

**The Oregon Statesman**

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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**Commission of Inquiry**

COMPARATIVELY little attention has been given by western papers to the news of the appointment of a commission of inquiry into our national policy on international economic relations. The commission was appointed by the Social Science research council, carrying out a suggestion of the Hoover committee on "social trends". The formation of this new commission of inquiry now has the approval of Pres. Roosevelt. Heading the commission is President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago.

What is its objective? Briefly the purpose of the inquiry will be to examine the situation in this country with reference to the conflicting policies of economic nationalism or internationalism, to canvass the directions and objectives of American policy, and after such study to present recommendations for the consideration of the public.

The need for the study is timely. In our opinion failure of American leaders to readjust our domestic policy to conform with changes wrought by the world war, caused the increase of stresses in international trade which eventually crumpled completely and resulted in the devastating depression. A realistic study of the situation then made it clear that the unbalance of America absorbing most of the world's free gold could result in inflation here and delay world recovery. It was a case where blind political theory held its ground against intelligent economic conceptions.

Now there is again need for a study of economic trends. We need to re-examine our policies with respect to an international monetary standard, debts, foreign loans and other capital movements, tariff barriers, quotas, etc. The remarks of President Hutchins concerning the work of the commission are worthy of quotation:

"Clearly the United States has reached the end of the first chapter of her advent into international economic affairs. Several alternatives lie open. Shall the United States now deliberately map out a sailing chart to guide her national policy in international economic relations or shall she continue to pursue an opportunistic course with its inevitably conflicting, and often mutually exclusive, objectives?"

"Shall she run the risk of carrying forward her domestic recovery program without coordinating it with a consistent international policy? Without a sailing chart, there is danger of attempting to go in several directions at the same time. Can we plan our internal economic life intelligently without knowing in which direction we are moving, in the international sphere?"

"The commission will not seek to do a research job or make a scholarly investigation. It is not interested in theorizing about international relations, or in collecting data as a primary end, although of course it will have to assemble a great deal of data. What it hopes to do is twofold: to frame a practical program, recommending to the people policies which the country may adopt; and to help educate the people, along with ourselves, regarding a working program for the solution of these problems."

Some such organization, competently staffed and adequately financed, if it held close to realities, would be indeed a brain trust worth while. We shall await their labors with interest.

**Republican Banquet**

IT is too bad that Chester Rowell of San Francisco came clear up to Portland to give an address before the collection of alleged republicans holding a Lincoln day banquet last night. The banquet was chiefly a gesture of the party hacks, the Mexican generals and the political straphangers whose efforts to retain party control postpone the return of the party to public acceptance in Oregon. Under the aegis of the immortal Lincoln the gimme boys strut for a night and do the party prestige more harm than good. Everything is more or less of a "build up"; with the favorites pushed out in front to bask for a moment in the public eye.

In the party it is of course necessary that there be water-carriers to the elephant. The objection is raised when the water carriers dress up in tights and spangles and try to play the part of royal princess in the howdah. Republican rehabilitation will not come if it is left to the slate-farmers of the Imperial hotel lobby. It will not come with lip-worship at the shrine of Lincoln. It will come when its leaders forget the party as pap and power and think of it as an agency of public service, offering to the people a clean and conservative and constructive stewardship of their political affairs.

In an issue a few days ago we commented on the vote of the Mary's river grange in favor of the sales tax, \$9 to 22. This was based on a news report. A later report states that the grange has voted unanimously to oppose the tax on the ground that the action of the state grange is binding on the subordinate granges. We therefore print this so that no injustice may be done in presenting the decision of the majority to the tax; but as a grange the members would not go counter to the action of the state organization. We do not know what the grange rules are; but if this is their law, it shows a degree of discipline within its organization such as no other political organization in the state possesses. The regular political parties hold no conventions, adopt no platforms,—enforce no discipline.

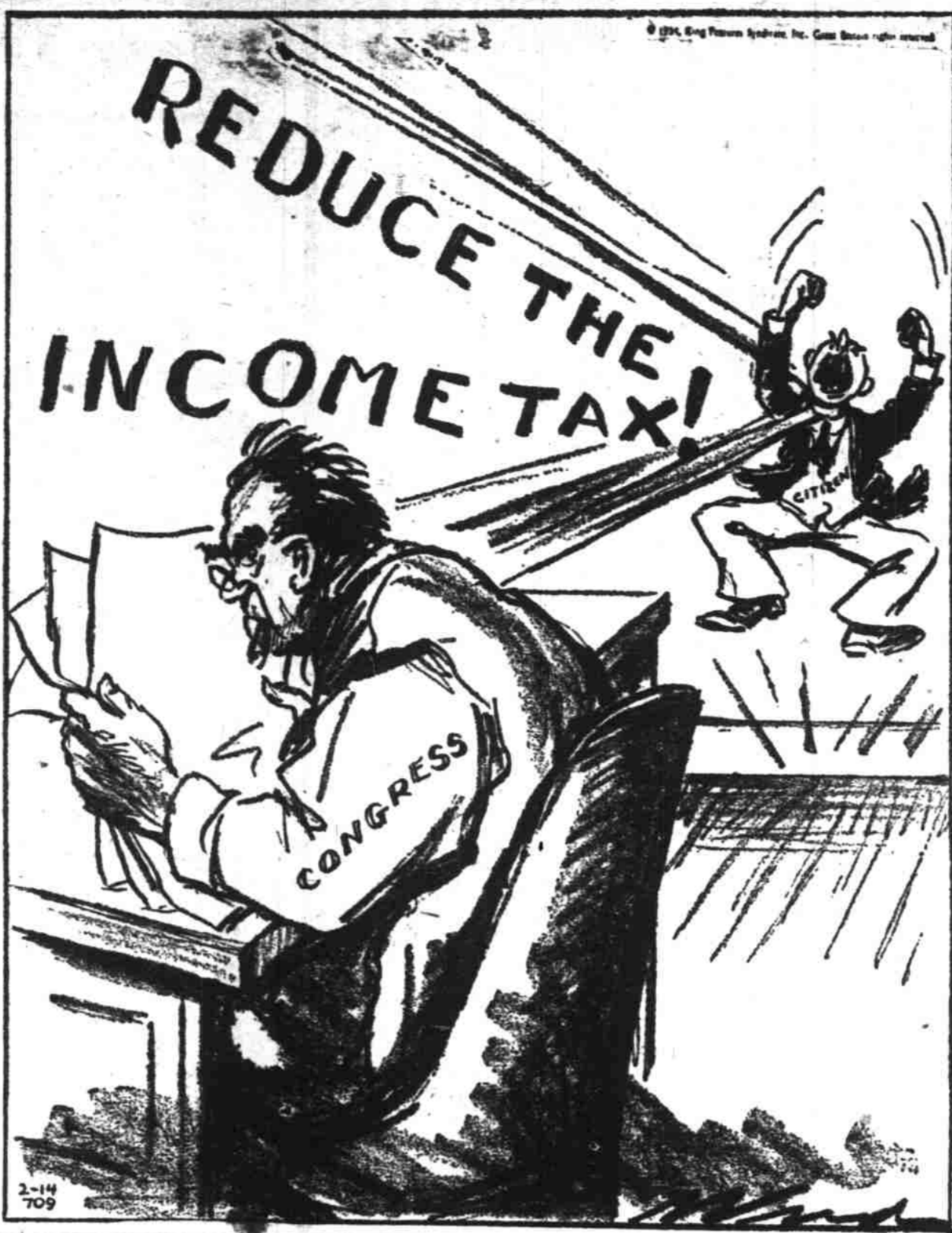
The dove of peace among the truckers gets little chance to grow feathers. Now one group is peeling the hide off of Charlie Thomas for not collecting the fees due the state from operators of trucks. The history of truck regulation in this state has been that many operators fail to pay their fees and later refuse to do so or are unable to do so. This is not just to the state which has built the highways they operate upon. All truck organizations should act as policemen to see that their members and other truckers pay up; otherwise the public may crack down on them with even more drastic regulation. The last legislature greatly modified the truck law, lightening its burden on small operators. They should respond now with strict compliance with the statutes.

February is usually the best month of the year in which to view the snowpeaks. The atmosphere is clearest and the mountains are crystal in their mantles of virgin snow. Sunday from a point in the hills south of town eight snow peaks were visible: St. Helens and Adams in Washington, Hood, Jefferson, Washington and the Three Sisters in Oregon. Others report seeing Rainier from other vantage points. A glorious panorama indeed.

We see that Marshall Dana is trying to convince upstate Oregon and Washington that sea locks at Bonneville would wait until there was a showing of commerce to justify the locks. Hmm, hmm; wouldn't the same logic apply to the construction of the power dam at Bonneville?

"Pinkie gives headlights of famous men" a C-J headline has it. Yes, and some famous men seem to wear blinders too.

**The Call of the Wild**



**Bits for Breakfast**

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A surprise birthday party: L. S. Dyar, who was a Salem postmaster, at Modoc massacre:

Intended for Jessie Steele, society editor, the interesting report of a surprise birthday celebration follows:

On February 4, 1859, Minerva Jane Chamberlain was born in Polk county on the original donation land claim of her parents, who came to the Oregon country in 1846. Sunday, February 4, was the occasion of her 75th birthday. In 1877 Miss Chamberlain became the wife of James J. Russell, who came west in 1876, the centennial year, and was a Virginian by birth. They took up their abode in Polk county, in which they spent the remaining part of their lives together, having lived in Washington county for about six years, returning to establish a residence at 287 Monmouth avenue, Monmouth.

The birthday party was an entire surprise to Mrs. Russell. The visitors included her only living brother, John Chamberlain of

Portland, 81 years of age, whom she had not seen for 10 years, and he was one of the first to arrive. A half-uncle, Marion Smith, who resides at Dallas, and is now 83 years of age (a boy of 83, as he put it), was one of the spry visitors. A sister-in-law, sister of her husband, Mary M. Johnson of Albany, and 86 years of age, had the honor of being the oldest of those present. Another sister-in-law, Mrs. John Chamberlain, age 74, and a cousin, Layton Smith, age 72, completed the number present, making six persons whose ages averaged 79 years.

There were present three daughters and three sons of Mrs. Russell. A fourth son, who lives in Oakland, Cal., could not attend the affair but sent a telegram expressing "birthday greetings," which was received just prior to the birthday dinner which was served at 2 o'clock. The three daughters are Mrs. Claire V. Glover of McMinnville, Ada H. Bowman of Albany, and Miss Blanche L. Russell of Monmouth. The three sons present were James

O. Russell of Salem, George L. Russell of Monmouth and Burt R. Russell of Portland.

Others present, consisting of sons-in-law and daughters-in-law and their children and near relatives, were Mrs. J. O. Russell of Salem, Mrs. Burt R. Russell of Portland, Burt Russell, Jr., of Portland, James Glover of McMinnville, Bernice Lawson of Junction City, etc. Also present were Mrs. L. S. Dyar, great-grandchildren of the honored guest; Roy Bowman of Albany, Dr. John P. Johnson of Seaside, Mrs. Layton Smith of Monmouth and Mrs. Emma Knight of Albany.

Some of the older guests present had not met in at least 40 years. Old-time events became a pleasant pastime for all. John Chamberlain, being a carpenter and millwright of considerable ability, told of his part in building railroad stations at Parker station, Junction City, etc. Also that he was an assistant in the building of the first flour mill near the present site of the Oregon Pulp & Paper company's mill in Salem. Later he followed the work of a pattern cutter in the Albany foundry, the Dallas foundry and finally in two or three of the leading iron moulding establishments located in Portland. Mr. Chamberlain knows how to enjoy a clever joke and can tell them with the adroitness of the "Sage of Salem."

Mrs. Minerva Jane Russell lived the life of a farmer's wife, and she might boast of the accomplishments paid her when she served the threshing crew of the "horse-power outfit" which her husband owned. Her dinners were sweet with delicious flavors, and bounteousness knew no limit. The birthday party enjoyed the strains of "Auld Lang Sme." "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "Sit Me Down Among the Gold," and other songs of olden days. After six hours of renewed fellowship, the members of the glad party disbanded at a late afternoon hour to return to their respective homes in the Willamette valley.

(Thus ends the birthday party report. The flour mill mentioned stood on part of the site now occupied by the present Salem paper mill. It was at the corner of Front and Trade streets, was erected by the Willamette Woolen Manufacturing company (first woolen mill on this coast) in the sixties; was acquired by R. C. Kinney & Co., was incorporated as the Salem Flouring Mill Co., and, some years later, when the paper mill was built, burned down. While R. C. Kinney was at the helm, the first flour and wheat exports were made by that mill to Europe from Oregon. The Albany foundry was owned principally by Frank Miller, and its foreman was John Hiller, who was long an old-time resident of Salem.)

Mention was made in the recent series on Winema and the Modoc war of L. S. Dyar, the only member of the peace commission who succeeded in saving his life and the whole of his scalp by running away from the massacre in the lava beds.

Leroy S. Dyar was born Dec. 20, 1833, in Maine; came to California in 1853, mined for a year in Yuba county, then came to Salem, where he lived 12 years. Dyar was postmaster of Salem for years, in the late sixties, under President Grant. During part of the time of his residence here he was secretary of the board of trustees of Willamette university. In 1871 he was superintendent of schools for the Yakima Indian reservation, Washington; came as agent for the Grand Rond Indian reservation, and was transferred to the Klamath reservation, in the same position. The Modocs were already in open rebellion; that is, the Captain Jack band of them. He was appointed a member of the peace commission that held the conference which became a

**"I Take This Woman" By ALLENE CORLISS**

SYNOPSIS

Lovely Stanley Paige could have married any eligible man in her set—there was, for instance, the young lawyer, Perry Deverest, loyal and reliable, but she fell in love with dashing, irresponsible Drew Armitage. Drew told Dennis St. John, his former sweetheart, that although he would have loved Stanley under any circumstances, he would never have become engaged to her had she been poor. Then comes the crash and Stanley's fortune is wiped out. She does not care as long as she has Drew's love; but . . . he says it would be madness to marry on his income. So with a dramatic . . . "Stanley, I shall never forget you and I shall always regret having hurt you—but never having loved you!" he passes out of her life. Though broken-hearted, Stanley accepts the blow stoically. She refuses to accept charity from her friends and leaves her luxurious apartment. She rents a cheap furnished room where she meets Valerie Blair, a salesgirl. Valerie is very kind to Stanley. Warning against poverty, Valerie urges Stanley to return to her wealthy friends, but she refuses. Marcia Wingate and the rest of Stanley's friends are at a loss to understand her disappearance and think she would have acted more wisely had she married Perry.



"If I were you, Marsh, I wouldn't say anything about it. Stanley's dropped out of things, let it go at that, eh?"

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

"Feeling the way she did about Drew I just can't see her marrying Perry."

"Oh, I don't know, Sandra—if Drew left her fat. She wouldn't be the first girl to rush into a spite marriage." Gerda's voice was coolly impersonal.

"I rather imagine Stanley wouldn't see it that way," persisted Sandra carelessly. "In view of what I've heard this afternoon, there was more to her than met the eye."

"Good heavens, Stanley was beautiful!"

"Oh, beauty—of course." Sandra shrugged. She had a habit of discounting beauty, she had never found it necessary.

"Here come the men!" Marcia caught the soft whirr of Ned's motor as it came through the distant gate and pulled up the drive.

There was a general stir of anticipation. Diane Truesdale added the merest touch of powder to her nose and hoped her husband would not kiss her. She did not care for public demonstrations; in fact, after three months of marriage she did not care much for demonstrations at any time. Marcia rang for cocktails. Sandra did not move. She continued to sit, slumped in her chair, her eyes dusky and speculative. She was little and ugly and ten years older than the others—and absolutely sure of what she wanted and how to get it.

The long gray car rolled up the sweep of graveled driveway and stopped noiselessly before the house. Four men climbed out and came quickly around the south wing to where the women were waiting on the terrace.

An hour later, Marcia and Ned were alone in the living room. The others had gone up to dress for dinner. Marcia waited while Ned ran over his afternoon mail.

"Who do you suppose I saw today?" He asked her ungrammatically over his shoulder, toying aside some unimportant letters.

"Stanley?"

"No. But someone who has seen her, Nigel Stern."

"Where is she?"

"She's living in a second-rate rooming-house somewhere. She went to him for a job."

"But, Ned, I don't understand—after all we offered to do—really—I know, dear, I can't make it out myself. Anyway, it's something to know she's all right."

"Why didn't you tell me before—when you first came?"

"Before all those women? Not a chance! And if I were you, Marsh, I wouldn't say anything about it. Stanley's dropped out of things, let it go at that, eh?"

"Just as you say, Ned. Do you think Perry knows—where she is I mean?"

"I rather imagine he does. Didn't say anything, as I told you, but I've got a hunch he's heard from her. I know darn well he would have done anything for her. He's crazy about her, Drew Armitage has been transferred back to the Chicago office. I understand he asked to be."

"What do you make of him, Ned?"

"Just what I always did, he's a prime horse's necktie. Too bad for Stanley he ever left Chicago. Well, we'd better be going up."

"The Cramptons are coming out later. They can't stay over the week-end—some tiresome relative is with them, recovering from an operation."

They went up the wide mahogany stairs together. Marcia trailed her fingers slowly along the polished rail. She smiled slightly. She liked this hour before dinner. She liked the smell of roses coming in through open windows, the shine of lamp-light on soft silk, the delightful anticipation of a perfectly served dinner. She liked to hear Ned whistling in the bathroom, liked to see his cheek felt after he had finished shaving. An altogether delightful hour—this hour before dinner.

Nigel Stern collected etchings, first editions, rare pieces of ivory and jade—and women. They were important to him in just the order named. Born in France, of American parents, he was much more of a continental in manners, morals and tastes than American. He went to art exhibitions, symphony concerts, an occasional fashion show—any now and then to dark little shops on the East Side. He had a comfortable income which he increased substantially through profitable connections with certain well-known art dealers. Men liked him because when he was with them he talked their language and played their games. Women liked him for the same reason, and because when he was interested in them he was kind

to them. When they ceased to interest him he was a still kind to them, but he contrived to see much less of them. At forty he was slender, with hair going slightly gray at the temples and a mouth that was at once delicious and indifferent. He was completely sure of himself and what he wanted from life; as a consequence, he was charming, untemperamental, and seldom bored.

He was also seldom surprised. He was not surprised, for instance, when Stanley telephoned him in the middle of the afternoon, a week after she had walked out of her apartment on Park Avenue and apparently disappeared from sight.

He told her that he was in, that he would be glad to see her and to come up at once.

When she rang he admitted her himself.

In the late afternoon sunshine she found the room even more charming than she had remembered it. Swept clean of smoke and people, filled only with the fragrance of pale pink snapdragons and the still, polished surfaces of inanimate objects, the place gave one an impression of ease and gracious living.

She walked slowly across the room and sat down on a divan that was drawn close to a tea-table. A deep amber divan. A low, ebony tea-table. Eyes, lonesome for beauty, took in every detail of the subdued colors, the long, uncluttered spaces, the deep, shining reflections of the room; for a moment she was possessed with an overpowering nostalgia.

In the week that she had been at Mrs. Foley's she had experienced much of dragging loneliness, heartache and dull fear. In the narrow room beneath the mansard roof, she had tried desperately to make order out of chaos, to push Drew out of her thoughts, to keep physically cool. She had failed miserably to do any of these things; but she had done them gradually through the period when no effort at all was possible and had reached the point where inertia had become intolerable.

So she had gone to the corner drug store and stood in a booth that was suffocatingly hot and called Nigel Stern.

(To Be Continued)

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**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.

A RECENT EDITORIAL in the Journal of the American Medical Association, states that only in recent years has the true importance of water in the human body been appreciated.

In most foods, the water found in a diet made up of the most common foods contains much water and supplies the body with almost the necessary amount. Some foods contain as much as 90 per cent water. Many fruits and vegetables carry even more. Many foods yield at least half their weight in water.

Why Water is Important  
Why is water so important? Though the actual mechanism is not entirely understood, it is believed that health, nutrition, growth and development of the cells of the body are founded on chemical reactions. These reactions can only be successfully accomplished in the presence of an adequate supply of water. If water is lacking, the reaction is incomplete and the health of the body suffers.

Since water is constantly lost through the kidneys, bowels, lungs and skin, it is imperative that it be constantly supplied in order that the normal balance be maintained at all times. Nature provides a danger signal for any marked deficiency of water. This signal is thirst; it means that the body needs more water. If the signal is heeded, damage results and eventually it may lead to really serious effects.

Though the importance of water in relation to health is great, it is of greater consideration in ill health or disease. In addition to its use in accomplishing certain reactions, water aids in regulating the tempera-

ture of the body. For this reason, it is indispensable in overcoming high fever. Then it may be used internally and externally in the form of sponging baths.

When the body is deficient in water content, a condition results which is spoken of as "dehydration." By this is meant that the tissues are deprived of the amount of water necessary to carry the red blood cells and maintain that state of nutrition essential to the proper welfare of the body.

Daily Quota of Water

Dehydration is a serious problem, often encountered after prolonged illness or serious operation. The sufferer has an unusual dryness and shrinkage of the skin and decreased amount of urinary excretion.

The surgeon often resorts to unusual methods of giving large quantities of water, so necessary to the victim of dehydration. This is the actual injection of water into the veins. In other cases, it may be given under the skin or into the rectum. The water is given in such manner until the body has its normal water balance restored.

Drink at least six to eight glasses of water a day. It may be taken at meals, but is preferably taken between meals. Though water has little food value it is an item of the daily diet that must never be overlooked.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. W. Q.—My little boy of four is pale, irritable and has no appetite; is poor and he sleeps fitfully at night. What would you advise?

A.—The child may have intestinal worms. Examination should determine whether or not the parasites are present. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

E. W. Q.—I seem to be always tired, yawn continuously and feel worn out even after having eight or nine hours of sleep. What would you advise in this case?

A.—These symptoms may be due to auto-intoxication. Make sure that your system is throwing off the poisons and impurities accumulated in the body. Watch the elimination and get more outdoor exercise. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

(Copyright, 1934, R. S. C.)

**Poor Marksmen**



McIlwaine improved. Kerkie McIlwaine was slightly injured when the car he was driving collided head-on with another on the Abiqua bridge on the Mt. Angel highway. Both cars were considerably damaged. The name of the driver of the second car was not learned here.

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**Taxpayers' Meet is Called to Talk Additional Room**

HAYESVILLE, Feb. 12.—There will be a meeting of the taxpayers of this district, at the school house Thursday night, February 15, to discuss the possibility of building an additional room onto the school house.

The 4-H sewing club and the cooking club held a joint meeting at the home of the sewing club leader, Delphine Stupfel.

Marcelle Frey was elected president; Alma Carrow, vice president; and Adelle Frey, secretary. The name is "Sewing Sisters."

The cooking club will be known as "Busy Bakers," and have the following officers: president, Jean Stettler; vice president, Vivian Williams; secretary, Edna Baergen.

Both Iris Mason, cooking club leader and Delphine Stupfel, sewing club leader, are graduates of the Hayesville school, and are now attending high school in Salem.

**Help Kidneys**

● If you're functioning better and  
● If you're suffering from  
● If you're suffering from  
● If you're suffering from

**Wild Flower Club for Girls Formed; P. T. A. Gathers**

LYONS, Feb. 12.—A Wild Flower club for the girls of the Fox Valley school has been organized with nine members. Officers: Mildred Berry, president; Byron Swan, secretary; Pansy Merriman, song and yell leader; Waddine Forrest. Mildred Berry was chosen as 4-H club leader to succeed Mrs. Helen S. Gibbs who has had charge of the work for some time.

The P. T. A. of the Fox Valley school district held its regular meeting Friday with a large attendance. The program included a poem contest by the seventh grade pupils resulted: first prize, "Evening on the Farm," given by Byron Swan; second, "Fairies," given by Esther Merriman; third, "Multnomah," by Joan Johnson; and several musical numbers by Mr. and Mrs. Bassett. The men will furnish the next program.

**TRAPPING IS GOOD**

SILVERTON HILLS, Feb. 12.—Carl Pluam has been spending a successful season in trapping. Pluam recently trapped two bobcats and a coyote. They were trapped in the Abiqua basin.

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Don't let them get a strangle hold. Fight germ quickly. Creomulsion combines 7 major helps in one. Powerful but harmless. Pleasant to take. No narcotics. Your own druggist is authorized to refund your money on the spot if your cough or cold is not relieved by Creomulsion. —Adv.