

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Hawley Mail Bags

FORMER Congressman Hawley was subjected to unmerited publicity which insinuated that he had abused the franking privilege in the dispatch of matter from Washington to Salem on his retirement from congress. On his arrival here Mr. Hawley merely stated that the contents of the postal sacks were documents, letters, etc. of an official character, the accumulation of his quarter century of service at the national capital. He destroyed as much matter as appeared to be worthless; the remainder it seemed advisable to preserve for possible future reference.

In a letter to the Oregonian former congressman Johnson of Hoquiam related what Mr. Hawley did not deign to report. It is only justice to Mr. Hawley to reprint a portion of the Johnson letter:

"Mr. Hawley shipped several thousand pounds of furniture and personal effects by boat from Norfolk, Va., to Portland at considerable cost. These were his personal effects. The sacks and boxes sent by mail were his valuable public documents, files, not of value to his successors, official reference books and the like, all of them official government documents.

"I presume that Mr. Hawley will place his library of books and documents on tariff matters in the Oregon state library. I expect to present my personal collection of books and documents on immigration, citizenship, deportation, communism, etc., in our state library at Olympia.

"When I left my seat in congress, March 4, I shipped from my office to Hoquiam ten boxes and sacks after leaving for my two successors (the third district having been divided) papers, maps, affidavits, etc., pertaining to pending official business, after destroying the equivalent of 20 sacks of accumulated files of no present value. I shipped by boat freight from Philadelphia about 8000 pounds, or four tons of personal effects.

"In the sacks of files sent home by me it is probable that not one letter in a thousand will be needed, but should it be needed, I will have it here filed. The cost of rearranging these files and the work of carrying on post-official correspondence is considerable.

"A retired congressman is permitted to 'frank' his letters on official business until the beginning of the succeeding regular session."

The Spurt in Prices

COMMODITY and security prices have been moving forward of late and took a sharp spurt yesterday. Hops touched 40c, the highest price in many years. Wheat went up several cents a bushel. Stocks zoomed, reminiscent of "new era" days.

While fear or hope of inflation may account for this burst of buying, the increase in prices is fully justified; because the prolonged deflation has put them far below cost of production levels. When that happens eventually there must be a rally in prices. Once the vicious downward spiral is broken, then recovery sets in and the spiral is reversed. We have been convinced for some time that all that was lacking now was a psychological attitude to stimulate forward buying; and that once it was well started, people would come out of their cyclone cellars and start to do business again.

It would not be at all surprising if Roosevelt never used the authority which the inflation bill gives him to devalue the dollar. There is such an abundance of material for price increases without cutting the dollar and making it just one more variable in the scheme of things, that we hope business recovery is rapid and substantial enough that the dollar may not be tampered with. For once we start tinkering with the gold content of the dollar, there may be no stopping.

Future months promise to hold intense interest for the merchant, the banker, the farmer, the manufacturer, and the wage-earner and civil employe.

Prices for Home-Grown Produce

THE chamber of commerce or some other leadership might well undertake to protect the growers of produce for table use, now that home marketing is about to start. Under the stress of keen competition merchants may be constrained to reduce prices to the point where the grower gets very little for his produce. If there could be some common understanding which would prevent the farmer being made the goat on the price-cutting, it would be a good thing for the community; because then the grower would have money to spend and he would spend it in these markets.

Soon home producers will be in the markets with vegetables, berries, fruits, etc. There should not be any attempt at a hold-up of the consumers, and prices would need to be on equivalent levels with Portland produce markets. But there seems to be a field here in which the grower can be protected and the consumer not penalized; which still would leave plenty of items for free competition among merchants.

Agriculture deserves a better break in its business dealings with the city. Without waiting for relief from Washington, something might be accomplished by local cooperation among producers, merchants, consumers.

The treatment accorded a judge in the court at LeMars, Iowa, was not fairly representative of the people of that great state. It was an outbreak of ruffianism, such as leads the way to anarchy. The Midwest has suffered great agonies. We have many friends and relatives in that old state, and we know what a strain they have been under. But Iowa is not launching revolution; and the state as a whole will be quick to repudiate the hoodlums which vented its senseless fury on a helpless but brave and honest judge.

A young lady by the name of Janet Fitch at the University of Oregon won a prize in a short story contest there. They should have put her under a handicap however because her father was the late George Fitch, whose "Sivash" stories are vividly remembered by all those who went to college in the Walter Eckersall days. Oregon hopes the girl possesses her father's talent in large degree.

Stelver voted for inflation and for the farm bill with the inflation amendment. Stelver voted against inflation but for the farm bill after the inflation amendment was added. Stelver's spitting about giving more power to the president turned out to be—just spitting. He caught the graball as the coach went by. McNary, of course, can still front both ways.

This man Robinson of Indiana is the republican party's Huey Long contribution to the U. S. senate. He is proceeding to do all he can to embarrass the Roosevelt program the same as he did the Hoover program.

We get such a headache reading column after column of news of economies and politics that it is almost a relief to read some fresh scandal about some preacher back in Omaha.

The business clouds are beginning to have a free silver lining.



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 30, 1908

Washington—As a result of the conferences of Republican leaders a new bill has been introduced providing for the formation of a national clearing house association with not less than 10 national banks with an aggregate capital of \$5,000,000.

Commencement exercises opened at Willamette university last night when a class of ten, and two nurses, was graduated from the college of medicine at the First M. E. church.

All the present local option skirmishes are simply preparatory to a movement to make the entire state go dry two years hence. Prohibitions for the entire state is to be put up to the people by the Anti-Saloon league in 1910.

April 30, 1923

Sam A. Kozar, secretary of state, Roy A. Kiehl, state highway engineer, T. A. Rafferty, state traffic inspector and Carl D. Gabrielson, superintendent of the automobile registration division, returned yesterday from a conference with California state officials at Sacramento.

Defying Art Hickman, Paul Ash, Paul Whiteman and all others, Mamie Smith, photograph record star appearing at the Grand theater in "Struttin' Along," makes a statement to the effect that jazz originated in the

Same Old Caddy



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer liquor fights:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Fateful days passed at Oregon City and old Fort Vancouver, for two nations, if not for the world.

The committee on apportionment (meaning districts or counties), of which Jesse Applegate was the outstanding member, sent a sub-committee, of which he was the chief spokesman, to have a secret talk with Dr. McLoughlin. This was done, and this sub-committee carried back to the little legislature of 13 a written acceptance from Dr. McLoughlin and his men, in authority, James Douglas, dated Aug. 14, 1845.

Quickly the agreement was ratified by the legislature of 13, and officers of the Hudson's Bay company were elected to places under the provisional government. Thus the lion and the eagle were joined. And "NOT ONE MOMENT TOO SOON," wrote Bancroft. Not so soon for what? To avert a third war with Great Britain.

Without previous announcement, a few days thereafter arrived from Puget Sound Lieut. Wm. Peel, and Captain Park of the Royal Marines, with a letter from the commander of the British naval forces in Pacific waters, 15 vessels carrying 400 guns, saying firm protection was ready for the safeguarding of British subjects in Oregon if they required it.

Had this offer come in June instead of August, there would certainly have been war. The threatened bloody conflict was averted by Dr. John McLoughlin and Jesse Applegate sitting down together in secret conference at old Fort Vancouver. Lieut. Peel was the third son of Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister and leading statesman of Great Britain.

He visited the settlers of the Willamette valley, learned from first hand, the manner and temper of the men who had crossed the plains in covered wagons—soon departed and was in London to report to his illustrious father Feb. 9 or 10 following—unheard of speed for that day. Followed quickly the international boundary treaty, passed by parliament, and ratified by the U. S. senate June 15 following. Thus was settled the long and troublesome "Oregon question."

The 1844 legislature had amended the original 1842 law for an executive committee of three and created the office of governor, and George Abernethy was elected in 1845 and this was confirmed by the plebiscite of July 25, though he was absent in Hawaii at the time of his election. But he was back in season to submit his message to the legislature when it met Aug. 5, pursuant to adjournment. The term was two years, salary \$100 annually. If there was money to pay it, and Abernethy was reelected in 1847, and held the office until March 3, 1849, when the day after the arrival of Governor Joe Lane, the territorial government was proclaimed. Thus the provisional government had two executive committees, one chosen in open meeting and the next by election, and one governor.

The statement in the 1872 Salem Directory sketch that the people, at the 1845 special election of July 25, voted the territory dry, is manifestly incorrect, as will be shown by what will follow. (Continued tomorrow.)

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

OFF MY USUAL BEAT
Strolling lost its first two letters last Sunday, and I went "Rolling Down to Salem," where 50 thousand others like me drove through cherry blossom whiteness of Willamette valley, proud of Oregon's many-sided loveliness. Intervening fields in verdure make the orchard plumes, wands and metrical corridors more vivid. It is the capital's show-day—a returning festival of the region that will be a three-day affair, with invitation to the world. Each year the interest grows. We capitalize many things. The Cherrians of Salem have to be good guessers; just when the blooms will be in perfection depends upon the season. And the period of fullness is brief. But at least two weeks advance notice can be guaranteed. I'm for the Cherrians of Salem—Stroller—in Portland Spectator.

Answers to Health Queries
Mrs. M. Q.—Would Bright's disease cause the abdomen to swell, affecting no other part of the body? In this condition contagious in any way? Is it curable? Would one consider a patient suffering from such an ailment an invalid? I am married.

A.—This may be due to dropsy. Have your doctor advise you. In this condition contagious in any way? Is it curable? Would one consider a patient suffering from such an ailment an invalid? I am married.

Working Conditions Improved
I am glad to say that such has been done to reduce the prevalence of this ailment. The conditions of all mines have been improved. They are now equipped with ventilation systems, safety lamps, and devices that detect poisonous gases and increased amounts of dust. Dust is prevented by wet drilling and other "wet mining methods," such as sprays and water blasts which diminish the dust after blasting.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS
Mary Faith, comely young orphan, is secretary to Mark Nesbit, wealthy business man. She gives up her position to marry Kim Nesbit, a handsome young lawyer. Mary Faith believes that loving a man hard enough will make everything come out all right in the end. It was this confidence that enabled her to marry Kim after he had once broken their engagement. She realizes he has an eye for every girl, but hopes that married life will sober him and make him successful in his profession. Instead, Kim is smug and self-satisfied. He and Mrs. Nesbit have many friends, Clara and Jack Middleton, and her a dull companion. Learning that she is to become a mother, Mary Faith, for the first time, visits Kim's office. Kim is furious when Mary Faith finds him flirting with his blond secretary. That night he informs his mother and Mary Faith that he is leaving. Mary Faith, heart-broken at this turn of affairs, decides not to let Kim off her coming month. She and Mrs. Nesbit decide to struggle to keep the home for the coming baby. Mary Faith obtains a position as typist. She refuses to accede to Kim's request for a divorce and asks him to wait six months before carrying out his desire. As the bells are ringing in the New Year, Mary Faith's son is born. Kim, informed of this event, returns home and becomes, for a time, a proud and happy father. Kim is returned to his old position which he had lost due to money irregularities. When his salary is increased, Mary Faith tells him to buy new clothes.

CHAPTER XXIX

The chilly weeks of April passed and May was there with its green banners and its warm sunshine. Mary Faith took a little white go-cart and took the baby for long slow rides through Haltnorth Park and down River Street to see Mrs. Puckett.

Everything in the River Street house was as it always had been. Mr. McClintock still sat in the parlor all day, smoking cigars and reading endless newspapers and magazines. Agnes, the waitress, was still there to answer the doorbell and exclaim over the beauty of Mary Faith's baby. Nothing was changed except the color of Mrs. Puckett's hair. She had had it dyed a bright red instead of the familiar mahogany-brown.

On her way home Mary Faith would stop in at the Old Home circulating library on Terrace Road opposite the park and get two or three books—a detective story for Kim and love articles or "problem" novels for herself and Mrs. Farrell.

The library was at the back of the Old Home Book and Stationery Store where Mary Faith had bought writing paper and magazines ever since she had come to live in the neighborhood years before; and he had always been in charge of a faded blond woman of uncertain age whose name was Miss Mather.

A name that for some mysterious reason always made Mary Faith think of New England in the days of witch burning and stocks and pillories.

But one Saturday afternoon when she strolled down to the library to return an armful of books and pick out some new ones there was another woman in charge—not a woman really but a very pretty girl with ash-blond hair braided around her head and a pair of very large brown eyes.

"Miss Mather has gone away for a month's vacation, and I'll be here until she comes back," she told Mary Faith. "I'm her niece. My name is Mather, too."

She was very friendly and helpful, and she took down book after book from the shelves for Mary Faith's inspection.

"I can find plenty of books for you."

Bancroft's history of Oregon is vague on the matter, but Judge Carey's history shows that the 1845 session of the legislature, the little one of 13 members—passed a new prohibitory liquor law, and that Governor Abernethy vetoed it. This was at the third session of that body, which convened at Oregon City December 2. The second session had adjourned August 20.

It will appear, however, that the bone dry law passed by the 1844 legislature of eight members was still in force, for one may find in Judge Carey's history these facts:

The 1846 provisional government legislature, convening at Oregon City the first Monday in December, then increased to 16 members, had the matter up, and Governor Abernethy "recommended a revision of the liquor law, objecting that the power to regulate, granted by the amended organic law (enacted by the vote of July 25, 1845), did not include the power to PROHIBIT, and also that the provision that fines should be divided between the informer, the witness and the officials, made the judges and the witnesses interested parties in each case. He recommended that 'but one person, and that person a physician, be authorized to import or manufacture a sufficient quantity to supply the wants of the community for medicinal purposes.'"

The legislature responded by passing a license law; the governor returned the bill unsigned with a message in which he urged the submission of the question to the voters. He said in his message:

"If the people say 'no liquor,' CONTINUE to prohibit; if they say through the ballot box, 'we want liquor,' then let it come free, the same as dry goods, or any other article imported or manufactured; but until the people say they want it, I hope you will use your influence to keep it out of the territory."

The legislature responded by passing the bill to regulate and (Turn to Page 9)

for a moment before the drug store. Then they turned and went into it. It was twenty minutes after six when he came home.

Mary Faith heard him when he came in. She heard him say hello to his mother. She heard him say, "Where's Mary Faith?"

Then she came out into the kitchen where she was cutting up a fresh pineapple for dessert.

"What's the matter?" he asked. He knew that something was the matter the minute he looked at her. She always came to meet him at night. Almost always she had his slippers ready for him and the brown linen house coat that he wore on these hot summer evenings.

But tonight she didn't take a step in his direction. She stood at the table looking at him. There was a little thoughtful frown between her eyes, as if she were trying to figure him out.

"Kim," she said, "you certainly are a fast worker."

"Why?" he asked. He took off his straw hat and she noticed, without knowing that she was looking at it, the dark ring that it left on his fair hair.

"On Saturday night you saw that girl in the drug store," she told him. "And I—like the food I ate—old you who she was and where you could find her. And it didn't take you very long to do it, did it?"

Kim looked Mary Faith straight in the eye and answered her. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said. And he said it in such a puzzled way that she almost believed it for a second.

"I'll tell you what I'm talking about, then. Kim, I just saw you with that Mather girl. I saw you come out of the bookstore with her and I saw you walk up the street with her and go into Wanger's drug store."

"Well, what if you did see me? There's nothing disgraceful about what I did, is there?—That girl had been helping me pick out a couple of books for fully a half hour. I fished out at her and she patted her hand as it lay on the counter. 'Then you're a good girl, and I'm for you.'"

And that was the only answer she got to her question.

It was half past four on Monday afternoon before she started out to take the baby for his afternoon stroll. Haltnorth Park was cool and green, and an old gardener was watering the grass near Mary Faith's favorite bench in the lilac walk.

The baby, rose-pink and bright-eyed from his afternoon nap, sat up against the little pillows of his cart and played with a blue-and-white rattle that Jess Bartlett had sent him. He made small bubbling noises with his little round O of a mouth, and Mary Faith watched him in great contentment from her seat on the bench.

She had brought four pairs of Kim's socks and some darning cotton and a needle with her, and by the time she had mended them it was half past five and the factory whistles were blowing in the distance.

"Time to start home, my small sweet man," she said to the baby, rolling the last pair of socks into a ball and dropping them into her mending bag. "Time to go home and put the baby in the bed—time to get the daddy his supper—"

She pushed the cart along the shady gravel walk, talking as she went. Beyond the green spaces of the park passing automobiles flashed in the sunshine of Terrace Road. The windows of the Old Home Book and Stationery Store were lit and the gilded dome of the church next door to it was as bright as the setting sun.

Mary Faith crossed Terrace Road directly in front of the bookstore, and just as she reached the curb she saw Kim standing in the doorway. He was not alone. Miss Mather's niece was beside him, and as Mary Faith looked at them they started along the sidewalk. They passed

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