

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awos"

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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## The London Economic Conference

THE Statesman, which has been a bitter foe of inflation and repudiation, is ready to endorse the general policy of Pres. Roosevelt in the field of foreign affairs, insofar as that policy has been disclosed. We would go as far as to give the administration authority to effect readjustments of tariffs and debts in the forthcoming London conference. It seems to us very strange that the congress which has vested so much greater powers in the president's hands, should hesitate to give him authority in the matter of debts and tariffs, which are of much lesser moment than the banks, the currency and credit systems of this country.

Domestic inflation is, as has been described, a drink of whiskey on an empty stomach. It is producing sudden exhilaration. But it is not getting at the heart of the trouble which has resulted in the paralysis of trade both domestic and foreign. The root of the world depression lies in the dislocation of international exchanges and the mal-distribution of gold, due to reparations and war debts transfers and the failure of the United States to alter its trade balance when it became a creditor nation.

Whereas before the war we were paying interest abroad which the foreigners used to pay for the surplus of commodities we exported, after the war the world was owing us hundreds of millions a year in interest charges. We sucked up their loose gold, and for a time accepted the interest payment in the form of fresh foreign loans. This unbalanced situation led to an inevitable collapse, because the sterile republican leadership stuck by its party tradition of high tariffs and still expected to get paid for the foreign debts in gold instead of goods,—something obviously impossible.

So it came about that depreciation of foreign currencies and defaults on their debts were automatic,—a form of protective coloration which the laws of trade enforced.

The result of course was a stoppage in foreign trade, and the piling up of domestic surpluses of wheat and copper and cotton, etc., until we have nearly strangled in our own surpluses. As Secretary Hull said in a recent address before the International chamber of commerce:

"A slump in the international market, from any cause, with a serious drop of export prices and values, can cause a breakdown of the entire economic and financial life of those large exporting countries, and this in turn paralyzes our foreign trade, and, as has been demonstrated during this panic, cuts in half our production and trade among ourselves here at home and throws millions of wage earners out of employment."

Pres. Roosevelt in his radio speech of May 7th acknowledged that we could not have permanent prosperity here until the foreign situation was cleared up, and went on to say:

"In the conferences which we have held and are holding with the leaders of other nations, we are seeking four great objectives. First, a general reduction of armaments. . . . Secondly, a cutting down of the trade barriers, in order to re-start the flow of exchange of crops and goods between nations. Third, the setting up of a stabilization of currencies, in order that trade may make contracts ahead. Fourth, the reestablishment of friendly relations and greater confidence between all nations."

While the details of that policy are not set forth, the objectives are such that we can unqualifiedly endorse. As an uncompromising supporter of the gold standard, we recognize that it must be restored on an international base. But mere restoration of the gold standard will not suffice, if the post-war mal-adjustment in our trade relations is to continue. Otherwise we would soon repeat the experiences and come to an early stoppage of commerce. This is not a plea for free trade, but for balanced trade; and particularly a plea for the opening up of foreign markets so that our oppressive surpluses may find outlet. Therein lies real farm relief.

Some advocate setting ourselves up as a self-contained nation. That is a step backward, and would mean a permanent readjustment especially of our farm production which would cause untold hardship. And wholly unnecessary. We need produce of other lands; and they need our surplus products. There is no reason why we should not continue the interchange which has been mutually profitable throughout our history.

So far as the war debts are concerned The Statesman believes that American self-interest makes a reduction and above all a settlement necessary. We cannot export these surpluses of our farms and mines and mills and at the same time expect to get full payment on these debts. Private holders of foreign bonds have already seen those "written off" to a great degree in the bond quotations. Many of these issues are rapidly being repatriated,—foreigners are coming in and buying these bonds and taking them back home.

The importance of the London conference is this: if it is successful in reestablishing stable exchanges, which can only be upon the gold base, and can reduce trade barriers, then the free movement of goods in world markets will be stimulated, and these surpluses will move into consumption, which is where they should go. If the conference is a failure, then political interferences will continue to obstruct the operation of economic forces. In the end of course some sort of adjustment would be made, but the making of it promises to be prolonged and painful.

Enlightened self-interest should constrain the American people to impress upon the congress the necessity of giving effective support to the president's foreign policy, which is on far surer ground than his domestic adventures in inflation and repudiation.

The above was written before the text of Pres. Roosevelt's appeal to nations to preserve the peace was published. That appeal is a piece of forthright statesmanship; and the hope of the world lies in its general acceptance, followed by a settlement of economic questions at London.

Editor Merle Chessman's letter in the Astorian-Budget to the commander of the frigate "Constitution" should be furnished students of English as a classic in the literature of controversy. Seldom do we read a communication which did the job of hide-lifting so skillfully. Knowing Chessman, we are satisfied he had abundant provocation. It is regrettable that such an incident occurred to mar the stay of the historic old ship in Columbia waters. But not even an officer of the U. S. navy can trample ruthlessly on the rights of citizens of Oregon.

## "Your new Spring hat, Mein Herr!"



## Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 17, 1908

**DALLAS.**—A widespread active interest was shown in the school picnic held at Rickreall, May 16, in celebration of the founding of the first school in Polk county, 63 years ago. F. L. Hawkins of this city prepared the monument, which is a neatly carved slab of marble.

Boat service between Corvallis and Portland will be tied up for the next week because of the closing of the locks at Oregon City. The Pomona will leave Corvallis and steam to Canemah, where she will tie up for the week.

**CHICAGO.**—The socialist party in convention has nominated Eugene V. Debs of Indiana, for its presidential candidate, and Benj. Hanford of New York, for vice-president.

**WILSONVILLE, Ore.**—By burning through two supposedly burglar-proof steel vault doors, crackmen early today robbed the Farmers' bank of Wilsonville of between \$10,000 and \$16,000 in cash and securities.

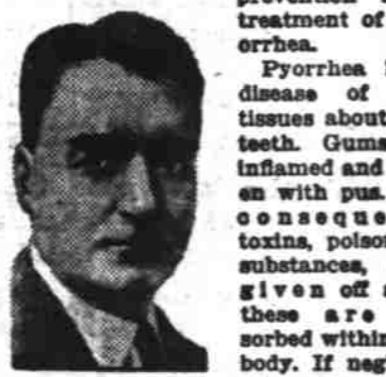
The high price of hauling material has temporarily halted plans for construction of the new Willamette university gymnasium. Of 10 bids submitted the lowest was approximately \$100,000, which

## 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.

"IT IS NOT the disease, but neglect of the remedy which generally destroys health." This is an old Latin proverb. It can be applied to the prevention and treatment of pyorrhea.



Dr. Copeland

Pyorrhea is a disease of the tissues about the teeth. Gums are inflamed and laden with pus. In consequence of this, poisonous substances are given off and these are absorbed within the body. If neglected, serious and permanent damage results, not only to the teeth, but to other parts of the body.

Nature has a way of sending out warnings when anything is wrong with this body of ours. She runs up signals of danger. Bleeding gums is such a danger sign—it is a warning of pyorrhea. If you bite into an apple and notice blood on it, you must suspect pyorrhea. Blood on toothbrush is another one of nature's warnings.

When the gums are healthy and free from pus, they are pink, strong and resistant to pressure. If the gums become red, bluish or gray, pyorrhea may be present. Do not delay if they become swollen, spongy and bleed easily upon touch.

There are many causes for this annoying condition. Neglect of the hygiene of the mouth is the chief factor. Accumulation of tartar on the teeth, faulty fillings, ill-fitting crowns and bridges, as well as lack of proper dental care, are other causes that must not be overlooked.

The medical and dental professions now realize the relationship of faulty diet to diseased teeth and poor health, realizing that the condition of your teeth and mouth have much to do with it.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Jason Lee on Jason Lee: An old time Salem belle: Hoarded gold doing duty:

C. B. Woodworth, Portland, old time Salem boy and young man, kindly contributes these sketches:

"Lena Williams McCoy: The announcement of the death of Lena Williams McCoy will bring a pang of sadness to those who knew her and will also revive pleasant memories. Nature endowed her with many charms. Beautiful in face and figure, a winning smile and sparkling eyes. What a host of admirers she had! If she had any particular favorite among them she did not disclose it. One of her most ardent admirers was Prof. A. L. Francis, a music teacher and piano tuner. He was so smitten with her that he wrote a song and it to music and had it published. Two lines are remembered:

"Pride of the city is beautiful Lena, Amusements they greet you wherever you go."

"It made a local hit, so much so that Lena was often greeted with 'Pride of the city,' much to her amusement."

"She learned to telegraph on the board deemed too high.

The Salem iris show will begin this morning at the Breitaupt floral store. Last year there were 200 displays at the show, held at the Hotel Marion.

The mother of Lena Williams, old time Salem belle, was a daughter of William M. King, of the 1848 covered wagon immigration, coming from Missouri, whence he had gone from Pennsylvania to the state of his birth, New York. He was a member of the lower house of the 1850-51 territorial legislature, the session at which, January 13, 1851, Salem was voted the capital city. He represented Washington county, which then included what is now Multnomah.

He was a prominent business man of early Portland, and an ardent and able politician; was in the lower house of the same legislature, from Multnomah, in the 1857-58 session. He was port surveyor, and a large property holder in the metropolis, and King's Heights there got the name from him.

Jason D. Lee, Baker high school student, about 13, is a son of Roscoe Lee, the family now residing in that Baker county shire city. Roscoe Lee was born at Dallas, where Hon. J. D. Lee, his father, was an old time merchant. J. D. Lee was superintendent of the Oregon penitentiary from 1898 to 1902, having been named for that position by Governor T. T. Geer. Young Jason Lee has a great name and career to live up to; and he seems to be getting a good start. He is related to the Carlé Abrams family here.

Here is a true early day story of supposedly "hoarded" gold that turned out to be in circulation and doing full duty: One of the early sessions of the legislature failed to make the necessary appropriations for the ensuing biennium, and the vaults containing the money belonging to the state were locked up until the succeeding legislature made the appropriations. This the next legislature did.

The day on which the principal appropriation became effective there was a gathering in the office of the state treasurer. One of the members of the party remarked, "Now we will open these vaults and put these rusty old 'twenties' to work." The first box of 'twenties' they took out had a number of coins dated that year. Those "rusty old 'twenties'" had been at work, doing full duty, all the time.

There was nothing criminal about it. It was the regular practice. The state treasurer got a salary of only \$300 a year, and he was under bond—and every early day state treasurer was supposed to get the balance of his remuneration from the use of the idle funds. All of them did; or at least there was no outstanding, if any, exception.

Moreover: Bonds in Oregon pioneer times were individual bonds. People trusted one another; went on bonds for each other. Even the solidest financiers, including bankers.

If present day bankers followed that practice, it would be considered unsafe. But no pioneer who had the true spirit of pioneer faith in his fellows ever thought of the custom in that light. All the early day Oregon bankers freely went on bonds of their customers and friends, and not one of them lost either money or confidence on that account.

**FRANK SCHULTZ HUET JEFFERSON, May 16.**—Frank Schultz who lives about three miles northeast of here, received injuries to his back and legs when he fell from the roof of his barn, recently.

**ARRAIGNED IN McMATH CASE**

Here is the scene in Provincetown, Mass., court as Kenneth (left) and Cyril Buck, brothers of Harwichport, were arraigned in connection with the kidnaping of Peggy McMATH. The men, both of whom pleaded not guilty, were held in \$100,000 bail each. Continuance of the case until May 23 was granted, and the accused were returned to Barnstable County Jail.

## "MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

CHAPTER XLIII

"Surely someone somewhere must be looking after me," thought Mary Faith, who was still old-fashioned enough to believe in a God who took care of His people just as He did long ago when "by faith the walls of Jericho fell down."

And so after that one night she did not worry very much as the long weeks went by without a word from Kim. Autumn came with its first cold days and its bursts of wind and rain, and she wondered if Kim had taken his heavy overcoat out of the wardrobe trunk where she had packed it. She wondered if he had found his silk-and-wool socks in the bottom of the steamer trunk, and once or twice she was on the verge of calling him up to tell him where they were. But she decided not to. If he was still in the mood he had been in last spring, he would probably think she was doing it just for effect.

The days of swirling rain went on; and Mary Faith, at work in her office, could hear the drumming of the drops on her window all day long, beneath the tap-tap of her typewriter. The green-shaded lights were turned on in the middle of the afternoon, and it was dark by five o'clock when she left the office.

One night Mark Nesbit's car was just starting away from the curb as she stepped out of the front door of the building. It stopped, and his voice came to her through the wet and windy darkness.

"Take you home, Miss Fenton?" He never called her anything but Miss Fenton.

"No thanks, Mr. Nesbit," she called back to him, and his car went on down the street. By the time she caught a street car she was soaked to the skin and she sat, shivering and wondering if she had not been a fool to refuse his offer of a ride home. She hoped that Mr. Nesbit would not think that she had acted in a coy and kittenish way about it, and she half-wished that she had hopped into the car and ridden home with him. That would have been the natural and sensible thing to do.

It was hard to figure out what was the natural and sensible thing to do when you were married to one man and working in another man's office.

"Why don't you get an out-and-out divorce, Mary Faith?" Mrs. Puckett asked her every few weeks. "This way you're neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. Neither a married woman nor a grass widow—Mrs. Farrell here at the house and Miss Fenton at the office, and neither wife nor spinster really."

Until that rainy October night when Mark Nesbit offered to drive her home Mary Faith's position in the office had not bothered her. She had gone back to Nesbit's just as simply as she had gone back to Mrs. Puckett's—and it had seemed to be the place to go, probably because it was so easy to return to. She was so adventurous into places, and she thought of the familiar old office as being like the thought of a safe old harbor to her.

November came in, colder than October and just as rainy. The baby could not get out for his daily airing, and Elsie reported every night that he had been restless and cross all day long.

"If he were at home he could take his naps on the little screened porch," thought Mary Faith, "and he could have the run of five or six rooms instead of being cooped up in one room almost all day."

She had come to hate the top-floor room with its windows that looked out toward the bare treetops of Hawthorn Park, and she longed for the Wilton Street flat every hour of the day. She knew that all of the furniture had been moved out of it, and in all probability someone else was living in it now; and yet she felt that it must still be there with its flowers blooming on the window sills and its rubber plant standing in the corner of the dining room and Kim's coat hanging on the golden-oak coat-tree in the hall.

The first snow came early that year, on the first Friday in November. It began to fall early in the afternoon and by four o'clock Mary



"Do you remember that I asked you to marry me that night?" Nesbit questioned.

Faith's little room was filled with cold white snow-light that made it seem a different place altogether from the one it had been that morning.

She was standing at the window, looking down into the transformed courtyard below, when the door of Mark Nesbit's office opened and he came and stood beside her.

"Almost three years since you and I were out in a snowstorm like this, isn't it?" he asked. "Remember?" She did remember. It had been the night he asked her to marry him. She remembered it because it had been the night Kim came back to her after his first long desertion of her. They had sat in his little car outside Mrs. Puckett's house and planned their future, and she had been so happy that it had seemed as though all the stars fell down and shattered in River Street that night.

"Of course, I remember it, Mr. Nesbit," she said, and then she added quickly, nervously:

"I do love this kind of day, don't you?" It seems so absolutely clean, doesn't it? Cleaner even than summer days when the sun comes out after a hard rain."

"Do you remember that I asked you to marry me that night?" "Of course, I do." Her lips had stiffened suddenly so that she could hardly speak and she could feel a flush going over her face.

"It was a long time ago, wasn't it, Mary Faith?" One of his hands slid along the window sill and covered one of hers.

"Three years, you said." She drew her hand from under his and began to back away from the window. She wished, just as she had wished it three years before, that Mark Nesbit would stay in his lofty place as president of the Nesbit Mercantile Company and forget that she was anything but his secretary. She thought that he had forgotten it. For several months he had been so business-like, so matter-of-fact with her at all times that sometimes she wondered if he had ever been really in love with her.

"Do you remember what I told you that night three years ago?" he was asking her now in a quiet heavy voice. She had sunk down on her chair behind her desk, and he was leaning over her.

She shook her head. All she remembered clearly of their conversation that night was that he had asked her to marry him and she had refused him. And through her confusion she reflected that if it were

Kim asking her that question she could have told him every word he had said. She never forgot a syllable of Kim's.

"No, I don't remember, Mr. Nesbit. It's so long ago, isn't it?" She threw out her hands, that were usually so capable and sure, in a helpless uncertain little movement.

"Well, I told you I'd probably feel about you all the rest of my life as I felt then," he said, "and I do. I knew it all the time you were away from this place—and, as soon as I heard from Miss Bartlett that you'd left your husband, I made up my mind to let you know just how things were with me." He spoke in that same stilted heavy way as if he had thought out what he wanted to say and was trying to remember just how he had planned to say it.

"If you hadn't come down here to work, I had made up my mind to find you and tell you all this. Not just at first, of course. I thought I'd wait for a few months—and those few months have passed. When you are free, I'm going to ask you again if you'll marry me."

He stopped and seemed to be waiting for her to make some kind of an answer. But Mary Faith only stared at him, her eyes wide and dark in her face that had gone dead white.

"And I think I ought to add," he went on, "that I'd be glad to adopt your boy and help you bring him up." He had thought of everything, evidently.

"I should never have let this happen," said Mary Faith to herself. "I should have seen it coming—and gone away long ago."

She should never have gone back to Nesbit's at all. She saw that now. Well, she'd have to go as soon as she could. It would be impossible to face Mark Nesbit after this afternoon. That was certain. It was hard enough to face him now.

She stood up to do it, her blue eyes level with his dark ones.

"If I'd dreamed that you were still thinking about me like this, Mr. Nesbit, I'd never have come back here. But it all seemed so business-like and ordinary at the time. Jean Bartlett was leaving and you needed someone to take her place and I needed the place and the salary so badly—Did you think I was getting a divorce?"

She stopped abruptly as the telephone on her desk rang.

(To Be Continued)

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## INFORMATION ASKED OF SCHOOL BOARDS

Preparatory to considering contracts for high school tuition and transportation of non-resident high school students for the year 1933-34 as soon as the new county education board is elected, County Superintendent Fulkerson Monday notified all district high school boards that certain data to this end must be supplied before June 30.

The new county education board will be selected by vote in the respective non-high school districts June 19.

The data which each school is asked to supply prior to the end of next month includes: Number of high school teachers; list of courses offered; provision for physical education and athletics; proposed per capita cost of tuition; proposed routes for transportation.

## Using Clackamas Fall is Advised

Utilization of 575 feet of undeveloped fall between the Casadero and Oak Grove projects on the Clackamas river for a domestic, irrigation and water power supply, would prove one of the most profitable self-liquidating projects in Oregon at this time, John Lewis, ex-state engineer, informed Governor Meier in a letter received here Monday.

Governor Meier previously had requested Lewis to conduct an investigation and report his findings to the executive department.