

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Shows Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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A United Europe

THE proposals of Premier Briand of France for the creation of a United States of Europe have brought forth widespread comment on both sides of the Atlantic. The premier's position and his ability to drive home his views through his oratorical powers have given immediate importance to his scheme. In this connection a recent article by Norman Angell, the stimulating British journalist, which appeared in the London Spectator, gives a new picture of America's strength in case it should be called on to face a European war. Mr. Angell's comparison is worth reproducing for the benefit of the self-satisfied American if nothing else.

"Like in Europe and America, we have slipped into the habit of assuming, not merely that America is now 'the big noise,' indubitably the most powerful single national unit in the world, having captured an economic predominance which yesterday was Britain's, but that this predominance is bound to be permanent because it is inherent in the nature of things—in American superiority of natural resources, in more fortunate situation, in physical advantages denied to Europe.

Now there is plainly a confusion here. That America actually is wealthier than any state known to history; more powerful than any European state—all this is beyond question. But it is also beyond question that this is not due to natural physical advantage, but to something else.

"Make even a cursory comparison. Nowhere is Europe cursed with the vast stretches of arid land which used to be marked upon the school maps of the last generation as the 'Great American Desert.' Nowhere on our continent can one travel for whole days and nights in a train without seeing a blade of green grass, or any green thing that is not artificially sustained, as one can when one leaves Western Texas on the southern route to California. On the whole, Europe has a richer soil than America. Water and land are far better distributed in this continent for human purposes than they are on the other side of the Atlantic. The American Mediterranean is not open freely to two oceans as is ours; our Great Lakes, the Mediterranean, are not enclosed for six months in the year by ice as are America's. Our river system is far better adapted for transportation—and so one might go on. There is a greater density of population in Europe, it is true, but density of population is often a distinct economic advantage, as the tendency of population to group itself into small areas, which we see even in new countries like Australia and America itself, shows.

"The undoubted superiority of America and its economic predominance today are not to be explained by superiority of natural resources, but by a political fact (which gives rise, be it noted, to an entirely different way. Large-scale industry, as we know it in America, would not exist. If Henry Ford had had to drive his car, not over indifferent country roads, but over a dozen hostile tariff barriers, into states, each one of which was determined to have its own patriotic one hundred per cent Henry Ford, and if Massachusetts had always been talking of the competition of its trade with that of Pennsylvania or Michigan—well, of course, there would have been no Henry Fords.

"If we are to get any idea of the relative potential strength of Europe as compared to America, we must imagine Europe achieving at least some unity comparable to that which a happier history has already achieved for the States. In that event we should, leaving Russia out of account, have on this side of the world, a unit of two hundred and fifty million people, of whom the British, German and Scandinavian at least have shown themselves to be every bit as inherently capable of military, political, social and economic organization as the Americans. If we can imagine such unification as having taken place, there would be, in the Near East and in Africa, a field for the employment of large-scale industrial organization corresponding in some measure to the part played by the undeveloped West in the industrial development of America.

Power Control Shifts

THE Portland Electric Power company has long been one of the big electric companies whose control was held in few hands. Now the Clark interests of Philadelphia who have dominated the company for years have made a deal to sell or trade their stock to the Public Utility Holding Corporation of America. This means that the Pep company now becomes a tail to the kite of a big holding company flotation scheme.

For the company itself this may prove a good thing. The Clarks, according to report, have left the company drift for a good many years, not arising to meet the situation with respect to the financial structure of the company which is described as unwieldy. The new owners may be counted on to revamp the financial organization and get the common stock on some dividend basis if at all possible. The Clarks have enjoyed very competent executive management of the Pep company, in the person of Franklin T. Griffith whose resourcefulness has pulled the company through the post-war period with street-car incubus and active competition to hold down earnings.

The apparently obvious place for the Pep company to go was to the American Power and Light company which controls its competitor, the Northwestern Electric, also the Pacific Power and Light and the Washington Water Power, all operating in the northwest. The defeat of the merger scheme two years ago probably thwarted such a deal.

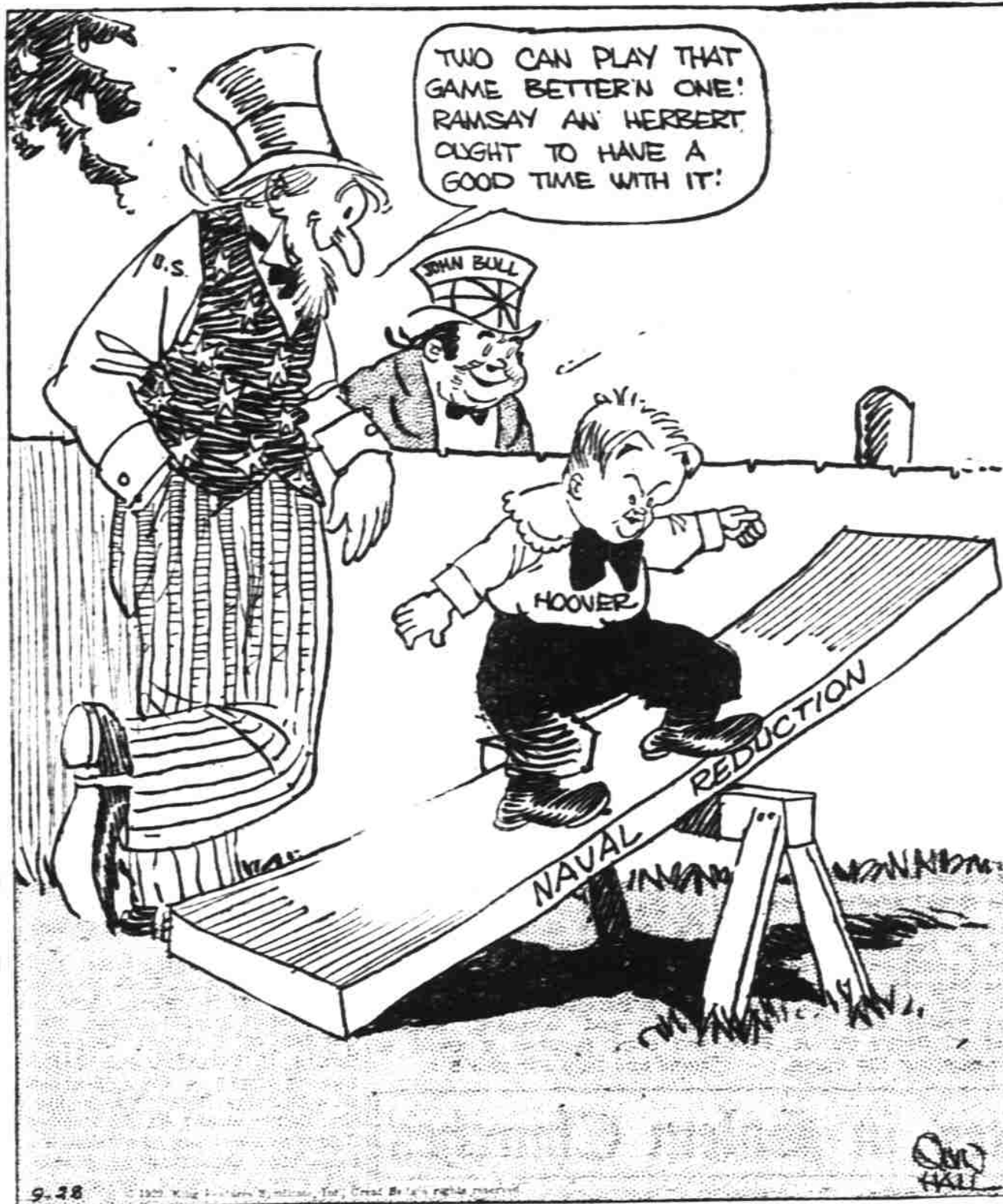
So far as the public is concerned the change will have no significance. The company was controlled in the east previously, so the shift means no change in that regard. In the financial skyrocketing of the present the public doesn't count for anything anyway except to pay the bills.

Political Sapience from Oz West

OZ West emerged from political twilight to sideswipe the past leadership of the democratic party in Oregon and to lay out formulas which will bring victory and spoils to the dems in the next election. Sez Oz: Nominate a full ticket from U. S. senator to constable. Well, that has been the biennial battle-cry since the campaign of 1898, only there haven't been enough registered democrats to fill the ticket. Then Oz says to get candidates from the live telephone directory and not the graveyard. But how else can they fill the ticket if the dead or fossilized Jacksonians are to be left off the roll of honor?

But here is the West formula, which is enough of a puzzle to keep slate-makers busy for six months: Nominate for U. S. senator and governor one from western Oregon and one from eastern Oregon; one woman and the other an ex-serviceman; both dry. Of course they might find the woman

Ready for Company



TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME BETTERN ONE! RAMSAY AN HERBERT OUGHT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH IT!

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Johnnie Jones—
All Salem and thousands of Oregonians outside of this city know him. His real name is John Jones. His father was born in Ohio, and his ancestors came from old Kentucky. His mother was born in Tennessee. His father was a cook; worked in Portland, and was employed one year in an eating place on the state fair grounds. He died when his son Johnnie was a small boy.

Johnnie Jones was born at Placerville, Cal., November 4, 1857. So he will be 72 within a few weeks. He came to Salem when he was 20, in 1857, and has been a fixture here since. The directory gives his occupation as a caterer. He has been that, and the best known caterer in Salem for over half a hundred years.

The occasion that led to the gathering of this short biography was a dispute about the Aurora restaurant building, between two Salem old timers. One of them asserted that the present restaurant building on the state fair grounds, occupied now and for several years by Mrs. Olmsted, is not the one which the Aurora colony people built. And the disputants referred the matter to the Bits man, with the suggestion that Johnnie Jones could tell all about it.

Johnnie Jones remembers that he worked in the Aurora restaurant building, but of course that was after the dissolution of the colony, which followed the death of its founder, Dr. Wm. Keil, which occurred December 24, 1877. The notion that the building now standing was not built by the colony people comes largely from the fact that it did not then stand where it does now. It was moved 15 or 20 years ago. It was built in the late sixties by the Aurora colony people, on the north side of the old pavilion that was torn down this year. There was a bakery in connection with it, and that was torn down before the main building was removed. In the old days, there were no public bakeries such as we see now in Salem, and it was necessary to do a great deal of baking for the crowds fed by the Aurora colony people—for they had all they could do in the building they erected, which for those days was very large. They brought from Aurora about 200 workers each year, including the bands and orchestras, the members of which helped with the restaurant work. They had six meat cutters, and 26 to 30 waiters.

There is another reason for the confusion about the old Aurora restaurant. The first Aurora restaurant was conducted in a big tent and it was located south of the old pavilion, and some wooden buildings were shortly added by the Aurora people; and perhaps a bakery. That is the Aurora restaurant remembered by the oldest of the old timers. There were tents, also, for the workers to live in. The same was true as to the men workers when the large building still standing was erected; but the women, or at least part of them, were provided with sleeping quarters on an improvised second floor or balcony—as one can see who now visits that building—at the back end.

When the settlement of the affairs of the Aurora colony came, there was a transcript of the holdings of the colony put into the court records, including the dishes and equipment of the state fair restaurant, and these were sold along with the other property in making the division among the members of the colony. The building was not included in this list, because it had become the property of the state fair when the

colony had ceased to exist and no longer had need of it. The building reverted, according to the contract with the state fair board; the board of the Oregon Agricultural society.

If the records of this society were available, they would be found to contain the contract with the Aurora colony under which the building was constructed and the colony restaurant conducted. There were mutual benefits—the fair needed the service, and the business was profitable to the Aurora people, because they raised nearly all their supplies, and their labor was in common, as well as their property. Hon. Wm. ("Cap") Miley of Aurora, former county commissioner, remembers when the building was constructed—when the materials were hauled by ox or horse teams from the mills at Aurora to build it.

Now about Johnnie Jones. His first work in Salem was for the Chemeketa (now Marion) hotel, which was then conducted by Tom Smith, who afterwards went to The Dalles. He worked later for Wesley Graves, who long had that hotel. He worked for Pete Emerson, old time restaurant keeper of Salem, who had also in the late seventies a prominent eating place on the fair grounds.

He was a fixture in the famous restaurant of Amos Strong, Johnnie Jones was—even when a famous candidate for the United States senate took a champagne bath there. Billy Westcott had the Strong restaurant for a long time thereafter, and grew rich there, and Johnnie Jones worked for him. Johnnie Jones was with the Charley Heilenbrand restaurant for a long time—where the Busick store is now. Court and Commercial, a few doors to the south of which was the Strong restaurant. Pete Emerson's restaurant was about where the Barr plumbing shop is now.

In 52 years, few high society banquets have been held in Salem without Johnnie Jones presiding in the refectory. The Rotarians or Kiwanians or Lions or other such organization cannot have a successful picnic now without the presence of Johnnie Jones. And so it goes. He is not an individual; Johnnie Jones is an institution in Salem. Johnnie's mother died in 1916. His sister, Mrs. Anna E. Smith, lives with

him, at their home, 1794 North Fifth street. She is a member of the Salvation Army, and a faithful worker in its ranks.

They are not Hawaiians, as many Salem people suppose. They are pure American African, coming down from the slavery days of their ancestors. Notwithstanding the color of Johnnie Jones, he has led in Salem a useful life. He looks good for 50 years more—many readers will be surprised at his years—but when he finally comes to the point where he can no longer respond to the call of the prominent women of Salem to help them out with banquets and other functions, Johnnie Jones will be sadly missed. His going from active service will leave a real vacancy, for he is more than a caterer. He is a super caterer. He is a first class cook, as any eater who has been in Salem long will gladly testify.

For he does not know how many years, Johnnie Jones has conducted a restaurant on the state fair grounds. He has one there now, on the "trail," or "happy canyon," or whatever they call the street on which the cravings of the inner man and woman is most frequently and completely satisfied.

Since the colony days, the Aurora restaurant building has been occupied by many renters or concessionaries. Bob Thompson, whose wife was a daughter of Rev. J. D. Driver, famous pioneer preacher, had the restaurant in that building at the fairs throughout the late eighties.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

September 27, 1904

Mayor Frank W. Waters has the ordinance for regulation of the health board in hand, and will be prepared to report it to the council next week.

Unusual activity in the county matrimonial market was evidenced, with five couples applying for permits to wed.

The training department of Willamette university will accept a limited number of pupils of public school grades before October 3. Mrs. Mary E. Reynolds is principal of the department.

Miss Ruby Phelps returned from Portland, where she assisted

Professor Ringler in the opening recital and exhibition of the Ringler school of physical culture and dramatic art.

Editors Say:

A JUST VERDICT

To those familiar with conditions in Los Angeles the past decade, the conviction of Mrs. Pantages on a manslaughter charge will come as a great surprise.

At the time of her arrest in Hollywood, there was no question in the public mind that the wife of the vaudeville magnate was intoxicated, and that the fatal accident was due to that intoxication. There were too many people on the street who saw Mrs. Pantages before and after the crash, to leave any reasonable doubt as far as the man in the street was concerned.

Nevertheless, when the trial opened, it was the same "man in the street" who was convinced that Mrs. Pantages would never be convicted. With millions of dollars at her disposal, with the best lawyers in the country at her command, with the known tendencies of juries to be swayed by appeals to emotion rather than reason; it was freely maintained that the worst vaudeville millionaire could expect would be a hung jury.

The Reverend "Bob" Shuler in fact, quick to sense the drift of popular opinion, broadcast this opinion over the radio a few days after the trial started.

But for once the astute Bob Shuler was mistaken, and so was the "man in the street." They failed to realize that with the election of District Attorney Flits and the conviction of Asa Keyes, nothing short of a moral revolution was enacted in the county of Los Angeles.

From the unspeakable corruption to a militant regeneration, the scene was shifted almost overnight. What would have been inevitable two years ago was impossible in Los Angeles this week. Under such circumstances great wealth and the power and social prominence it brings, instead of being a help to the defendant, became a handicap. Mrs. Pantages was convicted, and true to type, was carried screaming and kicking from the room.

Few people will find anything to exult over in such a sordid and depressing spectacle. At the same time any particular sympathy for the defendant would be misplaced. If any one thing must be eliminated from the American scene, it is the drunken automobile driver, woman or man. In the hands of an intoxicated person, the motor car ceases to be a conveyance, and becomes a deadly weapon. The sooner everyone realizes this,—that regardless of money, prominence or other consideration, it is the drunk automobile driver, woman or man, in the hands of an intoxicated person, the motor car ceases to be a conveyance, and becomes a deadly weapon. The sooner everyone realizes this,—that regardless of money, prominence or other consideration, it is the drunk automobile driver, woman or man, in the hands of an intoxicated person, the motor car ceases to be a conveyance, and becomes a deadly weapon. The sooner everyone realizes this,—that regardless of money, prominence or other consideration, it is the drunk automobile driver, woman or man, in the hands of an intoxicated person, the motor car ceases to be a conveyance, and becomes a deadly weapon.

NO GARDON FOR MOONEY

Pardon Young, of California, has recently announced that he will not reach a decision on the application for pardon of Thomas Mooney "for some time." The application has been before the governor for nearly three years, with full proof of Mooney's innocence under the charge on which he was convicted of having caused the Preparedness day bomb explosion in San Francisco more than 13 years ago. Two preceding California governors have had the application and the proofs before them also. All have "stalled," equivocated and put off. The pressure of the same powerful interests in San Francisco that caused Mooney and Billings to be "railroaded" is still strong.

Quite plainly the public in California either has not taken the trouble to inform itself of the facts or it is guilty of an amazing indifference to injustice. Three governors could not have allowed Mooney to stay in prison despite proofs of his innocence if public pressure had been put upon them to act. It is not to be supposed that the general public in California is aligned with the interests which sent Mooney to prison and are keeping him there. The general public simply is not interested. Unless it becomes interested, Mooney is likely to stay in San Quentin. There is little in the

Portland Bible Students To Fill Friends' Pulpit

Students from the Portland Bible school will fill the pulpit of the Highland Friends church Sunday while the pastor, Rev. Edgar P. Sims, is in Tacoma, Wash., in the interests of the evangelistic board of the Oregon yearly meeting. Mr. Sims is president of the board.

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