

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Dillehunt's Hospitals

Dean Dillehunt running a medical school or is he reaching out to run eleemosynary institutions as well?

When the legislative committee studying state institutions heard from the dean a few years ago he expressed a desire for a small psychopathic unit costing about \$50,000. Now he presses for the establishment of a big hospital costing \$300,000. The small hospital may have a place in the training of medical men, but Dean Dillehunt's job; but unless the dean is going to expand his authority and go into functions beyond the medical school there is no necessity for the large hospital under his authority. The dean was likewise grasping in his ambition to get a big tuberculosis hospital under his wing.

The state is proud of its medical school and wants to foster it. But eleemosynary institutions such as the state hospital for care of mental cases and the tuberculosis hospitals have hitherto been under the jurisdiction of the state board of control and directly administered by men specially trained in those fields. Records made by these state institutions commend highly the administration both for cures and discharges and for economical operation.

Eventually new hospitals will need to be built in this state, perhaps in the vicinity of Portland. They should not come until present hospitals are completed; and when they do should be under the management and direction of the state board of control, and not of the state board of higher education and the medical school. When they come it will be possible for the dean to trot his young doc over for observation and study. For that matter they could easily come to Salem now and study these cases. Dean Dillehunt should get back to his task of training medical men; and not try to branch out in hospital management.

The President's Sermon

ADVANCE press reports having been to the effect that President Roosevelt would discuss his monetary policies, in his radio address of Wednesday night, we were among those who came to scoff and remained to applaud when he preached a wholesome sermon to the preachers of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America and via the air waves to the people through the length and breadth of the land. The president lined up with Herbert Hoover in denouncing not only lynching but the condoning of the offense as well. He called lynching "a vile form of collective murder"; and without naming James Rolph, Jr., California governor by name, he went on to say:

"We do not excuse those in high places or low who condone lynch law."

Indirectly that was a tribute to Governor Albert Ritchie, stalwart Maryland executive who dared not only condemn lynchers, but sought to bring them to the bar of justice.

Besides calling for a new deal in the administration of justice, that it be made swift and sure, the president invoked a new crusade against the pagan ethics "that are represented in many phases of our modern civilization." He made a plea for new prosperity built on social and spiritual values rather than on special privilege and special power.

It is this leadership of President Roosevelt's which is challenging and inspiring, especially to those who were loyal followers of the first T. R. Law may be needed to put further curbs on excessive greed; but fundamentally what is needed is a finer sense of personal and social ethics; and better standards than the amount of money one amasses as the measure of his personal achievement.

Crying Over Spilt Milk

THE senate has passed a milk bill and the house has it for consideration. It creates a milk commission with a lot of authority over regulations and prices. Just another attempt to legislate prosperity. The result will be higher prices for the consumer; and the producers and distributors will have more machinery to support.

Is Oregon going to set up an AAA of its own? The national government has been trying to boss the milk business for the whole country; and it seems unnecessary for Oregon to set up milk control.

The legislature passed a lot of fool dairy bills a few years ago after Marshall Dana came back from New Zealand. No one claims they have made any money for the dairymen. A lot of dairymen are opposed to this new milk bill; and they should get busy in the house before it is too late.

We get tired of salvation by legislation. Get the price of milk jacked up much higher, and the demand will fall off to where the surplus will call for butchering more cows to keep down supplies.

Farming, running a store, operating a factory, selling milk, used to be a business; now it seems to consist of the fine art of politics, running to a legislature or a bureau and by use of mass pressure putting somebody else in a hole.

Some day the people will break out in rebellion against the overhead machinery of organizations and bureaus and commissions that serve to hamstring trade.

Like old times to have trains late and mails delayed. This is the time of year on the transcontinentals when trains pull into the coast banana belt towns with icicle-whiskers hanging on, and mounds of snow on top of the cars,—trademarks of the mountain winters. We seldom see them at Salem except when our own valley is gripped by winter.

A good summer-time CWA job would be to deepen the channel at some of the bridges, North Winter street for example, where the high waters strike the piers of the bridge. Wall Wall's Mill creek gives no end of trouble from the same cause, due to filling up of the channel with rock. There isn't much rock here, but other litter accumulates.

The federal government treats tax delinquents rough. There is a 25% penalty for failure to report, and 12% interest if installments are not paid when due. Perhaps Congressman Mott can get the treasury to reduce its rates so the poor taxpayers can delay punting up to the federal government for two or three years.

The Albany Door company went into receivership and attributes its failure to the burden of carrying NRA load for 90 days before the price code of the industry went into effect. This item will not be included in the press releases from the administration's central propaganda bureau.

The Ashland city charter requires submitting the question of local prohibition at every annual election. But what else would they have to vote on in Ashland?

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS

Fear that Bill McGee, the racketeer, would wreck vengeance on her and her family if she refused to go out with him, caused lovely Patricia Warren to accept his invitation. Bill is shot by a rival gangster while in Patricia's company. Patricia rushes home in terror and her stepmother puts her out, saying the police are looking for Pat. Unable to find employment, Pat resorts to her card skill and plays professional bridge. Julian Haverholt, noted bridge expert, makes her his partner. While they are discussing business details at his home, Clark Tracy, the polo player and Pat's secret love, calls. She had met him once but he does not recognize her. Haverholt introduces Pat as his niece. She is indignant, but he explains later that he was thinking of her reputation and that it would be advisable for her to assume that role.

Bill McGee has wrecked her stepmother's dream-making shop. He came to Pat from his home in the shooting. She returns to Haverholt who promises to protect her. Accustomed to poverty, Pat revels in the luxury of her surroundings. Next day, Haverholt lends her money for clothes and they go on a shopping trip. Clark's approaching marriage to Martha March, Pat experiences pangs of jealousy.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The lovely new clothes overflowed the closet, rows of little shoes, wrapped in tissue paper, fitted into drawers that pulled from the wall, piles of delicate lingerie, frocks on padded velvet hangers and shrouded in chintz, long silk stockings in a gay wall-papered cabinet. Deliberately Patricia selected her most becoming frock, a simple little morning dress, white of a lacy knit, leaving her arms bare and showing an oval of creamy white at the neck. There were ivory beads, patent leather pumps with square twinkling buckles, how cunningly clocked. She dressed swiftly.

She studied her reflection in the mirror. Unwillingly she smiled; unwillingly she felt her spirits lift. Her hair was simply blazing this morning. She fluffed out the ruddy mass, held it sleekly close, cocked her head, considering. Just then Annie knocked at the door and peeped inside.

"Mr. Haverholt is waiting for you, Miss."

Patricia glanced at the clock. "It's only five past ten," she replied in surprise.

"He expected you at ten," returned the other reproachfully.

Powdering her nose quickly, Patricia ran downstairs. At nine minutes past ten she entered the card room. Julian Haverholt sat in a straight-backed chair, his elbows bent, a red leather table, his eyes, intent and serious, fixed upon a collection of cards spread out before him.

"Here I am," announced Patricia gayly. "Wearing one of my choicest dresses too. How do I look?"

"You'd have looked a lot better to me ten minutes ago," said Haverholt, looking at her with a cold and fleeting glance. "Haven't you any conception of what my time is worth? Roughly I estimate it at about five dollars a minute."

Patricia checked an angry retort. She saw that they were not alone. Two pale young men were regarding them with owl eyes from the settee.

"Sit down," said Haverholt impatiently. "Can't you see I'm busy?" Patricia sat down, feeling faint and foolish and injured. Without troubling to introduce her to the

others Haverholt resumed his contemplation of the cards. One of the men lit a cigarette. Haverholt bowed at the sound of the striking match. The young man looked frightened. Patricia's annoyance mounted. Who did Julian Haverholt think he was, anyway? She was about to speak when Haverholt, pushing back his cards, said unexpectedly:

"I'm ready to begin."

"I'm not," Patricia wanted to say. Instead she curtly acknowledged introduction to George Twine and to Hollis Gordon. Those two did not appear to consider Haverholt's conduct unusual. They seemed grateful to be here at all, grateful and awed. They almost tiptoed to their places at the table. Patricia, tight-lipped, took her place opposite Haverholt. Still grumbling at the delay, he shuffled the cards. They all cut. The play began.

Patricia grimly settled down to business. She and Haverholt would have a long talk afterwards. She would not be touched as an irresponsible child. He must realize that she was not a child. She would show what an apt and clever pupil she was; she had immensely counted on a promising hand with the card game.

Patricia's cheeks reddened. She said nothing but she added another black mark to the score mounting against Julian Haverholt. The maddening part of the affair was that the others, George Twine and Hollis Gordon, openly sided with Haverholt. They listened to his every word as if each word were inspired. As for Patricia, she considered her a worm as they were worms themselves.

"What I want from you, Patricia," declared Haverholt, "what I'm going to have, is steadiness. You stick to the book and we'll get along."

George and Hollis nodded solemnly. Patricia's cheeks grew redder, her eyes brighter. Then and there she determined to show Haverholt that she was as capable of skill and subtlety and finesse as he was. He wanted a conservative game from her, did he? She would show him that she had got beyond that stage.

The next hand gave her a chance. Hollis opened with one heart. Patricia held six spades to the Queen, Jack and nothing else. She blithely laid one spade. After George passed, Haverholt jumped the bid to four spades.

"Double," Hollis sang out triumphantly.

"Content," said Patricia, who was anything but content.

To her horror Haverholt redoubled. Even after he had exposed his cards she knew that making the contract was impossible. His hand was good; her own was simply not good enough. She went down three tricks.

"I could have made two spades," she offered uncertainly. "I lost the third trick trying for game."

"Let me see what you bid on," requested Haverholt, who knew perfectly well what she had bid on. Reluctantly Patricia spread the cards for his inspection.

"Six spades to the Queen Jack and not another honor," Haverholt pointed out. He said gently, "I thought we had decided that you were going to open your mouth

with less than a trick and a half."

"It was a defensive bid. I didn't know you were going to carry me to four."

"You could have made four if you'd held the trick and a half I counted on your having. We'll have no more bids like that. If you please, distribution or no distribution, defensive or not," said Haverholt conclusively.

Patricia stood by her guns.

"You made an opening bid a few minutes ago with a hand just high," she observed. "The only difference is that you called yours a 'psychic.'"

"Are you suggesting that you might improve my play?"

Haverholt's voice was dangerously calm. Patricia looked up. The man's face was dead white. She felt frightened, confused. She stammered an apology. He seemed not to hear it.

He said quietly, "I'm the greatest bridge player in the world. I give you an opportunity. I give you time that only a millionaire could afford to have, and you tell me how to play bridge. You tell me, Julian Haverholt, how to play bridge."

"I—I," the girl stammered.

His gentle, deadly voice overrode protests, excuses, apologies.

"Don't talk to me, Patricia. You haven't anything to say worth listening to. You haven't even the wit to listen when others have. You're too anxious to display your own picaresque, pitiful accomplishments to bother with that."

Suddenly, leaning forward Haverholt swept the disputed cards from her hands and from the table to the floor. Whereupon he turned on his heel and stalked from the room. George darted in pursuit.

Hollis lingered to say:

"He didn't mean half he said. He was upset. You upset him by—"

He was addressing the empty air. Patricia too was gone. She got upstairs to her own room, flung herself across the chaise longue and burst into tears. If only she could stop crying she would leave this house forever.

Half an hour later Haverholt found her there still sobbing. She heard him enter. She sat up, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. He didn't mean half he said. He was upset. You upset him by—

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Ellen J. Chamberlin's name would head list on pioneer teachers' honor roll.

C. B. ("Cy") Woodworth, 1336 S. W. 4th avenue, Portland, old time Salem boy and young man, student in Willamette university and trusted bank employee, hands another name to be placed high on his golden roll of honor. He writes:

"If a contest were initiated to determine the woman who in the early days of Salem, Oregon, wielded the most influence for education in general knowledge, the competition would be strong, but what an easy task it would be to name the winner! Her name would need to be only mentioned when she would be proclaimed the unanimous choice. The honor would go to Miss Ellen J. Chamberlin, 2738 S. E. 62nd Ave., Portland, Oregon.

"What a difficult task it is to write about her! Words fall of description. In her younger days she pledged her life as a hostage for the education and moral influence of youth, and how well she kept the pledge! For many years she was a teacher in the Willamette university. It was here that she was at her best, being able to contact young people. How the pupils did love her!

"At times her task was hard. It was the custom of the school for the faculty to remain after hours and discuss the affairs of the institution and try pupils who had been haled before the faculty for misdeeds. Miss Chamberlin was often in the position of judge, jury and prosecutor, and in her own mind, attorney for the defense. She grieved over the misconduct of the pupils and was always offering excuses for them and pleading for another chance and a light sentence.

"She was so sensitive that tears would come to her eyes. "She seemed to like the worst offenders best."

"She had no pets, but there were some that were always before the faculty, and her leaning appeared to be toward them and she pleaded hard for them."

"She had dancing feet, but the tenets of her religion forbade her making use of them for that purpose, although she was very tolerant toward those who differed from her and did not frown upon the pastime. She was—and is—jolly and full of life, eager to do anything that would please the young people. She was mother confessor to the girls who sought her for consolation and advice, which she freely gave."

"Gladdened by nature with a sweet melodious voice, she donated it to the Methodist church choir. Being intensely religious, she was at her best in sacred music. She put her soul into it, and her singing inspired those who heard her to loftier thinking and doing. She was active in musical circles and entertainment, and always willing to do her part."

"Her pupils are scattered all over the nation and in some foreign countries. Among them were and are notables of high rank, and they all have a warm feeling toward her, and how it does gladden her heart to know of their successes!"

"With this thought in mind, it

is here suggested that all those who know Miss Chamberlin write her a good-will letter—and especially her former pupils. It is also hoped that the newspapers that may see this article will give it publicity to enable the suggestion to be carried out. To her friends and pupils who do write a good-will letter, pass the word to others—make it a chain letter. She is so responsive to remembrance that it will make her happy to know that she is still remembered."

"Here is to you—glorious Miss Chamberlin! Let this be your first good-will letter! It carries a world of affection and happy thoughts for and of you."

Most readers are familiar with the fact that on February 1, 1842, Willamette university was founded, at the Jason Lee mission 10 miles from the city of Salem. At a meeting there, on that date, adjourned from one held on the 17th of the previous month in the first dwelling for white people (still standing) on the site of Salem the first board of trustees was chosen and a building committee authorized to proceed with the erection of a home for the Oregon Institute, that name having been given the institution. Work of construction was soon under way, and the building, on what is known as Wallace prairie, was completed in 1843. The school was not opened there. The mission having dissolved, the Indian manual labor school of the mission (on the site of Salem) was available. It had cost \$10,000. It was purchased for \$4000, and the Wallace prairie property sold for \$3000. The school opened in what had been the manual labor school building on August 13, 1844, with five students, and the number soon grew. Wallace prairie is about three miles north of downtown Salem—the present Bush farm.

The name was changed and the institution chartered on Jan. 13, 1853, by the Oregon territorial legislature holding its sessions in basement rooms of its own building—unique if not unprecedented distinction for Willamette university.

In 1872, 270 pupils were enrolled, 14 being in the medical department. Ellen J. Chamberlin, subject of this sketch, was in the number soon grew. Wallace prairie is about three miles north of downtown Salem—the present Bush farm.

T. M. Gatch was president and professor of ancient languages, L. J. Powell professor of mathematics, L. L. Rogers professor of natural science, Mary M. Adams preceptress and teacher of modern languages, Mrs. G. Berry music, and Blanche Gray assistant in music.

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RELIEF EMPHASIS DECIED IN TALK

Too much attention is paid to relief activities and not enough to permanent betterment of individuals, Ted Gillenwaters, Klamath county district attorney, told members of Lions club at their luncheon at the Gray Belle yesterday. Gillenwaters, who is deputy district governor of Lions, averred the club should devote their energies more toward helping blind, deaf and crippled children, for instance.

In line with Gillenwaters' address, the Salem club yesterday voted to purchase a wheelchair to be loaned out to persons needing one. It also agreed, on the recommendation of Dr. Carl W. Emmons, Christmas charity chairman, to provide needed articles, such as clothing, for at least 12 children. These gifts will be presented to the children at the December 21 meeting.

State Building Plan is Referred To Ways-Means

Representative Abrams' bill providing for a state building program involving \$1,475,000, last night was referred to the senate ways and means committee for investigation. The bill previously had been approved by the house. It was indicated that the proposed appropriation of \$350,000 for a state library building would be eliminated from the measure. Funds covering the cost of the buildings would be obtained from the public works administration and he repaid on a rental basis over a period of years.

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Tells Sufferers How to End Pile Torture

After years of patient, painstaking effort a prescription has been found that will actually reduce Piles and do away with all pain, soreness and distress.

No man or woman need suffer another hour with any discomfort, pain or soreness arising from rectal trouble—Piles—now that this wonderful prescription known as MOAVA SUPPOSITORIES can be obtained for a moderate price—60 cents—at any first-class drug store on the money back if dissatisfied plan.

You'll be amazed to see how quickly it acts. Blessed relief often comes in an hour; even in cases of long standing with profuse bleeding, really wonderful results have been accomplished.

Simply ask Perry's Drug store or your druggist for a small box of MOAVA SUPPOSITORIES, being careful to follow the simple directions that come in each box.—adv.

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