

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

ADVERTISING

Portland Representatives 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 Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.35; 6 Mo. \$2.55; 1 Year \$4.95. 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.

Not on the Road

IN another column on this page we reprint an editorial from the Klamath Falls Herald which deals with the problem of the transient youth of our day. The Herald refers to them as "strange cargoes of men, the product of our times". They do make up a large army, and the sight of them cannot but provoke feeling of sympathy for them. Thousands of them are not hoboes by nature, but the unsettlement of the times, the lack of regular employment sets them adrift. They become part of the flotsam and jetsam of humanity.

But not all those who now lack steady occupation have taken to the open road. Hundreds of young men and women are staying at home, taking what odd jobs they can turn up, and keeping their minds alive by taking reading courses. The state library, under the direction of Miss Harriet C. Long, with the cooperation of the higher institutions of learning, has worked out study courses for the benefit of just such persons whose high school or college training has been interrupted. Some 360 persons have been enrolled in these non-credit courses, and their diversified interests is indicated in the listings of some 116 courses in which they are pursuing their readings. Thirty-two out of 36 counties are reached, and the Portland library supplies Multnomah county. Of the students 95 have had some college or normal school work, 103 have completed four years of high school, and 63 finished three years of high school.

These reading courses cover most every subject from accounting to weaving. Electrical engineering, forestry, interior decorating, psychology, radio and short story writing are the most popular; but many are interested in advertising, aeronautics, home economics, nursing and salesmanship.

The way the plan works is that the applicant writes to the library asking for an outline of reading material for a certain line. The library furnishes the material which it has, or if necessary it gets assistance from some of the departments of the higher schools of learning. It does not pretend to be a substitute for a college course. It is just a reading course, but it gives a great deal of valuable information and training to those who are diligent enough to plod through the books without the help of an instructor.

Necessity has always been the mother of invention. Sometimes it works out all right for a young fellow to strike out and travel till he finds a job. At other times, and that seems to be the case now, he does better to remain at home and devote his spare time to some worthwhile activity such as the library reading course offers.

Illegal Beer

THE decision of Judge Lewelling holding the sale of beer in Salem illegal under the charter, is a very lucid analysis of the issue which was raised in the injunction proceedings. His findings were almost inevitable; and his decision is phrased so clearly that even those who regret his conclusions cannot but understand fully the ruling law in the case.

In particular the judge points out that lawful processes must be followed if a law is to be changed. The mere fact that in a particular popular election the people gave an expression to their sentiments does not in itself void all the laws on the statute books. The short-cut to repeal which many have advocated thus is brought to a halt.

There is a lawful way to proceed in altering our laws and constitutions. If the people desire to change prohibitory laws then they should do so by amending or repealing the 18th amendment, the state prohibitory amendment, and the city charter provision. Failing to do that the sale of intoxicating liquors is merely nullification.

On July 21st the people of Salem have a chance to vote on the charter amendment repealing prohibition. On the same day the people of the state have the chance to decide how Oregon will go on repeal of the 18th amendment. The issues will be plain; and the decisions will have to be respected.

Until the laws are changed they should be observed and enforced.

Madame Stalin a Suicide?

DEEP mystery attended the public funeral for Madame Josef Stalin when it occurred last November. Russia barely knew of her death, and information as to its cause was incomplete. About all the people knew was the brief death notice for "Nadejda Hallullieva", which was the maiden name of Madame Stalin. And they saw the funeral cortege with Stalin walking behind the coffin.

Now it is reported that Madame Stalin committed suicide, but the motive is the assumption of the press correspondent who reports it, that she died of grief over the plight of the Russian peasants.

Russia has always been the seat of mystery. It was so under the czars, when intrigue and rumor prevailed. It has been true under the soviets, for news has been treated as a commodity, subject to suppression or alteration at the will of the rulers. It would be perfectly natural in such an atmosphere for Madame Stalin's death to be attributed to foul causes: suicide, assassination, accident.

The present story is the contribution of a special correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance. None of the other news services has published such a report; nor have the special correspondents of the big dailies, like Ralph Barnes of the Herald-Tribune or Walter Duranty of the New York Times. Its acceptance may well await verification.

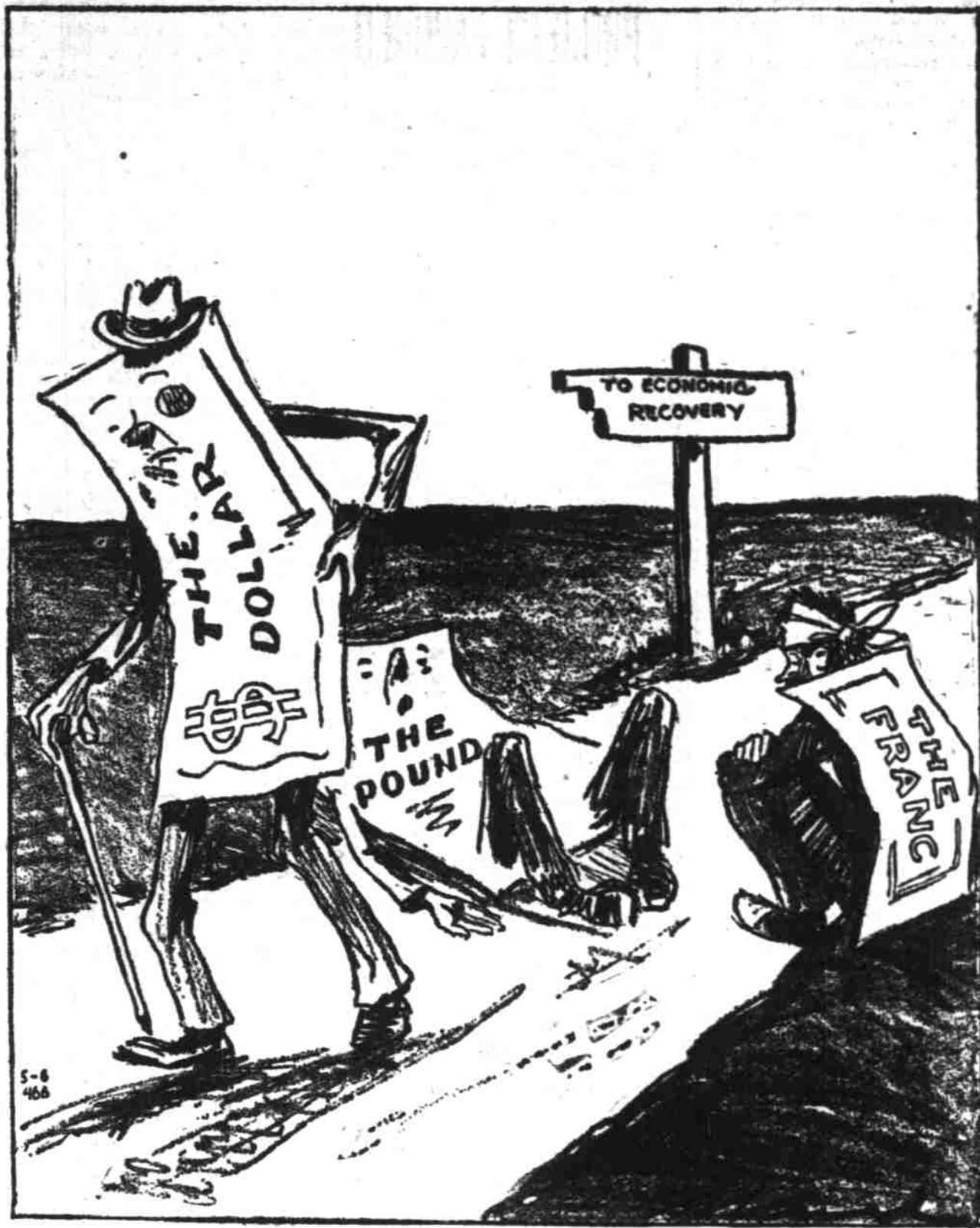
If the story is true it goes to show that there are still sparks of human feeling in the Russian heart, though long crushed by the pressure of doctrinaire theories.

Portland is going through the agony of renumbering its houses, and giving new geographical designations to streets. The result is a mess, which is unavoidable in an attempt to substitute a workable plan for the archaic numbering system or lack of system which Portland had. Despite of the confusion it will doubtless still be easy to find a drink.

Now why can't someone advocate a daylight losing time, so we can sleep an hour later of mornings? Why should the innovations have to be so disagreeable as to make people get up an hour ahead of time?

In the McMath kidnaping, \$50,000 dwindled down to just 3 bucks.

Still on His Feet



Editorial Comment From Other Papers

THE BOY ON THE ROAD

Strange cargoes of men, the product of our times, find their way into Klamath Falls from the most remote sections of the nation. They roll in by freight and car and occasionally move by foot along the main highways.

And from these hundreds we often can select one man, usually a young man, strong enough in character and background to make us wonder what were his origins.

One of these youths, overburdened with sentiment for home and mother, presented a sonnet for sale and publication in this newspaper. It was badly done and puerile, but the psychology of the "man on the road" was there.

It was a Mother's Day verse, and the author, a youth beating his way from New York to the coast in 20 days, was traveling to his parents' home at Salem. He was a boy in his teens—dirty, unshaved and tired. His education and life had been temporarily handicapped.

These incidents—and many can be discovered in Klamath Falls—

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Indians 70 years ago: When they molested Portland: Sam Simpson related to Grant: In the "Other Days" column of the Portland Oregonian's editorial page, last Saturday's issue, there appeared this paragraph, under the heading, "Seventy Years Ago," sub-heading, "From the Oregonian of May 6, 1863:"

"Indian Agent Simpson gathers 40 of the band of Indians lately molesting Portland, and has, under guard, started with them to the reservation."

Helpful to the imagination of the present day reader, harking back to that date: Portland's population (1860) was 274; Astoria, 252; Eugene 861—according to U. S. census records. The official record for Salem does not go back to 1860. But for 1870 it was 1180. However, the limits of the portion of Salem in the incorporated portion then ran only to North Mill creek on the north and east, and to Mission street on the south. Salem was incorporated in 1860, and the first election was held the first Monday in December of that year, when Lucien Heath was chosen mayor.

Then, as now, a good deal of what belonged in the city limits was on the outside—north, east and south. North Salem was platted before Salem; the Salem that embraced Boon's Island, a few months later. Because of the activities surrounding the pioneer Willamette woolen mill—first on this coast—located in the Salem of the Boon's Island platting, that portion, and the part reaching out to the state fair grounds, was west of the city.

So, in 1860, and in 1863, Portland was only slightly larger in population than Salem, counting all the people who really belonged in Salem. As most readers know, Salem was a village before any settlers at all were on the site of Portland.

"Indian Agent Simpson" of the Oregonian's 70 year old paragraph was Ben Simpson. He came to Oregon in the 1848 covered wagon train immigration. His son, Sam L. Simpson, Oregon poet laureate, author of the imperishable lines in "The Beautiful Willamette," was born in Missouri Nov. 10, 1845, and was therefore a babe when the family was crossing the plains.

Ben Simpson was a member of the 1850-51 territorial legislature, in the lower house from Clackamas county. That was the session at which, Jan. 13, 1851, the bill was passed that made Salem the capital city of Oregon. He was in the same branch of the '53-4 territorial legislature from Marion county—the one that met, one house in the Rector building and the other in the Nesmith-Wilson building, the former west of the present Statesman building and the latter where the Fry warehouse now stands, Front and Trade streets.

He was also in the same branch of the state legislature of 1862, that had its sessions on the third floor of the Holman building, still standing, on the corner across the street south of the present Statesman building. Ben Simpson was surveyor general of the state for a term beginning in 1861. And he was Indian agent at Grand Rapids. That is the office he held when he was rounding up the Indians "molesting Portland," according to the old copy of the Oregonian.

Ben Simpson was a relative of General U. S. Grant. The great commander's mother was a Simpson—of which connection more later in this series. When Grant was president, he made Ben Simpson superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon, and he was favored in other ways by the man in the white house, whom his Oregon relative visited during his incumbency as chief executive of the nation.

It was often remarked by his Oregon intimates that Ben Simpson resembled General Grant, and a Salem resident recalls that he wore a full beard trimmed in the same fashion as the general was accustomed to wear his. This was mentioned by General Phil Sheridan in a visit that great cavalry leader made to Oregon after the war of '61-5.

Second Lieutenant Phil Sheridan, when he was in charge of Fort Sheridan, protesting the Indians on the Grand Ronde and Silette reservations—or rather mutually protecting them and whites against each other—was brought into familiar relationship with Agent Ben Simpson, and they became fast friends.

Phil Sheridan took up a donation land claim near the Grand Ronde Indian reservation. He owned the land until after the close of the war. He visited Oregon in that period, or a little later, and Ben Simpson, notified of his coming, met him with his buggy and took him to the land claim.

The Oregon had an editorial in its issue of Nov. 28, 1866, discussing the possibility of connection by rail with the Union Pacific. It was commenting on the prospects of a connection at Salt Lake City. The Portland paper, in that article, quoted the Oregon Statesman as saying that such an extension, if built, would not stop at Portland, but would go on to Puget Sound, and thus hamper the Portland metropolis, or at least do that city more harm than good.

The Oregon History of Harvey Scott, compiled by his son Leslie M. Scott, quoting that editorial, made note of the fact that at the date it was printed Ben Simpson and his sons Samuel L. and Sylvester C. were owners and editors of The Statesman. The Bits man believes J. W. P. Huntington, son-in-law of Jesse Applegate, and Oregon superintendent of Indian affairs, was a joint owner. He recalls hearing Geo. P. Litchfield, long one of Salem's oldest residents, telling that he (Litchfield) brought the money (in gold) to make the purchase for the Simpson family at Huntington.

(Continued tomorrow.)

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

STUTTERING, STAMMERING and abnormal voice conditions are rather common speech defects. It is surprising how little the general public knows about them.

One of the most common conditions, their causes and the measures which may be employed for their relief or cure.

Stuttering is a defect usually caused by a spasm of the muscles used in the production of speech. The vocal organs of the stutterer do not actually show any abnormality.

The fault lies in the lack of nervous and emotional control by the sufferer. The difficulty in speaking arises from fear, and not infrequently develops in a slow thinking person who tries to keep pace with his rapid thinking companions.

A Question of Fear It happens often that stutters suffer from an inferiority complex. Their inability to express themselves easily confines their activities to a very limited field. They become increasingly self-centered, nervous, depressed, and often irritable.

It is a curious fact that stutters usually speak without any impediment when alone. They can read aloud or sing as well as any normal person. This is because the speaker forgets himself and loses his fears.

The process of speech is complicated. First there is the mental part, the pausing for thought, then comes the breathing, next is the making of sound; and lastly the articulation. By this process are produced the combinations of vowels and consonants which form words.

When the words do not come naturally, the speech is labored. Then the muscles of the neck become tense and rigid, the vocal cords grow tense and breathing is so unnatural that merely sounds, instead of normal speech, are produced.

Nervousness a Factor Stuttering usually begins in childhood. Some shock, fear and the kind-

tion of another who stutters, are among the most common causes. Sometimes there is no definite cause that can be discovered. But in all cases a nervous system, unstable emotionally and nervously, is associated with it.

Stuttering is difficult to cure, but not necessarily impossible. If the patient's confidence and co-operation can be gained, great benefit will result. The loss of courage is the first factor to be overcome. To insure success a strong desire to cure must be developed. If it does not already exist, maladjustment in home life must be corrected and a strict adherence to health rules insisted upon.

To eliminate fear, to teach the afflicted person to speak slowly, to help him in the fight for control of the nervous system, are essential to cure.

Stammering may properly be called the mutilation of speech. It is caused by the inability of the patient to produce correctly any or all of the speech sounds. This lack of ability to enunciate properly is commonly due to some imperfection in the organs of speech. A careful examination of the mouth and throat will usually locate the site of the defect. It may be in the teeth, lips or throat.

Correct Defects All anatomical defects must be corrected if this is possible. Then the various exercises must be practiced over and over to enable the patient to enunciate correctly. Patience should be included in the essentials to the cure of speech defects.

Lapsing is produced by imperfect formation of sounds, such as substituting "th" for "r." Lapsing is embarrassing, but with proper exercises and patience it can often be overcome.

If your child has any speech defect do not wait until it is a fixed habit. Try to correct the trouble at once.

Answers to Health Queries Daily Reader Q.—What will make the hair thicken? A.—Olive oil makes the hair thicken. A.—Brush the hair daily and use a good tonic. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question. B. F.

R. E. R. Q.—What causes sharp pains in neck, head and shoulders? A.—Some infection in the system may be responsible. Have a careful examination. (Copyright, 1932, R. E. R., Inc.)

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

CHAPTER XXXVII

It was a day or two after Christmas that Kim said to Mary Faith: "Did Claire say anything to you about a party on New Year's Eve? Jack tells me they're planning a party for that night. Would you like to go?"

Mary Faith knew what a New Year's Eve party at the Maldon home would be like. The two wagons would be loaded with glasses and bottles and cracked ice. There would be more cracked ice in the kitchen. The bridge tables would be set up, and there would be frozen fruit salad and toasted cheese and anchovy pasta sandwiches. There would be drinking and dancing and a great deal of noise. Kim would disappear into the kitchen to help Claire make punch, and his gray eyes would become glazed and bloodshot as the night wore on.

"No, I don't want to go," Mary Faith said. "For one thing, I don't like to leave the baby. We'll be gone most of the night, and your mother sleeps so soundly. Suppose he kicked off his covers and caught cold?"

"Oh, piffle! Mother will take care of him," Kim broke in. "Send my dinner jacket to be pressed, will you?"

Then it turned out that Mother Farrell wouldn't be able to take care of the baby. She told Mary Faith that Dr. Thatcher had invited her to go to the theater with him that night. "And afterward we're going to the Hobbrau for supper," she said. "I don't know what I'm going to wear. I haven't a thing."

She spent half the day poking among her handboxes and trunks. At one o'clock on the day before New Year's she decided to go downtown and get a new dress with the money that Kim and Aunt Ella had given to her for Christmas. She did not return until six o'clock, and she found Mary Faith waiting for her in the sitting room, hatted and cloaked for the street.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here!" Mary Faith greeted her. "The market closes at half past six, and I want to go down and pick out my chickens for tomorrow's dinner. I'll be right back. Go ahead and get dressed. When Kim comes, tell him we aren't going to the party. He'll be particularly enthusiastic about going."

She hurried out into the street. There had been a high wind and a snowstorm that afternoon, but now everything was clear and bright. It would be pleasant to stay at home with Kim—a far pleasanter than spending the evening in the chaos of the Maldon flat.

"I want two nice tender hens," she told Joe, the smiling, red-faced butcher. "Three dollars and eighty cents," said Joe, after weighing the hens. "How did you like that goose liver sausage yesterday?"

Yesterday? Why, yesterday she hadn't even been in the meat market. Kim had telephoned early in the afternoon that he would not be home for dinner, and she and Mrs. Farrell had had a pick-up supper.

"I wondered if you wanted to pay for it now," Joe was saying. "Mr. Farrell forgot to."

Forever after, that New Year's Eve lived in Mary Faith's memory as a nightmare that went on and on and on through endless hours. At half past seven Dr. Thatcher called for Mrs. Farrell. At nine o'clock Kim left for the Maldons' party. He went without kissing Mary Faith good-bye, but he did tell her that he would be home early. "Long before twelve o'clock," he promised.

Left alone, Mary Faith busied herself for a half hour putting away the things that he and Mrs. Farrell had left lying about. Both were as careless as children when it came to taking care of their belongings.

On her way back to the sitting room she stopped to see if the baby was warm and snug, and to marvel for the thousandth time at his likeness to his father. She bent over him and kissed his tiny cheek. The touch, light and swift as it was, gave her a feeling of peace. Here was her



"I wondered if you wanted to pay for it now," Joe was saying. "Mr. Farrell forgot to."

short angry laugh. "I'll explain the great mystery to you, and then you get out and let me finish shaving in peace, will you?"

He dug his towel over the rack and went on: "Yesterday I drove Jack Maldon out from town, and he asked me to go up to his place to have a drink. After we'd had a couple of highballs, it was time for dinner. I told Claire I'd go out and buy some kind of cooked meat, so she wouldn't have to fuss around the kitchen. She and Jack suggested that I call you up, but I knew you'd have a fit if you saw me taking a drink, and besides I knew we'd both be there tonight."

"We aren't going," Mary Faith cut in. "Your mother's going out with Dr. Thatcher, and we'll have to stay home with the baby."

All her anticipation of happiness for the evening was dead. The warm lovely feeling that had lain around her heart all day was gone. Kim had not only lied to her the night before, but just now he had admitted to her that he hadn't wanted her on the party the night before. He had told her—as good as told her—that she spoiled his fun.

"I think one of us ought to go over there tonight," his voice cut across her thoughts sharply. "They'll be hurt, if one of us doesn't show up. . . . Did you have my dinner jacket pressed?"

"I pressed it myself last night," she said dully.

Forever after, that New Year's Eve lived in Mary Faith's memory as a nightmare that went on and on and on through endless hours. At half past seven Dr. Thatcher called for Mrs. Farrell. At nine o'clock Kim left for the Maldons' party. He went without kissing Mary Faith good-bye, but he did tell her that he would be home early. "Long before twelve o'clock," he promised.

Left alone, Mary Faith busied herself for a half hour putting away the things that he and Mrs. Farrell had left lying about. Both were as careless as children when it came to taking care of their belongings.

On her way back to the sitting room she stopped to see if the baby was warm and snug, and to marvel for the thousandth time at his likeness to his father. She bent over him and kissed his tiny cheek. The touch, light and swift as it was, gave her a feeling of peace. Here was her

who murdered a man in San Francisco had fled to Salem and here buried his \$10,000 treasure before being arrested and sent to San Quentin prison. Years ago the river front near Center street was inhabited by many notorious characters.

A. M. and A. T. White of the firm of Moffatt & White, financial backers of the Oregon Electric, are in Portland to make an examination of the company's properties. Their presence gives additional assurance that the Oregon Electric people will rush the projects they have planned.

NEWPORT, Ore.—Hotels are rushed preparing to accommodate thousands of people who are expected here May 20 to 23 to view the United States battle fleet. It is expected the fleet will anchor for a day or more about a mile and a half off shore.

May 10, 1933

The 82nd Infantry, organized reserves, has opened regional headquarters in the postoffice building here with Col. Carl Abrams in command. Headquarters formerly were at Medford.

Contending that the Oregon Growers' Cooperative association has illegally attempted to restrain trade and regulate the price of leguminous, August Lent and Benjamin Lent, defendants in a suit brought by the Oregon Growers in circuit court, yesterday filed a motion for dissolution of an injunction which restrains them from delivering berries to anyone but the plaintiff.

NEW YORK—Federal Judge Knox yesterday declared unconstitutional as restricting the right of a physician to prescribe for his patients, the provisions of the Volstead act and its amendment prohibiting the prescribing of more than a pint of spirituous liquor every ten days.

Yesterdays . . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from the Statesman of Earlier Days

May 10, 1908

Wild rumors of buried robbers' gold treasure were shot at Salem yesterday after a mysterious man started to dig up the yard in front of the house at 106 Center street. For years the story has been passed about that an outlaw

Copyright, 1931, by Beatrice Burton Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.