

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELDON 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 otherwise credited to this paper.

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

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 771 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 360 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. 50 cents, 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Crime Piled on Crime

ADD the crime of murder now to the one of kidnaping. A crime piled upon crime in the Lindbergh case. Perhaps the further crime of extortion if the real kidnapers got the \$50,000 from the Bronx professor which the babe's father advanced as ransom money. A nation's head is bowed in sorrow and in shame—sorrow over the tragic ending of a beautiful life; shame that such a crime was committed in a civilized land.

There will be as there have been complaints that the case was bungled by the police. The public should know that the police and the newspapers too have been governed very largely by the wishes of Col. Lindbergh who took immediate charge of the case. Newspapers have suppressed news in order to aid in the hunt; something which newspaper ethics usually frowns upon. The police too early ceased any effort to apprehend the kidnapers and devoted their energies to helping the parents recover the infant. The child was not returned even after promises of immunity; and the reason which now seems apparent is that the child was murdered shortly after his kidnaping.

The long suspense is over. The time of blankness is past. While the end is a shock and must come as a blow to the parents, still the time of gnawing uncertainty is past. If the identification is complete the remains may be laid to rest in hallowed ground; and the parents will have, as countless other bereaved parents have, the memory of a child. That at least will be precious.

Perhaps, though the hope is slight, the forces of law may lay heavy hand upon the criminals. Perhaps too the crime may awaken America to the menace of professionalized crime which flourishes in the land.

Judge L. C. Lewelling

THE third judicial district will welcome L. C. Lewelling as circuit judge. His service as prosecuting attorney in Linn county won him selection for this promotion; and all who are acquainted with him feel confident that he will make a fair, diligent and just judge. Judge Lewelling will follow a distinguished group of jurists, the late Gale Hill, his immediate predecessor, and Hon. Percy Kelly now a member of the state supreme court. We are sure that he will strive to prove a worthy successor of these able and conscientious men.

The democratic dark horses are being groomed again after they were let out to pasture when it looked as though Roosevelt had everything sewed up. One of the steeds back in the paddock is Banker Melvin A. Traylor of Chicago, former Texan and native Kentuckian. His friends seem to be loyal fighters, and Mayor Cermak of Chicago says Traylor will be the second favorite son of Illinois after Jim Ham Lewis. The republicans are still depending on the democrats doing the wrong thing at the right time.

Hector Protector MacPherson is living up to his name and contributing daily to the heck-raising in higher education. Hector was the man who proposed the single board and wrote the law calling for a report of experts which cost as he says \$40,000 and which he proceeds to denounce roundly. Well, the grease is out of the gravy-bowl, Hector's mopping up movements do not impress us as being very efficacious.

The great purifier, Sen. Smith Wildman Brookhart, is shown up as getting \$25,000 a year for himself and his relations out of the public treasury. An opponent in the Iowa primaries is telling the Iowa corn growers just how Brookhart is doing it. But Brookhart will counter with "Down with Wall Street".

Japan announces that it will withdraw the remainder of its troops from Shanghai and hopes for a round table conference to settle future conditions there. Why not the conference first, saving the waste of men and of money? Japan's Shanghai thrust will long prove a costly venture for the island kingdom.

Gaston B. Means must have read the reports that women have 74% of the money, and acted on the information. There is no way of punishing a jovial crook like that. He is just the same as the birds that work the money-changing stunt on wheels coming to the Portland state station; only Means goes in for bigger money.

Perhaps the best way out of the recent imbroglio would be to have revivify and salute to the flag at the state house. We designate General George A. White to act as commander and chief of the roll-call.

We win. The state board of higher education refers to "both campuses" and not "camp". So that's settled; or will the Albany Democrat-Herald and the Eugene Register-Guard get up an initiative petition on the question?

Old man Talmadge is getting out of character. He showed up with a new hat yesterday. If the warm weather keeps on he may even lay aside his overcoat; but we hope not too soon to chill his warm heart and genial philosophy.

About week after next some aspirant for the speakership will claim he has enough pledges to win the office. The legislature is one place where the bandwagon will never go out of style.

A group at the university has issued a booklet "The Curtsy", a handbook of campus customs and courtesies. We haven't seen it, but wonder if it tells a sophomore what to do with his feet.

The gasoline price has been creeping up again which will be comforting to those who filled their bathtubs during the gas war and have hung on grimly till the swimming season opened.

The Portland "citizenry" is becoming aroused over the effort to recall Mayor Baker. The Order of Sons of Italy is now lined up in the cause of law and good promises.

The crowd at the circus was another proof of the extent of the depression. Most every seat was filled—especially in the pass section reserved for newspapers and city councilmen.

The saucer-lipped savages got most of the attention in the zoo part of the circus. How would you like to be kissed by one of those duck bills?

Would you believe it, just one more week till primary election day. The candidates have a lot of ground to cover in a week,—and so have the voters if they want to know whom they are voting for.

Word from Reykjavik says that Iceland is about to drop its prohibition law. People who live up in that blue-nose country are pretty nearly entitled to a hot toddy occasionally.

Thanks to the governor everybody in the state now knows the traffic count for April at the executive offices.

Congress plans to adjourn June 10th. That's to let the members get home to the vote harvest.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 18, 1907
To build and maintain an electric railway from Eugene to Prineville in Crook county is the principal object of the Eugene & Eastern Railway company which filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state yesterday. Frank W. Waters is one of the incorporators.

The Capital city will hold its second annual Cherry fair and flower festival July 10 and 12 it was decided at a meeting called yesterday under the auspices of the Marion County Horticultural society.

Sheep Commissioner W. H. Stensloff expects to leave Monday for Lane county to investigate the alleged trouble among the sheepmen, who are resolved to violate the provisions of the dipping act.

May 18, 1922
A message received here yesterday from Representative W. C. Hawley at Washington states that the forest service has approved construction of three units of the Roosevelt Coast highway this season.

Governor Olcott has addressed a letter to Secretary of State Hughes at Washington, making a request through his office that a detachment of the Royal Canadian mounted police participate in the Portland Rose festival in June.

Rat-shooting is a new night sport here. The "hunters" are getting their sport at the city dump near the state fair grounds.

New Views

"Whom do you think will be elected mayor of Salem next week? Why? These questions were asked about town yesterday by Statesman reporters.

B. W. Macy, attorney: "I think McKay will be; he is a good business man, he is popular, he is clean. I think the support of the Press trusts Gregory."

Walter Socofsky, real estate man: "It's a hard thing to tell; I'd hate to put up any money on either man; I really believe McKay will win but these are uncertain times and it is hard to predict what will happen."

J. A. Patterson, retired merchant: "I don't know, because I really haven't paid any attention to it. I went on the 'tired' list when I quit business, and really haven't paid much attention to politics."

L. Schmidt, laborer: "McKay, I hope."

T. Harold Tomlinson, attorney: "I know who I hope will be elected—McKay, because I think a successful business man should be mayor."

Dr. H. H. Olinger, dentist: "I think it all depends on the vote. If the people downtown all turn out, they will elect McKay."

Daily Thought

"Bad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do some-

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

TO KEEP in good health and ward off attacks of grippe, we must follow two cardinal rules. The first one is to keep the general health up to par by proper food, good elimination and plenty of fresh air. The second is to avoid the society of those who cough and sneeze.

Influenza, commonly called "grip" from the French term "La Grippe," was a little known by this generation until the world-wide epidemic of 1918, yet this disease was recognized as early as the Tenth Century and originated in Eastern Europe and Western Asia. In 1918 it spread along the various lines of travel, carrying sickness and death through all of Europe, Great Britain and North America.

The influenza germ or bacillus enters the system through the air passages, and its effects soon spread to other tissues of the body. Strangely enough, the great danger in the disease is the power of the germ to break down bodily defense. This encourages the invasion of other germs, notably the bacillus of pneumonia.

We know all the familiar symptoms of influenza. They include chilliness, headache, aching limbs, nasal congestion and often bronchitis.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer building, etc.

On the night of Wednesday, April 27, an incendiary fire destroyed the warehouse building of D. A. White & Sons, on the east side of Water street, between Chemeketa and Center—in the block north of the Marion county end of the bridge across the Willamette.

That was a historic building. It was built in the late fifties, by W. J. Herren, and its construction was under the direction of J. O'Donald, contractor and carpenter; who married a daughter of Thomas Cross, pioneer packer, grandfather of Curtis Cross of the Valley Packing company.

The building stood on the bank of the Willamette and was used at first for a grain shipping warehouse. River boats tied up there and took on and discharged cargoes of grain. Afterward the building contained a chair factory. The writer believes the factory was owned by Jacob Stahley, who afterwards moved his operations to Liberty street near where it joins Broadway.

John C. Farrar, pioneer grocer, who lived near by, at Water and Center streets, acquired the property in the early seventies. He later sold out to his sons, John F. and Squire, who operated their business under the name of Farrar Bros., and about 1879 Squire Farrar bought his brother's interest in the business.

Not long thereafter John Van Eaton became a partner. Squire Farrar became postmaster in after years, and his nephew, J. H. Farrar, son of John F. Farrar, was chief deputy, and was afterwards appointed to fill the place of his uncle, and still holds it.

Farrar Bros. were among the thing larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God.—Phillips Brooks.

pioneer shippers of apples from Salem. They were the first, the writer believes, to pack and ship apples according to modern methods. The old warehouse was the packing plant and steamboat dock and this lasted for a number of years.

Postmaster Farrar remembers that in his early youth he liked to hang around the apple packing house. The lively scenes attracted his youthful fancy—and no doubt his taste for juicy apples was an inducement.

He cherishes a photograph which he has kept all these years. It shows an apple packing scene at the old warehouse, with a view of the packers. Among them was Jack Rogers, afterward prominent in business here, one of the founders of the U. S. National bank, and largest stockholder at his death. That was the first job in Salem for young Jack Rogers.

Another member of the apple packing crew was Stella Mitchell, afterwards Mrs. Fred Bynon, mother of Allan Bynon.

The old warehouse, chair factory and apple packing plant and shipping place was later moved from the river bank to the east side of Water street. It filled a service in pioneering useful industries, and has gone the way of all material things.

The Ladd & Bush Annual, recently published, reprinted an item from The Statesman of Aug. 23, 1854, commencing: "Our town (Salem) moves on a steady march of progress, notwithstanding the 'hard times'. The new state house (territorial capitol) is progressing rapidly. . . . The Episcopal church. . . . under the direction of Messrs. Ferguson and O'Donald, is to be completed in October."

This was J. O'Donald, the man who supervised the construction of the old warehouse that became the pioneer apple packing plant. Note the reference to hard times. The California gold rush was over and a great "depression" followed. Like all the rest, before and after, it was thought the worst ever. The Statesman of that date, as mentioned in the Annual, had another item, reading:

"Shooting an Indian.—A report of an interesting trial in Jackson county before Judge Deady: It is the FIRST INSTANCE of the indictment and conviction of a white person for shooting an Indian, in the territory, and such acts have been regarded as very light offenses. It indeed as crimes at all. Therefore the trial attracts considerable attention, and the report will be read with interest. The Indian shot has since died, though he was living at the time the indictment was found; hence it was for assault with intent to kill, and not for murder. The prisoner was taken through this place to the penitentiary at Portland last Sunday, by Sheriff Poyles, of Jackson."

There were three prisoners in the territorial penitentiary at Portland at the beginning of that year (1854), and six added during the year. The man who killed the Indian was therefore one of the six. Had the indictment been for murder, instead of assault with intent to kill, it is not likely that the jury would have brought in a verdict of conviction.

The white man must have been a very poor specimen, at that, to be convicted by a jury of his peers at the time, and in that region. Had the fracas occurred the next year, after the breaking out of the Rogue River Indian war, he would no doubt have been given a medal, no matter how disreputable his general character.

The Statesman of April 8, 1856 under the heading, "Eola City Election," had the following: "At the city election in Eola, Polk County, (formerly Cincinnati), A. C. R. Shaw was elected mayor. J. B. V. Butler, recorder, Wm. Hays, Wm. A. Carley, Jas. Rochester, Baily Haydon, D. M. Hayden, councilmen, O. T. Clark, marshal, and James C. Walker, assessor."

Eola once had great ambitions. Its people talked of going out after the capital. One of its spokes-

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS
Lily Lou Lansing, young and pretty telephone operator, gives up her opportunity for an operatic career to marry wealthy Ken Sargent. Ken's parents had hoped their son would marry the socially prominent Peggy Sage and threaten to have the marriage annulled. The young couple go housekeeping and are ideally happy. Then Ken loses his position and, one night, Lily Lou hears him sobbing. Next day, Ken's father calls on Lily Lou. He stuns her with the news that her marriage has been annulled, and gives her \$500 and a railroad ticket to New York. Feeling that Ken no longer cares, Lily Lou leaves. She arrives in New York and takes a furnished room. Lily Lou is just about desperate searching for work when Maxine Rechen, another lodger, offers her a position playing the piano for a dancing teacher. She and Maxine go to live with the wealthy Mrs. Paula Manchester, whose hobby is befriending young artists and boarding them reasonably in her sumptuous home. Lily Lou receives a post from home with the society section marked in black pencil.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE
Lily Lou read the announcement of Miss Peggy Alexandria Sage's engagement to Kentfield Carey Sargent, Third.

Ken . . . engaged to the Sage girl, just as if he wasn't . . . as if they hadn't been married. . . . She sat down on the arm of a chair, suddenly conscious that her heart was thudding painfully. She thought, "He might have written me . . . it would have been . . . the gracious thing. . . ."

Not that it mattered, of course. Their marriage was annulled. She was nothing to Ken. He was nothing to her. Naturally Peggy got him on the rebound . . . well, maybe they'd all be satisfied now. Ken's mother. His red-faced father. All of them.

The room was very warm. She got up and opened the window, standing close to it, glad of the cool, autumn air.

It occurred to her that the hills would be green again in California. The new grass would be forcing its way up through the golden stubble of summer. Like spring, out there. A new stirring of life. Thrifty things freshening in the first rains. And here, autumn. Death . . . frost touching flowers and blasting them . . . chill settling. . . .

"Dinner's ready, Miss Lily Lou," Sadie called in her soft, southern voice.

"Thank you, Sadie, I'll be right out," she answered automatically. "I hope they'll be happy," she thought, closing the window, powdering her nose as automatically as she had answered. "There's no reason why they shouldn't. I don't wish them any hard luck."

It seemed to her that she was aking it very bravely—like the sort of girl she always pretended to be to Ken . . . and really wasn't. She felt almost happy for a moment, and then she realized that it didn't matter how she took it. She hadn't anything to say. She was cast out, forgotten. They hadn't asked her opinion or approval. It was just as if it was the first time. No choice. She'd never really given him up. . . . He just gave her up. . . . "Lily Lou! Dinner's waiting, dear."

Mrs. Manchester's voice. "Coming!" She looked at herself in the mirror. She looked a little as usual. Quite as if nothing had happened. During dinner she was preoccupied, planning the sort of letter she would write to May. She would have to say something. May would expect her to say something. . . . She was startled to see that her plate was empty.



"Stop, slide, stop, slide, stop. . . All right, Lansing, start again. One, two, three two—"

Funny how you can eat, and your heart all dead. . . . Days passed. A week. Two weeks. Lily Lou was so gay that Mrs. Manchester was a little alarmed. It didn't suit her. Why couldn't she be her type, and leave the other sort of thing to Maxine? Now if she was going to turn out giddy and silly, instead of attending to her music and making it worth your while to look after her. . . .

Some hint of Mrs. Manchester's displeasure came to Lily Lou, finally. She didn't know what she had done, or left undone, to displease her. "The Dickens with her!" she thought, trying to be care-free and independent like Maxine. That was the way to get through life—Maxine's way—just laugh, and don't think. . . .

Yes, and that was the trouble. When she wanted to think she couldn't. She couldn't practice. No one having her voice tried while she felt like this. Wait . . . just a little longer. Don't let yourself get puffy. Don't give in to it. . . . Don't get scared, or you're lost. Stop worrying, put your mind on Wanda's bookkeeping. . . .

That bookkeeping was terrible. She worked on it every morning, but it was so hard to make head or tail of Wanda's figures, and she flew into such a temper when you asked her questions. . . .

"The Howleys haven't paid for two months, Miss Pillsbury. Hadn't I better send them a statement?" "The Howleys! You're crazy, Lansing. Alice always brings the cash on the first. Mark it paid."

"There's no record of it—"

"Well, mark it paid, anyway."

"Yes, but if you—"

"Who's running this class? It's my money, isn't it? Don't get me all upset now. I've got a full afternoon ahead. Look and see if I paid the Marshall Ormsby people for those sandals, will you? You can't find it! Ye gods, Lansing, what kind of a bookkeeper are you? Well, never mind, I think I did and I forgot to make a stub in the check book. Mark it paid, and if I didn't pay it they'll send a collector or something. Honey child, could you just leave that bookkeeping, and walk over as far as Lexington—you know that hole in the wall where you can buy bread and stuff, and fix us some lunch. And stop and get me a brassiere at Lord's—the lace kind, with the low back, two-ninety-five . . . or did I get it at Macy's? Well, just get anything, and you can exchange it if it's wrong. Thirty-four, and if it runs small, get a thirty-six. And hurry, will you, dear?"

Sometimes Lily Lou thought she'd go mad. She didn't know which was the worst, being bookkeeper, janitress and personal maid in the morning, or playing the piano in the afternoons. . . .

Hour after hour of it, her fingers aching, her head splitting. The tap of the children's feet on the floor. The sound of Miss Pillsbury's shrill instructions: "Stop, slide, stop, slide, stop. . . . Evelyn! Pay attention! All right, Lansing, start again. One, two, three, two—"

At night she was too tired to do anything but crawl into bed. Lie there like a log until sleep came. Keep your mind blank . . . don't think, don't think. Laugh! Because if you don't laugh, you'll cry. . . .

The family kept writing. "Aren't you studying yet? Tolari isn't the only teacher in New York. Are you sure you are well?"

That was it. She wasn't well. It was because Wanda kept the studio too hot. "I can't get used to all that steam heat, and it isn't cold, really. Couldn't we have the transom open?" she begged. . . .

Wanda Pillsbury looked at Lily Lou with a strange gleam in her eye. "What is the matter with you, Lansing? You haven't been up to any mischief, have you?"

"I don't know what you mean. But I tell you, I'm stifling. It's so ghastly hot I can't stand it. I don't see how the children—"

"The children are all right. So am I. Now don't have hysterics. You aren't going to faint on me, are you? Get out in the hall and get some air. I'll use the records for a few minutes. Come on, girls, the 12-32, ta, ta!"

over as far as Lexington—you know that hole in the wall where you can buy bread and stuff, and fix us some lunch. And stop and get me a brassiere at Lord's—the lace kind, with the low back, two-ninety-five . . . or did I get it at Macy's? Well, just get anything, and you can exchange it if it's wrong. Thirty-four, and if it runs small, get a thirty-six. And hurry, will you, dear?"

Sometimes Lily Lou thought she'd go mad. She didn't know which was the worst, being bookkeeper, janitress and personal maid in the morning, or playing the piano in the afternoons. . . .

Hour after hour of it, her fingers aching, her head splitting. The tap of the children's feet on the floor. The sound of Miss Pillsbury's shrill instructions: "Stop, slide, stop, slide, stop. . . . Evelyn! Pay attention! All right, Lansing, start again. One, two, three, two—"

At night she was too tired to do anything but crawl into bed. Lie there like a log until sleep came. Keep your mind blank . . . don't think, don't think. Laugh! Because if you don't laugh, you'll cry. . . .

The family kept writing. "Aren't you studying yet? Tolari isn't the only teacher in New York. Are you sure you are well?"

That was it. She wasn't well. It was because Wanda kept the studio too hot. "I can't get used to all that steam heat, and it isn't cold, really. Couldn't we have the transom open?" she begged. . . .

Wanda Pillsbury looked at Lily Lou with a strange gleam in her eye. "What is the matter with you, Lansing? You haven't been up to any mischief, have you?"

"I don't know what you mean. But I tell you, I'm stifling. It's so ghastly hot I can't stand it. I don't see how the children—"

"The children are all right. So am I. Now don't have hysterics. You aren't going to faint on me, are you? Get out in the hall and get some air. I'll use the records for a few minutes. Come on, girls, the 12-32, ta, ta!"

EVENTS OF FINAL SCHOOL DAYS TOLD

BRUSH COLLEGE, May 12.—Brush College school patrons approve of progressive and up-to-date methods in the school room, and therefore have secured the services of the present teachers, Mrs. Mary Sehon of Salem, principal, and Miss Ruth Bennett, West Salem, primary room, for the coming year. This is Mrs. Sehon's fifth and Miss Bennett's third year at Brush College.

Five pupils will take the eighth grade examinations today and Friday, Angeline Polk, Donald Ewing, Mildred Munson, Ruth Whitney and Karen Dixon. Brush College school closes June 3.

The closing day program will be held as usual in connection with the annual homecoming picnic.

The 4-H sewing and handwork club under the leadership of Mrs. Fred Ewing and Mrs. Fred Olson has made rapid progress. Plans are now being made for a club picnic this month. An achievement program so to be held at a later date. All projects are finished.

AUBURN NOT PRESENT RICKBY, May 12.—Through some misunderstanding the Auburn school ball team failed to appear Friday afternoon so the married men and girls of the community played the regular ball team, defeating them 17 to 13.

CHICHESTERS PILLS



United States National Bank Salem Oregon