

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Grangemaster Gill's Address

THE state grange is meeting in Pendleton this week. Already eyes are focused on the gathering because Rufus Holman is expected to sound off at the meeting; and as Holman is rated as a probable candidate for governor, his speech will attract interest. Perhaps more important is the address of Grangemaster Ray W. Gill, who is himself a potential candidate. Gill's address is something of a report of his activity during the past year. A study of it shows how active he has been politically and how active the grange as an organization is in politics. Two years ago we said the grange was the strongest political party in Oregon; and the remark is still correct. That is not said in criticism of the grange but as a plain statement of fact.

In his address Master Gill discusses national political affairs from the grange viewpoint, and his ideas include endorsement of the farm relief act as "the most important agricultural legislation ever passed"; endorsement of plan of federal depositories for federal funds; continued support of the 18th amendment; government ownership of enough trunk line railroads to control rates; opposition to national sales tax; approval of federal power development like Muscle Shoals.

The state legislative program is of even greater interest because it shows what the grange proposes for the state, and presumably the platform which Gill would stand on if he runs for governor.

Gill recounts the work of the state legislature and of the grange legislative committee which worked for the law to put the power amendment into effect, and fought the sales tax all round the lot. Regarding the sales tax fight Gill says:

"This is one of the most important legislative fights the grange has ever been engaged in, in Oregon, and in expressing my opinion in plain words, I believe that it is a movement by big business to abolish income taxes and to put on sales taxes in its place."

Gill opposes the Uren bill which passed the legislature because it "hamstrings the initiative and referendum law". He also declares opposition to the amendment requiring a two-thirds vote to authorize bond issues, saying, "I believe the purpose of this bill is to prohibit public power development."

With regard to taxes the grangemaster proposes that the county court be given power to grant extensions for payment of taxes when that body finds the taxpayer is unable to pay. Expressing opposition to concentration of business into the hands of corporations, like chain stores, Gill remarks: "Legislation taxing chain stores has been resorted to in many states, but I believe a more effective method of curbing this danger is by educating support for independent ownership."

Coming down to state affairs Gill would drop the state purchasing agent and turn the job over to a deputy. He recommends a single tax commission "under the administration of the state treasurer". He would abolish the office of budget director and have a committee investigate the state police. Max Gehlar, director of agriculture, gets cordial praise. Gill would cut the state house of representatives to 30 members and the senate to 24.

Newspapers get a kindly puff from Master Gill: "During the last year the Grange has had an unusual amount of publicity. The people of Oregon now recognize in the Grange a progressive, intelligent, honest organization striving to better the general welfare of the farm people and the people in general. We have demonstrated time and time again that we are not seeking selfish ends and the programs we advocate are for the general good of the people. We appreciate very much the splendid publicity given to us by most of the press throughout the state. Ours is a progressive organization; we believe in the principle, that human rights are above property rights."

The bankers are meeting at Gearhart this week, but politically speaking they are all washed up. The seat of power this week is at Pendleton.

War Debts and the Conference

PREMIER MacDonald was frank in his opening address to the delegates to the world economic conference when he said that war debts would have to be considered in any readjustment of world affairs. "Lausanne has to be completed," said the distinguished Briton. His meaning was clear; unless the impediment of indebtedness left as the legacy of war is lifted from the backs of nations there can be no swift recovery. The reaction among Americans was reported as critical because it was their intention to exclude war debts from the agenda of the conference.

It is impossible to keep out the war debts issue. You cannot readjust tariffs unless at the same time you know what the debtor-creditor relation is to be. A creditor nation cannot continue a high tariff nation. Eventually its trade drops to a stalemate, which is precisely the trouble at this moment.

Clear the way for resumption of foreign trade and our commodity prices would be set on a firm foundation. Price increases then would not depend on monetary tinkering, on inflation and other chimerical schemes; but on the substantial basis of demand and consumption of the commodities.

If the economic conference fails then it appears certain that this country sets out on the high road of inflation; and we see no reason why history should not repeat itself, and the venture end in disaster.

The heart of the settlement at London should be, first, settlement of the war debts; second, stabilization of currencies on a gold basis; third, adjustment of tariffs so that international trade may be resumed on a sound footing which will insure its continuance. We have grave fears that this program will succeed. Our political obtuseness has already barred the subject of the debts; and congressional recalcitrance may be counted on to bust up intelligent settlement of the other issues unless the president by his personal force can push a ratification through congress.

The prospect is not hopeful;—and after that the deluge of fiat money.

The Capital Journal slaps Secretary Louie Howe on the wrist for getting over into the purchasing department and fixing things so a friend of Roosevelt's former law partner got away with a contract for toilet kits while the government will lose about a hundred thousand dollars. Now if one of Hoover's secretaries had made such a "blunder", he'd have gotten blue velvet from all the democratic newspapers, and the howl would not have ceased until the "blunderer" was driven out in disgrace.

The London Grindstone



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

A SYMPATHIZER with anybody who is warned that he has heart disease. To be told you have heart disease is certainly alarming and discouraging. The sufferer believes he will be the victim of a sudden and early death.

Much of this worry is quite unnecessary. In most instances a apprehension and fear are uncalled for, because the normal expectation of life will not be lessened.

Recent statistics accumulated by life insurance companies are remarkable. They show that the average span of life of a sufferer from so-called heart disease is often greater than that of the supposedly healthy person. This is easily explained. When a person knows he is handicapped by a weak heart, he will not subject himself to unnecessary and perhaps fatal strain.

Minor Disturbances

There are many minor disturbances of the heart falsely called "heart disease". These minor disturbances are usually of a temporary nature. The function of work of the heart is not disturbed, and with proper rest and treatment the ailment disappears. But all too often these disorders are wrongly accepted as permanent heart defects, causing great anxiety.

This is particularly true of the "temporary murmurs" of childhood. Nothing is more alarming to a mother than to be informed her child has a heart murmur. Many children have such heart murmurs of temporary character. They are not serious and usually disappear within a short time.

Vague Heart Pains

Another problem that often arises in connection with suspected heart disease, is the question of vague and discomforting pain around the heart. Many persons have pain in this region and erroneously assume they have heart disease. They suffer hours and days of mental anguish and many of them believe the pain is incurable. They avoid the doctor. They fear he will say their days are numbered and that they must lead the life of an invalid.

This is all foolishness. Many, many times the pain has nothing whatever to do with the heart. The cause of the pain can only be determined by the physician who is trained for this work. My advice is for each individual to consult with his doctor about vague and unusual pains around the heart. Do not assume that you are a sufferer from heart disease. Find out the facts.

Answers to Health Queries

A. B. C. Q.—What causes varicose veins and what do you advise for them?

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

ZENA, June 13.—W. D. Henry, clerk of Zena school has announced the annual school meeting and election of officers for Monday, June 19 at 2:30. Election of five members of the board of education of the Polk county non high school district, will be held at the annual school meeting.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Mylie Lawyer, Indian princess, honor W U student:

A news story in The Statesman of Saturday last read in part: "To Mylie Lawyer, Indian princess and great granddaughter of Chief Lawyer who rescued the survivors of the Whitman massacre when the Oregon country was still a frontier, will go the \$25 prize awarded annually by the Hon. Joseph H. Albert of Salem, students of Willamette university voted Wednesday. The prize denotes the 'greatest progress toward the ideal in character, service and wholesome influence.' Miss Lawyer's home is in Lawat, Idaho. She is a senior in home economics and a graduate of Chemawa Indian school."

That is an appropriate recognition of the character of a deserving young woman who worthily represents the fifth generation of a family all the members of which have proven true to their pledged words of fealty and friendship to the so-called superior race. In proof of this long record of faithfulness, let us first copy from Meany's History of the State of Washington.

Commencing on page 169, telling of the treaties arranged by Isaac I. Stevens, first governor of Washington Territory, and referring to the year 1855: "Thus far the treaty making had been confined to the canoe Indians of Puget sound and vicinity. Some of them joined later in the war against the white people. . . . Most of their trouble had come from the marauding bands of northern or Alaska Indians. . . . They had also been troubled by visits of warlike Indians from the Yakima country whom they called Klickitats, meaning 'robbers'."

"It now became necessary for the governor to treat with the tribes on the other side of the mountains. He sent runners to ascertain the place where the Indians would like to meet in council."

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 14, 1908

Steel span bridge connecting Salem and Polk county discovered unsafe, liable to collapse at any time; county courts confer on repairs; temporary ferry service to be instituted.

Eight Muldoon strawberries grown by S. B. Tallman of South Salem shown to fill box to brim; largest born measure over 12 inches "round the waist."

Guy C. Stratton, lumberman at Seattle, convicted of killing seven-year-old girl with his automobile; sentenced on to 20 years in penitentiary and fined \$500; first manslaughter conviction under state automobile law.

June 14, 1923

Salem high school Clarion annual awarded O. A. C. Beaver silver cup for best high school year book in state; Hem L. Sun, Chinese, Clarion editor, Russell Pratt, manager.

Three locomotives required to haul regular Yaquina train out of Corvallis on account of caterpillars making tracks slippery; trees, gardens in Yaquina valley denuded of vegetation by crawling horde.

Wheat averages lower at Chicago, at close selling at \$1.10 for July, \$1.09 for September.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

Lovely Joan Hastings lives a secluded life with her two stern old aunts, Evvie and Babe Van Fleet, in Sausalito, California. She falls in love with Bill Martin, young mechanic. Learning this, Aunt Evvie sends Joan away to Pennsylvania to school. Enroute, 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 see her and Evvie upbraid her, saying if he loved Joan he would give her up and not try to find her as he had nothing to offer her. Joan settles in San Francisco unknown to her aunts. She boards with good-natured Mrs. Maisie Kinner. Bill, in the meantime, is befriended by Rollo Keyes, wealthy playboy. Rollo's father, believing Bill may have a good influence on his son, gives him position as secretary to the learned surveyor. He does not try to get in touch with Joan as he wants to be a success before he goes to her. Bill's mother returns Joan's letters to her as she does not know her son's address. Joan believes Bill no longer cares. Maisie's daughter, Francine de Guiray gives Joan a position modeling wedding gowns in her exclusive Maisie's Boutique. She is an instant success. After months of suffering, Joan vows she will not let her love for Bill ruin her life. She concentrates on a successful career and studies designing at night. Mrs. Curtis Barstow, wealthy patron of the Maisie Francine asks Joan to tea. Curtis Barstow, the son, arrives home unexpectedly and Joan's hostess is anxious to have him. It is obvious she does not care to have her son know Joan, but he insists upon driving her home. Curtis entertains Joan lavishly in the days that follow, but his heart is still with Bill. Unable to stand it any longer, she visits Bill's mother. Mrs. Martin heard from Bill but he did not mention Joan. Joan returns home, her last hope gone, and phones Curtis to take her out.

NOW GO WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXIII

"Where have you been all day?" Curtis asked when Joan stepped into the car beside him. "Mother says you weren't at the shop." Joan's long lashes swept her cheek. She felt she could not meet his eyes. "I went to see an old lady across the bay. It was—sort of business."

"Important?" he smiled.

"Yes. But it's all finished now. I won't have to go back any more. Oh, Curtis—drive fast—take me somewhere out of town for dinner."

"I'm not still in a daze," she said. He looked at her compassionately. She was such a child, such an innocent, trusting child. To think of her in the notorious de Guiray woman's shop! What a pity. A darn pity. Well, he'd see about that. Speak to his mother. She knew everybody. She'd find her something more congenial to do until—until—

"Do you know that I'm awfully fond of you?" he asked suddenly.

"I'm awfully fond of you, too," she said shyly.

Joan how did you ever come to work in that infernal dressmaker's shop? Why, when I saw you that first night, sitting in the dining room in the candlelight I thought you were—well—one of next year's debutantes. I couldn't get over it when mother said you modeled dresses."

"I had to do something—"

"Yes, but you're a thoroughbred, Joan. You show it. Joan you haven't told me a word about your people, you know my mother—don't you want to tell me about your folks? It's not that I'm curious—just friendly, Joan. But there isn't anything to tell."

"There isn't anything to tell. What was she saying? What was she making him think? 'I mean—I mean my mother and father are both dead—her voice broke."

"Poor child—poor little Joan—"

"Don't pity me or you'll make me cry!" she said tremulously. "Oh, I'm saying everything all wrong."

They've been dead for years and years—that isn't why I'm crying. I don't know why I am. I'm so tired. I lived with my aunts, and then—"

"We won't talk about it," he said gently. "If it makes you sad. We'll just drive some more, and then we'll have dinner, and go anywhere you like."

"I don't know what I'd do without you!" she cried suddenly. "You just make up for all the other friends I haven't got!"

"He's so nice!" she told Maisie afterward.

"He's sure attentive," Maisie agreed. "I almost wish he wouldn't send so much candy. I gained seven pounds since you met him. I guess I'll just have that one little piece of pineapple. Pineapple ain't fattening."

"No," Joan murmured absently. "Don't say another word," Maisie asked suddenly, with her mouth full of candy.

"But I like to," he smiled. "Can't I, if I like to?"

"Square, deep boxes filled with—layer after layer of satiny chocolates. Round tin boxes of crystallized ginger and fruits. Long, striped pasteboard boxes from the florist; sturdy stemmed marigolds half hidden by sweet, wet maiden hair fern; hilts of the valley, pale and delicate with flat white leaves; gaudy tulips; corsage bouquets of costly orchids. Something nearly every day."

"You're a lucky girl," Francine said meaningfully.

"Lucky?" A shadow flitted across Joan's face. "Lucky? Then she smiled. 'I am—aren't I?'"

Francine said, "I'll try to speak and stop. 'Well, I don't know why I shouldn't tell you,' she said at last. 'Mrs. Barstow came in and talked to me yesterday—about you. Wanted to know your past life.' She chuckled. 'The poor simp!'"

Joan walked to the window and stood looking out. Her hands moved convulsively.

"Why should she?"

"Well, dearie, she might. I see in the papers where she gives a big affair the other night. She didn't invite you."

Joan flushed. "Why should she? I don't know anyone she knows."

Maisie chewed on thoughtfully. After a while she said, "He's her only son—"

"But Maisie—he's thirty-one years old. If that isn't old enough—"

"He'll never be old enough, to his mother. Besides he's spoiled her so she ain't reasonable. Well, he'll be a good catch for some girl. I don't know as I ever see a better looking, more refined fellow, but oh my, what a mother-in-law—"

"I'm not still in a daze," she said. "I'm not still in a daze, I see a serious-minded young man, with his mind all made up—"

"Nonsense!" Joan laughed, but her color rose. A little tingle of secret excitement ran down her spine. Somebody liked her. Somebody was beginning to care for her. Someone she could trust. Someone worth while.

"You could do worse," Maisie concluded. "You taking the mother-in-law into consideration—"

"Maisie! I tell you it isn't that kind of an affair. We're just friends!"

Maisie sniffed. "I wasn't born yesterday."

Suddenly Joan dropped to her knees beside Maisie's rocking chair and took Maisie's fat hands tight in hers. Her face looked old and strained. "Don't—don't—don't—don't—terribly serious, I'm serious, know how I loved somebody very much. I couldn't ever love anybody else, do you see? I gave up all the love I had. So, if you think—that the Curtis really—"

The fat ringed hands patted her bright head. "No, I was only fooling you," Maisie lied consolingly. "He likes you fine, but I wouldn't go and get upset about nothing. Maybe his mother has some notions—but you just never mind."

August dragged to a close, and Joan's misgivings were away. He was just a friend—and such a friend! "You should send me so many things," she said hesitantly.

Joan walked to the window, stood with her back to Francine, looking out. Her hands moved convulsively. "I am—aren't I?"

Francine said, "I'll try to speak and stop. 'Well, I don't know why I shouldn't tell you,' she said at last. 'Mrs. Barstow came in and talked to me yesterday—about you. Wanted to know your past life.' She chuckled. 'The poor simp!'"

"He hasn't!" Joan cried fiercely. "He hasn't! I wouldn't have any thing to do with him if he had—"

"I'm just friends—we like each other—and—"

"I'm sorry I spoke," Francine said coldly. "I thought you had more sense. At least have the good sense not to speak of it to anyone."

"And I advise you to cultivate a little more self control," Francine concluded before she banged the door into the workroom. "for you're not quite so indispensable as I gave you up at a moment's notice. I'm not used to being shouted at in the manner, Joan Hastings—and I won't have it."

"I can't stand it," Joan thought wildly.

And through the gray mist of despair that shut her off from the shop, from the salesgirls, from everyone else in the world, she saw the hilltop again, saw herself smiling up at a blue sky, and saying "I'll never regret it—I'll never be sorry—ever."

She shut her eyes.

After a long time Francine came back. "Hope you don't think I meant all that," she said. "It's my temperament, and the dull season—"

"That's what's the matter with me too," Joan answered, from the depths of the case she was rearranging.

Her voice was muffled.

"Well, thank heaven, it's almost over," Madame de Guiray said. "We'll soon have more than each other to get sore at!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Ore.

OREGON'S NEW MOTOR TRANSPORTATION LAW

The new much discussed truck and bus bill enacted by the last legislature is not what most people thought it was. When the promoters of this law brought it forth they declared that the purpose was to equalize transportation rates so that the truck rates would not drive the railroads out, as we could not afford to lose the railroads.

The bill seemed to slide through without much friction and the governor signed it. It appears, without any, or very little comment, as not much was said about this law in the press or anywhere else. About 40 days prior to the date for the law to go into effect it is published in usual pamphlet form with interpretations as to how it would apply. And lo and behold the law is not what we thought it was at all! It does not attempt to increase the tax on the big truck line public carriers for the support of the highways. But this law has "regulated" somebody all right, but it is the smaller truck operators. Yes it has taxed him clear off of the highways. It taxes the class of trucks that never have competed with the railroads. They are not nor never have been connected with the long haul freight, but their business is in the main to gather the products of the forest, farm and orchard to the processing points to be prepared for shipment over the railroads and the long haul truck lines.

In the case of the wood trucks they are doing a line of work that

is altogether separate and independent from the business that the railroads or big truck lines want or could handle.

Under this new law the smaller trucks, wood trucks, farmers trucks are all taxed so much that if they should be able to pay they will be supporting the highways for the big trucks to use, and more than that they will be paying a lot of the railroad company's taxes. In other words the railroads will be getting away from a lot of their former tax bills.

The common impression is that this is a railroad and big truck owners frame-up on the people. (It is also quite evident that the big truck lines are now controlled by the railroads.)

In reference to the heavy burden on the big trucks, any that should be able to qualify, under the heavy tax and cumbersome arrangement of the new law, will be forced to raise the price of wood no less than \$2.00 a cord and to pass same on to the consumer. Does the consumer want anything like this in such times as these? This is an appeal to everyone who is in favor of a square deal to come to the support of the new organization, namely: The Truck Owners' and Farmers' Protective association.

W. F. BROWN.

FREE!
FREE!

Every adult entering Tallman's piano store June 19th will receive a gift. No strings, no obligations.

See the Ad in Sunday's Statesman Page 8

Lived here. Frederick has been teaching for several years but plans to establish school in Portland this fall.

WILL STUDY MEDICINE

CENTRAL HOWELL, June 14.—Frederick Judy, who has been teaching for several years but plans to establish school in Portland this fall.