

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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Member of the Associated Press

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Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brumack, 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, in Advance. 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.

An Alumnus Returns

OREGON will be honored with a visit from Yosuke Matsukoa, no. 1 delegate from Japan at the league of nations, who is now returning from Geneva to Japan, following his unsuccessful attempt to prevent the league assembly from approving the report of the Lytton commission which investigated the Manchurian controversy. Matsukoa will visit this state next week. His visit here has peculiar significance because he lived in Portland through his young manhood, attended grammar school there, and graduated in 1901 from the University of Oregon law school, then located in Portland.

His subsequent career was typical of many western-trained orientals who returned to devote their talents to the motherland. The Eugene Register-Guard sums up his career in the service of his country:

"Matsukoa, since his graduation from the university, has had a notable career as a statesman and diplomat in Japan. He passed the diplomatic examination with the highest record in 1904, then successively was appointed vice-consul in Shanghai; secretary of embassy in St. Petersburg, Washington and Paris; and was secretary to the prime minister and foreign minister, Count Terauchi. He participated as a secretary in the Paris peace conference of 1919.

"In 1921 he was appointed consul-general in Chengtu, China. He was appointed as a director of the South Manchurian railway in 1922 and remained in that service until 1926. He was named vice-president of this railway in 1927, which office he resigned in 1929.

"Mr. Matsukoa was elected a member of the house of representatives in 1929, and re-elected in 1932. Last year he was sent as a personal representative of the prime minister, T. Inukai and the foreign minister, K. Yoshizawa, to Shanghai to work for the peaceful settlement of the Shanghai incident, and following this was appointed as chief delegate to the assembly of the league of nations.

Tuesday night Mr. Matsukoa addressed the New York chamber of commerce. He made a strong presentation of his country's case, which was carried by radio all over the land. He is entitled to a wide and respectful hearing. Oregon will greet him next week because he represents a great country with which we have long held friendly and profitable relations, because of his own distinction in national service, and because of the early connection which he had with this commonwealth.

Inflation or Deflation

FOR a few days the country was showing fever in the cheeks because some thought inflation was imminent with the new administration. Quite a number rushed into the markets and bought after the holiday on the belief that inflation was at hand. The events are turning out otherwise. Instead of inflation and administration seems committed to drastic and immediate deflation.

First, some 3500 banks are closed in one stroke, tying up some four or five billions of deposits. This is a third as many as failed during the previous decade.

Second, sharp reduction in incomes of government workers and veterans by the "economy" bill but continuance of high taxes for unemployment relief.

Third, letting the weak railroads go bust. The Missouri Pacific yesterday crawled into court for reorganization. Others are expected to hit the sawdust trail right away. This will be a bad jolt for savings banks, fire insurance companies, and to a lesser extent, life insurance companies; and may start a train of receiverships for them.

Fourth, deflation of farm mortgage debt which apparently means erasing a lot of this indebtedness at the expense of the creditor classes, in this case largely represented by holders of insurance policies in one form or another.

The Hoover policy was to try to sustain the financial and credit structure. Pres. Roosevelt apparently intends to give everything the quick bust in hopes that this major surgery may prove a cure. That may be correct; the government cannot continue pouring money out for farm and railroad and bank relief indefinitely. But the illusions of inflation have been utterly dissipated the past few days.

However the result may be about the same whether the future course is inflation or complete deflation. The end in sight appears to be the ruin of the thrifty, industrious, saving classes, whose savings have supplied bank deposits, financed farming, business, railroads, factories, utilities. This appears to be the result of the "new deal."

What, No Saloons?

THOSE whose memory reaches back of November will recall how the friends of "true temperance" rallied to the cry of repeal but no return of saloons. They were strong in condemnation of drinking as it flourished in the days of prohibition, admitted the evils of old open saloon days, and urged "prohibition reform" which would do away with the hypocrisy of prohibition and yet not tolerate the operation of the wicked old saloons.

The voters fell for the propaganda, so now we are being ushered into the new dispensation of "prohibition reform" when we shall have an abundance of liquor and yet no saloons. Suddenly it is discovered that unless low license fees prevail the bootlegger will still peddle his wares. Ergo, let us have low licenses. In other words we shall have universal distribution of beer. Groceries will retail it by case or keg or carton; restaurants and hotels will serve it; "soft-drink" bars will handle it. There is one peculiar provision of the proposed Salem beer ordinance, which is summarized as follows:

"Sale of 'non-intoxicating' beverages is forbidden inside, back or upper rooms, and apartments, hotels excepted; private entrances are banned. Establishments where beer is sold would have to have windows the length of the street frontage, unshaded in the space two and one-half feet and eight feet above the sidewalk level."

Now where do you suppose that section came from? Have you heard of any such provisions in former days?

No saloons? Of course we shall have no saloons in this era of "prohibition reform." Instead every restaurant will be a beer parlor and every grocery a liquor dispensary. And we call it prohibition reform! In one stride we are going back to conditions of a century ago when liquor was sold along with sugar and calico and plug tobacco, with virtually no restraint.

There are nearly seven times as many shareholders in General Motors company as at the end of 1928. As the price has gone lower more people have made purchases. Nearly half the stockholders own only from one to ten shares; and only seven per cent own over a hundred shares, so that is splitting the ownership up very widely.

The Safety Valve

Letters from
Statesman Readers

Editor, The Oregon Statesman,

Dear Sir:

Now that the wets have loosed the flood, when and how are our Washington, D. C., carpenters going to build an ark for us to float to safety on? It is said that no National laws have been enacted to control the liquor situation and that each state will have to handle its own liquor question the best way it can. Most of the states have repealed their prohibition laws, and have left the liquor question up to the various city and town councils.

Unless there is a lot of fast law making done, it seems there will be no control over liquor except within city limits. Outside of city limits we can swim out beyond the lifeline just as far as we please, and ebb and flow with the tide on an ocean of booze to our hearts content.

In various times in the past I have voiced my opinion that just such a condition would exist, as we are about to have, if prohibition were repealed. My wet friends laughed at me and pointed out that I was wrong. Why? Because you don't dare get drunk, if you do you are pinched, beheaded, boiled in oil, etc., etc.

No one will deny the existence of bootleggers, booze, graft, etc., in the last few years, nor can any one expect any other condition to stop with the coming liquor. If laws will be made, and enforced, to control the liquor situation it may be handled alright, but if the laws we had during prohibition were not honestly handled, how can we expect any other liquor law to be honestly enforced? It is just a case of "when between two evils, choose the lesser" and without doubt prohibition is the lesser of the two.

I hope this liquor business can be handled in a safe and sane manner, but it can't, we have too many automobiles and insane drivers.

I hope the farm and labor situation will be helped, but it hasn't helped the European farmer or mine, they are just as hard up as ours are.

I hope the saloon never comes back, but it will, in some form or other. In fact wherever liquor is sold can be called a saloon.

I hope the drinking class will be satisfied with 3.3 beer, but they won't. Guess it doesn't make much difference though, for in the "good old days" I have seen some mighty drunk people on 3.3 beer—and they didn't have to take a bath in it to get drunk either. Yet I've helped pay for the diamond on the barkeep's finger, in my time. I don't belong to the W.C.T.U. now, but I know booze and its work.

A. W.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 1, 1908

The Willamette university \$100,000 endowment fund is raised, with money to spare. Salem donations exceeded the \$30,000 quota by over \$225.

The Salem board of trade has voted to join hands with Stayton citizens in the plan to build an electric railway line between the two cities. It is proposed to sell bonds to finance the undertaking.

Twenty-five of Salem's young business men have effected a temporary organization of the Salem Canoe Club. V. H. Allen is president and Spencer Hunt secretary. They plan to erect a boathouse at the foot of Mill street.

April 1, 1923

Today will be a glad Easter day for a number of aged people in Salem. It is the first Sunday

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.

WITHIN THE past quarter of a century there has been a definite decrease in the number of cases of yellow fever throughout the world.

Modern medical sanitation promises that within a short time the world will be entirely free from this dreaded disease.

At one time, yellow fever was a serious menace to the inhabitants of Spain, France, England and the North Atlantic states. It was a common disease in Cuba and the Panama Canal Zone.

For many years the cause of the disease was not known. It remained for Doctor Walter Reed, an American army medical officer, to discover the cause of yellow fever. During an epidemic in Cuba, a great many American soldiers were dying of the disease. Three Americans volunteered to expose themselves to yellow fever in order that a thorough study of the disease could be made by the army doctors.

The Brave Volunteers

For a long time it was suspected that yellow fever followed the bite of a mosquito. But because there are many types of mosquitoes, it was difficult to determine which one had a part in carrying yellow fever.

The brave volunteers subjected themselves to the bites of various mosquitoes. The disease was contracted and the type of mosquito

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Chief Cassino, early day Indian with many names:

(Continuing from yesterday.) "Alexander Henry reports such an affair in April, 1814:

"Several large canoes arrived from the Willamette. . . . They informed us more particularly of the late battle. They said the Cowitch and their allies formed a party of 40 canoes and 300 warriors. Hearing of their approach, Cassino assembled his friends and allies, and sent for the Indians at the falls of the Willamette, the Callupowos, etc. The enemy were stationed across the channel, directly opposite the C. village. Cassino desired to put the boats in this ally should rush him, but to this the enemy objected. The enemy had no firearms; Cassino's party had, and opened fire at long range, without intending to kill anybody, for fear of rendering the enemy desperate, as in that case they might rush in and fight at close quarters; and he was aware that, unless blood were spilled, he had no danger to apprehend from them. Several parleys took place, but to no purpose; as Cassino always waved, and did not want to meet the enemy any more, he gave them any honorable repatriation for the injury they had sustained, matters of course could not be settled. The enemy by some means got possession of one of his slaves, for whom they allowed him to send a safe word, and he then wished them to understand that he would give them no satisfaction whatever. They retired immediately, and are now plotting to attack him at night in the clandestine manner, and to take revenge according to savage custom—to burn his village and destroy as many of his people as they can. This is their resort when the offending party will give no proper satisfaction in a public manner, and it is a very bad sign. The Cowitch are now endeavoring to win over Cassino's allies by presents of goods and slaves. Talcum assisted him in the late affair, and may do so again; but it is doubtful whether he can find means to supply his own allies while they supply the enemy. We fear he will be killed before this business ends. He is brave and adventurous, and depends much on his own people and himself; but his enemies are numerous and may overpower him, if they surprise him. He is a useful man to us, and I shall be sorry if he is killed."

"In a letter dated August 10, 1825, to the 'Governor, Chief Factors and Chief Traders' of Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. McLoughlin writes indicating the existence of active hostilities between Cassino and his father-in-law, Chief Comcomly:

"When I last had the pleasure of addressing you I expected long before this to have met Mr. F. McDonald, but I have been obliged to detain him in the first place to enable us to send a party to salt our salmon as we would be too weak to have done so after his departure.

"But while this was going on, hostilities broke out between Cassino and his father-in-law, Comcomly, which threatened to put a stop to nine-tenths of our trade, however, we think we have succeeded in bringing them to agree to make peace, indeed as far as words go they seem extremely

of occupancy of the new Old People's Home, maintained by the Methodist church.

Clashes between French soldiers and German workers at the Krupp plant at Essen, Germany, yesterday resulted in death of five of the Germans and wounding of about 50.

J. C. Perry is purchaser for \$15,000 of the building at 129 South Commercial street which was owned by J. F. Tyler, and houses a cigar store and billiard hall. W. H. Grabenhorst, Co., handled the deal.

"Our remonstrances with the chiefs, however, begin to have the effect of ameliorating the situation of those dreadfully oppressed people and Cassino the next man in respect to the slaves by kind treatment of his slaves."

(Concluded tomorrow.)

anxious to come to terms; the old man and his son are now here and have brought a good lot of skins, tomorrow they are to start and we are to escort them down, when they and Cassino will have an interview about making up their disagreements."

But Cassino was helpful in ways other than in resisting the depredations and attacks of other hostile tribes. His advice and aid were sought on many different occasions. Alexander Henry states that on January 31, 1814:

"He was spoken to on the subject of our building at the entrance of the Willamette, as well as regarding the behavior of the tribes up that river who seemed badly inclined toward us there. He promised to keep them in order."

On February 6, 1814, Henry records:

"I sent Mr. Franchere on horseback up to Cassino's village to desire him to send five horses up to Mr. Wm. Henry's to drag meat for that place; he returned in the evening accompanied by the chief."

"Again on February 7, 1814, Henry says:

"Mr. Franchere with 10 men in a birch canoe started up the Willamette to Mr. Wm. Henry's and the rest of the west down to examine the banks narrowly all the way to Fort George, in hopes of finding some suitable spot to build. Cassino sent an Indian with us down to their salmon fisheries to point out a spot which he said might answer our purpose."

"Mr. Vancouver, physician, class, Fort Vancouver, writes:

"At Vancouver in summer 1840 a young hunter from Klesno's village Wakanalasi, known to the whites as 'the fishery,' a few miles below Vancouver, very early in quest of salmon, narrowly escaped the whites at Calapooay, at Vancouver beach. . . . a middle aged woman; he was under contract with the Tuality Indians to kill at sight. He shot the woman Doctor (McLoughlin) got Klesno to bring the murderer in and says he had him in irons; for he was considered an affront to the whites for Indians to fight or kill each other near the post."

"Cassino's friendly attitude toward the whites was a part, at least, to his admiration for them. His contacts with representatives of Hudson's Bay Company were such as to make him pro-British. Sir George Simpson writes in 1824: 'Cassino, who is the most intelligent Indian I have seen and who endeavors to imitate the whites in everything, is likewise much attached to us, declares he is not an American but a relative and subject of King George.'

"Simpson also relates that Cassino offered to put one of his sons in Simpson's care to be educated at the missionary society's (Catholic) school on Red River. Simpson, however, thought it prudent to decline the offer because any serious attempt to the boy might give offense to the father."

"In Cassino's time it was the custom of Indians in the northwest to own slaves, and he was no exception to the rule. John M. Stanley, the Indian painter, says: 'The multitude of his power, he traveled to the west state, and was often accompanied by 100 SLAVES obedient to his slightest caprice.'

"But while he owned slaves, his humane treatment of them won the commendation of Sir George Simpson, who writes in 1824:

"Our remonstrances with the chiefs, however, begin to have the effect of ameliorating the situation of those dreadfully oppressed people and Cassino the next man in respect to the slaves by kind treatment of his slaves."

(Concluded tomorrow.)

Methodist Men

Of Turner Will

Gather Monday

TURNER, March 31—The Methodist Men's Brotherhood will meet Monday night, April 3. Rev. Darlow Johnson of Leslie church, Salem, will be the guest speaker. The program committee, Ernest Robinson and F. A. Rowley is also arranging a musical program. All church people and friends are welcome. At the close of the service, the election of a lay delegate will take place, who will represent the church at the next general conference.

On Tuesday night pre-Easter services will begin at the Methodist church to continue till Easter, and will be conducted by the pastor, N. Sherman Hawk. Rev. Hawk will return Monday from Tillamook after assisting the Methodist pastor there during a week of special services.

Untidy Thieves

Visit Home of

Mather Smith

FALLS CITY, March 31—The town home of H. Mather Smith was broken into some time Monday evening. A number of things were taken and a very untidy house was left by the marauders. Shelves, drawers and closets were emptied and the contents strewn around, and the thieves and other such tricks indicating the deed to be the work of children.

The Smiths have been living on their poultry ranch and had just closed up their home in town.

Christian Urban

Funeral Service

Is Held, Aurora

AURORA, March 31.—Funeral services were held Saturday for Christian Adam Urban, 30, who died at an Oregon City hospital Wednesday while he was taken Sunday suffering with blood poisoning. He was born November 30, 1902, at Wainer, Ark. The family

moved to Aurora in 1918. On December 19, 1929, he was married. Surviving him are his son, Theodore Roy, aged three; a father and mother, three brothers, Henry of Orange, Cal., Michael of Wain-

ice, Cal., George of Aurora, and one sister, Mrs. Charles Bland of Richmond, Cal. Services were conducted at Miller's mortuary by Rev. A. F. Knorr, with burial in the Aurora cemetery.

ADMISSION LARGER

WEST STATTON, March 31—In regard to the program of March 24 a mistake was made about the admission total. Instead of \$5 it was found to be \$11.70.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Faith, young and comely fiancée of Kimberley Farrell, handsome blond youth, just out of law school, leaves her position as secretary to the wealthy Mark Nesbit to marry "Kim." Mary Faith receives a note from Kim's mother inviting her to dinner. Arriving late, due to Kim's delay, Mary Faith is greeted coolly by Mrs. Farrell. Kim is late and his mother insinuates he has other interests.

CHAPTER IV

"Well, he was gone all day, Mary Faith. He got up early in the morning and drove the car out of the yard before I was really awake. Why don't you ask him where he was all day and who was with him?—I'm only his mother, of course; but you have a right to know what he does with his time."

Mary Faith shook her head.

She had a fine contempt for women who did not trust the men they loved—women like Mrs. Dan Bassett whose husband was shipping clerk at Nesbit's. . . . Dan Bassett never looked twice at any of the girls who worked in the building, but Mrs. Bassett gave him no peace. She was always popping in unexpectedly to see what he was doing and she kept the telephone wires hot on the nights when he worked late.

"I'll be no Mrs. Dan Bassett," thought Mary Faith firmly.

"I wouldn't want Kim to think I didn't trust him, Mrs. Farrell," she said. "And that's just what he would think if I started to cross-question him about things like that. I know he wants to marry me, and that's enough for me."

Mrs. Farrell blew out the match she held and tossed it under the stove where there were a dozen or so burnt matches. It flared up and she set her foot on it.

"He hasn't any business wanting to marry you or any other girl just yet!" she said violently. "He owes me a little comfort. Here we are, struggling to get along on what he makes down in that law office—and to behold! he waltzes in and says he's going to get married in two weeks! On what, I'd like to know! On what?"

"On his salary," Mary Faith replied, breaking eggs into the sizzling pan. "Sixty dollars a week is plenty of money for three people to live on comfortably. You and I can do very bit of the work around in this flat. We won't even send the laundry out."

"I don't know why he wants to get married anyway," Kim's mother went on, paying no attention to her. "I'm sure I don't."

"Everybody wants to get married sooner or later, I suppose," Mary Faith spoke as gently as she could. "You want to, you mean?"

Mrs. Farrell turned on her suddenly, her plump face full of color. "Kimberley doesn't want to get married. He knows he isn't making enough money to keep up two homes and he knows I won't be happy when he brings you here to mine. Besides that, he's running around—"

She stopped talking as Kim pushed the door open and stepped into the kitchen. He had changed his coat for a brown velvet smoking jacket and a pipe was gripped between his teeth.

"What's all the row about?" he asked mildly. "And how about a little chow for a hungry man instead of all this talk?"

His mother took a pitcher of cream from the top of the icebox and thrust it into Mary Faith's hands.

"Put that on the table. I'll watch the eggs, Mary Faith. And pour the water. The pitcher's on the sideboard."

Mary Faith carried the pitcher into the dining room where a drop-light with a yellow glass shade hung over the table. She set it down on a German silver tray that was flanked by a cut-glass vinegar cruet and a bottle of meat sauce.

"People can't call themselves poor who live as comfortably as this," she thought, glancing around the room. "Sixty dollars a week is a lot of money, if it's properly handled."

A German silver pitcher of water stood on the sideboard. When she picked it up she saw that it left a wet white ring on the polished wood. There were other faint white rings near it. No one could call Kim's mother a careful housekeeper, she found herself thinking as she began to fill the water glasses.

Suddenly there was a crash and a loud scream from the kitchen. After that there was a second of dead silence. And then Kim's voice calling her: "Mary Faith! Come here—hurry!"

Somehow his mother had managed to knock the coffee pot off the stove while she was taking the fried eggs from the pan. Streams of pale brown liquid were running down her arms and the front of her gray silk dress when Mary Faith opened the kitchen door.

The coffee pot lay on its side on the floor.

"My arms—oh, my poor arms," she was sobbing hysterically. "Oh, my arms—"

She began to moan, rolling her large head from side to side.

"Kim was trying to roll her sleeves back from her wrists."

"She's scalded herself," he said, "with that red-hot stuff—"

"It wasn't red-hot, thank goodness!" Mary Faith broke in. "She had set it on the fire just two minutes ago. It couldn't have been very hot. I was afraid she'd burn herself with the grease out of that pan. That would have been terrible. . . . I'll get some baking soda. There's nothing like it for burns."

She flung open the door of the untidy little cupboard above the sink. When she found the soda and swung around with the little blue box in her hands, Mrs. Farrell was trying to push Kim away from her.

"No, you don't have to do anything for me!" she was telling him, her voice shrill and shaken with sobs. "You've heard what she said—that coffee wasn't hot. And you believe me! You think I screamed for nothing, I suppose, both of you!"

She flattened both her hands against his chest and freed herself from him.

"I want you to let me alone!" she cried, pushing past him on her way to the kitchen door.

She stopped there an instant, looking back at him with streaming eyes.

"This is the way things will always be now in this place—her word against mine! I tell you I won't stand it. I won't stay here! I'll go down to Lucy's and live there—"

Her words were lost in a storm of loud sobs.

She slammed the door of the kitchen as she went out. Then after a half minute they heard the door of her bedroom slam.

Her face scarlet, Mary Faith bent over and picked up the coffee pot.

"Kim, you can feel it yourself," she said, holding it out to him. "It's warm, that's all. But I'm sorry I said anything about it. Only I was glad she wasn't badly burned. . . . Do you think it would help matters

"My appetite's gone," he announced sullenly, "but I'll take you somewhere for a bite if you're hungry. There's the barbecue over on Fifth Street and the tearoom down at the corner. Where do you want to go?"

"I don't want to eat if you don't," Mary Faith said quietly, shaking her head. "Please get my hat and coat—they're in your mother's room. Kim, I'll go home. You stay here with her."

"No, I'll take you home."

They finally wound up, the two of them, by going back to Mrs. Puckett's and having their dinner there.

It was eight o'clock by the time they got there and the dining room was almost empty. It seemed very cozy and peaceful with a coal fire burning in the grate and the hum of voices coming in to them from the parlor on the other side of the hall.

(To Be Continued)

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April Showers

