

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

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**HEALTH**  
 By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IT IS quite common to see individuals who have small tumors or swellings of the wrist. These swellings are round, smooth, slowly growing masses found beneath the skin. "Ganglion" is one medical term for this condition; "weeping snail" is another. A ganglion is really a small cyst located within the sheath of a muscle tendon. It is a painless tumor, containing a fluid which closely resembles glycerine. Though most frequently found on the wrist, it is occasionally seen on the foot.

Ganglions are generally a simple and harmless thing; yet cases of a more serious nature are often reported. It may be disfiguring and sometimes seriously interferes with the movements of the nearby joint.

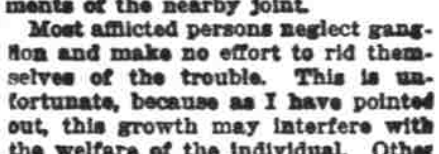
Most afflicted persons neglect ganglion and make no effort to rid themselves of the trouble. This is unfortunate, because as I have pointed out, this growth may interfere with the welfare of the individual. Other persons are too zealous in their efforts to get rid of the ailment.

**Drastic Treatment**  
 I have in mind the all too common practice of rupturing the ganglion by striking it with a heavy book. There is a superstitious belief that the heavy book should be the family Bible. But no matter what book is used that is not good treatment. It is true that the ganglion may disappear after a severe blow, but I do not recommend this procedure.

I warn you against this old-fashioned and unscientific method of treatment. The ganglion may rupture as a result of the blow, but in most instances the swelling will recur and often it comes back as a painful and inflamed growth. It then becomes necessary for somewhat extensive treatment.

Most persons dread the knife. But the best treatment for ganglion is to excise the mass. Modern surgery enables this operation to be performed with a local anesthetic and without any discomfort.

In what I have said I do not mean to imply that all tumors of the wrist or ankle are ganglion. If you have a swelling in this part of the body and it grows slowly and without pain, it is probably a ganglion. You can confirm the diagnosis by consultation with your physician. He will advise you.



Dr. Copeland

**HEALTH BITS for BREAKFAST**  
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Gray's widow, nothing, for Walsh's few day wife, \$9000.

Edmond S. Meany, managing editor of the Washington Historical Quarterly, contributed the following article to the July, 1929, issue of that magazine:

"All who are interested in the history of the Pacific Northwest love to honor the memory of Captain Robert Gray. His brilliant work of discovery and exploration, notably his discovery of Grays Harbor and the Columbia River, form chapters in every adequate history of this region yet published. The climax of that work was reached in 1792. Subsequently he commanded trading vessels from Boston until his death in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806. He was born near Tiverton, Rhode Island, in 1755. Such few and brief biographical facts have been repeated over and over again. Other facts are greedily welcomed whenever they appear.

"Captain Gray's discoveries were important among the foundations on which were reared the American flag and, ultimately, American sovereignty over a large portion of the Pacific Northwest. What could be more natural than this increasing interest in such a man and his work?"

"One evidence of the genuineness of such interest is the tablet near the lone 'beacon' tree on Damon's Point, Grays Harbor, bearing this inscription:

"Tradition links this tree with the name of Captain Robert Gray, who on May 7th 1792, entered this harbor in his ship Columbia. This tablet was erected in his honor by the Robert Gray Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, May 7th, 1911. The site of the monument is on the north side of the harbor."

Twenty-one years later history took a curious misstep by wrongly recording Mrs. Gray's death. William A. Stinson, on returning from the Columbia river country in 1837, sought more information about the Columbia's voyage than was included in the published extracts. He hired Thomas Bullfinch, son of Charles Bullfinch, one of the ship's owners, to make the search. He reported that both Mrs. Gray and her brother, Captain Silas Atkins, had died a number of years before and that Mrs. Gray's papers had gone to her niece, Mrs. Nash. Thomas Bullfinch found the niece who readily produced one volume of the desired log. When asked for the other volume which contained the discovery records she said it had been used for waste paper.

"Charles Bullfinch, then an old man of 76 years, was greatly disappointed, but he went on to the original extracts and prepared an affidavit embracing as complete a record as he could say that it 'may in future be important in determining the right of the United States to the honor of discovering the river, and consequently to the right of jurisdiction over the country adjacent.' This affidavit was dated at Boston, April 21, 1838, and is found in U. S. Public Documents, Serial Number 318, Senate Document 476, pages 13-15.

"The publication seemed for the West quite definite, as to future dependence on those extracts in place of the previous log that had been destroyed, and definite also as to the death of Mrs. Gray. However, early western readers should have known that the report of her death 'some years before 1837' was an error. The Oregon Spectator for September 3, 1846, published a memorial to congress from the widow of Captain Gray. It has been copied from the Old Oregon newspaper by Nellie E. Piper, librarian of the Oregon Historical Society, as follows: 'Memorial from the Widow of the Discoverer of the Columbia:

"Mr. Winthrop of Boston submitted to the House on Monday

**Oregon and New York**

**THE** Portland Journal, consistently misleading and frequently abusive, draws a parallel between Oregon and New York in the matter of utility legislation. After detailing the legislation which Governor Lehman asked to be enacted in New York state, the Journal, which headed its editorial "Unlike Oregon Solons" proceeded to say:

"But the Oregon legislature, to the amazement of the people of the state, turned down every request by Commissioner Thomas for authority to adequately deal with distant holding companies."

That is false; and the Journal knows it is false. The Oregon legislature granted to Commissioner Thomas vast powers, which in our humble opinion are fully adequate not only for dealing with the holding company evil, but for proper regulation of rates and services within this state. The legislature did not give Thomas precisely the bill he asked for; but as the law was finally passed it supplies him with as much authority as he can well employ. The Journal, in its insinuating campaign of misrepresentation works a fraud on its readers and makes an unmerited reflection on the Oregon legislature.

The irony of it all is the actual truth in the heading: "Unlike Oregon Solons." For while the Oregon legislature did enact adequate and comprehensive utility legislation, the New York legislature turned down Gov. Lehman's program quite decisively, passing only a few of the items he recommended.

**Morgan's Benediction**

**THE** pontifical benediction which J. P. Morgan promptly bestowed on abandonment of the gold standard is the biggest joke of the week. It was Morgan who issued practically the same statement when England left the gold standard in September, 1931. Since one was a foil for the effects of the other (ostensibly at least) Morgan thus appears to extend his blessings to friend and foe. The alacrity with which Morgan climbed the political bandwagon may find some explanation in the prospect of going to the laundry which the Morgan house faces.

The house of Morgan has been pitifully impotent all through the depression. The elder J. P. met and mastered the 1907 panic by personal generalship. All the junior J. P. did was to send in a fair-haired broker one day to buy some U. S. steel stock supplementing it with full publicity, in an effort to stem the tide. Apparently all that the house of Morgan has done for three years has been to crawl in its cyclone cellar and get ready to come out for the highly profitable "reorganization" work which always follows such windstorms.

The public should know that such ex-post facto endorsements as Morgan made this week are pure bunk for propaganda purposes, made either with the notion the public is dumb or else to gain political favor with the powers that be.—which Morgan now stands in need of.

**Britain and Russia**

**GREAT BRITAIN** made a drastic thrust at Russia in retaliation for conviction of four British workers in a Moscow court. Imports from Russia were ordered cut 80% unless the prison sentences imposed on two of the Englishmen are reduced to banishment from Russia. The embargo threat is surely a drastic move; and indicates either that Great Britain is convinced of the injustice of the trials or else that she is much more deeply involved in espionage and sabotage than she has admitted.

Were the trials merely additional scenery to revive the spirits of the communistic masses? Revolution has always thrived on hatred or fear of foreign intervention. The French revolution was revived and saved when Frenchmen rallied to protect France from foreign intervention seeking Bourbon restoration. Periodically the soviets have staged some dramatic spectacle to rouse renewed devotion to the soviet cause.

Against this theory in the cases just closed is the open confession of one of the Englishmen, MacDonald, who persisted in his admission of wrong-doing. The Russians confessed; but that is characteristic of such trials of Russians whose only hope of mercy is admission of guilt.

It is a tangled skein indeed, both within Russia and in the relations of Russia and other powers. It is the job of history finally to ferret out the actual truth, which is often denied contemporaneous eyes.

The government loaning agency is now trying to dictate to wool growers how and where their wool shall be sold. Borrowers are not permitted to market their wool at country points but have to consign it to approved dealers, particularly the National Wool marketing corporation, which made such a big flase with mohair and wool for several years. This cuts off the woolen mills of Oregon from buying direct from these growers, something they have done from the beginning of the manufacture here. The mills are protesting, and there may be some modification. It is just an example however of what all business will be up against when the "new deal" laws get passed and the cabinet officers start to regulate everything.

The general passenger agent of the Union Pacific, J. P. Cummins, is urging Portland to adopt a new official rose to replace the Madame Caroline Testout, which is regarded as too much of a cabbage to try the roses of Portland. The idea is a good one; for the Testout, good as it is for hedges and borders, is rather a coarse rose. Rose culture has advanced rapidly in the last quarter-century and there are many varieties more suitable for being called THE Portland rose. The difficulty will be in agreeing on which one of the many beauties to select for the honor.

Now if the governor would only grant a moratorium on paying for fishing licenses we'd go fishing. A democrat in the white house, the country off the gold standard, is a good time for us to see how the fish are biting on the upper forks of Salt creek.

News reports from Berlin are to the effect that the Free Masons order in Germany is to be reorganized and the Jews dropped, sweeping away the practice of 200 years. This is a surprising capitulation from a body that claims ancestry back to Solomon, and which has itself faced and survived opposition and suppression in many lands.

A woman of 31 died after a face lifting operation. Only 31; most of them at that age can look young and giddy with only cosmetics.

The nazis make quite a stir in their attacks on the Jews. The latter however can afford to be patient. They know that Hitler will want to borrow some money before long.

**Yesterdays**  
 ... Of Old Salem  
 Town Talks from the Statesman of Earlier Days

**April 22, 1908**  
 White women and children are to be given work picking loganberries the ensuing summer in preference to Japanese by A. M. Asplund, an extensive grower of these berries at Brooks.

The new electric railway bridge over North Mill creek on Commercial street is a very substantial improvement. The concrete viaduct can now be used by teams without danger to their owners or drivers.

What should prove to be a very interesting race will be pulled off at 7 o'clock tonight in front of the court house, when representative teams from the various boys' clubs of the Salem Sunday school will compete in a relay potato race.

**April 22, 1908**  
 One appointment and two new appointments given Friday board of health, and one new appointment on the state board of medical examiners were yesterday made by Governor Pierce.

The tomb of Old Tut will not be disturbed until October and we shall have to wait to see whether any of our paragraphs are to be found in the withered and of the more or less distinguished dead.—Los Angeles Times.

Herbert Hoover served Oregon apples at a dinner October and we are applying to the resident employes in Washington of the department of commerce. Mr. Hoover is true to the state where he was a boy and a helper in getting orchards started.

**"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON**

**SYNOPSIS**  
 Mary Faith, comely young orphan, gives up her position as secretary to the wealthy Mark Nesbitt to marry Kimberley Farrell, Kim, a young childless lawyer, lives with his mother. When the latter objects to the marriage, Kim brusquely starts Mary Faith by breaking the engagement. Later, when he sees her with Mark Nesbitt in a jewelry store, selecting a ring, his jealousy is aroused. The next morning he appears at Mary Faith's boarding house and overchairs her with his protestations of love. She again leaves her position and, after a hasty marriage, they spend an ecstatic two weeks' honeymoon in the house of Kim's aunt in the country. Returning home, Mary Faith moves to the Farrell apartment. Kim's friends, Claire and Jack Maldon, find Mary Faith a dull companion for their jazy parties. Mary Faith realizes Kim is interested by his failure to drink and gamble. During the winter Kim attends the parties alone. Mary Faith takes care of the house but knows nothing of Kim's finances. When he hints at being pinched for money, Mary Faith accedes to his request for \$50. Later, he admits taking that sum from the firm's collections for his own use. The next night, at dinner, he tells Mary Faith he has lost his position. He then persuades her to let him have a thousand dollars to open his own office. Mary Faith, learning that she is to become a mother, joyously visits Kim's office to tell him the good news. She finds him flirting with a girl. Kim is furious. Mary Faith decides not to tell him of the approaching event.

**CHAPTER XXII**  
 With a great effort she pulled herself up out of the chair and walked around the desk to him.  
 "Let's not quarrel about her, Kim," She bent over him and laid her cheek against his smooth blond head. "I came up here tonight to talk to you."  
 "You came up here to spy on me."  
 He pushed her gently but very firmly away from him. "And now that you've found out what you wanted to know, I suppose you'll keep nagging at me until I put that little kid out of my office." His face was set to the mood of sullen anger.  
 "Have I ever nagged you, Kim?" She was sure that she never had.  
 "Good lord, you started before we'd been married three days! You nagged me about smoking cigarettes. You nagged me about taking a drink. You nagged me about the Maldons. . . . You knew I liked to go to the house but would you go there with me? Not on your life! And when I went without you, you nagged me about the wickedness of playing cards for a little money. To hear you talk, their flat was a gambling den!"  
 Mary Faith listened to him with a dreadful sinking of her heart. What on earth was the matter with him? Why did he want to go on quarreling with her like this? And all about nothing, really. . . .  
 "I said you refused to go to the Maldons, Kim," she said helplessly. "I was perfectly willing to go so long as I didn't have to take a drink or play cards for money. I told you that. Don't you remember?"  
 "Yes—you're a regular dead-game sport! There was biting sarcasm in Kim's voice. He pulled out his watch and looked at it.  
 "It's half past five," he said. "Let's go. We can finish the battle at home. It'll be a swell way to spend the evening."  
 As they stood in the hall, waiting for the elevator, he looked at her suddenly, his eyes as gray as steel, the pupils like pin points.  
 "What said you came up here to talk to me about something," he said. "What was it? What's on your mind?"  
 Mary Faith didn't answer him for a minute or two. She stood, looking at the bronze doors of the elevator shaft, and slowly shaking her head.  
 ". . . This, of all times, was not the time to tell him what Dr. Thatcher had told her that afternoon.  
 "Nothing—I'll tell you some other time," she said at last.  
 Mrs. Farrell was walking up and down the sidewalk in front of the apartment when they turned into

Wilton Street. She was wearing an old golf cap and the chilly air had whipped some color into her broad face.  
 "I suppose I ought to be in the kitchen getting dinner ready," she greeted them. "But it was so nice out here that I just couldn't go in."  
 "How about a little drive in the park, Mother?" Kim asked her and she beamed with pleasure. It wasn't very often that he took her for a drive.  
 Mary Faith went into the flat and began to get the dinner ready. There was cold roast beef, left over from Sunday, and a bowl of vegetable salad that she had put on the ice early that afternoon before she started for the doctor's office.  
 She would make some soda biscuits, she decided. Kim liked them, split and toasted and covered with melting butter.  
 She had them in the oven and was setting the table when she heard his car drive up in front of the apartment. She knew the sound of its engine and the rattle of its one loose mudguard.  
 His mother came into the flat alone.  
 "Where's Kim? Putting the car away?" Mary Faith asked her.  
 His mother shook her head. "No. He said he wasn't going to have dinner with us tonight. He said something about a business engagement that he had to keep."  
 It was half past nine that night when he came home. He came walking out into the kitchen where his mother and Mary Faith were at that moment, dampening and folding down the clothes that they had washed that morning.  
 The little room was filled with the fresh sweet smell of clean linen, and the new Dutch cover on the sink ticked with a cory, happy sound. The kitchen was a very pleasant and comfortable place these days.  
 "I was afraid you two would be in bed," Kim said, pulling a chair out from under the table and setting one foot up on its seat. "I want to talk to you."  
 Mary Faith saw him brace himself to go on. "I've been down town in my office all evening, thinking things over," he said. "I've spent almost half of the little bit of capital that I had to start with—and I haven't made a cent this whole month. I haven't had a single client—not one."  
 "Well, I wouldn't be discouraged, Kim," Mary Faith looked up at him over the sheet she was folding. "What's a month? It takes time to succeed."  
 He went on as if she had not spoken: "And so I've come to the conclusion that we'll have to give up this flat if I'm going to keep the office open. If we don't I'm just going to fail, that's all. I haven't the money to keep up both places."  
 "Why, you must be crazy!" His mother's voice was a wail. "I've lived in this flat for more years than I've got fingers and toes, Kimberley Farrell! It's my home, and I'm not going to break up my home for anybody! I can't. . . . Why where would I go when I left here?"  
 She sat down at the table and began to wring her hands.  
 "Why couldn't you go out to Garrettsville and stay with Aunt Ella for a while?" Kim asked her. "She'd be tickled to death to have you, and you could put your furniture into storage. It would be a rest for you."  
 "And what about you and Mary Faith? Where would you go?"  
 Kim shrugged his broad shoulders and the light above his head glistened on his blond hair as he turned to look at Mary Faith.  
 "Oh, I'd get a cheap room somewhere—and I imagine Mary Faith would go back to Mrs. Puckett's," he said. "You agree with me that this is the best thing for all of us, don't you, Mary Faith? You and I have been married for five months and I don't believe that either one of us thinks that our marriage is a howling success."  
 Mary Faith caught her breath sharply as if he had dealt her a stunning blow. She put her hands up before her face as if she were trying to protect herself from him.  
 "You don't mean that you think we ought to separate, Kim? You don't mean that you're tired of me?"  
 "Well, I think we're pretty tired of each other. We're on each other's nerves—and I know we'd be a lot happier if we didn't see each other for a while."  
 Mary Faith closed her eyes. . . . Happy? Why, she had never been so happy in her life as she had been at five o'clock that afternoon, walking along in the sunshine of Spring Street on her way to his office!  
 "Besides, I can't support you," she heard him say. "You know, yourself, that it's going to take every nickel I have to keep myself from starving to death for the next few months—and my advice to you is to go back to your great friend, Nesbitt, and ask him for your old job. He'll probably be more than glad to give it to you when you tell him you've left me."  
 "Let you?" She stared at him.  
 (To Be Continued)  
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The following memorial:  
 "To the honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:  
 "The petition of Martha Gray respectfully sets forth: That your petitioner is the widow of Captain Robert Gray, well known as the navigator who discovered, first in 1791 and gave its present name to the 'Columbia River.' That your petitioner was left a widow nearly 40 years ago, with four young daughters, and without adequate means for their education and support. That she has struggled thus far through life amidst great difficulties and adverse trials, and in her advanced age is still in circumstances requiring the strictest economy. That her daughters are yet living, and three of them remain unmarried. That her late husband, Captain Gray, was in the naval service of his country during a part of the war of the Revolution, and that your petitioner is unable under the existing laws to entitle herself to be placed upon the list of United States pensioners, the act granting half-pay and pension to certain widows and for other purposes providing only for widows whose marriage took place before the first of January, 1794, and her marriage having taken place in the month of February, 1794. That neither her late husband during his lifetime, nor his family since his decease, have received the slightest pecuniary benefit from the great discovery herein referred to; and your petitioner, for the first time, appeals to the justice of her country with confidence; that, at the moment when your honorable body is spreading before the world the claims of the United States to a vast territory of immense value, and founding these claims, to a great extent, upon a

**The Safety Valve**  
 Letters from Statesman Readers

**Editor Statesman:**  
 Sunday we celebrated Easter. The word is of pagan origin. It is found but once in the Bible, Acts 12:4. Both our later versions 1831 and 1901 use "Passover." That is better. We are told in I Cor. 5:7: "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." That let us say "passover" instead of "Easter." Jesus then is our passover. He passes over our sins when we repent. Our yearly "Easter" is but an empty, misnamed name if that is all we make of it. We may sing and make our display. It is all "sound and fury" and thinking "cymbals" when forgetting our divine pass-over.

In 2 Tim 3:5, Paul told young Timothy to remember that Jesus (our passover) arose from the dead. Not so much to remember the time as the fact, say "passover" the fact would be empty. As Jesus "arose for our justification," Rom. 4:25. We need to keep in mind that fact more than the time.

N. J. BOWERS.

**MUSIC WEEK PLANS BEGUN, SILVERTON**

SILVERTON, April 21—Music week plans at Silverton are being formulated with Mrs. Gertrude Cameron at the head of the local arrangements. Music week observance will open with special music arrangements in all of the Silverton churches on May 7. Monday night will be the Young People's concert; Wednesday morning at 9 a. m. a program will be given at the Eugene Field arena. Thursday music week will be the "Evening of Song and Orchestra."  
 A program of sacred music commemorating Mother's day will be given by the churches on the first of May 14. Mrs. Cameron is selecting a committee to assist