

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Pat Hurley, and His Detractors

**WE** think more of Pat Hurley, secretary of war, than we did. He came into a hostile atmosphere at the legion convention, came not planning or intending to speak, and when he was provoked to speak in reply to the venomous and misleading remarks of Floyd Gibbons, Hearst correspondent, he did so with a directness, a forcefulness and a conviction which won applause before he was far along with his remarks.

The Portland News-Telegram, now busy merchandising journalistic poison, chose the day of his appearance in the city to publish a lengthy personal attack on Hurley in connection with the discharge of Drew Pearson from the staff of the Baltimore Sun because Pearson proved to be one of the authors of a second edition of the "Merry-Go-Round" series which supposedly mirrors the dirt of Washington politics. The particular subject of the last book is Secretary Hurley. So when Pearson was fired the anti-administration organs proceeded to abuse Hurley and the Baltimore Sun over Pearson's discharge.

No one who knows the character of the Baltimore Sun would think for a moment that it would fire a reporter merely for offending anyone in the Hoover administration. The Sun is as independent a newspaper as there is in the country,—one of the independents that seem conspicuously anti-republican. Hurley, if he did ask for Pearson's dismissal, would get no consideration from the Sun.

The more probable cause for Pearson's discharge is that when a newspaper hires a man as reporter it does not want a man who will abuse his position by getting connected with noisome publications, with scandal books of one kind or another. A man and a newspaper are known by the company they keep; and a paper like the Sun is run as a newspaper and wants no connection with a garbage heap.

"Editor and Publisher," the newsman's own organ, which only a few issues ago went after Hurley mercilessly, virtually accusing him of false statement in his comments respecting the B. E. F. evacuation, speaks as follows regarding the Pearson dismissal:

"It would seem reasonable that Washington correspondents would, in time, discover that there can be no justification for the act of a reporter in using the credentials of a newspaper to gain access to the affairs of state for the secondary, if not the primary, purpose of writing anonymous books of a more or less scurrilous nature. We know of no more liberal newspaper in the United States than Baltimore Sun. It is famed far and wide in journalism for loyalty to its staff, permitting writers more freedom than perhaps any other newspaper of the east. Newspapersmen will understand why the Sun would consider the usefulness of a reporter destroyed if he were to travel about his assignment hand-tripped and embarrassed by the known fact that he might be asking questions, and peering behind the scenes for an anonymous book publisher, albeit presenting the card of the Baltimore Sun. This breaks all faith. H. I. Mencken, Frank Kent, J. Fred Essary and other Baltimore Sun men hit as hard in their writings as any newspapermen of the land, but they stand behind their stuff in full candor and enjoy the respect of officialdom.

"We do not doubt that the 'Merry-Go-Round' series is profitable to the authors and publishers, and it is conceded that such books may serve excellent public purposes. It is a wholesome thing to have public men drunk, now and then. But the anonymous method is inexcusable."

## "Try, Try Again"

**THE** virtue of the old copybook maxim about persistence in order to attain success, is exemplified in the victory of the Salem drum corps at the national convention of the legion. This drum corps has been working for years to get this coveted honor. It has won repeatedly in state contests, only to fall just short of high place in the final competition. The band appeared in Louisville, in San Antonio, in Detroit. Now it gained double honors at Portland. It won the first place as a corps, and its drum major, Charles Whittemore, won first for drum majors. The dual victory created great rejoicing in Salem and over the department of Oregon, for the Salem drum corps has always been popular in the state.

The victory of the splendid trio of the American Legion Auxiliary put another bright star in Salem's crown. The turn-out in honor of the returning champions Thursday night was not only a deserved tribute, it was a spontaneous one. The people took real delight in honoring the victors. They were a tired outfit, to be sure, after days and nights of strenuous performance; but they did thrill to the welcome given by the old home town.

The distinction means a lot to Salem in the way of fine advertising all over the country. The city will be in great demand for many public occasions. The corps is delighted to share the fame which their success brings to the performers and the post which has sponsored them through the years of effort.

## A Happy Event

**THOSE** who went to Portland to find out just what a god-awful show the American Legion convention was came home disappointed. The streets around the principal hotels were not littered with hotel furniture and busted glassware. The crowds were not maudlin. All the plate glass insurance taken out for the week was returned "unused." Not that there was no drinking or such. There was; but the convention failed to reach the heights or depths such as Dr. Clarence True Wilson attributed to the Detroit conclave, and as other writers to the sessions at Boston and Kansas City.

The boys are getting older, a year for each convention. They are men now, all of them; and maturity has always had a settling effect on the ebullience of youth. Then the rather staid atmosphere of Portland was tempering. Portland just doesn't do things in quite the same way as New Orleans, San Francisco and some other towns,—which is why many people like it (and others do not).

The prevailing opinion is that the convention was highly creditable to the organization; that Portland and the state proved splendid hosts; and that the guests conducted themselves so handsomely that the state will be happy to have them return.

Says Gov. Frankie Roosevelt: "I am having a hard time to make the press and the people understand that this is not a campaign trip." Hurray! Now some one else tell one.

Hop picking is over without a shower. Old Jupe must be saving up for the state fair, as usual.

So far we haven't heard the drum corps offering a prize for the best way to spend the \$1000.

## "Goodbye, Jim, Take Keer Yourself!"



## HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

**A** DOZEN years ago little was known about vitamins. The average person had seldom heard the word. Today the term is familiar to everybody.

A great deal of information as well as misinformation is published daily about vitamins. Unfortunately the public mind has become confused, and in consequence there has been an unjustified exploitation of the so-called "vitamin" extracts and "vitamin pills."

I am sorry to say that a vitamin fad has encouraged a lot of quackery. Clever advertising has taken much hard-earned money from unsuspecting vitamin hunters. It is not necessary to buy vitamin extracts or to swallow vitamin pills. If you will eat a well-balanced diet, which includes vegetables, fruits, salads and milk, you will get all the vitamins your highest welfare demands.

**The Various Vitamins**  
We hear much talk about vitamin A. This is supposed to give protection against infections, particularly of the mucous membranes of the eyes, intestinal tract and upper respiratory tract. This vitamin is found in butter, cream, egg yolk, carrots, spinach, fish, salads, cream cheese and cod-liver oil. "Beriberi" is the name of a disease caused by the lack of vitamin B. We rarely hear of the disease nowadays, for most diets contain the protecting vitamin. It is found in whole grain cereals, asparagus, tomatoes, beans, leafy vegetables and yeast.

Scurvy is a nutritional disease which was common in the days of sailing vessels and long sea voyages. But in a mild form it is caused whenever there is a lack in the diet of fresh fruits and vegetables, such as oranges, lemons, tomatoes, grapefruit, lettuce and cabbage. These foods contain vitamin C, called the "anti-scurbutic" vitamin because it prevents scurvy. Rickets is another vitamin deficiency disease caused by a lack of vitamin D in the diet. This vitamin is found in egg-yolk and cod-liver oil. In addition to preventing and curing rickets, it is believed to aid in the development of bones and teeth.

**The Well-Balanced Diet**  
"Pellagra," a disease which baffled the medical profession for many years, is now traced to a lack of vitamin G, known as the "anti-pellagra vitamin." It is found in milk, spinach, bananas, leafy vegetables and yeast. Vitamin G and vitamin B combined are thought to stimulate appetite and growth. Other vitamins are being studied by research workers.

It is not necessary to worry about any of the vitamins. If you include in your diet liberal amounts of the foods I have mentioned, which are known to contain vitamins, you will help yourself to vigorous health. I cannot say too much about the importance of a well-balanced diet which contains varied and wholesome food and supplies the body with all the various food elements needed.

## Daily Thought

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are struggling and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Chief Comcomly less than half savage:

J. F. Santee, writing in the current (September) number of the Oregon Historical Quarterly, gives a biographical sketch of the historic one-eyed chief of the Chinooks, that paints him as less than half savage, for his time and his environment. Without quotation marks in the Santee text, the sketch will appear in full in this and tomorrow's issue, beginning:

One April day in 1811 two of the Astor partners, newly arrived in the lower Columbia region, landed from the ill-fated Tonquin near the site of the present village of Chinook and "were received with great hospitality by the chief, Comcomly, a shrewd old savage with but one eye, who certainly possesses great sway, not only over his own tribe, but also, over the neighborhood."

Thus, somewhat patronizingly, Irving (Washington Irving) introduces Comcomly, chief of the Chinooks. Irving's pen, he it said, has dealt more kindly with King Philip, son of Massasoit. Why should the name of Comcomly furnish a mirth-provoking theme, while King Philip stalks, a glamorous figure, across the pages of history? The one followed the other of peace with the white man; the other participated in a war which swept off one-sixth the settlers of New England. It may be that in these two statements lies the answer to the question.

The adjective "shrewd," "crafty," and "wily," so frequently applied to Comcomly, may indicate merely the ability of the great Chinook chief to act with foresight in matters affecting his own welfare and that of his people. Such enlightened self-interest is dignified by the name of statesmanship.

Alexander Ross, while neglect-

## New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked: "Would you advise a young man or young woman to borrow money in order to obtain a college education?"

A. M. Slavina, Hazel Dell dairy: "No, I don't believe a would. It seems to me that going to college now does not always assure a job, and I believe if one has to borrow he or she should be sure that there is a job in sight later."

Zelma Barnett, housekeeper: "That ought to depend almost entirely upon the boy or girl, I think. Some are determined enough that even in this time they would make good and find a job in order to pay back borrowed money."

Thomas L. Williams, internal revenue agent: "If he has any prospects of a settled life work before him, I'd certainly advise him to go to college. Thirty years ago it was the exception for a young man to go to college. Everybody goes now. So the one with the college education is starting from scratch."

Hollis W. Huntington, business man: "I would have to do that individually. I'd have to know the person before I'd say. Too many are going to college that shouldn't go. If the person is fitted for college, I'd say yes."

# HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

"I'll place your money in the savings bank. If you are careful it may last you four years. Hardly more. I'll have my living from the plantation and will send you all my salary above what is required for my clothes."

The fire went out of her. She dropped her head on his knees sobbing brokenly. She knew this was not an idle threat. It was true. He couldn't go with her—knowing why she went. But—oh, I can't give up Jimmie. I can't. I can't. It isn't right of him to ask it. . . . But he doesn't. . . . He accepts it. . . . Only, he won't be party to it. . . . because he considers it. . . . burglary!

"Dadums! It isn't burglary!" she sobbed. "Aunt Pam doesn't love him. Doesn't want him."

"Have you asked her for him?"

"Of course not. How could I ask her such a thing!"

"Why not? If she had a hat or a frock or a jewel that she didn't want, you wouldn't feel free to take it merely because you know she didn't want it, would you? You'd first ask her if you might have it, wouldn't you?"

"Yes. Her voice was smothered without asking her consent!" She lifted her face. "Oh, Dadums, how could one do a thing like that? It would be awful."

"Dear, you imply that a husband is a little more valuable perhaps than a hat or a frock or even a jewel. So much more, in fact, that the only possible way to take him is without consent."

"Jimmie doesn't belong to her," she said indignantly.

"Then when you take him, you won't consider that he belongs to you, and wisely. The disloyal belong to no country and nobody. I fear, my dear, we are falling into useless argument." He looked at his watch. "Isn't it time for you to dress?"

She rose with him. "Dadums, I've got to go," she said fiercely. "Maybe you don't know what it is to love as I love. I can't give him. Right or wrong, I can't. It's like something eating inside of me here."

She beat her fist on her breast. "I know you'll leave me, and that's tearing me all up. But I've got to go to him. When we're married you'll forgive me. You'll have to forgive me. If you won't come to me I'll come to you and you won't turn me out."

He took her in his arms. "You can always come to me, little baby. I'll never turn you out. No matter what you do, when you have need of your Dadums, his heart and arms will be open to you."

"But Dadums," she sobbed, "I can't take the money. I won't let you go to work in your old days. You take it and go to Paris. It will last you a long time. And I'll work and send you more."

"You haven't been fitted to work. You have no profession. No even a business training. The money is yours. It will be placed to your account. I shall not be able to touch it even if I would."

"I won't have it!"

"How will you live?"

"I'll borrow the money."

"He held her away from him. "How? One needs security to borrow money. What collateral have you to offer?"

She hung her head. "I'll—I'll borrow it from—Jimmie."

"Patricia, look at me."

She lifted her head defiantly.

"Do you mean to tell me that you would let Warren keep you?"

"It wouldn't be keeping me," she stormed, "if I borrowed it. It would be a loan."

After an appreciable pause, his

eyes holding hers, he said slowly: "Every bank clerk who ever stole money did it under the cloak of that. You know it would not be a loan—Warren might loan you a hundred or so dollars as a matter of charity; but no man loans a woman large sums—enough to live on indefinitely when he knows he can never expect it back—unless she compromises herself."

"Oh!" She tore herself away from him and ran out of the room.

Face down on her bed, Patricia sobbed and sobbed, beating her fists against the pillow, talking aloud.

How could he say such things to me! How could he hurt me—shame me so! Compromise myself? Oh, how vile! I'll never let Jimmie Warren loan me a cent. Never! Never! Men have such vile thoughts. I never dreamed my Dadums had vile thoughts. . . .

And I won't take that money from Dadums! He can put it in my name if he wants to. . . . But I won't touch it. . . . He knows I won't. . . . Oh, I wish there was something I could do. . . . Why didn't he prepare me for a career! He didn't want me to be independent—that's why! . . . So he could say things to me like that. . . .

She sat up sharply, folding her legs under her, tallowing, face swollen, eyes sullen. "Patricia Braithwait," she said, addressing her trunk, "you know that's a lie. He may think vile thoughts and say vile things to his child—tears herself—but because she can't help herself; but—he doesn't do vile things. . . . No, and he doesn't say vile things because a person can't help herself either."

She fell to sobbing again. He told me he was giving me the fifteen thousand before he said that. . . . And it was only because I said what I did about borrowing from Jimmie that he. . . .

It's true I couldn't pay it back. . . . ever. . . . And Jimmie'd know it, too. . . . he'd be giving it to me. . . . And Dadums says men don't give women. . . . Oh. . . .

She flung herself back on the pillow and sobbed till she lost track of what it was about. . . .

The orchestra was playing downstairs. . . . She listened, unaware that she was listening. Mind drifting. Sobbing with no sense of hurt. Unreasonably sobbing.

Her father knocked. "Ready for dinner, Patricia?"

"I don't want any dinner."

She waited for the door to open. He'd see what he had done to her. . . . He went away. He didn't care. He probably thought her too vile to care about. . . . After awhile there came another knock.

"Who is it?"

"Your dinner, Miss," said a man's voice.

"I didn't order any dinner."

"Your father ordered it for you. She was on the point of telling the man to take it away. But she could not advertise her quarrel with her father. The waiter arranged the table and went out.

I won't touch it. He can't hurt me like that, then send dinner up because I'm not fit to be seen. . . . through his cruelty. When he comes up, he'll find it right there. . . .

She had exhausted her emotions. It was an effort to think why she was crying. She tried to recapture her sense of misery, got up and began pacing the floor, began dramatizing herself. She felt hard and indifferent. Thinking of Jimmie she no longer had any interest in him. Her love for her father was dead. Killed by his vile words. Her heart was empty of all feeling. . . . It didn't matter what became of her. . . . Of course she could never live

with her father again. . . . after such words had passed between them. And she never wanted to see Jimmie Warren again. . . . since she knew the things men thought of. . . .

I'll go to New York and get a job—as a telephone girl, or a clerk in a store, or a waitress, or anything! I won't take a cent from vile-minded men. Not even my Dadums.

She stopped pacing the floor and began tearing her clothes from the closet. Flinging them on the floor. When the whole room was in disorder, she started packing furiously.

Presently she paused. "I'll have to take enough from him to get me to New York. But not another cent! I'll tell him he needn't deposit that money for me. I won't touch it."

The dinner music had stopped. The orchestra would be playing in the ballroom in a little while. . . . The crowd would be asking about her. What would Dadums tell them. Maybe some of the girls would come up to see if she were ill. Maybe they wouldn't. There was so much going on. . . . She sat on the floor, folding her clothes, packing them neatly in her trunk.

There! A fox trot. The dancing had started. They were all happy. She alone in all this vast hotel was utterly wretched. She fell to weeping again. She dried her tears resolutely, packing, finding relief from present pain in contemplation of her painful life as a working girl in a large city. She imagined herself in a hall bedroom. . . . She had never seen a hall bedroom. . . . but she had read about them in stories.

At ten-thirty she was all packed. Ready to start her career as a poor working girl, with two trunks of Park Avenue clothes.

She sat down on the side of her bed to think. But her stomach was so empty it hindered thought. She decided to eat a little. She ate everything.

Nobody had come up to see if she was very ill or dying or anything. Not even her father who pretended to love her.

The telephone rang. Dadums at last, probably. She wouldn't answer. Let him think she had committed suicide over his cruelty. It rang again. She was very lonely and miserable and had nothing to do. . . . with the music going downstairs. . . . the evening just started. . . . She answered.

"Hello. . . . She made her voice weak.

"Come down, Pat," said Jack. "I have my coat here. The moon's up. Let's go to the opera."

"I can't. I have a headache. . . . I have really, she thought—that is, my eyes ache. He thought of me, if nobody else did."

"Sea breeze will do your head good," he insisted. "Marvelous night."

"No, I don't feel like it, Jack. Really I can't."

"Are you in bed?"

"No."

"Not going to bed this early?"

"It would be awful to go to bed and just lie and think. . . . 'All right, I'll be down. Meet me on the back. I'm not dressed for evening. I don't want anybody to see me.'"

"All right."

She viewed her dishevelled appearance in the mirror, then watched a pretty pale green frock flash from her trunk.

I better change. It'll be the last time he'll ever see me in evening dress. Tomorrow night I'll be gone. . . .

(To Be Continued)

## Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

### AFTER 25 YEARS OF TEACHING

After 25 years as a college president, Dr. Carl Gregg Doney is not sorry he abandoned the ministry for a career as an educator. Thus, rather negatively, a Salem Capital Journal interviewer opens his story after a talk with the man who was most influential in raising Willamette university to its present powerful position in Oregon higher education. Judging by Dr. Doney's obvious success as an educator and also by the statements appearing later in the interview, we're inclined to think he is glad he made the change. When we say we believe he should be glad we have no intention of minimizing the service he might have performed during the past 25 years as a minister. Some men can teach, some can preach. Not every good preacher can teach. And every man can find the place in which he can give the greatest service.

Dr. Doney must have had some idea of the sort in mind when he turned from the ministry to become head of West Virginia Wesleyan 25 years ago. He served joyfully there for eight years and then came to Oregon in 1915 as head of Willamette university, a little school with 184 students, an endowment of about \$500,000 and a debt of some \$20,000. If he had never done another thing during the past 17 years but labor to get the school properly financed, Willamette must have considered his great service for there is no longer a load of debt, the endowment

guide their canoes over the most hazardous seas." Lewis and Clark saw, also, the burial canoes, some of which remained until the 1850s. The burial canoes, generally smaller, it may be supposed, than the canoes described in the preceding paragraph, were placed high in the balm of Gilead trees with their prows pointing westward. With every point in place, with his robes and furs about

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has risen beyond \$1,700,000 and the student body has grown until it has to be limited to 550. By his administrative ability alone he has troubled the service of the institution so far as number of students is concerned. Probably the actual service has been increased many times more by his elevation of Willamette's educational standards.

One reason we believe Dr. Doney is glad he shifted from minister to college teacher and administrator is found in the difference between the people served. As a preacher his work was with

grown-ups. It was, of course, a useful work and one requiring ability. But his parishioners were for the most part fixed in their ways. He could lead, but they could follow only so far. As an educator, his work is with young folk whose characters are just forming. He is in contact with them during the years in which intelligent, sympathetic guidance will do them the most good and may be the deciding force in their lives.

There can be little doubt that Dr. Doney is glad he made the change.—Eugene News.

## 32 Years Ago JOSEPH JEFFERSON HAS PLAYED RIP VAN WINKLE 35 YEARS



From the National News Files, New York, Sept. 18, 1900

For 41 years Rigdon Service has been recognized by its correctness in every detail. The appointments in a Rigdon Service are most modern regardless of cost.

## W. T. RIGDON & SON INC FUNERALS SINCE 1891 SALEM OREGON