

**The Oregon Statesman**  
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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# "STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

**WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.**

Joan Hastings, seventeen and beautiful, lives with two old maid aunts, Evvie and Babe Van Fleet, in a house long run to seed. Joan, lonely and impressionable, falls in love with Bill Martin, whose social status is far beneath her own. The aunts plan to send her away to school. Bill is arrested, the innocent victim of a bootlegging gang, and Joan, frantically asking for money to bail him out, confesses to her aunts her love for him. Horrified, they put her on a train, bound for school, in charge of a member of the Travelers' Aid Society. Joan slips off the train, and Walter Dunne, a kindly motorist, gives her a ride back home to Sausalito, Cal.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**

**CHAPTER XIII.**

As Joan settled comfortably beside him in the deeply cushioned seat he reached over and placed a plump, ringed hand on her. "In a minute I'm going to be too busy hitting it up to talk. Now listen, I'm poor, chicken-hearted, fool, but they aren't all like me. I ain't always sprouting wings myself. Take it from your Uncle Walt, and don't go riding in any more strange cars—me?"

She laughed at him delightedly. "Why—you sound just like Aunt Evvie!"

He started the motor. "Well—next time you take Aunt Evvie's advice."

They sped silently, smoothly over the long gray ribbon of road. He did not speak again, nor did Joan. She was truly grateful for the lift, but her thoughts were all for Bill.

The miles slipped by, every one bringing her nearer to Bill. "Don't think I've talked too long—coming fast—fast as the wind—"

"Another woman was coming to Bill, Dolores, with her warm dark eyes, and the cloud of blue black hair, so faintly, faintly lined with gray.

"It's my money!" she said suddenly, when Gerwin demurred. "If I take a notion to bail him out, is it anything to you?"

"You're my wife!"

"Oh, forget it!"

"It seems easy for you to forget."

"Don't be a fool," he said stolidly. "It's you."

But he let her go. What else could he do? It was, as she said, her money.

Her dark eyes were hard when she came back to the shop some hours later. "They let him go before I got there. Dropped the whole thing. Milt Rosemer didn't know anything about it. He said he didn't know who could have pulled for him, but Begoni's went to the bat—got it all fixed up."

"I told you you were a fool to get mixed up with it."

"Oh, drop it," she cried in a high, quivering voice.

Her eyes were fixed on the yellow turrets of the Van Fleet house on the hill, just visible through the small, dirty window.

Gerwin followed her brooding gaze. "Old Captain Horner saw—Bill and the little Van Fleet girl up near the Power House once—together."

"Horner's in his second childhood!" she said contemptuously, and burst into tears.

"Don't think I've failed you—I'm coming—fast—fast as the wind!" Joan's love went winging over the miles.

"Joan—wait for me!" the boy panted, as he plowed through the dust, short-cut to the hill. "A night and a day and a night since she had put her slim hands on his shoulders, and kissed him and said—"I'll always love you—and I'll never be sorry—ever!" A night and a day and a night—some thousand years... she should be on her way East now, but she wasn't. "She'd never get off that way—I know—true blue—she'll be waiting—"

He struggled through the soft sand, grabbed at the roof of a tree. There—he was up on the road. The big old house loomed ahead, yellow against the eucalyptus trees.

By the south hedge he stopped, almost expecting to see her waiting



A night and a day and a night since Joan kissed him and said "I'll always love you."

open. The devil with the aunts—had to take Joan away—

He bounded up from the front steps, pulled the heavy knocker firmly, dashed if he'd sneak to the back door.

He knocked again.

Miss Evvie Van Fleet answered the door herself. They stood measuring each other for a moment, the thin lipped elderly spinster, and the impetuous, no less determined boy.

"I didn't send for you—yet!" she said. "And we have a back door—for tradesmen and servants."

Bill moved forward, as if to enter the hall. "I didn't come to see you," he said, biting each word off shortly and hurrying it. "I came to see Joan—and that's why I came the front way!"

"We'll discuss that." She motioned him into the long, dark library, and they stood at opposite sides of the old mahogany table, facing each other.

"Joan is gone. I said she's gone. Don't you understand? Gone!"

"No!" he cried. "She wouldn't go—she'd never have left me that way—"

"She's gone," Evvie said harshly, "on the Overland. She's half way across the United States by now."

"When—" he gulped miserably, "did she go?"

"Yesterday morning."

Bill looked at the towering, square old woman, at the spacious, book filled room, and the long red velvet curtains through which the light filtered dimly. Then he looked down at his shapeless old shoes, his scuffed hands. And she saw Joan again—as he had first seen her—slender and gold and red remote against the red curtains.

"Have I been dreaming?" he thought in a sudden, cold despair. "Did I imagine everything?"

He choked. Air—he had to have air! He clutched his cap and brushed roughly past her, for the door.

Her hand, large and strong as a man's, tightened on his shoulder. "Not so fast, young man, not so fast. We're just beginning—"

"She's gone—half way across the continent by now!"

Evvie Van Fleet was looking at

delivery, he having put to sea in haste for fear that such orders would come. When battle was on the officers of American ships were so eager to board the enemy's vessel, that they sometimes held one another back in the efforts of each to be first over the side of the ship.

The loss of five war ships in as many months was a grievous shock to England, and she blamed her naval authorities for having underrated the American navy.

"The next year opened with another loss for England. In February, 1813, Captain Lawrence in the Hornet met the British ship Peacock, and sank her so quickly that she carried down part of her own crew and three men from the Hornet who had gone to the rescue.

"The Chesapeake and the Shannon: Captain Lawrence was promoted to the command of the Chesapeake, and joined her shortly before she was ready to sail from Boston. He had no time to organize or train the crew—and many of his men were untrustworthy. The British cruiser Shannon lay off Boston harbor in full view, waiting for the Chesapeake to come out.

"Captain Lawrence sailed out on June 1, 1813. Late in the afternoon the two ships met about 30 miles at sea, and the battle opened. It lasted only 15 minutes. Lawrence fell mortally wounded. As he was carried from the deck he gave his last order: "Don't give up the ship." The British boarded the Chesapeake with little resistance, and were soon in possession.

Now, the reader who has followed this series knows what Clark, author of the old book being quoted, meant in his reference to "that unfortunate affair of the Chesapeake," and his bitter feeling toward unapologetic foreigners carried on American naval vessels.

The reader who has followed this column knows too, that one of the crew of the Constitution, when she captured the Guerriere, was William Johnson, the first high sheriff of Oregon, chosen for that position Feb. 18, 1841, on the organization of the provisional government at the old Mission 10 miles below what became Salem.

He was also on that vessel when she captured the Java, and throughout the war of 1812—for he told Capt. Wilkes, at his (Johnson's) home, then at old Champeau, in 1841, that he decided to come west when the war of 1812 was over, and he was restless for greater activity than he could find elsewhere.

Johnson, as the careful reader also knows, was the first settler on the site of the city of Portland; erected the first dwelling there; that is, the first one on the west side of the Willamette. There was a dwelling before him on the east side—that became East Portland, and was later consolidated with the greater city. (Continued tomorrow.)

## NEGLIGENCE DENIED IN MILL CITY CASE

Sturdy denial of negligence was made Friday by William W. Allan, physician, in his answer to a \$75,000 damage suit recently filed by Lucy Dawes, by Joe Dawes, her guardian ad litem, plaintiff contended Allan was not present when her child was born through negligence and neglect of his duty.

Allan sets out that he was never retained by Mrs. Dawes, having informed her when told that she expected a child that he did not care to handle the case.

Allan said nevertheless he did arrange for a doctor near to Mill City where Mrs. Dawes resided, to handle the case when he was notified in November, 1930, that the woman was shortly to have a child.

He denies that she suffered ill effects from the birth of the child; inasmuch as the substitute physician attended her. Allan said he was out of town on the day in question on a legitimate reason and was under no sense of obligation to plaintiff.

## 2016 Men Given Jobs During May; Above Year Ago

During May 2016 men were put to work through the U.S.-Y.M.C.A. employment bureau, most of them on the county relief projects, Assistant Manager Dotson announced yesterday. In May, 1932, only 581 men were placed.

Agricultural labor, as far as calls upon the employment service were concerned, decreased last month, when 46 men were placed on farms in contrast with 312 a year ago. Two persons were placed on professional jobs, seven women at homework and 1961 at general labor.

## Off to London

The personnel of the delegates appointed to represent this country at the London conference has been announced. The names are not particularly impressive. Not that we worship "big names"; but some of the men appear to be rather third rate. The big man and the big name is Cordell Hull, secretary of state. This is really his party; and his career may stand or fall on his accomplishments at the conference. Hull is the proponent of reciprocal tariffs and of tariff readjustments in order to thaw out the trade blockades of the world. He has worked out schemes which he hopes to put over in London that will aid this country and the world to recover prosperity.

The next big name on the list is that of James Cox, former Ohio governor and 1920 democratic candidate for president. He made a big flop as a presidential candidate so that his fame has been dim ever since. He has had sudden health lately because he was the only one to turn down the Morgan bid to buy stocks at bargain prices. Cox is a newspaper publisher. The record does not show whether he turned down the offer because he was too poor or too conscientious.

Key Pittman, senator from Nevada, is another delegate. Pittman is a bright fellow with one idea, to get silver remonetized so Nevada will have a burst of prosperity. With the country going bust on paper currency even silver would be better, but it seems inappropriate to designate a propagandist to a job which calls for a very catholic temper on all world problems.

Senator James Couzens of Michigan was named after Hiram Johnson declined. Couzens is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He is an honest man who defies classification. He is so erratic that he may be more of a liability than an asset.

Representative Samuel D. McReynolds of Tennessee gets his job because by the accident of seniority he is chairman of the foreign relations committee of the house. His qualifications are considered very limited.

Besides these members there will be advisors and secretaries who may do most of the actual work.

Important as the conference is, one's heart sinks as he reads of the numbers who will attend. With so many attending the new deal may get bogged in a maze of cloakroom cigarette smoke and backstairs wirepulling.

## The Crowning Glory

WITH a circus midget perched on the lap of "Morgan the Magnificent", jr., and photobounds shooting the scene with the aid of electric flashes, the inquisition at Washington attained its crowning glory. It might well be dramatized as the mob scene in the reverse of the defunct new era. The eagerness with which participants seek to cash in political capital out of the assize adds further to the disgust of the spectacle.

It is something of course to throw old Morgan to the wolves, and if a coliseum could be obtained the rising tiers of seats would be thronged with the curious. The crowd no doubt applauded when Hector was tied to the chariot and his body dragged round the walls of Troy. The Morgan hearing passes from a decorous and well ordered and purposed investigation into a big entertainment with the proscenium of the stage enlarged by the vehicle of the newspapers. Anyone who like Sen. Glass is distressed by this aspect of the hearing gets letters threatening him with death.

It would seem that all the pertinent facts could be brought out without resort to the methods of a county seat prosecutor. Certainly it is disgusting to see anyone of personal respectability made the involuntary ballyhooper for a circus midget.

There is no doubt that out of the hearing may emerge a better understanding of the methods of high finance, there may be stimulated a higher sense of ethics and of social responsibility among the financier class, and there may be found ideas worthy of being made into laws for restraint of excessive greed. Let the hearing go ahead to a conclusion; expose fully any signs of wrong-doing or of injury to the public weal. But end the sideshow flapdoodle and the circus midgets sitting on the laps of the mighty.

## Diary of a Seaman who was with Capt. Wilkes in Oregon Country, 1841:

(Continuing from yesterday.)

For the benefit of older men and women—older than high school or high school age—the following excerpts are taken from Eggleston's New Century History of the United States, which is used as a text book in most schools of this country:

"The Declaration of War: The elections of 1810 had brought into congress many men who were in favor of war with Great Britain in defense of our commerce. The states were already organizing their militia and preparing for the struggle. Madison (president) was anxious to avoid war, but was at last induced to yield to the popular will, and on June 18, 1812, war was declared by congress.

"Plan of the Campaign: The Americans planned to invade Canada and conquer it before troops could arrive from England. England, however, struck the first blow, taking Fort Mackinac, on an island in the strait between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. (This island is now a summer resort place for many Americans and Canadians.)

"Hull's Surrender: William Hull, governor of Michigan territory, was made a brigadier general and placed in command of troops who were to invade Canada. He crossed into Canada, on the morning of July 12, 1812, just above Detroit. Meeting no opposition he went into camp and issued a proclamation offering the protection of the United States to all Canadians who should take no part in the war. On the 23rd news came that Fort Mackinac had been taken, and Hull did nothing more except to go back to Detroit. On the 16th of August the British Gen-

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

eral Brock, with an army much smaller than Hull's, crossed into Michigan, and Hull, without a fight, surrendered the fort, his army, and the territory of Michigan.

Two other invasions of Canada were attempted, one by the way of the Niagara river, and the other by way of Lake Champlain. Both completely failed.

"The War by Sea: Great Britain at that time had more than 1000 fighting ships, while the United States had only 18, with a few gunboats. . . . At the outset nothing was expected of our navy except to defend the coast while the army should conquer Canada.

"The Capture of English Ships: But while the army was falling in its first campaign, . . . the gallant little navy was doing deeds that still echo in history. On July 13, three days before Hull's surrender, the American frigate Essex, . . . disguised as a merchantman, attacked and captured the British ship Alert, which was conveying a fleet of transports. (Off the Newfoundland coast.) This was the first war vessel taken from the English. . . . The capture was a surprise to both sides.

"Four days later five British ships chased the frigate Constitution; . . . but the American ship was so well sailed that she escaped in safety. . . . One of the vessels which pursued the Constitution was the frigate Guerriere. In the next month Captain Hull put to sea again in the Constitution, and on August 19th he encountered the Guerriere, and captured her after an engagement of only half an hour. Two months later the American sloop Wasp captured the English brig Frolic.

"About the same time Decatur, with the frigate United States, attacked and captured the Macedonian, near the coast of Africa.

In spite of the distance, Decatur brought his badly shattered prize to port in Connecticut. Finally, during the same year, the Constitution, under Captain Bainbridge, captured the British frigate Java, near Brazil.

"As the war had grown out of England's aggressions at sea, both officers and men of the navy were ready to risk everything for victory. Orders to a commander, directing him to STAY IN PORT, often found him beyond reach of

**Hollywood**  
 Today and Saturday  
**DOUG FAIRBANKS**  
**NANCY CARROLL**  
 Guyan Tashman  
**GALE FAIRBANKS**

Also, Our Gang Comedy  
**"A LAD AND A LAMP"**  
 News, Cartoon Comedy and Harry Carey and Rex in  
**"THE DEVIL HORSE"**

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday

**GABLE**  
**CHARLOW**  
**RED DUST**

**WARNER BROS. EL SINORE**

Today and Saturday  
 It Will Make "Frisco Jenny" Turn Pale  
 See Chatterton the Incomparable in a role that fits her like silk

**RUTH CHATTERTON**

Eclipsing Her "Frisco Jenny" Success In  
**LILLY TURNER**  
 A First National Picture with  
**GEORGE BRENT**

—EXTRA—  
 WAY OF ALL FRESHMEN  
 NOVELTY - NEWS

Mickey Mouse Matinee Saturday at 1 p.m.  
 EXTRA! IN PERSON ON THE STAGE  
 "CALIFORNIA JACK" Western Movie Star and the  
 Giant Timber Wolf — Yes, It's Alive!

**1933 Wallulah At Willamette Is Distributed**

The Wallulah, student yearbook at Willamette university, made a surprise appearance Friday when it was issued nine days ahead of the scheduled publication date. An unusual feature of the book is the dedication to the university, the first of its kind in the history of the annual. The picture used is of the worn stone threshold of the east door of the chapel, which tradition says has been trod by every student attending Willamette since 1847 and which will probably remain for years to come one of the historic spots on the campus.

The Chemawa Indian school is making preparation to enter a float in the Rose Festival parade in Portland, the float to show the vocational work being done by the Indians.

**Chemawa Enters Float in Parade**

**Grand**

**TODAY ON THE STAGE HORACE HEIDT'S OREGONIAN**

THE WEST'S MOST VERSATILE STAGE BAND DIRECT FROM 25 CONSECUTIVE WEEKS AT R.K.O. ORPHEUM WITH ORIGINAL PERSONNEL !!!

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