

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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The Cycle of Fear

MEN are mob-minded and the mob-mind runs in cycles of emotion. A year ago the cycle was optimism. This year the cycle is pessimism. A year ago the sky was one glorious blaze of sunshine. At least everybody said so. They made no pretense of looking skyward. They heard everyone talking about the fine sunshine and the great prospects, so they threw business umbrellas and caution aside for one grand holiday of money-making.

Just now it is a cycle of fear. People profess to see nothing but dark clouds. Their gloom is deep. Once again they are not looking at the skies but listening to talk. How is this fear demonstrated? By the swing of the price pendulum to foolish extremes. Just as a year ago the pendulum of prices was swinging to the high peak and people were talking about a "new era" and that the price level was permanently on a higher level; so now the price pendulum swings the other way. Commodities have fallen in price, and continued to fall, and the excuse given for the last break was the break in the security markets. Prices in the stock exchange have fallen and fallen, and the excuse given for the last break was the break in the commodity markets. Sympathetic declines are common, to be sure; but when they occur as in this case they are typical examples of the cycle of fear. Thus wheat, cotton, copper have declined to levels really unwarranted but brought about chiefly because of the fear-psychology which prevails.

But for every seller there is a buyer. And these are the days when the buyers are laying the ground for a killing. The meek may inherit the earth if they are calm in a storm; but the panicky are the ones who throw their possessions overboard out of fear and are thus stripped of their goods. Men who stay in business are not those who succumb to their fears nor are they those who are carried away by popular enthusiasms. They rate as the conservatives; and they are really the great anchors to business stability in times both of boom and of depression.

The abundance of business gloom that exudes is pretty good evidence that the cycle of fear has reached its depth and that the next few months will really see the rifts in the clouds for the resumption of prosperous business.

What the country needs is more people who are working and fewer who are trying to make fortunes by being nimble on the teeter-board of securities and commodities markets.

Removing the Speed Limit

SECRETARY of State Hal E. Hoss has given out a statement informing motorists that the law in Oregon limits automobile speed at 35 miles per hour, but he also says that he will recommend to the legislature that the limit be removed, making the penalty one for "reckless driving" in case a motorist is traveling at an excessive rate of speed. That will be a sensible recommendation and we hope the legislature will adopt it. Speed limits are impractical, they are freely disregarded, and many times are not sensible.

Motoring conditions have changed vastly since low speed limits were written into the laws. Highways are wider, straighter and most of them surfaced. Automobiles are better built, with lower center of gravity. Speed limits depend on the kind and condition of the road, the character of the car and the condition of the traffic. Thus twenty-five miles an hour may be excessive on narrow roads with congested traffic. Or fifty miles an hour may be safe in a heavy car on a straightaway with light traffic.

Some states, Washington for instance, fixes a mark at 40 miles an hour in the open country, above which one travels at his own risk. That is, he is liable in case of damages which may have been due to his rate of speed. British Columbia passed a law which prohibited driving "to the common danger." That is inclusive. Excessive speed, reckless manipulation of the car which endangers the lives of driver, passengers and other users of the road become punishable offenses because they constitute driving "to the common danger."

There is another reason we hope the legislature will pass a law embodying the recommendations of the secretary of state. We like to be good citizens and observe the laws, and urge others to do the same (bone-dry included) but the 35-mile limit law makes us feel hypocritical on occasion.

Try This on Your Enforcer

THERE are 15,733 foolish persons in Oregon. That is the number of people who have signed the anti-cigarette initiative which would prohibit the importation, manufacture, sale or possession of cigarettes in the state of Oregon. How in the world could such a law be enforced? Why pick on cigarettes? Why not extend the prohibition to cigars, plug tobacco, pipes, humidors and matches?

Regardless of whether one thinks cigarettes are harmful or not, the very practical question of trying to enforce such a law arises. States have tried this before and their attempts have failed. The law is constantly evaded. It seems to us we have enough prohibition on our hands trying to dry up the country. Our success in that particular is by no means complete. It is rank foolishness to saddle on law enforcement officers the additional job of plucking cigarettes from the men—and the women—of Oregon.

Some of the cigarette makers ought to be panned for some of their advertising, which has at times passed the limits of truth and decency; but prohibiting cigarettes is both impossible and in our opinion an unwarranted perversion of law-making. The reformers who propose this legislation are not only silly but they make the state appear ridiculous to have to vote on such a foolish proposal.

All this talk about the overcrowding of the penitentiary because of the prohibition law turns out to be propaganda. Of the inmates at the Salem prison only 5% are there for infractions of the prohibition laws. Before prohibition was enforced for violation of regulatory laws; so the record isn't bad. Of course there are still some violators on the outside.

A man named Dennis forged several hundred names to an initiative petition he was hired to hawk. He landed in jail and his name is still Dennis.

The president will have to get out the prosperity pulmotor again. Cotton and copper and stocks had another sinking spell during the week. Now indeed is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

Perhaps one reason why there are more men looking for work is that more men are wanting work.

It's an old maid that has no yearning.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

During the last quarter of a century there has been a growing appreciation of the importance of child health and child welfare. The science and art of caring for the infant has been developed to a great extent. More recently much interest has been centered about the care of the child too young to go to school.

National consciousness has been aroused to the need of health and education for the child. We have learned this must be looked after in the home, in elementary and high school, and on up through college. In preparation for the World War, thousands of young men were rejected on the grounds of being physically unfit. This taught us a salutary lesson.

Significant changes have been taking place in many schools in the country. It has been found health protection and education go hand in hand. No more important and far-reaching plan for public health service has been presented than that given some weeks ago under the auspices of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. Dr. Thomas D. Wood, Chairman of the Committee on the School Child, has stated the program of work outlined. By this every child of the nation is to have an equal opportunity for keeping and gaining the best health of which they are capable—health of body, health of mind, health of character—in short health of the entire personality.

Under such a plan as presented daily health work in the schools would mean daily health inspection. This will be made by a corps of trained teachers and nurses, in cooperation with the home, family physician, the clinics and hospitals.

Elaborate plans for the nation's public school systems will, in time, no doubt result in adequate health school buildings which shall be health centers. The up-to-date school affords a health environment for the nation's future citizens.

With periodic health examinations for every child, dental inspection and treatment once or twice a year, health instruction, all promoted in the school as a health center, a real power. He had obeyed her as he would have obeyed Nell, his husband.

At that moment, however, having spoken, she went below. She went quickly, a little confused. She found Noll asleep, as Dan had said; she did not wake him. She watched it from the window. Before it was fully gone, Faith, with the captain's glasses, had searched that highest hill from the windows of the after cabin. She discerned a little clearing, a rude hut—Brander's home.

She watched it from the space; then put the glass aside with thoughtful eyes.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:
Three young fellows came into my shop on S. 12th street on Saturday afternoon, the one of them to have his heels fixed. I was instantly seized with a sensation that this sportive triple combination might bear watching, especially when I had to turn my back to them, concentrating on my work. That sensation bothered me all through their stay in my store, but I deliberately refused to entertain any suspicion against the young men or to observe their movements.

After awhile one of them went out, saying he had to go to the barber-shop, that too seemed to me suspicious. Somehow the atmosphere seemed increasingly queer. After they were gone I saw to my dismay that one pair of shoes had been taken out of the show window and I saw that a pair of old shoes of same size had been left and partly hidden down low. Evidently the young smart lad had quietly and quickly slipped on the new shoes and left the old ones, the other two considering the matter as a matter of course. Possibly the three young hopefuls live in this city, and want to extend their successful operations in which case it might be well for me to notify the public to anticipate their condescending patronage.

It would seem that here, with the walls of the penitentiary, it is plain sight the young folks should be able to maintain an abiding conviction that stealing is not and can never be a paying business.

AUG. MICKELSON.
431 S. 12th St.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talk from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

June 24, 1905
Frank Pratt, of South Salem, sustained painful injury yesterday while blasting rock, the accident occurring as he attempted to examine a charge had put in.

Jeff W. Scriber of LaGrande is visiting in Salem for a few days. He is a former resident of Salem, and was employed for a time in the Capital National bank.

Annual memorial services of the local camp, M.W.A., will be held at 1:30 o'clock Sunday, June 25.

The automobile of the Oregon Suburban Auto company, running between Salem and Independence, is doing a good business.



"The SEABRIDE"

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE
By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

It was not till days later that Faith wondered why she had spoken, wondered why she had ventured to command, and wondered why Mr. Ham obeyed. It gave her, somehow, a sense of power. He had obeyed her as he would have obeyed Nell, his husband.

At that moment, however, having spoken, she went below. She went quickly, a little confused. She found Noll asleep, as Dan had said; she did not wake him.

She watched it from the window. Before it was fully gone, Faith, with the captain's glasses, had searched that highest hill from the windows of the after cabin. She discerned a little clearing, a rude hut—Brander's home.

She watched it from the space; then put the glass aside with thoughtful eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.
Brander's coming, in ways that could hardly be described, had taken the tenon aboard the Sally. When the man went forward to stow his belongings in the fo'c's'le he found the men surly and quarrelsome. They looked at him sideways. They covertly inspected him.

The men of a whaler's crew are a peculiar lot, and while they are gutters and depths. There were good men aboard the Sally, strong men who knew their work. Some of them had served Noll Wing before; some had made more than one voyage on the ships of old Jonathan Fell.

There was loyalty in these men and pride in their tasks, but there were others who were slack, and others who were evil. The green hands had been made over into able seamen, according to a whaler's standard, and some of them had become men in the process, and some had become something less than men. Yet they all knew their work and did it.

When Brander came among them they were surly and ugly. In the days that followed, while attending strictly to his own work, he nevertheless found time to study them. A man with a tongue naturally gray and a smile that inspired friendship, he began to jest with them, and little by little they responded. Their surliness gradually passed away.

The officers felt the change. Willis Cox, still half-sick from the ordeal that had killed two of his men, look Brander into his boat. Brander was only a year or two older than Willis, but he was vastly more mature. He knew men and he knew the work of the ship; and Willis liked him. He let Brander have his way with the other men, and one night his liking for the newcomer led him to speak of it in the cabin at supper.

"He's a good man," he said. "The men like him," he said. "He's after your berth, Will." Dan'l Tobey suggested pleasantly. "Best watch him."

"He knows more about the work than I do," Willis said honestly. "Don't blame him for that, either. But he keeps where he belongs."

"He will—till he sees his opportunity," Dan'l agreed. "Don't let him get away from you."

Old James Tichel, the third mate, grinned malignantly. "Nor don't let him get in my way, Mr. Cox," he said, showing his teeth. "I do not like the cut of him."

The mate looked at Cap'n Noll Wing, but Noll was eating and seemed not to have heard. Faith at her husband's side, said nothing, as Mr. Ham kept out of the discussion. Only he wondered—there was not a discerning man—why Dan'l disliked the newcomer. Brander seemed to Mr. Ham to be a lucky find; they had needed a man; they had found a first-rater. That was his view of the matter.

Brander's coming had worked like a leaven among the men. That was patent to everyone, but it was not necessarily a good thing. If the crew be evil, a dominant man in the fo'c's'le is a dangerous matter. The officers rule their men by virtue of the fact that the sailors are not united. Union among the men against the officers breeds mutiny. Dan'l said as much now.

"He'll get the men after him like sheep," he said angrily. "Then—look out!"
"We can handle that," said Mr. Ham. Dan'l grinned.
"Aye, that's what is always said till it's too late to handle them. The man ought to have been left on the beach where he belongs."
"I spoke for him," Faith said quietly. "It seems to me he does his work."
Dan'l looked up quickly a sarcastic retort on his lips, but he remembered himself in time. "I'm wrong," he said frankly. "Brander is a good man. No doubt the whole matter will turn out all right."
Cap'n Wing, finishing his supper, said fretfully:
"There's too much talk of this man. I'm sick of it. Keep an eye on him, Mr. Ham. He looks sideways, clip him, but don't talk so much!"
The mate nodded seriously. "I'll watch him, sir."
"I've no right to talk against him, sir," Dan'l said. "No doubt he's all right, after all."
Noll shook his great head like a horse that is harassed by a fly. "I tell you I want no more words about him, Mr. Tobey. Be still!"
He got up and stalked into his cabin. Faith followed him. The officers, one by one, went on deck. Willis, then, came to Dan'l.
"You really think he means trouble, Mr. Tobey?"
Dan'l smiled.
"If he were in my boat, I'd keep an eye peeled," he said.
Young Willis Cox set his jaw. "By God, I will that!" he said.
Dan'l pointed forward, and Willis looked and saw Brander talking with Manger, the one-eyed man, by the lee-rail.
"Mark that," said Dan'l. "They are a chummy pair, those two!" Willis frowned.
"That's queer, too," he said. "Manger—he's not much of a man. Why should Brander take up with him, anyhow?"
Dan'l smiled sideways.
"Does Manger—is Manger the captain's man?" he asked.
"No. Hates him like death and hell."
"And Brander plays up to him?"
"Because Manger hates the old man? Is that it?" Willis asked anxiously.
"I'm saying no word," protested Dan'l Tobey. "See for yourself, Will!"
Roy Kileup was another who did not like Brander. This was in part a consequence of his position on the Sally, in part the result of Dan'l Tobey's skillful tongue. Dan'l saw the tendency in Roy, and capitalized it.
Roy lived in the cabin, where his duties as ship's boy kept him for most of the time. It was true that in part he ranked below the men, that he was of small account in the general scheme of work aboard the whaler; but he lived in the cabin, he was of the select, and to that extent he was set apart from the crew. Also, he was the brother of the captain's wife, and that gave him prestige.
There was no great harm in Roy, but he was at an age where boys worship men, and not always the best men. Also, he was at what might be called the cocky age. He felt that the fact of his living in the cabin made him su-

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A strange pioneer story:
Truth is stranger than fiction. Here is a true story that proves it. Walter D. Pugh is a leading Salem architect and contractor, living at 551 North 15th street.

Salem, David W. Pugh is the well known electrician and contractor, whose home is in Moringside, Salem. Edward H. Pugh is employed by a firm of furniture dealers and lives in Portland. Mrs. David Hall Pugh, nee Catherine Entz, the mother of these three sons, died in Salem March 5th of last year, aged 89 years, the month and five days. Their father, David Hall Pugh, was in his time the best known contractor and builder in Salem. He erected the E. N. Cooke (present Patton) home among others. More about this pioneer builder later in this series.

The ancestral home of this family of Pughs was at the corner of North Winter and Union streets, where there was plenty of elbow room on the spacious grounds. Sarah Hunt Steeves, in writing her "Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers," contacted with Mrs. Pugh, during her (Mrs. Pugh's) last days, and, under the heading, "Eneas Entz," gave a story that will grip the interest of any one who will read it. The Bits column will in the next few issues have news for any true pioneer nearer here, beginning as follows:

"Eneas Entz and his wife Catherine Rosenburg were born in France. Catherine was a Catholic in faith, and late in life the husband espoused the same religion.

After several children blessed their modest home and four little lads had been laid beneath the sod of France, the family set sail for America, via the Mississippi river to St. Louis, Missouri.

"If it had been possible for these good folk to have looked through their life horoscope and to have seen what was on ahead of them, we fear they would not have taken this journey. It is well so such thing was possible, so these sturdy old country people turned their faces to the promised land with no misgivings, believing all would be well and with hearts for any task.

"In due season they reached St. Louis and after a short time they made a settlement not far from Jefferson City, Missouri, where they at once set about building a permanent home.

"When the gold mines were discovered in California in 1849, the elder son, Eneas, Jr., was among the many to pack his horse and leave for the land of sunshine and gold. Word came back to Missouri from the son of some success in the gold fields, so the lure of this yellow metal caused the father to go west in 1851. The father and son found each other among the many miners and together they prospected with only fair success. Becoming rather discouraged, they decided to try farming and started north to the Oregon country, where they had heard of land to be had for the price of the price of the price. In time, they took up land on Thomas creek in Linn county, Oregon.

"It was decided between them that the son should go back to Missouri to get the mother and the rest of the family and to be being looked after by the father's brother, also living near Jefferson City, Missouri. While the son made this trip, there and back, the father planned to make rails and fence his claim and get a cabin built and have a real home with whom to welcome his wife and children.

"Eneas, Jr., the son, made the trip back to Missouri, without more than ordinary hardships, and while the family was preparing for the long journey on the Oregon trail, Eneas sickened and died within three weeks after his arrival. The mother was heart-broken. She was already in a new, strange land, with her husband in the Oregon country where it would take six months to make the trip to find him, her eldest son dead and a family of five children left. She did not know what to do. It would take one year to write to her husband and get a reply. After a long time over with her brother-in-law, who had so kindly befriended her, they decided that a trip to Oregon, overland, was not to be considered. This good woman had braved the seas to come to America, so she thought it best to make the trip to Oregon by water, via the Isthmus of Panama. The brother-in-law harvested the crop and

then took the little family to New Orleans by boat on the Mississippi, where they were to take a larger one to Panama.

"While waiting here for passage they took rooms on the top floor of a tall building, a kind of apartment house, where many families were living. Their rooms were on about the fifth floor as near as they remembered, and the mother told the little daughter, Catherine, who in after life became Mrs. W. D. Pugh and gave me this story, to go down the many flights of steps to see what the little brother John was doing on the nearby wharf. Catherine, who was 11 years old, and after looking for a time for the little brother, she found she did not know where the building was in which they lived. She was lost in a big city, with dark coming in. She walked and walked, finally to come to a building that looked familiar but she found the iron grill-work gates closed for the night.

"By this time it was dark. The child did not know where to go. She began to cry, and two waitresses, standing in the door of a restaurant near by, saw her tears and asked her trouble. One of these waitresses was a very black negro woman, who the mother was a white girl. There was nothing to do but take the child into the restaurant, where she could sit by the stove, as it was chilly weather. Poor little Catherine was irreconcilable. She sobbed until she made herself too ill to eat the supper the kind hearted proprietor offered her. In relating this story to me, she said she just thought she would never see her mother and the family again. The family had already had so many hardships, with the father gone and the brother dead and the rest among strangers, they were a sad lot at best.

"When night came she was put to bed in the same bed with the negro woman and white girl. She cried so much that finally the negro woman, who took the lead in looking after her, almost lost patience, because she said they needed their sleep, as they had to work the next day. The poor little lost girl finally sobbed herself to sleep and when morning came she was asked to eat breakfast with these folks and then look again for the building. While standing by the stove, who should come into the store (the restaurant was back of the store) for some coffee but Catherine's mother. Of course it was a happy meeting and it developed that the family was in the same building, but the entrance was on another street. The mother in the meantime was frantic over the loss of the child but was a stranger and in the darkness she did not dare to go out on the streets to look for the child, for fear she would get lost from the other little one, so she just had to wait until morning light, hoping in the meantime that little Catherine would be found in the same building where they lived and had just mistaken the room."

(This story will be continued in tomorrow's issue.)

There is an unoccupied field in the fruit packing industry in Salem. It is that of a maraschino factory. The higher rates of duty under the new Hawley tariff will, in the opinion of some, make it possible to produce such a factory could be built by the growers, on a cooperative basis, and, with the right management, would no doubt prove a decided and permanent success.

ST. PAUL — Theress Ernest left Saturday for Newport where she intends to spend her summer vacation. She will be accompanied by her brother Lester; Ernest, Edwin Woodruff, Frank Brentano, Laurence Vande Viole, Francis Alder and Rose Marie Faber. After enjoying a few days at the beach, the party left for St. Paul, Monday.

Mrs. M. Wilson, Marie Kirach, Agnes Van Winkle and Rose Marie Faber have commenced to work in the Ray Brown Cannery at Woodburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pilette, Mrs. Steve Merton, and Rose Marie Faber attended the wedding of Rose Hughes of Camas, Washington to Joseph Lambert of the same city Tuesday, June 18.

BOBBED HAired WOMEN NEEDN'T HAVE GRAY HAIR

Nature Will Keep Hair Youthful Shade Free Of Gray

LIFELESS GRAY HAIR REGAINS OLD BEAUTY

Everybody knows if color glands are active, the hair will continue to grow. It is a fact that the hair will grow again if the color glands are active. It is a fact that the hair will grow again if the color glands are active. It is a fact that the hair will grow again if the color glands are active.

A doctor several years ago asked me to write to get the scalp, hair roots, and color glands. I was in a healthy condition. Of course, with a tonic, why not rub stimulating tonic into the scalp that will revive those inactive glands so nature in her own way will resume the growth of the hair—surely the hair will resume its original beautiful shade of youth regardless of age or previous condition of the hair.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY
The doctor's search led to end the hair loss. He didn't want a dye or tint, and, of course, must be harmless even if a better hair.

A Problem For You For Today

A man bought a tract of land for 19-20 of its value, and sold it for 13-12 of its value, thereby gaining \$100. How much did he pay for it?
Answers to Yesterday's Questions
540 miles. Explanation—Change 41 2-3 and 54 3/4 to 125-3 and 225-4 respectively. Then, 125-3 is to 225-4 as 400 is to what B will have traveled. Multiply 400 by 225-4 and divide by 125-3.