The Oregon Statesman

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

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Inciting to Civil War

"I should like to call on every free-thinking American, who can think at all, to break this law; break it repeatedly; break it whenever he can. Drink what you please, when you please. Urge others to drink. Don't betray the bootleggers who are smuggling liquor for you. In every way possible flaunt your defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment. Render it inoperative. Ignore it, abrogate it, wipe it out. Whilst it stands there, let it be disobeyed."—Cory Ford in May Vanity Fair.

Here we have revealed the revolutionary attitude of the extreme anti-prohibitionists. One needs to go back to the fire-brand oratory of the advocates of slavery to find such a rebellious and defiant expression.

It is characteristic of the liquor zealots throughout our history. From the time of the Whisky rebellion in Washington's first administration, the liquor interests have fought every attempt at restriction or limitation of the consumption of liquor. And they have persistently defied the laws that were enacted, whether they were closing laws, laws against sale to minors, or other legislation protecting society from the excesses of liquor.

Anti-prohibitionists now talk of "temperance," yet they had for decades every opportunity to conduct decent places of business. They failed and indulged in an orgy of political corruption to maintain their places of evil. Prohibition was the country's answer to lawless liquor. No matter what system of regulation we might impose it is certain that liquor will still be an outlaw yielding to no restraint.

Vanity Fair is the magazine of the elite, of those who think it smart to drink, and smarter to express sentiments such as the one quoted. Society thus dies at the top; the effete aristocracy are but conceited peacocks able only to strut and show fine feathers.

Dries have been portrayed as fanatics and extremists. We know of no fanaticism so wild as that now being displayed by soaks who seek to scuttle the constitution, the law, the courts in a short-cut to free and unlimited swilling in booze. It is just such intemperate utterances which make citizens when they cast real ballots instead of straw votes hesitate against any relaxing of the legal bonds against intoxicating liquor.

Pepco is Bapitzed Again

GOOD old Pepco is undergoing a second baptism. "Pepco" was an easy name to remember and to say. Everyone in the state knew what "Pepco" was. Now the company is swallowed up in the Pacific Northwest Public Service company. This in turn is a subsidiary of the Central Public Service Corporation. And the bankers of this holding company are Albert E. Peirce and Company. That is quite a strain on the memory of Mr. Average Citizen.

That name "Peirce" is catching the proofreaders, too, we notice. The typesetters want to put the "i" before the "e" and the proofreader passes it. In a recent ad our paper had the name spelled wrong, so did the Capital Journal, so did the Telegram and the Oregonian. We look for Mr. Peirce himself to come to Oregon and put on a spelling school.

With all that battery of cognomens what will the reporter or man-in-the-street do for a short designation of old Pepco? Nothing can be made out of a row of consonants like PNPSC. That looks like the name of a Welsh village only it is too short. Perhaps the selecters of the name did it on purpose, thinking with a long title not readily abbreviated, it might not be damned quite so readily. Think of a demagogue winding up his periods with having to repeat the pedigree of the new Pepco.

It will probably be a long time before the common appellation of Pepco is dropped. Evidently the new owners do not resent the old name, now that the company has stepped up in the financial world, and had a new christening. They add the familiar title of Pepco at the bottom of the ads. It will make little difference to the consumer who thinks nothing of the company when he flicks a switch or starts a motor. The only time he thinks of it is when the bill comes in or a fuse blows out. The business world has scant place for sentiment today, so Pepco will pass into the limbo of forgotten things along with Bank of Commerce, West Coast National Bank, and other merged institutions.

The question is, will regeneration accompany Pepco's fresh baptism?

Commercial Fishermen Protest

CALLING on the voters to "rebuke by their ballot any effort whatsoever calculated to hamper or destroy this great industry," the newly formed Commercial Fisheries association seems to be the answer of the commercial fishermen to Governor Norblad's promise to try to close the Rogue river for commercial fishing, leaving it a stream for sportsmen exclusively. Roderick L. Macleay, owner of canneries at the mouth of the Rogue, was the leading spirit in the association which was formed at Newport Saturday.

Does this mean that the commercial fishermen are going to strike back at Norblad, and this after his long years of service to their cause? It means that undoubtedly. With thousands of dollars invested in a going business which they claim is the "third largest industry" in the state, the commercial fishermen are not going to stand aside and let choice streams be closed.

Perhaps the state will have to fix priority rights to fishing, just as to the use of water for drinking, irrigation, power, etc. If so, the first consideration ought to go to commercial fishermen. The public wants fish to eat and wants fish at low cost; and with an ocean full of salmon the supply of good fish ought to be assured. The public gets sore at the commercial fishermen because their methods often exhaust future supplies of fish, they often engage in "poaching" and have been hostile to legislation designed to preserve the industry for the future. But game fishing is subordinate in importance to food fishing, and the state ought to go slow destroying established industries on the coastal streams of the state.

An oil company is the only business that has more trouble than an editor. A few years ago some of the shrewd company men thought of a plan of making leases and sub-leases and contracts with service stations. The plan looked all right both ways, and many station operators signed up. But in the days of the gas wars the contracts were strained and considerable bad feeling engendered. Now some of these oil companies are being sued for heavy damages by station owners. The gas wars brought on by sharp competition among the big oil companies and among the many stations have proved costly to all except the consumers. There are signs that the firms are cooperating better in maintaining their prices.

Be Cautious After an Illness

When Resistence Is Low Is the Time When Diseases Like Erysipelas Threaten.

By R. S. COPELAND, M. D.
U. S. Senator from New York. *Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.*

REQUESTS have come to me from time to time to write on erysipelas. I am glad to do so.

From ancient times to the present the disease has been observed. It is known not only as erysipelas, but also as "St. Anthony's Fire." It may appear in epidemic form or it may attack an individual, coming on without warning.

DR. COPELAND

In this condition the skin is inflamed and red, and there is more or less fever. In the severe cases there may be delirium.

It is a disease due to a germ, believed to be a special form of the dreaded "streptococcus" family. Whatever may be its origin, this disease must be taken seriously.

The greatest number of cases of erysipelas occur in the late Winter or early Spring. Perhaps the bad weather conditions, damp winds and sudden changes in temperature have their effects. The lowered resistance of the body after the Winter's confinement indoors prepares the way.

Erysipelas of the face and head constitutes 80 or 90 per cent of all cases. It may involve the face, but generally it begins on the side of the face, spreading from the cheek as far as the nose.

The skin in the affected part is hard. It appears glazed and shiny. The color varies from a bright red to a darker hue. The involved parts itch and burn.

It spreads rapidly. The duration of the disease is usually from three or four days to ten days, and sometimes longer.

There are certain constitutional conditions which may predispose to the development of erysipelas. Bright's disease is the chief one of these. General debility or alcoholism are important factors. Under certain conditions there is danger of it after a surgical operation.

Anything that lowers the powers of resistance, creates a weakness of the body that permits such germs to enter the system and do their evil work. In cases of poor nutrition, in old age and in debility from any cause the victim is liable to pick up the germ.

The person in fair health does not need to fear an attack of erysipelas. The one likely to suffer is the person who is recovering from some severe injury or surgical operation. In the latter cases erysipelas is a serious matter. In old people and debilitated persons it is much more likely to be severe than it is in young people.

The cases in which the head is involved are the most serious. In such attacks there is danger of the eyes or the brain being involved.

Erysipelas is an infectious disease. On this account the patient should be separated from the rest of the family. A doctor should be consulted in every case.

The strength should be built up with good, simple food. Milk is one of the best of foods. The skin is kept clean and moist by frequent bathing with cold or hot compresses.

Local applications are used. The common remedy is a solution of ichthyol in water or an ointment of ichthyol in vaseline. The itching may be allayed by swabbing the irritated parts with a solution of hyposulphite of soda, using three tablespoonfuls to one pint of water.

Needless to say, after the attack has subsided the general health must be built up with good but simple food, regular hours and plenty of fresh air and sunshine. The sooner you build up new vigor and vitality the better able your system will be to ward off further infection. There may be recurrences of this disease unless the health is improved.

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Yesterdays
... Of Old Oregon
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

April 28, 1905

The first equipment for the Oregon Southern railroad passed through here bound for Crater Lake. It consisted of a new engine and a combination coach. The road will begin during business at once; it is expected travel will be materially increased during the summer months.

The council street committee is contemplating establishing the grade on Marion street just where it passes the location for the proposed new high school buildings. It is said the present grade is a foot below what it ought to be.

The tower on the west side of the city hall building has been converted into a hose tower. A strong iron rack has been built at a height of about 55 feet from the ground, and will accommodate 28 50-foot sections of hose.

J. M. Lawrence has bought back into the grocery store he sold out a few days ago. J. W. Harritt, who has been a member of the firm for so long, has bought the Steiner Grocery of Salem.

A Problem
For You For Today

Smith sold a house to Greene at a profit of 12 per cent. Greene sold it to Brown at a profit of 8 per cent. If Greene received $12,096, how much did the house cost Smith?

Answer to Yesterday's Problem: 384 R. P. M. of wheel; 1689 6 R. P. M. of motor. Explanation—10 miles in 15 minutes is 2-3 mile per minute; multiply 5280 by 2-3; multiply 25 by 22-7; divide by 12 and divide this result into 3,520; multiply 384 by 4.4.

A LITTLE NSE TWEEKING

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"WHERE'S EMILY?"
by CAROLYN WELLS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE.

ON the eve of her marriage to Rodney Sayre, Emily Duane disappears. She had left her Hilldale Park home, "Knollwood," to visit the hospital, but never reached there. Foul play is feared when Jim Pennington reports his wife, Pauline, and Emily's best friend, also missing. Rod proposes calling the police.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT'S outrageous," exclaimed Nell. "It's a perfectly dreadful thing to do! Emily will be angry when she comes home and finds——"

"I'll take care of Emily's anger, Nell," said Rodney, so sternly that the girl ceased to remonstrate.

"But let's call up Jim Pennington first," suggested Aunt Judy. "He may know something about——"

"He won't know anything about the matter," Craven declared, "for if he did he would have telephoned us before this. But, I do think, Sayre, it's only right to tell him what you've decided to do. For, I can't see us giving the police the facts without telling them that Mrs. Pennington is also missing, and before we do that Jim ought to be consulted, or, at least, notified."

"That's right," Lamb said, "shall I get him?"

Sayre nodded and Lamb started for the telephone.

The rest sat in utter silence until his return.

"Jim agrees it's the thing to do," Burton told them. "He's been thinking of the same thing himself. And he says he'll come over here, and we'll confer with the police together. He says the maid will call him if Mrs. Pennington comes in."

And so the strong arm of the law, as represented by the Hilldale force, came to Knollwood and Jim Pennington came also, and Emily's disappearance became a case.

Aunt Judy couldn't stand it, and Pearl led her sobbing from the room.

Betty and Nell stayed in, of course, and the men of the house party.

Everett Craven remained and he and Pennington were really spokesmen, Sayre answering only when asked a question.

The chief, a man named Jennings, was well-mannered, but straightforwardly inquisitorial, and seemed to think that all present were trying to hide something from him.

"Speak out, now," he said; "anything you try to conceal will not only hinder our efforts but react against your own interest."

Jim Pennington stared at him. All this was distasteful to his artistic temperament, and though trying to bear it bravely, Pennington was growing nervously irritable.

"Great Scott, man," he said, "we're not keeping anything back! We haven't anything to keep back. I only wish we had. But we know nothing beyond what we've just told you. Miss Duane and Mrs. Pennington are strangely absent. It may be that everything is all right, and it may be all wrong. That's what we want you to find out."

"You have all the facts," Craven assured him, "but if you want to ask questions, go ahead. You may bring out some facts or deductions that we haven't thought of."

A sergeant was present, and also a plains-clothes man, who was Lawlor, a detective.

Lawlor was alert and quick-witted, and his eyes darted from one to another as he listened.

"I think," he began, and the chief sat back in silence. It was plain to be seen that he was quite content to leave the inquiries to another.

"I think," Lawlor said, "that we want to begin at the beginning. Who was the last one to see Miss Duane as she left the house?"

"I don't know about seeing her," said Sayre slowly, "but I daresay I was the last one to speak to her. She had been telephoning the hospital, and she ran in here to me to say she was going over to the hospital to see a new baby there. She told me not to tell anybody, as she would be back in ten minutes. So I obeyed her, and just waited for her return."

"Did anyone else here see Miss Duane go?" asked Lawlor, but they all looked blankly at one another.

"Prall, the butler, saw her," said Betty, suddenly. "He saw her go out the back door."

"Call him in," said the detective shortly, and Prall was summoned.

"Yes, sir," he informed, "I saw Miss Emily go out the back door——"

"I just chanced to see Miss Emily run out that door like she was in a hurry."

"The kitchen door?" he was asked.

"No, sir, it's a door that opens into a back hall, an entry."

"I see. Go on."

"That's all, sir. I just chanced to see Miss Emily run out that door like she was in a hurry."

"Didn't you think it strange she should use that door?"

"Well, no, sir, I didn't think anything about it. I was busy with my work, and too, Miss Emily, she's always doing things other people don't do. I've seen her go out of a window when there was a door open and handy."

Lawlor looked at the others for confirmation of this, and Jim Pennington said, "That's right. Miss Duane was, well, whimsical, and often did unexpected things. It was nothing remarkable for her to go out the back door if she wished to escape observation."

"I see. And which way did she go, Prall?"

"I don't know, sir. I didn't look after her at all. I just saw her go out."

"Have on a hat and coat?"

"Neither, sir, just a fur skin round her neck. I noticed that without exactly thinking about it, but I can see her in my mind."

"Yes, a mental picture, a photographic recollection. Think well, now, Prall. Did she seem perturbed? Bothered? Anxious? Worried?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. She was gay as a lark, humming a little tune, like she often does when she's happy."

"Then, so far as I can see, that's all we can learn at first hand of her procedure. Now, Mr. Pennington, what of your wife? When did you see her last?"

"We went away from here together," Jim said; "we said good-by to Mrs. Bell and to Miss Duane and we spoke to a few others as we left the room. Then, we walked along together, toward home, and my wife said she wished I'd step over to Wallace's and get her some cigarettes. She expected some from New York but they hadn't arrived. She said for me to run over and get them, and she'd saunter along until I caught up with her again."

"And did you?"

"No. I was delayed a few moments getting the cigarettes and when I again reached the point where I had left her, I didn't see her. But I thought nothing of that and went on toward home, hurrying a little that I might overtake her. But I didn't see her at all, so I concluded she had reached the house before me. I went in the house and to my surprise she wasn't there at all. I called Rosa, the maid, and she said Mrs. Pennington had not come in.

"Even then, I didn't think much about it, assuming that someone she knew had come along, and she had gone off on some trivial errand. I even thought that perhaps Emily Duane had run after her for some purpose. I didn't know then anything about the hospital baby or that Emily had gone over there. So, I just waited around a while. I called up this house and one or two others where my wife might have gone, but I could get no word of her, so I just waited. I worried a little but not much, for, with the wedding preparations going on, all the girls have been on the jump and you never know where they'll be next."

"The maid could tell you nothing?"

"Nothing at all. How could she? Mrs. Pennington went out with me when we came over here in the afternoon, and when I reached home, she hadn't appeared at all."

"But I mean, the maid said nothing about Mrs. Pennington's having some other engagement or——"

"No. She, Rosa, isn't my wife's personal maid. My wife has none. Rosa is waitress and parlor maid. Indeed, she's the only maid at present, for the cook left yesterday, and a new one is expected on Monday."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

About the wapatoo:

"What was the wapatoo?" asks a correspondent. It was an early day vegetable, used much by the Indians before and after the white settlers came to the Oregon country, especially in what was then known as the valley of the Multnomah river, and more particularly the lower reaches of it. The Willamette valley of the present.

R. J. Hendricks

Webster gives the spelling as wapatoo. It is generally spelled wapato in Oregon now. The wapatoo was the chief element of food of the Indians; the staff of life that served as a basis of all food products for the natives of this section. It gave to the children of the forest a vegetable that was easily obtained.

It furnished for the tribesmen the ingredients now supplied to our people by the potato and various grains of the field that are staple articles of diet. It was the bread of life for the red men.

This bulbous root, the sagittaria latifolia of the botanist, or the arrow head of common parlance, grew in widely scattered districts throughout this territory, in shallow lakes and marshes where it could find a few feet of water for the proper sustenance for its growth. Some of the well known places where this plant was abundant were at Sauvie's island, the mouth of the Cowlitz river, and Horseshoe and Wapato lakes in the Willamette district, in what are now Washington and Yamhill counties.

It also grew in profusion in the many small lakes that have lost their identity by the grading and building of the city of Portland, where numerous Indian villages were once located in the dim and forgotten past. The union depot in Portland occupies the site of one of these lakes, that was filled in largely by being made the city dump for a long period. It was called Guild's lake.

In the spring of the year the wapatoo plant presented a beautiful appearance, as the whole surface of the lake in which it abounded exhibited a view of an uninterrupted sheet of bright ultra marine blue, from the innumerable blossoms.

The root of the wapatoo was cooked by the natives by digging a hole in the ground, then putting down a layer of heated stones and covering them with dry grass, on which the roots were placed. They were then covered with another layer of grass, and on the top of this they placed earth with a small hole perforated through the covering of grass and earth down to the vegetable content. Into this hole water was poured, which, reaching the hot stones, formed sufficient steam to completely cook the roots in a short time; the hole was immediately closed on the introduction of the water.

The Indians east of the Cascades had as their staff of life instead of the wapatoo what was known to them as the quamash, lakamass, or camas, the bulb of a blue flowered plant, of the genus quamasia, especially Q. quamasia of western United States. It was known as the Indian potato, or the wild potato. The tribesmen of that section moved en masse, men, women, and children, to the camas fields each season, to lay up stores for the winter. A note in the compiler's index of Harvey W. Scott's History of the Oregon Country, page 284, says: "The camas root has a sweet flavor, and was eaten by the Indians, when raw or when cooked; it is cooked whole, or dried. There were many variations of the name: quamash of Lewis and Clark . . . quamas, kamash, kamas, comash, cammis, commos. The new Latin name is camassia. Two western species grow in moist prairies, esculenta and leichlini . . It is a bulbous root, dug in June and July . . . The camas is something called wild hyacinth." (From camas villages have been named in Idaho, Montana, Washington and Utah, and there is Camas valley in Douglas county, Oregon.)

The note being quoted concludes: "Camas prairie is an elevated prairie of fertile farming land, 40 miles southeast of Lewiston, Idaho. The Indian trail leading from the lower Nez Perces at Kamiah, on the south fork of the Clearwater, crosses this prairie. Lewis and Clark passed that way on their return trip, in the spring of 1806 . . . The prairie lies between Salmon river and Clearwater river, south of Lawyer canyon. The town of Grangeville stands at one end of the prairie and that of Cottonwood at the other."

The Indians used many other roots, besides those of the wapatoo and the camas. The bitter root (lewisia redivia) is the state flower of Montana, adopted in 1895. Its flower is rose red, and its roots, containing much starch, were a valuable food to the Indians. The plant belongs to the purslane family. A specimen was taken by Meriweather Lewis and named for him (as above) by the botanist, Pursh. The name is that also of a mountain chain and a river valley. Most readers have heard of the Bitter Root mountains and the Bitter Root river valley.

There was another favorite root that was harvested by at least one tribe of Indians, the Umatillas. The Bits man, as a boy 7 to 9 years of age, on a farm a mile south of Westeon, Umatilla county, remembers well, in the early seventies, the long and picturesque files of these tribesmen, with their women and children and ponies and dogs, as they passed on their way to the camas and cowse harvest. This was near the foot of the Blue mountains, not far from the place where the covered wagon trains of the earlier days emerged from their tiresome and perilous passage of that range on its western slope.

The Bits man is not certain of the spelling. He remembers well the pronunciation, cowse, one syllable, with the soft sound of the s. Perhaps it was the marsh marigold, or cowslip, or cow's lily, its flower resembling the buttercup, and used by western settlers as a pot herb. The Bits man would be glad to be enlightened concerning the cowse or kowse, or whatever it was they called by a name that sounded like that, which the Umatillas harvested along with their camas harvest in the early days.

Sacajawea, who helped in leading the Lewis and Clark party through the Rockies in 1805, was born a Shoshone Indian, a branch of the Snakes, whose people were among the poorest of all the red tribes of America, getting their living largely from the wild roots and herbs and nuts and berries of the mountainous section between the headquarters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers.

(The Bits man acknowledged a number of valuable suggestions from kind friends—valuable hints concerning matters that will have attention as soon as his many duties shall become less urgent.)

FORMER JEFFERSON PASTOR IS HURT

JEFFERSON, April 28—Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Brown were severely injured recently, when their truck with a load of household goods turned over on the Dalles-California highway. They were released by passing motorists. It is thought they will recover.

Rev. Brown was a former pastor of the Jefferson Evangelisal church, and both are well known in this vicinity. Their daughter, who had been ill for a number of years passed away at The Dalles April 15 where they had moved, thinking it might benefit their daughter's health. The Brown's were moving back to Redmond when the accident occurred.

DENSONS HAVE SON

JEFFERSON, April 28—Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Denson at McMinnville are rejoicing over the arrival of an 8½ pound son born April 25. The little babe has been named Tommy Ernest, and is the great grand-son of T. A. McKee of Jefferson.

BANISH MUSIC?

"PLEASE *don't*," plead millions of theatregoers.

"Better not," warn wise showmen.

"Sure we will," declare industrialists who control canned music in the theatres. "The public can learn to like records as well as orchestras. Anyway, that's what they're going to get."

And so the issue is defined: Shall talking pictures be used as an excuse for reducing the theatre to a dehumanized museum (without reduction in admission charge). Or, shall the atmosphere of the theatre be retained and the cause of culture served through a victory for music?

Managers of high-class theatres recognize that real music is essential, and so they continue to provide it.

Others must be shown.

The Music Defense League, organized to voice the public's desire for real music, is approaching 2,500,000 membership. Each vote counts more today than ever before.

If you would like to see music restored to the theatres of your own home town, SIGN AND MAIL THE COUPON BELOW.

American Federation of Musicians
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)
JOSEPH N. WEBER, President, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.