

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Thoughts on Music

"I like mountain music, good old mountain music. Played by the hill billy band."

Right at that moment the sensitive soul gets up and clicks off the radio. There is at present a great flair for hill billy bands, which are seemingly succeeding in public favor the jazz orchestras of the gilded decade. While the more cultured may have their musical sensibilities bruised by the rasp of mountaineer bands, still there is some real music in many mountain melodies,—some of those plaintive airs have the qualities of folk music, one of the oldest and purest forms of musical expression.

While music speaks a universal language, it uses a great variety of dialects. Indian music, for example, is largely monotone and rhythm, and sometimes not so much rhythm, yet it is real music in the ears of the Indian. German music on the other hand is lusty and rich in melody and color. Some persons make music on a harmonica; others make it out of a tube twisted round and ending in a bell shape and called a trombone. Some people like a stately march; others like a flute solo with many trills and runs. In considering this subject of music it is a good thing to keep in mind the fact that there is an almost infinite variety of forms in expressing music and of tastes in appreciating music. That should help to keep people tolerant even when "mountain music, played by the hill billy band" is discussed.

We listened with interest to the fine program which the children of the elementary schools and high school students presented at the armory Friday night. It was evidence of the excellent instruction the children are receiving in the fine art of singing. In some ways though, that is only half of what the schools need to do. The other half is to teach people how to listen to music. Public schools do something along this line; but the colleges, which are genuine zones of culture, do practically nothing at all except expose the students to music. If they become inoculated, all right; if not, all right. No effort is made to cultivate their music appreciation.

Considering the great ignorance on how to hear music it is perhaps not surprising that many scorn music and are bored when they have to go to a concert. One mistake many people make is trying to put music ideas over into word ideas. When a person is first learning a foreign language he has to turn the French or German over into corresponding English words before he gets the meaning of the passage he is reading. After a while however he learns to "think" in the German or French, without hunting around for the corresponding English word. Thousands of people hear music only the former way, and try to translate the sounds into specific ideas; this passage is where the pack of hounds has the deer up a tree. Or this staccato is the beat of hoofs of a horse traveling down the pike. Or this clatter of brass is the cook washing the cake pans. Or this rumble of bass is the surf beating on the shore.

That is all right; and a great deal of music is built up to carry such word ideas to people's minds. Operas for example are great pageants in which the music and the words and the action all go together, to create a single effect. A good illustration of this use of music to convey a word idea is in the oratorio "Elijah" where one passage starts with violins, adds the woodwind instruments and comes to full orchestra with brass dominant: "And yet the Lord was not in the earthquake". The passage is repeated: "And yet the Lord was not in the whirlwind". Rest, and a solo voice: "Then in a still voice, onward came the Lord". The contrast is overwhelming.

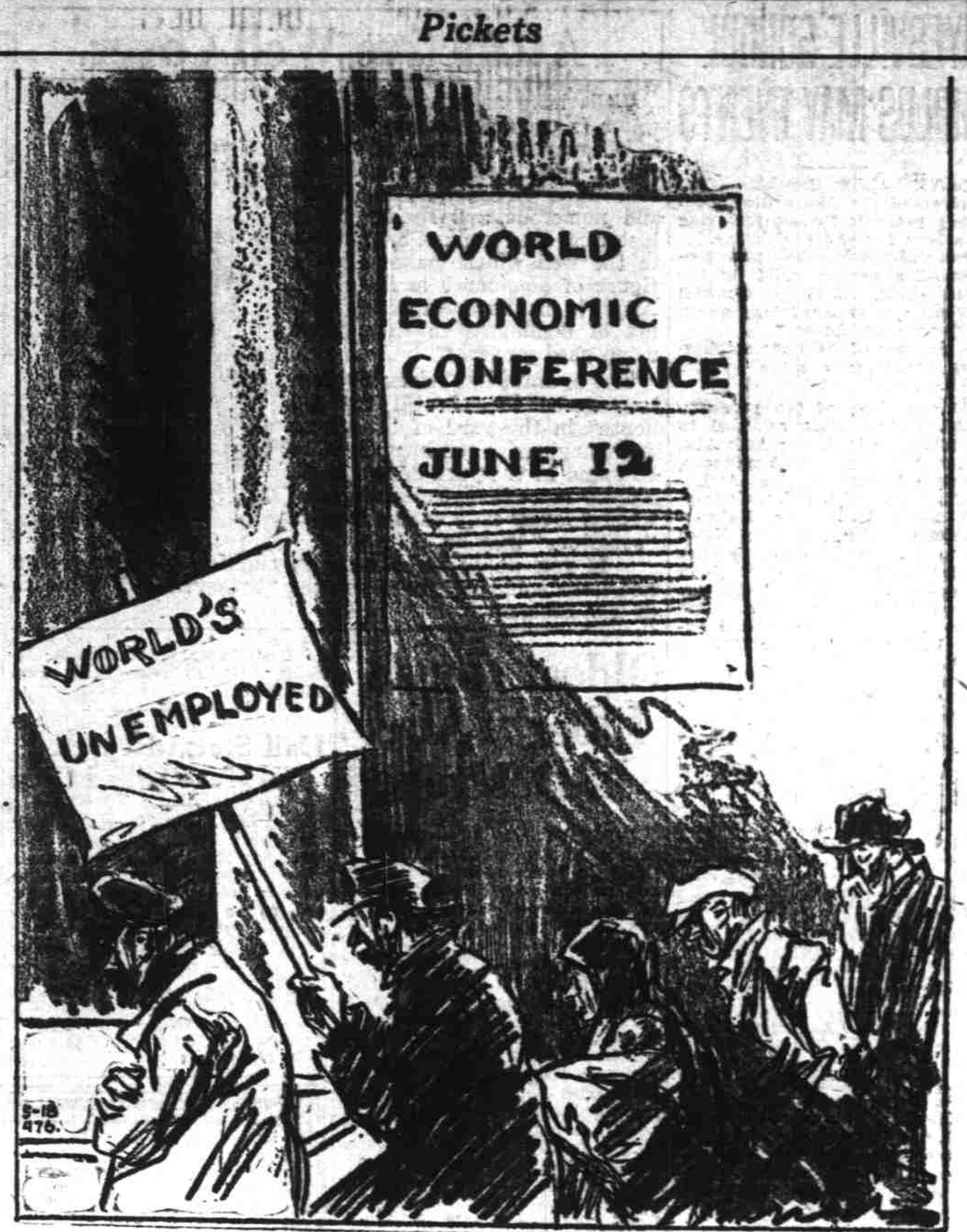
While music can thus speak a "word language", it can also speak a language which those with senses attuned can hear without any translation into words. In other words music appeals to the emotions. It plays on the heartstrings. It touches the feelings of men and women. And the way to listen to music is not to try to put the passage over into words but just to sit and drink it in and enjoy it and let your feelings be swayed with the harmony and the rhythm. Some may say, that is over our heads. Not at all, it brings music to levels where it can best be appreciated.

When a military band goes by playing Sousa's "Stars and Stripes" your being thrills to the very toes of your feet. You throw your shoulders back, your eyes sparkle, and you want to fight. How different is your emotional reaction when you hear a great organ play Guilmet's "Marche Funebre"? Then you are sober and sad, your heart almost sobs to the throbbing of the organ. If you hear a pianist playing Grieg's "To Spring" you are carried along with its delicate witchery, its grace, its sinuous beauty. But if you hear some mood changes, for the Largo is expansive, majestic. The "Blue Danube" waltz whispers seductively of amours and passions. Or you shiver with fear and shudder from heartbreak as you listen to the music of "The Erl King".

In other words music appeals to your moods, plays on your feelings. It thrills you or saddens you; it inspires you or depresses you as you listen to it and let your feelings run along with the composition.

These thoughts are prompted by the fact that tomorrow night the Philharmonic orchestra will give its closing concert of the season in the armory, and in two numbers it will set as the instrumental accompaniment for the Philharmonic choir of Willamette university. Some people will be inclined to stay away because they do not like "classical music". We wish they would go tomorrow night with the idea of enjoying the music and not of undergoing punishment. And one way to enjoy it is by not trying to put the composer's music over into words: rain pattering on the roof, or bells ringing in a far-off church, or a lot of other such ideas of mechanical sounds. Just let yourself be carried along by the music, fast or slow, sweet or sad, soft or loud. Hear it with your emotions and not with your cerebrum. Then you should get a great deal of pleasure out of it.

Another thought about music. It is the one art which perishes with the production. The written music survives of course; but music is not music (except perhaps to great minds) except as it is performed either by singing or by some instrument. Yet the sounds die away within a few moments after they are made. Other arts are not like that. A work of sculpture stands for centuries; printing has made poetry imperishable; in architecture a beautiful building is



Living on the Job as Difficult As Doing It; Both are Necessary
 By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

It has been a backward spring. This is not mentioned as news, but merely a sad evidence of a darkly reflective nature. It has been the sort of spring in which a person discards his galoshes permanently a number of times, and then does it again. You think it tiresome? Phaw! Back in the flood districts along the Ohio, folks wear their galoshes to bed.

A Salem citizen's favorite motion picture actress had her face lifted and her nose remodeled, and she no longer resembles so markedly a girl of whom he thought a heap long ago. Hence, she is his favorite motion picture actress not any more. So much for art.

Still and all, art is art. Mr. Browning says — and I was given to understand definitely years ago back in the codfish country that Mr. Browning is disputed in matters pertaining to art only by folks whose intellects are limited in both quantity and quality, though I never accepted such statements seriously — "Art may tell a truth obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought, nor wrong the thought, missing the artistic word." Do you see? Was ever mud clearer?

The idea that all honest labor will be rewarded adequately sometime somewhere is a good idea. I like it. But I reckon we cannot expect much reward from winding our watches seven times on Sunday and not at all during the remainder of the week.

Place both hands against a dinner table and push back. Some benefit in a backward spring of that sort—perhaps.

There are people in the Willamette valley from every state in the union. I have heard most of the states referred to by former residents. In these references pride is usually apparent, but not always. People differ and states differ.

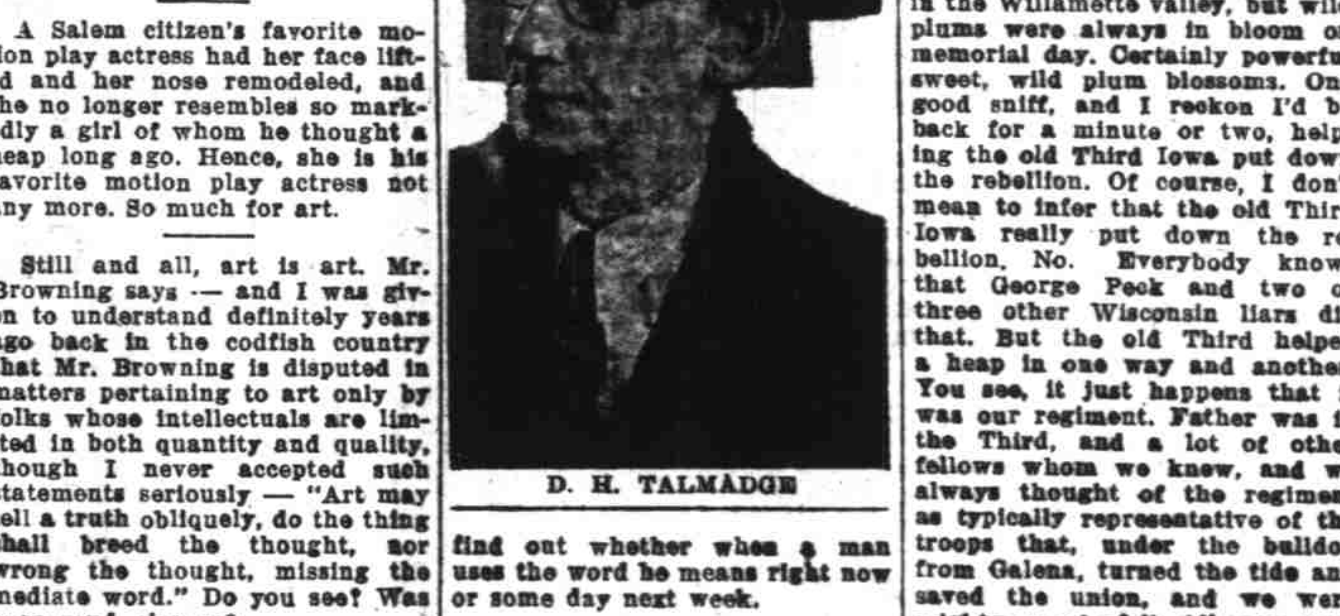
Jobs are different, too. Some jobs are really two jobs in one. Sometimes it is more of a job living on a job than it is working at it, and it is required that we do both or neither. Which is tough.

Ignore annoyances. Swell advice. Tamps' main sheep butted Gumps into the horse — trough. Trumps said, "Don't take no attention to him; he don't mean nothing objectionable."

Few of us question the influence of mind over matter. I once witnessed a chilly day experiment in which a young man, whose eyes had been injured by an explosion of gunpowder and who was temporarily blind, remove his coat and vest and warmed himself comfortably at a stove in which was no fire, but in which he had been led to believe was fire. This was held to be conclusive by the mentalist who framed the experiment. But the young man caught cold.

Oregon Electric — the line of the lonesome look.

Quest, the various ideas folks have of the meaning of the word suddenly. You can't tell until you



D. H. TALMADGE

find out whether when a man uses the word he means right now or some day next week.

It is little wonder that some clocks stop. I reckon they simply break down — get what in a human would be termed a nervous collapse. This is particularly noticeable in clocks belonging to elderly people, in whose domestic time attains a tremendous rate of speed. And it isn't much of a joke, either.

Memorial day again — almost. Ahead of time, as usual. The same old story, only a bit different each year. Up country hill to slow music. Flowers heaped on the graves. Down again in jigtime, caps cocked over one eye. Not staying — yet. I wonder if wild plum blossoms would smell today as they used to smell? Probably they would and probably they wouldn't. Flowers weren't so plentiful in Boyville as they are in the Willamette valley, but wild plums were always in bloom on memorial day. Certainly powerful sweet, wild plum blossoms. One good sniff, and I reckon I'd be back for a minute or two, helping the old Third Iowa put down the rebellion. Of course, I don't mean to infer that the old Third Iowa really put down the rebellion. No. Everybody knows that George Peck and two or three other Wisconsin liars did that. But the old Third helped a heap in one way and another. You see, it just happens that it was our regiment. Father was in the Third, and a lot of other fellows whom we knew, and we always thought of the regiment as typically representative of the troops that, under the bulldog from Galena, turned the tide and saved the union, and we were mighty proud of it all over now. Out of date. Passes. Trying to save the country in a different way these days. Countries certainly require a heap of savings. don't they?

BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

No winner of the \$1 prize;

In this column, issue of May 3, these paragraphs appeared:

"The Bits man happens to have had occasion, a few days ago, to look appraisingly at the oil painting of Dr. John McLoughlin, hanging on the wall back of the president's seat in the Oregon senate chamber. The occasion is the request of Rufus Rockwell Wilson, of the Press of the Pioneer, New York, for a photograph of that painting, to be used in making a halftone out for a new edition of Cliftandson's Fur Trade, which that concern is preparing for publication, to be ready soon."

"Will history students who read these lines take note."

"In a frame under the oil painting, in printed lettering, appear these words:

"Dr. John McLoughlin, honored pioneer and earliest settler of the territory of Oregon, 1823 to 1843. Director of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by courtesy called governor of Oregon prior to 1842."

"That statement is well worded, and in the main it is a truthful designation. But there is one mistake that to any one well acquainted with Oregon history, is glaring. Will some Willamette university or Marion or Polk county high school student of history point it out? To such an one, who first sends the correct answer, the Bits man will present a dollar."

A number of replies came, but no winner of the prize appeared; no one entitled to the dollar.

mellowed by age; in painting the world still admires the work of the masters who put oil to canvas centuries ago. But music, performed music, vanishes at once after the notes are struck. The composition may be performed again, but it is a new performance, and a new work of art. Because it is so transient, so fugitive, it must constantly be reproduced, which gives opportunities for the artists and for the auditors.

Music lives, but it lives by rebirth with each performance.

"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 Evvie, discovering that Joan has visited a dance hall, angrily reveals to her the story of how her mother had won her father away from Aunt Baba. Joan, alone in her room, clasps to her heart a miniature of her mother and refuses to believe she was anything but good.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER 1

It was down there in the rose garden under the window that Veronia and Peter had met. Joan could see them, just as they must have looked. Veronia in a white ruffled organdy, all billowing skirts, and blue sash, with a floppy hat shading her eyes. Peter, tall, dark-eyed Peter by her side. How they must have loved each other! Oh, what a wonderful thing it would be to have someone to love and be loved, as Veronia and Peter would be — just a minute till I comb my hair.

"Mind you hurry—my neuralgia—Mumble—mumble—"

Joan hastily pulled the comb through her short, wavy hair which Aunt Evvie cut for her, at the great peril of her ears, one Thursday night so that it would be neat for church on Sunday. For just a moment she lingered in front of the old purple dresser. She patted the bright, lustrous waves, she looked like her—a lot. Of course, she had long hair, but—

"Jo-an!"

"I'm coming!"

"Try not to rattle the whole house when you come down. Try to walk like a lady, please!" Aunt Baba whined, as Joan ran down the steps into the library, where Aunt Evvie and Baba were sitting, waiting for dinner.

Setting the table was a rite. The shining damask cloth, the cut glass and silver had to be laid out as if for a banquet, even though there was to be nothing but coffee and tea.

The teaspoons looked dark. Joan placed them carefully on the table topped that Aunt Evvie wouldn't notice. It was her work to clean the silver.

Oh, dear! Aunt Baba and Aunt Evvie were fighting again. The sound of their angry voices came clearly across the hall from the library. Aunt Evvie's ban, drowning out Baba's thin treble:

"So I bought the automobile on the spot."

"You what?" Aunt Baba shrieked.

"I said I bought the automobile. You aren't dead, are you, Baba?" Aunt Evvie was shouting. "It's a very good automobile. I could tell as soon as I heard the engine."

"But an automobile—an automobile—what do we want with automobiles?"

Joan, listening in the dining room, held her breath. What did Aunt Evvie want with an automobile, and where would she get the money? It was funny about Aunt Evvie—she was always saying there was no more money left—and then mysteriously buying a gold mine, or an oil well or something.

"Do I want an automobile for me?" Aunt Evvie was trying to mimic Baba. "To go in the real estate business with. That's what for. Somebody has to do something around here. I'm not doing anything. I'm going to get some land farther



Bill looked up and saw Joan silhouetted against the red curtains, a golden shining thing.

up, and sub-divide. All kinds of money in it, Baba. In three months I'll be able to pay back. Joan drew back, her heart beating wildly. She had forgotten the elderly woman and the car, too. She only saw a boy looking up at her from the rose garden.

Afterwards Joan thought she must have imagined it. It must have been the sun in her eyes that made him seem to look at her that way, and still... and still... he had looked up at her, standing there in the window, with a kind of wonder in his face, as if he were looking at a princess. A princess out of a book.

"He liked me right away," she thought. And when the girls in the school gathered in a tight, giggling little group about Hilda Giddwick, who didn't like her any more, she didn't care—much. "I suppose they're talking about me again. Making me say shoes or something. Well, I don't care—be never even saw them. He just—saw me!" And the little fire that Bill's one admiring glance had kindled in her heart, warmed her. Sent tingling little shivers racing down her back.

Bill looked up and saw Joan silhouetted against the red curtains, a golden shining thing.

The girls stopped speaking to her. Nobody had paid any attention to her since the day Hilda got mad at her. Hilda was the most popular and the most popular of all the good times centered around the Giddwick's big hospitable house on the hill. So long as Hilda championed her she was one of them, or as much one as them as a shabby, old-fashioned little girl in shiny serge and cotton stockings can be one of a group of well dressed moderns.

Most of them really liked Joan—she was always bubbling over with fun and ideas, but as Dorothy Nailor said afterwards "It's kind of a relief to be rid of her, 'cause you simply hate to be seen with a tramp like that. It makes you feel kind of funny inside."

So Joan was dropped—ostracized, and occasionally sneered at with the amazing callousness and cruelty that only the teens are capable of. At recess she stood all alone in her corner of the school-yard, like a maimed yellow chick, deserted by its fellows.

"We danced three dances—three Oh, he's the most wonderful dancer. When you dance with him—I can't explain—but it's wonderful. He's the most wonderful!"

"Uh-huh. Did I tell you what Bert said to me on the way home? Listen—listen—"

"Nile grows all ruffled, with the cunningest little puff sleeves, and the teeniest, tiniest little shirtings of—"

Joan tried not to listen to them, but they talked so trying to drown each other out, that she couldn't help it. They had such good times, such awfully good times, and she was so left out...

(To Be 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

Harmless, Too

You will recall that during the recent infantile paralysis epidemic it was advised that all suspected cases of paralysis be submitted to the spinal puncture, that was the only sure means of recognizing the disease in its early stages. The number of children who were subjected to this procedure was great. There was no mishap or bad effects.

It is the universal testimony of thousands of men in the profession, men who have hundreds of these punctures, that no harm results. One famous doctor wrote me as follows: "We have never had any bad results from our spinal punctures and am anxious to extend the benefits of this procedure to all in whom it is plainly indicated."

No one will deny that the success of modern medicine is due to the increasing and accurate knowledge of the causes of disease. It is when the cause is not known that the outlook is dark. The use of the laboratory tests, such as the blood count, the Wasserman test, spinal puncture and the X-ray examination enable the modern physician to detect and prevent diseases that would prove fatal if unrecognized.

If your physician advises a spinal puncture do not hesitate to take advantage of this modern method of diagnosis. Do not fear the false stories that have been circulated about it. It is not as dangerous as having a tooth extracted, and certainly is no more dangerous.

Answers to Health Queries

A. R. Q.—What do you advise for stomach and blackheads?

A.—Diet and stimulation are important in the correction of this disorder. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

Repeat R. Q.—What will remove hair from the face?

A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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Great Northern system will make a tour of Oregon Electric railway lines today to determine a course of service to be maintained.

loy line's financial future. W. F. Turner, O. B. president, states he hopes to save the line from re-

Yesterdays
 ... Of Old Salem

May 21, 1908

As a result of the contest over the rival local option petitions, they will be no longer in effect in the precincts involved because of the narrowness of the election. Assistant District Attorney C. L. McHenry having ruled it too late to post election notices. Sublimity and Stayton, therefore, will remain wet; Amuseville, Marlow, P. Hines, Jefferson and Markey will remain dry.

Among the men initiated last night at the state convention of Odd Fellows were: H. C. White, Henry O. Twicker, James Imah and P. McFellows of Medford; Hilda Strang, J. C. Wolf of Silverton; W. B. Newbiter of Geraville, Sherman Swank of Amuseville, W. H. Soehren of Dallas, E. Humphrey of Jefferson, L. A. Davis and E. H. Robertson of Woodburn.

Commencement exercises for the law class of 1908, Willamette university, will be held at the M. E. church tonight. Law graduates are: Phillip A. Stever, George Neuner, Jr., Wallace C. Trill, Claude P. Hinson, Harry G. Spalding, Roy Morgan, William P. Lord, Jr., and Walter G. Winslow.

May 21, 1908

Albany citizens today asked Governor Pierce to commission special citizens' local option committees of Art Beckley and George Parker, two automobile thieves who shot and killed Sheriff Will J. Dunlap of Linn county, in a running fight through the city's streets.

There were some even earlier settlers, arriving on this coast by way of shipwrecked vessels, and many of them were of the