

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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### Today's the Day

THIS is primary election day. A killing frost is the political prediction. Many think they have heard themselves called; but only a few will be chosen. It is one of the misfortunes of politics and of life that many will be disappointed in their ambitions. In a few hours it will all be over; the cross marks will be counted up and the results known. Then it will be in order for the defeated to take their licking in good grace, congratulate the victors and come up smiling.

The Statesman has spoken out rather emphatically in this campaign and has endorsed many candidates for particular offices. This has been done chiefly out of a sense of public duty, and in no degree to put over any ticket. We note a good many papers have professed themselves "neutral," especially those in one paper towns. The Oregon City Enterprise remarked thus:

"Somewhat in the same category with mud-slingers are those very few newspapers which attempt to dictate the choice of primary candidates for the election. In other words to mark the voter's ballot. It is proper that a newspaper honestly discuss the merits of candidates as you would discuss them with your neighbor. But what right has any newspaper to blunty tell you for whom to vote or not to vote—to tell you in front of which particular names to put the little crosses—any more than has your neighbor (that self-appointed right? To do so is in the nature of an insult to the intelligence of the people."

We hope the recommendations made by this newspaper have not been "an insult to the intelligence of the people." As a matter of fact thousands of the voters were quite ignorant about many of the candidates. As we conceive it, it is the duty of a newspaper to give what enlightenment it can, about candidates for office. A newspaper is a continuing institution and has facilities for acquiring information not open to the general public. So it is entirely proper, in our opinion, for a paper to get in and express itself. Our recommendations have been made with a minimum of prejudice and a maximum of desire to procure for the people the best government possible.

At any rate, today is the day. Polls are open from eight in the morning till eight at night. Returns will be received at this office starting immediately after eight tonight. Special telephone service will be provided. Call 9101 for information on the election results.

And we'll see you all next November.

### Leaning on Federal Government

OUR mayor and county judge wired Sen. Steiwer that unless conditions improved federal money would be needed here this winter. These men, particularly the county judge, are more closely in touch with needs than we are; but we are not ready to concede that Salem and Marion county have reached the extremity of their resources. On the contrary in this fertile spot where food is produced so abundantly and fuel is plentiful our people ought to be able to take care of their own destitute. Surely they can if during the summer supplies are mobilized for winter distribution.

We recall too that the county court had at the first of last January some \$600,000 tucked away in its road funds and at the same time pleaded for a large road tax for this year on the ground it would be needed for relief work. Some of this fund has been spent to retire bonds not due and other sums will go into road work this summer. Even so, there should remain a sizable sum for furnishing some employment this winter.

Without minimizing the need which will exist we are more favorable to organizing for self-help than to succumb to "leaning on the everlasting arm" of the federal government, which with deficits mounting by hundreds of millions is by no means "everlasting."

The country has been diverted by the confession of John Henry Curtis that he perpetrated a huge hoax on the heart-torn Lindberghs. The main objective of police activity should be the murderers and not Curtis, indefensible as his course has been. Curtis is a minor character in the tragedy; the villains remain unknown. On with the search.

We hope Portland mops up on the nasty recall that has been promoted there. It has been a wholly unnecessary fight, and unfortunately has absorbed most of the attention in the campaign, with the result that other men and other issues may not receive the consideration which they should.

The late-hour mushroom sheets and "voter's leagues" will now fade away until the next campaign. Numbers of the unemployed divided into two groups, those who would run for office and those who were parasites on the candidates. The latter probably are the ones who come out ahead.

"Hoax" is another good newspaper word that gets hung out on the line at occasional intervals. It is something like "canard" which always says daylight just before elections and then is put back in newspaper mothballs.

"Columbia Records fall" says the headline,—not the phonograph but the river.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 20, 1907

Because of the increase in cost of living, salaries of all Capital city school teachers were raised by the school board last night. Monthly salaries now are: Superintendent, \$125; high school principal, \$120; grade principals, \$63 to \$90; grade teachers, \$50 first year, \$50 second and thereafter.

The strawberry supply was practically exhausted by afternoon yesterday and the local merchants who had ordered from Portland received requests from that city to withdraw their orders, many being offered 25 per cent on each crate for the withdrawal of the order, an indication of Portland's shortage also.

The Y. M. C. A. team won the boys' six-mile relay race yesterday, with the mite school team second

and the reform school team third. Time, 36.2 minutes.

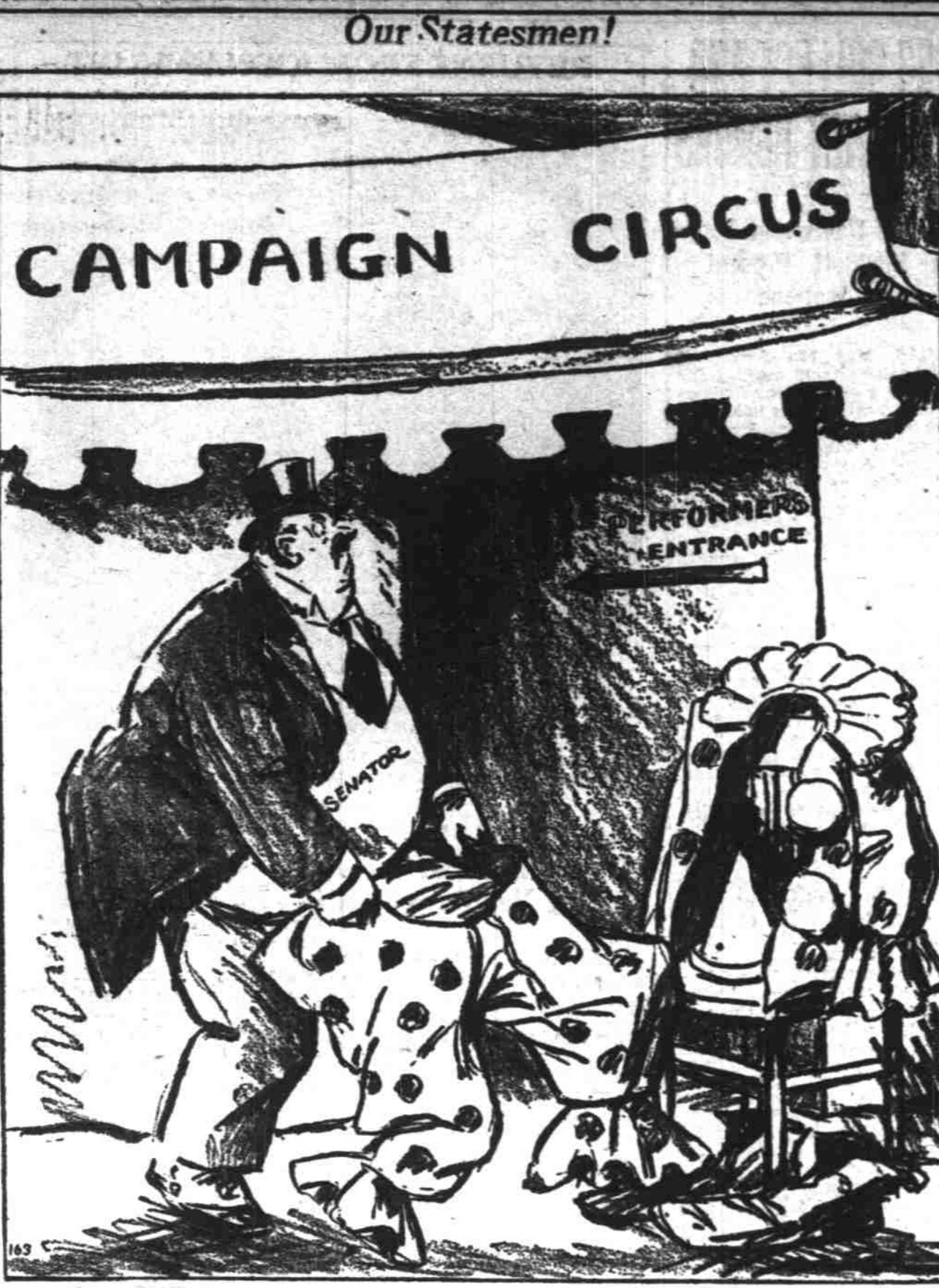
May 20, 1923  
Governor Ben W. Olcott and Charles Hall were running neck and neck for Republican nomination for governor in the face of incomplete returns early this morning. Gleason was leading Vandevort in the mayoralty race.

Byrd Tucker won the presidency of the student body of the high school yesterday. Others elected were: George Rhoten, Clarion paper editor; Louis Taylor, vice-president; Charlotte Zieher, secretary; Francis Ellis, yell leader; Edwin Lillegren, sergeant-at-arms; Ruth Tucker, song leader.

Miss Ruth Taylor, senior of Willamette university, from Sunnyside, Wash., was awarded the Albert prize by the student body yesterday.

### Daily Thought

"A rose to the living is more than a garland to the dead."—Milton Waterman.



## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A good service:  
The Salem chamber of commerce is performing usefully in leading a movement to make the people of this city better acquainted with the things we have here to show to tourists.

Thus selling scenery, sentiment and sound and basic opportunities for securing the sure essentials for living an independent and a satisfactory life.

Selling ourselves first and thus qualifying all of us to sell the Salem district to the stranger in our midst. We have been slow and derelict in the latter activity, which, if made general and performed with the enthusiasm that is amply justified, would put and keep our city on the map as it has not heretofore appeared.

The franchise of our epochal and colorful history was mentioned in this column yesterday. Valuable it is above price, and too little valued in the past. At the Rotary lunch hour on Wednesday, Douglas McKay, president of the Salem chamber, painted the history franchise ably.

Ted Endicott, world war veteran, presented for consideration what may be done for the stranger in our midst in directing his attention to the capitol and its beautiful grounds, the state hospital and its alluring setting, and the Salem Indian school and the work carried on there, in the leading institution of its kind in

the United States.  
If that or some other service club or civic organization could get Ted Endicott to tell his personal experiences in the world war, he would hold spellbound his audience for a longer time than is required for a sermon in a dozen or more sections. This is a suggestion, not an invitation, which would likely be turned down by a man as modest as Ted.

Frank Doolittle, the service station man of Lebanon, Corvallis and Salem claiming no forensic experience or ability, surprised the Rotarians, and perhaps himself, too, in presenting in a masterly manner the attractions and wonders of an outside trip in the Salem section, taking in Silver Falls park—state park.

Tom Delaney, manager of the water company, talked on "Our Industries;" told an eight minute story that was inspiring as to both present and future. Not enough of Salem's people realize how much of a manufacturing center we already have, and still fewer know what in the future—based on the products and possible products of this land of diversity fashioned here and forwarded to the markets of the country and the outside world.

Some day, Salem will be one of the large manufacturing cities of the country, the center of a dense population; backed by millions of what will be the most uniformly prosperous people in the

world. A canalized Willamette, followed with major irrigation projects and the use of our water powers, will speed that certain coming time.

Let us not keep our light under a bushel. Let us get the spirit of optimism that our God-given natural advantages justify. If the chamber of commerce can put over 100 per cent, the program upon which it has embarked, Salem will double her population in less than 20 years, and double it again in less than 20 more.

Doug McKay has the vision. Make him mayor today and put him in charge of the whole job—and watch Salem grow. Not saying a word against the present mayor, either. But if our voters fail to draft Doug McKay, they will be missing an opportunity for putting pep into our progress that will help every man, woman and child here.

The Bits man would like to say, also, that he is going to vote for Allan Carson today. He is straight-ally, progressive. He is a Marion county boy, and he has never shirked a duty to his country, his state or his community.

Also, by the way, there is Lloyd Riddon for coroner. He is a cousin of the Bits man, or a fourth or fifth cousin—and blood is thicker than water. Besides, Lloyd is able, faithful and deserving.

All the towns and countryside turned out yesterday afternoon to attend the funeral of Turner's leading citizen, Cornelius Ann Davis, who died on Tuesday. The beautiful Christian church, which she built and gave to the community, was filled.

She was born Cornelia Ann Turner, and she was the last of the family that loomed large in the affairs of that section of Marion county for 80 years.

She would have come to her 94th year had she lived until December 5. Readers will recall that this column, commencing April 5, had in six issues the history of that family. Characteristic of her unselfish life, she gave privately, but asked that it not be published, the day of the month of her birth, because she did not wish to have her friends burden themselves with birthday gifts. The date was divulged for use at the funeral.

She expected to have other birthdays. She seemed justified in this hope; for many of them. She worked and planned to her last breath for further usefulness; for additional deeds of benevolence and helpfulness. A good woman has gone. Her community will miss her, and many sincere friends will mourn her passing, even though so ready and full of years.

The Bits man asked, for his records, the date of the famous (Continued on page 7)

## New Views

Leaving political matters to the voters, Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question: "What are your favorite magazines and why?"

Willfred C. Hagedorn, editor-publisher, Junior Gazette: "Saturday Evening Post. It has a lot of good articles in it. And I like to check the advertisements to get a lot of good ideas."  
Ned Hale, high school student: "Cosmopolitan. Because I like the stories in it best."  
M. Clifford Moyall, attorney: "Give you no guess." Saturday Evening Post: "Yes, you hit it. I've taken it for 14 years. I like to

## "EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON



CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE  
Lily Lou went off to a corner near the windows, to be out of the way, but Nita Nahliman was too much the actress to neglect even such an insignificant bit of audience as the accompanist. She laughed, she flashed, she shook and she sparkled. Lily Lou couldn't resist the magnetism of the woman. She couldn't keep her eyes off her.

Gwin decided to be gracious. "Nita, you must let me present my accompanist. This will be the biggest day of her life. Come over here, Lily. You're going to meet the great Nita Nahliman—"

Lily Lou came forward, a little shy, her cheeks flushed and Nahliman took her hand, and smiled down at her from her superior height. "Oh, to be so young again! I'm going to weep!"

"Oh, to be great enough to transcend first youth, first beauty!" Gwin smiled back.

"Oh, yes, I am still beautiful enough on the stage. They still come when Nahliman sings."  
"Still come? I should say so. I couldn't even get standing room your last night of Town."

"What! You didn't hear me! But the whole of New York was there. How stupid of you... Why didn't you call me? Why not? A woman, eh? What a woman, you say one!" She began poking him playfully with a jeweled forefinger. "You men—all alike."

Lily Lou would have been forgotten, if Dwight had not had reason of his own for changing the conversation.

He took her arm now, pushed her toward Nahliman. "Stop badgering an innocent man, Nita. Now you're here sit down for five minutes. See what you think of my latest."

"Oh, she sings—that one!" Nahliman looked at Lily Lou, with something like interest in her heavy-lidded eyes. She glanced at the small clock on a seventeenth century chest. "Yes, but in five minutes I must go. I sail Wednesday. I have three performances in Paris, and a concert series in England. My classes are so full I'll be wonderful. Bigger than ever, my success—"

She sank onto a sofa, waved toward the tongue-tied Lily Lou. "Sing something, my dear."  
Gwin went to the piano. Lily Lou could feel her scalp twitching, each separate hair rising by itself.

A dream of a lifetime, to be heard one day by Nita Nahliman—but not now—not today, after a sleepless night—

She clasped her hands; looked appealingly at Nahliman, studying the bracelets on her wrist.  
Gwin had begun the familiar music of Mignon... "Connais tu le pays..." He had said that it was her best number, that if she ever learned enough French and Italian to make an opera debut, that would be her best choice... Mignon...  
She opened her mouth. "I can't—I can't—"

That was what she thought she was going to say. But instead she found her voice going into the aria... Gwin was playing, she dared not stop. She knew she had sung better before, knew that Gwin was ashamed of her, that Nahliman was bored. She didn't want to do it brilliantly... just to get through it. To get through it, somehow, and then crawl away into a corner, and cry and cry...  
"Connais tu le pays ou fleurit l'orangeur,  
"C'est là, c'est là que je voudrais vivre—"

The tears came near the surface of her voice, but it rose, sweet and strong above them. In a wave of homesickness, of despair, of longing, she finished, and stood, her hands still clasped, afraid to look at Gwin, afraid to look at Madame Nahliman.

"I've just had her three months. She was practically untrained when she came to me," Gwin said over her shoulder. He began the wailing song from Butterfly—another of the things that suited her, he thought.

Without looking at Nahliman, Lily Lou sang it, too. Sang it better than she had the first time.  
He began the first bars of the Shadow Song.

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Madame Nahliman stood up. "I haven't time now, Gwin. I must go."  
Of course. She hadn't time. Lily Lou had not expected anything else. She just stood, waiting, because she didn't know what else to do. Does one thank an artist for listening? She looked appealingly at Gwin. She didn't know...  
Madame Nahliman was speaking again.

"Why can't I take her with me?" she asked.  
"Lily? Trot her off to France, and leave me without an accompanist—"

"My accompanist. What do I care? She'll go far, that girl. We leave Wednesday. The Aquitania. You will come, my dear!"

Lily Lou balanced on her heels. She tried to take in what was happening... Nita Nahliman talking about taking her to Europe... taking her... taking HER... "Sure she'll come. I'll see that she gets her passport, Nita."

Nahliman was gone with a wave of the jeweled bracelets.  
Lily Lou walked around like a sleep-walker, starry-eyed, a little tremulous.

It couldn't have happened. The thing was absurd. She tried Gwin's brittle patience almost to the breaking point by asking, over and over:

"You're sure she really meant it? She's really and truly going to take me?"

"Yes, she's going to take you, all right. Good heaven, must you be notified a year in advance? Can't you take a piece of luck and rejoice? Stop arguing about it!"

Lily Lou stopped arguing about it. It couldn't have happened... but it had! It really had!

She wired the family: SAILING WEDNESDAY WITH MADAME NITA NAHLIMAN. AND WILL STUDY WITH HER IN PARIS. WONDERFUL CHANCE FOR ME. LETTER FOLLOWS. MUCH LOVE. LILY LOU.

(To Be Continued)  
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## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers  
Lawbreaking in Ontario, Canada—From Toronto Daily Star, report of prisons and reformatories of Ontario for 1930, showing increases since 1926, under the Canadian liquor system:

	1926	1930	Pct. Increase
Murder	16	29	81
Manslaughter	37	56	51
Attempted suicide	4	29	625
Songs against property	681	1123	63
Crime against property	3844	7168	84
Liquor law violations	1163	3717	320

May 17, 1933.  
Editor Statesman: Last week you asked the question what do you think of the Lindbergh baby kidnapping? I could not help thinking how rapid and shallow the answers were. People do not seem to think that it is a stigma and slur on the nation when such crimes can be perpetrated and go unpunished. Isn't it about time to cease patting ourselves on the backs and telling ourselves we are the greatest nation in the world?

J. T. DUNCAN, Jefferson, Ore.

Whatever helps the Salem community helps the United States National Bank and whatever this bank can do to bring prosperity and success to Salem will react to its own benefit.

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