

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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Women in Public Life

STEADILY the women are gaining recognition in affairs of state. President Roosevelt has appointed one woman to be a member of his cabinet, another to be minister to Denmark and a third to be director of the mint, breaking precedents in each case. Little doubt is expressed over the ability of each of these women to handle the work of the respective offices quite successfully. Miss Perkins already had shown her capacity as commissioner of labor in New York state, and the promotion to the post of secretary of labor was earned. Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen is a daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan, so she was born in the atmosphere of politics. But she is talented in her own right, and one or two summers ago went on an auto camping tour of Europe which gave her plenty of first-hand information about conditions on that continent. The third appointee, Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, is frankly rewarded for her party loyalty. As former governor of Wyoming she came into national fame, and her consistent support of democratic candidates gave her a claim on party honors. She probably will not have to do much down at the mint; you see paper money is printed at the bureau of engraving.

There is no reason why women should not be named to positions of responsibility. They are daily demonstrating ability to manage affairs of a household; and many are equipped to enlarge their field of service. The world is not going to be transformed by women in politics; but they may succeed in getting politics up a notch or two, and that would be worth while in itself.

Hop Prices and Wages

THE disparity between hop prices and wages is typical of what happens when inflation gets under way. First the prices zoom way up, and the wages follow tardily. Later on the prices slip way down, and the wages hang on the upper levels for quite a spell. Of course there is no harmony between 75c hops and 20c an hour wages; and pressure from workers will force a readjustment of wage scales. The workers are now complaining over their low wages.

Workers have to remember these things, however, that most of the growers sold their hops at 30c or below; and that many growers have contracted their 1933 crops at around 20c a pound. That makes quite a difference in the picture. The workers are also at this disadvantage,—there is a surplus of labor even at 20c an hour.

There is always a tug and a pull between wages and price levels; that is what makes these periods of sharp readjustment so painful. Sometimes it is the producer who gets hurt,—for example the hopmen have been losing money heavily for several years. Then the turn comes and the wage-earners are injured. Ever since the outbreak of the war, things have been highly speculative; and no one has been nimble enough to be on the right side of the teeter-board when the changes came.

What the world needs is greater stability in prices and wages; but inflation creates new instabilities. Prospects for the wage-earners and salaried workers who are employed are not very good for the months ahead.

The Roseburg Home

THEY are a bit nervous in Roseburg these days. The new soldiers home the government built is all complete; and from reports it is a marvel of fullness of all its appointments. The government spared no expense in fixing up the home. While the plant is completed the government seems in no hurry to open it up. The federal commander did take over the old state home on Monday; and Major General Hines told Senator McNary that the home would be opened in May or June, but Johnny Kelly, writing from Washington, says the opening is still indefinite, because of the new economy program of the administration.

The Roseburg News-Review scolds a bit at Kelly as it encourages the home people to keep up their courage. While the hospitals are to be depopulated in part, those expelled from these institutions will be domiciled in the homes of which Roseburg is one. Other reports however have come that the homes are being lightened of their burden, that Sawtelle in California has now a surplus of accommodations.

It would seem that the mathematics of the situation will be on the side of Roseburg. In spite of economy, our veterans will grow older, and greater numbers of them will require domiciliary care. It will be up to the government to provide homes for the needy cases, whose numbers will steadily increase for the next decade or two.

Sewage Disposal Plans

FOR the Willamette valley as a whole, one of the best places in which to put R. F. C. money at work providing employment would be in sewage disposal plants for the cities from Cottage Grove to Portland. Few if any of the towns can provide the cash now for such work, though it needs to be done. The investment will have to be made some time. It will serve to free the river from pollution, which below Salem has reached the danger point so far as fish life is concerned.

Salem for example has already bought the ground for a sewage disposal plant. What needs to be built is a large intercepting sewer to take the waste which is now emptied into the river, and carry it to the disposal plant north of the city. This would provide work, and would be a very practical public improvement. Portland and other cities bordering on the river need the same plants. If the Willamette were cleaned up there would be much less call for going to the mountains for a water supply for this city.

Frank Keller, Jr. failed to overturn his conviction in the Polk county court. Now he must go to prison to serve a well-earned sentence. The clean-up of this fraud, for which the Statesman was in large degree responsible, has been costly to the county and the state, but it has been an education which the people of Oregon will long profit from.

While conservatives shudder in their boots over the powers which Secretary Wallace is about to exercise the Minnesota farm holiday association is urging his removal because he doesn't go far enough to suit them. So it is, as Carlyle noted in his "French Revolution", that "revolution devours its own children."

Pres. Roosevelt backed up on reading the report of the engineers on the Columbia river when he found it made up five volumes. And that isn't half of it. He will be expected to digest twice that much material by the rival groups promoting competing sites on the river. Turn the job over to Moley.

"Inflate or deflate, you're the same old dime!"



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Indians 70 years ago: When they molested Portland: Sam Simpson related to Grant:

(Continuing from yesterday.) The story of Mr. Littlefield bringing the money for the purchase of the Statesman newspaper runs something like this:

Geo. P. Littlefield and his brother, G. C., both of them pioneer residents of Salem, at the time had the store at the Grand Ronde Indian agency. Geo. P. had been in the Indian service, as agent at Astoria, and was for a term special agent, traveling all over the United States. Afterward he was a merchant in Salem.

At the particular time, he was given the amount of the purchase in gold, at the Grand Ronde agency. He carried the money in his saddlebags on his pony. Arriving at Salem, he found a steambath on its way to Corvallis, with a crowd going thither to a political meeting. As the writer recalls, the parties who were to receive the money for the purchase price were on the boat, or had taken passage at Salem. Any way, Mr. Littlefield also took passage, with his horse, and attended the meeting and returned in the same manner, carrying the money all the time, and paying it over upon reaching the capital city.

Reverting to the relationship of Ben Simpson and General Grant. The great war leader was christened at his birth Hiram Ulysses. On both sides, his forbears were prominent American pioneers, going back into the beginnings of settlement in several states. The name of his mother was Hannah Simpson.

As a youth, Ulysses was more often called "the Simpson boy" than the Grant boy. His father, who had not received the advantages of much schooling, wished to have the son given a better chance than he himself had enjoyed. So he sought the aid of Congressman Hamer from the Ohio district in which they lived.

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

DURING the winter months when pavements and roads are wet and slippery, sprained ankle is a common accident. End ice have long disappeared sprained ankle continues to be an everyday occurrence. Even when snow is on the ground, it is not uncommon to see a person who has been walking on a sidewalk, or the wearing of shoes with little support to the ankle. It is a common complaint of women who have weak ankles yet wear high heels because of the dictates of "Dame Fashion".

I am often asked what is the difference between a "wrench" and a "sprain". There is really no difference. A sprain is a wrenched joint caused by a sudden twist or pull. It is an extremely painful affliction. At times the pain is so severe that complete rest in bed is necessary for its relief.

Be Careful of Permanent Injury. A mild sprain may allow the individual to hobble about with the aid of a cane. Too often a more serious injury of the ankle is mistaken for a wrench or sprain. For example, a person may injure his ankle, complain of pain and ignore the accident. He calls it a sprain and continues to walk on the injured ankle. If neglected, permanent injury and deformity may occur.

Persistent pain in the ankle demands expert attention. Merely because you can move your ankle and stand on your foot does not mean that the bone is not broken. Whenever in doubt, an X-ray picture of the injured ankle should be taken.

Answers to Health Queries
T. E. M. Q.—As soon as the weather becomes a little colder, my hands become cold and blue. Coming indoors after being out in the cold they turn red and seem to tingle. I am apparently in good health otherwise. My hands are a constant source of annoyance—I am a stenographer.
A.—This condition is due to a circulatory disturbance. Massage and application of heat should help to some extent. Improve your circulation. Take more exercise. For further particulars send a self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.
C. M. L. Q.—What do you advise for stress? My eight-year-old niece has had several very large and painful ones during the past year. She had to have medical attention for the last one.
A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.
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"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Wilton Street was dark and silent when Mary Faith left it that night, but the windows of the Maldons apartment were brightly lighted and there was a long black glittering row of parked automobiles at the curb. The taxi cab drew up beside them and Mary Faith felt three or four drops of icy rain on her face as she stepped out and said the driver.

Inside, the tall building was like a modern Tower of Babel, filled with the murmur of many voices and of radio music that seeped into the halls from behind the closed doors of the two and three-room "housekeeping" suites. Mary Faith never had seen a child, or heard the voice of a child, in the building.

The colored woman who helped out whenever the Maldons had parties was just emerging from their suite when Mary Faith arrived. She held the door open, and Mary Faith stepped inside. No one saw her for a moment as she stood in the tiny foyer, taking in the scene in the living room. Everything was just as she had known it would be. Four or five people were gathered around the tea-table at the far end of the room. Three or four others knelt on the rug beside a blackgammon board. One couple danced slowly and dreamily in the middle of the floor. Kim and Claire.

Claire's yellow head was tilted back in the crook of Kim's arm, and she was saying something to him with her finger, taking in the scene in the living room. Everything was just as she had known it would be. Four or five people were gathered around the tea-table at the far end of the room. Three or four others knelt on the rug beside a blackgammon board. One couple danced slowly and dreamily in the middle of the floor. Kim and Claire.

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Claire can do this sort of thing every night in the week. I don't know how she gets away with it."
"She doesn't work all day the way you do," Mary Faith reminded him.
"Sandy works all day," Jack said, "and he's as fresh as a daisy right now." He nodded his head in the direction of the living room. "Listen to him."

Mary Faith had been listening to Kim for the past five minutes. He had been singing "Frankie and Johnnie" for the crowd, and he was on the last verse now.
"This story has no morals—
This story has no end,
This story only goes to show
That there ain't no good in me—"
"The whole place smells like a brewery, too," Jack went on, and then suddenly he laughed.
"I'm not a very good host, am I, Mary Faith?"

Mary Faith turned from the stove and faced him. "The trouble with you and me, Jack, is that we aren't 'good sports.' The only difference is that you try to be one, and I don't. I know there's a side of Kim that likes this sort of a good time, and I don't even pretend to understand that side of him."

It was a side of him that she had never known until long after she married him, she reflected a little later, watching him and Claire feed each other bits of toast and omelette. He was almost like a stranger to her, this loud-talking, laughing man, with his bloodshot eyes and rumpled blond hair.

He scowled when she begged him to start home as soon as breakfast had been eaten and the crowd was beginning to dance and drink again. And it came over her suddenly that he had always treated her with something between dislike and indifference when he was with Claire Maldon and her crowd.

"No, I'm not going home," he told her. "I'm having a good time. If you want to leave, it's more than okay with me. . . . You sure do know how to put the graveyard touch to a party."

Mary Faith wondered how he could find this one of Claire's so entertaining. It was so like all the other gatherings in the Maldon flat. The same drinks and games and dance-music. The same people—the red-haired woman who always wore pink, the one named Sally who always did a solo dance called "the me-around" that she had learned, so she invariably explained, on a plantation in the South one year when she had wintered there, the little black-mustached man who could sit on a stone jug and light a match stuck in the toe of his shoes without falling off the jug. To Mary Faith it was all very dull and very silly.

Mary Faith finally telephoned for a cab and went home. It was broad daylight when she was awakened by the sound of coughing. She opened her eyes to find Kim standing beside the bed, trying to get out of his coat and vest. When she tried to help him, she found that his clothes were damp and that there were drops of moisture on his hair.

"What happened, Kim? You're wet."
He had to think for a minute before he answered her. "Raining, outside," he said finally. "Raining and snowing. My car stopped on the way home. Couldn't get it started again."

He refused to take the hot bath that she got ready for him, and by the time she had made him a cup of hot coffee he was sound asleep, breathing in an uneven, rapid way that made her remember the way he had breathed a few weeks before when he had bronchitis.

He slept all day. Even the cough

that shook his body every few minutes did not rouse him. At ten that night Mary Faith sent for the doctor, who said that Kim was in for another siege of bronchitis.

The next morning he was worse, and on the third day his fever rose to a hundred and four degrees. Mary Faith called the doctor and by the time he arrived, Kim was delirious.

"Pneumonia," Dr. Thatcher said gravely. "I've been afraid of this. You see, he never properly recovered from the first attack of bronchitis."

Day after day Mary Faith nursed Kim, hovering over him with medicine or the little clinical thermometer that told the story of the fever that was torturing him. One night when his temperature ran very high, he began to call for her. She was sitting beside him and she laid her hand on his arm and asked him what he wanted.

"I want Mary Faith," he muttered, in the thick voice of delirium.
"So, 'way down deep in his heart, I'm the person he thinks of and wants," she told herself as she sat there through the long hours of the night. He might flirt with a pretty girl, might go out to places like the Golden Pheasant Tavern for an evening's pleasure, or wander up to the Maldons flat for a Dutch supper and a highball. But all those things were simply cheap excursions away from her, she mused. She and the baby and this little home of theirs were the important things in his life. She was tranquilly certain of it.

On the sixth day the fever broke and Kim was "out of the woods." A week later he was well enough to sit up, and Mary Faith hung over him, her face tender and radiant with the happiness of being near him and taking care of him.

The baby, who adored Kim, spent half his time in the room, trotting about on his small unsteady legs, or rolling his red crocheted ball up and down the counterpane of Kim's bed.

"It's so wonderful—you're getting well and the three of us are here together, safe and happy," Mary Faith said one bright snowy morning as she sat in Kim's room in order. She leaned over him and laid her rosy cheek against his white one for a second. But in that second she felt him draw away from her.

"If you're through fussing around in here, I'd like to lie down and be quiet," he said levelly. "Take the baby with you when you go."
He could not have hurt her more if he had struck her. He had seemed so wholly hers during the past week or two. But she knew now that that was only because he had been weak and passive in his illness.

Mary Faith had been sleeping on the couch in the sitting room ever since New Year's night, and when Kim was well enough to go back to work she made no change in that arrangement. February warmed into March, and at the end of March things were just as they had been in the autumn before Kim's illness. He stayed out late two or three times a week, making no excuse for his absences. In fact, he had very little to say to Mary Faith about anything. When he did talk to her, it was of ordinary things.

"Has my suit come back from the cleaner, Mary Faith?"
"It's in your closet, Kim."
"If you'll add up your grocery bill, I'll give you the money for it."
"Thanks, Kim."
No kiss now when he left for the office. No more pleasant evenings before the sitting room fire. No gay little jaunts to the neighborhood moving-picture theater.

(To Be Continued)
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conference, was assassinated last night by a 33-year old Orisnon man who had recently returned from Russia. Panic pervaded the hotel where Vorovsky and his party were dining.

Sylvester C. Simpson, brother of Samuel L. worked with his father and brother on The Statesman at the period last named by the Oregonian, and they were familiar figures about Salem in the old days. The brothers were both graduates from Willamette university. Thomas M. Getch, president of Willamette university, once talking to a resident here, and noting the brothers passing, declared they were the outstanding students in his institution.

Sylvester ("Syll") had the office of state librarian when that branch of the commonwealth activities was in the room where these words are being put into linotype lines—second floor of the present Statesman building. He (Turn to page 6)

Philomath, Ore.
To the Editor:
A number of us called on your secretary of state and attorney general; found them courteous and obliging, splendid state officials. We noted that notwithstanding Salem's city ordinance forbidding the sale of beer—beer is being sold. Same old bunch of outlaws that the saloon was, in fact this beer saloon is but the forerunner of the old saloon that both parties said should not come back. It is coming back. All that prevents these beer rooms from being the old-time saloon is that the 18th amendment won't let them, hence their frantic efforts to repeal the amendment. It is to be hoped that your city council will carry this case into the supreme court if they lose out in the lower court. There is too much at stake to stop short of the supreme court. Other city councils in this and other states are waiting for the outcome of this test suit. While this case is in court your city ordinance is still in force—why encourage anarchy by letting these wretches do your law. Haven't you a sheriff with nerve enough to lead them off to jail? Has not the governor of this state got nerve enough to set his state police on them?

We walked all over your beautiful city looking for a place that DID NOT serve beer with meals. At last we found one near the tall building over one of your banks. We do not have much money, and not a penny to spend with the beer saloon. The hop growers of Newberg react up on their hind legs and threaten to boycott Newberg because her city council won't license beer saloons. They thought they were roaring like a lion, when in reality it was only the bray of a jackass. Yamhill

county is only one of a solid block of dry counties. This boycott game is one that two can play at, if the drys should play at the game some wet business men would get badly hurt. This dry block referred to embraces Yamhill, Polk, Benton, Linn, Lane, Douglas, Jefferson and others, Marion is adjacent. Marion has seven delegates to be elected to state convention which will decide whether we retain or repeal the 18th amendment. Marion county voted less than 2000 to repeal the prohibition laws. Come on Statesman, come on you drys, put Marion in the dry block. You can do it if you get busy, show these wet outlaws that Marion county is loyal to the state and federal constitutions—part but all the constitution, which includes the 18th amendment. Carry the county and the seven delegates to vote for the 18th amendment. Are you game? If so, come on and help us to hold Oregon in line for the 18th amendment.
LOYAL CITIZEN.

40 Years Ago
ENGINE TRAVELS 110 MILES AN HOUR
ENGINE 999 Making her record run.
From the Nation's News Files Buffalo, N. Y., May 11, 1893
Today, Engine 999 carrying the Empire State Express from Syracuse to this city set the world's record for speed — 110 miles an hour.
In the hour of need, our knowledge, equipment and desire to add spare every member of the family undesired attention to details.
W. T. TRIGDON & SON
INC.
FUNERALS SINCE 1891
SALEM, OREGON