

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sweeps Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The "Simple Fact"

THE Portland Journal remarks in an editorial: "But if only the administration could see in this remarkable country of ours the simple fact that men working pile up revenues instead of debts, how quickly the wheels of industry, the cars, the plows, the products would move again!"
When may we ask, has the administration ignored the president and his staff been exerted if not to keep men employed and to add men to employment lists? Was it not Pres. Hoover, who when the storm first broke, called industrial leaders to the White House and got many of them to agree not to reduce wages, and got many to launch great improvement works as a means to provide employment? Has not the administration fought doles and vast public appropriations such as the Garner bill would provide, on the ground that the great essential was to stimulate productive enterprise which would call men back into jobs?

The simple fact which the Journal sets forth is simple; it is obvious; and it has been the controlling aim of every move of the president, and for that matter of every business and civic leader in the country. As the business reversal grew more and more extreme industries were finally forced to reduce working staffs and wage scales. But they did it with reluctance, and only out of genuine necessity to keep the industry alive and not let it wholly disintegrate.

We might ask the Journal if there ever has been a major depression before in which pay cuts have come with the slowness as in this one; and when the efforts of the administration in power was devoted with such energies toward breaking the force of the economic reversal by the great mustering of defensive agencies under the leadership of the government? Mistakes have been made. Efforts made have not accomplished the full results which were hoped for. But the purpose has been good, and for the most part the attempts have been sound.

We recall how Pres. Cleveland was denounced by members of his own party because he adhered to fundamental principles of sound government credit and currency while he was president. Yet now the country recognizes Cleveland as having been a strong figure in the dark days of the '90's; and he stands out as a president of great power. When brighter skies come in this country, we may be more appreciative of Pres. Hoover. Assuredly he has been tireless in the performance of his duties. Assuredly his great heart has been touched, as was Lincoln's in the Civil War times, by the distress and suffering.

The call now is for unity in action plus unity in hope and confidence. In time of strain criticisms of the leadership is always abundant. It has been easy to abuse Hoover in the present instance. Time may show that, like Lincoln, his judgment has been sound and constructive.

Hay-Making Time

THERE was a different feel in the air Monday morning, as though summer was just peeping over the mountain tops. It was warmer. Skies were brighter. The sun as the day wore on, had some of its old-time strength. One thought, well, the cold, wet spring may be ended.

Days before were showery. Great billowy clouds marched across the heavens from southwest to northeast. They rolled off the ocean and were borne inland by the "prevailing westerlies". At times they piled up together in black masses and sharp showers fell. Sunday was a day like that, as though Jupiter Pluvius was doing a final job of emptying his watering can. But Monday was different. There were clouds, but they traveled in platoons and not in regiments. And there were vast patches of blue, blue sky.

We always are interested in this break-away from the rainy to the dry season. Some years it comes early and May may be a dry month. Sometimes it comes later. We recall one year when the rains persisted clear up to the Fourth of July; then stopped. For the changes come abruptly in this region. There is winter with prolonged rains; there is spring with intermittent showers; then there is summer, dry, golden summer.

So on Monday which was bright and fair, the farmers were busy in the fields. We have been concerned for them because the hay was lush and ready for the mower. Continued showers, and the hay falls, or if cut, rots in the windrow. But with the mellow sun farmers were quick to enter the fields hoping for a few days of good, curing sunshine that the cutting of hay may be saved.

We ignore hay as a crop; yet its value is great. It is not so much a cash crop as a feed crop. It is seldom shipped far; most of it is consumed by livestock on the place or in the neighborhood where it is grown. In gross value hay ranks well up in the scale of agricultural crops. Certainly in this valley it is important for the dairyman and for growers of sheep and cattle.

Fair weather now, and the days ahead are busy ones on the farms all about. Haymaking, first of the field harvests, will be on. There will be much of labor for man and beast and machine. And for city folk who do not know the experience of sweat on the brow from pitching hay there is that scent of fresh-cut hay, sweetest just as the cool of evening comes.

This valley may not have any local poetry about its Maud Mullers who rake the hayfields. But it has the hay, this year a great abundance of it, and wants only the weather now to see it safely stored against the winter's need.

Resubmit What?

REPUBLICANS are said to be agreed on a resubmission plank on the prohibition question. The plank is said to favor prompt action by congress to bring about resubmission of the 18th amendment to the people of the states acting through non-partisan conventions called for that sole purpose in accordance with article five of the constitution to determine whether that amendment shall be retained, modified or repealed.

It doesn't take a constitutional lawyer to say that no such indefinite question can ever be submitted or "resubmitted" to the state conventions. There are three questions: retention, modification, repeal. In effect the proposed plank merely states that congress and the state conventions ought to decide what they want to decide; which is the usual definiteness of the hypocritical politician.

Resubmission is not just a referendum to the people. If it comes, it must come in a definite form of straight repeal



New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "If you had two weeks for vacation this summer how would you spend the time?"

T. A. Windshar, laundry operator: "If I was going to spend two weeks right now on vacation, I'd spend it on this Boy Scout drive."

Charles M. Charlton, city fireman: "I'd spend two weeks at American Lake, Washington, in Red Cross first aid training, or spend the time with my wife's folks at Bandon and see the country in that part of the state."

Mrs. Mabel S. Powers, music teacher: "Oh, boy! I would go to California as fast as I could travel and there I would take more of the same musical work I had last year with a New York teacher."

Dean R. R. Hewitt, Willamette law school: "If I had time I should like nothing better than to go to Alaska. Two weeks would hardly

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Old days of Douglas:

(Continuing from Sunday.) Scottsburg, first town of southern Oregon, metropolis of an empire of extent in the fifties, is mostly a memory. It was in the height of its glory in 1853, when all the trade from the sea passed through its long since deserted streets, bound for the mining camps and early settlements of southern Oregon and northern California. It had a newspaper, the Gazette, the first one published in southern Oregon. That year, a not uncommon sight showed as many as 500 pack animals in the streets at one time, waiting for their loads of goods.

The founding of Crescent City in 1852 drew off a large portion

of the trade, and the increase of transportation facilities from other points undermined much of its remaining business. In 1852, there were 15 wholesale and retail houses at Scottsburg. In 1853 only two were left, and one of these was demolished by the great flood of 1861-2, when the lower town was completely swept away.

A structure marks the spot where in the old days was the bustle of great commercial activity. For the Indian war of 1855-6, a company of 120 men was organized quickly at Scottsburg for service, under Colonel Chapman.

Gardiner later became the metropolis of the lower Umpqua, going through many ups and downs when A. C. Gibbs, afterwards governor of Oregon, was the townsite proprietor; when State Senator Al Reed was its chief citizen and capitalist; when ships were built there, and salmon were canned. The town suffered from several big fires. It remains the principal center of the lower river country.

Five miles west of Oakland lies a narrow valley known as Green valley. Early in 1851, H. C. Scott and M. Farley settled there, and were soon followed by H. Pinkston and family, who built a house, in which the first school was kept, and in which, according to Walling, Rev. J. H. Wilbur preached the first sermon in southern Oregon. He evidently did not know about Jason Lee's sermons of 1840. In 1853, also according to Walling, the Green valley settlers greeted at an expense of \$1000, the first school house south of the Calapooya mountains. Also, that, in 1851, Dr. Calvin Reed built there a saw mill, and a grist mill in 1852—the first in Douglas county.

Driver valley lies 10 miles east of Oakland, a fertile vale three and a half miles long and a mile wide named for Rev. L. D. Driver, who settled there in 1853. He became Oregon's greatest preacher and rests with four of his five wives in historic Lee Mission cemetery, Salem.

Walling wrote of "Shoestring" or Elk Head valley, commencing 12 miles south of Oakland, first settled by J. W. Jones in 1853. It then (1854) had 120 people, its principal industry the quicksilver mine of Rev. A. S. Todd and mine, the writer, as chairman of the republican congressional committee, in the fall of 1896, presided over one of the big political gatherings held in Oregon during that famous campaign, with all the Douglas county candidates present. It was the McKinley and Bryan campaign (or rather the first one), with Tom Tongue the republican candidate for congress. Free silver was one of the issues. The outcome ended the Cleveland hard times—supposed to be the worst depression ever known. Each one has had their own distinction. J. H. Shupe, who paid the Bits man the first \$5 he ever earned, for saving cord wood, while attending the Oakland academy, was present. The night meeting of that day was at Yoncalla, with the county candidates also present. It was a sort of home coming for the writer, for he spent part of his boyhood days in the Shoestring valley, next east of Yoncalla and Scotts valleys of the Applegate, Scotts, etc., among the first settlers of southern Oregon.

Lookingglass valley, 10 miles southwest of Roseburg, had as its first settler Daniel Hundley, who came in 1851. It got its name

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER FIFTY.
The bubchen was well. He was chubby and blooming. He reached for the crystal beads around Lily Lou's neck, and pulled on them sturdily.
But he didn't know her. Oh, he didn't know her!
Mrs. Jensen came and took him from Lily Lou's arms, and he reached his little hand, and put it on Mrs. Jensen's shoulder as she bent his way.
Lily Lou wept.
"Pshaw!" Mrs. Jensen said, "don't you care? They never know anybody really at that age."
Lily Lou was not comforted. She told Tony about it when he came in to see her that evening. "Sure, he's too young to remember. Let's eat and you'll feel better," he said.
He had with him a can of antipasto, two tins of anchovies and a long loaf of Italian bread and half a pound of Swiss cheese.
She made coffee and they feasted.
"Too bad Maxine is out. She'll miss the party."
"I can't be sorry," Tony said, with his mouth full of bread and cheese.
"I know you don't like her. But she's been such a good friend to me, Tony. Where do you suppose I'd be living now if it weren't for her? And, oh, Tony, if I just had enough to hire someone to take care of the bubchen here Maxine would even agree to that! And there aren't many that would, now, are there, Tony?"
For answer he swore in his native Italian. Then he got up and began to pace the floor, waving his arms, muttering to himself:
"To think that I—that I would cut off my right arm for you—"
"Tony!"
"Don't stop me, I adore you. You know that. Always—from the first. And now this hellish poverty. Bills, debts, bills! Nothing to offer you."
Lily Lou's mouth twitched. She didn't know whether she was going to laugh or cry. Tony, poor blessed, darling Tony...
He loved her. Not because she was pretty or because she had the beginnings of a career, but just for herself.
She found her eyes filling.
"Tony," she said gently, "it does not matter, do you see? Because all that love—everything like that—is gone for me. Dear Tony, I love the man I married, and I couldn't ever—couldn't ever—"
"You still love him!"
"Yes, I suppose so, Tony. Not that it matters."
"After all that is past you can still love him?"
"Yes, no matter what he did, it doesn't matter, because he's part of me."
She went through the want ads in the papers. But if she did get a job it wouldn't begin to pay for her lessons, with Gwin or anyone else worth while. And how would she eat and what would the bubchen do?
Better to have given up—stayed in California. But if she did that the baby... No, there was no going back. She'd have to go on, somehow.
She borrowed \$50 from Wanda Pillsbury, having herself for asking, hating herself for taking it, hating Wanda for her air of "I never expect to see it again, but I'm kind-hearted and can't refuse."
That melted in 10 days, what with her share of the month's expenses in the apartment, and the woolly rabbit with the floppy ears that she couldn't resist for the baby.
It was well along in September

now, Gwin came in twice a week, and after the first of October she would work with him every day, and would be able to take the weekly check conscientiously. If she could just hold out until then... Mrs. Jensen's \$50 was due on the twenty-first, and there would be extras besides, perhaps \$12, or \$15.
She had started work in the Metropolitan chorus, three nights a week for rehearsals now, and soon it would be every night. Dramatic lessons, too, and Gwin told her it was time she took fencing and dancing... watching her with that glitter in his eye...
"What's the trouble today?"
"Nothing. It's just that I'm overwhelmed when I realize how unprepared I am—even for the little parts I'm likely to get this season. I'm lucky."
"What did I tell you when you came here a year ago—all ready to sing Butterfly, and a few other big roles?"
"I know. But I didn't realize then. How could I? When I look back now and think of the hopes I had and how easy it seemed to realize them when I had only a smattering of languages—"
"You mean when you knew no languages and couldn't sing English correctly?"
"Yes, and when I think of all the other girls I've known—lots of them not so young as I, nor so—so pretty—striving—and hoping—Oh, Gwin, aren't you sorry for them? For all the girls who want to be singers, and are going to fail? Aren't you sorry for me too? I am—I could weep for all of us!"
He had been sitting on the piano bench. He rose now and took her gently into his arms.
"Don't say Gwin—it's ridiculous. Say Dwight—"
"Dwight, then—it doesn't matter, does it?"
He held her off at arm's length, studying her. Her sweep of dark, waving hair, her fabulous lily-scale skin, her dark brows, her full scarlet lips. "Yes, it matters. It matters a lot. You're not altogether a fool. What's the answer going to be? Oh, you don't have to give it now—this minute. Think it over, that's all. I've got to know."
Lily Lou walked home, prepared her dinner and Maxine's. Canned spinach with a poached egg. Nourishing and cheap.
Her hands laid the table, broke the eggs into the boiling water, scooped them out with a serving spoon.
But she hardly saw them, hardly saw what she was doing.
"Oh, gosh, spinach!" Maxine sighed, coming into the kitchen to sniff of the signs of food. "Well, never mind, I'll eat it. But let's have that can of plum pudding you were going to save for Thanksgiving. I could stand the spinach, if I was sure of the dessert... well! You've been crying. It's a real tragedy all right, but you shed a tear. Tell me, has little Robin got whooping cough, or did your voice leave you?"
All that night Lily Lou tossed in her bed. In the morning she rose at six, to go to Jamaica Park to see the bubchen, before work at the studio. That would help... when she would help her to decide. When she held him in her arms she had courage... courage for anything...
"He's growing out of all his clothes," Mrs. Jensen said, "and I don't know as I can keep him this winter or not, because I'm thinking of getting married again... yes, ma'am, and while my husband ain't opposed to children none, not if they was his, that is, still he other people's—"
from the Polk county exploring party from the Rickreaf section, going in 1848. Impressed with its beauty, one of the party remarked that it appeared like a looking-glass. The name remains, and the village was famous in stage days, being on the Coos bay road. A tribe of Umpqua Indians occupied the valley, and in the war of 1855, they went on the war path. The Rogue River kindred, on Oct. 28 of that year, a company of "minute men," organized in the valley April 12, under Captain David Williams, attacked the Indians, killed Cow Creek Tom, one of their leaders, and seven or eight others, and scattered the rest of the band into the mountains. Two of the younger Applegates, John P. and Samuel W. K., were members of the company of "minute men."
It is interesting to note that Col. Nathaniel Ford, of the '44 covered wagon train, a large figure of early Oregon, was a member of the 1846 exploring party going into southern Oregon, led by John Thorp, H. B. Flournoy, afterward a prominent Douglas county man, was a member. Tradition credits Flournoy with saying the valley appeared like a looking-glass, thus bestowing the name. Col. Ford was the man who held his slaves, brought from Missouri, and was deprived of them by the famous court decision of U. S. Judge George H. Williams, that ended a singularly bitter fight of the old days. Thus Douglas county barely missed being the scene of that highly historic case. The writer believes no slaves were brought to Douglas county.
Interesting history is connected with most of the settlements in the southern and other sections of old Douglas. In the first days there were Indian raids. In the stage days, robberies. The Cow creek canyon was the scene of several stage robberies, including the famous one of Todd, captured by the famous old time sheriff, F. P. Hogan, whose wife was a granddaughter of General Joe Lane. Hogan had many such arrests to his credit. For some years before the beginning of the extension of the railroad south from Roseburg, in 1882, a man with a sawed-off shot gun rode in the boot of each overland stage, to protect express and mail matter and passengers. The

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 7, 1907
The Salem Mutual Canning company began operations yesterday with prospects for a big season. The opening pack is strawberries, for which the company is paying \$3.75 per hundred pounds.

In two days, Salem subscribed \$4050 to the Y. M. C. A. in the whirlwind campaign ended last night. The money will put the institution entirely out of debt and provide for the 1907 budget.

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Republicans of the Marion county central committee at an organization meeting at the court house yesterday, adopted a resolution demanding that the right to hold county and state conventions be restored. "Not only in the interest of maintaining our party organizations, but as being vital to the existence of popular government."

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Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

MANY inquiries have come to me from young readers suffering from acne, and to answer them it is necessary to go somewhat into detail.

Acne is the most prevalent of all skin diseases, and though it causes no pain, it causes mental suffering and embarrassment to those afflicted.

Acne is an inflammatory disease of the glands of the skin. It is most frequent on the face, but may involve the shoulders and the back. The skin is greasy and contains many blackheads and pimples. These pimples frequently become infected, dry up and leave behind an ugly crust and possibly a permanent scar.

The exact cause of acne is still unknown. A germ called "bacillus acne" has been found in many cases. Another germ called "staphylococcus aureus" is commonly found in cases where pustules are present. The disease usually occurs at the age of puberty, when the sweat glands of the skin are extremely susceptible to infection.

Another factor which must not be overlooked is carelessness about food. Overeating of rich foods, candies, and desserts is a common weakness at this age.

In the treatment of acne, the hygienic care of the skin is important. Absolute cleanliness is the first requisite. It is necessary to get rid of blackheads and

cleanse and disinfect the skin as thoroughly as possible and this must be attained before relief can be obtained.

Baths of the face in hot water until the skin becomes red, then with great gentleness pinch out the blackheads, or remove them with an extractor. After this the face should be bathed again with a pint of hot water to which one teaspoonful of a compound solution of cresol has been added.

An astringent prescribed by a physician should be applied to the skin at night and washed off in the morning with hot water and a gritty soap. Follow this with a dash of cold water.

If pus forms, the pustules should be opened, preferably by a physician, because he will take great care as to cleanliness. Never violently squeeze a pimple, or serious results may follow.

In severe cases of acne successful results have been obtained by the injection of a special vaccine. Mixed vaccines, which contain both the acne germ and the staphylococcal germ, are extremely beneficial in some cases. Often the action of the vaccine is slow and prolonged treatment. In other cases ultra-violet light has been used and in very stubborn cases X-ray treatment has been found successful.

Proper diet is important in treating acne. Avoid starchy and sweet foods like candy, cake, pie, jelly, ice-cream, pastries, puddings, jam, sugar, sweet desserts and cereals, nor are spices, condiments, coffee, tea, cocoa, alcoholic beverages, nuts, melons, berries or corn permitted in the diet. Drink plenty of water between meals, but not with meals.

Any tendency towards constipation must be corrected before there can be hope of a cure.

Answers to Health Queries

M. J. Q.—Early this Fall I noticed a red, round spot on my neck. It kept getting larger until a month ago it was as large as a half dollar. Identical spots have come out on my body. Can you tell me what you think this disease is?

A.—Probably you are suffering from psoriasis. You should see your doctor.

Ted. T. O. Q.—What do you advise for pimples?

A.—Correct the diet, by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

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of the 18th amendment, or of definite adoption of some form of liquor control other than absolute prohibition. The wets are in sharp dissension on what to substitute for prohibition. The dries are right in insisting on an answer to the question: What substitute would you have for prohibition?

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