

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Member of the Associated Press

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ADVERTISING

Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

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: Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

As Others See Us

SALEM is very much in the limelight these days. The date-line "State Capital, Salem" appears regularly in front page position in all the papers of the state. People are following the work of the legislature with close attention now, hoping for good, and hoping more that nothing harmful may emerge.

And many people are visiting Salem just to drop in at the legislature, look up the representatives from their several counties, and watch the mill-wheels of legislating turn round. It is interesting therefore to learn their impressions, and to find out what they have to say to friends and neighbors when they return home. And when the commentator is so welcome a visitor and so cordial a guest as Frank Jenkins of Eugene, Medford and way points, it is a pleasure to reprint his observations. This is what Jenkins wrote in his newspaper column after a call on Salem's capitol:

"Salem, where these words are written, is experiencing its biennial thrill.

"Every two years the legislature meets, and when the legislature meets interesting and important and colorful people descend on Salem from all over the state and headquarters here anywhere from a couple of days to a couple of months. While the legislature is in session, Salem is the center around which just about everything in Oregon revolves.

"And how Salem loves it!

"For 23 months, Salem, although the capital city of Oregon, is just another town. Portland is the big city of Oregon, and, capital or no capital, the important business of the state, in ordinary times, is done in Portland. Most of the state offices, as a matter of fact, have branches in Portland, and nearly all the important meetings are held in Portland.

"But during the approximate two months in which the legislature is in session all this is changed, and Salem comes into its own as the real capital. You can't blame these people here for liking to see the legislature assemble.

"It's only human to like to be in the center of things.

"It's different this year, they're all saying. Why? Oh, the depression, of course. Everything, you know, is affected by the depression.

"Fewer people, it is said, are coming to Salem this year from the far corners. Money is money, in this particular year, and it costs money to travel. So a lot of people who have come to Salem in the past are staying at home.

"Or at least that's what they are all saying. But the lobbies at the capitol building seem to have just about the same crowds as in the past.

"Well, maybe so, Salem people admit, when this more or less obvious fact is pointed out to them, but they add: 'Anyway, the crowds LOOK different.'

"The wives and daughters and cousins and aunts of the legislators and the lobbyists and the lookers-on, the Salem people will tell you, have been all dressed up like a horse in the past, but this year they're not putting on so much dog. They're just dropping in in their old clothes—coming as they are in the language of the auto camps.

"It may be true. Still, this writer has observed no patches on the pants of the men and no frayed edges among the clothing of the women. It looks about like an average crowd."

"Dis is a Gut Bill"

LEGISLATORS are now working under a heavy load. Committee meetings start early in the morning. General sessions continue through the middle of the day. Afternoons and evenings are given over to public hearings, protracted, often highly argumentative. Meantime members are button-holed in the lobby, summoned to the telephone by importunate constituents, and otherwise badgered by persons interested in legislation.

The heavy grist of important work: revenue, taxation, appropriations, motor licenses, truck regulations,—will come up in the closing days of the session. So serious and so complex are these great questions that they are naturally attracting the chief portion of time and thought of the members.

It is in such a situation that there is danger of pernicious bills getting through. With such a flood of legislative proposals members cannot keep up with all of them. So in the congestion at the end of the session there is bound to be a lot of blind voting. Members will merely vote because this is Member Smith's bill and he says it is all right. Reminds us of an old German who used to be a member of the Washington session. He introduced few bills; and when one of his measures was on passage about the only speech he made was: "Dis is a gut bill; vote for it." Now if all members were as honest and conscientious as this old German that advice would be fairly safe. But not all members are as trustworthy as he was.

The stage is all set for jamming through the minor bills without very close scrutiny, because attention is absorbed in the big issues. Legislators need therefore to be particularly watchful; otherwise when the law book is printed they may find they have enacted measures they cannot justify. The common saying for popular voting on initiated or referred bills is: "When in doubt, vote no." It is not a bad rule to extend to the legislature where busy members may not have time to study what they are voting on as much as individual citizens at election time. This is not intelligent voting; but it is safer than voting "aye" ignorantly.

Hitler's Power Not Unlimited

A DOLPH HITLER came to the German chancellorship not as a "man on horseback" but by the normal constitutional process of executive appointment. He becomes therefore a constitutional officer. As such he will be subject to all the political intrigue that has beset the previous occupants of the office. Had Hitler come at the head of his storm troops, with the gesture of dictatorship, the constitution would be ignored and the opposition impotent. Another factor which cramps his freedom is the fact that his cabinet is rather composite, including von Papen, who may become federal commissioner for Prussia, and who is avowedly not affiliated with the "nazis".

So it is doubtful if Hitler ministry long survives the stress of German politics. The fact is that he comes to office after his party has passed the zenith of its strength. The last election showed it had lost many followers. A dictator is one who sweeps in on the flood; it is difficult for him to retrieve his fortunes after they begin to ebb.

The outside world regrets that the chancellorship finally went to Hitler. His militant nationalism, his cultivation of race prejudice bode ill for his country and for world accord. It may though be just as well to give him his trial now. If he falls as have many able and powerful men ahead of him, he will no longer be the man of mystery and of promise. He will be merely another fallen chancellor.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

TRIBUTE TO JOHN KNIGHT

(Contributed)

John Knight has passed away. To the younger generation in and around Salem this announcement has no other meaning than a chronicle in the death column, but to the "old timers" who are still here it means that a citizen highly valued in Salem's early life has been called to his reward; a citizen who had hosts of friends who esteemed and trusted him—who knew his kindly heart and had experienced its promptness—who enjoyed his association socially, politically and fraternally and always found him true, loyal and unselfish.

John Knight came to Marion county with the celebrated "Aurora Colony" of Dr. Kell in the early 60's and was a good specimen of the Dutch thrift and industry of those fine people who made the north end of the county prosperous. John came to Salem later and embarked in the blacksmithing business, in which he became quite prosperous. His shop during the last years of his activity in that line was on Liberty street between State and Perry, where he and Joe Schneider, the latter still active here, were well patronized and very popular.

John took a deep interest in politics and was an ardent republican. In the old days of caucus and convention he was an active part of every contest and was recognized as a square shooter, who fought hard but never deceived or double-crossed. John was elected county sheriff in 1892 and 1894, which was not a blessing to him. He was too generous and open-handed and the contacts of the sheriff's office in those days were conducive of extravagant sociability. The office was a financial loss to him.

John had a fine family. He married Miss Angeline Snyder, who survives him. Their oldest son met with a fatal accident in January, 1888, while coasting on what is now South Liberty street from Olay to Mission, which caused the family and friends great grief. Another son, now lives at The Dalles, where he is highly respected, and a daughter, Edna, is the wife of H. C. Taylor, and lives on South Commercial street.

Mr. Knight was a charter member of the local Elks lodge and its first Exalted Ruler. Being naturally of a fraternal disposition, he was deeply devoted to the interests of that organization and during the period since his strength failed it was his greatest pleasure to be conveyed to the Elks' temple and spend an afternoon in its social atmosphere.

Some years ago the family moved to Portland and Mr. Knight was appointed crier in the U. S. district court, a position he filled with efficiency until his health failed a few years ago. The family returned to Salem in the old home, a short time later. The many old friends of Mr. Knight join with them in mourning his demise.

Daily Thought

"I earnestly request my wife and my children and my descendants that they steadfastly decline to sign any bonds or obligations of any kind as surety for any other person or persons; that they refrain from anticipating their income in any respect; that they refuse to make any loans except on the basis of first-class well-known securities and that they invariably decline to invest in any untried or doubtful securities or property or enterprise of business."—Elbert H. Gary.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

DID YOU ever see a child suffering from croup? If you have, you appreciate the distress and real alarm that are caused by this affliction.

Croup is a catarrhal inflammation of the larynx or windpipe. I am glad to say that it is much less frequent than it used to be. It usually attacks children between the ages of two and five. Some children are more susceptible to it than others.

The disease is commonly associated with adenoids and enlarged tonsils. It often follows exposure to cold and dampness. It may be associated with indigestion. The attack comes on suddenly, but is usually preceded by several hours of hoarseness and nasal discharge. During the night the child has a barking cough.

The cough increases in severity and the breathing becomes difficult. In mild cases the awakened child is not sufficient to awaken the child. In a more severe attack the child awakens, cries and complains of great difficulty in breathing. The agitated appearance of the child frightens and terrifies the mother. The mother fears that the child will choke and in her anxiety rushes about frantically. Unfortunately, excitement increases the spasms and makes breathing more difficult for the child.

The first thing to do is to send for a doctor. While waiting for the doctor to arrive, there is much that can be done to give relief to the little sufferer.

Place the child in a hot bath. To make sure it is not too hot, test the temperature of the water with your elbow before you place the child in the tub. Keep him in the hot water for fifteen to twenty minutes. With older children, sometimes relief follows a hot foot bath to which a teaspoon of mustard has been added. As they say, this "draws the blood from the head."

The "Croup-Kettle" Vomiting relieves the spasms. This may be induced by the use of drugs, but medication for this purpose should not be given except under the doctor's supervision. Only he is in position to determine whether such medication is indicated.

I can think of no better form of treatment than the use of the old-fashioned "croup kettle." The child is placed in a closed tent, which can be made from bed sheets. Steam is passed into the tent. The spasms and difficulty in breathing are greatly relieved by this measure. After the attack has subsided, it is important to prevent repetition. Neglect of childhood ailments, especially croup, invites complications. The child should have plenty of fresh air and cold bathing. Cold sponging about the neck and chest is beneficial. Enlarged and diseased tonsils should be removed. Improve the general health of the child by careful supervision of the diet.

Answers to Health Queries Reader, Q.—Is swimming in fresh water harmful to the health? A.—No. Mrs. D. D. Q.—What causes weak spells? A.—This may be due to low blood pressure or a heart condition. Have a careful examination. G. D. M. Q.—Will vaseline make the eyelashes grow? A.—Yes. B. D. Q.—What do you advise for dandruff? S: What causes the finger nails to become thin and split? A.—Brush the hair daily and use a good tonic. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and general health question. This may be due to some constitutional disorder. (Copyright, 1932, K. F. R., Inc.)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Former Oregon man is "going on" 100; (Continuing from yesterday.) The party made its final start from Farm Ridge, Ill., on the Vermilion river, about 100 miles south of Chicago. It was made up, besides A. F. Brown, wife and two small children, of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Brown, uncle and step-father and mother of A. F., and their daughter, 16; Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Brown and two children; Mrs. John T. Brown and two children; she the widow of a brother of A. F.; Mrs. Mercy A. Whitcomb and four children, and H. H. Wheeler, Hiram Stuart, Jake Elliot, Geo. H. Ockington and Chas. Cummings.

They crossed the Mississippi river at Davenport; laid in their last supplies at Council Bluffs, where a young man named Maxwell joined them—having started to Pike's Peak and returned that far; crossed the Missouri river to Omaha, which then was a town of 300 to 400 people. There it was good-bye to settlements; went south to the Platte river, crossed Loup Fork on a ferry; followed up the Platte to the Sweetwater; on the way saw a buffalo herd on the move; looked a mile wide and as compact as they could well travel; A. F. killed a fine one, giving the company fresh meat for several days. Followed the Sweetwater to what was known as the last crossing; turned north and was the first emigrant company to travel what was known as Landers cutoff taking the caravan to the summit of the Rockies, a short distance below Fremont peak. They had spent July in camp near Chimney rock. They had passed through the country of the Pawnee and Sioux tribes, but had no trouble with them.

Came from the summit to the New Fork of the Green river, through the Wind river mountains; still on the Landers cutoff; passed Col. Landers and his party near the west end of the cutoff; he became a major general in the Civil war. The cutoff took the caravan down to the old road to Fort Hall on the Snake river. The company went by where the Sublette cutoff came into the old road; camped one night on Salt river, a party that had just arrived over the Sublette cutoff, and they reported that, about 10 miles south of that camp, they passed a place where a party of emigrants had all been murdered by Snake Indians, except a baby, and its legs were broken, and this party had the baby, taking it along with them.

(As the Brown party passed through Iowa a single family joined it and traveled with it all the way to Myrtle Creek, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. Nedway and a daughter; the daughter marrying James Phillips there.) The party struck the Snake river above Salmon Falls and followed it down to Raft river. Crossing the latter stream, the caravan left the old Oregon trail and traveled up it, due south to the headwaters of the Humboldt for about 150 miles; camping each night with a party from Missouri, for protection against Indian attacks. They met a band of hostiles who were threatening; that night four men from Douglas county, J. B. Brown and John his son, James Moore and James Phillips, joined them, to meet their relatives in the Missouri, for protection, having ridden horseback about 500 miles through hostile Indian country, their immigrant relatives being the Cardwells and Pooles.

or doubtful securities or property or enterprise of business."—Elbert H. Gary.

"I tried to get a position in a store in Roseburg. . . I also wrote D. W. Burnside of Portland, Ore., to try to get a position for me. He was raised on the Vermont (Turn to Page 7)

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

February 2, 1908 Yesterday was the coldest day of the winter although the thermometer stood at 35 degrees above zero and during the middle of the day rose to 37 degrees.

Dispatches from Frontdale report that Dr. Charles Chamberlain, son of Governor George H. Chamberlain, was handed an anonymous letter demanding that his father pardon John Brandon from the Oregon penitentiary, and threatening that the governor if he refused would meet the same fate as did Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. Brandon is sentenced to 10 years for assault with intent to kill.

The recent small blaze at the high school building has once more brought before the public the general inadequacy of fire protection for the various city schools. The buildings are not even supplied with patent fire extinguishers, to say nothing of hose, fire escapes, fire buckets, etc.

February 2, 1928 A party of their own, or at least definitely pledged candidates that they believe they can tie, is one play proposed to the Oregon Tax Reduction club, at its state-wide committee meeting yesterday.

"Ken" Williams, 1928 home run king, with the St. Louis Americans, arrived in Salem yesterday for a short visit with old-time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McKenzie.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The British cabinet has accepted the American debt funding suggestions. These suggestions call for final payment of the nearly \$5,000,000,000 debt in 63 years with interest rates from 3 to 3 3/4 per cent.

New Views

Another million dollar slash for the Oregon higher education budget has been indicated as the latest legislative consideration. What do you think of it? was asked of the following persons: M. C. Jamieson, General Food Sales company; "One million dollars is a large sum to cut from the educational system of the state. The ideals of the United States are founded on education and it seems that in economies the last place to make such a drastic cut would be in the realm of education. Perhaps a smaller cut could be made feasible. I read the article in this morning's paper and as I understand it I do not favor such a cut." Elbert Price, laborer: "I don't know. I don't believe so much money should be spent for education, but \$1,000,000 would be a large cut."

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

SYNOPSIS
Young Dr. John Wolfe arrives at the quaint town of Little Navestock to become Dr. Montague Threadgold's assistant. Though shabby of dress, the young doctor's bearing commands respect. Dr. Threadgold is very affable but his wife, who judges from outward appearance, considers Wolfe a "raw hawk of a man" and treats him coolly. Sir George Griggs arrives with a dislocated shoulder. He is infuriated over Dr. Threadgold's clumsy treatment and turns to young Wolfe who skillfully sets the shoulder. Later, Dr. Threadgold tells his wife that Wolfe has some ability but is a little forward. Dr. Threadgold attends the prosperous patients and assigns his assistant to the poor section of town. The young physician realizes the pitiable plight of these people in the hands of a bungling doctor. He is shocked at the unsanitary conditions in the alleys and starts an investigation. Dr. Threadgold, ignorant of this, is well satisfied with his assistant, and Mrs. Threadgold now considers him a very passable person. In Threadgold's absence, Wolfe goes to attend a Mrs. Mascall. He is met by the young doctor who is displeased that he and not the old doctor responded. Wolfe's frankness, however, wins her over. After leaving the cheerless Mascall home, Wolfe feels happy. Following three months of research, Wolfe prepares a map of Navestock showing its unsanitary areas. Josiah Crabbe's property is the important exception. Jasper Turrell, the brewer, comes upon Wolfe taking a sample of his pump water for analysis. Turrell is furious and demands that Wolfe turn over the bottle to him. The young physician pours the water at Turrell's feet and leaves him fuming and spluttering.

CHAPTER TWELVE
On Tarring Moor the gorge was still in bloom, though the full glory of gold had deserted it for the waving branches of the willow. It was a rare galling ground for a man whose blood had been overheated. John Wolfe came riding back from the direction of Herongate, where he had been called to see a shepherd who was ill. The climb out of that rotten, worm-eaten old town towards the wide spaciousness of the moor had cleared Wolfe's brain and steadied his heart. Only a few hours had passed since Jasper Turrell had tried to bully him in Virgin's Court, and that one incident seemed likely to make of Navestock a battleground or a tilting-yard.

Wolfe had felt a desire to be alone, to thrash things out in his own mind, to climb up above the little dust storms of the moment and gain a broad view of his own horizon. The ride over Tarring Moor had given him the calmness of outlook that he needed. Wolfe knew that he had been warned off that morning, and that Jasper Turrell had thrown a stick at him, as he would have thrown a stick at a dog that had shown an inclination to trespass under his garden gate. And Jasper Turrell's attitude was likely to be the attitude of Navestock. The incident of that absurd quarrel had opened Wolfe's eyes. The little people would not only twist their mouths at him and gibber maliciously; they would gather like apes and try to pelt him out of the town. Turrell had bellowed a warning. The people who owned Navestock would tolerate no man who attempted to tell them unpleasant truths.

Now Wolfe was a born fighter, one of those men whose chin and fists go up even in the face of a crowd. He had glimpses of what might happen in Navestock, the anger and malice he might arouse, the abuse he would receive, the influence that would be exerted against him, it takes a man of great courage to stamp the faces of his fellows with the seal of hate. Few of us find pleasure in offending those who dwell about us. Our amiability is apt to make us cowards. But Wolfe had that touch of fanaticism that compels a man to utter what he knows to be the truth.

Across the sterner gloom of his thoughts rose the sun-splashed spires of the Moor Farm cypresses. Wolfe saw the red house with its billy hedges spreading along the ridge below him as he descended the moor. An impulse stirred in him, bidding him turn aside towards Moor Farm. More than once since his first visit he had passed across the paddock and up the stone-paved path. These people of the moor did him good when he was lonely. There was a charm about the old house, and Wolfe had seen the orchard in bloom, and the daffodils nodding their heads over the rich green grass. The comely, smiling good-will of the mother contrasted with the wind-blown hair and sparkling frankness of wild-eyed Jess. These were people who filled the heart when it felt empty, and made a man's sad thoughts grow mischievous and young.

As Wolfe neared the white gate he saw a short, brown-smoked figure come rumbling across the paddock. The figure waved an arm and shouted. It was Bob, the carter's boy, who had bumped in and out of Navestock on the back of the brown pony.

"Mr. Wolfe, sir, you be wanted." He ran up and opened the white gate.

"I was just a-coming for you, sir."

Wolfe rode in.

"Somebody ill, Bob?"

"The missus, sir. That there thasthma."

"I take your word for it, Bob. You are an excellent diagnostician." The boy grinned.

"Thank yer, sir. I be'unt much of a chap at words."

Bob ran at Wolfe's side, and took his horse when he dismounted at the end of the holly hedge. The greese had followed them, gaggling in line, with the old one-eyed gander at their head. They made a cheerful noise; and the humming of the wind in the cypresses was like the humming of some great happy spirit watching the sunlight race over the grass.

Wolfe had reached the porch, when a black cat came whisking out, followed by a flying figure with a round basket set helmet-wise upon its head. The flying figure saved itself within six inches of Wolfe's waistcoat, and fell back with a splash of colour and a glimmer of mischievous confusion.

"Oh—Mr. Wolfe!"

The black cat had fled terror-stricken into the summer-house. Wolfe's eyes were full of laughter.

"Is this the latest fashion in bonnets?"

Jess tossed the thing off into a corner of the porch.

"Don't be silly. It was only frightening old Thomas. I's the egg basket."

"Oh, the egg basket?"

"Yes."

"I see."

She looked at him with a moment's gravity and then fell into a glorious laughter, the free, bubbling laughter of a healthy child. The sound thrilled through Wolfe like the joy of a perfect morning. He laughed, too, quiet, deep-choiced laughter that sang second to her ringing treble.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you are silly."

"Why, indeed?"

"What is there to laugh at?"

"Ask Thomas and the basket, and—"

"And what?"

"Me."

"You?"

The Man With a Load of Mischief

