

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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ADVERTISING

Portland Representative Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore. Eastern Advertising Representatives Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, 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 Subscriptions: Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.50; 3 Mo. \$4.50; 6 Mo. \$8.25; 1 Year \$14.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$4.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

The Portland Journal's "Latest"

THREE years ago when the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was discussed in congress President Hoover asked for a flexible tariff provision by which on recommendation of the tariff commission the president by proclamation could lower or raise the existing schedule on particular items by not to exceed 50%. The democrats offered an amendment to the effect that no such alteration would be legal unless ratified by congress. A great battle was waged over the amendment. The democrats declared that congress was the tariff-making body and that it was an arbitrary exercise of power for the president to have that authority. They were supported by the usual run of anti-administration senators. Only when Mr. Hoover got his back up and fought was the amendment defeated.

The democratic papers about the country supported their party leaders in congress, denouncing the president and upholding the democratic senators as fighting for a "great principle."

In the new dispensation the ideas of the democrats seem to have undergone a great metamorphosis. The democratic press has seen a great light too. With its characteristic opportunism the Portland Journal endorses an even greater grant of power to the president in tariff-making than Hoover ever dreamed of. Under the title "Roosevelt's Latest," the Journal says:

"That Mr. Roosevelt will ask congress for broad powers to arrange tariff reduction by executive agreement is declared. The president hopes generally to lower world trade barriers, as an aid to business revival."

Using some of the same arguments which the republicans did in support of Mr. Hoover's demands, the Journal goes on to say regarding "Roosevelt's Latest":

"Congress might well accept the plan... to allow the president to negotiate with other nations for reciprocal tariffs would be a speedy and effective way to start international exchange moving."

"It would be common sense and business sense... The newest proposal on the Roosevelt program is sound to the core, straight to the mark, and four-square in conception. It can have no other than an excellent effect."

"And it is sound in the proposal that the negotiations be delegated to the president... The world as a whole needs the exact thing that Mr. Roosevelt is reported as about to propose to congress."

The partisan press and the party which fought and broke Hoover quickly desert "sacred principles" and invest the executive with powers far beyond those which Hoover asked in the flexible tariff provision. And the democratic president makes haste to use this same authority to reduce tariff charges on a few farm tools.

Thus far, 'mid the huzzas of the democratic papers and the sullen assent of rebellious democrats in the congress, Roosevelt is "out-republican-ing the republicans."

Dr. Cooper Calls

THE federal commissioner of education delivered himself of two ukases during his recent stop in Portland. One was that Monmouth normal should be abandoned, as the survey commission recommended, and its work consolidated with Eugene and Corvallis. The other was that federal funds should be used to help provide education in Arkansas. Those remarks were enough out of Commissioner Cooper for one trip.

First, the survey commission didn't recommend that Monmouth be closed. And we know of no educator of standing who favors throwing normal training for elementary school teachers into universities. Better to abandon the outlying normal schools and build up one strong school at Monmouth.

So far as taxing the rest of the country in order to educate people in Arkansas and Mississippi, why should that be? Those states have resources quite as rich as any other; and if they would get rid of their hookworm and fundamentalism they could develop their resources sufficiently to finance their own education.

Come again, Dr. Cooper, but next time bring some ideas that won't wash out in the Oregon mist.

The nine poor colored boys at Scotsboro, Ala., who were about to be railroaded to hanging for alleged assault on two white girls will probably be freed. The supreme court of the United States ordered a retrial and one of the girls appeared and testified the black boys didn't molest them. This will be a hard blow for the barbarous who cry out for nigger meat down south.

"A Denver man has stolen 25 cases of jigsaw puzzles. Don't put him in prison, put him in an asylum where he belongs."—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Wrong. Offer him a reward for every time he repeats the theft.

Eugene is advancing the name of Judge Skipworth for appointment to the federal circuit court of appeals. Eugene seems to forget that Skipworth is a genuine democrat. What chance would he have, with Walter Pierce for instance?

"Escape called miracle" says a headline with reference to the survivors of the Akron tragedy. Then what was the accident with the loss of the seventy other lives?

College coaches have agreed not to let their football players have beer. For years that has been reserved for the alumni.

Sen. Johnson proposes a bill to prohibit loans to foreign countries which have defaulted. Why stop with them? Domestic corporations have no better record.

Newspapers are bucking the "new deal" censorship bill. A free press is the last refuge of a republic; and censorship is a harsh-sounding word to editors.

The Portland News-Telegram gives Hon. Holman a front page spanking for going off on a vacation. Holman might fittingly quote J. Caesar: "Et tu, Brute!"

Big victory for the new deal: 50% reduction in tariff on 4-tined fertilizer forks. Is this farm relief or protectionism in relief?

New Officers Are Installed By Elks Lodge

A. Warren Jones was installed as the new exalted ruler of the Salem Elks lodge at the installation services held at the club building Thursday night.

Others taking office for the new term last night were: Frank Lynch, leading knight; Armin Berger, loyal knight; R. O. Appleby, lecturing knight; Harry Wiedner, secretary; James Clark, treasurer; H. H. Olinger, trustee for three years; E. O. Ammann, tiler; Roy Gard, alternate representative to grand lodge. Past Exalted Ruler E. A. Kurtz acted as installing officer.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

A TEACHER'S VIEWPOINT

The inspiration for this article is not animosity toward any person or group, but is written with a desire to present the teacher's case before the public. The teachers know there is a depression—they are donating funds to feed undernourished children in their schools besides giving in other ways to the community service—and they also know that some taxes are not being paid. They expect and are willing to take a reduction in salaries but feel that results will be disastrous, not only to individual teachers but to the community as well. If this reduction is too drastic...

The minimum salary for classroom teachers in Salem is now \$75 a calendar month, and the maximum is about \$108. If none of them had dependent relatives, could wear overalls to school, could cut out all the professional dues, could do without the automobile, could live well in these times and do so after a fair cut...

Out of a survey of 30 teachers made by the writer, only three had no dependent relatives and only four were not Oregon taxpayers, and one of these pays taxpayers in another state. Some have investments in good times which are now jeopardized by the depression and hand in glove danger of losing them if salary cuts are too great. One teacher is the only person in three families who has work. An investment in land made three years ago is now only the mortgage that is on it. For two years nothing has been paid on the principal, the interest only being kept up. The mortgagee has made no offer to reduce the rate, and the land does not furnish any income now. Another has a father and mother who are well to do but lost everything in the financial crash. Another father and mother are being kept from the same fate by their daughter whose salary is being used to save their investments until times get better. If the teacher's salaries are so much reduced, the financial crisis will have to be thrown on the coast that will be one more item added to the already over-burdened taxpayer.

Some things have come down but many have not. These include doctors' fees, water bills, telephone, electricity, newspapers, magazines, insurance rates, interest and taxes—at least very little. Teachers are expected to maintain certain standards of living and are constantly called upon to give to this and that. They are expected to give efficient service in the schoolroom and keep up to date in their methods. No teacher who is worried over bills, relatives in need, or threatened loss of life-time investments can do this.

Another one thing is more vital to the community than the schools, because nothing is so valuable as its children; therefore any service that makes for their welfare and training cannot be over paid. The writer's personal opinion from years of observation is that all teachers are conscientious and give of their best but their best will not be enough when worries keep them keyed to a nervous pitch.

All other Oregon school systems of practically the same size or larger are better paid and can afford to take a larger cut. A TEACHER TAXPAYER.

To the Editor:— May I ask a few questions that seem pertinent just now? First, what has become of the Marion County Tax League? Were they bought off by the legislative lobby? Why did the legislature side-step the proposed reduction in county officials' salaries? What has become of the Federal mortgage relief plant? What about the elderly city dweller who sees his investment swept away, due to the stimulating quantities of market value of real estate, in the face of high taxes and high interest rates? There than be no prosperity while real estate is a liability instead of an asset. We enjoy your editorials and generally agree with you—not always. Respectfully, S. K.

Billie Moore ran for treasurer of Douglas county on the democratic ticket. He was elected, but resigned, and thereafter was appointed and served as postmaster of Roseburg for six years. In the 1922 election "Jimmy" Hamilton ran for prosecuting attorney of the district, also as a democrat, and the two of them were the only ones on that ticket who won. Jimmy was re-elected and after serving his second term resumed the practice of law for a short time. Then he was chosen circuit judge, and has been in that office ever since; one of the ablest and longest in continuous service.

Nathan Selig of Salem is a brother of Mrs. W. N. Moore. His home is at 595 North 14th street, and he owns and operates the C. & C. store, at 248 North Commercial street. Billy visited with the Seligs while in Salem.

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WHAT A FITTY that there should ever be a failure to regard the necessities of the children! Perhaps there never was another time when the health of the little ones needed to be guarded as at present. When we are enjoying the good things of life let us not forget the thousands of little ones who are without good food. They must get on without vitamins and a nourishing thing to eat that are so essential to health and welfare.

One of the things that every mother must remember is this: There are foods which satisfy the appetite, but which do not build bones and tissue. That is why it is necessary to know exactly what foods are essential to the welfare of the growing child. The mother can do no more important thing than to make a study of food combinations. She should do this in order that she may give her little one exactly the sort of nourishing food it must have if it is to develop normally. It is the pride of every mother to have her child vigorous of health, pink of cheek, clear of eye, and energetic in every particular. The child cannot have all these good qualities unless the feeding is exactly right.

Quart of Milk a Day I wish I had time and space to go extensively into the matter of infant feeding and the feeding of young children. Of course I cannot do that today, but I can say one thing which

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Old times and times Old in Douglas county: The writer had a caller from old Douglas county the other day, followed by a talkfest about boyhood days in that part of this state that as a whole is God's country, and the Umpqua valley part of one of the fairest lands on His footstool, along with the Willamette valley of which it is an extension.

The visitor was "Billy" Moore. That is what his cronies called him in the halcyon days. William N. Moore was the name bestowed upon him when he first saw the light on his father's donation land claim in the Round Prairie section south of Roseburg. That was in 1853. Bill has held office, and has occasionally been addressed as Hon. Wm. N. Moore.

When the writer first knew him, they were boys in Roseburg, he employed as a clerk in the general store of Simon Selig, and the writer worked in all the departments of the Roseburg Flax-Dealer, of which the present News-Review is the hyphenated and lineal descendant. Boys who worked on country newspapers in those days did a little of everything, from packing and shipping to editing and wielding the long handle of the Washington hand press or running the ink roller thereof, to building fires and sweeping out the office.

Billy reminded the writer that they were both charter members of the initial Roseburg fire department, consisting of a hand engine that responded to alarms by traction furnished by strong arms of volunteers; all without pay and for the common good, with fines for failure to show up promptly and lend their help to the uttermost.

Along about that time, Billy won the hand of Minnie Selig, daughter of his employer. Their daughter, Helen Moore, is a graduate of Oregon State, is a teacher in the Myrtle Creek high school and drove the car to Salem and left her father for his visit here while she attended some get-together function at Corvallis.

In 1882, Billy Moore ran for treasurer of Douglas county on the democratic ticket. He was elected, but resigned, and thereafter was appointed and served as postmaster of Roseburg for six years. In the 1922 election "Jimmy" Hamilton ran for prosecuting attorney of the district, also as a democrat, and the two of them were the only ones on that ticket who won. Jimmy was re-elected and after serving his second term resumed the practice of law for a short time. Then he was chosen circuit judge, and has been in that office ever since; one of the ablest and longest in continuous service.

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From 1873, for 16 years, Roseburg was the terminus of the railroad, and overland stages connected the railroads there and at Redding, California, 185 miles north of Sacramento. They were drawn by three spans of horses each, and the teams operating between Ruckles and Roseburg were always beautiful white chargers.

Billy Moore and the writer, comparing notes, found that they had witnessed the departure of the last stage over the hill out of Roseburg, accompanied by the town band, and the lines held by Billy Caril, one of the best drivers of those old days, dressed in his best style. The writer had lost track of Billy Caril, but Mr. Moore says he entered the service of the West-Park express company and for many years was a trusted messenger and superintendent, passing to his long home not long ago.

The stages went out of commission as the fronts moved south and north—from Roseburg and from Redding. The last stage out of Roseburg was driven south in the late summer or early fall of 1882, and it made big news for the local paper and the Portland newspapers; the copy furnished by the West-Park express company and for many years was a trusted messenger and superintendent, passing to his long home not long ago.

With 4000 Chinese immigrants just from the Canton district, among the last to come before the exclusion act took effect, the grading went forward with a rush from Roseburg early in 1892. But how different and how slow in comparison with what would happen nowadays, with steam shovels each doing the work of some hundreds of Chinamen with picks and shovels! Roseburg was in the heart of the city, as it has been in all the 16 years when trains and stages met there.

It was a "wide-open" town, with Mr. Fuller, the express agent and main pillar of the Episcopal church, keeping his office in a corner room of the largest saloon, and with Mr. Howard, the leading gambler, handling more money each day than the newly opened bank, with his faro and "stud" poker games running day and night in the same saloon.

Sam Moore (Samuel E. after his pioneer father), lives not far away from Billy, on another large farm, part of which was the original donation claim of their father. His address is Dillard. Sam was one of the leading young men of this section in the early days, and still maintains that distinction, with the added years that have passed rather lightly over his genial spirit.

Times change! The fleeting days bring unforeseen eventualities. Billy Moore, away back about 1893, or before, wished to join the A.O.U.W. in the section, and into the newly organized A.O.U.W. lodge. He went to the leading doctor and sought the necessary medical examination. He was slight of build and the doctor advised that he feared he could not pass him as a searching examination. So he cautioned him to go to another doctor, who had his knowledge of medicine from a casual book and a knack for mixing herbs, and would not be particular.

Billy did this. The class included about 20 of the leading men of the day in the section, and Billy is the last one left. The others have all "gone west," taken the shining one way road, while Billy enjoys his three good meals a day and likes his jokes and laughs indulgently at those of his friends, as of yore, every day, when prunes and wool and lamb, his staple products, sell at better prices, and when work at this end is not so urgent and crowded, Billy promises to come back to Salem and enjoy a more extended sojourn—for there are so many things to talk about that happened when things boomed in southern Oregon. Billy was the youngest man ever elected treasurer of Douglas county. He looked the part, too, but in spirit he retains his youth.

Roseburg lodge of the A.O.U.W. is No. 16; so the reader can see it was among the early ones organized.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Faith, young and comely orphan, is secretary to Mark Nesbit, wealthy, young business man. She informs Mark that she is leaving her position to marry Klemberly Foyel, leader of young lawyers, to whom she has been engaged for some time. Invited to Kim's house for dinner, Mary Faith is greeted coldly by his mother. Later, Kim starts Mary Faith by breaking his engagement and asking for the ring. The next morning, Mary Faith informs her co-workers that she is not to be married. She asks them to take back their presents. After working late, Mark Nesbit takes Mary Faith to dinner and home to her boarding house in his car. Slowly Mary Faith learns to live her life without Kim. When Mark Nesbit injures his ankle, Mary Faith is driven to his country home to take dictation. She meets his mother and enjoys the charming home life of the Nesbits.

CHAPTER X Before Mary Faith could say a word he went on: "A man in an office trains himself not to take a personal or sentimental interest in the young women he sees there all day long. It's one of the rules of good business that he should see them simply as fellow workers—I think that's why I've accustomed myself to think of you simply as a valuable assistant of mine and not as the very attractive girl that you are."

Mary Faith looked at him gravely. That had not been Kim's way of looking at the girl who worked in his office. For an instant Kim's face was in her mind, flushed and sulky as she had seen it that last morning in Hainforth Park. For an instant she could hear his voice telling her once more that he had fallen in love with the Janet-girl in his office.

"And now let's see about these letters..." Mark Nesbit's voice brought her back to the present. It was three o'clock when she finished her work. "Loftus will come for you tomorrow morning along about eleven," Mark Nesbit told her when she was leaving. "You're the real victim of the accident of mine, Mary Faith. Coming out here every day for the next couple of weeks isn't going to be very pleasant for you."

"Oh, I really enjoyed coming out here today. It was like playing hooky from school," Mary Faith beamed at him from the threshold. From the landing, on her way downstairs, she could look into an astonishingly large room at the end of the hall. A room of great carved tables and wide sofas, gilt picture frames that shone in the fire glow, twin crystal chandeliers that looked like two frozen fountains, books and magazines every where. A room that had a comfortable "lived in" look in spite of its size and splendor.

Mary Faith gazed at it as she might have gazed at one of the model rooms on the top floor of Hanscombe's furniture store downtown. "And he calls you by your first name lately, I notice. I'd say he had more than an adding-machine interest in you, if you asked me!" "But I'm not asking you. I don't have to ask anyone how Mr. Nesbit feels about me. I know," Mary Faith said as sharply as she ever said anything. "Just this afternoon he told me no sensible man ever lets himself fall in love with any of the girls in his office."

"Applesauce," Jean said under her breath. "I like Mr. Nesbit. I can't imagine working for a nicer person," Mary Faith went on. "But I never could fall in love with him, Jean. Even if he fell in love with me, by some wild chance, I never could."

"Why not, for Pete's sake?" "Well, I hardly know how to tell you—but I know I couldn't." Mary Faith tried to explain her singleness of heart. "I'd always be thinking about Kim."

Jean stared at her for a minute. Then she slowly shook her glossy, marbled head. "Oh, you poor sap, Mary Faith Fenton!" she said. "Well, I certainly hope you had a pleasant afternoon at the meeting of the Garden Club, Miss Fenton," she said in a mock society voice. "Or did you play bridge and were these the booty prizes?"

"Mr. Nesbit's mother gave them to me," Mary Faith explained, laughing. "Aren't they lovely? She gives them herself. I'm going to give half of them to you."

"Did you meet his sisters, too, Mary Faith?" Jean asked. "What's their house like? What did you have for lunch? Are you going out again tomorrow?" Her questions rattled around Mary Faith's head like bullets.

Then she counted the roses that lay on the desk. "Two dozen of them! Does the woman keep a greenhouse? ... You must have a terrible drag with her already, Mary Faith, to have her hang a bouquet like that on you!" she remarked in her sharp way.

"No, I haven't any drag with her at all, Jean. She's just plain nice. She and Mr. Nesbit treated me as if I were some honored guest in their house instead of just a secretary out there to do her work. We all had lunch together in front of an open fire, and really I had a lovely time."

"Well, why shouldn't they be nice to you?" Jean wanted to know. "You're just as good as they are any day in the week. You may not have as much money as they have but you certainly have everything else, Mary Faith. You're smart and you have absolutely swell manners—and I'll bet they don't know anybody who's any better-looking than you are. ... Are you going out there again tomorrow?"

"I'm going out every day for a while, until Mr. Nesbit's able to come down here, I suppose."

Jean heaved a long loud sigh. "If some kind Providence would give me a break like that—just once!" "I mean I'd make good use of it! If I were going out to Mark Nesbit's house for lunch every day the way you are, believe you me he'd be falling for me after a few days or I'd miss my guess. ... Men are always sentimental and soft-hearted when they're laid up. Just think of the ones who marry their trained nurses!"

"Jean, please don't say things like that!" Mary Faith interrupted her. "If they got back to Mr. Nesbit, and I'd both lose our jobs in all probability. And what you say is absurd anyway. I'm about as interesting to Mr. Nesbit as an adding machine."

"He drove you home one night not so long ago. Dan Bassett says you start out together," said Jean, who had a nose for news and missed nothing that went on in the building. "And he calls you by your first name lately, I notice. I'd say he had more than an adding-machine interest in you, if you asked me!"

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"In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy--"