

SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR

SALEM, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1925

Salem Girl Has Feature Article Accepted by Eastern Newspaper

Miss Audrey Bunch Tells How Grace Smith Changed an Avocation Into a Vocation; Now Assistant Attorney General

Miss Grace Elisabeth Smith has the distinction of being the first and only woman in the State of Oregon ever to hold the office of Assistant Attorney General, all because she was a little sister who would not be outdone by her three legally-minded brothers and lawyer father.

As far as Miss Smith's position goes, there are no more than three or four other women in the entire United States on the payroll of the State in such a status. And the truth is that the name of only one other, Mrs. Franklin P. Adams of Indiana, is actually available at this writing.

Miss Smith's unusual success follows an interesting formula. Her vocation grew out of her avocation. Perhaps that is why she regards it with such enthusiasm. In fact, Miss Smith's satisfaction with her position is so absorbing that she becomes not only a great disciple for the legal profession, but also a devotee of every kind of work in the world that is ennobling, as well.

"But how did you happen to choose law in the first place instead of, for instance, teaching?" we asked, as passing through the law library we found her in her office on the second floor of the Oregon Supreme Court Building, practically adjoining the State House and across the street from the campus of Willamette University, the oldest liberal arts and law school west of the Mississippi River.

"But I did teach," she reminded. "For three years. And then came a nervous breakdown. And for the change I went into my father's law office as Deputy Recorder, my father, W. D. Smith, being at that time County Recorder in Guthrie Center, Iowa."

"And then what?" we asked, like a child intent upon an interesting story.

"And then," she finished, "I enrolled in the Capital City Business College at Des Moines."

"And graduated?" we suggested, feeling how fitting that was for the future Assistant Attorney General of the State of Oregon to "No," she denied. "I didn't. My tuition is paid up for that. And the president told me I could come back any time. But at the end of three months and three weeks a position was offered me and—I took it."

After that the family moved to Oregon, and Miss Smith applied for and received a position in the office of the Secretary of State. The work was congenial and interesting, but in time it became more or less routine to this efficient, future Assistant Attorney General of the State. She wanted something else—something for her evenings.

So in order "to have some hard work to do"—something large to accomplish—she took up the study of law as a pure avocation. Then, all at once, in 1917, she found herself graduated. And in the same year she found herself admitted to the Bar.

In February of 1918 she left the office of the Secretary of State and went into the Attorney General's office as legal stenographer. In September of the same year she became a law clerk in the office, in which position she remained until September of 1921, when a vacancy arose for the office of Assistant Attorney General. And to this place—Miss Smith received the appointment, just three years after coming into the office as a stenographer. And, as the reader well knows, few enough are the stenographers who have ever received such a signal promotion in such a short length of time.

Because it still seemed almost incredible that a woman should have such an active interest in law and yet be as essentially feminine as Miss Smith is, we asked

her again if the liking was in the family. Of course, there are many women interested in the judicial side, but the legal research aspect seemed for some reason a definitely different matter.

"Such marked interest in the law must run in the family?" we ventured.

And when Miss Smith told us that not only was her father a lawyer, but that two of her three brothers had been graduated from colleges of law, one from Yale University, and had been admitted to the Bar, and the third had held the position of County Clerk, we decided that it rather was.

When Miss Smith awoke to the realization that her work had "stolen" her hobby, it was nothing if not characteristic that she should look for a new hobby. What she decided upon was short story writing. At the present time she is finishing a second term of extension work with the University of Oregon and upon its completion is looking forward to entering upon a third.

"But when is it you will complete your schooling, Miss Smith?" a friend once asked.

"Well, great-grandfather lived to be ninety-four," is the answer we smiled to hear.

And so it goes. She who likes her work in the glorious first of life is not apt to tire of it through a single one of the many promising years that yet stretch ahead. And again, she who has one talent is apt to have various talents.

Miss Smith is her own example. There are few of her own townpeople, even, who remember her as the personality back of the first organization in Salem, Oregon, of a branch of the Business Woman's Club. But it is true and Miss Smith, that anomaly of the club world, an organizer who never ceases for office, was the first chairman of the little nucleus that first met in October, 1919.

And all along it has been her vital, womanly interest in all that she affiliates herself with, in all that she undertakes, that has stood back of her.

Aside from being a charter member of the Business and Professional Woman's Club in Salem, Miss Smith is an active member of the P. E. O. Sisterhood and also of the Salem Arts League. She is a member, in fact the newly elected, chairman, of a progressive, local writers club. She is one of the assistant superintendents in the Sunday School.

Miss Smith likes her home as she likes her work; with her whole heart. And the roof that has sheltered her and her three brothers and sister has reverberated with a merry laughter of a happy family. She delights in work about the house, helping her charming mother in the kitchen and in the sewing room, and with social affairs, formal and informal. And Miss Smith not only loves coquetry but loves music and all the arts.

The psychologists, you know, say a visitor who leaves a room where he has had a pleasant hour is apt, in token of his reluctance, to leave a possession or more behind. So the other afternoon when we went back for both notebook and a pink-checked handkerchief Miss Smith, the first and only woman in Oregon ever to hold the office of Assistant Attorney General and one of an almost negligible number in the United States, counseled us again to remember that she was just an ordinary woman.

Well, possibly. And while we won't exactly agree with Miss Smith that she isn't any more interesting than her contemporaries, at least, there might be wiser things than trying to argue with a legalist!

CRUMBLING SUBSOIL PLAYS TRICKS WITH STREETS OF ROME

ROME.—Despite reassuring statements and glib explanations which have been made by the Roman municipal authorities of an unusual series of street collapses and cave-ins, the fact that six of these disquieting accidents have occurred within the brief space of several weeks is causing considerable alarm here.

The first of these accidents was a cave-in which caused a large section of the Via Ripetta to fall to a depth of about six feet. The collapse occurred in broad daylight, the ground falling away several feet in front of a crowded tramway. But the proximity of the Via Ripetta to the Tiber River offered the apparent explanation that the recent heavy rains and flood condition of the river had caused a weakening of the alluvial sub-soil along the river bank.

Within a fortnight after this collapse, however, there were five other more or less similar accidents in various sections of the city, some of them far from the river, and the Romans, always ready to inject melodrama into the simple facts of daily existence, saw in the series the presentation of a new source of terror. The inhabitants of southern Italy and Sicily live under the Damocletian sword of the ever-present prospect of telluric disturbances; would the Romans have to live in constant dread of the possible effects of a crumbling subsoil?

To this question the authorities have hastened to give an emphatic negation, asserting that each accident had a special cause and that there was no one underlying cause for all of them. In some places, it is explained, too much new construction was weakening the subsoil; in others, rain-water seepage had caused weakness, while, in still others excavations for building foundations had unearthed ancient sewage systems.

Filipino Voters in Years Increase Half Million

MANILA, June 20.—Approximately 1,800,000 ballots have been printed and will be distributed to the various provinces of the Philippines to be used at the national election on June 9, when members of the House of Representatives, one half the membership of the Senate, and provincial governors and other provincial officers will be chosen.

Comparing these figures with those of the election of 1922, there is an increase of approximately 446,000 voters this year. The province of Pangasinan in central Luzon heads the list of the provinces in the number of voters this year, 129,000 ballots having been sent to that province against 123,000 in 1922. The city of Manila has 70,000 qualified voters.

THE "NORM"

Among the College Annals of Merit is this Normal School Product.

Among the many college annals published at the close of the school year just passed "The Norm" is worthy of special mention.

Its general design is very attractive. The dark green semi-flexible covers are embellished with a gothic plaque, including the silver seal "Oregon Normal School" and the words "The Norm 1925" in bold relief.

The art features balance well with the literary scheme and are executed with skill and discernment.

The typography, the work of the Statesman press, is the result of painstaking effort and high grade of the printers choice and application of type forms emphasize further the attractiveness of the book.

In literary style, subject matter and expression The Norm portrays scholarly ability, conscientious effort, fine esprit de corps among students and faculty and genuine loyalty to the institution represented.

Berkeley's Anti-Noise Law Excludes Nocturnal Pianos

BERKELEY, Cal.—The much-advertised anti-noise ordinance in this college city in construed by City Attorney Earl J. Sinclair as excluding piano practice at late hours in the evening. Running of scales and other such trying modes of perfecting one's technique should come before 9 p. m., the city attorney held recently, in reply to complaints of neighbors about a music student's nocturnal practice.

Roosters and canaries have been legally alienated in previous interpretations of the ordinance. So have cats and needlessly used motor horns. Nevertheless the air of Berkeley is not always quiet through the night.

Red Tape Insisted Pilots Be Instructed How to Fly

CROYDON, June 20.—Croydon pilots and mechanics at this air station had a good laugh at the expense of government red tape recently. All the air express pilots are members of the air force reserve, and one or two were up for their annual training as reservists. To the amusement of their fellow pilots and officials, they were not allowed, owing to regulations to take up an airplane by themselves.

They had to go through the usual instruction sitting in pupil's seat while the instructor showed them how to fly the planes.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE WASTE IS AVOIDABLE POSTAL CHIEF AVERS

WASHINGTON.—Postmaster General New has determined to attempt to curb careless correspondents and prod parcel post users who are responsible for a drag on the postal service which causes an enormous economic and considerable financial loss each year.

With a view to reducing dead letters and parcels, now going to the dead letter office at the rate of 21,000,000 and 803,000 parcels a year, the postmaster general designated the week of June 1 to 7 as "Better Mailing Week," during which a nation-wide campaign will be conducted to educate everyone to use more care in the addressing of mail.

"If everyone who mailed a letter of parcel put a return address on the envelope (and the proper place is the upper left-hand corner, not the back)," says the postmaster general, "the dead letter office could be closed and a vast amount of money time and energy saved. More than 99 per cent of dead letters contain no clue to the sender on the envelope.

"Mistakes are bound to occur, but investigation of claims and complaints divulges that in the vast majority of cases it is the mailer rather than the postal clerk who makes the error. We are going to try to do better. We are striving for that goal of perfection, and we would like for you to cooperate with us and help reducing that appalling dead letter revenue. It can be done by:

"Addressing letters plainly, leaving out nothing that will help the carrier make delivery;

"Putting return address in upper left-hand corner;

"Using strong cord and stout paper."

Of the 21,803,000 pieces of mail which went to the dead letter office last year, 100,000 letters were in perfectly blank envelopes. Cash removed from dead letters amounted to \$55,523 which was turned into the United States treasury because its owners could not be located owing to lack of return and other addresses. Postage stamps amounting to \$12,165 were similarly found in undeliverable and unreturnable mail. Checks, drafts and money orders amounting to \$2,546,542 likewise were found but they represented only so much paper because they could not be cashed and have to be held a year for reclaiming, then to be destroyed.

Celilo Falls, Columbia's First Plunge Held Grandest Scene in All Northwest

Early Day Pioneer Aply Describes First Visit to Famous Beauty Spot: Trip Made From Walla Walla in An Open Boat

As one stands on the rocks overlooking the Celilo Falls, it is impossible to disassociate the vision from one that would include the hardy, unselfish ones who stand out in the history of the settlement and development of this great country. In keeping with this thought I cannot do better than quote from the Journal of one of the first and noblest; whose holy ambition was cut short soon after these words were written, by a merciless tomahawk. Mrs. (Dr.) Whitman writes of her trip down the Columbia under date of Sept. 7, 1836. "We set sail from Walla Walla yesterday at 2 p. m. Our boat is an open one, manned with six oarsmen and a steersman."

"I enjoy it very much; it is a very pleasant change in our manner of traveling. The Columbia is a beautiful river. Its waters are clear as crystal, and smooth as a sea or glass, exceeding in beauty the Ohio; but the scenery on each side of it is very different.

"There is no timber to be seen, but there are high perpendicular banks of rocks in some places, while rugged bluffs and plains of sand in others, are all that greet the eye. We sailed until near sunset, when we landed, pitched our tents, supped our tea, bread and butter, boiled ham and potatoes, committed ourselves to the care of a kind Providence, and retired to rest."

"Sept. 8th. Came last night to the Chute (above The Dalles), a fall in the river not navigable. There we slept, and this morning made the portage. All were obliged to land, unload, carry our baggage, and even the boat, for half a mile. After loading several with our baggage and sending them on, the boat was capized and placed upon the heads of about twenty of them, who marched off with it with perfect ease.

"Below the main fall of the water are rocks, deep, narrow channels, and many frightful precipices. We walked deliberately

740,000 a year. In New York City alone it costs \$500 a day to look up addresses. Approximately 200,000,000 pieces of mail yearly are given directory service. The simple addition of a return address would obviate it entirely post officials say.

among the rocks, viewing the scene with astonishment, for this once beautiful river seemed to be cut up and destroyed by these huge masses of rock.

"Indeed, it is difficult to find where the main body of water passes. In high water we are told that these rocks are all covered with water, the river rising to such an astonishing height."

"As I sit this beautiful spring day, hundreds of feet above this roaring cataract, the words of this gifted martyr, penned almost a century ago, come with compelling force. Not the force of rushing waters so much as the unwavering urge of human and spiritual progress."

"Under circumstances extremely primitive, this great soul was able to recognize the work of the Infinite.

Some years ago, in company with a man recently from the east, I was viewing some of the beauties of this matchless west, I hazarded the remark that, by comparison, the beauties of the east seemed artificial, hand-made. His reply was in all earnestness: "If you could travel up the Hudson

river, you would be compelled to admit it was God-made." So, as I watch the scene before me today from this vantage point, in its ever changing hues of sunshine and shadow, involuntarily something within me exclaims, "God made."

"During the countless ages since the Inland Empire was a vast sea and some tremendous force of nature released it, the waters of this great region have rolled over the basalt rocks of this gorge.

Today, the great rocks among which the river was lost when Mrs. Whitman made her slow and tedious journey with Indians to Fort Vancouver, are almost covered with a foaming, plunging volume of water. The roar, as it reaches me, is as the distant sea, beating ceaselessly upon a rockbound coast.

The Royal Salmon, true to its God given instinct, is rushing up these boiling chasms, that it may deposit its spawn in the sheltered streams high up in the mountain fastness. Even now, as in gone ages, I can see the entire Red Men, with gaff or net, standing on rocks over the turbid waters, patiently awaiting the luckless salmon that ventures too near.

"Thus the dim past is linked with the present. While the Red Men tolls with gaff or net, there rolls past him on either side of the river, great, modern trains, on tracks of steel; added to these are won-

(Continued on page 5)

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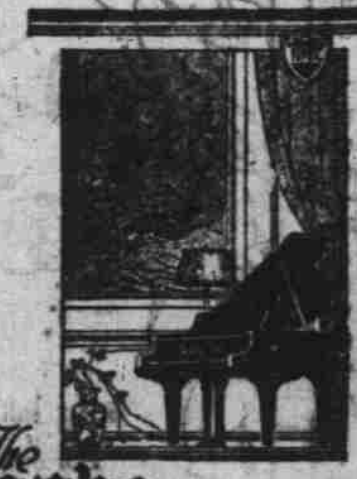
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June Time Is

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