

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Aw"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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The Elevator—Going Up

THERE is renewed crowding and pushing in the lobby to be first to get into the elevator, for the call boy has signaled "Going Up!"

It is the old fever of speculation. It's in the blood. People buy if they think something is going up in price.

There is justification for a recovery of prices which have been depressed far below costs of production.

Congress may pass all the laws it desires to curb speculation. It may put a curb on the stock exchange.

You can't stop speculation; but it might be a good idea to post a sign like they do at swimming places.

A Frigate Calls

THE old frigate Constitution is moored in the Columbia river off Astoria. This is appropriate anchorage for Old Ironsides, because Astoria was founded in the days of the frigates.

Too bad the Constitution cannot sail on up the river to Salem. It is expected when the water in the Columbia is low, during August, that she will come to Portland, following a visit on Puget Sound.

When the Constitution calls at Portland there may be fitting exchange of salutes between her and the battleship Oregon, which won honors in a later war.

Motor Boat Harmony

I N the day's news from Cascade Summit is the item that dwellers there welcome once more the sound of motor boats on Odell lake.

There are exceptions to the distaste at the sound of a motor boat. After a day's troling in the sun, hours of labor rowing with the oars, it's great to jerk the outboard motor cord and point the bow for camp.

So there must be degrees of tolerance even among motor boats.

The secretary of the interior is complaining because all the bids for cement for public works are practically identical.

Mrs. Pinchot joined the picket line where boys and girls were striking against wages said to be as low as 57 cents a week.

Gov. Rolph vetoed the pari-mutuel racing bill which the California legislature passed.

The secretary of state is quoted as voting "faith that the enlightened nations" would do something for the economic salvation of the world.

Medford reports another killing. But this time it was one of those "legitimate" killings where the wronged husband was trying to square the "triangle."

A Chinese has died at the reputed age of 197 years. He attributed his longevity to his peace of mind.

Ann Harding left Hollywood, which is full of "sharks", and went to Havana where the sharks nearly got her.

The great financial tester-board: "Dollar hits new low; stocks new high."

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 7, 1908

FALLS CITY — All business houses and amusement places closed down at 8 o'clock last night to attend the booster meeting staged by the Commercial club with Colonel E. Hofer, president of the Willamette Valley Development league, as speaker.

SAN FRANCISCO — Viewed by thousands of people who blackened the hills miles around, the Atlantic battle fleet sailed through the Golden Gate today.

The original and popular five-cent movie theaters in Salem is the vandetta. Every performance is crowded.—Adv.

May 7, 1928

PEKING — Approximately 80 foreigners, many of them prominent Americans, are in the hands of Chinese brigands who raided the Peking Express early Sunday morning.

Salem Senators yesterday defeated the Portland police team at Oxford park, 13 to 9.

Mrs. Williams Given Party as She Quits Job Held Six Years

INDEPENDENCE, May 6. — Mrs. William Becken will take over the duties of chief operator for the Independence unit of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company Monday.

Mrs. Williams was the motif of a farewell party held at the home of Mrs. Dean Girard last Thursday night.

BOWENSON GOES SOUTH MONMOUTH, May 6. — Mayor and Mrs. F. R. Bowenston and Mrs. Walter Smith left Monmouth yesterday for a month's pleasure jaunt in California, with sidetrips into Phoenix, Ariz., and Tia Juana.

There is another historic walnut tree under discussion in O. A. Clark, who has had the property for about 11 years.

Something Hints Caesar Would Have Been a Tough City Editor

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

ONE thing I like especially about serial stories: by simply omitting to read an installment now and then one may obtain much the same results as are obtained from some of the novels which are rated as "smart" and at a much lower cost.

Stories are sometime told when old time printers get together of how boom days, when every community had its high-bred horses and colts and every printing shop was called upon to struggle with pedigree copy used in the making of advertising literature.

O. young Lochinvar is come out of the wet. And he's fully as wet as a feller can get.

First and last, I have read a good deal about Julius Caesar. I think I should not have liked a reportorial job on a newspaper of which Julius was city editor.

An eastern publisher brings up the question: Would these ancient glories, Egypt, and Greece and Rome, have cracked up as they did had they been possessed of newspapers? Interesting question. Does anybody know the answer?

Bud Kelland, who writes excellent fiction in great quantity, causes one of his favorite characters in a recently published story to say: "When times are such that an investor can't make a mistake, his bank will advise him right."

Folks have different ideas of sardine-making. Personally, I prefer to garden-make to collaborate with some muscular person who objects to permitting me to hoe or pull weeds.

A weed is a plant which overcomes all obstacles and is utterly

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic trees in Salem:

(Continuing from yesterday:) The writer has long believed that, in the course of time, western Oregon will become the greatest edible nut growing section of the entire world.

California, most ambitious contestant now, will not be. Nature favors western Oregon in several particulars—notably three: First, low priced land. Second, low overhead cost, including no necessity for irrigation in average years—for the walnut tree sends down roots in favorable locations for its own water requirements.

The site is on the David Leslie deed claim. Leslie and wife deeded the property to Geo. H. Jones, in 1885. Jones and wife transferred it to Lucien Heath in 1880. It went from Heath to E. S. Kearney in 1884, from Kearney to C. B. Bollinger in 1886, and on through a succession of owners, including the Inlows, thereafter.

All the first owners represent names prominent in the history of the early days. Leslie was the secretary of the Methodist missionary reinforcement of 1837.

As to filbert growing, we have an exclusive field, extending to western Washington. Exclusive as to both American filberts and filberts as a franchise crop.

In time, the writer believes, we will be growing in our forests black walnut and chestnut trees for both their edible nuts and their wood, for use in furniture and other manufacturing.

The tree is worth noting by any one driving that way. If it were thoroughly topgrafted to Franquetas, with Mayottes for pollinizing, it would likely before long thereafter be bearing a ton of nuts annually.

There are numerous other historic trees in Salem, that have had prior mention in this column. There is little new to tell of the Broymann tree that is in the hall of fame for trees. But there is a correction. This writer has assumed that it was an eastern black, from the Barlow plantings. It is a California black, to which fact is due its very rapid growth.

There are some fine old black walnut trees on the next lot east, in the back yard of the old Byrd house, where Miss Virginia Byrd makes her home—but these are younger, set out by members of the pioneer Byrd family. Some of them are beautiful, stately trees.

Dr. Wm. Wythe, who married the second daughter of Dr. W. H. and Chloe A. Willson, Laura Belle Willson, was the son of Rev. W. T. Wythe, who was pastor of the First Methodist church of Salem, and who also served Willamette university for a time, as president.

The Willson avenue trees, from many lands, are notable. Also the cedar of Lebanon on Chemeketa street, and the Waldo big tree from California on North Sumner, and many others here, all or nearly all of which have been listed in this column.

The Wilson avenue trees, from many lands, are notable. Also the cedar of Lebanon on Chemeketa street, and the Waldo big tree from California on North Sumner, and many others here, all or nearly all of which have been listed in this column.

Mrs. Mary Adams, 62 Buried at Molalla

HUSBAND, May 6. — Mrs. Mary Kayler Adams, wife of J. Frank Adams, well-known resident of Molalla, passed away on the old Kayler donation land claim Sunday.

In an Iowa newspaper I notice an item stating that some person from Crummet had registered at the hotel. Sweet Crummet! Love-hest village of the gulch! Do I remember Crummet? O, sir, and madams! Crummet was the only village in which I ever lived, even temporarily where the male members of the congregation played penny-ants between Sunday evening service and bedtime.

It won't do to think too much about unhappiness. You know why you are unhappy, but were the cause of your unhappiness to be removed you know good and well you'd skrimish around and get something else to be unhappy about almost immediately.

Unhappiness seems to be the natural human bent. It's all wrong, of course, but it is difficult to change. Go into the street with a piece of gossip, and unless it has distressing features folks don't take much interest in it.

One thing is pretty certain: we'd be a heap less unhappy than we think we are if we'd think we are happier than we think we are.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

CHAPTER XXXV

The nearest telephone was in the drug store just around the corner on River Street. Mary Faith rushed to the evil-smelling little booth and gave Dr. Thatcher's number.

While she was waiting for him to answer she heard Kim's voice, his slow deep voice that was like no other voice in the world. He was talking to some one in the prescription room just behind the telephone booth.

She reached the door of the apartment building just as Kim came around the corner from the garage. "Where have you been?" he asked, waiting for her to unlock the door.

"Same place you were—at the drug store," she told him, with a flash of bitterness. "She ran up the stairs ahead of him and through the flat to the bathroom, where Mrs. Farrell had the baby in a tub of hot water."

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" Kim interrupted, with a groan. They were in the dining room now, and he sat down beside the table, shaking his head.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Mary Faith shook her head. 'Kim, you were in the back room of that store.'"

"Well, what if I was? I was sitting back there talking to Jim and that girl clerk. That may be a crime in your eyes, but that's what I was doing."

"Kim, Mary Faith knew, was the proprietor of the store. She had not heard his voice as she stood in the telephone booth, but that did not prove that he had not been there, and she wanted to believe that he had been there."

"You've been away from home so much lately," she said, looking up at him. "But I was, when I saw you smiling at that girl that night when we were in the drug store? And lately you've been going out every night and staying so late—"

"I don't see why you should be jealous," he said. "Any woman who loves a man is jealous when he seems to be interested in some other woman."

"Well, what are you having hysterics about?" He spoke briefly and brutally. Then he went on in that same hard, angry voice. "Now, let me tell you something, Mary Faith. If you'd cut out the grief and meet me at the door with a smile now and then, you wouldn't have to worry about me and other women. If I don't follow you around like a shadow all the time, it's your own fault! You hadn't figured it out that way, had you?"

He picked up his hat and went out. The door slammed behind him.



Mary Faith watched him go out.

Mary Faith stood where he had left her, wringing her hands in genuine pain at the unfairness of the things he had just said to her.

"But surely there must be men who didn't look for amusement and love-making all of the time. There must be husbands who shared the burden of illness and anxiety with their wives."

He did not come home that night. The next morning she telephoned the office. Mr. Farrell had come in a few minutes ago, the telephone girl told her, but he had gone out again.

"Safe and sulking," said Mary Faith to herself. She wondered where he had spent the night, and decided that in all probability he had gone downtown with Jack Maldon.

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HONOR ROLL LISTED FOR ENTIRE SCHOOL

FALLS CITY, May 6.—Honor roll students of the high school for the past six weeks are: juniors—Catherine Hahn; sophomores, Dorothy Barnhart, Jennie Jones Hatch, Esther Logan and Eugene Sample.

Those on the grade school honor roll are: Leslie Arnanee, Alice Benefield, Teddy Crawford, Melvin Ferguson, Donald Freer, Martha Gottman, Virginia Graham, Bernice Inman, Stanley Rhodes, Doris Silvers, Shirley Mack, Roy Gardner, Donald Reeber, Lillian

Zuver, Jean Silvers, Richard Marr, Robert Gardner, Bobby Hylton, Bobby Howell, Marjula Gronewald, Vera Pierce, Marcella Murphy, Wanda Taylor, Kenneth Graham, Leslie Hudson, Edna Barnhart, Frank Jones, Coanie Hylton, Averill Morris and Rosco Hatch.

A mother's day tea will be given by the high school girls at the high school Friday afternoon, May 13 from 3 to 4:30 o'clock. All women of the town are invited.

Falls City was represented by the following grade school pupils at the music festival at Monmouth Friday consisting of Dorothy Ames, Jessie May Henry, Melba Post and Frank Jones all seventh graders and Frank Jones, Miss Laurence Treat has trained these pupils and accompanied them.

Burt Brown Barker Is Grads' Speaker

SILVERTON, May 6.—Vice President Bert Brown Barker of the University of Oregon has been secured for the commencement speaker at Silvertown, June 2. Other commencement plans have not yet been announced. It is estimated that this year's graduation class will contain 80 students.

21 INCHES OF SNOW DETROIT, May 6.—Two or three weeks remain before operations may resume on the North Stanton road camp. C. D. Cook and James Dickie took measurements this week and found 21 inches of snow remaining at Guthrie McDougall's camp at Pamela creek.

Advertisement for United States National Bank. It's a good time to marshal your forces. There may be many places where we can point out advantages in arranging your future program to make the most of opportunities. United States National Bank, SALEM, OREGON. "The Bank that Serves Built"