

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Brookhart Gets Walloped

THE defeat of Senator Brookhart in the Iowa primaries looms as the major surprise of 1932 to date. It was however, indicated by a popular poll taken by the Des Moines Register-Tribune some months ago.

The immediate cause of Brookhart's defeat was the disclosure of his nepotism. Field harped on the disclosures that the Brookhart family was drawing down some \$25,000 a year from the federal treasury.

Brookhart has undoubtedly been about the wildest demagogue who ever invaded the senate. He was not intelligently radical. LaFollette, peer, had brains; Norris of Nebraska is both honest and shrewd and analyzes issues with much clearness.

There has always been bitter opposition to Brookhart in Iowa. The state was long a stronghold of conservatism. Speaker Henderson, Senator Allison, Representative Hepburn were all conservatives.

Iowa has a 35% law, by which unless a candidate gets 45% of the vote cast in the primaries, the nomination goes to the state convention. Brookhart however would have no chance before a state convention, for the party machinery has been held by the anti-Brookhart faction.

The jolt to Brookhart will probably indicate that there is a strong conservative trend at the present time. It is true that this district turned down Hawley, a strong conservative; but here a combination of elements entered in to strengthen Mott's candidacy.

Rockefeller Deserts Dry Cause JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., a teetotaler, and one-time heavy contributor to the Anti-Saloon league, has endorsed repeal of the 18th amendment, in a letter to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, ancient foe of prohibition.

He says that "drinking generally has increased"; that speakies flourish, that respect for law and order languish. Frankly we do not see how the first assertion can be substantiated. There certainly is less liquor consumed than before prohibition when the saloons were openly dispensing liquor.

Respect for law and order has declined; but is that directly attributable to the 18th amendment? Is it not rather the product of the whole age of rebellion and of jazz which followed the world war?

Dr. Copeland SUNSTROKE is one of the dangers of hot weather. It is caused by a marked disturbance in the mechanism of the body, and as a result there is marked headache, dizziness, nausea and even vomiting.

Before the doctor comes, the best emergency treatment is to keep the patient cool as possible by constant bathing with cool water.

Another form of attack, which is really not sunstroke, is known as heat exhaustion. This condition is seen in stokers and others who are steadily exposed to extreme heat, and its symptoms are different from sunstroke.

Answers to Health Queries Q.—Will you please tell me something to relieve indigestion? A.—You should eat the simplest kind of food.

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Bits for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Old days of Douglas: (Continuing from yesterday.) The writer saw a railroad train for the first time from Pleasant Hill, Lane county, in the summer of 1872, from a distance.

Regular train service to and from that point was started December 2, 1872. By this time Ben Holladay ran out of money, and could not borrow any more—even from his German backers.

Roseburg is justly proud of the honored names of her pioneers. General Joe Lane, hero of the Mexican war, first territorial governor of Oregon, second delegate in congress, Indian fighter, one of Oregon's first two United States senators, candidate for vice president of the United States, courtly gentleman, good neighbor, spent his last years and died in Roseburg.

L. F. Mosher, son-in-law of General Lane, was on the Oregon supreme bench. Fred Flood, grandson of General Lane, served the governor of Idaho as private secretary. R. E. Stratton was on the Oregon supreme bench.

Binger Hermann, Roseburg attorney, served his state in congress from 1885 to 1897, and he was commissioner of the U. S. general land office. Frank W. Benson, Douglas county school teacher, became secretary of state and governor. Henry L. Benson, principal of Umpqua academy, was a justice of the Oregon supreme court from 1917 to 1922.

Judge Matthew P. Deady, representing Douglas county in the constitutional convention of 1857 was president of the body and the outstanding figure in giving Oregon her fundamental laws.

J. F. Watson of Douglas county was on the supreme bench from 1876 to 1878. When General Lane left his Indiana home in the summer of 1848, on the journey across the plains to take his place as governor of the newly constituted territory of Oregon, having been appointed by his great friend, President Polk, he took with him his oldest son, Nathaniel. He served as treasurer from 1855 to 1856, having been elected to fill that place by the territorial legislature holding its session in the two rooms provided for it in the unfinished capitol at Salem.

So, taking his office Jan. 24, 1855, and holding it until Jan. 10, 1856, Nathaniel Lane kept the money of the territory first in the old state house, then at Corvallis, thence back to the old state house, and afterward in the Recorder building, just next to and north of the present Statesman newspaper building. The Oregon Blue Book lists the 10th treasurer of Oregon, and the fourth under the territory, as Nat H. Lane. The General Lane grandchildren always called him "Uncle Nat."

Dr. Harry Lane, mayor of Portland, superintendent of the Oregon asylum for the insane, United States senator from 1913 to 1917, was a son of Nathaniel Lane. He was a worthy scion of Douglas county pioneers. It was during his term as superintendent of the asylum that the cottage farm land was purchased and the big development there was commenced and carried on.

The Salem district has many residents connected by family ties with Douglas county pioneers. There is room for only a few. John J. Williams came with his

family from Wisconsin by ox team in 1864 and located at Portland. Later he farmed at old Wacanda, the ghost town that was supplanted by Gervais when the railroad was built, in the early seventies.

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

Once Lily Lou would have fled in dismay from the prima donna's lurid tales, and Elizabethan English, but she listened now, smiling a little....

She had come to ask for a loan, but it was never asked for. Madame Nahلمان said, "You must come with me on my concert tour, I go as far as St. Louis. Wonderful bookings. Really quite the best publicity and advance sales....

"I—accompany you! But you—they wouldn't be satisfied!" "Not a word. It is settled. My mind is made up—just like that!"

It was arranged. Afterward Lily Lou found out that it was the trick she had discovered last summer, of filling in the "hole" in Nahلمان's voice—that empty space in the middle register.

"You are certainly not a great pianist," Tony told her, "but you are an accurate and an intelligent one, with more sympathy than a bigger artist would have. So do not thank her too much. You serve her purpose."

"And she serves mine. Tony, I don't know what I'd have done if this hadn't come along."

"You would not starve," he told her easily. "I'm going on concert tour with Nahلمان for fourteen weeks," she told Gwin. "I'm sorry—you'll have to get another accompanist."

"Is that the only reason you are sorry?" Lily Lou looked down at her feet. She knew, so well, what Gwin was thinking. "I'll be sorry to lose my lessons with you. I know how much I owe you, how much you've taught me."

There was no further opportunity to talk then, another pupil came in. When, later, she prepared to go, Lily Lou, "I'll help you if I can. There is nothing more I can teach you about singing. Things might have been different. But since you're going to Nahلمان—"

He seemed, for the moment, almost as old as his prematurely gray hair. An old, defeated man. Could he have cared for her, really? She didn't know, she would never know. They shook hands.

"Goodbye, Lily Lou." "Goodbye, Dwight." "Goodbye, Lily Lou." It wasn't really goodbye. They would meet again in the morning. But it was a farewell, for all that. It was the last sign of affection or feeling he was ever to show for her.

When, ten days later, she left for Philadelphia with Madame Nahلمان, after establishing the baby and Mrs. Jensen's aunt, Mrs. Nilstrom, with the bubble in Max, ine's flat, she was beginning another era.

It took Lily Lou just five years to reach her goal, the Metropolitan. Five years from the time she came to New York, a frightened, but determined girl.

After the contract trip with Madame Nahلمان it was comparatively easy sailing. There was the matter of "the hole" in Nahلمان's voice. To cover it, Lily Lou was allowed to join in two numbers, singing a low, flute-like obbligato to one, a lower, crooning melody to the other.

When she got too much applause Nahلمان would fly into a tantrum, threaten to get a more competent accompanist, and there would be uncomfortable hours. But few audiences noticed Lily Lou particularly. They had come to hear Nahلمان. She sang with a symphony orchestra a tour of the southern states, then a season with a fashionable Fifth Avenue church, and then signed for four weeks at a moving picture theater up town.

Nobody—Tony least of all—had expected her success at the theater. It had been a lucky chance for her to make some money. The applause frightened as well as surprised her. Her mind had been so set on opera



He seemed, for the moment, almost as old as his prematurely gray hair. An old, defeated man.

waiting for her in New York. After that there was Toscani Opera Company, a third-rate company that played in small towns. Tony got her into it when it became evident that her absence with Nahلمان had cost her the small parts she had been promised at the Metropolitan.

She wasn't very grateful. She would have preferred to stay in New York, and be with the baby. She never knew that Tony spent half a year's salary buying the place for her. The Toscani Opera company did not pay its sopranos. It allowed them to pay. And Tony never knew that she had to put down an additional fifteen hundred for costumes.

Uncle Eph's estate... that meant the curly, grayish wool sheep that used to graze on Lone Mountain... dear, darling Uncle Eph... paid for eight hundred of it. She scraped up the rest.

It wasn't a very successful season. Toscani did little more than break even. She was mad with joy to get back to Robin—too big to be called Bubchen now—beginning to totter around on his little fat legs, and to say things that nobody but she and Tina, the nurse, could understand.

But she went back for another season, and when at the end of two years touring Toscani disbanded the company and retired to eat spaghetti and polenta in a cozy flat on Hundred and Twenty-second street, she had sung fourteen stellar roles and felt like a trouper.

It should have been easy to crash the gates of the Metropolitan now, but somehow it wasn't. Just the chorus, and a few minor parts which she sang with charm and delicacy, of which nobody took any notice. Thanks to Tony, who was creating something of a sensation since he had been made one of the conductors, she had no difficulty in getting well paid engagements. She sang with a symphony orchestra a tour of the southern states, then a season with a fashionable Fifth Avenue church, and then signed for four weeks at a moving picture theater up town.

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Yesterdays

June 8, 1907 The track team from the Chemawa Indian school overwhelped the state representatives yesterday afternoon on the Williamette field. The score was 70 to 47.

The newly created State Board of Forestry met at the statehouse yesterday and perfected organization. Governor George E. Chamberlain and Edmund P. Sheldon of Portland were respectively chosen president and secretary. Between 500 and 600 fire wardens will be appointed.

Professor W. E. McElroy has been awarded the contract to furnish the band music for the coming state fair. His bid was \$673.50.

Practically every canning machine in the whole Salem canning industry will open Monday. It is present fruit prospect holds out. There will be need for fully 1000 canner hands to care for the strawberries and gooseberries that are already beginning to pour into the market.

Subscription papers are being circulated about Salem to procure financial assistance for Harry (Dusty) Rhodes, the Salem automobile racer who was injured in a collision at Lone Oak track Saturday. About \$300 has been raised so far.

family from Wisconsin by ox team in 1864 and located at Portland. Later he farmed at old Wacanda, the ghost town that was supplanted by Gervais when the railroad was built, in the early seventies.

THE Super-DETECTIVE Thatcher Colt solves the greatest case in his career! THE Murder OF THE Night Club Lady by ANTHONY ABBOT Beginning June 12 in

(Continued tomorrow.)