees too much, but it cannot act correctly, it is handicapped. It is only a partial, narrow-minded, imposing and one-sided justice directed against the weak and unimportant and used on occasion to protect the strong highly respected citizen law violator. When citizens begin to obey the laws, support and cooperate with the police and courts and demand impartial application, then justice will be more completely and sanely loved. Some citizens fail to obey the laws, fail to cooperate with the police and courts, yet while so violating and failing, rush forward to use them as a means to bring them satisfaction in cases of similar or fanciful violations which touch their personal vanity or encroach upon their privileged and coveted but nevertheless unlawful conduct.

Very truly yours,
ROBEY S. RATCLIFFE

HERE'S HOW BY EDSON



Tomorrow: "No More Bald Heads"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Indian diseases in Oregon:

(Continuing from yesterday.)
"Before the smallpox of 1781-2, the number of Indians lay probably between 75,000 and 100,000; after the fever and ague of 1830-31, between 15,000 and 20,000. These figures are approximations, but tell the substantial truth. Authorities disagree, yet not in a wide range of variations. Estimates from the bureau of American Ethnology at Washington, D. C. give the original number of Indians in the Oregon country at 100,000. The total seems high, but it should be borne in mind that the paleface records belong to periods after the Indians had suffered badly from smallpox. Lewis and Clark's summary of Indian populations west of the Rocky mountains in 1806 was 80,000. Their totals did not adequately include tribes of Puget sound and southern Oregon, owing to the distance of the explorers from those areas."
"The Pacific coast had a wider variety of linguistic families than the Atlantic. In the original Oregon country were 14 such main differentiations, which were divided into many diversities of dialect. The whole area of the United States contained 58 linguistic families and a maximum Indian population of 846,000 according to the Handbook of American Indians."

"At the time of Lewis and Clark's visit in Oregon in 1805-6, the Indian numbers were probably recovering from the smallpox of 25 years before. According to George Vancouver, in 1792, there had been at Puget sound a smallpox epidemic which effected a depopulation. This was the effect of the smallpox of a decade earlier. Ross Cox, writing of Astoria episodes in 1814, speaks of smallpox as follows:
"About 30 years before this period, the smallpox had committed dreadful ravages among these Indians, the vestiges of which personal vanity or encroachments upon their privileged and coveted but nevertheless unlawful conduct."

Very truly yours,
ROBEY S. RATCLIFFE

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

MANY of my readers write asking for a quick and safe method of reducing. I can picture their disappointment when they read my answer. There is no quick and safe method. A great deal of physical harm has resulted from careless and unscientific methods of reducing.
A good deal of fat is laid down in the body, and it is necessary for the body to store up a certain amount of fat. This fat is stored up in the form of adipose tissue, and it is this tissue which gives the body its shape and protects the internal organs. It is also a source of energy, and it is necessary for the body to have a certain amount of fat in order to be able to do its work.
If you really want to reduce, you must eat less. Do not overeat, and never eat between meals or before retiring. The rule is to eat only when you are hungry, and to eat only what you need. Do not eat too much, and do not eat too fast. Eat slowly and thoroughly, and you will find that you will not be so hungry again so soon.
Exercise is important. Most of us do not exercise enough. In addition to dieting, I would strongly recommend some form of exercise, such as walking, or some other form of physical activity. Exercise will help you to burn up the fat that you have stored up, and it will also help you to keep your body in good health.
I do not mean that a stout person should not reduce. Overweight is a problem which deserves serious consideration. A person who is overweight is more likely to get sick, and it is more difficult for him to do his work. If you are overweight, you should try to reduce. It will be worth the effort.

Answers to Health Queries

VERY GRATEFUL, Q.—What can be done for bleeding piles? Is there a definite cure?
A.—This condition is usually due to constipation. Clear up the bowels first of all. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
MISS M. E. M. Q.—What can be done for pimples on the face?
A.—Proper diet and elimination should not only clear the complexion but should benefit the system in general. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
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"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS
Young and beautiful Lily Lou Landing applies to an operative dentist, but her moderate circumstances necessitate that she go to business and study music evenings. Wealthy Ken Sargent, whom Lily Lou loves, becomes angry when she insists upon practicing instead of coming home and discussing calling. Lily Lou grows restless and overworks trying to forget him. She goes to her parents' home in Woodlark for a rest. Ken arrives and once again she is happy, but she assumes an air of indifference toward him. Feeling she is no longer interested, Ken kisses her goodbye and leaves for town. Lily Lou rushes to the bank to stop him and, stumbling, Ken runs back to assist her. She confesses her love for him. A week later, she returns to the city. Ken is out of town.
CHAPTER TEN
May was delighted to have her hair done. Delighted that she had cooked. Delighted that she looked so well. There was never a great demonstration of affection amongst the Landings. They looked upon that sort of thing as "soft" but they loved each other, and sometimes, like tonight, they had a hard time not to show it.
Dinner was fun, because it was served in the dining room where Lily Lou had set the table with the best silver, and May's hand embroidered table cloth.
"This is something like!" Raymond said, helping himself to another slice of the roast. "Say, how about making a good old stew, with onions, out of what's left, for tomorrow night, Lily Lou?"
"I'll make it for you, dear. I'll cook it tonight."
"Gee, it would be a lot of bother for you, Maysie. We'll have it cold instead."
Lily Lou felt sorry for them both... sorry for herself, too... Some day would she and Ken...? No, with her music she'd earn enough, even if Ken's people...
"You're awfully preoccupied tonight," May said.
"I haven't got used to being back yet. Still thinking about Woodlark. That wasn't exactly true, but it served."
After dinner Irene and Raymond's father came over. Irene was planning her wedding. Lily Lou had to listen to it all. And with her own heart so troubled, her own affairs so unsettled, it hurt.
Ken came back Monday. They met on the boat. Lily Lou remembered the commutator, managed to keep from looking too happy, but she couldn't mask the stony wonder in her eyes, the soft redness of her lips... Oh, what a life! To have to meet the boy you love, whom you've given your heart to, whom you're going to marry, on a ferry boat!
And how it sped this morning. They were landing almost on the beach. They were parking at Sansome and Sutter almost before they'd had time for a dozen words...
Just before he left he leaned over and whispered in her ear. "Love me!"
He was laughing, his nice, faintly freckled face happy, and sure of what she was going to say. When she nodded, smiling and blushing a little, the look of triumph that she had seen on his face before came back, frightening her. She wished he'd say whether they were engaged or not...
The ankle hurt all day. She shouldn't have walked to work. But she forgot it, seeing Ken made her forget everything. Shouldn't Ken have thought of it? Wouldn't it have been sweet of Ken to think of her?
The day dragged. Lily Lou sat at her switchboard, plugged in and out, answered "Fox, Johnson and Dunne... Who is calling, please? I'll see..."
She was desperately tired when she got home. May was putting the cold meat on the table. She hadn't made Raymond's stew after all.
After dinner Lily Lou whisked the plates away almost before Raymond had finished his second piece of bakery pie. She washed, with lightning rapidity. May, more leisurely, dried.
"What's the hurry, for heaven's sake?" May drawled.
"Oh, nothing—want to finish." Lily Lou hung her apron on the hook on the kitchen door, stopped by the bathroom to scrub her hands with violet soap—damn that dishwasher smell!—and then on to her dressing room, to cold cream her face, powder carefully, comb her hair... Almost eight... He ought to telephone any minute now. She began to polish her nails, frowning at the clock...
"Aren't you going to practice tonight? You'll be calling rusty!" May called from her couch in the dining room.
"I suppose so..." Lily Lou turned away from her dressing table, looked helplessly at the piano.
It was almost half past eight. Lily Lou came into the dining room. Irene was already there, using the telephone. She was telephoning to her friend, Leta.
"I think I'll get pink... No, I mean real rose pink. What? Yes, I know, but black is so dead looking for a bride... And it doesn't wash well... What? I can't hear you, Leta! But Leta! I don't look good in black. Well, I might get one black one—georgette, I guess."
Lily Lou thought, "That's been going on for half an hour. No wonder I haven't had a call... Oh, why doesn't she phone at home, instead of here? Raymond's relatives—they make me sick!"
Surprisingly, Irene hung up. "Now," Lily Lou thought, "now it'll ring."
She went back to the front room. Fiddled with her music. Ran a few scales... Quarter to nine. The time would be all gone. Probably he got discouraged when the line was busy for so long... But she shouldn't get discouraged... He should know...
She stopped her exercises in the middle. Came back to the dining room. Both Raymond and May looked up inquiringly. It wasn't like Lily Lou to stop in the midst of her work.
"I'm too tired!" she said nervously, dropping into the nearest chair.
"Able to bother you?" May was all solicitous at once. Even Raymond was sympathetic. "You better get to bed, and don't try to do anything tonight."
But she couldn't go to bed. He might want to come over, or to take her out riding...
The telephone rang.
Raymond heaved himself up from his arm chair. "I'll go!"
"I think it's Leta. She was going to call me back." Irene made for the telephone, but Lily Lou got there first.
And it was Ken. He'd been trying to get her for an hour. How did she feel? He'd been worrying about her ankle. He was so tickled to see her this morning he com-

part of the young people involved in them, I think, because of the fact that they are forbidden and still exist. The students in this present trouble certainly should be punished.
Theresa Kireh, elevator operator: "They should have the same kind of beating they gave the other fellow."

Daily Thought

"The church says the Earth is flat, but I know that it is round. For I have seen the shadow on the moon, and I have more faith in a shadow than in the church."—Maggellan.

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