

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

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Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Stecker, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 469 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. \$4.00; 3 Mo. \$11.25; 6 Mo. \$22.25; 1 year \$40.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.99 a year in advance. Per Copy 7 cents. On trains and News-Stands 5 cents.

Primary Post-Mortems

NO one around a newspaper office is good for anything the day after an election. The whole staff works at high pressure and is groggy for a day or two after chasing completes and incompletes around for hours, juggling figures and adding machines and telephones. For that matter it seemed to be taking a lot of the people all day Saturday to get the primary election fully masticated and digested. A great many people professed surprise. That is always the case in a free-for-all primary election where the race usually goes to the best scrambler. The only place where there was a real surprise was in the judicial race where Dean Hewitt who was fourth in the lawyers' straw ballot, ran second in the actual count of votes. Hewitt directed his campaign toward the voters instead of the lawyers; and it turned out there were far more commoners than lawyers.

The veteran Congressman Hawley evidently has been vanquished by the aggressive Jim Mott. This defeat was foreshadowed by the tight squeeze Hawley had over Delzell two years ago in the finals. Hawley suffered as a representative of old guard republicans which hardly suits the temper of distressed voters. The Hawley tariff, refunds to corporations, opposition to the bonus, Lane county's resentment over the location of the soldiers' home, all cut down the old-time Hawley strength.

Then Jim Mott is one of the most colorful figures in public life in the state today. He plays a lone hand; is naturally dramatic; and has been building himself up for this race by his last term in the lower house and his clean-up work as corporation commissioner. His success in November is practically assured because he leaves the democrats without the plea of protest always available against an incumbent.

The defeat of A. E. Clark for senator is no indication of popular revolt from the administration of Gov. Meier. Col. Clark is a poor campaigner, doesn't meet people easily, lacks affability. Then there was no discernible difference in ideas on power or anything else much between Clark and Steiwer, so there was no reason to turn Steiwer out just to let Clark in. It was the Meier endorsement which brought Clark a lot of the votes he did receive.

Eufus Holman romped to an easy victory, though his opponent Milt Scherping, made a good race in Salem. Few knew him; but they didn't like Holman. Holman will have to run against J. W. Maloney, democratic candidate, in the November election; but his probable victory there makes him loom as a gubernatorial candidate two years hence. The political wisecracks expect him to point his course as crown prince during the biennium.

Roy Melson won the commissioner's race for the county. It was a case of a concentrated support in the city of Salem against a split country vote.

County incumbents, except Commissioner Porter and Coroner Rigdon romped in to easy victories, although Sheriff Bower had something of a race. Slogans were switched in the printed ballot in a number of country precincts in the coroner race; but that seems to have had no effect. Rigdon ran best in the country while Barrick piled up a lead in the city.

The town seemed right side up to a lot of folks when Doug McKay was elected mayor. Gregory was always regarded by the same people as a sort of political accident. He was in long enough to tie a \$2,500,000 bond authorization about the city's neck however; and if this money is all spent Gregory will be long remembered, for better or for worse. The future of municipal water rests now with the courts where the validity of the charter amendment is under attack. The expressions of McKay indicate however that the city will move toward a municipal system just as fast as the legal red tape may be unwound.

Some new faces at the city council, the veteran Dancy who has been independent and incorrigible being displaced. Others—Vandevort, Hendricks and Kowitz have a run-off in November. This will be the first time for some years that the city has had a follow-up election to determine the winners. The recorder's job will also be on the November ballot.

Pity the poor election boards. Most of them worked far into the night, some all night; and some nearly all the next day. It is a great strain calling off figures and writing them down, hour after hour. Watch it for twenty minutes and see how monotonous it is.

The Statesman congratulates the winners. Not all those who carried the endorsement of this paper won out, but a goodly number did. There was no great bitterness in this election; and the results were taken with good grace all around. Not all could win; those who did now have the responsibilities that go with their success. They will find out early enough how hard it will be to please even those who voted for them.

Oregon for Hoover

WHILE Joseph I. France, whose name was the only presidential candidate's on the Oregon republican ballot, received a majority of the votes cast, that does not bind the delegates elected to the national convention to vote for France even on the first ballot. In fact those whose slogans expressed opposition to Hoover were evidently defeated, while those favorable to Hoover were elected.

The presidential primary law does not bind the delegates to vote according to the majority expression in the state. It merely states that the political parties "may express their choice for candidates for the nominations for president and vice president". Since no one considers France a serious contender for the nomination the Oregon delegation will undoubtedly vote for Hoover on the first ballot.

To do so is entirely legal; and in view of the commitments of some of the delegates in their slogans, quite above criticism. It is safe to predict that Oregon's vote will be for Hoover on the first ballot.

Father Knickerbocker Looks at His Reflection



House-fly's Eyesight Depends On Whether He's in or Outside

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

ONE must possess patience and understanding to get along with house-flies. A housefly is so constituted that from the outside of a room it can readily see an entrance no bigger than a postage stamp, but from the inside is quite unable to see two open doors and three open windows.

The citizen of whom mention had been planned for this space stepped in at one end of a parking place with the intention of doing a bit of jaywalking. At the same moment a car rolled in at the other end of the parking place. Because of the coincidence the citizen is not able to be mentioned at this writing.

Somebody, Mr. Muldoon I think, once said that no matter what for a punch you may have, if you can't "take it" you'd better keep out of the fight game. A few folks, comparatively, are "taking it" and making believe they like it in the present fight against adverse conditions. These few folks are not telling the world, and it may be believed in some quarters that they do not appreciate the seriousness of the situation, which belief is utterly erroneous. They are assisting somewhat by their attitude in bolstering up the faltering spirits of their neighbors. The contest is one of endurance more than of odds. Like keeping of good terms with a person whom you don't like very well.

It is possible that the only difference between the good citizen on one street corner and the bad citizen on another street corner is a few meals of victuals. But you mightn't think it to look at 'em



D. H. TALMADGE

Grandpa Twiggie forgot his glasses on circus day and got lost, which, he says, is how come he went to the circus lot and munched peanuts with his new store teeth instead of coming home to dinner. Pretty thin!

Dako Decker (I know the Decker or family elsewhere and sometime ago) was in town circus day and he and I chanced to meet on a street corner. Pa and Ma Decker, I recall, planned a great future for Dako. Dako's full name was South Dakota. Mrs. Decker's family name was South, and the boy

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

TO HAVE good health there must be plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Without an abundant supply of oxygen the work of the body cannot be carried on properly.

People who fall to breathe well are usually pale, easily fatigued, and lack in vitality and physical endurance. Very often they are victims of colds. Stand before a drape; lace curtain or a strip of paper suspended in the doorway. Blow at the object till you see it move in the air.

Here is a simple breathing exercise: Stand erect, arms at side, head up, shoulders back, inhaling in. Take a deep breath, abdomen in. Take a deep breath, inhaling slowly, count three and exhale through the nostrils. This exercise is best done before an open window, and with no tight clothing to impede the free movement of the chest.

At first take only three or four breaths if you are habitually a shallow breather. You may feel a

little giddy if you are not accustomed to taking so much fresh air into your lungs. Later, you may increase the number of deep breaths to ten or twenty.

Get the habit of taking two or three deep breaths each hour during your working day. Sit up straight in your chair, and give the lungs a chance to take in oxygen. When there is a lack of oxygen in the lungs, one feels tired, as well as dull and sleepy.

Get out-of-doors as much as possible; take long walks, and indulge in swimming, golf and other athletic sports. This kind of exercise will induce deep breathing. Another means of developing the lungs is to do blowing exercises. Stand before a drape; lace curtain or a strip of paper suspended in the doorway. Blow at the object till you see it move in the air.

Of course, it is not the blowing, but the necessity of filling the lungs with air, that does the good. But you cannot hope to have the full measure of health without constant supplies of oxygen.

A few sessions of this regime will improve your personal appearance, as well as your health. Bear in mind that deep breathing is a wonderful beautifier, as well as a tonic.

Answers to Health Questions

- 1.—How can I reduce? A.—Yes.
- 2.—She should weigh about 130 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination of a
- 3.—What should a girl of 15, 5 ft. 4 inches tall, weigh? A.—How can I reduce?
- 4.—What very sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. Get regular systematic exercise. A gradual reduction in the amount of food consumed, with the regular exercise will improve your personal appearance, as well as your health. Bear in mind that deep breathing is a wonderful beautifier, as well as a tonic.

was born at Sioux Falls, so the name was appropriate enough, only perhaps a trifle too geographic to suit every taste. It is not out of the ordinary for parents to name their children after states. I have had personal acquaintance with men and women who were named not only after states, but after counties and cities.

Dako read medicine for a time after finishing high school. Decided he didn't like it. Read law for a time. Decided he didn't like that, either. After his experience with the law he tried dentistry, and following dentistry he toyed with a newspaper job. Nothing seemed adapted to his peculiar requirements. But it appears that fate or a guardian angel or whatever it is that folks blame things on was saving him for a special purpose. Nobody had ever noticed it, but his taste and his talents marked him for a career in aerial science. He is starting on this career modestly, selling balloons with a circus. A cheerful sort of lad. Perfectly satisfied with the world. The future doesn't worry him. Going, always going, and getting nowhere. And Pa and Ma Decker have had their dreams and have done what they could for him. Probably, with countless other parents, their advancing years have brought to them a realization of the futility of worldly ambition and they are nursing not much of bitterness.

Hot water is only hot water. None of us give it any special thought or feel any special gratitude for it. Yet hot water is a heap of consequences. I reckon civilization would go to pieces pronto to were we unable to obtain hot water.

I hear a certain man mentioned as being lazy but I dunno as he's so terribly so. He smokes a pipe, I notice, and a good deal of energy is required to keep a pipe going, what with lighting matches and all.

New mind don't yo' stuff so brack right now. Mistah Sea Breeze. Take it easy. Days 'll be comin' when yo'll need all de blow yo's got to get yo'se'f ovuk dem coas' hills yonduh. (Advice to a friend from a friend, reported as accurately as possible. Seems good advice, too.)

Downtown gossip at present seems devoted largely to discussion of folks who could pay up but who don't pay up. It takes more than good gossip it takes overmuch for granted.

I have been acquiring around a bit with a view to determining the identity of Salem's most valuable citizen. There is no report to make. No Thanks just the same. If public opinion is to be depended on, Salem's most valuable citizen is the numerous for publication. And anyway, the danger of exposing the wrong citizen is too great.

Patsy Rudd flipped a handkerchief under my apron yesterday. "M-m-m-saint that delicious!" he gurgled. French perfume I sipped from my wife when she wasn't lookin'.

I reckon it's just as well not to chirp too freely to anybody about taking a vacation. So many of us have had nothing but a vacation for so long that the topic has lost much of its erstwhile pleasant flavor. One may have too much of anything, even strawberry shortcake.

Blood will tell. Stanley Keith, advertising manager for the Miller Mercantile company, is a distant relative of B. F. Keith, the theatrical magnate.

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN
Lily Lou's chin quivered. She was suddenly homesick. She wanted to get away from this strange room, and this strange woman, and all the strange sights and sounds of the city. She wanted to bury her head on her mother's lap, and hide there, with her face against her mother's voluminous skirts, with the tangle of hosiery and stockings and the old rocking chair, from the quiet street.



She didn't mind the thought of defeat, of coming back in disgrace, a failure. She didn't mind anything, but being here all alone with these people who had foreign ways of thought and speech. She wanted to be home again, where some one cared and things were safe and unchanging.

She whisked a stray tear out of her eyes, faced the strange, kindly prima donna, determinedly. "You see—I can't tell them."

Madame Nahman reached soft, fat arms to her. "No, darling child, you can't tell them. And what do we care for them? Nothing! Those devils, men! Never mind. No man is worth crying over. But you must never trust one again. There, reach me my handkerchief. You see how I am? All heart—I wear myself out on other people's troubles, but I cannot help it, it is my curse—my temperament. See, I am crying more than you! Now we shall stop. I'll have more hot coffee, and then I shall be better. You too? No? Oh, yes, just a taste, from my cup . . . good?"

Lily Lou drank from the cup, set it down again with a steady hand. "That is right," Madame Nahman said briskly. "Courage. You have it, too. You will make a singer. My first thought was right. My first thoughts are always right. It is only my second thoughts. . . . One of your duties will be to keep me from listening to my second thoughts . . . you hear that?"

Lily Lou nodded. She did not trust herself to speak. She wanted to leave, to get away from here. Nahman glanced at the jeweled clock by her bedside. "Eleven! It is not possible! Now you must go. I have a friend coming. He must find me beautiful."

She slipped out of bed, a billow of mountain silk and lace, beamed tearfully upon her audience. "Tonight! We meet on the boat tonight. Now kiss me, and go!"

Lily Lou kissed her. She went out, and stood in the hall outside the door, for a long time. She thought, "I won't go. I can't. I'll go crazy or something."

On the way home she turned it over in her mind, arriving at no conclusion. Mrs. Manchester had a bon voyage basket, big as a young clothesbasket, ready on the table in the hall.

Lily Lou looked at it. Examined the jars of jam and conserve, the two new novels, the box of candy through their transparent cellophane wrappers. Sniffed at the red roses and waxy lilies of the valley tied on the handle.

"Now, now! You're not homesick already, my dear? You flatter me, not wanting to leave me!" Mrs. Manchester gushed, patting her, playfully.

"Well, I am a little homesick. I—I sort of hate to go."

"Of course you do. But think what a glorious time you will have with the famous Nita Nahman Parties, receptions. All the famous people in Europe. Really, you don't know how fortunate you are!"

"Yes, I'm awfully fortunate," William Neimeyer, the North Commercial street pharmacist, gave roller skating exhibitions at one period in his career.

Ronald Glover is an early riser. He is the first lawyer to be seen by the downtown milkmen every work day morning of the week.

As to the primary election, it's over. Which is what the lady, when she put up her umbrella, and what she said when a wind at the corner turned the umbrella inside out is another matter entirely.

UNDER ORDERS
"For I am myself under the orders of others and I have soldier under me," Matthew 2:19.

Taking orders is an excellent training for giving orders. The one whose experience has been exclusively that of the commandant is usually arbitrary and arrogant. He is not acquainted with subordination. To give the order is easy; to execute it may be extremely difficult. One who takes orders as well as gives them is sure to be more practical in his commands and more sympathetic in his relations. The discipline of executing the commands of others is indispensable equipment for one who is to be in authority. He can blend his desires to come within the range of execution; he can firm in his commands when he meets with mere indifference and slothfulness in his subordinates.

She went into the room that had been hers and looked at the piled luggage. Lily Lou said. She thought of Madame Nahman, and the parties and gaiety. It would be very wonderful, oh, if she could only go home instead. . . . "Was there any mail?" she asked nervously.

"I think so. SA-DE! What did you do with Miss Lily Lou's mail?" They found it. Two letters, and a postcard. The postcard was a picture of the city hall in Oakland. It was from Raymond's father and said, "Best of luck in the big city. Kind regards from yours truly, R. W. Kittridge."

The air mail letter was from May and the other came from her mother. She opened her mother's letter first. It had a leaf of rose geranium enclosed, and a scrap of blue dotted swiss. "Your father is painting the kitchen white for me. It will take three coats, to cover the old paint. I aim to get one of those coal oil ranges before summer, though the wood range has such a good green I don't know that I can give it up. The swiss is for the curtains."

Lily Lou read it through slowly. Then she read May's letter giving her a lot of news about home. When she had finished reading it, Lily Lou stuck it in her purse with her mother's letter and her passport. She went into the room that had been hers and looked at the piled luggage. She was hard to tell whether everything had been done. Frances Bradford had moved in already. Her clothes were piled on Lily Lou's bed.

"Oh, I'll go," she thought, automatically pressing her throbbing head with her cold hands, hardly conscious that it was aching. "I'll go. I can't do anything else. And I hope the ship sinks."

The ship did not sink. It cut its way across the gray Atlantic, in the teeth of a gale that sent white spray high as the smokestacks, and shook the ship to its very timbers.

Madame Nahman stayed in the stateroom for two days, having all her meals sent up. She had Lily Lou's meals sent up, too, but Lily Lou could not eat. As Nahman predicted, she was sick. . . . At first she worried that all this would annoy the prima donna, they sharing the same cabin.

But no, it amused her. "I don't want to seem cruel," she said sometimes, eyeing poor, greenish Lily Lou with ill concealed gusto, "but it's so funny. I haven't laughed like this for 10 years, not since—but this is not the time. Some day, perhaps I shall tell you, when the babe is safely in the arms of a Bonne. We shall have a nice French one, with streamers, and petticoats. I shall get you the most crocheted, petticoated bonne in all France. Wait! Then we shall laugh, you and I together, and laugh, and laugh!"

Nita Nahman did not wait. She laughed now. Loud and long. And at sight of her, with her languish bunched hair flying and her bright blue eyes burning in her sallow, leathery face, there were times when Lily Lou was almost afraid of her. There was something hardy in her.

Like she was so kind. Even when her familiarities, her easy discussions of things that Lily Lou had been brought up to think one didn't discuss, her direct, embarrassing questions were hardest to bear, you were conscious of her kindness, her genuine good will back of it . . . and what could you do?

Not that Madame Nahman spent much time in the cabin, after the second day out. It amused her to rig herself up in her most garish costumes, and sit for hours playing bridge at ten cents a point.

The sight of her turbaned head, wrapped in silver or green brocade, and her huge bulk swathed in trailing chiffon became almost as familiar as Maxine Roehen's shock of brown hair and spotted baby-blue bathrobe.

(To Be Continued)
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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The first grist mill: (Continuing from yesterday.) In speaking of the members of the Dr. White party of 1842, Bancroft's writer (no doubt Mrs. Victoria) said: "Sidney W. Moss argued in building the original Oregon Institute on Wallace's prairie. He was born in Bourbon county, Indiana, March 17, 1819. Was a stone mason by trade, and finally took up his residence at Oregon City. He appears, from his 'Pictures of Pioneer Times,' to have been a man of strong biases, giving his opinions incautiously, though in the main his statements

were correct. "He was of a literary turn, and was interested in founding the first association for mutual improvement in Oregon in the fall of 1843, called the Falls Debating Society. Moss says that while on the way to Oregon, and during the winter of 1842, he wrote a story called 'The Prairie Flower,' which he gave for publication to Overton Johnston, an emigrant from Indiana, who returned to the States in 1845; and that it fell into the hands of Emmerson Bennett, who polished it, and published it as his own, securing considerable fame thereby, as it was the first of a series of border life which afterward became popular. Bennett subsequently wrote a sequel, 'Lean Loaf,' 'Moss' Pioneer Times,' Oregon City, 1878. It is a valuable manuscript, treating of a great variety of historical topics, chiefly relating to Oregon City." (It is assumed that this manuscript is in the Bancroft library, San Francisco.)

Moss was among a considerable number of prominent early pioneers who in 1859 came publicly to the support of Dr. McLoughlin, when the validity of his land (Continued on Page 12.)

once not only of his ministers but of the sinister Rasputti. Today perhaps as never before power is limited. This old centurion commanded his hundred men; perhaps his superior commanded a thousand. Today power is limited not so much by the mere number of subordinates; but by the restrictions of conditions. The industrialist must pay about a going wage; if he pays less he loses his crew; if he pays more mounting costs cut down his sales. The political leader moves in a narrow circle, hemmed in by constitutional limitations on one hand and the danger of popular revolt on the other. The vast heritage of social custom and habits of thought restrain the religious leader in the expression of his authority. No man, no institution is an absolute authority. If either steps off the firm ground of rationality or practicality his power melts away. Even the high command must read its orders in the pulsebeat of the people.

So in our modern social organism power and responsibility are both diffused. The leader is one who articulates the cry of those under him; not one who works a mysterious miracle. Like this centurion Matthew describes, he both receives and gives orders. Is it not true therefore that even the humblest citizen, who bears no official title, should feel and share responsibility; because ultimately he holds power and gives orders in church, in state, in education, in industry? In our social balance, all men give orders; all are under orders. Trends are the resultant of these varying forces.

Watson Townsend, office engineer, highway department. "It had a lot of surprises for me. I was surprised at some of the council positions, and at the way the millage worked."

J. J. Smith, laborer: "Oh, all right, I guess. It doesn't seem to make much difference who is in whether I got work or not. I didn't think the fire department tax would get in with everybody hollering reduction all the time."

Fred Thompson, postoffice: "Yes, I like it fairly all. I lost a vote or two but it is a first rate result at that."

Unknown voice over telephone: "I don't feel so well."