The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1651

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - - *Editor-Manager*
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - - *Managing Editor*

Member of the Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

ADVERTISING
Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. $1.25; 6 Mo. $2.25; 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or $5.00 for 1 year in advance.
Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; $5.00 a year in advance. Per

GOOD-DEEDS

"This moral men may have in mind;
Ye hearers, take it of worth, old and young,
And forsake pride, for he deceiveth you in the end,
And remember Beauty, Five-wits, Strength *and* Discretion,
They all at last do Everyman *forsake,*
Save his Good-Deeds, *there doth he take."*

—Everyman.

Terrorists or Refugees?

As a sequence to the discovery that the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia was committed by a member of a terrorist band the Little Entente powers, Jugoslavia, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia are preparing a protest against Hungary's alleged offense harboring the assassins. The Croat terrorists are alleged to have plotted murders at a farm at Janka Puszta just over the border from Jugoslavia, and to have practiced target-shooting there. Relations between Hungary and Jugoslavia have been strained for a long time; and the resentment is felt over the protection or encouragement which Hungary may have extended to the band.

This introduces the fine point of whether the band were composed of "terrorists", with a wholesale scheme for assassination, or whether they were merely Croatian revolutionaries plotting for the "redemption" of their oppressed people. In other words were they terrorists or refugees?

For centuries political refugees have found shelter on foreign soil. Usually this extended merely to safe harbor; and did not indicate any governmental sympathy with their aspirations or support to their cause. Switzerland and England were places of refuge for revolutionaries from Germany and Italy and Russia. America was long the asylum for those for whom prison cells were waiting in their home lands, on account of their political activity. Serbia itself prior to the world war was a hotbed of plotting against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

One of the misfortunes of the war has been the closing of ports of refuge to aliens driven from their own countries by political oppression. Emma Goldman, anarchist deported from this country back to Russia, writing on the "tragedy of political exiles" in The Nation, says:

> "The war for democracy and the advent of left and right dictatorships destroyed whatever freedom of movement political refugees had formerly enjoyed. Tens of thousands of men, women and children have been turned into modern Ahasueruses, forced to roam the earth, admitted nowhere. If they are fortunate enough to find asylum, it is nearly always for a short period only; they are always exposed to annoyance and chicanery, and their lives are made a veritable hell."

Oddly enough, Miss Goldman says "the most unpardonable offender is the so-called Union of Socialist Soviet Republics". There Stalin and the GPU have been ruthless in condemning to exile or to prison or to Siberia dissident individuals. The harsh measures against political rebels is a result of the general insecurity following the war and post-war overturns. No government feels secure; and to protect itself it exiles or imprisons those whose revolutionary tendencies are feared.

There ought to be some distinction between terrorists and political refugees. Those whose ruling motives are wholesale assassinations and nihilism should be given no encouragement in any country. They should be restrained if too provocative or at least kept in close surveillance. But the right of asylum to conscientious political revolutionaries should not be denied. Mazzini, the evangel of Italian liberty, found shelter in England, as have many others. The United States has been a frequent port of refuge for political refugees from Cuba and other Latin American states. This country has not endorsed or supported them, merely given them asylum. Even Trotsky worked for a time in New York city.

That Jugoslavia is modifying the rigid policy of Alexander is indicated in the announcement of release of political prisoners there, one of them a former premier of the kingdom; and the extension of amnesty to Croats who have been rebellions. Such a policy is more enlightened than provoking a quarrel with Hungary, although Hungary may not be innocent of wrong-doing in harboring the Croat assassins.

"An Unowned Man"

THE way the opposition newspapers are jumping on Joe Dunne and trying to dig up dirt against him must be pretty good proof that he is a leading candidate for the office of governor. If he were a winded horse in the race the papers would give him no attention. Instead he has become the target. Sen. Dunne is a familiar figure over the state; his record in the legislature is open. He has been an active member of the senate and has been identified with much of the most important legislation to be enacted in recent years.

Instead of accepting the testimony presented in the heat the present political campaign (although it really hasn't got very hot yet) it might be better to see what was spoken of Joe Dunne before he aspired to be governor.

In the 1931 session new butter grading laws were past. We didn't think they would do much good, but the Portland Journal sent Marshall Dana here to lobby for them. With the help of Sen. Dunne the bills were passed; and the Portland Journal commented on March 3:

> "The Journal is glad that this farm friendly legislature has given to the state the dairy laws that will help bring into Oregon millions of dollars from world markets. . . . The Journal remembers the untiring leadership of Senator Joe E. Dunne, the fine work of Representative Dorothy McCullough Lee and the courageous position taken by the agriculture committee of the senate and the food and dairy products committee of the house."

Again the Portland Journal endorsed Joe Dunne for a position on the Portland Port commission, and said of him on Nov. 7, 1932:

> "It was not by his own motion that Joseph Dunne became a candidate for membership on the Portland Port commission. Recognizing his fitness, his aggressiveness in public matters and his progressive ideas, his friends during his absence from Portland and without his knowledge or consent, placed him on the reform Port of Portland ticket.
>
> "It was an excellent selection. He is an unowned man. He always has the courage of his convictions. In public affairs he has no secrets—he takes the public into his confidence.
>
> "Along with Bert Haney and Jack Luihn, Senator Dunne would be new blood and new and modern understanding on the port commission."

"An unowned man",—that was the Portland Journal's tribute two years ago. While the Journal is now supporting Gen. Martin we have not seen that it has in any way modified this expression of opinion. As Dunne was "an excellent selection" for the Port of Portland commission in the eyes of the Portland Journal the voters of Oregon will find he is "an excellent selection" for governor of the state.

"It's Hash!"

Being Behind the Times Held No Discredit; Maybe They're Wrong

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

King Claudius, our old familiar of the Hamlet club, declared that his offense was rank and smelled to heaven. His conscience, it will be called, did not backfire in this manner until he had decided that Hamlet was practically certain to uncover something that was rotten in the state of Denmark. The king was not exceptional as a politician. He doubtless hoped that Hamlet would slip, in which event he might reasonably ascribe his declaraton to have reference to some trifle, such as closing the door of a hot stove with the eraser end of a lead pencil. As the late lamented Lafe Young was wont to say, politics is a great game.

Burley Torp, who considered himself brainy, always carried his loose change in his left-hand vest pocket. Being right-handed, he figured he'd spend less freely if he did so. But it never seemed to make much difference.

The wise will submit to the inevitable. Bink Elkins got himself a serious scalp affection by trying to compel a cowlick to behave in conformity with the rest of his hair.

I have known men—yes, and women—who acted like cowlicks. Why act like a cowlick? There's a heap of things better than a cowlick to act like.

"The Count of Monte Cristo," which held for a full week at the Grand theatre, was followed by Will Rogers in "Judge Priest," which is still going strong, with a promise of continuing for 10 days or more. The fact that people go in great numbers to see such pictures as these helps bolster up faith in human nature—a faith which at times, because of indigestion perhaps, has been a bit wobbly. We like to see, most of us, the honest, old-fashioned love of a girl and a boy or a man and a woman, and we like to see in the contest continually being waged between the forces of good and evil the good triumphant. Whether we find these things in the richly romantic setting of a Dumas novel or in the plain countryside of an Irvin Cobb story the effect is much the same.

Advice of Judge Priest to a young lawyer: "Boy, you'd better get your breeches half-soled. I sat through two republican administrations before I got my first client."

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" has been the outstanding feature of the week at the Elsinore theatre. I wonder if a more beautifully sentimental picture than this has ever been made or will ever be made? After all, you know, there is a limit to things human this side of heaven, and I am not entirely convinced that heaven is utterly perfect. At any rate, I am quite sure, if heaven is the sort of perfection that some of use have pictured it, that some of the rest of us will not be happy there.

Quoting from Beverly Hills in Liberty: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," a film which must have been inspired. And that is a big word.

Most small town newspapers in the old days had their loafers, some of them, like Link Burk, whom I knew, always interesting and usually welcome. It may still be so. I don't know. Link loved good poetry and had read much. He had a parallel from a standard poem for pretty much every-

D. H. TALMADGE

thing. The printing office towel, for example, moved him to recall a line from Mr. Poe's Raven—"Darkness there and nothing more." And the leaky cylinder and pipes of a steam engine suggested to him Marco Bozaris, "bleeding at every pore." The news has just reached me by newspaper that Link died the other day, an old, old man, at the home of a daughter in Illinois. Hence this thought of him.

Elizabeth Barrett naturally read and loved the poetry of Robert Browning, but like others of yesterday and today she was occasionally unable to fathom the meaning of his lines. An anecdote bearing upon the matter is used in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." During one of Browning's calls at the Barrett home Elizabeth asks him to read a certain verse in one of his poems, the sense of which is not quite clear to her. Browning takes the book and strides back and forth, reading and rereading the verse half aloud. Suddenly he stops, his face wreathed in smiles. "My dear," he says, "when these lines were written only God and Robert Browning knew their meaning, and now only God knows."

When a man goes down town to buy beefsteak and returns with only a package of breakfast food what is one to think A Salem citizen who did this attributed it to a new pair of bifocal glasses he was wearing, but it seems to me a pretty shaky explanation. Heaven knows the best of explanation is shaky enough, but this is terrible.

A feller says to me the other day that life is like a cage. (We meet up with such fellers now and then.) We're like the jungle beasts in the menagerie, he says, imprisoned without any regard to our wishes, and we don't know where we came from and we don't know where we're going. Once in a while, he says, we almost remember something we knew a long time ago, but only almost, and sometimes we have a feeling about where we're headed for that's almost a certainty, but not sure enough to bet on. And, says he, I ain't going to skin myself all up beating against the bars of the cage we're in. No, sir, not me, says he. I don't aim to make my life a misery by hurrying and fretting.

I reckon there is something to what the feller says in the foregoing. But such fellers are liable to overdo it. There ain't much fun or profit in fishing when a man waits for the worm to crawl onto the hook without assistance.

About as ridiculous a thing as I know of is lofty criticism of a person who does not consider laughable something which the critic does consider laughable.

It is no discredit to a person to say of him that he is behind the times. It is barely possible the times are going too fast for their own good.

All sorts of political prophets are abroad. Personally, I accept most seriously the one who draws his prophesies from a feeling in his bones. I know some pretty good prophets who came from that school.

Winter is approaching. There are all sorts of signs. Crim Tump tells me of a sign that has proved reliable in his family. Willy Tump awakens in the morning with the bedclothes wrapped about his head and his bare legs sticking out from the knees down.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captain and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.

There is no special reason for bringing up these lines of Kipling at this time. It is only that an occasional reminder will do us no harm.

Stan Still informs me with a

(Turn to page 7)

GIRL IN THE FAMILY

By BEATRICE BURTON

CHAPTER XXII

"When's Wallace coming back to town?"

"In about ten days. I had a letter from him this morning, Allen." Ten days, and she would have to face Wallace. Have to tell him that she had made a mistake about her feelings toward him and give him back his ring and his watch bracelet . . . and the knowledge that she was hurting and humiliating him would hurt her too. The thought of it worried her more now than the anticipation of the storm that would break over her head when she told the family that she had broken her engagement.

"You'll tell him everything just as soon as you see him, won't you, Susan?" She could feel the intentness of Allen's eyes on her as she spoke, and her own eyes veered away and fixed themselves on the nearest window where the darkness was thickening behind the pane.

"Of course I will—only it's going to be a terribly hard thing to do."

"But you'll do it?" His hands reached out across the white cloth and gripped both of hers hard. "Just as soon as you can?"

"I'll have to, Allen. I'm going to. But it's not going to be easy."

"What's the matter with you, Susan? Getting cold feet? Still a little bit crazy about that guy? Be honest with me."

"I'm trying to be honest, Allen. You know I don't care anything at all about Wallace. You must know it—but it's not going to be easy to give him back his ring. I don't *like* to hurt anyone. And then there's my family—I wish they didn't have to know about it. They're going to take all this very badly. They're all so pleased about my engagement. They feel as if I'm marrying the kind of man that I probably would have married if they hadn't lost all their money. Not that Wallace has much money, for he hasn't. But his people have a lot, and my people think that that is frightfully important—particularly just now when they're so poor themselves.

"It's going to be just plain awful to live with them after they know about you and me," she finished.

"That's absurd, Susan." Allen's voice was sharp, and it sounded as if he were out of patience with her.

"Absurd?" she repeated. He didn't know how Uncle Worthy could poison a whole day by his sarcasm, as he often had, and how Lutie could talk on and on about the possibilities of Susan's becoming an old maid, as she often had talked during the months before Wallace's proposal. "It wouldn't be so bad if I had a job and could be out of the house all day, or if I could marry you right away and walk out—"

His hands pressed hers. "That's an idea. Why don't you do it?" His face lighted up. "Will you, Susan?"

"I'm like Garibaldi, I'm afraid," he went on after a pause, "when he told his soldiers he could offer them nothing but cold and hunger and misery if they went on with him—I can't offer you much else, Susan, for a while. I haven't enough money for anything but a room in a boarding house somewhere and three meals a day. Pretty slim ones, too, I imagine, while I'm spending so much on this law course of mine. How about it?"

Susan hesitated. She had a mortal longing to say, "Yes," to marry Allen at once and go to live with him in a cheap room somewhere. The vision of such a place flashed through her mind—badly furnished, small, with trunks shoved under the bed and a gas ring on a table for the making of coffee, bags of sugar and buns on a closet shelf, and over everything the patina of poverty. But it would be lovely—

"I could pass up the law course, as far as that goes," Allen said suddenly, and as he spoke Susan made her decision. "Then we'd be sure to have enough money."

"No." Susan was emphatic. "I wouldn't think of letting you do that when you're as close to your bar exams as you are—Why, you'd be just a courthouse clerk for the rest of your life if you stopped going to law school now! I'll stay on at home until we can get married the right way. My people will simply have to realize that I have a life of my own that they mustn't try to interfere with. After all, I'm not a child who must obey everything they tell me to do."

What did those words remind her of, she wondered. Then all at once she knew. John had told her something of the sort at Cullens' on Christmas day when Aunt Edna had sent for her to come home to take Wallace's telephone call.

"You'll have to grow up some time or other, Susie," John had said, "and learn how to manage things in your own way instead of letting the family do all your thinking for you."

He had been absolutely right, too, for the time had come already when she would have to stand up under the family's disapproval of her jilting of Wallace. She was going to have to think for herself instead of letting them think for her as they always had done.

"They'll say that it's nothing less than criminal to break my engagement after it's been announced in the newspapers," she said, thinking things out. "They'll tell me that I'm publicly disgracing Wallace, and I suppose that's what I shall be doing, as a matter of fact—but that's Aunt Edna's fault because she announced the engagement without saying a word to me about it."

She knew that she would never be able to dare point that out to Aunt Edna without starting a family battle. For usually she and Lutie and Uncle Worthy thought and acted together like one person, and whatever one of them did was perfect in the eyes of the other two whenever an argument arose that involved Susan or John. The three older people stood shoulder to shoulder then, as solid as a stone wall.

"Why don't you find something to do and get out of the house part of the time?" Allen asked. "I should think you'd enjoy it, Susan. I've often wondered why you didn't."

"Well, I have, too," said Susan. "I've wanted to for years, but they've always been dead set against it. They seemed to think I'd lose caste if I turned into a working girl. They're very old-fashioned about things like that. They've never been out in the world much—and now I couldn't go out and get a position because they really need me at home. They can't afford to keep Anna any longer, and I'm going to have to take over her work from now on."

The waiter came to take away the coffee service and the untouched toast, cold now with the butter and cinnamon and sugar standing up in little ridges on it.

"I don't know who'd give me any work to do, anyhow," Susan went on when the table was empty except for an ashtray and Allen's package of cigarettes. "I've never touched a typewriter or an adding machines in my life. But the very thought of them—the thought of getting into some sort of business office—always has fascinated me. I've asked my father a dozen times to let me go to business college, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, I've been going around with Wallace for a long time, and my father always pointed out to me that if I married him I wouldn't have any use for a knowledge of office work. That was true, of course."

"How long have you known that bird?"

"Almost two years."

"And you're sure you weren't in love with him any of that time, Susan?" His steady gaze was still on her face and Susan could see how anxiously he was waiting to hear her answer. He didn't seem to be sure of her as he had been the night before when he had drawn her into his arms and told her, with all the confidence in the world, that he knew she cared for him.

"No, I never felt sure of myself with him. I mean that I always had a suspicion that love was a great deal stronger and more thrilling than anything I felt for him. I didn't like to let him kiss me, and he knew it. He told me, just the night when he went away, that I was a very chilly sort of person."

"But you would have married him if it hadn't been for last night, wouldn't you?"

Susan's shoulders went up in a shrug. "I suppose so," she answered truthfully. "I'd reached the point where I thought I could not stand living at home a day longer. And then I was flattered by his liking me, and I knew he'd be what's known as 'a good husband.' You've heard of girls marrying for a home, haven't you?"

Allen nodded.

"Well, that's what I was going to do, I think. But now I wouldn't marry him if he owned the best house in town and a camp in the Adirondacks and a Palm Beach houseboat! I'll tell him so, too, when he comes home, but I'll have to do it in my own way, Allen. You'll have to let me tell the family about it at my own time—when Wallace is really out of the picture."

"You talk like a child, Susan! They can't make you marry a man if you don't want to." Allen jerked his chair back with an impatient movement and got up. "The good old days when girls were under their elders' thumbs have been gone for a long time."

"I know that just as well as you do." Susan tried to defend herself. "But if I let Wallace go and they find out about it they'll just be terribly disagreeable about it and they'll try to get him back probably. They'll tell him I don't know my own mind or something like that."

"*If* you let Wallace go! That's good," said Allen, plainly angry now as he walked out of the dining room beside her.

"*When* I let him go," Susan corrected herself quickly. "Please don't doubt me like this, Allen."

They walked home slowly, arm in arm, their shoulders touching as they moved. But something—his doubt of her—had come between them. Susan could almost feel it, like a curtain that had been dropped between them. She tried to brush it aside, to get back to the understanding and the intimacy of the night before.

"Tell me about yourself, Allen," she said as they walked along out of the hum and the lights of the downtown district into the dark residence streets of the North Side. "Not about your job, but about you—when you were a little boy out west, and where you went to school, and so on."

"I didn't live out in New Mexico when I was a kid," he answered. "I lived on Center Street about ten blocks from your house. My mother had a shop there where she sewed for people—"

"Well, then, my aunts remember her!" Susan exclaimed, breaking in upon him. "When you first came to live with us they said they remembered a Mrs. Sholes who had been a dressmaker in our neighborhood years ago. And Uncle Worthy remembered that she moved away."

Allen nodded his head, his eyes straight ahead of him as if he were thinking of something that took him far away from Susan.

"That was when she was first taken sick," he said presently. "She had lung trouble. First we went up to Saranac and a year afterward we went out to New Mexico to live.

"Last Fall she died," he continued after a second's pause. "We never cared much for the west, she and I. And as soon as she was gone, I couldn't stand it. So I came back here. I have some friends here, and I'd always thought of this town—this neighborhood, in particular—as home, somehow." If a grown man six feet tall and proportionately broad of shoulder can be called wistful, Allen was wistful then.

"Do any of your family live here?" Susan asked, thinking of the kind of welcome he had received at the house in Center Street—the part of town that he had always thought of as home.

"No. My father and mother separated when I was about six years old. He lives out in Oregon somewhere. I never hear from him."

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1933, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Oregon schools in early pioneer days:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Our first public schools (public in that they took all kinds of pupils) really originated in the covered wagon trains on the plains bound for Oregon. From 1843 on, nearly every westward bound company of covered wagon immigrants had its school, held by the evening camp fire, and some of the instructors were scholarly men and women. These teachers often became our early community teachers. This was true of Chloe D. Boone, great-great granddaughter of Daniel Boone of Kentucky. She was in the 1846 immigration, and her school was in Polk county, not far from the early Applegate settlement near the Rickreall, back of the present Ellendale.

She became the wife of Geo. L. Curry, secretary of state and three times governor, the last chief executive of the territory of Oregon. Abigail Scott Duniway taught an early school at Cincinnati (Eola.)

Outside of the mission Indian manual labor school which became the Oregon Institute and by change of name Willamette university, the first building erected in Salem exclusively for school purposes stood on the corner of Commercial street south of Marion square. But it was a subscription school, the frame building for it having been put up around 1850. Some of its early teachers were Sarelia L. Pringle, Mrs. Maulsby and Thomas Caton. In that building was organized the First Congregational church of Salem; political meetings were held in it, and it was used as a polling place in general elections, and for other purposes. Finally around 1853-60, it was moved south a few blocks, to about the center of the one between Court and State streets, and a book store was kept in it. The latter site was afterward occupied by the Capital National bank (now the First National.) In 1855 the Salem school district was organized, in 1857 construction of the "big Central" school house commenced, and it was finished in 1858. The "little Central," next to it, was erected some years after—for a school for negro children, for some pioneers brought their slaves, and for several years, in the '60's-'70's, Salem had more colored people than now. The "Central" school buildings stood on land now occupied by the Salem high school building. Along about 1858, public school money began to become available; at first the expenses were eked out with tuition charges.

Among the teachers in the "big Central" building for the 10 years beginning with 1858 were: Sylvester Pennoyer and wife, Dana C. Pearson, Clara Watt, A. C. Daniels, P. L. Price, S. H. Jenner, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Carr, Misses Emily Belt, Nellie Stipp, E. Humphrey, E. Boise, and Mr. J. T. Outhouse.

Sylvester Pennoyer became governor of Oregon, 1887-1895. Other early teachers became prominent in various ways. Mrs. Rufus Mallory, whose husband served in congress, taught the colored school in the "little Central" building as long as it was maintained as such; late sixties and early seventies. Many private schools were taught in Salem up to the late sixties.

Aside from the peculiar problem of colored children, the history of school struggles in what became Salem were about the same as those in other parts of early Oregon. The first school buildings were generally of logs; in eastern Oregon of tamarack logs; with the benches of split logs, the flat sides up, and supported on stout pegs driven into auger holes. That was the case with the Rawhide school near Wild Horse creek, not far from the present Athena.

Oregon had no superintendent of public instruction, as such, until January 30, 1873, when Sylvester Simpson began his term, under appointment of Governor Grover. He was a brother of Samuel L. Simpson, poet laureate, author of The Beautiful Willamette. The first elected incumbent of that office was Dr. L. L. Rowland, taking charge Sept. 14, 1874.

Dr. Rowland had been president of the Christian college (now state normal school) at Monmouth, and superintendent of schools for Polk county, and, in 1860, organized and conducted the first teachers' institute held in Oregon. For the term beginning in July, 1891, he was superintendent of the state asylum for the insane (now called state hospital.) He came to Oregon with the 1844 covered wagon immigration.

(Turn to page 7)

SAVE SAVE

Here Are Some NEARLY NEW

FORD V 8's

that put the "V" in "SAVE"

MODEL	COLOR
'34 DE LUXE SEDAN	BLACK
'34 DE LUXE COACH	GREEN
'34 DE LUXE COUPE	BLUE
'34 COUPE RUMBLE SEAT	BLACK
'33 DE LUXE SEDAN	GREEN
'33 COACH	GRAY
'32 SEDAN	BROWN

Don't Miss This Opportunity—See Them on Display Now

VALLEY MOTOR CO.

Marion and Liberty Phone 7910

Open Sundays

We use no drugs or operations. Most FEMALE COMPLAINTS, APPENDICITIS, GALLSTONES, and ULCERS of the STOMACH can be removed. Guaranteed remedies for ARTHRITIS, PILES, SKIN DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, and ailments of GLANDS, KIDNEYS, URINARY BLADDER of men and women.

DR. CHAN LAM

Chinese Medicine Company

398½ Court, Corner Liberty – Salem

Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. 6 P. M. to 7 P. M. Every Tuesday and Saturday Only

Licensed N. D. Physicians

17 Years in Business

Consultation, Blood Pressure and Urine Test are Free of Charge

Dr. Goldie Chan

Dr. Y. T. Lam