The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Not in the Record

THE Oregon City Enterprise takes a fine attitude toward the decennial census. While the count shows a gain of only 50 for this important industrial center, nevertheless as the Enterprise says, the increase in the small communities surrounding the city has been large.

But the count of persons does not tell the whole story. A city may develop, become finer and richer and stronger even though its number of inhabitants shows no gain. There are items not reported in the census which none the less show growth and progress over the span of years. New school buildings may replace old, muddy streets may have been paved, new homes may have been erected, churches and hospitals.

Then public affairs may be on a much better plane. The public indebtedness may have been cut down, its parks or utility enterprises improved, a factional spirit that divided the community, outgrown. Yes, there are many things which no count of heads will show.

Consider the family for example. If in a decade children have been born, fine; the home is or should be the happier for their presence. Even if the number in the household remain the same, the home may be a better place than it was ten years ago. There may be a new bathtub, or a heating plant. Perhaps father got the leaky faucet in the kitchen sink fixed sometime in the last decade. Flowers may bloom in the dooryard, perhaps the mortgage has been paid off. The decade has marked progress for the home even with its family the same in size. So it is with the city.

The Enterprise relates a decennium of achievement for Oregon City even if only 50 more people reside there to enjoy the finer Oregon City of 1930. Here is what the Enterprise lists, though none of it goes in the census report:

"While Oregon City proper has gained perhaps less than 50 people within ten years, she has no apologies to make on that score. Had we failed to advance in other respects there would be cause for chagrin. In the past ten years we have seen our city government vastly improved, and our civic affairs so handled that many miles of streets have been paved, city buildings have been erected, parks beautified, athletic grounds provided, paid fire department installed with modern equipment, all without adding to the burden of the people. We have witnessed the erection of beautiful churches, the enlargement of our school facilities, the organization of a service club, better theatres for our amusement and a golf course for recreation; our mills have enlarged their plants and output and a beautiful bridge has replaced the old suspension bridge across the Willamette, while numerous elegant residences bespeak added home comforts."

"Woman's Work is Never Done"

BY WAY of the bright and instructive editorial column of the Portland Telegram we read of Mrs. Anna Lesley of Monument, Grant county, a "find" of the Canyon City Eagle. The pages of her diary seem torn from the chapters of pioneer mothers. Days full of labor, yet with all the tasks of tending a farm, a home, and caring for a brood of a dozen children, she yet had time for errands of mercy in the community. And Grant county is out in the wide open spaces where neighbors may be miles apart, and a visit to the sick may mean a journey of considerable distance.

Mrs. Lesley tells her story in this wise:

I'm no man, nor have I a man on the place, and I work to make a living, and I will tell you a few of the many things I do.

I am the mother of twelve children, now raised, and in addition I raised three grandchildren. I have done all the family washing on a washboard, and I cook three times a day for from nine to twenty.

I raise a large garden, milk twelve cows by myself (sometimes a boy helps). I clean the stable, I sew and I work in the irrigation ditch.

Sometimes I have to ride three miles after the cows; I feed twenty fine calves.

I am chairman of the sick committee in the grange, and when someone is sick I go between milking and do what I can. I do part of the winter feeding of hay; I raise turkeys and chickens, and I walk to church and Sunday school, a mile.

I do all my housework, churn my own butter, attend to my business and put in many a hard shift from early dawn to bedtime.

As we read the advertisements telling of how the load of womankind has been lightened through household appliances and as we think of those women filled with ennui from the daily round of bridge and teas and theatre parties, it is something of a shock to know that there are still those women whose days of unremitting toil are long and continuous. Mrs. Lesley, though, is one of a type fast disappearing. For even in the country the burden resting on women has been greatly eased.

President Hoover acted wisely in vetoing the bill for a special coinage of half-dollars to commemorate the Gadsden purchase. The veto should serve as an example to stop further invasions of the coinage for localistic enterprises. For our part too we would prefer keeping the 2c postage stamp the same Geo. Washington stamp we have always had, rather than to come out every few months with fresh issues showing an engraving to promote some memorial or other. Stamps and coins should be changed but rarely.

The rector of Grace Episcopal church in New York announces he is going to exact a pledge of all couples coming to him for joining in matrimony that they will join a Christian church in the community where they will live. This is an ecclesiastical question which any church is at liberty to decide for itself. It does seem presumption for people who have no use for a church to hunt up a preacher for their weddings.

The "untouchables" in India, numbering some seventy million, decline to join in the Gandhi campaign for disobedience. Have they really; or is the statement more propaganda from British sources? The late war taught us to read our foreign dispatches with less credulity than previously.

Julius Barnes is authority for the assertion that labor now receives 57% of the national income while only a few years ago its share was 51%. He might add that the real wages received by labor are higher now than ever before. Every drop in commodity prices is a pay increase for the man with a fixed wage.

A self-styled "business engineer" is out to eat up the "Oregon wildcat," Robert G. Duncan. Portland seems more worked up over Duncan's radio line than over the state election. Politics isn't very interesting unless you touch popular prejudices. Then people see red and go crazy.

What state, after New York, pays the highest taxes to the federal government? Glibly one may say Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan or Massachusetts. Wrong. It's North Carolina, because of the big collections of taxes on cigarettes manufactured there. Illinois comes third and Pennsylvania fourth.

A daughter of S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, listened to a radio for the first time last week. She lives in Paris, but came to New York and heard a radio, which she called the "stepchild of the telegraph."

The bad first quarter of the year gave stocks a severe fainting spell the past week. Probably the financial writers will now say that the stocks have "passed into strong hands."

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING

"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. Pennington says he left his wife at the ravine, a short distance from the Duane home. When he returned she had vanished. The police find Polly's body in the ravine.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XVI.

"MURDOCK and Lawlor are standing by, but I must get back. There's a deal to be done. And no doctor or anybody could get down there, you see. You know how steep and craggy it is, and more'n fifty feet deep. We've got to get the lady up, and that's a problem of itself."

"Well, Jennings, you get along, then." Lamb was alert enough now when he had something to do. "I'll tell Mr. Pennington—of course, he can be of no help—so, we'd best keep him here for a while. You—you saw nothing of Miss Duane?"

Rodney Sayre turned to Jennings with his haggard face still dazed at the news he had heard.

"No, sir, nothing at all. But I must see Mr. Pennington before I go. You see, it's his wife——"

"Yes, I see," Lamb returned quickly. "He must be consulted, though of course he'll not be able to do anything——"

"That he won't. It was all Murdock could do to get down, I dunno how he'll get up again, or get the lady up."

"Is there water in the ravine?"

"No, sir, it's dry just now. It's never very wet, anyway. Can we see Mr. Pennington now?"

The three returned to the lounge, and as Rodney sank down in silence on the sofa, Lamb went to Jim Pennington and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Bad news for you, Jim," he said, slowly, with a compassionate look.

"For me? What is it?"

"They've found Mrs. Pennington, and she's hurt—badly hurt."

"Hurt? How? Let me go to her. What's Jenkins doing here again? Has he seen Emily?"

"No, but he has seen your wife, and she—she fell over the bridge into the ravine."

Pennington looked simply incredulous.

"Fell over the bridge into the ravine? Why, she couldn't. The railing is too high."

"Well, she did," Lamb's nerves were giving way, "and she's lying at the bottom of the ravine, badly hurt—"

Pennington rose and his face went white.

"What are you trying to tell me? If she's at the bottom of the ravine, she's not hurt—she's dead—"

"Yes," Lamb assented, glad to have the dread ordeal come to its climax at last.

"Pauline—dead—it can't be—"

All of Jim Pennington's careless, debonair, semi-bored manner fell from him like a garment. He seemed suddenly old, suddenly helpless.

Everybody in the room was intensely sorry for him, but what could be done?

It was hard to say any words of comfort or condolence to a man of Pennington's type. He was so cynical, so impatient of spoken sympathy, that any speech seemed banal.

And then Rodney said, seemingly not so much by way of condoling, but with a cry wrung from the depths of his tortured heart:

"Jim, I'd rather know where Emily is, even if she's dead, than to suffer this unbearable suspense."

"No, you wouldn't," Pennington returned, with his quick insight. "You may think you mean that, but it isn't true. Come, Mr. Jennings, take me to—to the place. Will somebody go with me?"

He looked round the room with a pathetic pair of appeal that they never had seen in his eyes before.

"I'll go," said Pete Gibby, "I'm the best one to go. Rod, you and Lamb stay here. If there's any news of Emily, I'll come straight back and let you know."

The three men started, Gibby racking his brain to think of something to say to the man beside him.

"Don't try to help, Gibby," the other said, with understanding. "There's nothing to be said, you know. Which ravine is it?"

"The little one, sir," answered Jennings, turning his head. "Just past the Miller place."

Leaving Emily's home, the path was picturesque, being purposely left rough and stony and lined on either side with flowing wild shrubs.

The Duane house being on a hill, this path led slightly downward, but crossed the big ravine by means of a rustic bridge.

Soon after came the Miller place, a big house, also on a sidehill. This place was between the two ravines, but what with trees and rocky spots, it was scarcely visible at night.

The stony, winding path went on, and after crossing the little ravine, passed the Penningtons' home.

But, of course, our two men stopped at the bridge of the little ravine, where a group of people were already gathered.

The scene was weird, for the Hidalgo lights were not numerous, though ordinarily sufficient.

The flashlights of the police were here and there, and there seemed to be more people coming.

The first words Gibby heard were from the lips of some untutored helper, who was saying:

"Yep, I know, but how'll we git her up? Nothin' to hitch a derrick to——"

"Come away, Jim," Gibby said. "Let's go on to your house."

"See here," said Pennington, "I'm not a weakling, though I know I acted so when you first told me. I nearly went under. But the situation has to be faced, and I'm going to face it. Isn't that Dr. Eaton?"

"Yes, let's speak to him," Gibby was greatly relieved at the way Pennington was recognizing the inevitable. Time enough for collapsing and grieving after this awful situation was closed. Of course, they would get Pauline up somehow and away somewhere, but Gibby couldn't fathom how or where.

Dr. Eaton recognised Pennington and held out his hand.

Quietly he said: "I'm glad you're here. We want your advice."

"I doubt whether I can give any. What do you think of doing?"

"I've sent for an ambulance from the hospital."

"Is there hope?" and Pennington's face lighted up for a moment.

"No—but I think it the best thing to do."

"Can't we take her home?"

"I'm afraid not tonight. There may be much to do too difficult for an ordinary funeral director——"

Gibby felt the shudder that ran through Pennington's body, and he broke into the conversation:

"Don't let us keep you, Doctor, I'm sure you are needed at the scene of operations."

"No, the ambulance and fixtures haven't come yet. You see, to let down a bed or pallet is out of the question—I mean the getting of it up would be too much of a problem."

"Cut out the details, Doctor," said Gibby, irritable at last. How could even a calloused doctor be stupid enough to talk like this before the husband of that poor broken victim!

But Pennington said:

"He's doing that for my sake. But he doesn't quite understand. I want to know details. It is my right. It is no kindness to me to guard me from the horrors of it all. My grief I must bear alone, but the things you propose to do, you must tell me. It is your duty."

Though Pennington spoke with utter calmness, his lips quivered, and after a keen glance at him, Doctor Eaton said:

"I think it is, and I think you will be better for knowing. We can conceive of no way of carrying the body up the side of the ravine. It is a most difficult climb for an unhampered man; with a burden it would be impossible."

"And so?" Pennington queried.

"And so, we have decided to let down a hammock, which can be safely drawn up by two strong men."

Pennington drew a quick breath of relief, which was echoed in Gibby's mind, for both men had vague fears of horrible things like hooks or grappling irons.

"Have you strong men to raise it?"

"Yes, have no fear. I will look out for that. The trouble is to find another who can climb down to help Murdock out. It needs a man of agility and skill, but I'm sure Jennings can get some one."

And so some of the gruesomeness was removed, but the weirdness remained, and it even changed to a solemn rite as Pauline Pennington's body was carefully hoisted up into view.

Gibby had once seen a burial at sea, and he never forgot the sight of the swathed dead body going over the side of the ship.

But here was a dead body coming up from depths beneath.

The hammock was folded over so that nothing could be seen, and though Pennington made a quick move toward it, Pete Gibby held him back with an iron grip.

There were some things in which he was determined to have his own way.

Carefully the hammock was lifted into the ambulance, and driven to the hospital.

With a quickly controlled sigh, Pennington said:

"Now, see here, Gibby, you've been a real brick. You've stood by and you've done all one man could do for another. Now, you go on home—my God! In my own tragedy I forgot all about the other one! Where's Emily?"

"Maybe at the bottom of the other ravine," said Pete somberly.

"Oh, no. Well, you go on home, and I'm going over to the hospital. Even if they don't let me see her, I can be under the same roof; and if there's any word of Emily, let me know."

Gibby agreed, for he knew Pennington would be in safe hands if, as he feared, there was any sort of nervous collapse.

Stolid and material-minded himself, Pete Gibby had a sneaking contempt for the artistic temperament; but he admitted that Jim had behaved very well.

Alone, he turned back to the strange scene. Murdock was just coming up, having preferred the perilous climb to trusting to being hauled up by his fellow men.

"Don't want two bodies in the ravine in one night!" he said, as they remonstrated with him when he appeared.

Gibby shuddered, for his mind kept picturing another body, that of Emily, in the ravine that night.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

When the war started:

Meaning the war between the cattle men and the sheep men. It is suggested, as the reader will see below, that it may have had its beginnings in the covered wagon trains on the plains. With Henry C. Porter of Aumsville as her source of information, Sarah Hunt Steeves, in her "Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers," wrote the following:

"William Porter was the son of David and Nancy Porter, who were born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, David being born in 1780, and his wife, whose malden name was Culton, in 1784. Their parents were born in Virginia and were of Irish descent. David Porter died between Soda Springs, on Bear river, and Fort Hall, on Snake river, in 1849, on his way to Oregon. He had previously moved from Virginia to Tennessee and from Tennessee to Missouri but left Missouri and moved to Illinois on account of his prejudice against slavery.

"William Porter was born in Lincoln county, Missouri, on December 14, 1812. When a small boy he spent considerable of his time in Fort Kennedy, on account of Indian trouble. He remembered having spent one night lying in the corn field with the rest of the family hiding from the Indians, and his father feeding some of the children gunpowder to keep them from coughing, which would perhaps have revealed their hiding place. At the age of 19 years he went to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he attended Illinois college four years, being a classmate of Richard Yates, one of Illinois' brightest governors. In 1836 he permanently located in Pike county, Illinois, where he taught school continuously for 10 years. Hon. Ben Hayden and other well known pioneers of the west were among his students. In 1840 he was married to Miss Sarah Coffey, daughter of N. and Elizabeth Coffey.

"In 1848, with his wife and four small children, he crossed the plains to Oregon, being six months to a day on the road, having started on April 7 and arriving at his last camping place on October 7. A man by the name of Bolivar Walker was the captain of the Porter train, which consisted of about 29 wagons.

"A conk shell was used to round up the caravan in the morning. One or two blasts from this trumpet would awaken the sleepy train, while later signals would gather the wagons together for the early start.

"The personnel of this party, as near as could be ascertained at this date, were; N. Coffey, Isaac Ball, W. H. Tucker, Stephen and William Porter, H. N. V. Holmes, Dr. Joseph Blackerby, Jacob Conser and Samuel Tucker, all with their families.

"These were serious times, when the cattle would stampede and make for the river, and at one time Isaac Ball jumped from his wagon to try to head off the crazed cattle, with the result that he had his leg broken. At another time Stephen Porter risked his life by standing on the brink of a river and waving his coat in the face of the oncoming herd, just averting a tragedy.

"If the caravan wished to leave a message to an advancing train, they would write their instructions upon a bleached buffalo skull and put it in a conspicuous place by the side of the trail. It was quite common to find by the roadside a skull telling that so many yards in a certain direction and hanging in such and such a tree, would be part of a carcass of a buffalo. The writer's mother, in telling of this, said there were no flies when they came across the plains in 1847 and often they found meat in this way. The hot sun would sear the outside and within the meat would be sweet and good.

"A Mr. Watt coming with this train brought quite a band of sheep with him, and as the sheep would be sure to spoil the grazing for the cattle he was encouraged to keep in the rear of the train, but as he preferred the protection of the greater company, he would urge his sheep on, to catch up with the train. The war between the cattle men and sheep men must have started about this time, for some wag in the company wrote on a skull and put it beside the trail, where Mr. Watt could see it, these lines:

" 'Watt and his sheep, going to pasture, Says Watt to his sheep, can't you go a little faster?'

"Mr. Porter spent the first winter in a log cabin about one-fourth mile south of the present town of Aumsville. His wife died a few weeks after arriving here of mountain fever and was the first person buried in the present Aumsville cemetery. In the spring of 1849 he moved two and a half miles southeast of the present town of Aumsville, where he took up a donation land claim, where he resided until his death in 1899, at the age of 86 years. In 1849 he was married to Miss Martha Coffey, a sister of his first wife, who was born in Cumberland county, Kentucky, on July 7, 1813, and who after her marriage lived on the old donation land claim until her death in 1903, at the age of 90 years.

"William Porter was chief clerk of the first territorial legislative assembly, that met at Oregon City on July 16, 1849. He served Marion county as assessor, commissioner and representative. He enrolled all persons in the county subject to military duty, under the supervision of Provost-Marshal Captain Keeler. He was a republican in politics but very much opposed to 'rings,' 'set ups,' and illegitimate campaign funds. When he received the nomination for representative he was at home working on the farm and had no idea that his name was to be brought before the convention. He was a member of the Christian church and believed in practical religion, many times helping the poor and needy, and often to his own detriment financially.

"To him ad his first wife were born four children: William G., Elizabeth N., John H. and Sidney R. To him and his second wife were born three children: Henry C., Sarah L. and Mary J.

"William G. served three years in the U. S. army during the Civil war, chasing Indians in eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho. In 1868 he was married to Melinda E. Lewis, daughter of Reuben Lewis, one of the 52 pioneers who met at Champoeg and voted to place Oregon under the American flag. Elizabeth N. was married to C. K. Read, an early pioneer, in 1864.

"John H. was married in 1870 to Mary Ada VanNuys, whose parents were early pioneers of the Waldo hills.

"Sidney R. was married to the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Brownson, who were residents of Aumsville for many years.

"Henry C. was married in 1877 to Minnie F. Welch, a native of Ontario, Canada.

"Sarah L. died in 1892; was never married.

"Mary J. was married in 1890 to Henry C. Von Behren, a native of Indiana."

Henry C. Porter, mentioned in the above, is still one of the most prominent citizens of eastern Marion county, residing, hale and hearty, at Aumsville, with the wife of his youth. The N. Coffey of the 1848 immigration was Nebuzaradan Coffey, assessor of Marion county in 1851. He was the grandfather of Mr. Henry C. Porter.

Joseph Watt was the sheep man of the 1848 covered wagon train. He came first in the 1844 train, of which Hon. John Minto was a member. In that earlier train, the Shaws, prominent in founding the town of Eola, brought a few sheep to be used for supplying mutton on the plains. They traveled so well, they were brought clear through. So Mr. Watt returned to the east and brought quite a band in 1848. He became one of the big sheep men of early Oregon. He was largely responsible for the building of Salem's first woolen mill. He was the father of Mrs. Werner Breyman, old time prominent Salem resident.

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

May 1, 1905

The Dalles-Deliio portage railway will be completed and ready for operation within the contract limit, May 15, according to observation of C. S. Moore, state treasurer and member of the board of portage railway commissions, who has just returned from a tour of inspection.

Eugene Bosse, the flax expert, brought a sample of fall sown flax which measured 47 inches in height. This is considered an excellent growth for fall flax.

The Southern Pacific company has at last commenced the work of improving its tracks and crossings at the intersection of Commercial and Trade streets.

The fees collected in the office of the Marion county clerk during the month of April aggregated $336.95, which is $44.95 more than was collected in the same month last year.

HAIL STORM SEVERE

LINCOLN, April 30—Lincoln was hit by a severe hail storm Sunday afternoon about 3 o'clock. What damages were done has yet to be learned.

Value of a Balanced Diet

In This Age of Great Activity It Is Necessary to Maintain Health with Proper Foods.

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

WE ARE living today in an age of great activity. It is necessary that we have the proper food to keep the body in good condition. We must have it to enable our hearts and muscles to do their work.


DR. COPELAND

One hears much about a balanced diet. How many are there who know what this means? Even if they do realize its importance, there are too many, either deliberately or without intent, who go merrily on their way. They eat wrongly and in consequence suffer the penalties of broken health.

Every housewife must feel the responsibility of choosing the right food to keep her family physically fit. There are certain simple rules to follow. It requires the application of a little intelligence, of course, but it will pay in the long run to put thought and care into the selection of the right things to eat.

The important foods which produce energy and repair body waste are divided into three general classes—proteins, carbohydrates and fats. A balanced diet calls for these food elements in the following proportions:

One part of protein made up of the flesh foods, like meats, eggs and the dairy products. These are for building and repairing the muscles and framework of the body.

Three parts of fats, such as are found in butter, cream, oils and cooking fats, oily nuts and fat meats. These furnish energy and round out the body. They give flexibility to the joints and the muscles.

Six parts of carbohydrates, made up of sugars and starches, such as potatoes, cereals, breads, sugars and other sweets. These furnish heat and energy.

There are other foods, also, that are needed to provide the mineral salts. These elements go to make the teeth, bones and other tissues of the body. The foods must contain roughage and a sufficient vitamin content to protect the body from disease.

Meals are not necessarily well balanced even when they contain one of each class of foods; for much depends upon the proportions used. Do not use too many similar foods; variety should be the rule.

If you have meat for dinner, you should not include a dessert made up of milk and eggs. If you do, you will be supplying more protein than is necessary. If the meal includes no meat, but bread, butter and vegetables, then you will have a balanced meal by including a custard or rice pudding made mostly of milk.

A Problem
For You For Today

A 50-foot wire is stretched from a stake to a point on a pole 30 feet above the ground. Another 50 ft wire is stretched from the stake to another pole on opposite side of first and in line with it and the stake. How far apart are the poles?

Solution to Reader's Problem of Yesterday

My solution is the time is counted on the intervals between the hours. There are four intervals between one and five, consequently there is just one second between each stroke. Since there are eleven intervals between one and 12 it will take 11 seconds to strike 12 hours.