

The Oregon Statesman
"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Yesterdays
... Of Old Salem
Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

March 5, 1908

To frame a bicycle ordinance that shall be acceptable to a majority of Salem people has been one of the most difficult pieces of legislation ever undertaken by the common council. While a large number of ordinances have been passed and repealed, the hue and cry against the riding of wheels on the sidewalks has continued.

Members of the Yew Park Horse company met last night, decided to hold drills regularly and elected officers: C. M. Isman, president; Paul Stige, secretary; Walter Lennan, treasurer; Joe Gruber, first assistant chief; Edwin Earl, second assistant chief.

TOPEKA, Kas.—Following in line with Ohio, the republican state convention here yesterday strongly endorsed Secretary W. H. Taft as the Kansas choice for the republican presidential nomination.

March 5, 1928

With approximately \$516,000 to expend in the making of permanent improvements in state institutions, Governor Pierce and Secretary of State Koser started out yesterday on inspection trips. Among institutions to be visited from this point is a state training school for boys, institution for the feeble-minded, and state hospital in eastern Oregon.

MEDFORD, Ida.—Facing a jury from his cot, Joseph P. Hale, alleged victim of the kidnapping and hanging night riding episode by a masked band of hooded men on the night of March 17 last, testified yesterday as the state's star witness in the trials of several prominent Medford men.

MOSCOW, Ida.—The University of Idaho defeated the University of California basketball team by a score of 28 to 20 in the first game of the coast conference championship series last night.

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Of Woodworth's memories of old days:

(Continuing from yesterday:)

"The sprinkling wagon: When a story is wanted Al Crossman can always be depended upon. This time it is about the old time sprinkling wagon. It was Crossman's custom to go to San Francisco once or twice a year to lay in a stock of clothing. While there he saw an advertisement on the city sprinkling wagon. When he returned to Salem, the people were treated to the sight of a brand new tank, highly decorated with an advertisement for Murphy & Crossman, The Mayor's Bids. (Manny and Joe and the old man) raised a howl that they were paying taxes to support the sprinkling wagon and they did not propose to have it used for advertising purposes by a competitor.

"Al got his cohorts together, which consisted of all the fire department. The apparatus of the book and ladder company was commandeered, the tank on the sprinkling wagon was removed and hoisted onto the roof of Colonel's Shiel's law office, which was where the Oregon Electric depot now stands. It was a huge undertaking, so much so that Colonel Shiel did not feel like going to the expense of moving it. It became a landmark for many years and an excellent advertisement for Murphy & Crossman. (The Colonel Shiel of Oy Woodworth was Geo. K. Shiel. He apparently got his military title by being chosen as a member of a commission to supply the volunteer citizen soldiers on the night of the Indians in the Rogue river war in 1855 advised at Jesse Applegate's Tonalis home with no provisions to go further. Shiel was the Marion team by a score of 28 to 20 in the first game of the coast conference championship series last night.

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FORTY

"I've settled it," he threw his hat down on the oak table, laughing a little because there seemed so much meat and captivation, and for in life. There was no need for him to tell her more. Jean's eyes glimmered as she held back the curtain.

"Come and tell Mother. We are so busy in here."

Mrs. Mansell glanced round at him with her glowing, busy face.

When Wolfe glanced at his watch and found that it was time to go, Jean woke up out of a secret reverie and looked at him with shining eyes. She went with him Wolfe across the park, as far as the white gate.

"You don't know how glad I am," her pride was veiled in a half-mysterious shyness.

For the next three days the little coach-house at the back of Mrs. Loosely's house was the scene of Wolfe's labours. He had ordered in several hundred feet of deal boards and battens from a local builder, and borrowed a bag of tools from Adam Grinch. Two packing-cases served as a carpenter's bench, and the green doors of the coach-house propped open with bricks showed Wolfe in his shirt-sleeves busy knocking together a dresser and a set of standing shelves. They were to go in the back room or surgery where Wolfe had fixed up a sink, and a water cistern that could be filled by hand. Mr. Dendy's man, who was fixing Wolfe's brass plate to the front gate, was to come in and do the necessary plumbing.

Wolfe was planning the mortices of his dresser when Mr. Sarah Loosely crossed the yard. Her austere face wore a look of mild horror, and her agitation showed itself in the way her crossed forearms clasped her bosom.

"Dr. Wolfe! Dr. Wolfe!" She had to hail him through the blows of the mallet on the mortice pins.

"Dr. Wolfe!" Wolfe turned, mallet in hand. Mrs. Loosely had been a showing wonderful patience in allowing him to hurl all manner of innovations into her quiet corner of life.

"Hail! What is it, Mrs. Loosely?"

"It's the boys. I can't put up with it. The racket they are making outside my gate."

"Why, what about—"

"Your brass plate, I think, sir. Dendy's man has just fixed it."

"I'll go and see."

He put on his coat, and going out by the yard gate, made his way round to the front of the house. Mr. Dendy's man had gone indoors to start work on the plumbing and bell hanging. There were half a dozen boys and youths in the middle of the road, though where they had obtained their supply of rotten plums from was a matter of conjecture. They were noisily exultant, taking pot-shots at John Wolfe's new plate whose yellow glass was tarnished with spattered juice and skin.

Poised on the footpath with an air of authority, Wolfe saw Thredgold's surgery boy, not fat Sam Percival, but a later importation with red hair, muddy eyes, and a mouth like a cut-throat. This boy's mouth was absolutely portentous. Half his face seemed swallowed up by a red chasm when he shouted or laughed. He had a basketful of bottles on one arm, and his professional side was spending itself in applying this decoration of a rival and upstart doctor-plate.

Wolfe was half-hidden by a hawthorn hedge, but he was forestalled by the unexpected appearance of a very considerable person, John Thredgold's bow-legged lad, a crew round the corner, summed up the situation, and charged home with an indomitable cuffing of hard young limbs. The rioters scattered like sparrows, but Thredgold's boy, mighty as to buttons and top hat, opened his huge mouth and cursed like an indignant bird.

"Where're yer 'ittin' of? You shut it!"

He was charged into abruptly by Jabber's shoulder, a right in the chest, and deposited with violence upon the cobble. There was a great clattering of glass. Dr. Thredgold's tinures and infusions oozed over the stones.

The red-headed boy arose and retaliated, but he was no match for Jabber of the bullet head and the broad, hollow chest. One nostril showed a red streak, and the huge mouth seemed to bruise like an over-ripe love-apple. He subsided once more, and blubbered.

Wolfe stroled up, his hands in his pockets.

"I'm much obliged to you, Jabber."

The lad grinned.

"Dirty town kids; don't belong to Peachy Hill. I'll clean your plate, sir."

"Thanks, Jabber. I see you know how to hit."

Thredgold's boy had picked up his basket, and slouched off with a dirty handkerchief stuffed half in his mouth. And in less than an hour Dr. Thredgold had heard of the encounter, the red-headed boy wiggling a loose front tooth with the end of a forefinger, and showing the broken bottles.

"I warn't doin' nothin', sir. Just watching some boys pelting that there Mr. Wolfe's brass plate."

Thredgold smelt the air, like an old spaniel.

"Hay? What brass plate?" Dr. Thredgold asked his excited bottle boy.

"Up on Peachy Hill, sir. They do say as Mr. Wolfe 'as set up there."

This was the first warning that Dr. Thredgold had received. He took off his glasses and polished them, and pattered off to tell his wife.

"An extraordinary piece of news, my dear!"

"What is it, Montague?"

"Wolfe has put up his plate on Peachy Hill."

It was a scandalous affair, against all etiquette, and gentlemanly feeling. Mrs. Thredgold possessed phlegm. She managed to look no more disturbed than if she had heard that Wolfe had hanged himself.

"Preposterous! That won't last long, Montague. No decent people would ever countenance such conduct."

Dr. Thredgold fussed to and fro, trying to feel contemptuous and not succeeding.

"Why—the fellow has no capital, hardly so much as a case of scalp."

"And his shirts and socks are in holes."

They discussed the matter in all its bearings, two greedy and con-

Compose Yourself

WITH a universal though we hope only temporary paralysis of the banking machinery of the nation, the best advice to be offered is: Compose yourselves. The present situation is a product of "safety first" hysteria on the part of millions of people. Primitive instincts of self-preservation have shaken the pillars in a cooperative society, until its capacity to function has been impaired. Legal authority became necessary to preserve order and permit the recruiting of reserves for the general protection of the public welfare.

We ought to be ashamed of our breed for the ruin it has brought upon itself. With fabulous national wealth compared with most other nations, and with an arrogance which has made us a byword among peoples, with virtually no indebtedness to foreigners, we yet have demonstrated our incapacity to manage our business successfully so that yesterday the dollar, prime coin of the world, was not even quoted on foreign bourses. We have made of ourselves indeed the laughing-stock of the world.

To get ourselves out of the kinks as quickly as possible we will need clear thinking and well-poised conduct. The mechanism is here, supply and demand are here,—but confidence is lacking. Fear, deadly, disintegrating fear has just frozen us. Banks are expected to reopen in a few days with restrictions upon withdrawals. The country is through permitting scared individuals ranging like wild animals to pull down deposits and wreck banks. The "system" is not due to collapse; it is still in working order; but we have made jackasses of ourselves in handling it.

When the storm rolls past and we look back upon March, 1933, we will certainly want to hang our heads for our folly and our stupidity.

Bards Tell How but Sage Finds it Hard Solving Problems Poetically
By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

A good many of us are unhappy at present because times are so hard. At any rate, that is what we say. But I reckon those who are unhappy now because times are so hard would still be unhappy were times not so hard. The times, as a matter of fact, have not much to do with it.

Happiness, some poet has said, is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of usefulness. (Quite a sweet idea, don't you think?) Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is a fragrance to thy spirit; love not thine own soul, regard not thine own well, trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy. See? Just like that!

It is a bit difficult, however, for some of us to solve our problems poetically. I suspect that the poet quoted above, whoever he or she may have been, was quite superior in spirit to such sordid matters as economic depressions. But most of us are not. We lack the art—or grace—of usefulness; fail to grasp the glory of it when it is not repaid in material comforts.

"I would be grand and nothing less if the advice of small-calibre philosophers and dreamy-eyed poets could be minted into a sufficient quantity of coin to procure the necessities which temperate hearts crave."

The world, like Jed Brunson's pig, is cured with a practical disposition; scratching the animal on the back when feed was scarce did not seem to reduce its appetite much.

Just the same, there are many people who are unnecessarily unhappy. When a condition of economic distress prevails in the world, they are unhappy for that reason; under other conditions, they are unhappy for other reasons.

The most fervid tirade against high taxes I have heard during the past year came from the lips of a man who never in his life owned a piece of taxable property.

It does not always follow that he or she who appears unhappy is really unhappy. Mortal happiness is largely a matter of degree. There are tastes in happiness as in other things.

Material well-being and a comfortable state of health should be sufficient reason for happiness, but it is not always so, because of an appetite for better-being, with which many of us are afflicted. Earthly life is not of sufficient length to permit the fond plans of a better-being enthusiast to be satisfactorily culminated. Each better leads to another better.

"Better" is a bad bet for the man or woman who already has enough of the fruits of industry to assure a moderate comfort.

The restless and short-tempered animal is happy only when its environment is such that it may exercise these inborn traits of its nature.

The nature of the human animal (like to be called an animal?) does not change. The most prominently marked resemblance to one another in such animals is their humanness; otherwise, they differ considerably. They continue on into life with the characteristics they started with. Nature is nature; it may soften or harden a bit, but its essential nature.

Along with the above notes, Cy Woodworth sent a private letter to the Bits man, not for publication—but it is rich enough to warrant the assumption that any old time reader will, if Mr. Woodworth does not, excuse the violation of confidence that is involved in its appearance, follow.

"I was tempted to answer Oliver Jory's story about Bena Jones and myself. He only told part of the story. Oliver happened along just as I went into my own home and he took it for granted that I had deserted Bena. The fact is I went in to get a lantern. Those of the present day can form no conception of the streets and sidewalks in South Salem. The main walk consisted of two 2x12 planks set a foot apart running lengthwise with me and of mud between them. After dark traveling was a task, so I got a lantern to see Bena home so that she would not step in a mud puddle.

"I have often wondered why Oliver was cool toward me and now I know. He was jealous. It was invading his territory. It all comes clear to me now. I can remember him looking at many a one of us going by with some pretty South Salem girl—and there were a lot of them—and looking sort of wistful. He was a girl shy and wanted to get in the game but was timid about taking the plunge. It was his own fault. Oliver was good looking, witty and smart. He could have had a regular harem if he had known how to run it.

"What a lot of names come to me as I go along. The pleasantest part is to see that some of the old timers are still making remarks about it. When Oliver Jory came to the surface it was just thrilling."

OOPLEY HAS STROKEN
LIBERTY, March 4.—John Oopley was stricken with paralysis of his entire left side early Friday morning and taken to Salem general hospital by ambulance. His condition was still quite serious Saturday morning, but his physicians expect his recovery.

2 Women of 82 are Given Hanky Shower

LYONS, March 4.—A handkerchief shower was given Thursday afternoon at the Community club rooms for Mrs. D. C. Abels and Mrs. Emma Lyons, in honor of the ladies 82nd birthdays. Mrs. Abels and Mrs. Lyons are long time residents of Lyons and their lives have meant and added much for the betterment of the community in which they live.

Grilling the Grange

RAY GILL, state grangemaster, is getting a grilling from fellow-grangers over his activities in fighting a sales tax. Many grangers, it is true support his position, which accords with the national grange. But other farmers feel that a sales tax would shift part of the heavy burden from real property, so they favor it. But whether the grange of the state favors a sales tax or opposes it, the discussion develops the fact that the grange is operated largely as a political organization with many of its officials non-farmers.

Two years ago this paper said the grange was the most powerful political party in the state. It scared legislators out of their shirts two years ago. Joseph and Meier campaigned for office as members in good standing. The grange is still political and still powerful, but it has been far less potent at this session of the legislature. It still has the threat of the initiative and referendum which it will undoubtedly use against the sales tax.

Ray Gill, grangemaster, is a business man selling seeds to farmers, though he has farm interests in connection with his business. Doc Slaughter, naturopath, has long worked the grange for office and for political power. He is no farmer; he is a political schemer who would put vast blanket mortgages on all farms of the state to carry out his socialistic notions.

The grange legislative committee has made a deal with the state federation of labor which is also in politics; and it is a safe assertion that one reason for the bitter hostility of the grange officials to the sales tax is due to this political alliance with labor. To combat the sales tax the grangers forced labor against Ben Osborne's desire to acquiesce in an income tax with very low exemptions, something labor has fought for a long time.

Labor and grange have a right to be in politics, have a right to make political alliances; but when they get into politics neck-deep the general public must pass final judgment on the virtue of the measures they espouse or oppose in conformity with their political interests.



We Have With Us Today—

THE business woman.

For today starts the week of national recognition of women in the world of business, particularly the large group organized as the Business and Professional Women's club which has grown in a few years to a body of size and importance. Locally numerous events are planned fittingly to recognize the week and honor the working women who contribute highly valuable services in the scheme of things.

No longer is business the field of mere men. Women quite some time ago invaded its sacred precincts and have won success in the professions, in business management, and in proprietorship as well as in clerical work. Their skill in the latter field has long been admitted. They are indispensable in any office of size. Not only do they do their own work with neatness and dispatch but they break the rough branches for the boss. In many a business the chief gets a lot of glory for the success of the business when in reality a goodly share is deserved by the women in his office.

Women in business bring feminine grace; they bring of course a knowledge of feminine tastes and interests; and they bring a lively intuition which is a needed supplement to the cold logic and balanced judgment of the mere male. Though at first business hardly knew how to get along with women as they entered business fields; now business frankly admits it cannot get along without them.

Oregon State romped home with basketball championships for the northwest. All of Oregon will pull now for a victory over Southern California for the coast honors. We seem to have no luck in football over the southern teams; maybe we can do better at basketball.

The other day we saw a woman coming out of the big vault at a local banking house. She had a baby in her arms. No, she hadn't pulled the blue-eyed infant out of a safe deposit box; but here's a venture,—she wouldn't trade that armful for all the contents of all the boxes of all the banks.

We venture the T. Roosevelt family descendants will make the proper social calls on the F. Roosevelt. Political ties may be stronger than blood in elections; but social ambitions are stronger than either when elections are over.

When we add the blunders of the senatorial wrecking crew to mistakes of Wall Street and LaSalle street bankers indeed it will be a real achievement if the country survives.

OPERETTA BY GLEE CLUBS IS PLEASING

WOODBURN, March 4.—Chonita, a gypsy operetta in three acts, was presented by the glee club of Woodburn high school at the auditorium Friday night.

Speaking parts, the musical themes based on the melodies of Franz Liszt, and the Gypsy dances all won praise.

Members of the cast were: Chonita, Vera Culp; Daya, Mary

23 Years Ago
UNCLE SAM OPENS BRANCH SAVINGS BANKS

From the Nation's News Files, Washington, D. C., March 5, 1910

Uncle Sam has become a banker to his people. The U. S. Postal Savings bill became a law today.

The favorable comment of those we have served has helped open a wider scope for our service. In a Rigid Service the intimate details of all arrangements are handled by an experienced professional.

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SALEM OREGON

United States National Group

Group Strength— Individual Service—

Nothing is sacrificed in the way of individual, personalized service through our affiliation with the United States National and other Group members. But a great deal is gained for both our community and our customers by greater assured strength and liquidity.

Combined resources over 90 millions

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