

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHEDDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHEDDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
Arthur W. Styles, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.,
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 359 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. \$3.00; 3 Mo. \$8.25; 6 Mo. \$12.50; 1 Year \$24.00.
Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Courier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On Trains and News Stands 5 cents.

"The Forgotten Man"



"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON



CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

She wanted Bess to come to San Francisco for the two weeks, to bring all the children, and stay with her at the Fairmount. Robin should have children to play with, and they were his own cousins . . .

But Bess, shy or independent, would not come. She invited Lily Lou to come up to Woodlake after the opera season, instead. "I can easily take care of you and the boy," she wrote, "but don't bring any French maids with you. We still sit in the kitchen and proud of it."

She would have loved to see her father. But he was off in the back country working on a sheep ranch, May said, and there wasn't any way of getting mail to him.

May didn't have much good to report of him. It seems that he was "paying attention" to Mrs. Vesmer, the dressmaker in Woodlake, quite an ordinary woman, red cheeked, well upholstered, good natured, and certainly not too refined.

"He should be restrained," May said. "The old fool, wanting to get married again, after all the putting up Mother did with him! After the way she tried to make a decent citizen out of him!"

When Lily Lou did not answer, she cried, "Oh, well, you've been away so long that nothing matters to you. You don't care what Dad does, and we're all just ancient history to you. I don't suppose you'd even know Kentfield Sargent if you saw him. You know, you were lucky to get out of that. Good heavens, Lily Lou, you almost missed everything just by being so silly as to go and get married the way you did! By this time you'd have been an old married woman, like me, and maybe a couple of kids."

Lily Lou smiled. "What about Robin?"

"Oh, he's just a fad with you. A child that isn't your own isn't any more trouble than any other kind of pet. Bess said that it's just an extravagance, that's all. And here you are, with the world at your fingertips—with everything!"

"Yes," Lily Lou said, "with everything!"

And after May had gone she took Robin on her lap and played Cowboy and Indian until he was sleepy. "Yes—everything," she thought—or as near everything as one gets—

And then she smiled a little as she thought of what May would have thought if she had told her she would have traded everything for what she had—a home, even a shabby home, and someone who loved her—

come down from the lake with the children. They would have loved the fairy opera.

She thrilled to see her little boy's sparkling eyes, as he stood in her dressing room and admired her in her gown of frost and stardust. "You look just like a fairy princess," he told her, seriously.

"A rather made-up princess," she told him, laughing at her reflection in the brightly illumined mirrors. But she did look like a child's dream of fairyland, with the glorious glittering head-dress, the filmy white of the gown, her black hair in long curls, like a doll's, cascading down her back.

After the performance Marie brought Robin back to the dressing room. He was scarlet with excitement.

"Mother, I wish you would be the Sleeping Beauty some time. I would like to see you be the Sleeping Beauty. Don't they have an opera of that? Then I wish to see one with cowboys, like Auntie Vera's opera, mother, can't we have one like that, please?"

He was talking about Vera Votkapa, and her role of Girl of the Golden West, with which he had been much impressed.

"Some day, We'll see, darling!" She knelt beside him, still in grease paint and glittering draperies, holding his little hands.

George Farmers, the publicity manager, tapped at her door.

"There's an old fellow who's determined to get in to see you, Madame Lansing. Says his name is Lansing, and he's a distant relative. Do you want to see him?"

Lily Lou's heart bounded. Stopped beating for a second. Dad! Her own father—it must be!

It was. He followed close at the publicity manager's heels, a little shy, but not too much impressed with all the show, the unfamiliar surroundings, the little group of admirers who waited outside.

"Dad!" she hugged him, laughing and crying, a little hysterical at the thought of having him here, in the city, at her performance—

She scanned his weatherbeaten face anxiously. He hadn't changed much. He seemed a little younger, a little happier, a little more like

Uncle Eph. . .

"Oh, Dad—you don't know how I've wanted to see you!"

She hid her face on his shoulder, still laughing and crying, not knowing just what to say.

"I was proud of you, Dolly," he told her, holding her off at arm's length to look at her. "You sang all your notes true, and you looked very handsome. I bought me a good two dollar seat, and it was worth it."

"Dad, you could have had the stage box—the front row—anything!"

"Now, don't you go throwing your money away. You save your money, Lily Lou! I didn't mind the two dollars. Didn't I say it was worth it?"

She looked at him. His old, shiny suit, his carefully combed hair, the collar that was too large, and frayed along the edges. Her heart was bursting.

"Yes, I came down from the lake last night," he said. "I don't always read the papers every day. I'm up at your Uncle Eph's place most of the time now, and sometimes I kind of let the papers pile up and read them all at the end of the week. So when I saw you were here—"

"I tried so hard to find you, Dad, Bess—"

"Yes, I know, Bessie, she doesn't like me herding sheep up there. Verne's kind of putting on the dog lately, and I guess she wants I should dress up more. It's kind of a relief for me not to dress up, Dolly. I guess I'm kind of a careless old man now. But I slipped up for today—"

"You could have come in your dungarees!"

"Yes, you and me . . . sort of alike, Dolly. That's your boy!"

She had forgotten Robin, playing quietly in a corner.

For one hideous moment she hesitated. The lie that had been so easy before was impossible now. And yet . . .

The old man did not wait for her to answer.

"Come see your grand-dad, son," he said, holding a horny hand out to the child.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Inquiry on Wealth

SENATOR McNARY blocked consideration of LaFollette's resolution calling on the department of commerce to make a report on the distribution of wealth. McNary's objection was not personal, he stated, but due to his feeling the matter should go over under the rules to another day.

We should like to see such an investigation made. There is much loose talk about how wealth is distributed, but no one can give definite proof of his assertions or quote any dependable authority. For instance the claim is often broadcast that some 5 per cent of the people own 80% of the wealth of the country. We do not believe these figures would be sustained under an impartial investigation.

The wealth of the country is in its farms, its factories, its railroads, its mercantile establishments, its homes and apartments. The tendency in late years has been for most enterprises to take corporate form and for the bonds and stocks representing ownership equities to be widely distributed. Thus the railroad bonds are held chiefly by savings banks and insurance companies. But these are the savings not of just a few individuals but of the masses of the people.

Our only hope is, that if such an investigation is ordered it moves more swiftly and more satisfactorily than the one ordered on the resolution of LaFollette, pere, for valuation of the railroads. The elder LaFollette got congress to have the interstate commerce commission evaluate the railroads. He said it would cost a million or so and would reduce the valuation of the roads decidedly and thus permit lower rates. The commission has been working on the job for about 20 years and it isn't finished yet.

The cost has run into tens of millions. The basis for valuation has not even been finally adjudicated yet. And now congress is about to pass a new rule for rate-making under which valuations will be of no consequence, as in truth competition has already made them.

But let us have the younger LaFollette's inquiry into ownership of wealth. It will be found that ownership and control are quite different. Many men at the head of vast industries are not wealthy themselves. But they manage the businesses for the owners. Such an inquiry, properly conducted would be costly and prolonged; but it might be worth the time and expense.

On to Chicago

OUR idea of no place to go next week is the republican national convention in Chicago. The business is cut and dried with the exception of a prohibition plank. On this question the verbal experts are striving to find a phrasing which will face both ways, at least lose no votes from wets or dries. It will be a plank no doubt which will represent tight-rope walking in its delicate balance. Resubmission is merely passing the buck.

Usually conventions have strife and action and color. The leaders of the country assemble, the "big men" are there with retinues of attendants. This year there are no big men and the leaders are in a comatose condition. A few senators will straggle in. The party hacks will be there, the ones who do the party chores and in return expect the favors and the jobs and the perquisites that go with political control.

Fortunately the session will be brief. While this will be hard on the Chicago hotelkeepers and State street stores who pungled up a quarter of a million to finance the show, it will be easy on the delegates who cross the country at their own expense to take part in the convention.

The real agony of party politics this year will start when the convention is over and the managers, hat in hand, start calling on the good angels. Wall street will give as much milk as a stripped cow this year. One party will be as bad off as another for the campaign; so the chances for doing much more than printing speeches of acceptance look slim.

It's been a hard season on congressmen. Ruth Bryan Owen has been defeated; and early reports were that Gilbert Haugen of Iowa, one of the oldest in the congress, was running behind his younger opponent. We have not seen the final returns. It might be better for the country if the members of the lower house had a four year term and were chosen at the same election as the president. Party control would then be more firm for the whole period and perhaps an administration could really administer. We have not had an effective administration in this country since President Wilson's first term.

Not since 1930 has there been such an eruption of orange plates on the highways of the state. Some are decrepit cars which serve a home on wheels for the occupants. The accoutrements of housekeeping show the families are out hunting new locations. Others are fine new cars, bearing the first of the tourist army. Schools are closing, and the Pacific highway becomes a corridor of travel. Better weather lures folk to the roads; and whether they are bond or free they seek the allurements or the profit from this evergreen land.

Political integrity isn't dead yet. Evanston and Oregon in Illinois, Auburn, N. Y., and Sparta, Mich. have told congress they want no postoffices which are listed for them in the big Garner pork barrel bill.

No one has suggested that taxpayers organize and march to Washington under threat to remain until congress knocks a billion off of expenses. The taxpayers have to stay home and work.

Science has come to the wide open spaces. An airplane is used in horse wrangling on the big ranches of Nevada. To qualify, does the aviator-wrangler wear chaps and a ten-gallon hat?

MISS MEYER IN EUGENE
BRUSH CREEK, June 9 — Miss Althea Meyer, who is employed in the water commission office at Silverton, and whose home is at Brush Creek, will go to Eugene for the weekend and be the guest of Miss Inga Goplerud and her brother, John, who will be graduated from the university Monday. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. John G. Goplerud of Brush Creek.

HUBBARD, June 9 — Mrs. J. S. Blair and Mr. and Mrs. Allen from Carlton spent Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Leffler and attended the funeral of Miss Nellie Brown, a relative, at the Hubbard cemetery, Wednesday afternoon.

New Views BITS for BREAKFAST

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Should Governor Roosevelt promptly remove Mayor Walker?"

Mrs. L. H. Vinson, housewife: "I don't know how to answer that; I hadn't given it a thought. Yes, I've read a little about it."

Mrs. F. D. VanAusdell, housewife: "I don't think I could answer that question now. I have been reading it, though."

E. Elliott, mechanic: "If proven guilty, Walker should be removed—otherwise—let him serve his term."

R. Mitchell, laborer: "Yes, Walker should be removed, if all newspaper criticisms are true."

Paul R. Hendricks, insurance agent: "I don't know much about it but it looks like it."

Robert Kutch, teacher, attorney: "Mayor Walker is quite a prominent man and brings a great deal of publicity to New York. I don't believe Roosevelt has the power to put him out. It's a question whether or not he should be fired, considering the publicity he brings to the city."

D. G. Drager, county treasurer: "Oh, I don't know much about it; it keeps us busy watching our own affairs out here. I do think that Roosevelt and Smith both got their jobs in about the same manner that Walker got his and they must all stand together. Smith went into office a poor man and came out wealthy. In every large city in the country there is a great deal of money secured through political power."

Rose was a sincere booster for his town. He donated three acres of land and \$1000 for the court house. He gave the sites for school houses and churches, and contributed \$1400 toward the cost of construction of the first public school building.

The first clapboard shanty of Aaron Rose was located at about the center of the present city. He later built a nice residence in the southern part of the town, as the writer remembers it, and lived there to a good old age. He was from Michigan, and came to southern Oregon by way of California.

Rufus Mallory, who taught school at Portland and read law there, and married the Rosa's daughter Lucy, represented Oregon in the lower house of congress from 1867 to 1869. He came to Salem and was a leading lawyer here.

The Salem Directory for 1872 listed the law firm of Mallory & Shaw, with their office in "Gray's brick," corner Liberty and State. (The northwest corner, where the Cullen building is now, was the Hartman store in the first floor corner.) The Mallory residence was given also as "corner Liberty and State." His partner was J. J. Shaw, residence 13th between State and Court, Judge Shaw was prominent in practice here for many years thereafter.

Rufus Mallory some years later went to Portland, but he still called Salem his home, and until far into the eighties, or early nineties, Mrs. Lucy Rose-Mallory lived in the capital city. She had a literary flare, became a spiritualist and advance thought advocate,

and at one time published a sprightly magazine, having her office in the Reed opera house block, now occupied by the Miller store. The Statesman office had the job of printing the magazine.

The Salem district has always had many people from old Douglas, in and out of official life. Miss Mary Chadwick still occupies the old home of her father, Governor S. F. Chadwick, at 402 North Capitol, with large and slightly grounds. The state offices and institutions here have their full share of people from old Douglas — of course not having reference to the inmates.

In the late seventies and early eighties, the largest general store in Salem was the establishment

(Continued on page 9)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

June 6th, 1932

Editor: Oregon Statesman
City

Dear Sir:

One has only to make a trip either north or south on our highways to see how many machines are licensed with other than Oregon plates.

What is the answer to this? Is it that there are so many outside machines traveling Oregon roads or is it that owners are evading the high license fee that prevails in Oregon?

On a recent trip to Portland the writer counted more machines with either California or Washington plates on than there were Oregon and it does not seem possible unless this condition could prevail unless many of these machines are evading the getting of licenses for this state. All anyone has to do is to check the cars that stand on our streets in Salem or any other city and find that there are thousands that are living right here, or in other cities, with plates from some other states while those that have gotten our licenses for Oregon are supporting the Highway Departments.

We hear arguments regarding the lowering of the license fee in this state but it will never be done unless there is a more careful check made on the many machines that are now operating in the state with other than Oregon plates. Surely the Highway and local police could make a more careful check and insist that these owners are forced to do as others.

GEO. A. NEEP.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

FOR many years little was known concerning hookworm. The disease was common, particularly in the Southern States, but there, as elsewhere where persons go barefoot and in this way contract the disease, its true nature was unsuspected.

It was estimated at one time that more than 39 per cent of school children in the South had this disease, and though the disease is not as prevalent as formerly, a recent publication announces that hookworm victims are still to be found in some States.

Hookworm is caused by small worms which enter the body through the skin, reach the circulation and eventually are carried to the intestines. There they burrow into the walls of the intestine and do severe damage to the health of the individual, before they are eliminated.

In 1915 the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission discovered that the disease could be prevented. To accomplish this, they found it necessary to pass sanitation laws and to instruct the public in personal hygiene and the dangers of walking about barefoot.

Children with this disease have protuberant abdomens and are far below the average size. They are retarded in mental and physical development, shiftless and irresponsible, and eventually become a burden to the community.

Fortunately the treatment of this disease is simple. "Thymol" or "carbon tetrachloride" is the remedy, and often just a few doses clear the intestines of all the worms and eggs of the hookworm. It is estimated that single dose will remove 95 to 100 per cent of the worms.

The advantage of thymol over other drugs previously used is that the patient need not stay in bed or remain inactive during the treatment.

Children with this disease should be kept in bed and given a good hair tonic. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

T. M. C. Q.—What do you advise for cily hair?

A.—Shampoo the hair frequently and use a good hair tonic. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Copyright, 1932, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Daily Thought

"The heights by great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight, but they while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night."

—Longfellow.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 10, 1907

Salem high school had the University of Oregon baseball team beaten by a two to one score up to the eighth inning here yesterday, when the "Oregon Spirit" took advantage of a Salem error and chased in two runs for the visitors, giving them the game by a 3 to 2 score. Keenes, in addition to pitching fine ball, made three singles and two doubles. Jones caught.

At the annual commencement exercises of Dallas college, among those upon whom were conferred honorary degrees was Rev. Henry D. Kimball, D. D., dean of the Kimball college of theology, affiliated with Willamette university, who received the degree of doctor of laws.

Despite the fact that only a few dashes of rain touched Salem yesterday and the day before, heavy showers are reported a few miles south of town, which did much good to growing crops.

June 10, 1923

Wayne Miller, special educational field agent for the Y. M. C. A., is now in Salem, sent here to carry on a branch of the Y. M. C. A. college. Some 285 courses are offered in every line of endeavor.

A cartload of gallon-canned water pack apples that were shipped

to New York last fall, from Falls City cannery under control of the Oregon growers' association, was responsible for an order for 10 cars of this year's product.



Play Safe With A Safety Deposit Box

Did you ever stop to think what might happen to your valuable papers and jewelry? Loss by fire, theft or carelessness would be far more expensive than the life time expense of a Safety Deposit Box.

Rent a Safety Deposit Box from us TODAY.

START SAVING REGULARLY NOW

We Welcome YOUR Banking Business

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK
SALEM, ORE.

Member Federal Reserve System
A Strong Bank, Thoughtfully Managed