

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Too Many Paroles
 JUDGE L. H. McMAHAN'S continued paroles of guilty offenders from the bench is making Marion county a paradise for crime. The jurist's well-known sympathy for persons in trouble is known and is in itself commendable. But when offenders of all types, robbers, burglars and bootleggers, persistently and consistently are sentenced, then paroled, the public's protection from crime is perilously weak.

Friday, Thern Miller and Marion Alzman received two-year sentences to the state penitentiary and were at once paroled. Miller had a criminal record. That very day friends of Miller and Alzman waylaid Melvin Davis who had testified against them and beat young Davis severely. Frightened, he took refuge with the police for protection. "You squawked on the boys," Davis' attacker is said to have stated.

Such vandalism and racketeering in Salem cannot be countenanced. One reason it occurs is that an offender against the law has the odds all in his favor that he will escape punishment. First he has a good chance he will not be apprehended. Then if apprehended and prosecuted, the records of Judge McMahan's court show he has by all the odds the likelihood of being reprimanded, sentenced and paroled.

Friday Newt Smith, Lee Smith and William McCaffrey, all of whom had been paroled formerly on admitted crimes and had later been returned to the county jail here on confession of additional offenses against the law, were released from jail upon their own recognizance.

The local jurist oftentimes condones his sentences and paroles by pointing to the poverty of the guilty man or frequently to the accused's willingness to restore goods stolen. This means that a willful thief may calculate that in any event he wins: If not detected he has the stolen goods; if found out, all he has to do is to replace the stolen goods and still be even.

What is the real purpose of parole? To allow a judge to evade the plain sentences of the state-made law? Not in the least. The purpose of the parole is to allow, in exceptional cases and on overwhelming proof, the granting of relief from prison or jail duress. The parole is contingent on good behavior after its application to an offender and is immediately revocable when good behavior is not continued. In the local court, however, a parole is tantamount to pardon and outright release; it is very seldom revoked.

What is the purpose of courts, of sentences, and of imprisonment? Is it not primarily to protect society from offenders against the law through keeping them incarcerated for a reasonable time? Does not our legal system aid through making an example of offenders to discourage other possible criminals?

This paper does not wish to nag the bench. But it cannot be silent when time after time, case after case, prosecution after prosecution, finds enforcement of the law nullified by needless paroles. If these continue there will come a time when law enforcement officers, sheriffs and attorneys, will lose all heart, so thoroughly are their efforts defeated.

County Levy Can be Reduced in 1933
 THIS newspaper has frequently stated that expenditures for highways in the state and in the county might be measurably retrenched without public harm. It believes that the 1933 Marion county budget can be pared several mills by reducing the amount apportioned for roads as well as by making provision for debt charges, the latter being unnecessary because the county court has anticipated its final 1933 bond retirements and paid them a year in advance.

The incumbent county court and its predecessors are worthy of praise for the determined way in which they have kept the county in cash. The semi-annual report of County Treasurer Drager shows cash on hand this year of \$792,247. The warrants outstanding are only the nominal total of \$6239 which will be paid as soon as presented. We doubt if any county in Oregon is so sound financially, with no bonded or warrant debt and a large cash reserve.

Most of the cash-on-hand belongs to the road fund, the county court for years having levied somewhat more than was needed in order to have plenty of road moneys on hand. So the 1933 millage can be considerably reduced without the abandonment of road building or impairment of county funds. The county court prepared for lean days by sturdy levies when the financial sun was high in the sky.

As One Democrat to Another
 LIFE is worth more, too, for knowing Hoover. But for him Belgium would now be starved, however generously people may have given food. He's gathering together and transporting and getting distributed \$5,000,000 worth of American. . . . Both the English and the Belgian cabinets send for him about Belgian matters. He's a simple, modest, energetic man who began his career in California and will end it in Heaven; and he doesn't want anybody's thanks."

It is refreshing in these days when Hoover is being called everything from a skunk to a skinflint to note that at one time the president drew such high praise from democratic leaders. The quotation above was found recently in a rambling reading of the Walter Hines Page letters. Mr. Page, a distinguished democratic ambassador to England, wrote thus to President Woodrow Wilson, another democrat of distinction. Of course Mr. Hoover was not in politics then and politics alters everything!

Senator Joe Dunne shows consummate gall in his treatment of Dr. Zook. Dunne wired the eastern educator to have nothing to do with Oregon when the chancellorship was first talked. Dunne declared that he would see to it that the board of higher education was abolished. Now Dunne follows up his telegram with a letter written Zook in Portland telling him in short, to get out and stay out; this is an Oregon battle and the state wants no easterners to take a hand. Not only is Dunne exceedingly discourteous; he is utterly presumptuous. No prophet or a son of a prophet can tell what's going to happen to higher education in Oregon and the roly-poly Portland insurance man-senator has never been accused of being a seer.

Proposal is made in Reno to establish a restricted liquor district. The reason, the Oregon Voter explains, lies in the tremendous increase in auto fatalities where liquor and motoring have been mixed. Motor vehicle death rate in Reno in 1930 was 33; in 1931 it had risen to 46.2. For the entire United States the ratio is 24.9; for Oregon 25.2 in 1931. The Oregon state police are hard-bitten in enforcing the drunken driving law; maybe Reno should borrow Charles Pray for a time.



BITS for BREAKFAST
 —By R. J. HENDRICKS

Another hunt for the Dorion Woman's grave:
 Readers of this column are familiar with the fact that the famous Dorion Woman of the Wilson Price Hunt party of the Astor expedition lived and died in Marion county, and presumably was buried here. But where?

The quest for her grave, long pursued by the Bits man and others, has been taken up anew. Every lead that might possibly give the answer is being followed.

Extended reference was made to the history of this famous woman in this column, in the last three issues of August and the first few of September, 1930, as will be recalled by some readers. At that time, reference was made to the Marion county records. In this renewed quest, another examination has just been made.

One historical writer has made the claim that the Dorion Woman and her husband were the first settlers of the Willamette valley. The Bits man doubts this. Another writer has said they began living on their claim near Salem in 1841.

The Marion county records show the date as 1846. The Dorion Woman, who was a member of the Iowa branch of the Sioux nation, had for her first man (husband), to whom she was not married, Bate Dorion, interpreter for the Wilson Price Hunt overland party of the Astors. After he was killed, a Hudson's Bay company employe at Fort Walla Walla, named Venier, took her for his woman, and a girl was born. Her next man was John Tourpin, also an employe of the Hudson's Bay company, in the capacity of interpreter, and they came to the Willamette valley. Just when, no one has found out for certain.

She was married to Tourpin by Father (later Bishop) F. N. Blanchet, at St. Paul, July 19, 1841, and her and their children legitimized, among them Marguerite Venier, then 21. This daughter's name does not occur again in historical records.

This third man, who, by the Catholic church wedding, was made her legal husband, was called by various names, such as Topar, Topas, Topin, Topwin, Topan, Topah, and variations — and was probably Tourpin. Her name was given in the marriage as Marie l'Aguiroise, or Aguiroise, by Father Blanchet. It meant that her name was Marie of the Iowas, or Iowas, tribe of Indians.

Tourpin and his then legal wife filed four claims for donation claim land in the Middlegrove district, about five miles northeast of downtown Salem, numbers 66, 77, 78 and 79. She died before the surveys were made. One writer, J. Neilson Barry, gives the date of her death as Sept. 8, 1850, probably correct, for Barry is an able and careful historian. Her husband was granted only one of the claims, number 79. Two of the others went to Samuel Parker and Peter D. Cline.

The patent to the one to Tourpin was issued to his estate, under the name of John Topas, July 21, 1873, and the patent was recorded August 1, 1874, for 316.92 acres of land. Under the name of John Topas (his mark), giving acreage at \$22.84, this claim was deeded to W. B. Munkers, for \$4000, Feb. 25, 1883. Lewis Johnson bought the claim from Munkers.

The legal title, after the patent was issued by the United States,

The Safety Valve
 —Letters from Statesman Readers

WEREN'T COME THE CRUSADERS?
 To the Editor:
 It is most interesting indeed to note the present attitude of some of these so-called ardent temperance folks who claim to have worked so devotedly for prohibition in the former days but because of its alleged utter failure are now fighting vehemently against it. In most of this agitation on the part of some of our professed followers of temperance we cannot overlook a pronounced streak of insincerity and it is very doubtful if the public in general is going to see in these messengers of a new light anything other than the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing. As a matter of fact this new temperance thought is by no means new — we heard the same old line of chatter from the boose baron himself in the good old days.

We have before us Harry B. Critchlow's article in the Oregonian of August 9 wherein he challenges J. R. DeSpain to find one Oregon citizen who has been deemed from alcoholic ways by prohibition. What a silly gesture on the part of Mr. Critchlow! Anyone with a thumbnail of brains freely admits that no law however good will change the heart of a man. He will commit any offense even to the crime of murder if it is in his heart to do so regardless of law. We do not believe Mr. DeSpain will be able to meet the challenge as set forth. However, we would like to challenge crusader Critchlow to marshal his victims of prohibition and we will match 100 beneficiaries to every one injured in any way by the 18th amendment.

We cannot be in sympathy with this new temperance propaganda until it is proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that its sponsors are sincerely working to the end that every man, woman and child's best interests shall be served. Are we not entitled to at least a proposal as to just how the Crusaders expect to handle the liquor problem after the eighteenth amendment has been repealed? It is not fair to expect a definite plan before yielding to the proposition of repeal of a law our people voted to sustain after years of education and agitation to bring its adoption about.

This law was not framed by a single mind over night but the events leading up to its final adoption were started many years ago. It took millions of votes to place this law in our constitution and it will take millions to do away with it. We shall always stand ready for a change but we will have to be shown a better way.

HERBERT B. HANSEN.

New Views
 Had you Governor Roosevelt's power would you or wouldn't you remove Mayor Walker? Why or why not? This was the question asked Saturday by Statesman reporters.

William I. Boyle, retired pioneer farmer: "That puts me in the position of judge and jury all at once. But if a man is guilty, he should be fired. Walker accumulated a lot of money in a mysterious way."

E. N. Chaffield, clerk: "No, I don't think I would. Haven't time to talk to you now; here's my bus."

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS
 Life to lovely Patricia Braithwait was a series of parties, trips abroad and now—Palm Beach. Her castles crumble when her Aunt Pamela informs her that Mr. Braithwait's fortune is depleted and suggests that Patricia marry the wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine to insure her own and her father's future, warning her that love fades. Aunt Pamela's marriage with Jimmie Warren—handsome, young lawyer—was beginning to pall in spite of the ardent love they had had for each other. They still cared but the routine of married life had made them "less lovers and more friends". Stunned by her aunt's revelations, Patricia seriously considers Blaine to save the father she adores, when she meets a fascinating young camper, who only reveals his first name, Jack. Despite their instant attraction for one another, Patricia discourages future meetings. That night, Pam cautions Blaine to be matter-of-fact and not sentimental in trying to win Pat.

CHAPTER SEVEN
 "I'm only forty, and I don't look that."
 She laughed sarcastically. "You think you don't?" she said. "Men and women your age tell you that, hoping you'll return the compliment. Girls and boys of twenty think you are an old man. It never occurs to them that you are young for your age. They don't know what 'young for one's age' means. But you have the purchase price of young kisses if you care to go into the market."
 "I don't," haughtily.
 She ignored the interruption. "You want a very special article. That very special article needs to be bought by you. But because it is a very special article, unless you use common sense, I fear all your wealth won't buy it—since there are younger, handsomer men in the field. Your one advantage is that she is desperately hard up, and adores her father. But I'm not sure you can press that advantage too far."
 "You don't think I am fool enough to marry a woman to look at her, do you?" The long narrow face was dark with anger.
 "No. But you might keep that fact to yourself, and win her by great kindness later. Wait for her to offer to kiss you. She will if you win her gratitude. Gratitude may grow into affection. That's all."
 She rose and trailed off to her villa to "rest."
 Born to affluence, Mr. Braithwait had from earliest boyhood been a student, an idealist. Following in the footsteps of his ancestors he had been educated for the bar; but, increasingly convinced, in the course of his practice, that no living man could possibly know all the laws of the country, he courted the law's staggering mass of them, no man respect their mob confusion, he had, a few brilliant years, retired to his plantation up Red River, refusing to align himself, so he declared, with a system which was neither in accord with his idea of the creative plan of Beauty among men; nor of democracy. A system which was nullifying its own demands; defeating its own purpose, and creating a nation of law breakers.

He married a sweet young girl who lived on a neighboring plantation, and with the fire of the idealist, who in other circumstances might have been a poet, an artist, or a martyr, dedicated himself and his family to his ideal of a life to be purged of all unloveliness, through true freedom.

After twenty years of marriage, Emily Braithwait gave her life in giving life to little Patricia. From that moment John Braithwait lived but for his daughter. And the very isolation of his intellectual life tended to shelter his devotion to his ideal.

His contacts with the world had been limited to occasional visits to New Orleans, New York, and other points where he had attended theaters, the opera, been entertained by wealthy and apparently circumspect friends.

Through reading, and the inevitable drift of conversation, he was fully informed concerning all this so-called "modernism" with its rebellion and destructiveness; its flamboyant flouting of manners and morals. But it had touched him somewhat as a foreign war, in which one has no part—a regrettable fact; but out of one's province.

He thought of "moderns" in the strict sense, as a sort of bohemian class drawn from the theatre and other arts. That young people were more sophisticated than in his youth, he also knew; but of this he approved. Did not the very tenets of his doctrine of Beauty include knowledge and freedom? But freedom which included debased conduct was a phase that had never even remotely attached itself in his mind to respectable folk. Certainly not to his friends nor their children.

His present circumstances had come about through one of nature's curious vagaries. The Braithwait plantation fronting two miles on Red River had slowly been eaten up by the ravenous stream. The mansion house situated several hundred yards from the bluff at the time of young Braithwait's marriage, had been moved back once at great cost before Patricia's birth, and was again moved shortly afterward.

The river had not changed its course. It simply rose each Spring, ate into the bluff, and sank back up by the ravensome stream. The original bluff, in his boyhood he had sat many hours on the bluff in front of the house, dangling his feet over the swiftly flowing water. Patricia, standing on the bluff as a little girl, had looked across a waste of sandy marsh to the river a half mile away.

And to sell caving land, once the fact becomes known, is impossible. Every planter for miles on each side of him, making futile efforts to sell, had finally, in desperation and without success, tried to realize something by putting ridiculously low mortgages on their lands. They had one and all been forced to sit by and watch the river eat their substance from under them.

Pamela's father, who had an office in Wall Street, alone of all the sufferers, had sold. And he had found a buyer for Mr. Braithwait—a wealthy banker who wanted a plantation for a plaything. The man, coming down to see the place, had expressed his entire satisfaction. . . . And Mr. Braithwait had told him that the land was caving.

"Well, why haven't you bulkheaded it?" demanded the banker.

"The only bulkheads that would be of any use would be a cement wall," Mr. Braithwait replied.

"Well?"

"And that to be of use would have to extend the full length of all the caving land in this section, since a wall across the face of one or two plantations would let the water in at each end."

"I see. And that would cost several million dollars—with perhaps not many more than a dozen men interested in the project. How fast is it caving?"

Mr. Braithwait told him.

"At that rate your land will all be gone in, say, twenty-five years?"

"Unless it stops. Caving sometimes stops as suddenly as it starts. A change in the course of the river,

Man Who Limits Wife's Budget On Stockings is Always Wrong
 By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

A man may reason by his own satisfaction that he is doing his full duty to his wife when he grounds that he wears cheap socks and that what is good enough for him is good enough for her, he fails to provide a sufficient fund to enable her to buy the sort of stockings she craves. But he is wrong, absolutely. It does not quite know why he is wrong, but he is wrong and that is all there is to it.

Short skirts have altered the entire civilized world so far as stockings are concerned. I once lived in a town before the war when a skirt era where there was but one pair of silk stockings, and they were nothing more than a rumor. There was no positive evidence that anybody had ever seen them.

One day when I was about 10 years old I rushed into our parlor to get a book to read in the hammock. I was in a hurry because I was afraid that somebody else would get into the hammock first. It was the only hammock in town at that time and was much frequented. (Our parlor was also our library and our music room and our number of other things. It had a center table and a bookcase and a Mason & Hamlin organ. It had lace curtains at the windows, and father, I recall, was not permitted to smoke there because it caused the lace curtains to smell of tobacco.) When I rushed into the parlor that day I was greeted by a shrill scream on account of a lady friend of mother's was showing mother her new stockings, which were red and white striped and of no interest to me whatsoever. The visitor pulled down her skirts frantically and became very red in the face and mother said I should always knock before entering a room where company was there. It was terrible. Times have certainly changed.

Yes, times have changed, not alone as regards the etiquette of stockings, but as regards every-

tongues are subdued. In them the glory of sunlight merges dimly with the glory of stained glass. Churches for the most part, these places—great edifices reared in worship of that Power which we feel but cannot see otherwise than in the beauty of inspired forms. The Elsinore is not a church, but it is beautiful and it is restful. Mrs. Nemo, whose nerves are of the jumpy sort and whose family lives with other families in apartments which open into a common hall with a helpful stairway which runs down to the street and carries up noises and which rests on a bare wooden floor which responds with all the ferocity of a bass drum to the slightest symptoms of human activity and whose every sound echoes, giving an ordinary conversation marked resemblance to a joint debate—she says, Mrs. Nemo does, that the Elsinore is one of the comforts of her life, and she flies to it now and then as a bird flies to the treetop, and sometimes, she says, when she doesn't take the name of the picture she is going to see.

... and the greatest of these is charity."

Signals correctly interpreted are an important factor in the winning of a game. But signals incorrectly interpreted—no so good. A Commercial street merchant was engaged in an effort to sell a prospective customer a musical instrument, a violin, I believe. The prospective customer was hesitant. Entered a son of the merchant. "The merchant, taken covertly at the young man. 'Here is a young man,' he said, 'who knows about such things. He will tell you what kind of a fiddle this is.' The young man looked at the instrument. 'It is a hum fiddle,' he sneered. 'I thought so,' said the prospective customer, and departed. 'Excuse me, papa,' said the young man; 'I thought the man was trying to sell the fiddle to you, instead of you trying to sell it to him.' Nothing goes right always.

WEDDING ANNOUNCED
 WAICANDA, Aug. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Ivona Brandtge received the news of the wedding of their only son, Donald Brandtge, to Darlene Hamilton of Waterloo, Nebraska.

