

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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The Modern Prince of Graustark

THE coup d'état of Carol, prince of Rumania, reads like a Graustark novel by George Barr McCutcheon. Renouncing the throne for a mistress, banished from the realm and his royal rights bestowed upon his tiny son, Carol lived in Paris—the haven of noble emigres from every land. He lived there till his mood changed and lust of the royal power that was his by birthright stirred within him.

Carol returned to Rumania. Futile the border guards, the parliamentary edicts, Carol came in the modern manner. An airplane carried him lightly over his country's frontiers, past its fortresses and gendarmes, landing him in the heart of his homeland where he might rally his followers and step to the throne of his kingdom.

Then came the scurrying of men in power, the prime minister resigns, parliament annuls its former decrees and declares Carol the legitimate sovereign of Rumania. From the boulevards of Paris to the narrow streets of Bucharest; from the festive life of the French capital to the burden of a kingship Carol makes quick shift. The airplane is the modern substitute for backstairs intrigue, for bribery of generals and tedious travel in disguise. The man on horseback becomes a man with an aviator's helmet and goggles.

Rumania is a kingdom of some consequence. It is one of the granaries of the old world, the more so since its acquisition of the large areas of Bessarabia and Transylvania. It has great oil resources too; so the wealth of the country is great. But what may the country expect from a new, faithless monarch? Will he give to the throne the color and romance which in fiction attends the wayward prince? Or will his reign be the mere strutting of monarchy with outworn trappings upon a rickety stage?

A Soviet Achievement

WHILE western capital holds aloof from Russia or enters there charily, the Soviets are pushing under their five-year program a development which they hope will bring virtual economic self-sufficiency to their country. A recent achievement in Asiatic Russia has attracted wide attention. The Russians have just completed 1,475 miles of railroad south from a branch of the Trans-Siberian railway penetrating the state of Kazak which is part of Turkestan lying east of the Caspian and Aral seas. The road was begun in 1927 and has been completed some 18 months ahead of schedule.

The purpose of the construction is to open up a fertile cotton growing area in Kazak. Arthur P. Davis, former head of the bureau of reclamation in the United States, is planning irrigation works in this district which will increase the cotton acreage from 1,500,000 to 7,413,000 acres. This will help make Russia independent of cotton importations from the United States. If the U. S. wants to turn its back on Russia, the Soviets say very well, and proceed to grow their own cotton.

The vitality of the socialistic experiment in Russia has amazed the world. For over ten years predictions of the imminent downfall of the proletarian dictatorship have been heard, but they are becoming infrequent now. The Russians under the whip and spur of relentless leaders, fired with a new creed which made them as fanatical as a religious sect, have persisted in pushing forward their experiment regardless of its cost in life and comfort. Damn bolshevism as we may, the 1500 miles of railroad stands out as a real achievement. It is not a paper railroad, nor a mere dream; it has been built. More than this, the Russians are calling to their aid some of the best technical men in this country who are aiding them in organizing their transportation, industries and agricultural development. Russia is not "through," neither is her communism. What a shock it might prove to be if the scheme would actually succeed.

Lumber Fights Substitutes

THERE is no doubt that lumber has suffered severely from the inroads made by lumber substitutes. Composition roofing has taken much of the market from cedar shingles. Concrete has replaced lumber in many uses. But through scientific study conducted by the lumber interests that commodity may regain some of its markets.

Thus wood is being treated to make it practically fireproof. This makes it better than steel in some situations because it will not buckle like steel in a hot fire. Shingles 24 and 36 inches long are being produced with an estimated service of 60 years, treated to be fire resistant and weather resistant.

Other studies are determining additional uses for wood products. We no longer see lumber consumers about our big mills. The former waste is now used for pulp material or for fuel. New uses for lumber may develop which will absorb much of the present production. Residential construction, now much below normal, will revive in another season. But lumbermen must keep up the fight to preserve their natural market against substitutes. Their weapon ought not to be just loyalty to lumber but production of a product which is definitely superior for construction work.

"The number of men laid off recently totals some thirty-odd." Such is a news item from Dallas reporting reduction of force at a lumber mill. "Some thirty-odd," rather indefinite and inexact. But to the few who are the "odd" being out of a job is something mighty concrete. The man who has plenty to eat ought to think about what work he may give out to men needing employment.

The Portland Spectator has an article on "How's Business?" in which the manager of a leading clothing store is quoted as saying: "Business is the SURVIVAL OF THE FIT." Right—for a clothing store.

The Grange Bulletin tells the boys to bring their horseshoes along when they come to the convention at Redmond this week. That's what we recommended a year ago; more play and less gloom at grange conventions.

The removal of Judge Sawyer from the state highway commission by Gov. Norblad is almost universally condemned by the press of Oregon because it contaminated the state's highway undertakings with politics. The editors of the neighboring state ought to move over here and find out a thing or two. In Washington we constantly shudder lest politics should be polluted with road programs.—Yakima Republic.

The Western Leader says: "Wets who say they are against prohibition because it doesn't prohibit, would probably not be for it if it did."

About the best way to reduce the navies would be for some one to start another world war. The airplanes will do the rest.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Hives is a most trying condition. There is an eruption of the skin, and, with it, the most intense itching and burning and pricking sensation. All the symptoms are made worse by scratching. The trouble may last for only a few hours, or it may continue for days. It may disappear only to come back again. In some instances it becomes chronic, lasting for months.

We classify many skin diseases as among the "toxic" eruptions. It is likely that poisons in the system are the causes of such disturbances.

There are two kinds of hives, the more common being what the doctors call "urticaria," or nettle-rash. In this case there are swellings of the skin and terrible itching.

Another variety is "giant hives," or "angio-neurotic oedema." In this form there is but one or a few very large and hard swellings.

It is probable that the chief cause of hives is some kind of food poisoning. Decomposing materials, which may remain in the digestive tract for days, do infinite harm. They form toxins or poisons which are carried to all parts of the body by the blood stream.

One person may eat one kind of food that acts as a poison in the system, while 98 other persons can eat it without being affected by it in the least. This is a peculiarity of the human family. Certain persons are made ill by shell-fish, or strawberries. Others cannot eat eggs, pork, canned meat, salted fish, mushrooms or pickles without being made ill.

It is well, if you suffer from hives, to do some experimenting. Omit from the diet one food at a time. Continue this until, one after another, all the foods you usually take are eliminated. In this way you can find the offending food.

Toxic poisons are set up in the body by waste materials in the intestines. The kidneys, abscessed teeth and tonsils often are accompanied by hives.

You cannot cure the hives by any local application. But you can relieve the intense itching and burning by bathing the body. Into a tub of water put a great handful of hypophosphite of soda and thoroughly wash the itching parts. A glassful of water to which is added a teaspoonful of hypophosphite of soda is also good for mopping the inflamed skin.

Your doctor should be consulted. He will find the underlying cause of the hives and give appropriate treatment.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

June 10, 1903

Following hearing yesterday the city recorder has under advisement the case against D. Clinton, foreman of the Citizens' Light and Traction company, who was arrested for cutting limbs from the main shade tree in front of the D. J. Fry residence on North Commercial.

Theodore Eder, manager of the Horst Bros. hop yards on the coast, is here conferring with J. D. Morrison, local manager, relative to the independence and Riverside yards. Eder will put up a big dance hall for this season, and has already ordered lumber for a 70 by 70 building.

The baccalaureate exercises will take place at the First M. E. church at 10:30 o'clock this morning, when Bishop David W. Moore will deliver the address.

D. A. Walker and family are here from Albany. Walker will open a meat market this week at the Griswold shop on Asylum avenue.

A Problem

For You For Today

A farmer has the choice of two roads to market. One road runs 18 miles due south, then turns at right angle and extends due west 24 miles more. The other road is almost straight southwest. On first road he can average 32 miles per hour, on the second 25 miles per hour. Which is his quickest route and by what time.

Answer to Yesterday's Problem \$123.75. Explanation—Since William had .5 as much as both the others, double \$108.75. Let John's amount equal 1 and James' amount will be 1.32 times 1. Add 1 and 1.32 and divide into 217.50. Multiply by 1.32.

Many Visit At Doerfler Gardens

PRATUM, June 9.—The Doerfler flower gardens were a real attraction to many visitors Sunday from various parts of the county.

Professor Vazakas, professor of languages at Willamette university spoke here Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Van Cleave of Monitor visited Fred de Vries, flower gardens Sunday afternoon.

VISIT IN SEATTLE

PRATUM, June 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kobitz and daughter, Eunice, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Powell for several days recently. Their home is in Seattle.

A FRONT PORCH ALIBI



"The SEA BRIDE"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE

CHAPTER II

She had always dreamed of being married. In her great life in her father's home, she herself had chosen these logs, and under her eye her brother, Roy had borne them into the house and laid them upon the small stuff and kindling she had prepared. She had wanted that first spring to life as she felt. Roy Wing was married; she had thought of it as a symbol of the new life that was beginning for her and for her husband. She was terribly disappointed.

In that first pang she looked helplessly about for Noll. She wanted comfort, pity, but Noll was laughing in the doorway, talking with old Jonathan Felt, the owner of his vessel. He had not heard, he did not see her glance. Bess Holt cried: "Roy! Give me a match, I'll light it myself. Don't look, Faith! Oh, what a shame!"

Roy knew how his sister had counted on that fire.

"I'll bet Faith doesn't feel as though she were really married," he laughed, looking down at the going. Do you, Faith? Better do it over, Dr. Brant."

Someone said it was bad luck; a dozen voices cried that someone down. Then, while they were all talking about it, round-faced Dan Tobey walked down on his knees and lit the fire that was to have illumined Faith's wedding.

Faith, her hand at her throat looked for Noll again, but he and old Jonathan had gone out to that ancient farmhouse where Dan Tobey was looking hungrily at her; hungry for thanks. She smiled at him. They were all pressing around her again.

Faith's luggage had already gone aboard. When she and Jim and Bess reached the wharf the others were at the tables under the boathouse, at. They rose and pledged Faith in lifted glasses. Then Faith sat down beside her husband, at the head of the board, and old Jim settled merrily. They ate and drank merrily.

Faith was very happy, dreamily happy. She felt the presence of her husband at her side, and she lifted her head with pride in him, and in his ship which he commanded. He was a man. Captain Wing looked over her father's silence, and once she touched his knee with her hand lightly, in comfort. Captain Wing made a speech. They called on Jim, but Jim was in no mind for chatter. They called on old Jim, and he rose and smiled at them, and said how happy she was, and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder proudly.

Roy came, running, after a time. And a little later the tug whistled from the stream, and Captain Wing looked over her shoulder and lifted his hands. "Friends," he said jocosely, "I'd like to take you all along. Come if you want. But—tides in. Them as don't want to go along had best be getting ashore."

That it was ended—that wedding-supper on the deck, in the late afternoon, while the flags floated overhead and the gulls screamed across the refuse-dotted waters of the harbor and the tide whirled and eddied about the piles. Thus it was.

Old Jim kissed her first of all, kissed her roundly, crushing her to his breast, and she whispered, in his close embrace: "It's all right, dad. Don't worry. All right. I'll bring you home."

He kissed her again, cutting short her promise. Kissed her and thrust her away, and stumped ashore and went stockily off along the wharf and out of sight, never looking back. A solitary figure, somewhat to be pitied, for all his broad shoulders and his old head.

The others in their turn. Then everyone waited, calling, laughing, crying, while the "Sally Sims" was torn loose from her moorings. Captain Wing was another man now; he was never one to leave his ship to another's care. Faith thought proudly. His commands rang through the still air of late afternoon; his eye saw the hawsers cast off, saw the tug take hold.

The "Sally Sims" moved. She moved so slowly that at first one must watch a fixed point upon the wharf to be sure she moved at all. Then she was in the rigging now, setting the big square sails. The wind began to tug at them. The voice of the mate, Mr. Ham, roared up to the men in profane commands. Captain Wing stood stockily on wide-spread legs, watching, joining his voice now and then to the uproar.

The sea presently opened out before them, inviting them, offering all its wide expanses to the "Sally Sims' blunt bow. The "Sally" began to lift and tilt awkwardly. The tug had long since dropped behind, they saw. They sailed steadily eastward into the gathering gloom.

"Mr. Tobey!" bawled Captain Wing.

"Don't come aft to where Faith stood with her husband. He did not look at her, so that Faith was faintly disquieted. The captain pointed to the litter of planks and boxes and dishes and food where the wedding supper had been laid. Faith watched dreamily, happily. She had loved that last gathering with the friends of her girlhood. There was something sacred to her, in this moment, even in the ugly debris that remained.

She came to Captain Wing. He said harshly in his voice of a master: "Have that trash cleared up, Mr. Tobey. Sharp, now."

Trash! Faith was faintly unhappy at the word. Dan Tobey had been a man, and half a dozen of them came shuffling aft. She touched her husband's arm. "I'm going below now, Noll," she whispered to him.

He nodded.

"Get to bed," he said. "I'll be down."

He had not looked at her; he was watching Dan and the men. For two weeks past Faith had been much aboard the "Sally Sims," making ready the tiny quarters that were to be her home. When she came down into the cabin now it was with a sense of familiarity. The plain table, built about the butt of the mizenmast, the chairs, the swinging, whale-oil lamps—these were old friends waiting to replace those other friends she had left behind in her bedroom at home. She stood for a moment at the foot of the cabin-companion, looking about her, and she smiled faintly, her hand at her throat.

She was not lonely, not homesick, not sorry. But her smile seemed to appeal to those inanimate surroundings to be good to her.

Then she crossed the cabin quietly and went into the smaller compartment, which was used by Captain Wing for his books, his instruments, his infrequent hours of leisure. This room almost entirely across the stern of the ship, but it was little more than a corridor. The captain's cabin was on the starboard side, opening off this corridorlike compartment. There was scant room aft aboard the Sally Sims. The four officers bunked two by two in cabins opening off the main cabin; the mate had no room to himself. And by the same token, there was no possibility of giving Faith separate quarters. There were two bunks in the captain's cabin, one above the other. The upper had been built in during the last two weeks. That was all.

Faith had not protested. She was content that Noll was hers; the rest did not matter. She found a measure of glory in the thought that she must endure some hardships to be at his side while her man did his work in the world. She was, after the first pang, glad that she must make a tiny chest and a few nails serve her for wardrobe and dressing-room; she was glad that she must sleep on a thing like a shelf built into the wall, instead of her high, soft bed with the canopy at home. She was glad—for life glad for Noll—glad for everything.

She began quietly to prepare herself for bed. And while she loosened her heavy hair and began the long, easy brushing that kept it so glossy and smooth, her thoughts ran back over the swift, warm rapture of her awakening love for Noll. Big Noll Wing—her husband now; his bride.

She had always worshipped Noll, even while she was still a schoolgirl, her skirts short, her hair in a long, thick braid. Noll was a heroic figure, a great man who appeared at intervals from the distances of ocean, and moved majestically about the little world of the town and then was gone again. The man had had the gift of drama; his deeds held that element which lifted them above mere exploits and made them romance. When he was third mate of the old Bertha, a crazy islander tried to knife him and fleshed his blade in Noll Wing's shoulder from behind. Noll had wrenched around and broken the man's neck with a twist of his hands.

He had always been a hard man with his hands, a strong man perhaps a brutal man. Faith, the only glorified whisperer of these matters, had dreamed of the strength of him. She saw this strength not as a physical thing, but as a thing spiritual. No one man could rule other men unless he ruled them by a superior moral strength, she knew. She loved to think of Noll's strength. Her breath had caught in ecstasy of pain that night he first held her close against his great chest till she thought her own ribs would crack.

Not Noll's strength alone was famous. He had been a great captain, a great man for oil. His maiden voyage as skipper of his own ship made that reputation for the man. He got sail, ran forthwith into a very sort of whales, worked night and day, and he turned in three days short of three months with a cargo worth thirty-seven thousand dollars. A cargo that other men took three years to harvest from the fat fields of the sea; took three years to harvest, and then were like as not to boast of the harvesting. Oh, Noll Wing was a master hand for sperm oil; a master skipper as ever sailed the seas.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Glover families:

In Sarah Hunt Steeves' "Book of Remembrance of Marion county, Oregon, Pioneers," there is a record of the pioneer Glover families, beginning with the senior Philip, as follows:

"Philip Glover was born in St. Charles county, Maryland, on March 26, 1795. His father (also named Philip Glover) and his mother, Matilda Glover, were enumerated in the first federal census taken in the United States as residents of this county and state in 1790. They were reputed to have emigrated from England to America prior to the American revolution.

"Philip Glover's boyhood days were spent in the state of Maryland and the records on file in the adjutant general's office, war department, Washington, D. C., disclose that he served in five different organizations of the Maryland troops during the war with England in 1812-14. He enlisted in the American forces at the age of 17 years, on April 14, 1813, and was finally discharged from the service on August 17, 1814.

"After the war, and in 1819, he immigrated from Maryland to Missouri, settling 65 miles west of St. Louis, and on November 13, 1819, married Sarah Koons in St. Charles county, Missouri, who was born in the state of Missouri on April 13, 1803. They lived together as husband and wife until his death in Marion county, Oregon, on December 20, 1872. His widow died in July, 1885, and both bodies lie buried in the cemetery at Macleay, Oregon.

"Philip Glover was born of parents who were large landowners; they also owned numerous slaves, regarded as necessary to till the soil and raise tobacco, corn, cotton and other crops. Through such environment and inheritance he became the owner of a number of black persons, but the institution of slavery was revolting to him and with the rise of the principle of human liberty among his neighbors, the bondage of his human chattels became so manifestly unfair that he determined to give them their freedom. To do so in the locality where he resided, which was torn by discussion over the slavery question, would prove impractical and he resolved to go westward into free territory and away from the turmoil and strife so prevalent in the state of Missouri in the late forties.

"Accordingly, with his family and possessions, he joined the great caravan pushing westward to Oregon in 1849, taking with him his colored folks, among whom was a negro named 'Trav'. This human chattel was given his freedom upon reaching Oregon and became well known to the pioneers of that day. He was an expert horseman and a great lover of animals, and with his band of race horses and kennel of hounds was a visitor at fairs throughout Oregon and the northwest. When settling settlements he was troubled by the depredations of wild animals on their flocks, old 'Trav' and his hounds were frequently called into service to rid the community of the pests. His wife and children belonged to another planter in Missouri, and a tragedy, so frequent in those days, occurred, for after leaving for Oregon he never saw his family again. After obtaining his own freedom and saving some funds, he endeavored to purchase their liberty also and have them join him in Oregon, but after expending much money endeavoring to locate them, he finally lost heart and died without their help. He was buried on the Abiqua in Marion county, Oregon.

"Philip Glover and his wife, Sarah, settled on a donation land claim and reared a large family thereon, all of whom are now deceased. Of the 11 children born to the union, William was the oldest, he having been born in the state of Missouri on October 21, 1821; was married to Jane J. Graves and died in Marion county, Oregon, in August, 1892.

"Philip Glover, the second son, was born March 4, 1829, and died July 8, 1917. He was married to Delilah Edmundson.

"Samuel Glover, the third son, was born March 26, 1831, was never married, and died at Spokane, Washington, in 1923.

"George, the fourth son, was born July 28, 1833, and died in February, 1877.

"Nicholas died in early manhood.

"James Nettie Glover was born March 15, 1837, was the founder of Spokane, Washington, and died in the city he founded in 1921.

"Charles Payton Glover was born June 7, 1840, and died October 9, 1922. He was married to Clarissa Palmer, who is also deceased.

"John Glover was born February 9, 1842, was married and raised a family, and both himself and wife are now deceased.

"Rebecca Glover was never married and died when about 18 years of age.

"Maria Glover married John S. Graves, both of whom are now deceased, but left a family.

"Louisa was born May 18, 1844, married William Culver, and both are now deceased, but have left a family surviving.

(Two or three more days will be required to finish this record of the pioneer Glover families.)

ROSEDALE HAS NUMEROUS GUESTS

ROSEDALE, June 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shepard and three children of Toledo visited at the Alexander home during the week-end.

Three of our pupils are graduating from the eighth grade with the class of Liberty this week. They are Edward Haldy, Adelaide Winslow and Esther Cammack, the last mentioned being the valedictorian of the class.

Considerable interest was shown in the school meeting Friday evening. The result of the vote was 16-14 in favor of having school at Rosedale next year instead of transporting the pupils to Liberty.

Several from here attended the Birthday club meeting at the Beckley home in Sunnyside Friday evening.

Jane West, of Camas, Wash., is spending several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Norman Alexander. Albert Cammack is home for the summer and expects to begin work for the Northwest cannery again, in a few days.

NORTH HOWELL HAS ACTIVE GRANGE

NORTH HOWELL, June 9.—Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wiesner, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bump and Ellis Stevens are at Redmond this week enjoying the state grange.

Mrs. Bump as master of the North Howell Grange and also as a member of the state home economic committee has several important reports to make.

The degree team drove to Ankeny grange hall Saturday evening and conferred the third and fourth degrees to a large class of candidates there.

On June 27, our team will go to Silverton Grange and work in the same degrees there.

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Chicago's infant mortality rate is 60.3 per 1,000 persons.