

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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Weather and Wheat

The world has been submerged in a mountain of wheat which seemed to grow larger each crop year. "Overproduction" was the cry, and the constant appeal came to reduce acreage. This call came from the department of agriculture, oftentimes without realization that some sections are limited to wheat production by their geographical situation, or that switching to some other crop merely meant to build up its surplus.

As has occurred so many times in the past nature takes a hand in the crop game. After all the margin between consumption and production is never large. While wheat is being harvested every day of the year in some quarter of the globe it is also being consumed in every quarter of the globe every day.

Last year nature took a hand and the winter wheat production of the American southwest was sharply reduced. The effect however was slight for still there was a world surplus. This winter nature is again interposing unkind elements and the southwest crop will be the lowest since the expansion of that great wheat country.

Such a crop failure in 1897 led to a sudden rise in the price of wheat which was a great factor in the restoration of prosperity to the American farms of that period. European crops were very light, the American crop was good, and our exports went abroad at a high price.

The wheat situation is not hopeless; and while the farmers feel badly as they gaze out over fields of dead wheat, they may in the end be much better off if it helps bring about a rise in agricultural prices.

Prohibition Repeal

No matter how much we may dread the resubmission of the prohibition amendment to our state constitution, such a step seems logical in view of the repeal of the enforcing act in the last election. If statutes to effectuate prohibition have been wiped off the books, then the amendment is impotent. It is worse than impotent because then it effectually bars any control legislation of any kind.

The dries, if the question is resubmitted, then have the opportunity to fight directly for the cause of state prohibition; and if it is retained, to insist on legislation to carry out the constitution effectively. Until this situation is cleared up, and until the federal situation is cleared up, beer bills and booze bills are out of place.

It is obvious that the wets have no well formulated program which will give any assurance of "true temperance" or any kind of temperance. They are proposing now on comprehensive and intelligent method of liquor control. The Beckman bill would make a liquor dispensary out of every grocery store and restaurant. Intelligent wets should see its menace and the inevitable reaction it will invite.

Where are the "prohibition reformers", the "Crusaders" and other "temperance" organizations enrolled under the wet banner? They seem to have deserted the field for the genuine wets, the brewing and saloon interests to come in to capitalize on the victory. Throw the state open to general beer selling backed by the power of modern advertising, and moral conditions will grow steadily worse. The mild beer will stimulate the appetite for stronger liquors, and the demand will be satisfied, legally or illegally.

The wets assumed responsibility as a result of the November election. They are doing nothing toward a decent solution of the question from their own point of view.

Interesting Days at Legislature

The legislative session is approaching its climax. Yesterday's debates in the senate on the utility bill and the house on the repeal bill were highly interesting. The well crowded galleries testified to the general public interest in these important questions.

Ahead are revenue laws, motor license bills, school bills, business bills, and many others which are sure to evoke general discussion on the floor. Salem people and residents of the valley have an unusual opportunity in the privilege of attending the legislative sessions and following the course of law-making.

While attendance on public hearings and general sessions is as time-consuming as a trial in circuit court (and sometimes quite as uninteresting) it is highly educational. Ignorance of the contents of laws, their purpose, and the method in which they are drawn would not be so great if persons followed more closely the workings of the legislature. And perhaps citizens would not be so critical of legislators if they saw the magnitude of their labors and the generally conscientious attitude which marks the vast majority of senators and representatives.

Those who have time will employ it profitably the next ten days in attending the legislature.

Yesterdays BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS
Spalding's Mission, 1843: Old letter tends to refute "Whitman saved Oregon" myth: (Continuing from yesterday) Concluding the Spalding letter: "School: For the last 4 years the school has steadily increased in Nos just in proportion as house room was furnished for it & advanced in learning to read & write their own language."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9—The house committee on naval affairs reported President Roosevelt's urgent recommendation that congress authorize the building of four battle-ships at total cost of \$38,000,000, and instead authorized construction of two battle ships at \$9,500,000 each, to be of the Delaware type.
February 10, 1933 Mayor Harry Lane of Portland has written to Mayor George Rodgers of Salem evincing what he terms a radical but rational plan for relieving seasonal unemployment. He suggests that the horde of men unemployed after harvest seasons be put to work building sidewalks and improving roads at \$3 a day. He also would have cities establish information bureaus concerning hoboes.

NEW VIEWS
In what matter of bill before the legislature are you most interested? This was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.
S. E. Dodge, auto salesman: "The criminal syndicalism law. I think it's oppressive legislation against a certain class fighting for existence—designed for that purpose. It's class legislation."
John Nelson, advertising man: "The bill for \$3.50 auto licenses till the first of the year."

W. C. T. U. SLATES INSTITUTE TODAY

WOODBURN, Feb. 9—The Marion county W. C. T. U. institute will be held at the Methodist church Feb. 10. An all day program is planned with a covered dish luncheon to be served at the noon hour. Miss Daisy Frederick will be in charge of the devotions. The program will be as follows: 10:30, opening of institute by Mrs. Nedra E. Bush, president of the state organization; Mrs. Lehman of Salem; 11:00, crusade plans; 11:30, white ribbon recruit service; 12:00, noon-time prayer followed by luncheon to be served in the basement of the church; 1:15, song service and prayer; 1:30, talk on the place of the Loyal Temperance Legion by Mrs. Goodrich, county L. T. secretary; 1:50, music and talk by Mrs. Ruth Toosa; 2:20, short talks by Mrs. Cole, speaking of religious education, Mrs. Lehman, Christian Citizenship and Mrs. Buck will give reports on medal contests; 3:30, open forum; 4:00, adjournment.

12 ACRES NEW HOPS PLANTED IN HILLS

WALDO HILLS, Feb. 9—While every farmer is busy plowing or reseeded there are three especially busy and optimistic ones. Rudolf Stadler Sr., has men at work setting out two hop yards with a combined acreage of 10 1/2 acres. The yards are in the Evergreen district. His son, Rudolf Jr., of the same district, who has a newly cleared farm has just put out two acres of hops. J. J. Doerfler of Waldo Hills has completed setting 300 Hibern trees which means 10 acres on his own ranch. He has men at work this week setting out 40 acres at Wilsonville and another crew setting a 10-acre orchard of the nuts for Roy Nelson near Salem.

Council Submits Razing Problems To Joseph Heirs

WOODBURN, Feb. 9—The first council meeting of the month was held at the city hall Tuesday night. A permit was granted the school board to connect the Lincoln school with the city sewer system. The new city marshal's bonds were filed. The city recorder was instructed to write the heirs of George Joseph regarding the razing of the building on front street formerly occupied by the Moshberg blacksmith shop.

The remarkable success of the Spalding mission in teaching the Nez Perce Indians, getting them to pursue the arts of agriculture, and converting them to the Christian religion, was outstanding in all American experience. To this day, the church thus established at Lapwai, Idaho, persists and maintains services, for nearly 100 years—and it has always, from the first years, had Indian pastors.

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

Dr. John Wolfe, young and capable assistant of the inefficient old Dr. Montague Threadgold, is shocked at the pollution he finds everywhere in the little town of Navestock. The young doctor's greatest obstacle in trying to better conditions is the bitter resentment of the people themselves. The affable Threadgold appears more interested in humoring his patients and fattening his purse than he is in curing their ills. He cautions Wolfe against using necessary "expensive" medicines when the "oldinary" preparations will do. Wolfe would be tempted to give up if it were not for lovely, young Jean Macall, whose sincerity and courageous outlook are an incentive to keep fighting. Filled with curiosity as to how Wolfe spends his time, Mrs. Threadgold searches his room and finds a map he has prepared showing Navestock's polluted areas. She informs her husband of what she calls Wolfe's "gross disloyalty" that her husband either make him discontinue his researches or discharge him. Wolfe is summoned to a case of sunstroke in the "Paradise" fields, the estate of the wealthy Bradons, where he meets beautiful Mrs. Bradon. Her bored, lifeless attitude puzzles him.
CHAPTER TWENTY
The Rev. Robert Flemming was making an infusion of quassia for the benefit of the green fly on his roses, when Jasper Turrell was shown into the parsonage study. Flemming, like many country parsons, was a man with a multitude of hobbies, and a friend might find him at work at his carpenter's bench, ankle-deep in shavings, or forking potatoes in his vegetable garden, or busy making trout flies with his big, but dexterous fingers. His study was a long, low, pleasant room, his big French windows looking like painted panels into the wall, each with its glimpse of sleek grass, flower borders piled high with colorful, gray old walls, and splendid trees. Pleasant disorder prevailed here. Fishing-rod, butterfly-nets, guns, a bow, and walking-sticks were piled in the corners. The book-shelves held not only books, but collectors' boxes, cork spreaders for setting butterflies and moths, fishing-reels, canvas bags, a hunting pot, and gloves. Disorder prevailed also over the parson's desk. Sermons, florid and dogmatic, novels, pamphlets, fly-books, odd knives, and pipes lay as they pleased. The carpet, that had been worn to no colour in particular, had a big hole in the centre of the floor. It was the room of a man who led a large, pleasant, placid life, a man who read old books, preached his old sermons, and was an expert in the matter of wild life and of flowers. Turrell found him kneeling on the hearth-rug in front of a fire of chips and broken wood, stewing up his infusion of quassia in a big black saucepan. As he knelt, his feet showed two worn places at the tread. He had taken off his coat, and the sleeves of his grey flannel shirt were rolled up to his elbows. "Good heaven, Flemming, that's a nice game for a day like this! Why don't you let your cook do it?" "It's not comp." "That makes it worse. Jove! it's the hottest day this year." "The brewer put his white top-hat on the desk, set down in an arm-chair, spread himself, and wiped his forehead. The two patches of colour on his face, shaped like the wings of a butterfly, stood out red and injected. His sandy hair looked a clayey, his eyelids pink along their edges. "What's that stuff, Flemming?" "Quassia." "Green fly, eh? I can't get my chaps to syringe properly. When I raze 'em, they always take that their glass and the grass take all their time. I've never yet had a man I could trust." "The rector settled the saucepan on the fire, and got up. He was a very big man, grey-haired, slow, and a little sleepy, his massive, fresh-coloured face healthy as the face of a boy. His blue eyes moved slowly, and dwelt a long time upon any object they happened to notice, like the eyes of a man who had never been hurried. Grave, pleasant tranquillity possessed his face. Robert Flemming was an aristocrat even in the thick of his hobbies and his old clothes. He had something of the grand manner, a quiet, fresh-coloured face healthy as the face of a boy. His blue eyes moved slowly, and dwelt a long time upon any object they happened to notice, like the eyes of a man who had never been hurried. Grave, pleasant tranquillity possessed his face.

the killing of J. Ben Hall, Florance attorney, formerly lived in Dallas and assisted his brother and father in operating a sawmill near here in 1830. He was a member of Company L of the National Guard and served on the Mexican border and in France, reaching the rank of sergeant. After the Robbs closed their mill here he worked in several mills near here and later moved to Florence. The family always had a reputation for honesty and good character around here. His mother still lives in Dallas.

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If this trial size is sold out, buy the regular size on this guarantee. You are guaranteed with it. Yours return postage and four druggist will return your money.

Liberty Community Club Meets Tonight
LIBERTY, Feb. 9.—The community club will meet Friday night at the hall. The Women's club of Salem is scheduled to put on the program. Sheldon F. Sackett will speak on "What the Legislature is Doing?" Mrs. Foster, in charge of refreshments, reports that a sitany lunch appropriate to Valentine's day will be served.

Robb, Arrested as Slayer, is Former Resident of Dallas
DALLAS, Feb. 9.—A. A. Robb, who was arrested Tuesday for

Looe's Sweetest Gift A SPA Heart Box
SALEM'S LARGEST AND FINEST ASSORTMENT
Regular Size . . . a 75¢ value . . . Only 35¢