

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Truth About the Race for Mayor

ABOUT the election of a mayor for Salem, The Statesman had thought to keep silent about the candidates who are pretty well known over town, and let the friends of each do the campaigning, and then let the people cast their ballots.

Douglas McKay has said over and over again that he favors municipal ownership of the water system; and further that he will seek conscientiously to carry out the will of the people as expressed in the charter amendment adopted at the last election.

There is no deep, dark plot afoot in city politics; and no designs to deliver the city bound hand and foot to the utility interests. McKay was urged to run by people who know him because they respect him as an energetic, wide-awake, aggressive young business man.

A lot of people do not like Gregory regardless of his views on the water question. They think he is flighty and light-weight. We haven't the slightest personal hostility to Gregory. As between the two men we believe McKay would make the city a stronger and more positive mayor.

They Are Executives

IT remained for the Oregonian to administer plenary solution to the members of the state board of control who have been stung by disclosures of The Statesman of scant attendance to official duties at their offices at the state capitol.

So Tom Kay must have been an incompetent executive for he was in his office faithfully day after day. Sam Kozor must have been another incompetent for he was conspicuously faithful in his presence at his office as secretary of state.

Add President Hoover, who rarely snatches even a day to slip away to his Rapidan camp, to the group of incompetent executives. If he were a competent executive in the Oregonian's estimation, he could report only eight days a month and everything would be "jake" because he has competent secretaries and a good cabinet.

If the office of governor or secretary of state or treasurer can be handled with only occasional visits to the office, it must be only a part-time job and entitled to part time pay. We are not mischievously captious about the matter; but when absence from offices becomes chronic and presence there rare, then we do not think the taxpayers are getting full return for the full-time salaries they are paying.

The Oregonian has thus grievously affronted us and we demand an apology from the Portland chamber of commerce or the committee of 50 or the housewives council on pain of not attending any of their big meetings down in Portland for a spell.

New Views

Yesterday The Statesman asked its society editor, Olive Doak, to ask several women whether or not they voted and why they exercised the franchise.

Mrs. Frank Spears, homemaker: "Yes, I vote regularly because I feel as long as the franchise was forced upon us we should use it to give ourselves a chance to get the candidate we want in office."

Mrs. Karl Becke, homemaker: "I do vote regularly, I am not politically minded and wouldn't bother if my husband did not insist that I vote."

Mrs. Lydia Lehman, homemaker: "I have never missed an election since women were allowed to vote. I vote as my duty as an American citizen."

Mrs. T. A. Hiles, homemaker: "Yes, regularly, I consider in this

modern age that it is a patriotic and civic duty for the women of the nation to interest themselves in the nation's affairs."

Mrs. Donald Young, homemaker: "I vote regularly all right and particularly this year because of the interest I have in the candidates for office."

Mrs. T. E. Kay, homemaker: "Of course I vote regularly, I am very much interested in the candidates and then it is a duty which should not be shirked."

Daily Thought

"It is a glorious privilege to live, to know, to act, to listen, to behold, to love. To look up at the blue summer sky; to see the sun sink slowly behind the line of the horizon; to watch the world come twinkling into view, first one by one, and the myriad that no man can count, and let the universe write with them; you and I are here."—Marco Polo.

A National Hero—Weeps



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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The hard times boom:

(Continuing from Sunday:) The printer and proof reader hopped over a Ford, and made the Sunday article say John Ford, owner of the pioneer Marlon House, was "once Salem's wealthiest attorney." John Ford was not an attorney at all.

But Timon Ford, his son, was the richest lawyer in Salem and one of the most individual. Or, rather, he was more an institution than an individual. He was in the 1880 legislature from Marion county waged the most bitter fight ever waged in that body ended in the passage of the bill for the construction of the state insane asylum (now called the state hospital).

Timon Ford prepared and introduced the bill, and his colleague in the lower house, T. T. Geer, afterward governor, began his active political career in the fight the two led, doing team work, though they had theretofore been political enemies. Z. F. Moody, afterward governor, though from Wasco county, favored the bill, and as he was speaker of the house, was very helpful. C. B. Moore was chief clerk, J. W. Strange assistant clerk, E. C. Hadaway sergeant at arms, and T. A. Bacon doorkeeper.

After these officers were installed, Geer, always a joker and quick on his feet, arose in his place and said: "Mr. Speaker, I trust our democratic friends will not be so Moody, nor think it strange that the republicans had away of saving their Bacon in the organization of the house."

When the dignified body had recovered from the shock, there was talk of a resolution of expulsion, but the few friends Mr. Geer had left after his break pleaded his youthfulness and lack of experience, and thus saved him from getting the gate, as they say now, or having the cat tied to him, as they expressed it then.

A. J. Lawrence of Baker county, picturesque old time lawyer, was a member of the house—and against the asylum bill; in fact against anything that came up, and the more often he consulted "house bill 104" the stronger he was in his opposition. Is there any youthful reader who does not know the meaning of house bill 104? If such a benighted one there is, be it known that it was a jug of whiskey with convenient glasses behind the door in one of the state offices. It was there for session after session, and always much "consulted."

The members supporting the asylum bill had agreed upon a vote immediately after dinner—or lunch, as they say now. Lawrence got wise. Hair uncombed, flannel shirt with collar unfastened, turned up with consultation of house bill 104, was ready for the coming fray—and he had a ready facie and a sharp wit.

According to program, Speaker Moody, with apparent innocence, pleaded a sudden call to attend to some urgent business, and requested: "Will the gentleman from Baker please take the chair?" Half sensing that he was being outplayed, Lawrence nevertheless responded, and ambled unsteadily up the aisle, took the gavel and announced: "Gentlemen, the question is, shall the bill pass? Those who are in favor of the bill will answer 'aye' as your 'noes' are called and those

opposed will answer 'no' as your 'ayes' are called. The clerk will call the roll."

His tongue was wobbly as well as his feet, and it was five minutes before there was sufficient decorum restored for the roll to be called in orderly manner—but the result was a victory, with ONE vote to spare.

Thus was ended the generation long struggle, during which time the contract for keeping the insane and feeble minded of Oregon was one of the juicy plums of the state—rendering Drs. Hawthorne and Loryea wealthy, despite the well filled sacks that were provided for lobbying at each recurring session of the legislature. Their institution was in East Portland. The first patients, 248 men and 102 women, were brought to the newly provided state institution by train in 1883.

But returning to the hard times boom in 1884 in Salem: "The old legislative hall in Rector's building is now in a transition state between legislation, theatrical performances, musical entertainments, and commerce. It will soon be occupied by Messrs. Schussell Brothers, to which they will remove from the Empire Store." Thus read an excerpt from the "boom" news article in The Statesman of Aug. 23, 1884.

The Schussell store stood, as was said in this column on Sunday, about where the service station is now, at the point where Liberty and High streets become Broadway. The firm was at first Schussell & Cone. The organization meeting of Salem Lodge, Masonic order, was held in the second floor room of their building. The date was October 4, 1881, and there were 10 charter members. There is an old entry vote of thanks for the use of the upper room—and for vacating their store room below, while the rites of initiation were being held. The lodge room, however, was changed to the Rector building, next north of the present Statesman office. There were few if any more meetings in the room over the Schussell & Cone store.

There is a paragraph in the Salem Directory for 1872, reading: "On the evening of the 21st of March, 1853, the store of Schussell & Cone (who then traded on Boon's Island, near where Mr. W. L. Wade now keeps his store), was entered by two men, whose names were Michael Sellers and Levi Butcher, who robbed the store of \$500 in coin and gold dust. They were captured, but afterwards escaped from the wooden jail that then stood on the flat on Ferry street, between Liberty and Church. They were assisted to escape, but were recaptured, and sentenced to the territorial penitentiary, then located in Portland."

That was true, but he was not all the news connected with the matter. The old "wooden" jail was located near the west line of Church street, and near Ferry, as stated. The reader will note that High street was not mentioned in the old time writer. The fact is, that part of Salem was little settled then. It was in the suburbs. And the wooden jail was built of logs. It was later burned down, by an incendiary fire. The red brick jail, on the Court and High street corner of the present court house block, was then, or soon thereafter, in course of construction.

That was what the French call

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

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. However, the young couple go homekeeping and are ideally happy. Then Ken loses his position and, one night, Lily Lou hears him sobbing. Next day, Ken's father calls and informs Lily Lou her marriage has been annulled. Feeling Ken no longer cares, Lily Lou accepts a railroad ticket and \$500 from Mr. Sargent and goes to New York. She rents a furnished room and through Maxine Rocking, one of the boarders, secures a position playing the piano for a dancing teacher. Later, she and Maxine go to live with the wealthy Mrs. Paula Manchester, whose hobby is befriending young artists. Word comes that Ken is engaged to Peggy Sage and Lily Lou is depressed. Shortly after, Lily Lou is stunned with the realization she is to become a mother. She longs for Ken, thinking how proud he would be if she knew her position, but tells Dwight Gwin, the noted vocal instructor, she disliked working in the dancing school as she is a singer.

"A singer," he echoed softly. He studied her, his head on one side. "A singer. I didn't know." She was aghast at what she had said. He'd think she was trying to interest him. She laughed, a little weakly. "I shouldn't have said that. It was a job anyway—I hated to lose it!" He came a little closer. "You're out of work?" She edged toward the door. Nervous. Hating her own nervousness. "Didn't I say Miss Pillsbury fired me?" His flexible voice was so tender, so full of gentle pity that she thought she couldn't bear it. Why in the world did she come back here, to lay herself open to that? She struggled for poise, for some laughing, cynical thing to say. And instead, to her horror, she began to cry.

It wasn't that she minded Gwin's arms around her. He wasn't the least bit personal or unpleasant about it. He just took her in his arms when she cried, as if it were the most natural and normal thing in the world to do. And it did help her to have even a stranger's shoulder to lean on... She wasn't sure of the words and he motioned no more to find the music. Without waiting for her, he began singing almost under his breath. Almost as softly she joined him... The words came back to her, the joy of singing, the poignant beauty of the melody stirred her... She had it... She was in voice... It was going to be all right... She waited, breathless, smiling a little. "Your French is frightful," he said, glancing at his watch, and rising from the piano bench to look down at her with a rueful smile. "I know. My languages—of course," he said, "but surprisingly like it. We'll have roasted oysters, and a little chicken, and then if you are a very good child I might let you have some maple mousse!" But when they were eating he said, "No, on second thought, you can't have any mousse. I wish I hadn't fed you at all. I want to try your voice when we get back."

usually for a senator to even learn the legislative machinery. Some men never can adjust themselves to it. They do not possess the personality, the vision, the force or the magnetism to loom large in the national capitol. Stetson has demonstrated his supreme fitness for the duties of a United States senator. I beg of the republican electors to rise to the occasion and stand behind his candidacy at this time. STEPHEN A. LOWELL.

Editorial Comment

"Be it enacted, that the department of weights and measures be instructed to change the cubic contents of the bushel from time to time to the end that an acre of land will raise the same number of bushels of spuds in years of drouth as in years of average rainfall." Nobody has proposed such a law but there would be as much reason for it as for the house bill requiring the treasury department and the federal reserve board to fix the dollar's purchasing power at the 1921-29 average. There would be as much sense in making a mile of variable length to correspond with the distance the average automobile could travel in a given time. Perhaps the hour would serve a more useful purpose if it were decreed to be a period of time required for the average man to move a pile of rock.

It seems passing strange that congressmen who take from the national treasury each year ten thousand dollars do not know the meaning of even one dollar. They do not seem to realize that money is a unit of value, a medium of exchange, as one writer has expressed it: "The monetary unit is the common denominator of all market values." Any school boy knows that nothing is accomplished by changing the name of the denominator, that one-third has the same value as two-sixths and that no act of congress can change the result.

Congress is lost, hopelessly lost in the wilderness; the few men of ability are without influence; the pack and the follow first one would lead, then another; there is no efficient leadership, no consistency of action. The members have no more ideas of finance than has Colin Harvey; they have no adequate conception of government. They strike wildly and when they make a hit it is found that more harm has been done than good. May the time soon come when congress muddle through the essential work of the session and adjourn.—Yakima Republic.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

SKIN infections known as boils are caused by germs infecting either the glands of the skin or the opening of a hair. No part of the body is safe from this germ invasion, and exposed parts and regions subject to friction are particularly susceptible. The friction of a man's collar against the skin frequently causes a boil or carbuncle. Normally the body is able to protect itself against the germ invasion. But unhealthy teeth, decayed teeth, anemia, diabetes, kidney disease, an unwise diet, in fact anything that causes the general health to fall below par, may lessen the power of the skin to resist infection. One of these may be the predisposing cause for a series of boils.

- Answers to Health Queries: Mrs. G. Q.—My little girl has flat feet. Can it be cured? A.—Proper fitting shoes and supports are helpful. Q.—I am troubled with pimples. How may I get rid of them? A.—For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope. Mr. A. B. L. Q.—What do you advise for itching scalp and dandruff? A.—Brush the hair daily and use a good tonic. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.