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 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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**Here He Comes!—That Great Big Man From the South!**



**"The Lone Wolf's Son" By Louis Joseph Vance**

**SYNOPSIS**  
 Aboard the S.S. "Navarre," bound for New York, Michael Lanyard, reformed "Lone Wolf" and underworld celebrity, is reunited with his son whom he thought dead. The boy, "Maurice Parry," has followed in the "Lone Wolf's" footsteps, but Lanyard hopes his son's interest in Fenno Crozier, lovely daughter of the wealthy Mrs. Fay Crozier, will prove a good influence. Maurice steals Mrs. Crozier's Habburg emeralds. Lanyard retrieves them for Fay. Detective Crane warns Lanyard to watch out for the vengeance of "Jack Knife" Anderson and "English Archie," two gunmen who Lanyard exposed for cheating Maurice at cards. Shortly afterwards, the gangsters steal Mrs. Crozier's emeralds and plant them in Lanyard's cabin. Maurice saves his father by substituting imitations and secretly placing the emeralds in the purser's care for Fay. Notwithstanding Lanyard's innocence, Detective Pion is suspicious of him. Later, when one of "Jack Knife's" accomplices tries to intimidate Lanyard into stealing the emeralds and splitting fifty-fifty with the gang, Maurice appears on the scene, masked. He knocks the gangster unconscious, obtaining a string of pearls stolen from the notorious gold-digger, Tess Boyce, in the thug's pocket. Tess, in gratitude to Maurice for catching the thief, gives a dinner in honor of Lanyard. Lanyard disapproves of the society of Tess Boyce for his son, but Fenno asks him to leave Maurice to her. Discussing the Boyce robbery, Pion informs Lanyard that the prisoner swore Lanyard and Maurice planted the necklace on him. M. Isquith, Tess' companion, compliments her on her progress with Maurice and Lanyard, adding that "they will have them where they want them." Crane is suspicious of Tess' interest in Maurice. He surmises the truth about the Boyce robbery. Crane and Tess tell Maurice that Lanyard's reform was just elocution. The detective warns Lanyard to keep his son away from her. Fearing another attempt will be made to steal the emeralds, Lanyard advises Fenno for their protection when the boat docks.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**  
 "But I supposed—of course—the same one who had robbed me, and once he was arrested, that was the end of that."  
 "He was in all likelihood a simple cat's-paw for the brains that planned the business. You must understand, madame, criminals of his class are seldom more than instruments doing the bidding of intelligence to clever men to show their own hands."  
 "You do alarm me," Fay Crozier ruefully confessed. "What do you advise?"  
 "Instruct M. Crozier by wireless to have some safe-deposit company meet the Navarre with an armored car to take charge of the emeralds and store them in its vaults till you wish to wear them."  
 "What a head!" Fay Crozier cried, beaming. "What a master criminal when the Lone Wolf reared on his honors!"  
 "Then you will—"  
 "I bet you my life."  
 "I am most happy to believe it."  
 "With this Lanyard's case, Fenno, all aglow, it only from walking and somewhat prettier than he had ever seen her, was approaching with Maurice—who, it wasn't possible to overlook, likewise wore a deeply contented expression.  
 "Snap there you are!" Fay Crozier snapped. "I should think you'd be ashamed to come back from exercising looking like that, and putting your poor old man's name in a bad way. In my time children had some consideration for their elders."  
 "Young man, your father's been asking for you."  
 "I called on him three times in his cabin this morning. This is, I believe, the first time the steward told me he had not yet rung for his coffee."  
 "We've been watching them get the mail plane ready for its take-off. Fenno put in. "It's terribly interesting."  
 "When do they launch it, child?"  
 "Sometime this afternoon. Think it will be in New York by nightfall tomorrow. The pilot says there's room for two passengers. I should simply adore the experience."  
 "Should you?" Fay asked in an absent-minded voice.  
 "Wouldn't you, Mother? Why not? What an adventure!"  
 "I much prefer to die on a dry bed with my shoes off."  
 "I have a message for you, my father," Maurice reported, "for an invitation, I should say, from Madame Boyce. She wants to know if you will lunch with her and M. Isquith and the Rajah today, and afterwards play contract. They wanted me to give them their revenge—the cards ran large for me last night, but I had to beg off for this afternoon because I'm giving Fenno luncheon."  
 "—Lanyard, with a lightened heart, gave his shoulders a whimsical lift—"how can I refuse?"  
 "My dear Lanyard!" Fay Crozier remonstrated. "After all! Of course, we mustn't judge Maurice harshly, he's so young and inexperienced; but you are a man of the world—you owe your self-respect something."  
 "Ah, but seriously, madame: seeing that it's the honor of family, in a sense, that my son went heavily last night—"  
 "And that you're an incurable card-bound, and a bid to a bridge-party to you is the same as smoke of battle to an old war-horse—all the same, I must say I don't just see you slumming!"  
 Lanyard on his part perceived, at the instant of that afternoon at cards, no reason to repent his readiness to substitute for Maurice. Not only was he glad to think—what, recalling the light in Fenno's eyes that morning, the shine of his son's, he could hardly be blamed for believing—that the girl was making famous progress in her campaign to "save" Maurice, but his infatuation with the game quickened to the discovery that he was pitting his skill against cardmen worthy of his metal.  
 Of the four, Tess Boyce was the poorest player, although by no means to be despised, whether as partner or antagonist. Isquith, preening his patrician pose whether winning or losing, played with a cool-headed precision rarely met with outside the ranks of experts; in all the sitting Lanyard failed to see him flitting unceasingly or make a single misdeed.



"I'll bet everything you have lost today against your ruby ring," Tess told the Rajah.

**Art and the Revolution**

SOME months ago there was something of a controversy over modern fiction. Some novels of current issue were condemned because they preached overthrow of existing institutions; while some critics maintained that a novel as a form of literature should cling to standard art rather than become a political tract. Nothing was settled of course, but along came Anthony Adverse, a romantic novel with dashes of Robert Louis Stevenson, Joseph Conrad and Traceray; and the critics forgot to look for the "thin, red line" of revolution.

At present the battlefield has shifted to painting. The destruction of the Diego Rivera mural of Lenin in the great building at Rockefeller center provoked a controversy which is not yet ended. Rivera, a Mexican communist, used the vast ceiling of the room as a signboard for his political theories. The Rockefeller's whose fortune was founded in the age of capitalism discharged Rivera although they paid him the full \$20,000 of the contract. Later the offensive mural was chiseled away. The communist-artists lamented loudly when the figure of Lenin was chipped away and represented art as dying of a bleeding heart.

Recently the conflict was renewed when Rockefeller center was used for an art exhibit. Charging the Rockefeller group with censorship of the pictures to be displayed a group headed by John Sloan refused to show in the exhibition, and have selected another place for display. The stand-pat art group denied the charge and pointed to some paintings which they claimed proved the show was not censored, and pointed to one painting of Lenin in the array of pictures and another "The Mask of Fascism" as proof of the liberal policy of the exhibit.

The strife has leaped the continent however and in Seattle oldtime members of the conservative Pilgrim Congregational church are enraged because the pastor allowed young firebrands to use the walls of one of the rooms in the church as a signboard for radical propaganda. Various panels with somewhat incendiary themes created a stir which went outside the limits of just a church fuss.

So it goes,—art grabs a banner and gets in the political parade. The probability is however that much of the product of artists who devote their talents to a thesis will have poor chance of survival. Rarely is the propagandist an artist. He is so intense, so one-sided, so devoted to his evangelism that he cannot build his work to conform with the art standards which are necessary to make the work immortal. The revolution naturally attracts impassioned souls who express their feelings in the medium most natural to them; but as a rule the book or the painting which is merely a tract is only of temporary vitality. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was such a tract; and had shown amazing powers of survival. Most such works perish with their generation.

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**Health Bits for Breakfast**

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D. By R. J. HENDRICKS

**WITHIN THE** past few years, infant care has been greatly simplified. The young mother is guided by text books, periodicals and magazines, all published to aid her in solving her many problems. Despite these many modern advantages, most young mothers confess anxiety and even fear when bathing the young infant.

I am glad to say that it isn't long until the mother becomes expert. This daily task becomes one of her joys.

Those who are still hesitant and feel incompetent to undertake this responsibility, I would suggest the following simple rules:

**The Time to Bathe the Baby**  
 Baby should be bathed every day. Arrange the time so that it will not conflict with other duties. The best time is usually in the morning, before the mid-morning feeding and preferably after the first elimination. Never bathe the child until at least an hour has elapsed since the last feeding. Some mothers prefer giving the bath at night just before bedtime.

I am often asked what the temperature of the bath should be. The water should be just a little above the temperature of the body. This is approximately 100 degrees F. I strongly recommend the use of a bath thermometer to determine accurately the temperature of the water. It is an inexpensive thing and will eliminate guessing and fear as to whether the water is too cold or too hot.

Before placing the baby in the bath, make sure the room is comfortably warm, the windows closed and that there are no drafts from open doors. Do not have the room too hot, because it may cause the baby to perspire, then get chilled and catch cold. Have the tub in a comfortable position and close to towel, soap, clothes and other necessary items. Never leave baby alone in the tub, not even for a minute. If nothing worse happens the child may become frightened or even suffer fear the daily bath.

**Gentle Massage is Good**  
 Another mistake the young mother may make is to allow soap to get into the baby's eyes. The child cries, kicks, and its anger terrifies the young mother. Support the baby with the left arm and use your right hand for washing purposes. Avoid soap on the face and when you wash the scalp make sure soap does not run down to the eyes.

When baby is taken from the tub, it should be placed on a dry towel and slowly but carefully dried. Make sure the entire body is dried. This will prevent chafing. Powder may be used, but avoid an excessive amount. Above all, keep powder away from baby's reach.

A good plan is to gently massage the baby before completing the drying. This is best accomplished by gently rolling the flesh with the palm of the hand. Gentle massage stimulates the circulation and hardens the skin.

**Answers to Health Queries**  
 E. B. S. Q.—What would cause the tongue to be full of cracks?  
 A.—This condition may be due to constipation, indigestion or to hyperacidity. Watch the diet and the elimination. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. (Copyright, 1934, K. F. S., Inc.)

**Lone Survivor**

The 90th Psalm, read by Lee, was appropriate. What part of the 15th chapter of Corinthians he read, one may judge for himself. It was First Corinthians. Second Corinthians has only 13 chapters. The 15th chapter of First Corinthians is a very long one; 58 verses. In that letter to the church at Corinth, St. Paul gave his whole argument concerning the resurrection of the dead, or at least a resume of his whole argument and belief, showing plainly that he was convinced that when the body of a person is disposed of, "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body; there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," as he summed it all up in the 44th verse.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" repeated billions of billions of times since, are in that chapter.

Every book mentioning it, so far as the writer has observed, gives First Corinthians 10:21 as the text of Jason Lee's short sermon on July 27 at the site of Fort Hall—the first Protestant sermon preached in all the territory fronting west on the Pacific ocean. The person who first copied Lee's diary made it 10:21. The text of Jason Lee's short sermon on July 27 at the site of Fort Hall—the first Protestant sermon preached in all the territory fronting west on the Pacific ocean. The person who first copied Lee's diary made it 10:21. The text of Jason Lee's short sermon on July 27 at the site of Fort Hall—the first Protestant sermon preached in all the territory fronting west on the Pacific ocean. The person who first copied Lee's diary made it 10:21.

**Stratosphere**

If present schedule is adhered to, Jean Picard, wife of the twin brother Professor Auguste Picard, will be the first woman to ascend into the stratosphere. Mrs. Picard, whose home is at Wilmington, Del., plans to accompany her husband on his flight from Detroit late this summer.

That was an appropriate text for the first Christian sermon west of the Rockies and north of the Spanish line, up to the lower border of Alaska. It is a text of usefulness, and all embracing for human conduct. The two following and closing verses of

**Parent-Teachers Play at Molalla Gets Good House**

MOLALLA, April 16.—Profits of approximately \$30 were made by the Parent-Teacher association Friday night at the play, "Small Town Romeo." The money will be put in the general fund of the organization.

Taking part in the play were Robert Miles, Earl Ellis, Anna Zahar, Kenneth Friedrich, Gerald Dunton, Freda Burker, Howard Slyter, Ruba Fogelson, Clair Fluke and Karen Dunton. Foremost Dunton, grade school principal, was the coach. Specialty numbers were supplied by Mrs. Arthur Beattie, of Jennings Lodge; Joseph Safarik, of Canby; Milton Schmidt, Molalla; and Carol Harreaves, Molalla. The high school orchestra played the prologue.

Jason Lee's life so dedicated was so lived. It made him welcome in the Indian's wigwam, the settler's cabin, by the trapper's wilderness campfire, at the peace parley of the savage, around the council table of the president and members of his cabinet; even under the roof of the virtual king of the country he came to divest of his attributes of power exercised under theegis of laws aimed to protect his great company's far-flung domains against intrusion of men holding the ideals of such men as Lee.

This year 1934 is the centennial year of the greatest man for American and Christian civilization whose feet ever trod the domain west of the Rockies.

**Westenhouses at Lyons Improving Residence There**

LYONS, April 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Dellis Westenhause have made considerable improvement to their residence. A large sunporch and a bathroom have been added to the house, which has also been repainted. They have also changed the lawn and fences, adding much to the appearance.

Rev. Cotton of Hood River started a 10 days or two weeks revival meeting at the community church here Sunday night.

The Girls club held a party at the L. O. O. F. hall Friday night. Games were enjoyed.

**Treasury Aide**

If there is anything in a name, Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston, should go a long way in national affairs. The young man is shown at his desk in Washington as he looks over the duties of Special Assistant to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, to which he was appointed recently.

**THE BIG 5¢ WORTH** WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM THE BIG 5¢ WORTH WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM