The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1651

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

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City Repeal

WE GOT quite a shock on reading the purported "repeal" amendment of the city of Salem. It is not repeal, but re-enactment of prohibition. For the proposed charter amendment is just as much prohibition of the sale of intoxicants as the old one was. Virtually the only difference is that the old amendment specified

"whiskey, wine, beer or other vinous, spiritous, malted OR intoxicating liquor or beverage"

while the new amendment simply prohibits sale of

"any intoxicating liquor or beverage."

The question of what is an intoxicating liquor is not settled; but we do not see how it can be settled short of judicial determination. The new amendment would legalize the sale of 3.2 beer only if that beverage is non-intoxicating; and under congressional enactment it may be so regarded until courts hold otherwise. If 3.2 beer is decided to be in fact intoxicating, then it too would be barred from legal sale under the terms of the new amendment.

The only other change which the new amendment offers is that it empowers the council to regulate, tax and license the sale of "non-intoxicating liquors and beverages," a power which it ought to have, especially if beer is listed in the non-intoxicating class.

It seems to us a sensible thing for the people to approve the wording of the new amendment. The old provision would prohibit the sale even of malted milk, which is an absurdity. If there were no prohibitory legislation in the charter at all, and this proposal were submited, it would rate as a prohibition measure.

The rather amazing thing to us is that a straight-out repeal amendment was not offered, inasmuch as the wets are driving hard against state and federal prohibition. The only answer is that either they want to effect the changes by degrees, or that they genuinely want to keep out saloons vending hard liquors.

However that may be, for our part we are willing to approve the modification of language in what continues to be a prohibition amendment, which still leaves the way clear for anyone to take to court the matter of whether or not 3.2 beer is in fact intoxicating. It is better from the standpoint of public morals to maintain municipal prohibition against distilled liquors, even with the sale of the present light beer, until some new control system is prescribed by the state, if and when state and national prohibition is repealed.

For these reasons we do not hesitate to recommend a yes vote on city measure No. 100-101.

Why Did We go to London?

AS THE London conference draws to a close the wonder increases as to why this country ever accepted an invitation to participate in its deliberations. In spite of the appeals of Pres. Roosevelt that the conference "must not fail," and that it should continue its work of settling international trade differences, Mr. Roosevelt has blackballed from consideration one after another of the topics which were brought up. There is nothing which remains for discussion except the London weather, which is usually abominable, and with a unanimous decision on that point the conference may well adjourn.

Review briefly the history of the conference. In 1931 Pres. Hoover took the initiative in urging a world moratorium of war debts payments in an effort to stem the tide of economic disaster which was breaking over Europe. Europe agreed, though this led inevitably to virtual cancellation of reparations which the allied nations felt was justly due them from Germany. After aiding Germany to escape payment on her obligations that grew out of the war, the United States refused to abate any portion of the indebtedness remaining due us from the allies, although they regard it as part of the general war cost.

Mr. Hoover looked forward to the London meeting as an opportunity for adjustment of differences which were impeding international trade and causing surpluses especially of raw materials to pile up in this and other countries. On his assumption of office Pres. Roosevelt too hailed this as a great opportunity for world statesmanship. To make sure it would succeed he invited high officials and representatives of all the nations to come to Washington to interview him in advance. But as Premier MacDonald and ex-premier Herriott were on the high seas, the president abruptly ordered this country to abandon the gold standard, which immediately threw international exchange into chaos and made more complicated than ever the problem of world readjustment.

Then when the conference assembled the American delegation at the dictation of the president, took an adamant attitude on virtually every subject, to the point of not even tolerating its consideration.

One of the great obstacles for return of normal trade relations is the transfer of funds to meet service on the war debts. Our delegates were forbidden to let this topic be considered in the conference.

Secretary Hull has long urged reciprocal tariff concessions which would lower barriers to trade. Once some of the American delegates proposed a general 10% cut in tariffs; but this was promptly repudiated by the others of our delegation; so tariffs became another tabu.

Pres. Roosevelt in his clarion call for world peace cited stabilization of currencies as the first major objective of the conference. The president said, in his address of May 16:

"The conference must establish order in place of the present chaos by a stabilization of currencies."

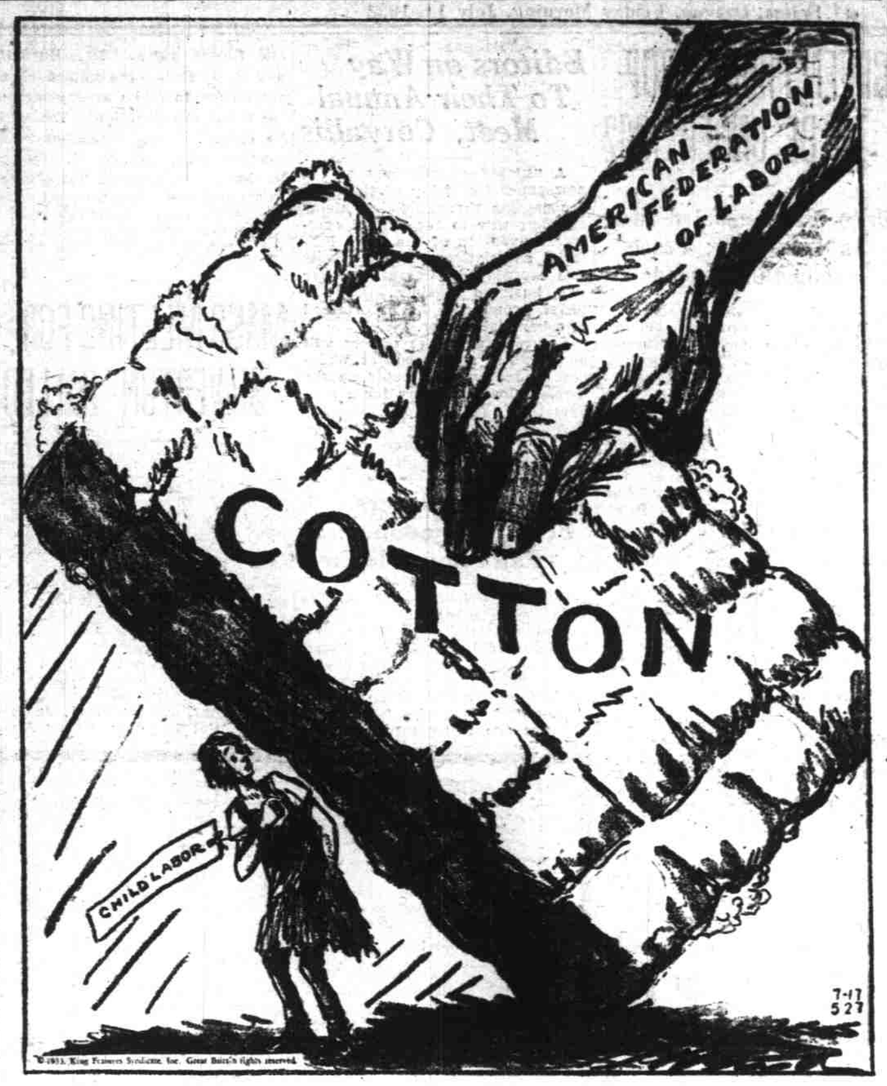
When the pinch came, because of the spread of inflation virus in this country, he brusquely rejected a very temperate statement of intentions to effect future stabilization, greatly to the irritation of both England and France.

Finally on Wednesday, with only three eligible subjects left for discussion: private indebtedness, silver and central bank cooperation, the American delegates are warned not to talk about central bank cooperation. Since the Americans will not play at the party, there is nothing left save for all the guests to take their dolls and go home to their own back yards.

The Statesman was deeply in sympathy with the program for the world conference, fearful though we were of its pitfalls. It offered hope of genuine cure of domestic as well as world ills, rather than the specious cure of inflation and vast public works supported by fresh taxes on industry already impoverished. We attribute its failure to the inherent vice of inflation which to sustain itself must foster further inflation, and any suggestion of stabilization would send a fresh chill through business. If we cannot or dare not stabilize now, how can we later on when the inflationary forces are working more furiously?

There was a perceptible thrill through the country over Pres. Roosevelt's tart message to the conference on July 3rd. Its schoolmaster tone however provoked resentment abroad, until even Walter Lippman, usually press apologist for the new deal, regretted its language. The net effect was to drive America further into economic and political isolation, a policy which is inimical to our present and future best interests.

Lifting It at Last



BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Salem men at the death of Peopeomoxmox:

(Continuing from yesterday:)

"At night Peopeomoxmox asked permission to send one of the six men with him to apprise his people of the terms of the proposed treaty, and instruct them to fulfill it, which request was granted.

"But the messenger failed, as Kelly had anticipated, to return.

"On the morning of the 6th, Colonel Kelly marched with his command to the village in the ravine—which was found deserted, snowfall of the evening before showing that the removal had taken place in the night.

"All the Indians in sight were along the crest of the distant hills, where they appeared armed, and watching the movements of the volunteers. Every effort was made by a flag of truce to induce the Indians to comply with the terms agreed upon by Peopeomoxmox, but in vain.

"Failing of accomplishing anything that day, and without the prospect of so doing at all, about the middle of the afternoon Kelly proceeded down to the mouth of the Touchet where Chinn was encamped, taking with him his six prisoners.

"Up to this time no restraint had been put upon the chief or his associates in captivity; but one of them attempting to escape during the night of the 6th they were ordered to be bound with cords, but were unbound in the morning, when Colonel Kelly told Peopeomoxmox that he had acted in bad faith, and that should he, or any of the other prisoners, attempt to run away, he or they would be shot.

"At an early hour on the 7th, the Indians commenced to appear, armed and mounted, on the hills half a mile from camp; but it was not even then expected that they would attack, and the command prepared leisurely to march to Waillatpu, where it was intended to establish headquarters.

"When one or two companies had moved out on the plain, after the advance guard, the Indians fired upon some men driving up beef cattle, and the fire was returned. A running fight then ensued, the Indians being driven before the volunteers for 10 miles to the farmhouse of La Roche, a French-Canadian, two miles below Waillatpu.

"The forces of the enemy had increased all day, and by the time La Roche's cabin was reached had become stubborn and hard to move, being driven at the point of the bayonet only a short distance above.

"Their number was vairously estimated at from 600 to 2000, but a more probable estimate would make it 1000 warriors, and an indefinite number of onlookers; their yells, and the noise of the firing, having drawn all the Indians from a considerable distance to the edges of the battle.

"The volunteers were confined between the Walla Walla river on their right and the hills on their left; and the Indians, having become strong enough late in the afternoon, formed a line across the plain to prevent the advance of the troops, extending from the foothills to the river, and being partly covered with a growth of shrubby trees, which served as a shelter. It was here that the battle raged hottest.

" 'Their purpose,' says one who was present, and in the thick of the fight (G. W. Miller), 'was to leave no foes behind them; their policy was the policy of extermination; their FLAGS were the SCALPS of our people, murdered in cold blood, whose gray locks floated from poles raised on every prominent point on the hills to our left, with a squad of those bloody fiends dancing the war dance around them.

" 'From the brush on the plain and the timber on the river, they poured a murderous fire on the volunteers, who were compelled to fall back.

" 'Here Henry Crow and S. S. Van Hageman fell, mortally wounded, and several others were wounded.

" 'At this critical moment, Lieutenant J. M. Burrows, with a small detachment, was ordered to cross the fence that surrounded the La Roche field, and charge upon the Indians in the brush, the writer being one of the number who crossed. When only a few steps beyond the fence the brave Burrows fell dead, and Captain Munson and several others were wounded. A dispatch having been sent to Captain Wilson of Company A to come forward, he and his company came at full speed, dismounted, and with fixed bayonets pushed their way through the brush, driving the enemy before them.

" 'In a short time, Captain Bennett, with Company F was on hand, and with these reinforcements the Indians were driven about one mile further up the Walla Walla river, where they took possession of a house with a close built fence around it.

" 'In attempting to dislodge them, Captain Bennett of Company F, and private Kelso of Company A were killed.' (This was Capt. Chas. Bennett of Salem, discoverer of gold in California, builder of the famous Bennett House in Salem where the Masonic temple now stands, and a leader in many endeavors in pioneer days here.)

"A howitzer found at Fort Walla Walla was soon brought to bear upon the house; but Captain Wilson having nothing but a sandhill to fire from, the piece burst in exploding, inflicting a wound upon Wilson, but dispersing the Indians.

"The volunteers immediately took possession of the premises and recovered the bodies of Bennett and Kelso, while the wounded were removed to the house of La Roche, which was converted into a hospital.

"During all this time the prisoners were exceedingly restless and excited. Peopeomoxmox in stentorian tones cheered on his braves, receiving responses at short intervals.

"When the sergeant of the guard had an opportunity to speak to Colonel Kelly, as he passed from one wing of the regiment to the other, he expressed a fear that they would escape while the men were in the field.

"Just at this moment Frank Crabtree came in from the field, his shoulder shattered, an arm dangling by his side, and reported Captain Layton with five or six others surrounded on the hills at the front; and the colonel's reply to the sergeant's question of what he should do in a certain case, was that the men were all needed at the front; to tie the prisoners, and, if they resisted or attempted to escape, to kill them.

"They did resist the order to bind them, and Sergeant-Major Isaac Miller was wounded in the arm by a knife concealed about the person of one of them.

"Peopeomxomx also attempted to seize the gun of another of the guard, named Warfield, who struck him with it upon the back of the head, falling him to the ground, when he was quickly dispatched.

"The other prisoners attempting flight were shot, with the exception of one Nez Perce, a mere lad, who made no resistance, and was not harmed.

"Concerning the killing of the Walla Walla chief, of which much was said at the time, and later, Colonel Kelly wrote to Governor Curry:

(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

AT ONE time pernicious anemia was a dreaded affliction. You know how cancer is feared. I am sure many of you will be surprised to learn that not so long ago pernicious anemia was a disease as greatly feared as cancer is now.

Dr. Copeland

For many years experimental research endeavored to discover a vaccine or serum that would cure pernicious anemia, or retard the progress of this ailment. Until the value of the liver diet was discovered, pernicious anemia was a rapid and fatal disease. Today, liver extracts are prepared in several different forms. They are administered to sufferers from this disease with great success. Those who in former years would be doomed to an inevitable fate are now entirely cured.

The Symptoms

Pernicious anemia is a blood disorder that is often confused with other ailments of the blood. Merely because a person is pale and "anemic looking" does not mean he is a sufferer from pernicious anemia.

You have often heard the expression, "he is so anemic looking". Many a mother takes her child to the doctor and says, "Johnny is anemic, please prescribe some medicine to give him a better color."

It is true that the anemic patient is pale, but he usually has other symptoms that must not be overlooked. He complains of poor appetite, faulty digestion and shortness of breath upon the slightest exertion. As a rule the victim of this disease tires quickly and has no "pep" or vitality.

In addition to these symptoms, he has headache, nausea, vomiting and spells of dizziness. What is most confusing is that the patient seems to recover suddenly from these attacks and for a period of time is in excellent health. Unfortunately, this improved state of health is temporary and within a short time it is followed by a relapse. As time goes on the relapses are more frequent and the periods of good health shortened.

The diagnosis of this affliction is easily made and confirmed by the physician. He resorts to the taking of a blood count in all suspected cases. Though the cause of pernicious anemia is not known, the profound effects of this disease are strikingly shown by an examination of the blood. In this examination an estimation is made of the number of red blood cells and of the amount of "hemoglobin," or coloring matter of the blood.

In pernicious anemia there is a marked decrease in the number of red blood cells and a loss of hemoglobin. In addition, the red blood cells are imperfectly constructed and have poor color. When these characteristic signs are found in a blood examination, the diagnosis of pernicious anemia is confirmed.

Fortunately, as I have stated, this disease can now be cured. It should never be neglected and proper measures should be taken at once.

Answers to Health Queries

BETTY. Q.—My mother has high blood pressure. What would you advise in the way of diet and treatment? She is very nervous.

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

P. S. Q.—What do you advise for gall bladder trouble? Would this be apt to cause itching? Is there a specific diet to be followed?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 14, 1908

Salem ball team defeats East Portlanders 11-5; Salem lineup—Johnson, ss, Ramp, cf, Edwards, lf, Cary, 1b, Nace, 2b, Humphrey, 3b, Heyser, c, Rhodes, rf, Meyers, p.

OREGON CITY—Howling mob of 300 men and boys surrounds Math Jancigaj, man who murdered 16-year-old girl here, as jailer leads him to bastile; posse of officers holds off men calling, "Hang him," and "Give us a rope."

Officers looking for boys who stole horse and buggy belonging to Al Brown of Salem Water company.

BROOKS—Brooks Fruit Growers' association shipping loganberries by carload; two cars to Portland, one to Seattle past three days.

July 14, 1923

Proposition submitted to Loganberry Growers' exchange here to provide 100 tons of berries to be packed in five-gallon cans, and sent east under refrigeration for making loganberry pies; move hoped to save crop and create market for next season.

Salem Senators win baseball game from Western Bloomer girls' team 8-0; Whitman, 1b and Baker, ss, get homers; Ashby pitches and Gill catches.

DALLAS—S. E. Whitworth of Seattle elected principal of Dallas high school, following resignation of C. A. Arpke.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XLIX

"Johnnie, is that you?" Curtis' voice came over the wire, metallic, and indistinct. "I'm going to be a little late. Can't leave until around noon, will that be all right? Mother and the rest are starting now with Roberts, and we'll follow in the small car. I can't hear you, Joan . . . what did you say?"

"Oh, that's splendid!" she cried. "That will give me time to go down to the shop for an hour, and finish something I was working on. You don't mind calling for me there?"

"No," he said after a pause. "I'll call for you. Around eleven."

After he had hung up he leaned against the wall in the stuffy public booth from which he had telephoned, and wiped his forehead with a shaking hand. Ridiculous to get so upset over a thing like this, a thing that was done every day. He was a fool to even give it a second thought . . . and yet.

His hand went back to the receiver. For two pins he'd call his mother now, get her to come. . . . No, that wouldn't do. That would never do, Joan would get to talking and she'd see . . . And suppose he did back down now, what would be the gain? He'd be right back where he was before, sunk in the same old whirlpool of indecision, around and around and around, being sucked down into despair, because he couldn't decide. Couldn't give her up . . .

His head was throbbing. It ached so much he wondered if he was going to be sick. Flu perhaps. He certainly had a fever. Nerves probably. That came of churning this darn thing over and over in his mind like a crazy man. The injustice of it. He suffering, and she calm and happy. Ruining his whole life, and then going right along as if nothing had happened. Writing wedding invitations with his mother—the two of them with their heads together, and he going crazy under their very eyes, and they not even noticing . . .

He was walking back to the office now. Brushing past people, elbowing through the crowd, blind to them as a sleep walker, lost in his aching, muddled thoughts. Thoughts of Joan, as his wife. His ring on her hand and she loving someone else.

Oh Joan—Joan—why did you treat me so? Why did you—

He jumped back quickly—just in time to avoid being run down by a truck at the corner.

That brought him to his senses. Almost killed, worrying over her. He shook himself, brushed a hand against his eyes. That settled it. He could be killed in the street, and all she was thinking about was finishing some darned old dress for Francine. He might have known from the beginning, any girl that could work with that creature, and live with her common, garrulous old mother. . . .

His resentment grew, burningly. Consuming him in its fire. He was really sick by the time he reached the office. But the misgivings were gone. She had sacrificed him. Very well, it was his turn now.

* * *

"*Pretty soft!*" Ruth chuckled when Joan came into the shop at quarter of ten, followed by the taxi driver with her suitcase.

Joan took her hat off, laughing. "Yes, isn't it? I know I'm a bad influence. I'll bet Francine will be glad when I quit. I really would have quit this week, only she wanted me to work on the Youngberg girl's things. I'm only going to stay an hour today though. Mrs. Barstow is having a house-party—isn't that fun?"

"Where?" Ruth was all agog with interest. "Who's going—what clothes are you taking? Oh, you make me sick—you lucky thing—"

"Oh, it isn't a big party. I'm just taking hiking shoes and sweaters. I can't wait to get into the country. Don't you remember the place I told you about last Thanksgiving, near Santa Cruz? Didn't I tell you about it then? Anyway, it's a love of a place, and I don't know why they don't use it more."

"Any debutantes, or any good looking men going?"

"Well—none as nice as Curtis," Joan said smiling. "Tim Laird is the only other one, and he isn't very exciting. But I like Eugenia a lot—she's going, too—and Mrs. Barstow is bringing some friend of hers—Mrs. Cunningham, I think Curtis said. Now don't talk to me for a few minutes, there's a dear, Ruth—I want to finish that dress for Francine—"

"Some people have all the luck," Ruth called over her shoulder. "Well—have a good time, honey, and goodbye if you're gone before I get back. I'm off to match *linings!* That's the kind of job I have around this darned old place. Bet I have to walk all over town, and my feet hurting like the devil already—"

She limped into the workroom to get her hat and coat, for Francine's benefit, but she smiled at her lovely reflection as she adjusted the extravagant little black hat before the mirror.

"Francine has a nerve to treat me like an errand girl," she thought, "but it'll give me a chance to get the butter and rolls for lunch—"

She was going to give Will'um a chafing dish crab Newberg in her room. No more inquisitive waiters, breaking up the tete-a-tete! No siree . . .

She slipped up to the hotel to make sure that lazy good-for-nothing maid had fixed her room presentably. Well—it wasn't swell—but it was at least comfortable. Good joke on her if he insisted on eating downtown . . . not likely though—she knew how to handle men—

He was going to meet her outside of the shop at one o'clock. He didn't know it yet, but she wasn't going back after lunch. They'd sit around the room for a while, and then she'd get him to drive her out to the park or somewhere. She snickered as she pictured Francine's face when she phoned she had been detained at the dentist! Well—another hour to get through, and then she'd know the worst . . .

"Pardon me, Miss Gillespie . . . I'm looking for Miss Hastings." Ruth looked up quickly. Mrs. Barstow, all decked out in pale gray, like a young bride, or a middle-aged funeral . . .

"Why, Miss Hastings left about twenty minutes ago—" Ruth almost added, "with your son—" But she stopped. Mrs. Barstow certainly wasn't dressed for a long ride to the country . . .

"Did she say where she was going?"

Ruth's round eyes narrowed, ever so little. "No, she didn't. Is there any message for her?"

Mrs. Barstow hesitated, plainly annoyed. "I felt sure I'd catch her before she went out to lunch; well—will you be good enough to tell her that my son has been called out of town on business, and I shall expect her at my home for dinner at seven? Ask her to call me after five—will you do that Miss Gillespie?"

"Yes, madam," Ruth said graciously.

When she was alone again she whistled, a long, understanding whistle. "Well—you can learn something new every day! . . . little fool . . . taking a chance like that!"

* * *

"Curtis! I'm hungry!" Joan had to shout, because of the wind and the speed of the car.

They were far out in the country now, climbing the beautiful steep road into the Santa Cruz Mountains, winding through redwoods, and sunny meadowlands.

"What did you say, Joan?" Curtis leaned toward her, and slowed up, just a little.

"Curtis, you get worse and worse, you *never* listen. I believe you'd like to marry a dumb wife, like the man Anatole France wrote about. I'm famishing, and you won't even stop and buy me a hot dog!"

"Oh—I didn't think of lunch." He smiled, an apologetic, little beam of a smile. "I'm so darned nervous—"

"I know," she said. "I know," and laid her hand, warm and friendly, on his arm.

"There are things in the back of the car," he said presently, "but it would be rather a job to get them out. We could stop somewhere for a sandwich if you really mean that's all you want—"

"A hot dog—with pickles and everything. There's a place!"

They pulled up at the side of the road, and went into the small, tumble-down shack with its big yellow sign, "Hot Dogs and Soft Drinks."

The old man who served them was slow. Business wasn't good, he said. Too early in the season, so he didn't keep the fire going. He lit the kerosene stove with trembling old fingers, and patted the halved wienies down on the greased top with a long-handled spatula, while he talked to Joan and Curtis leaned against the wall, lighting cigarettes, and throwing them away.

"My, but that smells good!" Joan grinned, and wrinkled up her nose, so that the old man laughed too, and put in an extra pickle with her sandwich.

She ate two, hopping around on one foot, and making friends with the old man's black, wooly dog at the same time. "Aren't you hungry, Curtis?" she asked, a little ashamed of her appetite. "You haven't even finished one, and I've had two!"

"I had a late breakfast. Ready to go on?"

"Yes—although I *could* eat another hot dog—"

"I guess I make 'em better than most," the old man said, bursting with pride. And he turned up the flame again, and split another bun.

"I never knew a girl like you!" Curtis smiled, half-exasperated, half-amused. "I never know where you're going to break out next!"

"That's what Aunt Evvie used to say!"

She looked like a little girl still, with the sun in her eyes, and the wind in her hair, and a big green pickle in her hand. He sighed, and paid for the sandwiches. "Come along, Joan—remember we made a late start—"

"Goodbye!" she called to the old man. "Goodbye—maybe we'll see you when we come back!"

"When you coming back? I'll be lookin' for you—"

"Not today," Curtis said shortly. "Come along, Johnnie, for heaven's sake—"

"We'll stop when we come by—Sunday night—or Sunday afternoon—which will it be Curtis?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly—late afternoon I suppose. *Come* on, Joan!"

"I'm coming. Goodbye! See, Curtis, the dog knows me already, he knows we're coming back. Goodbye, Shep—shake hands!"

"How far you going?" the little old man asked. "I could give you some hot coffee to take in a bottle. Looks like it might turn cold. Kind of late spring this season."

"No, thanks, it isn't necessary," Curtis said, "we're just going as far as Felton. Johnnie, if you don't tear yourself away from that dog we'll need the coffee though, and tomorrow morning's breakfast besides—"

"I'm coming—goodbye! Goodbye, Shep!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

MAP FLIGHT TO HOMELAND

Captain Stephen Darius (left) and Stanley Girenas, Lithuanian aviators, who are among the 1933 crop of trans-Atlantic fliers. They have completed plans for a flight from New York to Kaunas, Lithuania, a distance of approximately 4,900 miles.

Macleay Grangers Will Hold Annual Picnic on Sunday

MACLEAY, July 13.—At the July meeting of the Macleay grange it was voted to hold the annual grange picnic at the Silverton park Sunday, July 16. Reports were given on the state bank plan by Frank Bowers, on other proposed legislation, W. A. Jones, on agricultural outlook, A. Mader. Mrs. M. M. Magee, president of Home Economic club reported on accomplishments of H. E. work during the past quarter. The lecture hour was directed by Mrs. H. E. Martin with Mrs. Necia Buck, who gave an interesting and instructive talk on prohibition, as main speaker. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Martin reported on the state grange session. A piano solo was given by Viola Tooker and a skit by Hazel Magee and Harry Martin, Jr.

WEAVER SEEKS DIVORCE

DALLAS, July 13—Ralph Weaver has filed a suit for divorce here against Mary Weaver on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and desertion. They were married at Oregon City October 30, 1926. Plaintiff asks a restoration of the defendant's maiden name, Mary Clayton.