

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## Commencements Again

THE public schools are closing their terms once more. There is the usual flutter of examinations and baccalaureate exercises, and junior banquets and commencement dresses. Youth has its day, and there is nothing quite so luminous for young people as graduating from high school. The big world yawns, but first there is the thrill that comes from real achievement, the completion of a definite schedule of work.

The commencement season this year should throw into relief the work the schools have been doing and the teachers. For life has not been easy with them. They do not live cloistered existences. Instead day by day they have come into touch with the realities of life. Teachers could not see young people coming to school inadequately clothed, or suffering slow starvation and be unmoved. Quietly, without ostentation or advertising, teachers have gone down in their pockets to provide means for hundreds of young people to continue in school. They have taken up particular cases, sought out homes for boys and girls, helped collect hosiery and shoes, provide books and materials. They have visited homes and seen the domestic problems which mothers are facing. While teachers are not social settlement workers, they are full of social sympathies, and their hearts have been touched with distress which they have witnessed.

School terms have been shortened in many districts; and the outlook for next year is clouded. Contracts are being written on a basis of "if, when and as". Some places are waiting to see how the May tax money comes in before deciding about maintaining their schools. We think however that ways and means will be found. Teachers are making concessions in good grace. New budgets are being drawn on a basis to carry on, because youth is fleeting, and the education lost now will not be regained later. Our people are loyal to their schools and when the issue comes of continuing them, they will not hesitate. Provision will be made in nearly every community to give elementary and high school education. The world is not coming to an end; and for young people, it is just beginning.

## Those Income Tax Refunds

WHEN the republicans were in power they were charged with all kinds of high crimes in rebates of excess taxes to the steel corporation and Mr. Mellon. Jack Garner was the chief agitator, and raked the administration from turret to foundation stone for not hanging on to all the money it had collected from the wicked rich whether it could do so legally or not.

So the country turned democratic and expected no more of these tax refunds. But the democrats are rebating now, and to the naughty utilities. Bill Hamilton, who works for the octopus here in this town, got a check from the treasurer of the United States, being payment of interest on the excess the government had extracted from him last year.

If the republicans would only get a publicity man as good as Charley Michaelson, they could seize on this incident and advertise the scandal so they could turn the rascals out. The country will undoubtedly have to be saved again from such minions of privilege who will grant a refund from the treasury to a power company employe.

Bill's check was for three cents.

The bitterness of the Jackson county feud slopped over in the Banks trial. Character witnesses provided a parade of friends and foes of Banks. Members of the "good government congress" tried to glide the jury while members of the committee of one hundred provided the lambchop. In fact the calling of some of the rebuttal witnesses who were admittedly hostile to Banks politically and personally would seem to have been a poor move on the part of the prosecution. The scheme of the defense was to build up the idea of persecution which may be counted on to strike a sympathetic response in minds of jurors. The rather vindictive attitude of the prosecution and some of its witnesses might thus play into the hands of the defense. What the verdict may be it is difficult to predict.

Take off your chapeau to Madame Schumann-Heink. At 73 she is touring the country to give concerts. Doubtless she needs the money. Although she has been a big earner, she has had a big family and the numerous children could help her spend all she could earn. She is traveling now by automobile with her son as chauffeur. He broke his leg landing baggage in the car at Tacoma so she cancelled her eastern Washington theatre engagements. Something heroic in this veteran of the opera and concert stage, appearing now as part of theatre programs. The United States loves her though her voice lacks its old lustre.

The public quickly makes its appraisal of men who step into places of prominence. Here is William H. Woodin, who so long as he remained in New York was known only as a big industrialist with a musical complex. When he stepped over into the treasury department he soon acquired the nickname of "Wee Willie", and now the reporters keep pestering him by asking when he is going to resign. "Wee Willie" just hasn't clicked with his job, perhaps because he hasn't had a chance to work at it. So far it is conceded he isn't the greatest secretary since . . .

Congress voted to exempt the publicly owned light and power plants from the special tax on electric energy which is to be transferred from consumers to the producing companies. If public ownership is as profitable as its advocates claim, why should there be any objection to absorbing this small tax. The private companies are kicking against it, but the hooks are all set and they are going to be stuck. It would seem only fair treatment to have both types contribute the small sum to the national treasury.

Paraguay declared war on Bolivia but didn't do any fighting. Japan does a lot of fighting but hasn't declared war on China. Perhaps Japan tells the Chinese as she administers the thrashing: "This hurts me as much as it does you."

The new railroad bill isn't counted on to do either the roads or the public much good, and the employe none at all. What railroads need more than legislation is loaded box cars to pick up one place and set down in another part of the country.

The Washington supreme court has ruled that a man is not necessarily negligent in letting his car run out of gas. It may not be negligence, but the result is inconvenience.

Plumbers are coming to Salem for a convention next week. All hope that when they arrive they will not have to go back for their tools.

The deserving democrats are getting anxious for the new deal to end. They are looking for trump cards from the same old deal.

The citizens' conservation corps work promises to be about as fantastic as the concrete ships built in wartimes. The experiment will probably not be so expensive however.

The dairy strike in Wisconsin is over and once more the milk flows unhindered to Milwaukee.

## How About THIS National Emergency?



## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem  
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 20, 1908  
The Young Men's Republican club of Salem has appointed the following committee to nominate members of the executive committee from each ward: H. D. Patton, A. H. Gilie, Roy Morgan, George Neuner and B. F. West.

H. H. Olinger, Henry Meyers, Del Dinsmoor and C. H. Hinges, board of trade committee named to go to Portland to see about representing Salem in the Rose Carnival there early next month. Vowed preparations for the event being made there yesterday, and reported it would cost \$1000 to represent the city properly.

E. Eckerlin has sold the Elite hotel and restaurant to L. Walcott and L. Hentschel, recently of New York City. Mr. Eckerlin will continue to conduct the saloon and wholesale liquor house.

May 20, 1923  
Coach Roy Bohler has announced he will not accept reappointment at Willamette university. C. C. Cauffman of Simpson College, Ia., and Guy L. Rathbun of O. A. C. have been mentioned as his successor. Herman Clark, head of the Salem high school chemistry department the past five years, has been chosen assistant professor of chemistry at the university.

NEW YORK—A demand for the impeachment of William H. Taft, chief justice of the supreme court, for accepting an alleged

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS  
Salem's oldest business:

(Continuing from yesterday.)  
Two of the early townsite boosters of Portland, Col. W. W. Chapman and Stephen Coffin, had contacted with Thomas J. Dryer, who was to be their editor, and hearing of the proposed new paper to be started in the rival town, Oregon City, were anxious to be first in the field with their projected newspaper—and were able to do so by the opportunity to get the little printing press and the "shirt tail full of type," as the old time printers used to say, offered for sale at the then small town of San Francisco.

"Small town?" the reader may inquire. Yes, California had no facilities for recording the first plat of their townsite, and it was sent to Oregon City and filed there, at the temporary capital of the territory of Oregon. A copy of that plat may be seen displayed in the rooms of the Oregon Historical society at Portland.

Perhaps the reader will be interested in a further account of the printing plant that came up through Mexico to the Catholic mission at Monterey. The most valuable part of that plant was a Ramage press, a crude machine, the predecessor of the old Washington hand presses of many pioneer newspapers in the United States, and still used in numerous printing plants in small towns of this country, and, as proof presses, in larger ones. The Ramage press got the impression by means of a screw that was turned by hand. The Washington press makes its impression from the pulling of a lever, done with one operation of the hand, with the weight of the operator. So, the Washington press is much faster than was the Ramage; can turn out many more impressions an hour.

The ancient machine now resting on the exhibits in the University of Washington museum, at Seattle. The old Washington hand press that printed the very first newspaper west of the Missouri river, the Oregon Spectator, at Oregon City, with its initial issue that of February 5, 1846, is now the property of the University of Oregon, printing office at Eugene. This press came to Salem from Oregon City, then went to Roseburg, and then to Eugene, where it was used in printing Harrison R. Kincaid's Oregon Journal.

## 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.

ONE OF the favorite pastimes of country children is to whirl around in a swing. The rapid rotary motion of the swing is amusing, because at the end of the performance the "whirler" is eager to get down as quickly as possible.

One who suffers from persistent vertigo should have a thorough physical examination. This should include a careful analysis of the urine. Sun or heat stroke is often followed by a tendency to dizziness. Severe anemia, or the convalescence from some serious illness, affects the normal equilibrium.

Unusually quick or unexpected movements of the body, the rapid ascent or descent of an elevator, or the rocking of a ship, result in dizziness. This may be due to some disturbance of the eye, or of the semi-circular canals of the ear. Dizziness experienced only while in high places is undoubtedly of nervous origin, and need cause no concern to those affected. If you suffer from persistent vertigo or dizziness, it is wise to consult your doctor. He will reassure you.

Answers to Health Queries  
Mrs. F. B. Q.—Is there a special diet for one who has had the gall bladder removed? I have a metallic taste in the mouth, pain and distress after eating and my digestion seems to be slow.

A.—Eat simple, easily digested foods, including fruits and vegetables. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

V. W. A. Q.—Would an operation for a fallen stomach be successful?  
A.—Yes, in most instances.

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## "STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.  
Joan Hastings, seventeen and beautiful, lives a secluded life with her two old maiden aunts in a house long run to seed. Aunt Ervive discovered that Joan has visited a dance hall, angrily tells Joan she is just like her mother and threatens to reveal the skeleton in the family closet.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.  
CHAPTER 2  
Ervive leaned forward, her heavy black brows drawn together. "Tell you I see, I'll tell you. It's high time you took warning. You're your mother's daughter. You've got to Van Fleet all over again. I can see it. You're beginning to act like her. She was too crazy. She danced her way to the devil. I promised my mother on her deathbed that I wouldn't go the same way, and I will—if I have to send you to a reform school to do it."

"That way—what did my mother do?"  
"Oh, God in heaven!" moaned Babe. "Look down upon these things—"  
"Oh, shut up, Babe. Babe doesn't want me to say your mother stole Peter Hastings away from her. I thought why, after all this time—"  
"Ervive—please—please—"  
"Aunt Babe and my father—"  
Joan faltered.  
"Ervive," Ervive snapped. She was enjoying it now. She was getting even with the dead Veronica at last; Veronica who was too beautiful; Veronica who had stolen Babe's heart, who had broken her father's heart and disgraced them both because of the cause of all the bad luck—wished Joan on them . . .  
She took another look at the slender, panting girl in the shiny old blue serge. Slender and round as a willow branch. The same creamy skin. The same sea-green eyes.  
"Look out you don't end like your mother," she finished.  
"But how? You haven't told me. You've got to now—"  
"All right!" Ervive spread her broad palms. "You asked. Your mother was bad—that's what. She used to sneak out and meet Peter in the rose garden after she was told to go to bed. She was only sixteen. Papa found them there one night—seems like yesterday—Veronica and Babe's blue dress—going with the white swansdown trimming over her nightgown, crying in the hall, and mama fainting—"  
"But if they loved each other why didn't everybody let them be engaged?"  
"She was too young!" Ervive came back from the past with a bang. Her thin nostrils quivered. "Papa sent her away to school, and made Peter ship out on a sailing boat—the Hispaniola. It was burnt in the China Sea. . . . It was then that we learned Veronica had married Peter secretly. Anyway Peter was at the bottom of the China Sea, he said his wife burnt to a crisp, and Veronica did just what you might have expected of her. She sent you home for us to take care of, and jumped off a ferry boat, coming over from the city. I guess I'll go to bed. You'd better come too, Babe!"  
And she strode majestically from the room, quite herself again, looking so impressive, all her anger forgotten.

Blump, blump—her heavy footsteps going up the stairs.  
Then Joan's slow, heartbroken, hiccup world burst into her room. How queer she looked in the mirror . . . her eyes looked so dark in her pale face . . . with her hair all that way. "Did 'bad girls' look that way?"  
She knelt by the bed, and cooled her hot face on the fresh white counterpane. How she hated Aunt Ervive, and how she hated herself for believing Aunt Ervive.

The little porcelain miniature of Veronica—of Veronica at sixteen—was strained close to her heart. The little mother she had never known. Her pretty one. Her dear one.  
"Aunt Ervive is a liar, a double-dyed, twenty-times liar, know she is!" she whispered to the little miniature, so oddly like herself. "I don't believe her—don't you know I don't—wherever you are."  
And she cried because it wasn't any use. Something in Ervive's cold dark eyes, something in Babe's pitiful clutching hands had told her. It wasn't a lie. It was the truth.  
The breeze from the bay swept in coolly, lifting the long Swiss curtains, caressing her tear-stained cheek. It brought with it the tang of sea things, a hint of tar, a breath of some aromatic shrub from the garden. Then sweetly, overpoweringly fragrant, the smell of the wet, purple lilacs.  
Joan sprang to her feet. "I don't care if it is true!" she cried. "I've a real love story—I'm proud I'm a Hastings! No wonder he loved her—she was beautiful and fine and wonderful! I love her too—more than ever—I do—I do—"  
Again the little salty gust from the bay, the little whispering of the leaves of the rose under the window, the heavy scent of the lilacs. Romance rode on the breeze. Veronica, the little dead mother, was nearer than she had ever been, and dearer.  
Joan reached out her arms. "I am like you!" The old mirror over the dresser flung back her image, starry-eyed, aflame with the first consciousness of her own beauty. "Why do you look so like me? You will be like me—they can't stop me from it! I will! I will!"  
Joan sat at her bedroom window, trying to study. The dog-eared geometry was prompted up before her, but the big French window overlooking the garden was before her, too. And the garden was full of fragrance. Little rustling noises in the budding rose trees down below. A big red and black butterfly flapping on the very top of the tallest white rose bush. Blue jays scolding in the big pine tree near the hedge. "The square of the hypotenuse—"  
The printed page blurred. It's so hard to put your mind on geometry when you've just lost your best friend. Hilda Sedgwick was mad at her—mad ever from the city. "Why can't you get up to the Point with me?" Hilda demanded hotly as they were coming from school.  
"Aunt Ervive—"  
"Oh, I know you can't ever do anything that's any fun, but good night, Johnnie, don't you ever have to get botany specimens the same as I do at school, and won't she have to let you do that?"  
"Well, why can't we do it together?"  
"I have mine already. I got them early—before school this morning—"  
"Johnnie Hastings! And you never said a word to me! You passed right square by my house too!"  
"I was awfully early."  
"Oh, all right—if you don't want to go with me it's all right. You seem to have changed all of a sudden though."  
"Hilda—I haven't. I do want to go—"  
"Only what?" Hilda's dark eyes were snapping. Her broad shoulders were thrown back, haughtily.  
They were an odd pair: thick-set Hilda in her white sport clothes and tall, slender Joan in her shiny blue serge, made out of an old coat of Aunt Babe's, but they loved each other. They always had, in spite of Aunt Ervive's expressed objections and Mrs. Sedgwick's amusement of

## PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON SPEAKER, WOODBURN

WOODBURN, May 19.—The anti-labor league of Oregon will sponsor a meeting at the Methodist church here Saturday at 7:45 p. m., with "Pussyfoot" Johnson and Thomas W. Gales the speakers.

The young people of the Methodist Episcopal church will have charge of the services Sunday for the special observance of the 44th anniversary of Epworth league. They will have charge of the Sunday school hour in the morning at 10 o'clock and will assist in the morning worship hour at 11 o'clock. The pastor, Rev. Glenn S. Hartong will preach on "The Price of Life." In the evening the topics will be presented by various members of the organization, besides readings and music. This service will begin at 7:30 o'clock and all former members are invited as honor guests. After the service the young people will be hosts to the entire congregation at an informal tea, served in Japanese style in the church parlors.

The Rebekahs Tuesday night elected officers: Miss Mabel Lively, president; Mrs. Gladys McClure, vice grand; Mrs. Carrie Finch, recording secretary, and Mrs. Myrtle Hall, treasurer. Installation will be held the first meeting in July.

## Christina Snyder Seriously Injured; Breaks Hip in Fall

AURORA, May 19.—Mrs. Christina Snyder was seriously injured recently when she fell to the floor of her living room and fractured her hip. Mrs. Snyder is a pioneer mother, widow of the late Charles Snyder, and because of her advanced years and her condition her family are greatly concerned.

Mrs. Norman Hurst was removed to an Oregon City hospital Wednesday morning where she underwent an operation of a serious nature. Miss Leona Will has returned from a Portland sanatorium and is recovering from a major operation.

## GRADUATION SLATED FOR TUESDAY NIGHT

CENTRAL HOWELL, May 19.—The eighth grade graduation exercises will be held at the school Tuesday night, May 23. Lucille Roth will deliver the valedictory address and Florence Hanson is salutatorian. Prophecy will be given by Vernon Beal, poem by Ida Scherer, will by Hollis Ramesden and history by Donald Kuenzi. Other members of the class of 13 are: Evaline Wilcox, Albert Scherer, Dennis Loganball, Emil Ped, John Zurcher.

## Public Reception For Newlyweds is Slated For Tonight

DALLAS, May 19.—(Special)—The Presbyterian church of Dallas is giving a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Webb, who recently married in the First Congregational church in Portland. This reception will be at 8 o'clock Saturday in the social rooms of the church.

## Benefit Card Party Slated For Tonight

FAIRFIELD, May 19.—A benefit card party will be given Saturday night, May 20, at the Fairfield grange hall, in charge of Mrs. M. J. Mahoney.

## HOP WORK HALTED

WHEATLAND, May 19.—About 22 acres of hops in the Will Magness farm in this locality have been trained up the twine but the showers have delayed the finishing the remainder of the 44 acres, but the crew is in readiness as soon as weather conditions are satisfactory. Mr. Magness has been confined to his bed four days with a bad cold that settled in his throat.

## GRACE LYNN RETURNING

BETHANY, May 19.—Miss Grace Lynn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Linn, is expected to arrive home the first of the week from Myrtle Point, where she has been teaching. Miss Lynn will spend a part of her vacation with her parents.

## WRONG FEARMINE LISTED

KEIZER, May 19.—Walter Fearmine, and not Lester, as erroneously reported yesterday, was injured in an accident here Thursday morning when a piece from the wheel of the tractor he was driving flew up, knocking him from the machine and causing the wheel of the attached grader to run over him. Reports from the hospital indicate that his condition is satisfactory.

## TOWNS MOVE TO FARM

SILVERTON HILLS, May 19.—Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Towe have moved to their farm in this community and will spend the summer here. Mr. Towe is one of the bus drivers for the Silverton high school district and Mrs. Towe has been teaching at Porter school this past season.

## RECREAL IS PLANNED

RIVERVIEW, May 19.—Mrs. Claud Felzer of Jefferson will hold a music recital at the Riverview school, May 25, in which all her pupils from Jefferson, Richardson Gap and Riverview will participate.