

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Fitting the Times

THE New York Sun has reprinted an interview which the journalist Mr. Henry L. Stoddard had with Calvin Coolidge December 14th last. The former president unburdened himself so far as his own participation in public life in the future was concerned. There was no indication that he had any premonition of his early death, which occurred only a few weeks after the interview. The substance of that interview is significant as the observation of a shrewd man on the trends of the times. It was in brief: "I do not fit in with these times". Quoting a pertinent paragraph:

"I have been out of touch so long with political activities that I feel I no longer fit in with these times. Great changes can come in four years. These socialistic notions of government are not of my day. When I was in office tax reduction, debt reduction, tariff stability and economy were the things to which I gave attention. We succeeded on those lines. It has always seemed to me that common sense is the real solvent for the nation's problems at all times—common sense and hard work. When I read of the new-fangled things that are now so popular I realize that my time in public affairs is past. I wouldn't know how to handle them if I were called upon to do so. That is why I am through with public life forever."

Well, there are some thousands of men who feel they are out-dated, that they do not fit in with these times. Mr. Coolidge's own party which returned to power in 1921 on a platform to "get the government out of business" is now the principal creditor of banks, railroads, ship lines, and farmers. For some years it was the chief speculator in wheat and cotton. Zealous advocates would push it into the manufacture and retail of electric energy on a vast scale.

States have likewise been wandering in the dense forests instead of following old and beaten trails. New tax devices are urged. Sympathy for misfortune finds expression in legislation for moratoriums and debtor relief. Relief plans on a tremendous scale are pressed upon already depleted treasuries. The public ownership infection has spread to where it threatens fresh mortgages on people already debt-ridden.

Coolidge, with his New England notions of strict compliance with the terms of contracts, with his personal frugality and simple tastes, would find himself out of tune with the times. Likewise do many others who have been trained in the school of individualism heralded by Horatio Alger with "Sink or Swim—Survive or Perish".

The country is not blazing new trails. It is merely lost in the woods. Discordant counsels give diverse directions. Some say the way out is down the canyon. Others proclaim that the way out is to clamber up the steep heights. Others would start a forest fire heedless of the charred ruins that would replace the sturdy trees.

Often we find ourselves out of tune with the temper of the times, and look about for some escape. Mere escape partakes somewhat of cowardice; and it is the duty of men who are set down in the midst of things to face the facts and fight to preserve the heritage of the past and to point the way toward a better order for tomorrow. The day calls not for echoes of the Coolidge era, but for intelligent comprehension of the problems of the present and courageous action to meet them. In this situation the light of history is luminous. Many of the proposals that have been made are dangerous and unsound, proven so by past experience. On the other hand those of the present must be prompt to seize new tools if they promise to give leverage. The publicist of today, the newspaper, the man of affairs, are all needed to organize intelligence and to sustain faith. Even though at times they may be disgusted with current trends and despondent over the erratic notions that claim temporary allegiance of the people, they have a duty to keep on fighting, face forward, and not enjoy the retreat which evidently Calvin Coolidge planned for himself. In the Stoddard interview Coolidge said:

"We are in a new era to which I do not belong, and it would not be possible for me to adjust myself to it."
Perhaps. But "new eras" have a habit of blowing up. It is the same old world; and the people are the same bundle of energies, interests, and capacities. Before we know it this present era of "leaning on the supposedly everlasting arm of the government" may change. The arm may get tired.

Portland Police Protection

THE state of Oregon owes a debt to the vigilance of the Portland police, and the competence of that department is in large measure due to the character and ability of Chief L. V. Jenkins who was a Salem visitor yesterday. For fourteen years he has headed that department, giving it a continuous administration which is highly desirable where such administration is clean and competent. Chief Jenkins is highly respected personally, is known to be a man of strict personal integrity who has sought to carry out the hard tasks of his office in the best manner possible.

Chief Jenkins is retiring next July 1st with the change in the majority there. But he is not going back to a mere captivity. He is to be retained as assistant commissioner of public safety where his knowledge and talents will still be used for the protection of Portland. His successor will be Col. B. K. Lawson, former superintendent of the state prison. He is very favorably regarded by the people of Oregon, and this regard was heightened locally by his effective talk at the chamber of commerce Monday.

Some may think the remainder of the state has no interest in the Portland police department. It has. For the criminal element naturally drifts to the large city and works out from there. Were Portland's police department headed by a grafter or a cheap politician and the force filled up with men blind to law offenses the state would soon be overrun with the criminal element. As it is now, and promises to be under Lawson's administration, the Portland police will not be a political bureau but a real law enforcing body. Then with the continued cooperation of the state police and the Portland department and other local agencies the state should be kept reasonably safe for its citizens.

Zangara gets eighty years and eighty miles of publicity as a result of his villainous attempts at assassination of the president.

A group of Pendleton go-getters twisted a man's nose to force him to sign a waiver to let their truck repossess. That is going too far. It would have been okay just to pull his leg.

About the "Shoop" scrip which Heppner is going to circulate, it will undoubtedly be another case of just passing the buck.

Mother and Child



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Joaquin Miller, journalist:

Said the Sunday Oregonian in a leading editorial article, under "Joaquin Miller as Editor" as its heading:

"C. H. Miller retires from editorial management of the Eugene Register—Item from the Oregonian of 70 years ago, February 17, 1863."

"The 'C. H.' stands for Cincinnati Heine, the given names of the young editor, later to become known to fame as Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras."

"Mr. Miller's adventure in Oregon journalism was broader than it was long, since he chose the southern cause at a time when the Eugene neighborhood was becoming strongly northern in sympathies. He first caused a furor when, at the age of 20 (or possibly 21, since he was never certain as to the exact year of his birth), he began writing for the Eugene Register. That was in 1862, and in September of that year the Register was suppressed by the government, through denial of use of the mails."

"Only two months later, in November, 1862, the Eugene Review came into existence, with Mr. Miller as editor. He had given assurance that he would be nonpartisan, but the strain was too great upon his fiery nature, and in January, 1863, he hoisted the democratic flag; and a few weeks later he was compelled to resign, selling out his press and other equipment. His successors kept the Review going until September, 1865."

"Meantime, in the very month the Register was suppressed, young Miller took unto himself a wife, in the person of Minnie Myrtle Dyer, herself a poet, and a child was born to them in January, 1864. Mrs. Miller at that time had gone to her people in Curry county, presumably to escape the tumult in Eugene and wait for her husband to re-establish himself."

"This he determined to do by crossing with his family to the mining country beyond the Cascades. So, when the baby was only eight weeks old, Mrs. Miller put the child in a basket, slung the basket from her saddle, and rode up into the Willamette valley. There she met her husband and the Hilburns, and the two families crossed the Cascades by McKenzie pass and descended on the other side to the then populous mining town of Canyon City. A two-horse chase was provided for Mrs. Miller and the baby on the strenuous part of the journey. Mr. Miller drove cattle, and took with him a supply of fruit trees and flowers, purchased with the proceeds of his newspaper venture."

"In Canyon City they were more fortunate. Despite his youth, Mr. Miller was elected county judge, and the cabin in which they lived still stands as a mecca to travelers. He ruled the turbulent community with apparent justice, and on the basis of this reputation sought appointment to the higher courts. This was re-

fused him, a wise-cracker advising him to stick to poetry. Whereupon he replied that he had sought the appointment in order to be able to stick to poetry.

"Meantime he had been pounding at the doors of American publishers without success, and his failures aroused in him what his friends considered to be a crack-brained scheme. He appeared one day at the home of S. A. Clarke, editor of the Oregon Statesman, in Salem, with the announcement that he was going to England to seek recognition. Mr. Clarke, in later reminiscences, stated that he never felt so sorry for anyone in his life as he did for Joaquin that day. Joaquin set out—and, to the amazement of his old friends, he succeeded beyond his own wildest dreams. England apparently had been waiting for some American with long hair and red shirt to make a fuss over. And such a person came at last in the person of an authentic poet."

The above is all true, excepting the possible inference that California newspaper experience was confined to his Eugene paper that was suppressed, and the one that suffered a like fate because of his writings.

He later had a brilliant career as correspondent for the leading California newspapers. It is remembered by many Salem residents that he was here on his way to participate in the Alaska gold rush, and on his return—by that time a picturesque character, known all over the civilized world.

He went to Alaska as a newspaper correspondent, and was paid fabulous prices for his articles, as Harr Wagner, his publisher and greatest helper and friend, has told. (And spent his pay before it was earned, which was not unusual for Miller.)

Joaquin went to the Orient and spent a long time there, as a newspaper correspondent, at a later period. In connection therewith were some escapades making up part of his roisterous and cubical. Joaquin satisfied the compunctions of his conscience over these peripatetic experiences in the manner of license to printers—expressed in the exciting words: "The king can do no wrong." Joaquin was a poet, and had the poet's license to do as he pleased.

And he was a great poet, for all his faults and foibles.

In his later years, anything that he would write had an eager and ready market with the managing editors of the leading California newspapers. He contributed some great stuff.

But he himself was news, and anything he wrote was made front page stuff, double leaded, and commanding the highest space rates, or higher.

When his fortunes were low, he would always market his wares with the big newspapers—even though some of the matter, perhaps, would have brought nothing had it been the offering, or a better one, of a person less conspicuous.

But Joaquin was a great newspaper man as well as a great poet. He could make great news out of incidents and facts that the ordinary reporter would pass up—just as he could read great poetry from skies drab to the man with no poetry in his soul. (Continued tomorrow.)

ARTISANS PLANNING PROGRAM THURSDAY

WOODBURN, Feb. 20 — The United Artisans held its regular business meeting Thursday night. Plans were made to entertain Salem assembly next Thursday, February 23. Initiatory work will be done by the artisans officers and drill team. The committee in charge is Mrs. Dorothy Wolbater, Mrs. Max Warring and Milton Coy.

Woodburn chapter of Royal Arch Masons will hold its annual home coming Saturday night, March 4. The program has been planned as follows: Assembly, 8:30, supper 7 o'clock. Chapter opens, 8 p. m. Frank W. Settlemier is secretary.

The Rev. A. C. Archer, district elder of the Free Methodist church, is in charge of services being held there this week. The Rev. Mrs. Rosella Douglas, Sunday school secretary, who has been attending a meeting of the Rogue River district of Free Methodist churches at Medford, will conduct a Sunday school convention on Friday at 2 p. m. at which a number of papers will be read and discussed. Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Anderson, missionaries from Africa, are also on the program for Friday and Saturday evenings.

Lloyd Rogers, radiocritic: "The idea of a new president getting in may pop things up a bit; but I don't think any one man's efforts will make any great difference in conditions. We hope it will make a difference, of course."

O. T. Joamer, farmer: "Yes, I do. Not because of Roosevelt, though I voted for him, but because people want a change and hope a change will do them some good."

Answers to Health Queries
Q.—What can be done for a simple goiter? Is it harmful to sit on stone or concrete steps?
A.—This condition demands specific medical attention. Consult your doctor. It is not unless very cold.

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.

"HERNIA," OR "rupture," is a more commonly called, as it is a disease. It is a defect due to a structural weakness of a certain part of the body. This weakness may be present at birth, or it may be the result of a blow or severe muscular strain.

The hernia can be overcome by the strengthening of the weakened tissues. This can be accomplished only by means of an operation.

"Operation" is a word that brings to the mind of the average person a horrible picture. It is not a true picture. When it is done by a skillful surgeon, the discomfort and dangers are so slight that the operation may be undergone safely by anyone.

In aged individuals or persons whose health is poor, the operation may be performed under a local anesthetic. Indeed, this is the ideal method for operation of hernia, because it does away with the distressing nausea and cough usually present after taking a general anesthetic. I receive many letters requesting advice about the so-called "injection method" for the cure of rupture. I have a rupture. I dread being operated on. Do you advise the injection method for the cure of hernia? This is a common appeal.

Results Unsatisfactory
Some of my readers, perhaps, have subjected themselves to this surgical act. Most of them will agree with me, I am sure, when I say that the results obtained are unsatisfactory. Do not be misled by unconfirmed statements of successful cure of hernia by injection.

Danger in Neglecting Rupture
I am often asked whether a truss is beneficial in the treatment of rupture. It all depends on the case. It may act as a safeguard, but in some instances a truss does more harm than good. It is difficult to select the time when it may slip into the rupture. In these cases, immediate operation is necessary; delay may be fatal. A child suffering from rupture should never be permitted to carry this handicap through life.

Do not fear an operation and bear in mind that the longer you delay an operation the more extensive it will be. There is more danger in the neglect of a hernia than there is in the simple operation used for its cure.

Answers to Health Queries
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A.—This condition demands specific medical attention. Consult your doctor. It is not unless very cold.

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"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

SYNOPSIS
The young little town of Navestock jolted on, rustily, clumsily, contented to jog along in a rut, resenting the interference of anyone who sought to change its mode of living. The people, therefore, were very antagonistic toward young Dr. John Wolfe, assistant to the town's blundering old Dr. Threadgold, when he tried to better conditions. Wolfe, stumped at the unsanitary conditions he finds everywhere, prepares a map showing the unhealthy districts. Dr. Threadgold comes upon the map and considering Wolfe's researches "gross dilatory and unbecomingly spying", suggests that he be warned to discontinue or be discharged. Wolfe's one inducement to keep fighting is the friendship and encouragement of lovely and vivacious Jess Macsall. Wolfe shows Dr. Threadgold the dangerous germs he found in the well-water of a house where there is a case of diphtheria. The narrow-minded Threadgold, afraid to face facts and fearing Wolfe may usurp his position, resents the younger man's "interference". Wolfe warns of a terrible calamity should typhoid fever or cholera strike Navestock. Not wishing to appear superior, Wolfe turns over his findings to Threadgold to do with as he pleases. Later, the old doctor tells his wife a convincing tale of how he put Wolfe in his place. She urges him to burn Wolfe's papers. Discouraged and longing for someone to talk to, Wolfe visits Jess, who urges him to stay and fight. Then, gazing into each other's eyes, they are strangely embarrassed. Josiah Crabbe, the one inhabitant of Navestock who has the courage to live up to his convictions and is hated for it, is keenly interested in Wolfe.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

It happened that week that Dr. Threadgold received a number of personal calls from various influential men in Navestock. They did not come to consult him about their health, nor did they confess that they were perturbed about their pockets. They came at a time and intervals of a day or so, to sit in Dr. Threadgold's spacious leather chair, and lodge complaints, each after his fashion.

Old Hubbard, grocer and haberdasher, was the first, with his head like a big white bladder of lard. He was nervous and a little apologetic, and perspired excuses and explanations, and commented on the heat.

"You must really excuse me, Dr. Threadgold, sir, but I really can't put up with it any longer. I've tried this young man here, your making my head tingle, sir, and setting people talking. Of course if you, sir, like to suggest any alterations in those cottages of mine, sir, that's a very different matter. I should be proud, sir, and obliged. But this inquisitive, masterful young man, sir; I really can't put up with it."

Two more tradesmen followed Mr. Hubbard—Butler, the butcher, whose slaughter-house was an abomination; and Harrington, the dairyman, who kept four cows in a dirty stable at the back of his house in Bridge Street.

"Come down yourself, sir, and look over my place. Why, it was clean whitewashed all through last month. I'm not going to have this chap of yours sniffing round my premises. He ain't got the ways and manners of a gentleman."

Later in the week Mr. Zachary Wilks strolled in and treated Threadgold to a quarter of an hour's thin cynicism. Wilks was a little, acid man, who had a knack of setting people's teeth on edge. "My dear Threadgold, I thought I should like to ask you whether you held yourself responsible for all the ingenious inquisitiveness of this assistant of yours. Really, a most pushing and enthusiastic



"If you can't show your old friends and patients a little more consideration, we shall go elsewhere for our physic," thundered Turrell.

young man. Expect to find him in my scullery any day. Of course, if he has your instructions I have nothing more to say. But I don't like it. I don't pretend to like it. It will spoil our good feeling, you know. One does not like to quarrel with a man who has brought all one's youngsters into the world."

Jasper Turrell followed these lesser men, reserving his thunder until the last. "Look here, Threadgold, we have known each other a good many years; what do you mean by inflicting us with a meddlesome cub like this chap Wolfe? I don't take it kindly. What's more, I'm not going to stand it. If you can't show your old friends and patients a little more consideration, confound it—we shall go elsewhere for our physic."

These successive attacks had worked Montague Threadgold into a state of intense irritability. He was furious with Wolfe, and with a weak man's fury that bubbles and chafes in the pot of its own cowardice, Turrell's bullying tone brought the little man to boiling-point.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Turrell, that this young man has caused me infinite irritation. There is no need for any gentleman in Navestock to dictate to me. I have tried patience and advice, but without result. Mr. Wolfe is going."

"Then you are a wise man, Threadgold. The fellow is doing you a great deal of harm."

"My dear sir, I know."

"He will smash up your practice if you keep him another six months."

The brewer left Threadgold in a state of simmering excitement. He rushed upstairs, hesitated, rushed down again, ascended once more, and burst into the drawing-room, where his wife sat reading at one of the windows.

"Sophia, I can stand this no longer. I'm not going to have Wolfe here another day."

"My dear Montague, don't get so excited about a mere jackanape!"

"I hate and loathe the very sound of his name."

"Then do what I tell you; get rid of him at once."

"Exactly—quite so. And as for those papers of his—"

"What! You haven't burned them yet?"

"No."

"Bring them up here. I'll see that it is done."

As John Wolfe rode through Navestock he could not help being struck by the quaintness and beauty of the old town. The calm of a summer evening lay over it, and the threads of blue smoke from the chimneys disappeared in a golden haze. The red brick became a deeper, richer red. Cements caught the sunset. Trees and chimneys stood out against the western sky. Here and there, down passageways and narrow streets, Wolfe caught a glimpse of the river, black under the shadows of black roofs and gables. For an instant the little town was transfigured like an unclean and crippled beggar carried suddenly into Paradise.

(To Be Continued)

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W T RIGDON & SON INC FUNERALS SINCE 1891 SALEM OREGON

Fred Hill Injured While Saving Wood

DALLAS, Feb. 20—Fred Hill, 32, of North Dallas, is in the Dallas hospital as a result of an in-

jury sustained Thursday while saving wood at the high school. Hill's left hand was caught in the saw in some manner and three fingers were cut badly. Dr. E. C. Bossett was called and had to amputate Hill's first finger on the left hand at the second joint.

48 Years Ago WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT DEDICATED



From the Nation's News Files, Washington, D. C., Feb. 21, 1885

The governments of the world were represented today in the distinguished gathering at the dedication of the Washington monument. This memorial shaft rises to a height of 555 feet.

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