

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Medford Mess

THE trial of the first of the persons accused of stealing ballots in Jackson county has progressed far enough that the evidence reveals a most amazing state of affairs. The leaders of the "Good Government Congress" organized to carry out one of the most diabolical plots ever attempted in order to hold control of public offices. They planned and executed the breaking into the courthouse and stealing the ballots of the last election in order to prevent a recount. Testimony of participants has shown that L. A. Banks, County Judge Fehl and others who were leading the "revolution" in Jackson county were in on the plot though they did not handle the ballots themselves.

Here indeed is a situation which strikes at the foundation of "law and order" which Banks was accustomed to rave about. The group had secured the election of a county sheriff and the county judge. Apparently they knew if the recount of ballots proceeded their sheriff would not be able to retain his office; possibly other skulduggery in the election might have been uncovered. Obviously the thing to do was to destroy the ballots and prevent the recount. This was done.

While the trial is not concluded, enough evidence has been introduced thoroughly to discredit the whole campaign of Banks and Fehl and their cohorts. They were political schemers trying to gain control of the court house for selfish ends. Had they succeeded the end might easily have been virtual anarchy in Jackson county. The fight of the decent elements in the county was costly and strenuous, for no one stands to gain in feudalism of that sort. The fact that individuals were willing to stand up to sustain the real forces of law and order deserves the hearty commendation of the remainder of the state. They have performed a conspicuous public service.

Now is the time to purge the infection with thoroughness. The willful group who organized and fomented the trouble should be completely and permanently discredited. Until that is done the peace of partial victory won by the Banks verdict of guilty may prove only temporary.

Thomas and the Governorship

AS the popularity which Gov. Meier enjoyed on taking office wanes his following is forced to cast about for someone to step out as his successor. News sleuths have already lighted on Charles M. Thomas, public utility commissioner, as runner-up in case Meier, as is expected, does not make the race for reelection. Thomas is going through the usual motions a candidate makes to build up a following and a prestige. He has made anti-utility speeches at two "hot" spots in the state, Klamath Falls and Tillamook, and tonight he is to address a mass meeting in Portland. Some 25 clubs are said to sponsor the address, though their names have not been reported.

Thomas has been doing a good job as utility commissioner. His investigation of the CPS deal was thorough. He managed the Northwestern investigation pretty well, although his rate cut order was held up by the court; and in view of the depression it is doubtful now if he can make his new orders to stand if they repeat the reduction, simply because earnings of the utilities have fallen off. Other investigations are under way, on Copco, Mt. States Power company; and the omnipresent telephone case is still on the docket.

Now we are going to give Thomas some advice, and give it to him out loud so that everybody can hear. That is if he is ambitious for the governorship, the best politics is to stop speechifying and keep pounding on his job. He has plenty of material to work on, without making stump speeches about the state. The newspapers have given him yards of publicity and will give him plenty more as he proceeds with his investigations. The people are already well informed of the sins of the utilities; what they want is well directed effort toward intelligent regulation.

The best speeches Thomas can make will be to prosecute his work faithfully and fearlessly, as he has done heretofore. If he does that he ought not to worry about 1934. At this stage of the game it is mighty easy for a gubernatorial possibility to talk himself out of the running.

Naught-Eight

THIS is the 25th reunion for the classes of 1908. On many campuses these alumni of a quarter century are gathering and looking out on a world they have helped to mold. One of them, at the U. of O., confessed his class had not lived up to its responsibilities and opportunities. While the graduates are hardly to be condemned for the sins of the century, still they and their predecessors of thirty, forty and fifty year classes have a lot to answer for. The Eugene News commented as follows on the address of the 25-year grad at the alumni luncheon:

"This man confessed failure for his generation. He marked the rise of the machine and predicted that this man-made thing would devour its creator unless idealism were returned to a high place in the working world. He argued that science and invention, the exact sciences, had outstripped the social sciences. Learning was out of balance. The world must look to the social sciences for relief from its troubles. That will give the general idea of his talk, though the words here are nowhere near as eloquent as the speaker's."

"It was a sad thing to hear an intelligent man confess failure for his generation, but the confession was courageous. One day the graduates will remember that address. Let us hope they keep remembering; that they also act."

And Corvallis disclaims any knowledge of someone's bright idea to move the basketball tournament from Willamette. Says the G-T: "Salem is all set up over the prospect of losing its annual basketball tournament. Fortunately the skirts of both Corvallis and Eugene are cleaner on the matter and still more fortunately, Salem seems to know it. It appears that the move is being made on the motion of the state high school association itself. We had supposed heretofore that the tournaments were run for the purpose of encouraging basketball in high schools, but apparently not. We had always thought Salem had made a big success of the event."

It beats all the characters that old man Talmadge has associated with during his lifetime. That conclusion comes from the names which he refers to in his column. Here are one day's references: Tip Tupper, Tub Cripps, Zid Perkins. Talmadge has a sense of "rural rhythms" all right. Those names sound as though they were taken out of Dickens' novels. They weren't, but they afford a clever anonymity for people who, if imagined are none the less true to life, as Talmadge sketches them.

"Within the Law" — But What a Law!

INCOME TAX

A. Mugg - \$400.00
Richard Roe - 85.00
John Doe - 7.00
William Jones - 20.00
Thomas Lamont - 0.00
J. P. Morgan - 0.00
C. D. Mitchell - 0.00

HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IN MY mail the other day I had an amusing letter from a young child who was suffering from mumps. The doctor says I have mumps and that I cannot go to school. Please tell him he is wrong for I want to go to school.

I was sorry I could not follow the instructions of my young correspondent. Mumps is an infectious disease, quickly spread from one child to another. For this reason it is advisable that during the height of the disease the child be kept in bed and away from other children.

"Parotitis" is the medical name for mumps. It means an inflammation and swelling of the saliva-forming gland called the "parotid gland." This is located in the tissues just below the lobe of the ear.

When the gland is infected, the face and neck are swollen. The jaw is stiff, so that talking, chewing and swallowing are difficult and painful. Contrary to a common notion, the disease may afflict young adults. It is of frequent occurrence among young men between the ages of twenty and thirty. The disease is exceedingly rare in early infancy and beyond the age of forty. As a rule, one attack protects against further attacks, but cases have been reported of second, third and even fourth attacks.

Dangerous Complications
In children, the disease is usually of a mild nature. It is more severe when it afflicts adults. Complications are more prone to occur in adults than in children. Kidney diseases, nervous conditions, sterility, impaired hearing and, in some cases, deafness, have resulted from severe attacks of mumps.

During the illness the mouth should be kept scrupulously clean. Use an alkaline mouth wash at least twice a day. The diet should be light and nutritious and consist mainly of fluids. The danger of complications is greatly lessened if the victim is kept in bed. The disease usually terminates within a week. Quarantine should be maintained for at least two weeks.

Do not look upon mumps as a mild disease and never willfully expose a child to this affliction. Mumps, measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever and diphtheria still continue to be serious hazards to the health of our children. Let us protect them by early recognition of these ailments and take the necessary precautions without delay.

Answers to Health Queries

F. J. Q.—What do you advise for gas in the system?
A.—Correct your diet and avoid poor elimination.

O. S. Q.—What causes pimples inside the lower lip and smarting of the tongue?
A.—This may be due to acid in the system, caused by a faulty diet and poor elimination. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

Betty S. Q.—What will reduce the hips?
A.—You must reduce the weight in general. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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TAKES APPEAL JOB

HAZEL GREEN, June 12.—Miss Helen Davis, recent graduate of Silvertown high has accepted position on Silvertown Appeal. Miss Davis will be missed by the group of young folks, as she will make her home in Silvertown with Editor Mr. Haberly and family.

HEALTH BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Wyeth seems settler:
Speaking of first settlers of Oregon, Nathaniel J. Wyeth deserves consideration.

Schaefer's "History of the Pacific Northwest," a reliable book, says: "Wyeth's enterprise is in a very real sense a bridge between the purely COMMERCIAL era of northwestern history and the era of actual COLONIZATION."

Meany's history of the state of Washington has a number of facts concerning Wyeth and his career that are worth printing here and remembering. Meany wrote:

"The character of Wyeth had a fascination for James Russell Lowell, who was a boy of 12 years of age when Wyeth started on his first journey to Oregon. Lowell, while United States minister to Spain, in 1830, wrote to Professor Max Muller at Oxford about his discussion of jade tools, in the course of which letter he remarked:

"I remember very well the starting of an expedition from my native town of Cambridge in 1831 (1832), for Oregon, under the head of a captain of great energy and resource. They started in wagons ingeniously contrived so as to be taken to pieces, the body forming a boat for crossing rivers. They carried everything they could think of with them, and got safely to the other side of the continent, as hard a job, I fancy, as our Aryan ancestors had to do."

"Again, in 1830, Lowell wrote to the Portland, Oregon high school on the occasion of a Lowell evening: 'I feel as if I had a kind of birthright in your Portland, for it was a townsman of mine who first led an expedition thither across the plains and tried to establish a settlement there. I well remember his starting 60 years ago, and knew him well in

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 18, 1908

Marking new era in development of Salem. United States National bank to erect at once on corner of State and Commercial streets, five-story, steel-construction building.

Forty-one boys and girls graduated at third annual commencement of Salem high school; President W. J. Kerr, Oregon Agricultural college, speaker.

Dr. H. C. Epley, grand marshal for parade this afternoon in which 2000 Salem school children will participate; Aldes Harley White, Charles Yanke, F. N. Derby, Company N, national guard, to march.

June 18, 1923

Southern Pacific gets interstate commerce commission approval for purchase of Central Pacific and result in construction of Natron cutoff.

Flood damage running into millions of dollars reported from northern Oklahoma, southern Kansas; hundreds homeless, rail service disrupted; Jess Willard rescues many women and children at 101 ranch.

George C. Brown, Salem, elected grand high priest of Royal Arch Masons of Oregon at annual convocation in Portland.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Lovely Joan Hastings lives a secluded life with her two stern, old aunts, Ervle and Babe Van Fleet, in Sausalito, California. She falls in love with Bill Martin, young mechanic. Learning this, Aunt Ervle sends Joan away to Pennsylvania to school. Ervle, Joan slips off the train and goes to Bill's home only to find that he left town without leaving an address. She did not know Bill had gone to school. She boards with good-natured Mrs. Maisie Kimmer. Bill, in the meantime, is befriended by Rollo Keyes, wealthy playboy. Rollo's father, believing Bill may have good influence on his son, gives him a position where he learns surveying. He does not try to get in touch with Joan as he wants to be a success before he goes to her. Joan believes Bill no longer cares. Maisie's daughter, Francine de Guiray, gives Joan a position modeling wedding gowns in her exclusive Maison Francine. She is an instant success. Mrs. Curtis Barstow, wealthy patroness of the Maison Francine, asks Joan to tea. Curtis Barstow, the son, arrives home unexpectedly and Joan's hostess is anxious to have her leave. It is obvious she does not care to have her son know Joan, but he insists upon driving her home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXII

When Curtis suggested driving home by way of the Park "for a little air," Joan just nodded. There was a strength about him, a quiet smiling determination... no use fighting it, and besides, it didn't matter.

At the door he waited, bareheaded, smiling, while she searched for the key.

"And when am I going to see you again?" Joan thought of Mrs. Barstow. Hilda. Everything. "I always stay at home and study at night," she said quickly. "Too quiet."

"Poor child!" he murmured. "We'll have to put a stop to so much work. All work and no play! Good-night—hope you're better in the morning!"

He was gone, but he would come back. Joan knew that. She didn't know whether she was glad or sorry. She tried to think it out, but the headache came back. She crept into bed, shivering.

All night, in her dreams, she ran, stumbling, falling, crying. Trying to get away from Hilda, a Hilda who never stumbled, never grew tired of running. And when she fell exhausted, clutching at someone who seemed to be her own, she woke up to find she was Mrs. Barstow, running, running... She woke up sobbing.

The Van Fleet pride. Aunt Ervle said Joan had none of it, but that was in the spring, when she had love instead. It was not her now, that same fierce pride that made Aunt Ervle lie to Hilda Sedgwick's mother and say, "Certainly, we know Joan is in San Francisco!" and stare her out of countenance.

As the days slipped by and the word she dreaded did not come, Joan tossed her tawny head and squared her supple shoulders. Let Hilda Sedgwick go and blab all she wanted to.

And suddenly she wanted new clothes—lots of them. Chiffon hose, silk lingerie, one thing led to another. Manicures, French powder— "Of course, you were always pretty, dear," Maisie said, "but you gotta hand it to Fanny. She's made a beauty out of you!" And to her friend Miss Harvey she added, "Must be a new man on the horizon."

Was it really the "new man" that made her want so much to be beautiful now? Was it for Curtis Barstow that she brushed her soft hair till it lay in big waves of burnished gold? Was it for him that she bought the smart, expensive frocks? Joan hardly knew. She lived in a

state of feverish energy now, one wanted to be busy every moment. There must be no time to think. Curtis gave her friendliness, and she took it gratefully. When the day's work was over, and a long, empty evening stretched ahead, there he was, suggesting a play. When he came and Maisie went out for her regular afternoon visit with Miss Harvey, Curtis was ready to carry her off to the summer country, where the air was sweet with drying grass, and bees and butterflies blundered against the windshield in the drowsy sun.

Once a baby rabbit, scampering through the park, brought the sudden happy tears to her eyes. Why did it make her all glowing and alive to see a baby cotton-tail go hopping across her path? And then she remembered. Once when walking with Bill, in the hills, home.

Home. The green and gold hills of Marin. Bill's little house down in the hollow... not even the Van Fleet pride could kill the old longing, the old hunger and desire. A dark head in the crowd, he couldn't be, she knew it couldn't be Bill... but she'd follow, dashing ahead of automobiles, pushing pedestrians aside.

Hope dies so hard. Perhaps Bill did write for her letters, and his letter came yapping down the dusty road to meet her. Her heart melted. She stopped and clasped him, struggling paws, wagging tail, bark and all, in her arms.

"Say! Where ya goin' with my dog?" A ragged youngster dropped his fishing line, and glowered.

"Your dog! Why, it's Captain Horner's dog!" "Oh—his dead."

"Dead?" "Sure. Here Tiger, here Tiger!" They scampered back to the beach, the boy and the dog that had been Captain Horner's. Joan brushed the dust from her dress, wiped her cheek where his rough tongue had kissed it. Captain Horner... dead...

She hurried now. Hurried through the dust to the little house in the hollow, near the fishery and the old saloons. Beads of sweat stood out on her forehead. Her hair curled damply all over her head.

When she saw it, the little sun-blistered house with the red geraniums blazing in the parlor window she knew what she had been afraid of. That it would be gone, gone like Captain Horner.

"Come right in!" Mrs. Martin's wrinkled little face glowed with hospitality. "Now you take the rockin' chair in the window where you'll cool off, and I'll get you a nice cool drink of water."

The little room where the twins had played and the clothes-lines had flapped outside the window was changed. New curtains, a new rug, even a new rocking chair. Something had happened here. Some change.

"Are you—all alone?" Joan asked, and waited, waited for what Mrs. Martin would say.

"Why, yes. Didn't I tell you Eunice is livin' over in San Rafael—" "Bill—is he—"

"Oh, Bill! Just dot'n' fine. Now let me see, what did I do with that letter?" She began rummaging in her darling basket. "Seems like everything goes right in here. Spools of black and tan and brown cotton churned under her fingers. "If I could find my glasses—I guess they're in the kitchen. I'll go get them. Here's a couple of photographs you could be lookin' at. And one is the twins, but Ruby moved. An' here's one Bill sent me. I think it's real good."

Joan's fingers closed on it. Bill. Bill in a woolly sweater and high laced boots. His hands in his pockets, and the wind in his dark hair. The same, darling smile... "Oh, my dearest!" She held it to her cheek. "Oh, my dearest!" The min-

utes passed. The two big tears that had gathered in her eyes splashed on her pale silk dress. "Guess where I found 'em?" Mrs. Martin came back chuckling. "In the cooler. I must have left them there when I went out to get the milk. An' don't forget to write me down your address when you go, dearie. I lost that other piece of paper I had it on. I'll tell Bill to go and see you when he comes back."

She'd tell Bill. Ask him to go and see her. Joan's throat seemed to close up again, choking her. "Didn't he—ever ask about me?"

"Well, now, boys don't ever write me long letters, the kind old voice droned on. "But I know he'll be real glad to see you. She said he thought he'd stay right on in the south permanent, but I guess he'll be coming home for Thanksgiving anyway. Bill always said there was nobody like Ma for mince pie. I always made two pies on Thanksgiving, a mince and a squash—"

Joan stood up. There was no use waiting any longer. It was just as she knew it would be. He hadn't asked. He hadn't cared. It was all over. Another girl by now most likely... all over... all over.

Mrs. Martin stood on tiptoe and kissed her. "Come back soon, dearie," she said. Joan smiled back bravely. "Good-bye! Good-bye!" But she knew she would never come back to Sausalito again. Never stand on the high road and look across the bay to Belvedere, never see the lights twinkling on the boats bobbing up and down in the dark water in the night. Never smell the pungent spicy smells of the tiny shrubs and weeds in the summer sun, never listen to the lap, lap, lap of the water, and the squeak of the big ferry tied to the dock.

Near Captain Horner's old boat house a woman stopped her. A dusky haired woman, with hard, dark eyes, and a drooping cupid's bow of a mouth. Dolores Gerwin, the wife of the garage man Bill used to work for!

"How do you do?" she cried. "Or maybe you don't remember me! You've changed, got a good deal yourself. I'm Mrs. Gerwin. I understand you had a mutual friend—"

"A—what?" "A mutual friend. Bill Martin you know. He sure did have a bum turn. Quit without a minute's notice. After all he did for him. I used to see him up around your place at night—"

"Yes, I'd see him as I'd go by for my evening walk. I always thought 'It's none of my business, but if I was her, I sure wouldn't waste my time talking about it now.' Joan said coldly. "I have to catch a boat."

"He was a chaser, if ever there was one. I never trusted him—never. He used to try to make up to me, but I wouldn't look at him—"

"I'm so sorry, but I can't miss my boat, Mrs. Gerwin." Not even Aunt Ervle could have been more frigidly final than Joan.

Dolores watched her go. Her plump figure shook under its ruffles, and bows and flounces of red dotted awl. "Stuck up snob—I hate her—I hate her—"

Mrs. Martin, "clearing up" happily after her caller, dropped the gilt darning basket, and sent the spoils rattling over the floor. As she picked up Bill's picture she thought, "Now ain't that a shame! She forgot to give me that address after all—"

The ferry building in San Francisco Joan was telephoning. "Mr. Barstow. Yes, I'll wait for him... Curtis... I'm so lonely tonight. Would you—would you like to take me out somewhere?"

Curtis Barstow's smile lingered after he had hung up the receiver and turned to his stenographer again. He fingered the sheaf of papers on his desk, struggling to control his thoughts. It was the first time Joan had asked anything of him.

"In reply would state—"

His eyes traveled upward to the clock. Five minutes past five. Another hour and he'd see her, this lovely golden girl he was—why not face the fact?—falling in love with.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Interior post. He called it Fort Hall... Wyeth pushed on to the Columbia river, arriving at Fort Vancouver on Sept. 16, a short time before the arrival of the May Dacre... crossed the Columbia to Wapato (now Sauve) island and constructed Fort William.

For lack of experience or packing facilities, the salmon fishing failed. The Hudson's Bay company was admitted enough to cut off the American's efforts at the Indian fur trade.

"Wyeth earnestly tried, but he failed. Later events showed that he pioneered the way for other Americans. He struggled on until 1836, when he sold out (to the

Hudson's Bay company) and returned to Boston. There he gained fame and fortune in the ice business."

(Turn to page 7)

HOT SUMMER DAYS ARE COMING

Time to see that all your garden accessories are in order. Sharpen the lawn mower. Test the hose for leaks. Check hydrants and sprinklers. Remember that lush green lawns and flourishing gardens depend on proper watering—not too much, not too little.

Get Ready for Summer

OREGON-WASHINGTON WATER SERVICE COMPANY

J. T. Delaney, Manager.



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- Dan J. Moore, formerly of the Macdonald Hotel, has bought and operates the DANMOORE personally.
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PORTLAND

Don't Neglect Your Eyes—To Do So May Mean Trouble
We will test your eyes and fit the proper prescription into smart looking frames for an extremely moderate cost. Send us your eyes today—it will pay you.

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