

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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The Roosevelt Fantasy
In front of his open grate with a brisk fire burning, Franklin Roosevelt last week drew a word picture of the rehabilitation of the Tennessee valley. His scheme embraced reforestation, flood control, water power development, reclamation, navigation, elimination of marginal lands from farm pursuits. He proposes to have the government purchase forest lands and marginal lands, and put 50,000 to 70,000 men at work planting trees. He is quoted: "I regard it as a safe investment to borrow money to buy and take care of land of this character. The money would come back through the sale of crops. It is necessary that we set, for we are now consuming between three and four times as much timber as we are producing."

The possibilities of Muscle Shoals from a power standpoint have been greatly exaggerated. The Wilson dam has a 50,000 k. w. primary capacity; then there is a steam plant of 60,000 k. w. The total is small in comparison with other developments. The Alabama Power company which now buys the Muscle Shoals power has capacity of its own of 953,000 k. w. Some of our northwestern plants which have gotten no national attention at all have capacities of some consequence. The Ariel dam on Lewis river for instance has 15,000 k. w. minimum capacity and 90,000 ultimate maximum. The Oak Grove development on the Clackamas when completed will have 30,000 k. w. minimum capacity; and we do not anticipate that either or both these developments will work any revolution in this area.

Educating Post-Graduates
THE Portland school board wants the state law altered so they will have power to include or exclude post-graduate students. The Salem schools should have similar authority. Why should not the school board charge per capita tuition to post-graduates who come back to high school? How many educations are to be furnished students at public expense? The Salem schools have a larger number than ever before attending as post-graduates. Their ambition to employ their time usefully is commendable; but it is only fair that they should pay tuition for the benefits received.

Senator Corbett in explaining his vote against the proposal to repeal the criminal syndicalism statute gave what is probably the best statement of opinion in Oregon on the subject. This statute believes in freedom of speech and of assembly, and to the extent the present law may trench upon that liberty it should be amended. The definition of the syndicalist is perhaps too inclusive. Senator Goss who was one of the principal speakers against repeal indicated a sympathy with some eliminations from those now coming under the definition. But the provision that it should still remain a crime to foment violent revolution is one which should remain on the law books. In times of peace and concord the enforcement of the law is naturally lax; but it is well to have a club in the closet for times of war and unrest. It is unfortunate that some measure retaining the heart of the statute but making it less inclusive of those who by mere affiliation or attendance on meetings are now branded as guilty of syndicalism. There is more danger in repression than in liberty; but the government must still hold in reserve authority to preserve itself.

Crime news led directly to the arrest of the man suspected of murdering a motor tourist on the Columbia highway last summer. The police had ferreted out the man's name by extremely skillful work. When the name and signature were broadcast in the Sunday Oregonian further clues came from the public; and in a few hours the wanted man was in custody. Here is a clear instance where the publication of the news of a heinous crime proved an aid to justice.

Uptate Oregon is not getting excited over the Multnomah outbreak over Wolf creek highway. Keep it in cold storage for a few years, until the state...

HEALTH
By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.
"SEMPER PARATUS" is the motto of the Boy Scouts of America. It is an excellent motto and means "always prepared." This organization deserves great praise for what it has done for our youngsters. Among other things it has taught the methods of "first aid." We often read reports of accidents which would have proven fatal if first aid knowledge had not been available. Too often the wrong treatment in an accident is fatal. Do great harm. For example, in a recent case of gas poisoning the neighbor who detected the accident, awakened the victims and encouraged them to walk outdoors. This was unwise.

Gas poisoning is a serious ailment caused by inhaling carbon monoxide gas. This gas takes up all the available oxygen and produces changes in the blood. If the kindly neighbor had opened the windows and covered the victims with warm blankets the danger would have been lessened materially. Treating Victim of Gas Never walk or move a victim of this form of poisoning. Not alone should he be well covered, but hot water bottles should be applied to his feet until the doctor arrives. If breathing is difficult, artificial respiration should be resorted to and the Boy Scout knows how to do this. When necessary, oxygen should be given. Though we have made great advances in our knowledge of antiseptics and modern surgery, in certain quarters there is amazing ignorance of their importance. There are persons who place spider webs, cuds of tobacco or soot on fresh cuts. I have heard of some who still employ raw ysters, salt pork or bottled onions as a means of "treating the poison" from an infected wound. A wound or scratch should be cleaned with soap and water and an antiseptic like iodine or mercuric-chrome applied. Carelessness in relation to a trifling cut or minor laceration leads to blood poisoning or lockjaw. There are many false notions concerning the emergency treatment of snake bites. Drinking whiskey or eating a freshly killed chicken on the wound is of no value. Yet these are popular methods of treatment. For Snake Bite Instead, a tight bandage should be placed between the wound and the heart. Cut across the fang marks and suck out the blood and poison as quickly as possible. Remember that the poison is harmless when swallowed. Snake serum is of great value in the treatment. Unfortunately it is not always available. Those who are hurt in auto accidents ought not to be moved until the physician has arrived and the nature of the injury is known. The victim may be suffering from shock, broken bones or internal injury, and handling and moving are dangerous. Above all, the injured person should never be permitted to walk unless the doctor who has examined him grants permission. Each of us should have knowledge of what to do in an emergency and how to apply first aid care. Universal knowledge of this sort would prevent a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Let us be glad to say that many schools and colleges offer courses of instruction in this subject. (Copyright, 1933, K. F. S., Inc.)

Yesterdays
... Of Old Salem
Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days
February 8, 1908
With the near approach of the second week of China New Year, activity and celebration will take on a new life and the rasp of Chinese fiddles, the shrill squeaking of the oriental fife and the explosion of thousands more of the noisy firecrackers will resound throughout the various Chinese quarters of Salem. Fires will be built, more punk burned and the further remembrance of the heathen god invoked by a replenishment of dainty morsels at the improvised altars of the residential Chinese. Decorations, expensive and intricate in workmanship, glided and bright colors, will be added to the already numerous signs of festivity. WASHINGTON.—The minority currency bill was introduced in the house yesterday. It creates a fund of \$15,000,000 for payment of depositors of failed banks and a tax of one-sixteenth per cent on deposits on banks who consent to be taxed. The act also prohibits officers of banks loaning money for stock gambling. February 8, 1928 On motion of Rep. Brownell of the joint ways and means committee last night, that body voted to exclude press representatives. This action was taken, it was asserted, to cut off from publicity Senators Zimmerman, La Follette and Taylor, whom several members accused of talking too much for the press. The trio have continuously insisted on cutting appropriations and lopping off others entirely. Gone are the days when farm labor could be attracted by \$40 or \$50 per month and board. Nowadays the tiller of the soil demands the use of an automobile to motor to the city on week ends, and the employer shall own a radio for the workman's benefit, according to City Recorder Mark Poulsen, who reports difficulty in finding men to take farm jobs. SEATTLE.—Charles M. Perkins, assistant postmaster, today wrote Portland postal officials asking if a landing field was available there for an air mail service between the two cities.

New Views
"What do you think of the scrip plan proposed for Salem?" Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question. O. T. Shaw, visiting merchant: "I have heard of these schemes and that some work, others don't. It depends largely on how they are managed. I don't blame the councilmen for holding off while they investigate more thoroughly. The plan you say is being used here might work all right." E. P. Toley, laborer: "It should be worth the city's trying and it might help some of us poor fellows out. They could drop out if the plan doesn't work." In a series of tests of chemical solvents for cleaning clothes, the bureau of standards used materials soaked with carbon black, paint, tea, syrup, gravy and lipstick.

AS HITLER'S STAR WAS RISING
Made only last week, this picture is the most recent of Adolf Hitler, new German Chancellor, to reach the United States. The Nazi chief has been with his followers attending the unveiling of the tombstone over the grave of Horst Wessel, one of Hitler's "Brown Shirts" who was killed in a factional fight with Communists. When the picture was made, Hitler little dreamed that the goal of his long climb to power was but one year away.

Spalding's Mission, 1843: Old letter tends to refute "Whitman saved Oregon" myth: Under the heading, "Spalding Mission, 1843," Nellie B. Pipes contributed an article to the current (December) number of the Oregon Historical Quarterly which contains newly discovered matter tending to further dissipate the once famous and now long since exploded "Whitman saved Oregon" myth. Miss Pipes is librarian of the Oregon Historical society and associate editor of the Quarterly. Her article follows: "The following letter, addressed to Levi Chamberlain of the American Board mission at Honolulu, was written by the Reverend Henry H. Spalding, who came to Oregon with Marcus Whitman in 1836, and founded a mission at Lapwai on the Clearwater, in what is now the state of Idaho. "The missions at the Hawaiian Islands had been established a number of years. There was frequent communication between them and the Columbia river and it was to them that the Oregon missions looked for many of their supplies. "Something of the difficulties and trials of those early missionaries may be gleaned from this letter, their dependence on the outside world for the commonest commodities. The serious illness of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding occurred in the absence of Dr. Whitman, the only physician connected with the mission. Thus they were left without professional treatment, and received only such care as could be given by members of the mission family. "At all the missions the most earnest efforts were directed to the outside world to read and write. The most successful school was at Lapwai, and the account

Spalding Letter
"Clear Water, Oct. 10, 1843: To Levi Chamberlain Esq., Honolulu—My Dear Sir: Will you have the kindness to send me the following articles for the same to your Mission if they should be in your store, viz: 100 lb best brown sugar, in two native sacks of 50 each bound into one piece with some coarse cloth as the stones or horses & the sugar wasted & 100 lbs is a piece for packing. 3 kegs of molasses 9 gallons each, one of them if convenient syrup. 20 lb arrow-root. 10 lbs salaratus. "A quantity of matches as we have used nearly all you sent—our sickness. 3 pr ladies shoes common, of the length of the longest thread. 3 pr girls length of shortest thread. (Pieces of thread were inserted through slits in the paper, 3/4 inches for the shorter, 2 American axes. 1 saw plane. 20 lb shingle nails. 20 lb tennapenny 40 lb double tennapenny. 2 bleeding lancets. 1 large syringe. If the two last mentioned articles are to be obtained without inconvenience, as we have suffered much in our last sickness for want of them. My only lancet I broke some time since & can not obtain one at Vancouver or Willamette. 1 ounce of spunk. 20 yds of cheapest calico. 3 stone jars of 1 qt, 2 qt, & 4 qt."

Resuming the text: "Myself, Mrs. Spalding & our two children, the entire family, are just recovering from severe sickness, through the astonishing goodness & mercy of God. Mrs. S's case especially is a most singular instance of God's interposing mercy. She was taken with fever the last of Aug & although the fever was broken on the 11 of Sept her disposition was thought to be nigh. She thought herself dying her limbs became cold, she was triumphant she parted with her little children as calmly & pleasantly as if simply for the night. Letters were sent to Cimacain 140 miles, & Wailatu 120 for the brethren to come & attend the funeral. But about noon her limbs became warm. This was on Monday & for the next 13 days every moment was expected to be her last. During most of this time her mind wandered, & her nervous system uncontrollable." (Continued tomorrow.)

Oak Grove Women Planning Annual Display of Quilts
OAK GROVE, Feb. 7 — The Oak Grove Ladies' club is planning its annual quilt and style show, sponsored in conjunction with the Orchard Heights club, for the afternoon and night of February 23. Mrs. Frank Farmer, Mrs. Oliver Hart and Mrs. John Robison were named a committee to complete plans. The club met the past week with Mrs. Herb Lewis, with Mrs. Robert Dietrick assistant hostess. Chemawa Grange to Talk Timely Topics
CHEMAWA, Feb. 7.—The next meeting of the grange will be held at the hall Thursday, February 9. Mrs. Helen Klehner, lecturer, has arranged for discussions on timely topics, a roll call on "What can I do that will be of greatest benefit to my grange?"

Modern American Patriots
Illustration of a man in a military-style uniform holding a rifle and a sign that says "Collector of Contributions".

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping
SYNOPSIS
Dr. John Wolfe, old Dr. Montague Thredgold's assistant, is stunned at the unsanitary conditions he finds in the smug little town of Navestock. Wolfe realizes his greatest fight in ridding the town of pollution will be in overcoming the successful attitude of the people themselves who seem perfectly satisfied with their mode of living. His encounter with his first obstacle in the person of Jasper Turrell, the brewer, who objects to Wolfe taking a sample of his well water for analysis. Undaunted by opposition, Wolfe continues his researches and prepares a map of the town's unsanitary areas. The one bright spot in Navestock is the home of Mrs. Mary Mascall where Wolfe is always sure of a welcome. He is exceptionally fond of Mrs. Mascall's young daughter, Jess. Wolfe is summoned to the home of elderly Miss Perfection, who feigns heart attacks to attract attention. She is annoyed when Wolfe does not honor her and tells her there is no cause for alarm. Later, Dr. Thredgold insists that Wolfe be more tactful. Wolfe realizes it is Thredgold's financial benefit to humor the lady. The blundering old man cautions Wolfe against using so much "expensive" medicines when the "ordinary" preparations will do. Wolfe's disgust with the abounding ignorance reaches its peak when he finds three babies in the care of Mrs. Lucy Gallop dragged from a "cordial" given as a pacifier. He condemns Hubbard, the chemist, for selling it. Hubbard complains to old Thredgold who criticizes Wolfe. Later, Wolfe meets Miss coming from school. Her sincerity and courage give him a less cynical outlook on life.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN
Mrs. Thredgold had chosen to be curious as to how this lean, brown man spent his evenings in his little bedroom at the top of Prospect House, and, since curiosity is the clockwork that moves many a small mind, Mrs. Thredgold remembered that Wolfe's shirt cuffs were badly frayed. It would be doing the man a kindness if she went through his linen, and arranged for one of the maids to sew new cuffs on Wolfe's shirts, and send any socks that were in need of darning. Mrs. Thredgold accepted herself and her moral solidity with such complete seriousness that nothing that she ever did struck her as being mean and trivial. Self-criticism did not exist for her, nor did she ever catch a glimpse of her own smooth face reflected in the distorting glass of self-scorn. People who have no sense of humor will perpetrate the most astounding impertinences and convulse a whole household over the disappearance of a packet of pins. Sympathy was not part of the adventure. In fact, Mrs. Sophia felt no desire to conceal her exploration of Wolfe's room. "Elizabeth, I am going to look through Mr. Wolfe's linen. I see that some of it is very shabby. We must see if we can do something for it." "Yes, ma'am, some of the shirts are all holes." "Indeed!" "Mr. Wolfe has only four, ma'am." Mrs. Thredgold may not have realized what she was saying when she remarked, "I must speak to him about it." She was always speaking to people, and the phrase was a habit with her. She went in and rummaged with true feminine thoroughness, and in the course of her rummaging she discovered Wolfe's map. Wolfe, like most large-natured men, had little secretiveness; moreover, the lock of his portmanteau was broken. Two well-worn shirts, and a couple of pairs of old socks lay on the bed. Mrs. Sophia stood by the window, holding Wolfe's map of Navestock that was pinned to a large piece of cardboard and staring at the multi-colored patterns, and the neat records written with a mapping pen. No great ingenuity was required to discover the true meaning of the thing. Mrs. Thredgold had her spectacle case with her. She laid the map on the chest of drawers, put on her glasses, and went through Wolfe's researches at her leisure.

Dr. Thredgold, when he was not too busy, made a practice in summer of taking a glass of port under the lime tree in the back garden of Prospect House. His wife had her basket chair and her wicker work-table carried out into the shade, and the sunlight would come fluttering through the lime leaves upon these two people who looked so smooth and pleased and placid. In a town one may be made the victim of vulgarity of one's neighbors, and old Johnson, the wine merchant, who lived in the next house, kept a parrot and three musical daughters. Old Johnson and Mrs. Thredgold did not love each other. It was a case of "That underbred person, the wine merchant," and "That female next door." Mr. Johnson's green parrot was put into the garden, and amused himself there by twanging the wires of his cage, squalling like a cat, and talking—as Mr. Johnson's parrot might be expected to talk. Dr. Thredgold, who was "Monte" in the house, and before visitors and servants, became "Monte" in the garden under the shade of the lime. Mr. Johnson's parrot had picked up the cry. He would bob up and down on his perch, and shout "Monte, Monte," in imitation of Mrs. Thredgold. "Monte, Monte." Mrs. Sophia was under the lime tree, watching her husband who stood at the study window turning over the pages of a book. They had finished dinner twenty minutes ago, and Wolfe had been called away suddenly to a case of sunstroke in the "Pardons" hay-fields. Mrs. Sophia had called twice to her husband, but apparently he had not heard. "Montague," Dr. Thredgold opened the French window and came out. "Did you call dear?" "I called you twice before." "I thought it was that wretched bird of Johnson's." "Montague! Do you mean to say—?" "No, of course not." "Your wine is here." "Chuck my chin, chuck my chin," said a voice over the wall. Mrs. Thredgold watched her husband cross the grass, his hands behind him, a broad-brimmed hat throwing a shadow across his face. In the course of some twenty years Sophia Thredgold had come to know every hole, cranny, and corner of this little man's soul, his vanities and foibles, his genial strutting affectations, his sentimental timidity, his horror of giving offence. She knew his moods, and the symptoms that characterized them; the remarks he would make upon any particular subject, the way he would jump at any given flick of her tongue. Her affection for him was a queer mingling of motherliness and contempt. She owned him, and peddled his amiable fascidities with the best of her right self-possession. "Mr. Wolfe has gone out, Monte?" "Yes, Monsieur wrong in one of the hay-fields." "There's your wine, dear. I want to talk to you about Mr. Wolfe." "Oh!" "Rain, rain, rain!" shouted the green bird on the other side of the red-brick wall. Mrs. Thredgold tramped straight into her subject without any sensitive hesitation. She had gone to look through Wolfe's linen for him, and she had discovered more than ragged socks and torn shirts. That map of Wolfe's had amplified and explained certain broken pieces of gossip that had come to her ears. Like most selfish people, she was very shrewd when she had to deal with anything that affected the little world about her. "I call it gross dialoagy to you, Monte. A sort of underhand spying, and scandal-mongering on paper." Dr. Thredgold had poured out his port, but he forgot to touch the wine, and sat with blank blue eyes, not staringly behind his glasses. Mr. Johnson's parrot was silent, listening with head on one side and an eye cocked cynically in the direction of the lime tree. "What a woman!" The bird stretched one leg with expressive leisureliness, nibbled at his claws with his beak, and then sat up with an air of interested attention. "But, my dear—"

"You know, Monte, what Mr. Hubbard told you. It is very easy to see what this might lead to. What does the man mean by prying about in Navestock? He must have some object. You don't pay him to go about to the whole town by the ears. You must speak to him about that map. It ought to be burned." "But, my dear, I can't say—"