

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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Holman at Pendleton

THIS paper has frequently found the public speeches of Rufus Holman choice matter for its satire. The addresses of the state treasurer with their parade of the first-person pronoun, marching like telephone poles down a country lane, have laid the treasurer open to ridicule, both for their subject matter and the manner in which he laid it on. Even the devil should have his dues; so we are happy to give praise to Holman's address at the state grange on Wednesday. It was cast in a very different mold from his usual run of remarks at public gatherings. It was a thoughtful and well-organized address. For once Holman entered into an intelligent and intelligible discussion of public finances; and his speech was informative both for the grangers who heard it and for the state at large where people read it.

The address had a minimum of breast-beating about electricity without cost to the taxpayers and was free from gibes at the governor. In fact the whole speech was quite well-tempered and presented Holman's own ideas about government in a straight-forward, logical manner.

Touching on public finances, one sentence stands out like a light on a dark night:

"We cannot borrow ourselves rich, no matter how low the interest rate may be."

That is a truism, but it is constantly ignored by public officials and by private operators in business. Right now the country is in some respects drinking itself to death on borrowed money.

Here are other observations that might well be lettered on the walls of every legislature, city council and national congress:

"The easy way, but the incompetent way, to balance a budget or to relieve the taxpayer is to borrow more money and to levy another tax."

"The difficult, but competent way to balance a budget and also to relieve the taxpayer is to reduce the cost of government."

Plain common sense, but well phrased.

Holman further pointed out the complications of the governmental structure we have erected, with so many overlapping taxing districts, each with power to bond and tax—towns, counties, school districts, port districts, irrigation districts, etc. The total is formidable. Holman suggests elimination or consolidation of county government. Changed methods of transportation, he points out, have made it easy to travel to the county seat, so that counties may well be consolidated.

We think that particular suggestion is of doubtful economy, because court house costs are really quite low and many of the offices are self-supporting from fees. There is the danger of making the overhead too great if counties are so large the costs may be concealed through ignorance of the masses. The people also would be reluctant to lose their local court houses. However, the idea, which is not original with the treasurer is deserving of open-minded consideration.

If this is Holman's salutatory in a campaign for the governorship, as the news-sleuths have forecast, then we hail it as starting the campaign on a high plane.

M. I. K.

WHEN it comes to money for roads there always seems to be m.i.k. (more in the kitchen). The legislature theoretically cut down revenues by reducing motor license fees. But it increased the gas tax and truck fees to take up a large part of the expected loss. Now comes the federal government and drops into our laps some eleven millions more. That will give as much money as the state can well expend in a year. At any rate road and bridge construction can progress rapidly with these generous grants of funds.

We have been hoping that there might be some moneys for other purposes than roads; not because of lack of interest in roads, but because of a feeling that other projects offered better investment at the present time. But with the loan provision tacked on to 70% of possible federal grants, there is little chance that the other projects will be undertaken in any magnitude.

Perhaps if we would convert our efficient highway department into a department of public works, other worthy public works might not be always told: "None left in the kitchen."

The Journal and Crime

THE Portland Journal throws four rounds of catfies over crime in Portland, reporting 29 burglaries and other criminal acts there within 24 hours; and blames part of the cause on the legislature whose failure to pass some bill "can be explained only by ulterior motives and stealth and skulduggery that linger in and around legislatures."

The Journal if it keeps this up will be the state Hawkshaw to take the lead in suppressing crime. Only a few weeks ago we quoted from that valiant supporter of law and order: "There is no question that there is a strong public sentiment in this state against the taking of human life." Of course not quite so strong as that for abolishing the legislature.

New planes are shortening the time for crossing the continent. The Portland paper says the new time is 21½ hours, but the report from Pasco is that the planes will make it in 26 hours from there. Leave Pasco at 8:48 a. m., arrive New York, 7:45 next morning. Either speed seems too fast—we're like the fellow who first saw the giraffe: "there ain't no such animal."

One of the most audacious flights in the history of aviation was successfully completed by two Spanish aviators who flew from Seville, Spain, to land on the island of Cuba. The distance was over 4500 miles and the time less than 40 hours. It was a risky venture; but its success received mention of only a few paragraphs in the day's news.

The supreme court has ordered on the ballot the proposition to repeal state prohibition from the constitution. So long as the issue is to be voted on, it may as well be voted on along with national prohibition. Get the question settled. If the people are now dripping wet, then frame laws accordingly. We prefer repeal to plain nullification.

The British overlooked a bot. Instead of making part payment in silver they should have rather up repudiated bonds of American sovereign states and shipped them over. They total with interest more than the \$75,000,000 which Britain was due to pay.

If the world would only reach for an aspirin, it might get over its headache.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Joan Hastings and her sweet-heart, Bill Martin, are separated when her stern aunt, Mrs. Van Fleet, learns of the romance and sends Joan away to school without seeing Bill. Enroute from her home in Sausalito, California, to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Joan slips off the train and goes back to Bill's home only to learn that he had left town. Unknown to Joan, Bill had gone to see her and learned from Mrs. Van Fleet that she had gone away. Mrs. Van Fleet, saying that if he really loved her he would not try to find her as he had nothing to offer Joan. So he left home to make good. Unable to return to her aunt's home, Joan goes to San Francisco. She meets Dolores Dolan, his former employer's flirtatious wife, who sarcastically reveals that Joan is a model at Francine's.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXV

On the ferry he forgot Gerwin, and the pathetic, loveliest woman with the hot, dark eyes, and the cloud of dusky, graying hair. He only thought of Joan, and holding her close again. "How did I ever stay away so long!" he wondered. He clenched his hands in his pockets, and paced up and down the deck. "Maybe it was a good thing we did get all bawled up. If I had known she was here, I'd have been here too. I'd never have stayed on with old man Keyes."

And he thought of the position he had, and the affection the old man had for him, and the little money in the Bakersfield bank.

"Maybe it's all for the best!" He wondered how she'd look when she saw him. Would she look up at him with the glad, welcoming smile, and her heart in her eyes as she used to do? Or would there be a strangeness at first, and a shy groping for his hand. "It's been so long, Bill—so long."

He found the place, a door next to a florist's shop. A window in which was displayed one glittering costly gown, a pale emerald wrap thrown over a carved bench beside it. A flask of amber colored perfume, a long string of pearls, a small heap of barbaric bracelets.

This was the place. He walked by the door, humming. Then he walked back, clearing his throat angrily. What did he care for a bunch of women? But the place was full of them. A fine figure he'd cut, walking in there, asking for Joan. Meeting her, with the curious eyes of strangers upon them. He shook his head. It wouldn't be right.

Oh, he only knew where she lived. Her home. He could go to her home, find her alone. What a prize idiot he'd been to dash out of the house the minute his mother said she had lost the address. He was always losing things, and finding them again. Hadn't he been helping her find her glasses for about ten years?

He walked down to the corner, let two or three street-cars go by. It would take two hours to get home and back again—longer if he missed a ferry. When he got there she might not find it. Then it would be too late to come back and find Joan at the shop. He decided to wait outside until she came out.

The minutes passed. To think of him standing outside, and she inside! He grew sick with waiting. Well, he could telephone. Ask her to invent some excuse and come out.

He took a turn up to the corner. There was a drugist there. He could telephone. His fingers shook so that he could hardly turn the leaves of the book, a penny rolled

one way, and a dime another as he searched for the nickel to drop in the slot.

"I want to speak to Miss Hastings, Miss Joan Hastings!" he said, very loud. A feminine voice mumbled something at the other end of the wire. He tapped the receiver irritably. "Central, can't you give me a better connection?" Darn the girl—she'd cut him off.

He tried again. "Miss Hastings, please."

The connection was worse this time. He had to shout, and then the girl couldn't understand him, and her voice was a faint, far-away squeak over a tinkling wire. "Miss Hastings—Joan Hastings!"

He waited. Ages. Eternities. Suppose she didn't work there at all. Suppose Dolores had invented the name along with the rest of her story!

"Yes!" Was that Joan? It might be. "Is



Now she was nearer. The scent of gardenias came to him poignantly.

that you, Joan?" he asked hoarsely, and tapped the phone again, frantically.

"I can hardly hear you," her voice came faintly. "Where are you?"

He almost wrecked the receiver, with the fierce taps he gave it. "Joan, is this you—Joan, is it?"

"Yes, Curtis—can't you hear me either?"

Curtis. "This is Bill!" he called desperately. "Bill!" A buzzing sound again—the sound of the empty wire. "Operator, you cut me off!" he shouted.

"Number, please! Number!" He hung up furiously. Darn the operator, darn the phone company, darn all telephones.

He took up his stand by the window again, to wait. To wait for Joan to come out.

A car drew up at the curb. A man jumped out, walked nonchalantly into the shop. He looked at the man, thoughtfully. He loathed men who went into women's shops, but he admired the fellow's courage just the same.

Curtis. . . oh well, some friend. She had friends, of course. . .

He was musing on that when he saw her. Her sweet, gold head, her slim, tall body, moving gracefully past him. Her deep eyes, deep and clear and green as sea water. Her red lips parted, smiling. Smiling up at someone else.

Her fluttering blue gown almost touched him. He put out his hand and— "Johnnie!" Did he really call her that? Was it the cry from his heart, his soul, his whole starved being?

She did not hear. He stepped with her delicate high-heeled slippers, into the waiting car. The man's eyes never left hers. He was loving her, worshipping her, as he helped her into the car.

And Joan put one slender yellow-gloved hand over his. "Curtis, I'm so glad you came early!"

When the sun had set, and the street lights cast their bright blue-white light into the dark streets, Bill Martin was still walking, aimlessly now, up and down, up and down, deserted shopping district. He did not know three hours had passed.

The street lights went out, morning being so noisy that police in many cities forbid their use after nine o'clock at night.

The Call Board . .

By OLIVE M. DOAK

ELSINORE

Today—Bebe Daniels in "Cocktail Hour"; 8:30 o'clock studio feature preview.

Friday—Double feature: Ralph Bellamy in "Below the Sea"; John Wayne in "Somewhere in Sonora." 9 o'clock Mickey Mouse Revue.

Saturday—Double feature: Ralph Bellamy in "Below the Sea"; John Wayne in "Somewhere in Sonora."

HOLLYWOOD

Today—Lew Ayres in "Night World." Friday—Esther Ralston in "Black Beauty."

GRAND

Today—Barbara Stanwyck in "Ladies They Talk About." Friday—On the stage, K. G. W. "Covered Wagon Days"; on screen, Buck Jones in "Unknown Valley."

MICKEY REVUE ON TONIGHT, ELSINORE

Tonight will be a red letter one for many talented youngsters in Salem, as they will have a chance to display their talent in the Mickey Mouse Revue to be given at the Elsinore theatre at 8:15 o'clock.

The two big features will be the adagio team composed of Ted Koefiseon, Jim Stevenson, and Naomi Hayes, which recently won a first prize at Jantzen beach in Portland, and Lane and Bennett, who do a novelty act on skates. This local couple have recently completed a seven months' tour of RKO and Fanchon and Marco circuits.

Others in the revue are Priscilla Simpkins, Mildred and Lyle Heckinger, Nona Woody, George Fowler, Madeline Knowles, Beverly Bennett, Phyllis Dickey, Virginia Harrison, Art Stubblefield, Katharine Hing, Marie Stutesman, Curt Williams, Cora Edger, Joan Frigaard, Betty Crites and Alva Rafferty.

Three-wheel autos, which caused a sensation in Netherlands India, are losing their popularity.

Also Our Gang Comedy, News Cartoon Comedy & Harry Carey in "The Devil Horse."

COMING SUNDAY RUTH CHATTERTON in "FRISCO JENNY"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Mylie Lawyer, Indian Princess, honor W U student!

(Continuing from yesterday.) There were long two factions of the Nez Perce Indians, dating back to the treaty of 1855, and perhaps to the time when Lewis and Clark reached their country in 1805, or further still into the dim past.

Old Chief Joseph signed the treaty of 1855, but he did it with misgivings; with his fingers crossed—with mental reservations that he passed on to his son, the Chief Joseph who led the United States army over such a long, tortuous and bloody trail in 1877, showing generosity and leadership that had few if any parallels in the whole history of American Indian warfare.

The upper branch of the tribe was the one following Joseph, father and son, and the lower branch the one adhering to the ideals of Lawyer and his son and grandson—making for peace and cooperation with their white brothers. The Lawyer of the peace party who saved the lives of the treaty commissioners in 1855, and by the same act perhaps prevented a widespread Indian war in the northwest that might have threatened all the white settlements of the Pacific northwest and extended still further the then existing blockade of the covered wagon trains across the plains that was virtually complete until 1883—this grand old man of helpfulness for and sympathy with his white brothers, later went to Washington to represent his people. He met General Grant, president of the United States, and his cabinet and high officials.

He carried home a cane, presented by the Washington authorities, which has been handed down and is a precious possession of the Lawyer family.

Reverting to the identity of the Nez Perce chief who kept or became responsible for the horses of Lewis and Clark during the fall, winter and spring of 1805-6, and who was the father of the first Lawyer bearing that name:

In the journals of Lewis and Clark, edited by Thwaites, there appear under the date of Saturday, October 5, 1805, two entries, reading much alike, both by Capt. William Clark. Reading from the first one:

"Had all our horses, 38 in number, collected and branded, cut off their foretops, and delivered them to TWO BROTHERS AND ONE SON of the chiefs who attend (intend) accompanying us down the river. To each of these men I gave a knife and some small articles, etc. They promised to be attentive to the horses until we should return."

In the second entry: "Captain Lewis not so well today (Sunday) as yesterday. Buried (cached) saddles at side of pond. Buried canisters of powder."

"Captain Lewis and myself ate a supper of roots boiled, which filled us so full of wind that we were scarcely able to breathe all night (Saturday). Feel the effects of it. Launched two canoes today; one proved a little leaky, the other a very good one."

This means that the Lewis and Clark exploring party were then launching their boats on the Clearwater river, which stream the Indians called the Kookoskie. Their party, then consisting of about 33 men and one woman, Sacagawea, their Indian guide, had made their own boats, after the native fashion, by felling trees and hewing out logs.

It is not hard now to explain the fact that the root foods of the Indians made the members of the exploring party sick. One may see it well explained by "Eyes on Russia," a late and entrancing book by Margaret Bourke-White.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 16, 1908
CHICAGO—Chicago agog with anticipation of republican national convention; bands vie with glee clubs, marching clubs in fantastic regalia parade main streets singing "Taft! Taft!" or Knox, Knox."

Willamette co-eds slip out of living quarters at 4:30 a. m. for a n u a l track meet, fearfulest some prowler of the night divine their intentions; no spectators on hand to poke fun at their sport.

June 16, 1923
S. H. Van Trump, county fruit inspector, receives chemicals and molasses for earwig poison; offensive against pest starts soon.

Ted Emmel victor in men's singles of Salem Tennis association tournament, defeating Dr. C. E. Bates; Papine Findley defeats Elva Burris.

Lumber production 23 per cent above normal, new business 12 per cent below production, 123 mills report to West Coast Lumbermen's association.

Nomination, July 4 Program Up at Legion's Meeting

Nomination of delegates to the state American Legion convention at Klamath Falls, announcement of July 4 celebration plans and arrangements for the Portland dog races in benefit to the Salem drum corps are matters scheduled for next Monday night's meeting of Capital post, American Legion, at Fraternal temple. All ex-service men are being invited to attend.

Entertainment will be provided by the Haywire orchestra.

The father of Lawyer.

The writer is promised more information on this point, if procurable, and if it is obtained it will be given to readers of this column.

Perhaps some readers will be interested in the fact that Ann Shannon Monroe, one of Oregon's most successful and popular writers of books, is a granddaughter of George Shannon, who was the youngest member of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

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WARNER BROS. ELSINORE

TONIGHT AT 8:30 ON THE STAGE

Salem's Own Talented Youngsters in a

MICKEY MOUSE REVUE

A GAY—JOYOUS—FUN FROLIC OF SINGING—DANCING—COMEDY

Featuring "Boots" Grant and His New Dance Band (NO ADVANCE IN PRICES)

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Breath-taking Thrills! Daring Adventure!

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SOMEWHERE IN SONORA

Mat. Eve. 25c 500 Seats

GRAND TODAY! IN PERSON... On Stage KGW's "Thrilling Frontier" EPISODE OF THE AIR! COVERED WAGON DAYS! On Screen... BUCK JONES in UNKNOWN VALLEY 15¢ CAST 15¢ COVERED WAGON DAYS 15¢ TIME ORCHESTRA YOU'VE HEARD THEM ON THE AIR NOW SEE THEM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN PERSON!

A Home Owned Theater HOLLYWOOD Today & Saturday FIRST SHOWING SALEM A FAMOUS BOOK BLACK BEAUTY ESTHER RALSTON ALEX KIRKLAND Gavin Gordon - Hale Hamilton Don Alvarado Also Our Gang Comedy, News Cartoon Comedy & Harry Carey in "The Devil Horse" COMING SUNDAY RUTH CHATTERTON in "FRISCO JENNY" Tonight will be a red letter one for many talented youngsters in Salem, as they will have a chance to display their talent in the Mickey Mouse Revue to be given at the Elsinore theatre at 8:15 o'clock. The two big features will be the adagio team composed of Ted Koefiseon, Jim Stevenson, and Naomi Hayes, which recently won a first prize at Jantzen beach in Portland, and Lane and Bennett, who do a novelty act on skates. This local couple have recently completed a seven months' tour of RKO and Fanchon and Marco circuits. Others in the revue are Priscilla Simpkins, Mildred and Lyle Heckinger, Nona Woody, George Fowler, Madeline Knowles, Beverly Bennett, Phyllis Dickey, Virginia Harrison, Art Stubblefield, Katharine Hing, Marie Stutesman, Curt Williams, Cora Edger, Joan Frigaard, Betty Crites and Alva Rafferty. Three-wheel autos, which caused a sensation in Netherlands India, are losing their popularity. Also Our Gang Comedy, News Cartoon Comedy & Harry Carey in "The Devil Horse". COMING SUNDAY RUTH CHATTERTON in "FRISCO JENNY"