

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
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing-Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
Arthur W. Stuyves, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.
Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Steecher, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 366 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. \$6 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 10 cents a month; \$2.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 1 cent. On trains and News stands 1 cent.

Let Us Give Thanks

FOR our morning grace let us thank the constitution for Ralph Hamilton, governor pro tem, who smokes a pipe and promises to keep the peace.

Well do we need it, we Oregonians who have dozed comfortably for three years under Governor Patterson, only to be set on edge the past five months. This governorship business has gotten us all jumpy; our nerves have most gone to pieces. Now comes Ralph Hamilton who smokes a pipe and promises to keep the peace.

The late primary was a spirited affair and its result a shock such as turns one's hair white over night, though the Oregonian says such things never happen. Then the little piece of unfinished business between the nominee and the court gave the state twitches for a week. This was followed by the tomahawk party of Norblad and the strategy board. The combination proved most too much for us slow-moving webfooters. We were in need of a sedative; and there is no sedative better than a governor who smokes a pipe.

The picture of Ralph Hamilton smoking his pipe will do more to soothe the frayed nerves of our citizens than anything else. Somehow you feel comfortable with a man who smokes a pipe. He stops and pulls at his pipe; then he stops and puffs out the smoke. The pause gives one assurance. Cigarettes are different; they give one the fidgets. Did you ever notice how nervous the ordinary cigarette smoker is? A tag, a light, a few puffs; then he reaches for another. How slow-moving is your pipe-smoker by comparison. Why, filling his pipe is a veritable ceremony; and smoking it seems the acme of solid comfort.

We wonder if this is the reason why the pipe is chosen for the ceremonies of peace. No one ever heard of passing the cigarettes in the ritual of a council; nor a cigar; always it is the pipe with its long stem and carved bowl.

So we may relax for a few weeks now. No disturbing ukases will issue from the governor's office. No official heads will fall into the basket. There will be no political huddles, no tense air of expectancy. All will be quiet and serene. For Oregon has as its temporary governor, Ralph Hamilton, who smokes a pipe and promises to keep the peace.

Vacating a Street

THE paper mill is asking for the city to vacate a portion of the end of Trade street where it runs into the mill just west of Commercial street. If the owners of property and industries affected will consent to the vacation of the part of the street requested it seems to The Statesman the council should grant the petition.

The opposition which has been voiced to the proposal is that the city would be giving the company some valuable land. Perhaps so, but that is nothing new. Whenever a street or alley is vacated the land reverts to the abutting property owners; the same is true of country roads. So long as the industries most vitally concerned with the use of this street are agreeable to its vacation for the use of the paper mill, we believe the city can grant the request. A vacation of street was made a few months ago for the benefit of an industry; and such practice is not uncommon nor improper.

Salem ought to realize how important this paper mill is to the city. It runs night and day; where other mills have run on part time it has operated with full crew, and is now willing to enlarge its operations. To get another industry like it our people would gladly contribute thousands of dollars. To hold it here we ought to be considerate, especially so when such consideration involves no cost to the city. The paper mill runs here under some handicaps as compared with actual tidewater location. We ought to be willing to offset some of these handicaps by extending support wherever the request is reasonable.

Unless opposition comes from actual users of the portion of the street, we think the council is justified in vacating the area requested, subject of course to agreement with the company as to the details, including its liability for taxes on its improvements thereon.

Light Cannon-ade

THE country was braced for an old fashioned fourth of July celebration when Bishop Cannon, Jr., took the stand to answer the queries of the senate lobby committee respecting his activities in the 1928 campaign. But the good bishop declines to answer on the ground that the committee exceeds its authority.

The bishop is correct. The senate lobby committee has no business to go far afield from the purpose for which it was created. These senatorial committees think they can function as a universal grand jury. The committee even proposed to go into the bishop's private stock speculation transactions. What is the relation between the bishop's playing the market and lobbying? The bishop answered all the queries proposed to him on the subject of lobbying, but shook his crutch at the committee and defied it when it sought to go beyond its function, and bolstered his defiance with a statement of the chairman of the committee, Senator Carraway.

The country is apt to get the impression that the bishop is trying to conceal something; and for this reason from his own standpoint he is in error to refuse to testify. The bishop is active in the work of his church; and ought to be entirely willing to publish to the world, even to a senate investigating committee, the nature and extent of his activities during the 1928 campaign. Individuals and committees and leagues working in the cause of reform will have to come out in the open and make public the source of their finances and the nature of their expenditures. The bishop sets a poor example, even though the senate committee is beyond its legitimate sphere in prying into the 1928 campaign which had nothing to do with lobbying. The information he refuses the senate committee he ought to be willing to publish, if even in his own church papers.

In Portland an editor seems to be hedged about with the divinity which its papers deny to judges.

Senator Hill said: "There is such a thing as the saturation point in senate debates." The country has thought that for years, but the senate has previously refused to admit it. Didn't Dawes try to tell it the same thing?

Hal Hess comes back from the safety conference with the recommendation that every driver should be examined. Good idea, and suggest starting with the hip pockets.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

It has been said that the normal person, when free to choose, will select the food best suited to his needs. It is true enough that most persons will eat enough food. But whether that food is of the right kind is entirely another question. On the other hand, there are too many persons who eat too little for the body needs. Diet is a very important thing, and you can't leave to chance, to the dictates of your appetite, or to taste just what is good for you. It is not so simple as that.

Everyone should learn how to avoid nutritional failure. There are plenty of sources from which to draw information on the subject. The libraries, the schools and the lecture room afford plenty of knowledge in nutrition.

There are four factors that should always be considered. They are the fuel requirements of the body, for which there must be fuel to produce energy; the protein intake; the mineral substances, and the need of vitamins.

A normal six-year old boy requires a total daily average of about 1,600 calories. Calories are units indicating the energy-producing value of food. We must have energy to run this machine—the body. Girls require a slightly lesser amount, 1,500 calories.

At ten years of age the average boy needs about 2,300 calories daily to furnish him with enough energy for his so active life. A girl at this age requires about 2,200 calories. During the next few years in the girl's needs slightly exceed the boy's. At 15 the boy's needs are again greater—3,800 calories daily, while a girl's needs are about 3,200.

The protein of milk, cereals, legumes, such as peas and beans, and other vegetables are all readily utilized and are important in the diet of every growing child. A child needs at least one quart of whole milk every day.

It is difficult to set a guide for everybody in selecting the amount of proper food elements needed. In general it has been estimated that the average adult needs proteins 118 grams, carbohydrates 500 grams, and fat 56 grams.

A vigorous, active boy puts forth an enormous amount of energy in a day. He burns up a great deal of fuel through his incessant play and muscular activity. This is true to a lesser extent of the girl.

It is necessary to include in the diet the vegetables and fruits that contain iron, lime, phosphorus and other minerals, so necessary to bone structure. These minerals also take part in the formation of many of the cell structure to form the cell structure.

If you are to protect yourself and your children from the diseases which we call the deficiency diseases; if you want health, strength and a vigorous constitution to withstand the rigors of living, you will need to regulate the diet in such a way as to furnish all the food elements needed by the body in the work it must do.

A Problem For You For Today

A man drives a motor boat 7 miles down stream in 28 minutes, and after turning the boat and resting 6 minutes, returns to starting point in 1 1/2 hours. What was the speed of stream, and of boat in still water?

Answer to Yesterday's Problem: 2 1/2 (plus) inches. Explanation: 16 x 16 = 256; multiply by 3; take square root of result.

MOLALLA BUCKAROO CONTINGENT VISITS

Mayor H. N. Everhart of Molalla, E. R. Wallace and J. E. Bledsoe, directors of the Molalla Buckaroo association, accompanied by Chub Morgan, buckaroo in livery, visited Salem yesterday in the interest of Molalla's annual rodeo, which will be held July 4, 5 and 6. Plans for the show are now being formulated. Chub Morgan is putting on the show and is bringing one hundred head of what are said to be the best west bucking horses obtainable from Santa Susana, Cal.

Morgan is a veteran of the rodeo arena and has won many honors in riding and bullfighting. He is bringing many noted cowboys and cowgirls, one of them being Williams, winner of the world's championship in ladies' trick riding in Cheyenne in 1928.

Molalla sponsors to show as a community event and the proceeds have gone to supply the town with fire fighting equipment. The show will be the seventh show in the town, which nestles close to the foothills north of Mt. Angel.

GUESTS AT AURORA
AURORA, June 4.—A hostful of relatives and friends enjoyed a pleasant day at a good dinner at the P. O. Ottaway home Sunday. Those coming from Portland were Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Lathrop. Silvestro friends were Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Ottaway, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Ottaway and Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Dye.

VISITING IN JEFFERSON
JEFFERSON, June 4.—Dorothy Hitt, who has been attending Northwestern Business college in Portland, has finished her course, and is riding her aunt, Mrs. Earl Lynes, and other relatives.

ANOTHER ENDURANCE CONTEST



"WHERE'S EMILY?" by CAROLYN WELLS

CHAPTER XLVI

Stone went off to the station and thence to New York looking very much elated indeed.

But the watchers by Emily's bedside were not elated. There were moments when they thought she was really coming back to her rational senses, and then the next instant she would be screaming in hysterics.

Certain things seemed to throw her into a panic of fear. One was tomato soup. When the nurse brought her a small bowlful for a mid-morning lunch, she flew into such a spasm of mortal terror and anguish that the frightened attendant ran from the room with it.

She returned to find Emily panting with fright and terror. But given another sort of soup she ate it with relish and seemed grateful.

"Yes," Doctor Eaton said, told of the incident. "She will be like that. Until we know what she has been through, we can give no explanation. But doubtless tomato soup was in some way connected with her imprisonment. Don't bring it to her again."

By afternoon Emily was more tranquil and the nurses began to feel hope of her ultimate recovery.

Betty came over but was not allowed to see her, as it might arouse memories for which the poor disordered mind was not ready.

They arranged that Betty might look into the room and catch a peep of Emily in a mirror.

But when Betty did this and Emily by chance cast her eyes toward the door, the lackluster gaze and the blank stare so frightened Betty that she fell back sobbing and despaired of Emily's ever getting better.

"Oh, Pete!" she said later. "Don't tell Rodney, but I know Emily's mind is gone forever! No body could look like that and ever get over it. Why, she is mad! She can never recover."

"Now, now, Betty, don't look at it that way. Give her time. The doctors all say it may be a long siege, but they think her youth and strength will pull her through."

"Oh, I hope so. I do hope so, but I don't want to see her again while she's like that. And don't tell Rodney see her. It would haunt him all his life."

Stone telephoned up that he would remain in New York overnight, and asked Pete if he had any further details for him.

But to their amazement the result was the opposite. At sight of the child Emily became so violently agitated as to cause a slight alarm.

What does it mean, Doctor?" the nurse asked, having made a clean breast of the incident.

"It means," he said, "that during the six days of her imprisonment, wherever she may have been, Miss Duane went through some severe experiences. We shall never know about it unless she recovers her mind and can tell us."

But probably there was a baby or small child involved somehow, as there must have been tomato soup. Perhaps other similar matters will come up, so bring in an outside interests of any sort, for anything may stir up trouble. I think there is a little improvement, but the least thing upward will send her off again."

So care was taken to introduce no new factor of any sort. They continued to use the foods that Emily had already accepted, and she saw no one but the attendants to whom she had become accustomed.

Stone, returning after two days, was deeply interested in the story of Emily's antipathy to the Laurence baby, and nodded his head.

"Of course," he said, as if to himself, "of course, it would be so."

But an explanation of this cryptic remark he would not give. "Don't ask questions now," he begged of Pete, who was agog to know the detective's conclusions.

"If Emily comes to herself, all will be well. If not, that is our trouble, not the police."

And then the day came when Emily did come to herself.

Doctor Eaton, arriving one morning, saw the light of reason in her eyes, and, hiding his elation, spoke gently to her.

"How do we feel this morning, my dear?"

It was Sunday now, and Emily had been lying in the hospital, hovering between sanity and madness.

But each twenty-four hours had shown some slight improvement, and now the veil had lifted, and, whether temporary or permanent reason was again enthroned.

"Yes, my dear, you can go home whenever you like."

The doctor was a little at loss how to treat this new development, fearing to deny her anything lest she startled bird of reason take flight as suddenly as it had come.

"Now?" Emily asked still seeming rational.

"If you'll take a nice, long nap first, you may go when you awaken," the doctor promised, and he gave her a draught that ensured the long nap whatever was to follow.

So Emily fell into a deep sleep and when she awoke it was late afternoon.

She was refreshed and still sensible and rational.

"Now, can I go home?" she asked, and though her voice sounded small and far away, it was in no way flighty or wandering.

"I expect so," replied the nurse who had had her orders and Emily was made ready for the journey.

In an ambulance again, she was taken back to Knollwood where she was met by only Aunt Judy and Pearl, the doctor not yet willing to risk the excitement of seeing Rodney.

Put to bed in her own room and again given an opiate, Emily slept quietly all night and next morning awoke almost her own old self.

"My room," she said smiling as she patted the dainty bedclothing

and looked about upon her own belongings.

"Nurse," she said at last, and the watching attendant stepped forward. "I'm a whole lot better."

"Indeed you are, Miss Duane," and the nurse spoke with glad truthfulness.

"I am not quite well yet, and I shall have to rest up a little before I get up, you know."

"Yes, indeed. Now don't talk any more until you have had some breakfast."

"All right," and Emily's eyes closed and she lay very still until the tray arrived.

As she sipped her cocoa, she seemed to be thinking deeply and the nurse became anxious.

"Don't think, Miss Duane, don't think at present. You've had lots of time ahead of you. Take it easy now. The doctor will be here soon."

"Very well," and Emily smiled again, with that strange newborn sanity and power of thought.

"Well, well," said Doctor Eaton, coming in. "Well, well! Very well indeed. I should say. You won't want a doctor much longer, Emily."

"No, Doctor Eaton. I don't want a doctor. I want a detective."

"Bless my soul! You want what?"

"A detective—a first class detective."

"Too easy. That want can be supplied in a few minutes. But what do you want with him?"

"I want to tell him things. I've a lot to tell, and it must be told to the right person, to somebody who can take the whole matter in charge and do what is right and best."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Salem postoffice: When will this city get a new postoffice building? This question may seem an odd one to many residents here now. But it does not sound nearly as strange as the campaign for the present postoffice building sounded when it was started, along in 1895, by the Bits man. He got the horse laugh from many prominent people of the city, who thought the idea was long in advance of its time. The Bits man made some bitter enemies in that fight; mostly men who were interested for business reasons in keeping the postoffice where it was, or near there.

And it will be news to many now, that the authorities at Washington are looking forward to a time when they will be called upon to junk the postoffice building of the present and construct one in keeping with the Salem of the future. Mr. Lammers, the architect who had charge of the erection of the latest addition, the finishing touches upon were completed only a few weeks ago, said he expected to see the putting up of a \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 postoffice building a live issue within the next 10 years. The first addition, built only a few years ago, it will be remembered by most residents, was an architectural monstrosity, and most Salemites were surprised to see that the present one, which took its place, before it had been long under way, was to be still more out of keeping with symmetry and good taste in the eyes of those who understand such matters. Mr. Lammers said the reason was that it, too, was to be temporary—and that it would be impossible to erect an addition for utility that would be in keeping with the architecture of the original structure; because, when it was put up, there was no idea in the mind of the architect who furnished the plans, that there would ever be any call for additions.

The original structure was built in 1902, and the force moved in the first of April, 1903, from the rented quarters on the east side of Commercial street, between Court and Chemeketa. The new building, as it was originally turned over, was well proportioned and handsome, and ample for the business it was designed to accommodate. But Salem outgrew it, and is outgrowing the enlarged quarters, including the latest addition.

No longer ago than 1884, the postmaster and two clerks did all the work of the Salem postoffice. On July 1, 1887, metropolitan air was assumed by beginning a special delivery system in Salem, with two carriers. They were George H. Hatch and Ben Taylor (the latter a resident of Salem now, but on the retired list as to postoffice work though in no other important respect), and at that time the office force was made up of three persons, besides General W. H. Odell, the postmaster. They were Sam Church, assistant postmaster, Herbert Wilson, general clerk, and Clarence Crane, mailing clerk. Mrs. Crane is now a prominent doctor in Boston.

Through the influence of Congressman Tompue, on the recommendation of the Bits man, who was then chairman of the republican congressional committee, Turner was made the first experimental free delivery town in Oregon. (The experiment called for free delivery carriers—and he is on the job yet. He got \$300 the first year, and furnished his own horse. Now he gets around \$2300 to \$2500 a year.)

One of the employees of the Salem postoffice has saved a clipping from The Statesman of May 4, 1901, telling about the work performed by the rural free mail delivery system for the first month of its operation. April of that year there were eight routes then. The carriers were James A. Remington, Clell Hayden, B. McHewell, Claude A. Johnson, James S. Al-

bert, E. W. Cherrington, F. W. Raymond and F. L. South. There were eight routes then. The ninth was established later. Both Albert and Remington are still members of the force.

The report showed a total of 35,563 pieces of mail matter delivered, and 5364 pieces of mail matter collected. There was a report made of the same business for 12 days later, from March 31 to April 12, and the following was the showing: 108,309 pieces delivered and 11,338 collected. That was for 12 days this year against a month in 1901, with one additional route—route 9, which shows the smallest business of all, excepting route 2. Route 6 showed 10,667 pieces delivered, against 10,918 for route 9. The total mileage for all the routes has increased—they go farther out on the average—though they start longer distances away from the postoffice building, owing to the increase of city carriers.

The force of employees of the Salem postoffice is now 72, of whom 47 are city carriers and nine rural carriers. There has been a steady growth, and this will be continued indefinitely.

There is now a checking up being made by the authorities at Washington. They are asking the present population of Salem, and of its suburbs. Of the various institutions here, government, state, etc. And a lot of other questions. And they are asking the estimated population of Salem 10 years hence.

The Bits man, on account of his position as supervisor of the census, has been asked to answer the last question. His answer was that Salem will have at least 50,000 population in 1940, if there shall be added, as there should be, all the immediate suburbs that ought now to be in the corporate limits, which would make the present population around 32,000. That would make necessary a growth of only a little more than 50 per cent—and the increase of commerce in city limits was nearly 50 per cent in the past 10 years. One specialty linen mill that would have come before this with an absolute guarantee of an ample supply of yarn of the proper lea, or fineness, would employ 4000 to 6000 people—and that alone would, directly and indirectly, add 50 per cent to Salem and her suburbs. Salem will eventually get a number of specialty linen mills. There are about 100 articles of commerce made from flax fiber, to say nothing of hemp. And Salem may get many other factories and packing houses in the next 10 years.

"Him that has gits." That homely truism applies to cities as well as individuals; to states and nations as well as cities. A Salem of 50,000 people, and headed for double that number, will get a half million dollar postoffice building; perhaps one costing twice that sum; built to accommodate the growing business that comes with steady growth of population.

There are possibilities of much greater growth than that in the next 10 years, for this is in truth the land of opportunity, and in good time Salem will be a city that will make its \$0.000 million post look like the period of its straggling villagehood.

STAYTON, June 4.—Miss Marguerite McDonald, of Salem, has organized a class in piano here. Teachers already have two music teachers, both with large classes, but they do not teach the Dunning system, while Miss McDonald does. She is holding her classes in the community club house.

There are possibilities of much greater growth than that in the next 10 years, for this is in truth the land of opportunity, and in good time Salem will be a city that will make its \$0.000 million post look like the period of its straggling villagehood.

Dunning System Classes Are Being Started in Stayton



Do you make the most of the possibilities of modern high-speed inter-city telephoning? Do you realize how it has improved? What it means for friends to hear your voice? The front pages of the telephone directory contain practical, money-saving information. THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY