

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager  
SHELTON 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. Stype, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.  
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.  
Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parsone-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 50 cents per Mo. or \$2.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier, 50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy, 2 cents. On trains, and News Stands 5 cents.

## The Orphan on the Door-Step

SOMEONE presses hard on the doorbell at the White House and the master comes in his pyjamas to answer the bell. There on the doorstep is a cunning little basket with the squalling brat inside. The messenger has hurried away. The master looks down and reads the label: "Tariff Bill," and great humanitarian that he is, he picks up the basket and takes it inside.

Sired by Grundy and damned by the jackasses (that's a mixed metaphor) the bill was orphaned at the last. Pennsylvania gulped hard but swallowed. Nebraska gagged and spewed it out. Smoot uses the "Et tu" logic in pointing to the jam-bearded democrats who voted against the bill. Now the orphan whose gestation and delivery consumed some fifteen months for a "limited revision" is turned over to the president for christening or for chloroform. If it takes that long for a limited revision, a general revision would take about a generation.

So far as the northwest goes, our immediate interests are fairly well considered. Lumber is in for a dollar a thousand; wool is stepped up three cents a pound; hides are at 10¢; duty; cherries, nuts and flax are well protected to the satisfaction of the growers.

The protest against the bill is that it raises import duty levels, thus hampering our foreign trade; that, if it proves effective, it will result in increasing the cost of living; that the agricultural increases are futile because on most agricultural products we are exporters rather than importers. Eastern protectionists do not like the bill because it doesn't provide sufficient protection to their industries. They resent the increases to the west because they fear it will make living costs higher for their workmen.

President Hoover will probably sign the bill; the republicans will lose a few seats this fall. Then in a few years some one will suggest a new tariff revision and the special interests will get the jack-screws under the Hawley-Smoot bill in the effort to make it even higher. Economic intelligence is slow to penetrate against the selfishness of particular interests.

To the man whose special production is favored by the Hawley tariff, the bill will look fine; to the man who lost out, it will be obnoxious. The poor consumer is never considered anyway.

## The More We Get Together

THE convention period of the year is upon us. The grange has met, likewise the Masonic grand lodge. The Baptists have closed their session, and the Eagles have had their annual assembly. Others will follow till school starts in the fall.

We are a nation of conventions. Who is there who does not get to attend one or more conventions a year? The professional and business men have their group meetings. The lodges and churches and societies have theirs. Sometimes state conventions are not enough; there must be regional or district conventions, and the man who is convention-minded can put in a good share of his summer keeping up with those he is eligible to attend.

Then come the state picnics. This is another field for the socially minded. A man who has moved about considerably can find most of his Sundays occupied during the summer months; one day for North Dakota, another for Kansas, a third for Illinois and so forth. What matter if he knows none of those present; he can talk geography and call it a day, especially if the serving of victuals is generous.

The American is a gregarious animal. None of the rigid habits of living of the Europeans binds him. He does not linger forever in one spot. The man who was born, lived and died in the same county without leaving its boundaries, has long been a mummy. So with conventions and picnics the American occupies his summer. The new national anthem seems to be: "The more we get together, get together, get together."

Perhaps the American goes too much; but what a stick he would be if he stayed home all the time.

## Portland's Rose Show

FRIDAY the writer saw the Rose Festival parade in Portland. The last one we had previously seen was in 1911, which shows how much of a galley slave we are. After that interval one could look on the floats without making any comparisons with the glories of other years. As we recall it, the parade of 1911 had more roses but fewer flowers and fewer and less magnificent floats. The rose parade this year was more of a peony and delphinium procession. There were roses to be sure, especially the big pink Testout roses whose abundance makes it possible to use them profusely. But the delphinium was specially prominent, and the peonies were abundant too, and the iris has "come in." So it is a floral parade and not just a rose parade.

Some of the floats were truly wonderful. The winner of the sweepstakes, a floral creation showing mermaids riding on white sea horses, with Father Neptune and his fork behind under a floral bower, had a close rival in the great peacock float of the gas company which had a gorgeous spread of blue delphinium for a tail, spotted with golden flowers for additional brilliancy.

The Rose Festival is one of the gala events of the country. Portland did well not to let it die out but to arouse city-wide support in making it a festival of flowers and of beauty. It is one of the unique events which we have too few of, and the parade itself is something justly famous. We do not intend to wait another 19 years to view it. We even got a lot of fun out of watching how a woman motorist on the wrong side of the street blocked a taxicab and tied up traffic for blocks; and how another woman motorist decided right at the bridge approach to shift from one traffic lane to another.

## "Bal. Easy Payments"

THE grounds about the state office building are being set out to lawn. The enterprising contractor who is doing the work has a sign at the building entrance which says: "This sprinkler system being installed by —. Terms: 10% down. Bal. easy payments."

We all knew the state was hard pressed for money, but didn't know it had gone over to instalment buying. Which of course it hasn't so far as the sprinkler system is concerned. It is getting the whole building though on the savings and loan plan.

That prize fight of last week seems to leave a bad schmalting.

# HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Only the other day I was reading of a really fine school for boys, sponsored by Mr. Henry Ford, in the town of Sudbury, Mass. It is attracting quite a good deal of attention.

Here, in the old Wayside Inn, made famous by the poet, Longfellow, in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," five thirty-one year old boys, all from 12 to 17 years of age. And here they go to school.

This is a place where theory and practice go hand in hand. The boys go to school, not so much for the book learning, though they have plenty of that. They are to learn the fundamental lessons of right living, or to be more exact "lessons in self-preservation."

Here a boy learns how to keep himself alive and well. He learns what to eat and why he eats it. He learns how to take care of himself economically, and to take care of his clothes and his home.

In short, he learns how to be an independent person. He also learns the practical means of maintaining a living in health and comfort.

The boys learn dairying, fruit farming, sheep and chicken raising. They learn to grind their own flour and corn meal, for they have a grist mill right on the place. They do the cooking and serving of meals. They look after all the cleaning, scrubbing, bed-making and other homely arts. They build radios, motors, and furniture.

Work is good for everyone. But life is not all work for them for they have their fun and social good times. They dance in cottillions in the ball room in the inn, a century and a half old.

But there is another very important factor in their daily program. They learn how to keep well. Of course, there are the daily setting-up exercises every morning before breakfast, as well as a hygiene lecture. And the boys are on a strict diet.

The boys distinctly understand that this diet helps in forming eating habits that make for good health. Illness is seldom heard of in the school. This is the result of intelligent co-operation on the part of the boys in eating only the proper foods.

After many experiments a diet was found that seemed ideal in maintaining good health. The basic idea of the diet used in the school, is that but one type of food should be eaten at a given meal. Starches and proteins are not mixed, and therefore the old formula of meat and potatoes is considered chemically wrong.

At breakfast, the boys eat only milk and fruit. The average menu for breakfast consist of orange juice, baked apples and cream, with milk to drink.

Luncheon is the starch meal. Raw vegetable salad, two or three hot vegetables, bread made from whole wheat flour, ground in their own grist mill, butter, with milk make up the luncheon at noon. This quite suffices until the evening meal.

The protein meal, dinner, is served without potatoes or bread. It has a salad, meat and green vegetables and occasionally soup. No dessert of any kind are allowed, candy never and the boys do not smoke.

Every boy needs a practical education. Without it he is handicapped in many ways in seeking a future career. Here are a lot of vigorous healthy boys who are in line for promotion to higher vocational goals, and with a foundation built of good health.

Answers to Health Queries  
A. B. C. Q. What should a woman of 52, 5 ft. tall, weigh?  
A. She should weigh about 125 pounds.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon  
Towns Talk from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

June 15, 1905  
The Y. P. S. C. T. society of the First Baptist church held a social gathering on reservoir hill. A potato bake was the chief attraction.

More than 2,000 Salem people were in Portland yesterday for the Salem day observance at the Lewis and Clark exposition.

The fixtures and stock of the Oregon Shoe company have been purchased by D. B. Steeves and D. F. Brunner of this city who will take charge today and continue the business at the same stand.

The new standpipe which has been erected on the grounds of the passenger depot caused no small amount of merriment the other day when an inquisitive farmer wanted to know "what that darn bucket was hung on there for?"

## A Problem

For You For Today

A man bought 96 cows at \$125 apiece; 8 having died, at what price per head must he sell the rest to realize a clear profit of 10 per cent on the whole transaction?  
Answer to Saturday's Problem \$60., \$48., \$40. Explanation: In one day they will do respectively 1-4, 1-5 and 1-6 of the work. Add 1-4, 1-5 and 1-6; divide 148 by 37; multiply 4 by 15 by 12 by 10.

## WHEN THE HELP LEAVES



## "The SEA BRIDE"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE

### CHAPTER VII

Noll went into the aftercabin and found Faith there. Her back was turned, she was looking out of the stern windows. He wished she would look at him, but she did not. So he said, his voice thick with anger and at the same time plaintive with hunger for a reassuring word.

"That damned rat won't try that again!"  
Then Faith turned and told him "That was a cowardly thing to do. Noll my husband."

He had come for comfort, he was ready to humble himself, he was a prey to the instinct of wrong-doing man which bids him confess and be forgiven. But Faith's eyes accused him. When a man's wife turns against him—He said, bitter with rage.

"Keep your mouth shut, child. This is not a pink tea looking out the Sally Stims. You know nothing of what's necessary to handle rough men."

Faith smiled a little wistfully. "I know it's never necessary to kick an unconscious man in the face," she said.

He was so helpless with fury and shame and misery that he raised his great fist as though he would have struck even Faith. "Mind your own matters," he bade her harshly. "The dog struck me. Where would the ship be if I let that go? I should have killed him."

"Did you not?" Faith asked gently. "I thought he would be dead."

"No; hell, no!" Noll blustered. "You can't kill a snake. He'll be poisonous as ever in a day."

"I saw," said Faith; she shuddered faintly. "I think his eye is gone."

"Eye?" Noll echoed. "What's an eye? He's lucky to live. There's skippers that would have killed him where he stood. For what he did—"

Faith shook her head. "He's not a little man, weak, not used to sea life. You are big and strong, Noll. My Noll. There was no need of kicking him."

The man flung himself then to an insane burst of anger at her. He hated the whole world, because she would not soothe him and tell him never to mind. He raved at

her, gripped her round shoulders and shook her, flung her away from him. He was mad.

And Faith, steadfastly watching him, though her soul trembled, prayed in her heart that she might find the way to bring Noll back to manhood again; she endured his curses; she endured his harsh grip upon her shoulders. She waited, while he flooded her with abuse. And at the end, when he was quiet for lack of words to say, she went to him and touched his arm.

"Noll," she said.  
He jerked away from her. "What?"

"Noll—look at me."  
He obeyed, in spite of himself; and there were such depths of tenderness and sorrow in her eyes that the man's heart melted in him.

"It's not Manger I'm sorry for," she told him. "It's you, Noll. That you should be so cowardly, Noll."

His rage broke then; he fell to fretting, whining. She sat down; he slumped like a child beside her. He told her he was tired and weary; that he was worried; that his nerves had betrayed him; that the drink was in him.

"They're all trying to stir me up," he complained. "They take a joy in doing the thing wrong. They're helpless, slithering fools. I lost myself, Faith."

He pleaded with her, desperately, anxious to make her understand; and Faith understood from the beginning, with the full wisdom of women, yet let him talk out his unhappiness and remorse. And because she loved him, her arms were about him and his great head was drawn against her breast long before he was done.

She comforted him with touches of her light hands upon his head; she soothed him with murmurs that were no words at all.

The man reveled in this orgy of self-abasement. He groveled before her until she began to be faintly contemptuous in her heart at his groveling. She bade him make an end of it.

"I was a coward, Faith!" he cried. "You're right. I was a coward."

"You are a man, Noll," she told him. "Stronger than other men, and not in your fists alone. That

is why I love you so."

"I know, I know," he told her. "Oh, you're a wonder, Faith."

"You're a man—always remember that," she said.  
He got up abruptly. He started toward the main cabin and she asked:

"Where are you going, Noll?"  
"Forward," he said. "I've wronged Manger. He was drunk with this new-found joy of abusing himself. I'll tell the man so. I'll right things with him." And he added thoughtfully: "He cursed me. I don't want the man's hate. I'll right things with him."

She smiled faintly, shook her head.  
"No, Noll."

"Yes. Why not? I've—"

(Continued on Page 15, Col. 8)

# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A civic creed:

Several years ago, when Rev. James Elvin was pastor of the First Congregational church, and active in the promotion work of the Salem chamber of commerce, he formulated a civic creed. He was the man who secured for our Salem a large amount of favorable advertising by demanding that all the other Salems in the United States get off the map—change their names and give Oregon's capital city the exclusive right to the ancient and honorable name, being the most worthy to bear it. Mr. Elvin about that time formulated and published a civic creed, which many new comers would no doubt be glad to read, and some old timers would be pleased to clip and preserve. A couple of years or so ago, Rev. Elvin died, at his post of duty in Montana. Following is the Elvin creed:

"I believe in Salem for what it has—for its cherries, peaches, prunes, loganberries, hops, small fruit and garden truck; its beautiful trees, fragrant roses and other beautiful flowers; for its marvelous agricultural and industrial possibilities, its transportation by water and by rail, great in its rich and varied scenery, rejoicing in its beautiful environment of river and hill and dale and snow-capped mountains, its unexcelled mild and equitable climate, its snowless winters and cool, pleasant summers, hallowed by its rich and valued historical associations."

"I believe in Salem for what it is—for its boys and girls, men and women, shops and offices and stores, handsome public buildings, beautiful happy homes, playhouses, schools and churches, hospitals, trained physicians, patient nurses, conscientious educators, learned lawyers, earnest ministers, conscientious men of business, faithful chroniclers, industrious workers, never tiring farmers and ranchers, devoted mothers and fathers, and public spirited men and women; for its sympathy, its philanthropy, its hospitality and its neighborliness."

"I believe in Salem for what it is to be—for its inspiring vision of tomorrow exemplified in magnificent new school and office buildings and charming new homes and modern improvements everywhere; its well lighted and well paved streets; its hope for agricultural and industrial expansion; a city where each and all may have an opportunity, where none shall suffer for lack of air or food or clothing or shelter; where ignorance shall be speedily transformed into knowledge, where little children shall grow in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man, where co-operation shall replace selfishness, where a living wage shall be guaranteed to all workers, where all shall work for the welfare of the community, where shall be practiced day by day in truth and sincerity those everlasting definitions of all true religion: 'Do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God,' and 'As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'"

"Yes, Why not? I've—"

This is the 15th of June.

Eighty-four years ago today the boundary question was settled, the international line being fixed where it is now, between the United States and Canada. What came to be known as the Oregon country had been up to that time been coveted by at least four nations, Spain, Russia, Great Britain and the United States, and was claimed by two, Great Britain and the United States, and was owned by none. It had been foreign territory; no man's land. There was signed in 1818 a joint occupancy agreement between the two claimants, to last for 10 years, and this was renewed for an indefinite period in 1828, the pending for its termination upon notice definitely given by one of the nations.

Great Britain had no color of title that was worth considering, as opposed to the right of discovery by the United States, at least as to all the country south of the 49th parallel (the British Canadian line), and not much more of a color above that line to 54 degrees and 40 minutes, the southern boundary of Alaska, then owned by Russia; and after the "fifty-four forty or fight" campaign was won, there would have been a third war between the United States and Great Britain had not such men as Dr. John McLoughlin on one side and Jesse Applegate on the other been in places of power and influence in the Oregon country.

Recognizing all this, the Oregon Pioneer association held all its early reunion meetings on or near June 15th, excepting the first one at Butterville, which was on October 18, 1873, at which the organization had its birth. A remarkable sequence of events took place between June 15, 1834, and June 15, 1846, twelve years later. The first date was when Jason Lee stepped over the Rocky and into the Oregon country and found a stream whose waters trickled away to the west on their long journey to the tides of the Pacific ocean. A new influence that day entered into the spirit of the wilderness—an influence small and almost imperceptible at first, but that grew in geometric ratio from day to day; that widened and gained strength and culminated in the westward rush that gave the strongest of all monuments of title to the United States, that of possession. That is what brought the treaty of June 15, 1846. That is what brought the Mexican war. That is what brought the discovery of gold in California to the Oregon country, to what are now Salem and Marion and Polk counties. That is what brought John C. Fremont, and that is what made Oregon's star in the flag. That is what extended the are of the republic from the crest of the Rockies to the shores of the Pacific.

Secretary of State Hoss notes that the census figures charge Salem with only 822 unemployed, and he says that is wrong—for he has at least 1000 people asking for jobs in the automobile department.

(The beginning of the Geor story of the 1847 immigration is deferred till Tuesday's issue.)

## TRUTH is Stranger than FICTION

Come in and ask for PROOF of every statement made in this advertisement.



Have you discovered that you always get sale prices here; even though we have never held a sale?

Our prices are always "right" as you will find by comparing them with prices at "sales." It is a pleasure to KNOW that one is paying a reasonable sum for an article of guaranteed quality.

**Imperial Furniture Co., Inc.**

467 Court St.

Tel. 1142

WHERE QUALITY IS HIGHER THAN PRICE