

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Up to Parents

WHAT are the parents of members of high school secret societies going to do about them? They have a responsibility even greater than that of the school authorities. As now operating the high school secret societies are a detriment to the school. They create a false atmosphere, an artificial standard. They have led to excesses which are deplorable. Their continuance in defiance of the state law and of school regulation is impossible. Nor will the sober judgment of the people of the community tolerate them longer.

There is one cure, the root and branch method. That means wholesale expulsions from the high school. It means throwing about two hundred young people out of school, depriving them or many of them of a high school education. Unless the parents and the members come forward and cooperate in eliminating the objectionable features of these clubs then the job before the school board and the principal and superintendent is to destroy them root and branch. And if the parents lay back now and do nothing, then they should do no squawking when their young hopefuls are told to take their books and go home to stay.

An alumnus of one of the clubs made what seems to us the best proposal: do away with all secret features of the clubs, let the constitution and by-laws be submitted to the faculty, let there be a faculty and an alumni adviser of each group, with proper chaperonage at social affairs. This would preserve whatever of value there might be in wholesome social contacts and associations, comply with the state law, and ought to hold young blood in leash and restrain youth from bad moral conduct. It would be experimental. There still would be complaints that the clubs were undemocratic and "cliquey". There might be a tendency to revert into the flubdubbery of ritualistic secrets.

The parents and the alumni and the members may be able to save the day for these social clubs if they will act in cooperation with the school authorities with an honest intention of reforming what are recognized to be bad conditions. If they fail, wholesale expulsions are the only solution. Kept up over a term of years this cure would finally prove effective. It has elsewhere.

More curtailment of privileges and keeping boys out of athletics will be futile because the clubs would still exist. Principal Wolf has tried restraint. The policy has had only limited success. Why not, if the papas and mamas still refuse to cooperate to clean up the situation, roll up the sleeves and undertake the disagreeable and painful but necessary task of purging the school of the pernicious secret societies?

## Man's Last Stand

ONE by one man has been deprived of his pleasures and his duties. In the elder day, which is not so long ago either, may had his day's chores. Even if he did not keep a cow, he had a horse, attending to which occupied his time from rising in the morning until breakfast was served. Now the barn is torn down and a ready-to-serve automobile stands where once were the stalls for the team of sorrels or chestnuts.

Then one of the traditional duties of the mere male about the house was the tending of fires. There was wood to cut; there were fires to lay and replenish. Now automatic equipment calls only for father's energy to fill out the check for the oil once a month. Father may loll in peace in his great arm chair without any fear of being startled from his dozing by mother's chirrup that the house is getting cold.

There remained but one thing to call for the exercise of masculine energy about the house,—that was to wind the clock. In the household in which we were reared, winding the clock was a household rite. Regularly Sunday evening father would the clock, just before he retired. The lagging stroke of the hour chime was a constant reminder that the clock's energy was about gone. So we have continued the family tradition, to wind the clock on Sunday nights, though we confess to occasional lapses of memory.

This is the last stand of the mere male; and now it is doomed. For the electric clock is coming, with chimes and alarms and everything. It runs without any winding and almost without attention, taking from poor father his last home chore.

The male thus becomes an ornament about the home. With no outlets for his energies small wonder he roars and fumes and grows irritable. No horses to water and curry; no wood to split; no fires to feed; no clocks to wind; "say, son, the lawn needs mowing."

Eugene had some fires in its industrial section that were thought to be incendiary. Now Medford has suffered a \$250,000 loss. The crime of arson seems to flourish in unsettled times. Even when covered by insurance a fire loss is none the less real. Wealth is consumed, the loss is just spread out over thousands of premium payers.

A congressman named Fish accuses the house of a lack of backbone. This Fish was author of the Fish report, by which we might judge congress lacked brains as well as backbone. Since the members come from the people they probably have about the average amount of both.

The U. S. keeps saying it will withdraw its marines from Haiti or Nicaragua "after the next election". The wait has been so long we wonder if they will ever hold an election there.

Al Capone promises to get the Lindbergh baby back if they will let him out of jail. Lindy is probably through with this "slight unseem" trading.

Today daylight saving starts in the east where the people are foolish enough to want to get up an hour earlier in the morning but haven't courage enough to do it save for clock deception.

A London report says that Greta Garbo is to marry a Swede, Boreson, son of a wealthy financier. That will make him "match king" instead of Ivar Krueger.

Today's bright idea is to put the university and state college under the administration of the state police.

As the campaign starts the politicians might buy a gallon of this new anti-knock gasoline.

"Mooney plans new campaign". That one is as interminable as prohibition.

If stocks keep slipping maybe that \$24 Peter Minault paid for Manhattan Island will look like a 1929 high.

## Lay Sermon

"CATCHING THE LIMIT"

"Bring of the fish to have new taken. Men went fishing a long time ago. Some times they had good luck; sometimes they had poor luck. Fish were as wary then as they are now. And fortune was as fickle to the toiling fisherman as it is to this day, spilling of pampering the gear and spilling on the bait.

They had no game wardens about the sea of Galilee; and no catch limit that we have heard of. Fish were caught for food and for sport in that day. Yet on this occasion when John and Peter had gone back to the fishing business in their old home town after wandering about Palestine with an itinerant preacher and teacher the got into trouble with the authorities and was put to death for his radicalism. They stop their fishing when a voice from the shore tells them to bring in the fish they have just taken.

153 big fish were in their net. The fishing was fine when they changed the spot of casting their net to the lake. They labored through the night; only now were they having any luck. Why stop now?

"Fishing is just getting good," John might say to Peter.

Let's make another haul before the school of fish goes out to the lake," Peter might respond.

But they didn't. They stopped fishing at the word of the Master.

Very unmodern indeed were these disciples fishermen. Your fisherman today does not stop, short of exhaustion, until he reaches his "limit." Your business man,—he does not stop when his income is fully adequate to his needs. No, he enlarges his factory, increases his production, whips his sales force into getting more orders. Business pressure or the desire to be satisfied unless his gross income from year to year and his net likewise. Greater size, more volume, more profits are the driving forces of the business world.

So this voice from the shore calling men to bring in the fish they have caught seems archaic, the day to come when a great deal more than they need with less effort. If good times come again will any of them hear a voice from the shore telling them they've caught enough fish, and come to breakfast; or hearing, will they respond?

People profess to be learning new ways to work and to live in these times of hardship. But are not most of them just waiting for the day to come when they can once again make a great deal more than they need with less effort? If good times come again will any of them hear a voice from the shore telling them they've caught enough fish, and come to breakfast; or hearing, will they respond?

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem  
Towns Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 24, 1907

Negotiations for a mammoth park and pleasure resort at the present end of the Salem-Portland electric line have about been completed. The site selected is a grove of fir trees a quarter mile northwest of Chemawa.

The 125-foot barge built here for the C. K. Spaulding Logging company could not be launched yesterday as planned. Something went wrong with the launching gear, to the disappointment of a large crowd assembled on the river bank.

The city of Salem won a long-fought case yesterday when Chief Justice Bean handed down an opinion affirming the decision of Judge William Galloway. E. E. Nichols, convicted in municipal court for vagrancy February 6, 1905, appealed the case.

John H. Farrar, assistant postmaster in the Salem office since

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tuesday: "Rain — the Great Destroyer"

## Rheumatism no Less Painful if Some Other Fellow's is Worse

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

ALL in all, the past winter has been somewhat of a heart-breaker. Travelers tell us that conditions in Salem and Portland and the valley in general have been less trying than elsewhere and that we should not complain. And, of course, we should not complain, although personally I am unable to see that the rheumatism in my legs pains any the less because a man in Cincinnati or elsewhere has a more painful pair of legs than mine.

I am aware that many people in Salem have been and are sorely tried in their efforts to make ends meet. Many have appealed for assistance. Others have not appealed for assistance, but have struggled and endured in silence. The number and identities of these silent ones only God knows. It is possible we should gasp a bit were the truth revealed to us.

The dear old sense of humor, of which we hear so frequently as a means of relief from trying conditions, has had a hard winter. It has been sadly overworked, and in some instances has made an end of itself, which is nothing at all of the ordinary for it to do. But it has come through. It has helped more than it has hindered.

Yesterday a young woman, a girl, one of a dozen or more men, women and children who have come on like errands during the past month, came to my office. She was offering for sale some sort of spot annihilator, a pasty substance in a tin box. The price was four bits per box.

"Good morning, sir," said this young woman. "Gosh, I'm all out of breath and my legs feel funny."

"Sit down," I suggested. "Very nice of you to call me 'sir.' I appreciate it."

1906, is to be the new postmaster of the office. The appointment comes through Senator Charles L. McNary.

A check of registration of voters in Marion county was completed yesterday by County Clerk U. G. Boyer. A total of 18,897 registrations is shown. This is an increase of 2059 over the presidential year of 1920.

WASHINGTON.—Senator Borah, republican, Idaho, states in a letter to the Pocastello, Idaho, post, American Legion, that if he voted for the soldiers' bonus bill, it would be for simple matter of barter, in which I use the people's money to buy somebody's vote."

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

A 8-I sit at my desk I have two papers before me. One is a letter from a sufferer of neuritis and the other is a medical address giving the recent advances made in this

trouble to become diseased. Neuritis is a common nerve disorder that has baffled medical science for many years. It is an inflammation of a nerve.

When it involves more than one nerve it is called multiple neuritis. It is a painful condition, and often is confused with rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica.

Inflammation in surrounding tissues may spread to a nerve and cause neuritis. It may also be caused by continued exposure to cold, irritation of the nerve by pressure or from a blow, or by a disease involving the nervous system.

At the onset of the disease the inflammation is confined to the sheath or covering of the nerve. As the disease progresses the nerve structure becomes involved and diseased.

In multiple neuritis, where many nerves are involved, they degenerate and break down. This is due to a poison which is taken into the body or is produced within the body. This form of neuritis is seen in cases of

chronic alcoholism. A similar condition is found in lead workers and painters. These men become poisoned by continued exposure to lead. It usually involves the motor end of the nerve, producing the so-called "wrist-drop."

Pain and paralysis of the affected limb are the chief symptoms of neuritis. The skin around the affected nerve becomes glossy. Users frequently complain that the only signs are mild discomfort and tingling sensations in the diseased part. The pain most commonly affecting are the face, chest, arms and legs. When the affected muscles are squeezed there is marked tenderness.

Discover the Cause.

To cure neuritis the cause must first be discovered and then removed. It due to lead poisoning, change of occupation is imperative. In chronic alcoholism the treatment is more difficult, and it may be necessary to remove the patient to a hospital. The poisoning may be caused by infected tonsils, teeth or gall bladder, or by some other diseased organ in the body. Cure can be obtained only by removal of the source of infection.

Complete rest in bed is best for sufferers with neuritis. This prevents fatigue and weakening of the muscles. Rest and quietude and various electrical appliances are used to soothe and stimulate the nutrition of the nerve.

Neuritis is curable if proper care and attention are given. It may require months of care, but the ultimate outcome is good. Do not neglect this condition, for it is more difficult to cure when the nerve has become chronically diseased.



D. H. TALMADGE

"Thanks." She seated herself and produced a box of the annihilator, holding it up that I might be duly impressed by its transcendental beauty. "Now the idea," she went on, "is this: you buy a box of this stuff for four bits and you clean the old suit, thus saving the difference between four bits and sixteen-fifty, the price of a new suit in the current market, with a new hat and perhaps another pair of trousers thrown in."

"The idea is all right," I assured her, "but there are no spots on the old suit. It has become so weakened by age and violent contacts that it is no longer able to carry spots. Its strength is taxed to the utmost to prevent its color from falling off. And were I to apply it to any of your annihilator I should probably have no suit at all. It would explode into rage and tatters."

This held her for a minute, but only for a minute.

"Why don't you have a rug made of it?" she asked. "No, wait a minute," I said. "You wouldn't fit your rug. It wouldn't fit you. She sighed. "All right, we'll drop the sales talk. But I'll tell you something (I'd get scalped if my father or mother knew I was giving out the family secrets)—we've been barely able to pay the rent for the past winter. The water has been shut off twice. The light company has had a heart bleed 'em' though I'm afraid we've sorely tried their patience. We haven't had enough to eat. Father hasn't been at all well, and mother is so nervous and worried that she's not like herself."

"And you?" I asked. "Surely you could find some sort of work that you could do."

"The will and the way, eh?" She laughed, but without much mirth. "I've tried and cried and I've trodden, I've ran, I've looped, I've trotted, I've pranced, I've—"

"You're from Kentucky?" I interrupted.

"However do you deduce it, Mr. Holmes? No, not from Kentucky, but from another region where horses are thought much of. I adore horses, don't you?"

"I like 'em," I admitted guardedly. "How many boxes of that spot remover have you sold today?"

"Two—no, three—thanks, and I've walked 147 miles to accomplish it."

"You put it up yourself?" "Mother makes it according to directions in an old book we've got called '500 Ways to Get Rich.' Father makes the labels with pen and ink. And I—the drew her up with mock pomp—'direct the sales force, of which I am it. O, it's awful!'"

She was rather a good looking girl. About 20 years old. Plainly weary and half-discouraged. Her mind, perhaps, a bit brighter than the average. Tactfully dressed, although her shoes had been worn longer than was well for their appearance. And she was faithful to her father and her mother, which was more than a little in her favor.

"Good-bye, Mr. Holmes," she said at the door, and she really laughed now, which was a comfort. "When do you deduce that this depression thing will go away?"

## "EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

**SYNOPSIS**  
Lily Lou Lansing, pretty, young telephone operator, knew with her married sister in wedding dress. She is torn between desire for an operatic career and love for wealthy Ken Sargent. Ken takes Lily Lou to a party at his home. Mrs. Sargent's cool attitude makes Lily Lou feel she is an outsider. She realizes the socially prominent Peggy Sage is more suitable for Ken.

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN

After a while Ken said, "Peg and I usually play tennis on Sunday mornings."

Lily Lou didn't answer. She couldn't help feeling left out. "We always have, you know," Ken added after a pause.

That only made it worse. They always had. They two, who were sort of meant for each other, raised in the same sort of environment, the same sort of families. . . .

Ken halted the car in the shade of the Kittling's drooping acacia tree, a mass of fastidious golden bloom, and kissed her.

She was very quiet. May, who had heard the car drive up, listened from her bed. She visualized the scene, her brows drawn in a hard, tight line. Presently she heard Lily Lou's key in the door.

She thought of getting up to ask her what the party was like, but it was late, and she was tired. She dozed off. . . .

Later, saw the crack of light in the hall. . . . Lily Lou had forgotten to switch off the lights.

Sighing a little she got up to turn it off, but the light came from the open door of Lily Lou's room.

"Heavens, child, why aren't you in bed. . . . what are you doing?" Lily Lou, still in her party clothes, the velvet wrap over her shoulders, sat on the piano bench. She hadn't even pulled down the bed.

She looked up at her sister with apology and surprise in her veiled glance. "Nothing," she answered. "Just thinking."

"Then for heaven's sake, go to bed!" May tiptoed back to Raymond, Lily Lou undressed, slowly and methodically, hanging her clothes carefully in the closet. Then she crept into bed, and lay awake the rest of the night, staring up at the ceiling.

In the morning she was tired-eyed, but cheerful. She had made up her mind. . . .

"You must be crazy!" Ken said. "No, just sensible," Lily Lou's mouth was firm. She spoke without excitement. Her voice was flat, and a little tired.

"But Lily Lou, why at least can't we be friends? Don't we get along fine? Don't we have fun together? Things are just starting. The girls liked you so much. I can get you in on no end of parties."

She smiled at him. There were times when she felt so much older than Ken, for all his knowledge of social customs, of that life that was strange to her. "You don't understand," she said. "If I—"

"No, I'm darned if I do!" They had been riding around aimlessly. It was a Thursday night—the Thursday after Ken's party at the country club.

Ken was hurt, terribly hurt, and Lily Lou was sorry. Hurting Ken

"Pretty soon, Miss Watson. Happier days to you! Drop in at Baker's street again sometime. Good-bye."

The door opened, closed. Another proud one gone bravely on her way.

There is no special credit due a man for making a business pay when all conditions are favorable. But the man who can do when conditions are all unfavorable—well, words fall me.

I don't much care for a book that I can't read pleasantly three or four times at least.

We lose our appetites worrying about where the eat-money is coming from. Old nature doing her stuff.

Everybody to his own notion of humor. Sol Tirkoff refers to a chimney that backsmokes as a bad case of flu.

The West Union (Iowa) Union is a newspaper which brings to me, as Tom Moore says, the light of other days; the smiles and tears of boyhood years, etcetera. More than any other of the many publications that come in the mail each week. The Union is a good newspaper, and Mrs. Melrose's column of chaff is always entertaining. From an item in the current "Chaff" I gather that Marie Dressler as "Emma" (and what a different "Emma" Dressler is from the "Rilly" of a few years back!) made a bit in West Union as elsewhere, and that the popular question there is, "How old is Emma?" The World Almanac says she was born in Coburg, Canada, in 1869.

They wore the path with their bare or moccasined feet in carrying water from the wonderful spring near the bank of the Willamette river to the Gervais house. The main river was there until the flood of 1861-2, when it made a new course about a mile away.

Elsie Francis Dennis for the 1930 numbers of the Oregon Historical Society Quarterly, contributed an article on "Indian Slavery in the Pacific Northwest," in the preparation of which she examined more than 60 different authors, more than 60 of them being the authors of source material.

She found that the Russians were probably the first Europeans to visit northwest America. Capt. Krenitzin and Lieut. Levashoff, who made a voyage to the north Alaskan coast in 1788-9 by order of the empress of Russia, said their journal that when Indian parents died the children must shift for themselves; that they found many destitute children, and the natives brought numbers of them to their ship for sale. Lisiansky, a captain in the Russian navy, in his journal under date of October, 1804, says slaves were made of conquered tribes near Sitka. He wrote a pathetic story of Anna Petrovna in his journal. Miss Dennis told a little of it, thus:

"The St. Nicholas sailed from New Archangel (Sitka) on September 23, 1805, for a fur trading and exploring trip along the coast of what later became northwest

Minville and more recently filed a call at Ashland, where he last the present time.

MAIL SUPPERS PARALYSIS Silvertown, April 15.—Word has been received here that the Rev. Silvertown Methodist church, suffered paralysis April 15. The Rev. Hall went from Silvertown to Mo-

Miss Constance Kantner: "Yes, I do read them."

T. A. Rafferty, automobile business: "Yes, I do. I hardly think these critical times they publish enough, when people should be vitally interested in the doings of the national congress."

MAIL SUPPERS PARALYSIS Silvertown, April 15.—Word has been received here that the Rev. Silvertown Methodist church, suffered paralysis April 15. The Rev. Hall went from Silvertown to Mo-

"Good-bye, Mr. Holmes," she said at the door, and she really laughed now, which was a comfort. "When do you deduce that this depression thing will go away?"

had a queer effect on her. It was like hurting herself. She couldn't be sorry for him, she said, she could be for someone else. It was just part of the ache, the unhappiness, that was part of her.

They drove, silently, for what seemed like hours to Lily Lou. "Haven't we better turn back?" she asked finally.

For answer he drove the car to the side of the road, drew her to him, kissed her again and again.

"Lily Lou," he said in a half-strangled voice, "you can't do this to me. I—I love you. More than anything in the world. Why, you're the world to me. You're what I think of, when I think of oh, living—and I don't know what I've done to spoil your love for me. You told me once that you loved me. What made you change? Tell me."

His voice broke. Lily Lou was sick with the strain of it. "I haven't changed. I told you that."

"You still—love me?" She met his eyes bravely. "Yes, Ken."

"You don't really mean it?" "I'll always love you—always." "But then—He couldn't finish the sentence. He looked at his arms again, loving her, holding her tight, and she was weakly, almost tearfully, trying to draw away. "Please, Ken—don't—oh, it's no use, Ken."

"Lily Lou, if you love me you can't leave me."

"That's just it—I can. I love you. But I can't go on like this. It's breaking my heart. I'll be unhappy all the time, and my mind is going to pieces—I can't work—I can't remember anything. I'll lose my voice next, and then what will I do?"

"Love me. Let me take care of you."

She pushed his loving hands away. "Oh, Ken—what's the use of TALKING?"

"But Lily Lou—"

"Ken, I'm not your kind. I can't love you a little and be happy with you, and play tennis with you like Peggy Sage and those others."

"You're better than the others—more precious—"

"Hush, Ken—please. Let me tell you. I'm all alone, without any rich father and mother to do things for me, if I fail to do them for myself. I'm earning my own living. And that isn't all. I'm studying at night. I'm trying to make something of myself, and it's hard enough, without—oh, Ken—don't spoil it! I'll be nobody then. Just a second rate telephone operator, with a lot of unpaid bills, and a disappointed family."

While she talked Ken's face grew gray and pinched. He seemed to draw into himself.

"All right, I won't spoil your life, Lily Lou."

He held her hand, so tight that it hurt.

She felt desolate. Wondered how she had ever thought she could do this—give up Ken.

"Don't you care?" he asked after a long, dreary silence.

She couldn't bear the hurt in his voice. "I'm doing it now, while I can still beat. . . . If I—I let myself care, even a little more, I couldn't—couldn't—"

"You DO care. You aren't going to leave me—"

"Yes—but I've got to—"

"Why? Tell me—"

Indian slavery here:

Less than 100 years ago there were many Indian slaves in the district where Salem stands and in the surrounding country.

If the reader will find the spot on which stood the historic Joseph Gervais house, where was held the "wolf meeting" preceding the one at Champeau that authorized the Provisional government, and if he will go a few yards to