

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Colonizing the Jobless

THE president has allotted \$25,000,000 to Secretary Ickes for use in relocating jobless workers on land where they may become self-supporting. The land has always been the expansion reservoir for industry. When factory work is brisk as it was for years after the war, men were drawn from the farms into the cities. There was a regular migration up to 1920 into Detroit, Akron and other cities catering to the new automotive industries. Negroes from down south were drawn into northern industrial centers, creating new social problems there.

Nature has already accomplished a great deal of what Mr. Roosevelt now seeks to speed up. With the slowing down of industry thousands of men made their way back to farms. The reverse movement in 1931 and 1932 gave the first growth in farm population for many years.

The new farms are subsistence farms rather than commercial enterprises. Dwellers on the small places are not looking so much for generous profits as for shelter and food for their families. One wonders why the back-to-farm movement has not absorbed more of the jobless. But many lack means, can't afford to travel or outfit a small farm. Many have no knowledge of farming, and some no desire to learn. Always they are sustained by blind hope that the corner will be turned and they will get their jobs back in the mine or mill.

Coal miners have suffered perhaps more than any other group. Employment for them has been intermittent for the past decade. Competing fuels and greater efficiency in use of coal cut down the demand whose war-time proportions had opened up many new mines. Dire poverty has prevailed in mining villages. Aid from the Red Cross, the Quakers, the county has been meagre. As the wife of one miner is quoted:

"You have to be flyin' to keep yourself eatin' nowadays. We don't never buy no clothes an' we're high on naked."

In Wales, where unemployment likewise has prevailed, a quarter of a million people have migrated from the coal fields to find occupation in other lines. In this country such shifts into other industries is difficult now. Maintenance farms seem to be the only solution, though here again there is the problem of increasing farm production which the government is anxious to cut down. But as in years past when panics in the east drove thousands west to locate on homesteads, so now the farm lands will afford escape for jobless. Given a fair start, there is no reason why these families should not rehabilitate themselves on the land, the same as previous generations of money-less homesteaders did.

Years ago the government had the land; now it is using public funds to help these people to become self-supporting. With competent administration it seems practical to undertake the colonization of unemployed on the lands.

Temperance, a Century Ago

AS prohibition passes into history for a period at least, it is interesting to review briefly the temperance movement which culminated in the eighteenth amendment. One of its founders was Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward and of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe's grandson has written a book promised for fall publication, entitled, "Saints, Sinners and the Beechers". The Atlantic has printed a chapter on the first of the family to gain fame, Rev. Lyman Beecher. One passage reads:

"A year or so after coming to Litchfield Lyman Beecher went to two ordinations in succession where the reverend members drank heavily. The ministerial society actually furnished the drinks. They were on the house. The sideboard with the spillings of water and sugar and liquor looked and smelled like the bar of a very active gin-shop," commented Beecher. While none of the ministers was really drunk, many were considerably exhilarated. He resolved never to attend another such affair."

Beecher became a fiery champion of temperance,—the Beechers had that trait of being prophets and evangelists. Once while conducting revival services Beecher visited a home where he found the young wife in tears and the husband in bed,—drunk.

"Hurrying home in a white heat of indignation he wrote six sermons against drinking which he preached on successive Sundays. They were later published, translated into many languages, and widely circulated in this country and many others. In the concluding sermon he asked what the remedy is for intemperance, and answered, 'It is the banishment of ardent spirits from the list of lawful articles of commerce by a correct and efficient public sentiment such as has turned slavery out of half of our land and will yet expel it from the world.'"

That was well over a century ago. While public sentiment is reversing itself on the banishment of ardent spirits from the list of lawful articles of commerce, great gains have been made in the century. Even with repeal we do not look forward to wet Presbyterian ordinations with the drinks 'on the house'.

Sewage Disposal Plant

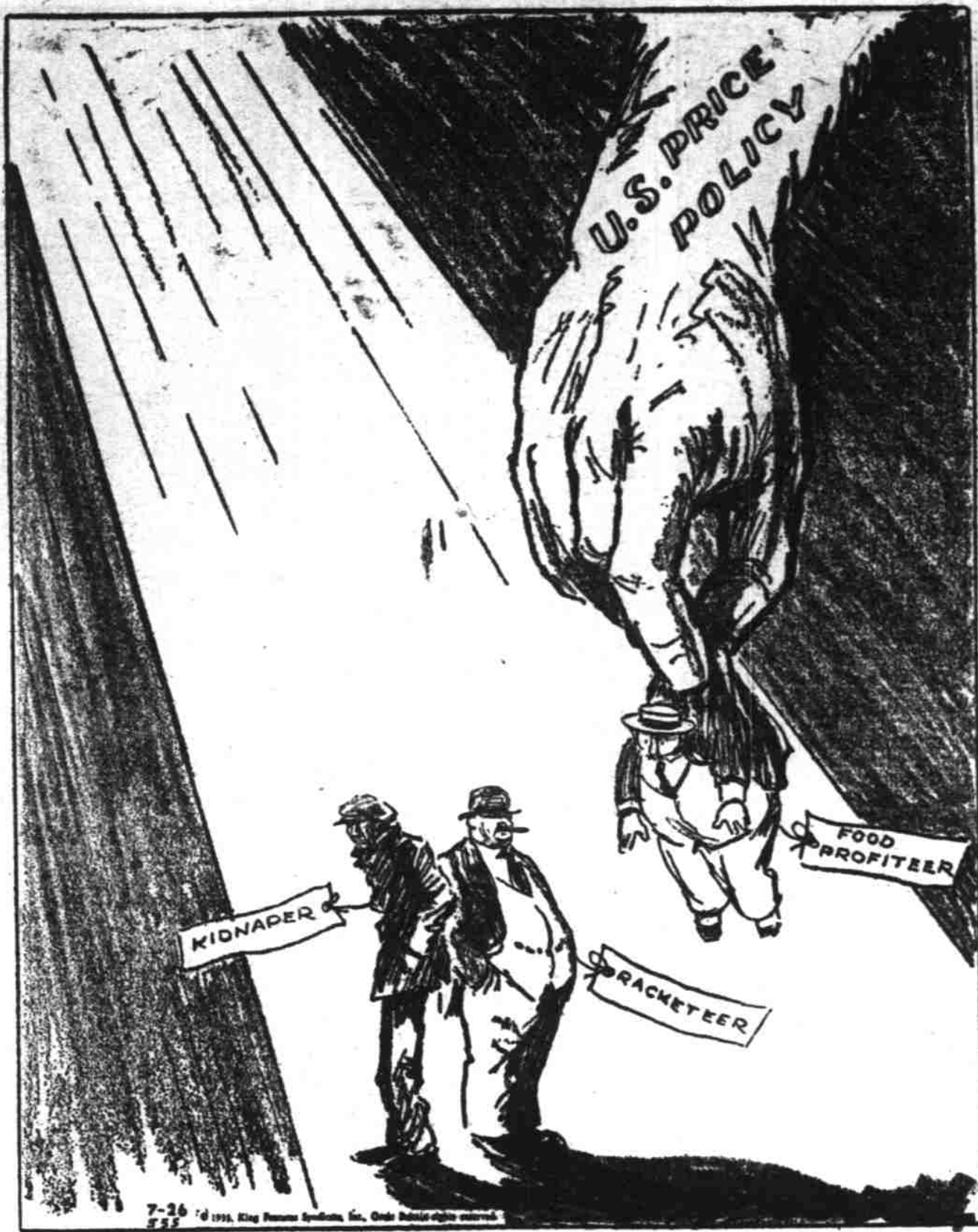
THE state board of health in a recent bulletin emphasized the importance of cities which plan to construct sewage disposal plants, having competent engineers to design the work. This is a branch of sanitary engineering, a science in itself. The mechanics of the construction work is simple enough. But the success and economy of the operation of the plant after construction make proper design essential.

Our own city council will do well to follow the advice of the state board of health; and when it sets about to build the plant which the voters lately authorized, make sure that it puts the work in the hands of men experienced in such design and construction. The plant must serve the city for many decades. The anxiety to put men to work should not cause the haste which may result in a poorly planned and built plant.

This printing plant got a notice from the Portland wholesale paper houses of price-upping on papers made necessary "by the National Recovery act". Sulphite bond in ream lots is raised from the price in the spring of 7 1/2¢ a pound to 15 1/2¢. The new deal is working all right. Meantime the Salem printers who have already been giving their shirts away will now have to strip off their undershirts to keep each other from getting jobs.

Elliot Roosevelt is getting a scolding because he didn't wait a conventional period before marrying again. Yet his father is being praised for capacity to change his mind quickly and act on the change, so the boy comes by his opportunism naturally. Judging from the pictures, wife No. 1 has it over No. 2 for good looks.

Classifying Him



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 26, 1908

"More beer, less milk" urged by Conrad Krebs at mass meeting; asks right to vote separately on fermented and distilled liquors; children should be taught to drink beer, says.

LONDON. — John F. Hayes, American runner, wins marathon in Olympic games here.

Willamette university trustees elect new faculty members: Edwin Tausch of Athens, O., professor of philosophy; Florian Von Eschen of Washington university, St. Louis, Mo., professor of chemistry and physics; Arthur Pridmore, librarian and professor of bookkeeping; and D. B. Cromwell, director of athletics.

July 26, 1923

Adjutant General George A. White denies socialists use of Oregon armories for meetings concerning Eugene Debs, one-time socialist candidate for president; Debs' war record cited as unfavorable.

PORTLAND. — U. S. Senator Charles L. McNary to President Harding to call special session of congress to fix a minimum price for wheat at \$1.75 a bushel.

BERLIN. — Bank clerks storm

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem men founded the city of Spokane:

The men who discovered gold in California, Capt. Chas. Bennett, J. W. Marshall and Stephen Staats, went from Salem. Capt. Sutter, at whose mill the discovery was made, went from Oregon to California and established Fort Sutter, the first outpost for American settlers in California—now in the center of Sacramento.

Gold rushers from Oregon organized the state of California, broke that commonwealth into the union, and made one of their number, Peter H. Burnett, the first governor; he had been supreme judge of the Oregon provisional government when he became the leader of a large company of the gold rushers south from the Willamette valley, resigning his office to join the seekers after the yellow metal, and his commission as U. S. judge of the territory of Oregon reached him in the mines, and he refused it and remained there.

Men from Oregon founded Tacoma; also Seattle. The principal first counties of Washington were

Reichsbank for supply of one and two million mark notes; supply of large bills runs out, smaller ones require suitcase for carrying, prices rising rapidly as paper mark declines in value.

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.

WHILE RIDING in a street car, the other day, I noticed several persons staring with great curiosity at one of the passengers.



Dr. Copeland

with this man. If you have ever seen a case of jaundice, knowing what it was, you would immediately have recognized it. "Yellow jaundice" is an annoying and often stubborn condition.

Not a Disease

It is not a disease, but is a symptom or sign of some disturbance of the bile passages. Normally, the bile flows in the liver and is stored in the gallbladder. There are certain passages which lead from the gallbladder to the intestine.

When there is an obstruction in the bile passages the bile is dammed back and overflows into the blood stream. The blood distributes the bile to the skin and other parts of the body. This gives the sufferer the yellow discoloration of the skin called "jaundice".

The obstruction may be caused by inflammation of the stomach, intestine, liver or gallbladder. It may be the result of gallstones that block the passage and prevent the flow of bile. In other cases it may be a sign of some serious disturbance of the pancreas or blood.

as well as the old. In fact, there is a form of jaundice frequently encountered in new-born infants. This type is medically known as "icterus neonatorum". It is not serious and the condition disappears within a few days.

Follows Grippe
"Acute catarrhal jaundice" is commonly seen in adults after a simple cold, gripe or "flu". It is believed to be a catarrhal inflammation of the bile passages caused by the same germs that cause the gripe or cold. It is never serious, but is extremely uncomfortable.

The sufferer complains of a mild headache, dizziness, nausea and vomiting. The skin is discolored and itches. This may persist for a period of three or four weeks. Mild cases require little medication other than rest in bed and proper diet.

Severe cases are benefited by use of the so-called "duodenal tube". Bear in mind that jaundice is a sign of some disturbance within the body. It requires medical attention and should never be neglected.

Answers to Health Queries

R. S. W. Q.—I have been troubled for a long time with constipation and chronic appendicitis. This condition has affected my entire system—what would you advise?

A.—Have your doctor advise you. Removal of the appendix would probably be of general advantage under these circumstances. Avoid constipation and indigestion. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

M. L. C. Q.—What will develop the legs? 2.—What would a girl of 19, five feet tall—weight? 2.—What are some of the fattening foods?

A.—Exercise and massage should help toward this end. 2.—She should weigh about 115 pounds—this would be about average for her age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. 3.—Sweets, bread, cake, pastries, cream, butter, potatoes, spaghetti, etc. (Copyright, 1933, E. F. S. Inc.)

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

Leni Luneka, beautiful motion picture star, is embarrassed at the premiere of her latest picture when her husband, Karl Kruger, whom she thought in prison, arrives and threatens to reveal his identity unless she talks with him. Lucky Cavanaugh, a gambler, prevents Kruger from making a scene and has him placed in a private office to await Leni after the show. In the next office, thieves are burglarizing the safe. Leni goes to Kruger. He demands recognition as her husband. She refuses but he says he will wait for her to reconsider. Cavanaugh, fascinated by Leni's beauty, follows her into the box. Finding her in tears he tries to comfort her and Leni is strangely strengthened by his hand-clasp. He takes her out for some air. Forced to confide in someone, she relates her past life: slaving in a Vienna factory... marriage to Kruger when only fourteen... beatings... Kruger's arrest... America... and her romantic rise to stardom.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Cavanaugh was stabbed during Leni's recital with acute pain. He was not particularly a sensitive man, but he had felt every pang of her heart transferred to his own. "Tough!" he muttered cryptically.

"Tomorrow it will all be in the newspapers," said Leni, her voice tight. "No star is big enough to survive such an exposure of her private life. My pictures will be barred from every theater in America. I will be deported perhaps—utterly ruined. Tonight I am a star—tomorrow I am dragged in the mud."

The brow of Cavanaugh became a black cliff with two steady eyes looking out from under. "Kruger can be handled," he said quietly.

"I would pay him money, but he wants more than money," Leni said. A shiver ran through her and concentrated in her heart. "I'll not surrender," she declared.

Cavanaugh understood and began to burn inwardly. A man like Kruger, he decided, should be stepped upon—like a spider. But it was no good uttering threats, silly promises to Leni Luneka.

Under his gaze he saw her courage melt and resolve itself into two glistening tears that hung upon her lashes. It was a sight that made him forget that he was a gambler, a cynical man-of-the-world to whom beautiful women were delightful playthings. His heart suddenly was beating quickly.

Without thinking about himself at all, Cavanaugh was moved by a compelling impulse. He moved over to Leni and sat beside her. His arms naturally and without volition went around her. With equal naturalness she snuggled against his body as little tremors of sobbing shook her. There was nothing of passion in their embrace. She was like a small, hurt animal seeking shelter.

"The things he said to her were disjointed murmurs of consolation. 'Don't cry... please... everything is all right.'"

He laid his palm flat against her hot cheek. With his handkerchief he wiped the wetness away from her eyes. He patted her back as he would have patted a dog. Leni began to relax quietly. He smiled at her.

"I've a hunch everything is going to be all right," he said. "And when I have a real hunch it never fails."

"Let me rest," she said from out the fatigue of her soul. The ache of her words drove like an arrow into his breast. No other woman ever had the power to



Their eyes met. A magnetic current began flowing between them. His lips pressed upon her scarlet mouth.

wound him with her troubles. He was a man living in a man's world—but new doors had opened. Something confused and embarrassing annoyed him and his brain revolted at the thought he was becoming a tender-hearted sap. Deliberately he took his arms from around Leni.

"Nobody ever won any bets by being sentimental," he said briskly. "You're just a little groggy from the shock. Don't worry. There'll be a way to put the muffler on your friend, Mr. Kruger."

He spoke rapidly in a matter-of-fact attempt to regain possession of his old familiar self. Leni appeared to react to his mood.

"Forgive me for making such an exhibition of myself," she said. "What did you call me—groggy? That's right. It does not matter. You found me off balance. I'm sorry."

She smiled with a trace of her former poise. "Will you take me back to my box, please?"

They stood up together. "And meanwhile, I'll see Kruger and—"

"Please do nothing of the kind," Leni interrupted him. "There is nothing you can do. It is my affair and my penalty. You're awfully good, Mr. Lucky Cavanaugh, but don't be so foolish as to mix up into other people's troubles."

She gathered her cloak around her shoulders and smiled bravely. Her face was no longer tear-stained and miserable. Once more she was—on the surface—the beautifully-poised Leni Luneka of the screen.

A wave of regret passed over Cavanaugh. She was slipping through his fingers. She had told him her story in a burst of defenseless humiliation. Pride returning would put a frozen armor around the shame of her words. There was conscious arrogance, he fancied, in the erectness of her golden head.

Cavanaugh put his hands upon her shoulders and deliberately

turned her until she faced him directly. Their eyes met. A magnetic current began flowing between them and, without words, they came together. His lips pressed upon her scarlet mouth.

The kiss was unhurried and long-lasting. It was almost impersonal in the beginning but gradually his heart became faster. An electric warmth that radiated from her acutely sensitive body crept into his veins. Something keen as a knife twisted in his breast. He felt Leni's polished and symmetrical arms wind around his neck as the pliant body yielded to the pressure of his arms. Her eyes were closed. When it ceased, he had the definite feeling of emerging from a rose-colored fog.

"We had better go away from here now," Leni said. Her labored breathing was becoming normal. "That—meant nothing."

With a scented handkerchief she brushed a patch of white powder from Cavanaugh's forehead and shoulder.

"You're wrong," he said, his face still flushed. "What is started must be finished. We've passed the point of pretending with each other."

Her hand rested regretfully upon his sleeve.

"I'm so sorry, my dear," she said. "I've no wish to be swept off my feet. We are unlucky for me—even the very nicest ones. I'm through with all that."

"What is started will be finished," repeated Cavanaugh doggedly.

"Believe me, no," Leni told him, with a deadening note of consolation in her voice. "You have merely found me when I was distracted—defenseless in a moment of panic. Tonight I felt the need to confess—to unburden my soul to someone. It changed to be you. When I was in your arms my will-power was freezing my kiss. Now will you take me back to my box and forget about it?"

(To Be Continued)

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and reported to his Spokane colleagues that even the Indians were reading that paper.

"Cheney won, but Spangle precinct's vote was thrown out because the returns were not properly indorsed. Cheney raised \$700, hired John R. Allen and Thomas N. Caton, two of the best

lawyers in the territory. Judge Wingard decided in favor of a recount, but did not name a date. The Spokane people rejoiced, and all hands went to a dance. Probate Judge A. A. Smith, Auditor Wm. Bishop and Deputy Sheriff Mike Hatton were armed to the temporary court house, counted the

votes, made out the record showing Cheney had won by a majority of 11, and then started away with the official records and books in their arms. A watchman gave the alarm, and the dancers rushed out into the street, but the county seat had vanished and reached Cheney by daylight. The Cheney people kept an armed guard over the records for six weeks, until the excitement had subsided.

"Cheney was pugnacious in other ways. A theatrical troupe was bribed to play two extra days in Cheney, cancelling the dates for Spokane. At a fair where everybody displayed the best grain and vegetables, a little wisp of poor barley was labeled: 'From James W. Glovers place.' General J. W. Sprague exclaimed: 'No wonder they fight. That would make anybody fight,' when he threw the offending specimen on the floor. Spokane's progress was too rapid for Cheney, and in 1887 he won the county seat in another election. The people of Cheney as well as those of the entire state are now proud of the handsome city of Spokane—'metropolis of the Inland Empire.'"

James W. Glover, founder of Spokane, was an uncle of Ronald and Ralph Glover of Salem. Many members of that clan are scattered over this section of Oregon. Cyrus F. Yeaton, who became a partner of Glover, was a brother of A. T. Yeaton of Salem, one of the oldest men among the citizens of the capital city—also among the residents who have spent the longest terms of years here.

J. N. Matheny was a member of the family of that name who came with the 1848 Applegate covered wagon train—the first to negotiate the whole of the plains journey in wagons. J. N. Matheny was sheriff of Marion county for the two year term beginning in 1870. He was off to the inland empire soon after the expiration of his term.

Note: Another search of the old muster rolls discloses the fact that Narcisse A. Cornoyer went as fifth sergeant with Capt. James W. Nesmith in 1853 to the Rogue river war of that year; of course he was present at Table Rock when General Joe Lane arranged for the treaty.

FILM COUPLES CAN BE HAPPY



Citing her own experience Norma Shearer, famed film actress, answered "positively yes" when asked if happy marriage is possible in the movie colony. Miss Shearer, wife of Irving Thalberg, film executive, was married in 1925. She and her husband, who are now in Hollywood, are the three-year-old son, Irving, Jr., enroute to their home in Hollywood. It is the home Thalberg bought for his bride-elect six years ago and in which they were married and have resided since. Miss Shearer said she does not believe in so-called "marital vacations."