The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers

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Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. $1.25; 6 Mo. $2.25; 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 60 cents per Mo. or $5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; $5.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains, and News Stands 5 cents.

The Cost of Efficiency

THE annual report of the Northern Pacific railway which ranks as one of the best operated railroads in the country, contains the interesting information that while in 1929 the company had on its payrolls 3496 fewer persons than in 1916 the payroll was $17,757,754 greater. Here were the figures:

	1916	1929
Number of employes	240,899	24,403
Total payrolls	$28,240,669	$45,962,423

The report might have added that its annual disbursement of dividends to stockholders is $5,000,000 less than in 1916.

Here is one of the significant trends of modern industry: fewer employes, bigger payrolls. In other words the paycheck of the man who stays on the payroll mounts. But what happens to the men who are lopped off the payroll? This presents one of the industrial problems of this age of efficiency which is becoming acute. Hitherto social concern has been largely with the man the job that his wages be increased to where he receives a comfortable living. Usually in this fast growing country men released by one company have been readily absorbed in the same or other lines of trade. But temporarily at least this rapid absorption of displaced workers has slowed up; so we have unemployment caused by dislocation of workers as well as by a pause in rate of production.

We are beginning to see also a certain class distinction in labor ranks. In certain industries like railroading where powerful organizations protect the working men and in trades calling for skilled workmen whose number is limited, wage scales are maintained on a higher plateau than in other lines of industry. These distinctions have prevailed in the past but are somewhat more apparent now when men are searching for work.

The present lull in production will soon pass. Basic conditions are sound, and as soon as affairs are readjusted on the plane of lower commodity price level demand will reassert itself, factories resume full schedules and employment curves rise. But the problem attending the "cost" of efficiency as illustrated in the Northern Pacific report will continue. Recurring wage increase demands force higher payrolls in spite of cutting off of the number of employes. In this instance the railroad has not gained because its total payroll is greater; the stockholders have not gained, because their dividends have been cut two-sevenths; the employes out of a job have not gained; the employes on the job have benefited. The true foundation for wage increases must be in the increase of production made possible by added efficiency. That which occurs at the expense of the jobs of other workers or the compensation of men in other lines of enterprise may result in an economic mal-adjustment ,such as we have been experiencing in recent years.

A Little Indian War

THE whites are planning to dedicate a monument to Lawyer, famous Nez Perce Indian, at Walla Walla on June 3rd. The monument is to be unveiled by Miss Mylie Lawyer, a granddaughter of the famous Indian, who has been residing at Chemawa, and attending Willamette college the past year.

Some little controversy has arisen in the Walla Walla sector, a renewal of the "Indian wars," though this time the weapons are words instead of arrows and bullets and scalping knives. President Penrose of Whitman college is taking the lead in the honoring of Lawyer, whose claim to fame is that he moved the tepees of the Nez Perce Indians during the night alongside the camp of General Isaac Stevens in the famous conference of 1855, and saved the small band of whites from extermination by the Cayuse and other hostile Indians.

Many of the Indians resent this tribute to Lawyer. A number of tribesmen residing at Pendleton have written a protest in which they claim that Lawyer was not a chief but an ambitious poltroon, and that he did not save the whites from massacre. President Penrose has made a characteristic spirited reply. While the controversy will not reach the proportions of the "Whitman legend" discussion, it has given the history lovers of the historic Walla Walla country something to talk about while waiting for the wheat crop to get ready for harvest.

A Vesper Picture

DID you see it, the new moon?

Thursday evening it hung its pale light in the western sky. And near its tip was the evening star. Below a narrow belt of lead-colored cloud; below that to the horizon the saffron glow of the sun sunk behind the Eola hills. No streaks of red in the sunset; just the mellow golden afterglow that abides a short time before darkness falls.

Up the arc of the sky hung graceful silver crescent and evening star, faint lanterns of the twilight.

—If you saw it, then a fine vesper picture remains framed in your memory.

The Hawley-Smoot tariff bill promises to give the president another "mental hair-shirt."

It isn't an axe Governor Norblad is using; it's a spade: digging his own political grave a little deeper with each decapitation of an honored appointee.

An old mattress proved a poor savings bank for a San Francisco laboring man. He lost over $2500. There is no substitute for a real bank when it comes to safeguarding one's savings.

"A clean, pure election" that was what Secretary Davis told his campaign managers he wanted in the Pennsylvania primaries. That would be something of a novelty in Pennsylvania.

With the present governor getting the title of doctor of laws and the next governor getting the gate as a practitioner of law it has been a busy week for Oregon's lawyer-governor material.

Doctor Norblad is showing great skill as a surgeon. Two or three amputations a day are nothing in his day's work.

All the Ford owners feel better since Packard has cut its price four hundred dollars.

The Chinese government needs a victory to fill its treasury. A lot of other treasuries are in the same fix.

HEALTH

Today's Talk
By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Our breathing apparatus is a wonderfully made piece of machinery. The larynx is situated below the tonsils, between the back of the mouth and the bronchial tubes.

DR. COPELAND

On the outside of the throat you can see that prominence known as "Adam's Apple," which is made up of plates of cartilage or gristle. It lies directly in front of the vocal cords. Back of these plates the vocal cords stretch across the hollow space. All these structures make up the larynx.

The entire breathing apparatus is lined with a delicate tissue or mucous membrane, which extends without interruption down to the base of the bronchial tubes. When this mucous membrane becomes inflamed for any reason, either a light or a very acute attack or laryngitis may follow.

A sudden cold, or in cases of chronic catarrh, infection may be carried into the larynx. It may be a plain, simple inflammation or it may have an infectious character. It may accompany some constitutional disease or appear after a period of strain. Tobacco smoke or irritating gases, drafts of air or getting wet may cause laryngitis.

The first symptom of laryngitis is hoarseness. It hurts to talk or to swallow. The throat aches and the victim feels uncomfortable in general. In an acute attack there may be fever, increased heart action, headache and much discomfort.

Sometimes there is a complete loss of voice. Mucous is coughed up in considerable quantities and possibly some blood. The coughing is the most prominent symptom. Some persons who use their voices much of the time may be afflicted with laryngitis.

Those who have trained voices seldom have these troubles. Their vocal cords are properly used. They use the organs so that there is an absence of strain.

One of the reasons why a cold should not be neglected is because of danger of the infection spreading to the larynx or ears. Inflammations begins in the mucous membrane of the nose and may extend down the whole length of the bronchial tubes. This is a common occurrence in persons with a slightly run down condition.

During an acute attack of laryngitis special attention must be given to the bowels to keep them open. The patient should be kept warm in bed, with the windows open for ventilation. He should be given only the most simple food.

Spraying the throat with a hot boracic acid solution or some good alkaline spray is excellent. If the throat is not too sore a gargle of hot water will ease the throat.

C. D. Q.—What causes white spots to appear on the skin?

A. This is usually due to lost pigment or coloring matter. The cause is unknown and there is no specific cure.

* * *

P. A. T. Q.—I took three boxes of aspirin in a week to cure a toothache. Would this cause one to be nervous?

A.—Possibly.

* * *

MRS. BURNS. Q.—What causes one of my small baby's ears to protrude more than the other?

A.—This is probably a physical characteristic and may adjust itself when the child is older. If not, you might take the child to a plastic surgeon. These surgeons are very successful in operations of this kind.

* * *

C. W. B. Q.—My son, nine years old, has been vaccinated three times with no results. Is it necessary to be vaccinated again?

A.—Probably not.

* * *

Worried. Q.—What is psoriasis and what is the treatment. Is it advisable to marry if one has this disturbance? Are women as susceptible as men?

A.—Psoriasis is a skin disease and is usually very slow and tedious in yielding to treatment. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. Yes. The disease is just as common in women as it is in men.

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

June 1, 1905

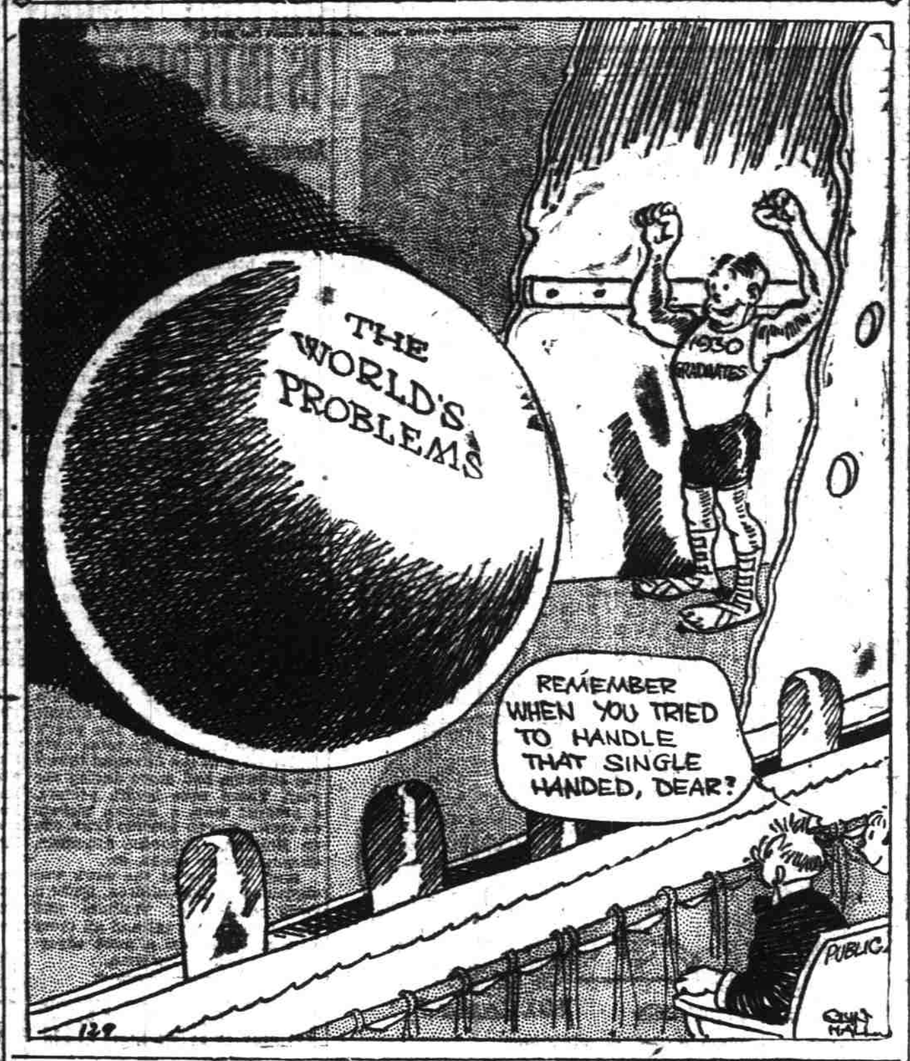
The man found in a dying condition a short distance south of Turner early this week, has been identified as an escaped resident of the insane asylum. An overdose of morphine was the cause of his condition.

The Glendale state bank is the title of a new corporation. Among the incorporators are L. K. Page, and A. F. Hofer of Salem.

Negotiations for purchase of the Sperry block have been closed, and the properties passed into the hands of the new corporation, the Northwest Publishing company, consideration being $17,000. According to Dame Rumor, the purchase foretells establishment of a new evening paper.

Forty-five eighth grade pupils taking the state examinations from this county were successful and have been forwarded diplomas.

ANOTHER STRONG MAN ACT



"WHERE'S EMILY?"
by CAROLYN WELLS

CHAPTER XLIII

The next morning Fleming Stone started out by himself for a short walk, he said, before he took the train to New York.

Aunt Judy offered him the cars in the Knollwood garage, but he said he preferred the train this time.

His short walk took him to one place only, a small house on the edge of town. An unpretentious place, clearly not the abode of society folk or even well-to-do citizens.

But Stone was satisfied with what he learned there, and took the train at the little railroad station with hope high in his breast.

He put in the day in New York on some quest that seemed to involve hasty trips from one great business building to another. And from each of these Fleming Stone emerged, more and more perturbed, more and more crestfallen, more and more with the ashy grayness of hopeless despair settling down upon his fine, strong face.

"Done!" he told himself, with bitter anguish. "Done! Yet how could I know? How could I guess? Have I really met my Waterloo at last It can't be possible. I'm so near the truth, so near a solution, and yet—where's Emily?"

He went back to Knollwood, broken and heartsick. Not entirely despairing, for that was not his nature, but near it as to leave but small leeway for hope.

As he saw the car that was at the station to meet him, and realized there was no one in it but the chauffeur, he was glad, for he did not feel like talking to the young people just then.

By the time he reached the house, he was his own man again, and had concluded that to keep up the morale of the whole case he must put on a more cheerful attitude, which he proceeded to do.

The result was that he presented rather an unreadable countenance to the group awaiting him at the tea table.

"Good hunting?" Gibby asked lightly, for he knew better than to be definitely curious.

"I know," said the astute Betty. "Mr. Stone got part of what he wanted in New York, and part he didn't get."

Again Stone was amazed at her perspicacity, though he sadly realized that though she spoke truly, the part he didn't get was what is known as the lion's share.

But he only said: "Right you are, Betty, as usual," and then he changed the subject to other topics and they all took the hint.

The next day Fleming Stone kept to his rooms much of the time. It was Wednesday. One day more and Emily would be missing a whole week, and already the consensus of Hilldale opinion was that she would never be seen again.

Whatever had happened to her, or wherever she was, they felt sure she would never be found alive, if at all.

Some few believed, with the police, that she had inadvertently killed Pauline Pennington, that her sudden temper had caused her to push Pauline over the railing of the bridge, and that, horrified at the position in which this put her, she had run away and would never come back.

Others pooh-poohed this theory as being not at all like Emily Duane to refuse to face the music in any emergency, and these stuck to the belief that she had been seized for the diamonds she wore and, having put up a fight, had been killed or mortally injured, and had been carried off.

Stone rejoined the family at tea time, and he looked pale and anxious.

"Where does the doctor live?" he asked. "Doctor Eaton."

They told him and he asked for a car to take him to call on the medical man.

Betty offered to go along, but Stone gently declined her company and went off alone.

"That man's awfully worried," Betty said, and Pete responded:

"I'm glad of it. And I don't mean that the way it sounds. I mean, I'm glad he's got something to worry over—something to chew on. It's more hopeful than when he's serene and calm, because there's nothing to look into."

Stone had a short interview with Doctor Eaton, but it was a satisfactory one. He learned from the medical man some facts that he could have found out in no other way, and they went far to confirm what he had called the glimmer of a glow of light on the dark subject.

He went back, and going at once to his rooms, he dressed carefully for dinner. For some aesthetic reason, it always helped Fleming Stone to be well dressed. Especially when he felt dissatisfied with himself or his work. And in this case he did feel so. Never before had nearly a week elapsed after a crime, without his having found some strong clues or evidence, if not, indeed, having solved the whole question.

"But you have some clues — some evidence"—he remarked to his reflection in the mirror. "Now the thing is to hang on to them and work them up; don't let go of a single loose end."

"I shan't," the reflection in the mirror promised him.

He went downstairs, to receive very genuine compliments from Betty on his dressy effects. A few guests were expected, as Aunt Judy persisted in keeping up the family traditions of hospitality.

But the guests were a little ill at ease and they left early.

The five sat round the lounge. Rodney in his usual place on the sofa. Betty and Pete near by, Aunt Judy in a big easy chair, and Fleming Stone standing by the fireplace, his elbow on the mantel.

The outside door was open, as the evening was warm, and a footstep on the porch was heard. A stumbling, irresolute footstep, and all looked toward the door.

There, framed in the door-casing stood Emily Duane.

But what an Emily! Wide-eyed, staring vacantly, trying to lift one foot to the doorstep.

Sayre was paralyzed, not believing his senses; the others, too, sat for a moment spellbound, and it was Stone who dashed across the room and gathered the fainting figure into his arms.

"Here—lay her here," cried Rodney, springing to life at last, and helping Stone lay the girl down among the pillows.

"Send for Doctor Eaton," Sayre ordered, and Betty flew to the telephone.

Black Pearl, overhearing something indicative, hovered in the hall.

"Come in, Pearl," Aunt Judy cried out almost hysterically: "Miss Emily is here!"

"Bress de Lawd!" murmured the young negress fervently, and then fell back unobtrusively, yet at hand if needed.

"What's she been, Mis' Bell?" Pearl whispered.

"Hush, we don't know. Don't make any noise."

"No, ma'am."

Yet noise did not disturb Emily Duane. She lay in a dead faint, and beyond holding sal volatile to her nose and fanning her lightly, they dared not go. Almost no word was spoken as they awaited the coming of the doctor.

Betty quietly scanned her appearance.

She was attired just as she was when she had left the tea, when she had told Rodney she was going to the hospital and had gone —where?

Her frock, though somewhat tumbled, was not torn or soiled. Her shoes showed no sign of hard wear or unusual dust or dirt.

She had on no wrap and no hat, and one hand clutched tightly the diamond necklace that hung round her throat.

Sayre, on his knees at her side, looked at her as if he could never look his fill; as if he feared it was all a dream and he must soon awaken.

Aunt Judy went to her chair and sat there, wondering yet grateful that Emily was back with them, whatever her lot might be.

(To be continued)

LAY SERMON

DEMOCRACY OF DEATH

"Now limb doth mingle with dissolved limb
In Nature's busy old democracy;
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea;
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose."
"Ode in Time of Hesitation,"
William Vaughn Moody.

Once more the living have paid tribute to the dead. The day of memorial has come and gone, and fading flowers on burial plots bear witness that they who sleep in death are not forgotten. A day of pause in the rhythmic pulsing of industry; and now the beat is picked up and life flows on: The present has bowed at the grave of the past.

Death is a great leveller. Pride and position yield to the imperatives of natural law. Soon or late the signal comes and men lie down in the democracy of death. As the poet perceives rose and mountain laurel spring from the dissolution of heart and limb. There is no distinction of race or blood in the breast of mother earth.

Ah, but the poet sees the recreation only of th physical. He sees chemical transformation of material of the body into humus, into tree or flower. The body decays, and one offers no more back to earth than another. But man's contribution is far greater than the weight of his physical substance. There is no common level of the influence of his character or personality. Some live and die leaving no impress on their generation or on the future. They are mere integers in the census. Others leave the positive impact of personality on those they meet. Even if they offer no permanent contribution to art or literature or government they have influenced life. Whether they be remembered or not their influence is felt, is not readily erased, affords the survival which makes for the continuity of experience of the race.

The verse which is quoted as a text implies much of life's futility. The generous bosom of nature plays no favorites in death—why then aspire? Why labor to achieve? For this: Man is more than of the earth, earthy. His brain and heart are more than ponderable grams of organic matter. Man's influence reaches out and touches and molds life in distant cities. Though his name be not written in books of biography nor graven deep in the granite of votive tablet, the man of character makes an impress which survives. Each man of himself determines the nature of that imprint and its depth.

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

The provisional government:

* * *

Continuing from yesterday: The members of the committee appointed at the meeting of February 2, 1843, at the Oregon Institute on Wallace prairie knew, of course, of an announced adjourned meeting to be held at Champoeg March 4, 1843, to which the objections of the Canadian French settlers to the proposed provisional government were directed. So they let that proposed meeting quietly lapse, and called what became termed the "wolf meeting," to be held at the house of Joseph Gervais March 6, 1843—two days after the date of the lapsed meeting at Champoeg. As soon as the meeting at the Gervais house had agreed upon a bounty for wolves, W. H. Gray, by an understanding with the chairman, introduced the subject of better protection for the settlers as well as for their live stock, and he made an able plea for a committee to devise a complete plan of government. Gray made two motions, one that such a plan be undertaken and the other that a committee of 12 be chosen, and both carried. Eleven instead of 12 were named.

* * *

The choice of the meeting fell on Dr. I. L. Babcock, Joseph Gervais, Thomas J. Hubbard, W. H. Gray, Sidney Smith, and George Gay. The passage of this resolution was brought about by considerable maneuvering, Le Breton and Smith being previously employed to ascertain who could be relied upon to support it. "Moreover," says Bancroft, "it is hinted that certain men, notably the clergy, were absent through prearrangement, lest their presence should alarm the settlers, who were not in favor of a government by the missionaries. The caution used not to provoke opposition is apparent in the wording of the resolution itself, which only proposes to consider the propriety of taking measures. But the committee ,or those of them who were managing the business under the direction of the mission, held stated meetings, at which they discussed more than anything else the question of how to make a governor, and whom to place in that position. They also drew up a report which was an acceptance of a form of provisional government, and a list of the officers they proposed to the people to elect. In the mean time the subject was skilfully agitated among the settlers, French and American, who were convinced that an organization was inevitable, and taught to believe that unless they would be ruled entirely by the missionary class, they must take the matter of the proposed government into their own hands."

* * *

Still quoting Bancroft: "Among other arguments urged was the attitude of the natives in the interior, the need of a military organization, and the benefit to be derived from having a land law. These were the ruling motives with the American settlers; but that they did not influence the Canadians to any great settlers; but that they did not influence the Canadians to any great extent, their formal address is evidence. However, if there was to be a government, the latter wished to share its benefits, and anxiously conferred on the subject among themselves. The time being now ripe for action, the committee called a mass meeting, to be held on the second of May at Champoeg, to hear their report."

* * *

On the appointed day, about an equal number of French and American settlers being assembled, the meeting was organized in the open air by the election of Ira L. Babcock as president, and George W. Le Breton, W. H. Gray, and W. H. Wilson as secretaries. The report of the committee was then read, and of course proved to be in favor of a political organization, "to continue in force until the United States should establish a territorial government." This, on a motion to accept, was thought to be rejected on the first vote, when considerable confusion followed, occasioned by the speaker being unable to determine on which side was the majority. The ayes and noes being called for, there was still a doubt, when Le Briton moved that the meeting divide in order to be counted. Gray seconded the motion, and the order was given for those in favor of organization to file to the right, while the opposite party took the left. The first to step to the right was Joseph L. Meek, his splendid figure clad in the ragged habiliments common to the improvident mountain men. With a sparkling eye, a voice of command, and the air of a major-general, the hero of many wild adventures in the Rocky mountains stepped to a niche in history as he strode to his position, crying out, "Who's for a divide! All in favor of the report and of an organization follow me!"

* * *

Meek could always influence his comrades, and there was a rush for his column. There were at least 57 votes in favor of the formation of the provisional government—though many histories say 52, and the monument at Champoeg park has only 52 names. Nearly all historians give the negative vote completed. When it was seen that the affirmative side prevailed, the dissenters withdrew in confusion.

* * *

Then, without opposition, the majority members at the meeting took up the report of the committee and disposed of it, article by article. Then there were elected on the spot the following officers: A. E. Wilson, supreme judge with probate powers: G. W. Breton, clerk of the court, or recorder. Joseph L. Meek, sheriff, W. H. Willson, treasurer; Hugh Burns, L. H. Judson, Charles Campo and A. T. Smith, magistrates; G. W. Ebberts, Reuben Lewis, J. C. Bridges, and F. X. Matthieu, constables; John Howard, major, William McCarty, C. McRoy and Sidney Smith, captains, David Hill, Robert Shortess, Robert Newell, Alanson Beers, Thomas J. Hubbard, W. H. Gray, James O'Neil, Robert Moore, and William M. Doty were chosen to constitute a legislative committee, whose duty it was to draught a code of laws for the government of the colony. The legislative committee were required to complete their work in six days, and had their salaries fixed at a dollar and a quarter a day, the money to be raised by subscription. The 5th of July was appointed for receiving the report of the committee.

"The objects for which so much striving and scheming had been carried on for two years was at last accomplished. The people had consented to a provisional government. By judiciously keeping out of sight the cost of the experiment, by yielding the point of taxes, and promising to get along without a governor, the missionary party had won the day. It was only, however, by encouraging the settlers to believe that it was their own government that this success was secured. J. S. Griffin was suggested as a member of the legislative committee, but his nomination was opposed on the ground that clergymen should have nothing to do with making secular laws, as their calling disqualified them from fully comprehending the wants of the community. They had been tried and found wanting. They had thus far controlled the affairs of the colony, but failed of the objects of government, which were the protection of the people."

* * *

The last statement shows prejudice, as is the case at many points in Bancroft's history. His writers of his history had to tell the truth about the major role the missionaries played, but Bancroft in his editing of their copy showed a bias that was far from complimentaly to his sense of justice.

* * *

(This series on the formation of the provisional government will be continued in Tuesdays' issue.)

A Problem
For You For Today

A dealer sold 50 cows and mules for $3000. He received $50 for each cow and $75 for each mule. How many of each did he sell?

Answer to Saturday's Problem 8. Explanation—Take 25 per cent of 1.20; add to 1.20, cost per; dozen divide $1 by $1.50; multiply by 12.

Editorial Comment
From Other Papers

THE SPACEBAND

For nearly four centuries a succession of low born varlets with the high sounding title of compositor painfully picked the types, one at a time, up out of the cases and assembled them in lines, which afterwards were put on the press and printed, and thus with the aid of the carrier boys the world accumulated the prodigious amount of knowledge that it has at the present time.

The low-browed saltiff who set up the type, and was satisfied if he had 30 cents a day, a can of beer when the shades of evening fell, and a pile of old papers on which to sleep at night, has come to be the aristocrat of the labor world, and he no longer figures his time by days, but he takes in more cash in an hour than his predecessor took in in a week, and he can buy a gallon today more easily, even at prohibition prices, than his ancestor in the trade got hold of the canful. That's because we have the spaceband.

All this miracle has unfolded itself in a few short years. The downtrodden printing industry of half a century ago is now one of the giants of the world. It was made so by the mechanical device now universally used for setting type.

Ottmar Mergenthaler, a watchmaker by trade, was the genius through whose labors the printing industry was transformed, and, as has happened so many times in the history of the race, the token of his genius was a simple thing —so simple that we cannot help wondering why no one thought of it before he did.

It is a peculiar thing about the printing business that each line in the column must be of precisely the same length as the one before and the one after. Mr. Mergenthaler put two pieces of steel together in such a way that with a machine behind them they could be used successfully with other similar pieces to make lines of type all of the same length. The modern typesetting machine, probably the most intricate and at the same time most perfect example of automatic mechanical application, is built around those two little pieces of steel which the printer calls a spaceband.

The modern newspaper is an everyday convenience, to the mechanics of which few people give any thought. It is a development of the most amazing period in the history of civilization—that period which began within the last half century.

Mergenthaler, who, by making the spaceband, remade and made great the printing industry of the world, has been dead for a considerable time, and yet if he were living now he would be entering this week upon his 77th year. He would have been 76 last Saturday.

The people of this day have become familiar with many marvelous inventions. They know nothing about Mergenthaler's spaceband; but that little contrivance probably has had as much to do with the development of the human mind, imagination and genius as any of the others.—Yakima Republic.