

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."

From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELTON F. SACKETT Managing-Editor

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Suing the Radio Trust

The suit brought by the Grigsby-Grumow company against the Radio Corporation of America and allied electrical manufacturing concerns, for \$30,000,000 is not a mere gesture like a libel suit against a newspaper with no expectation of recovery. It is a genuine attempt, we take it, to bring to the light of day some of the facts surrounding the patent rights held by the radio trust. The Radio corporation, the General Electric and Westinghouse are cited as having set up a vast illegal pool of radio patents.

We hope the suit goes into the way the Radio corporation acquired the patents from the navy department at the close of the war. Some of the most important underlying patents were turned over to this corporation without charge when the war ended. If they were to be transferred out of the ownership of the government, they should by all means have been made available to every American manufacturer. There could be no justification of giving the radio trust a monopoly based on patents held by the government and developed by naval radio engineers.

Besides having been forced to pay tribute to R.C.A., the other radio makers are deeply resentful of the trade practice of that corporation when last spring it dumped great quantities of radio sets on the market, broke the prices and demoralized business for the other companies. That however is a matter in the realm of free competition and any manufacturer might do the same thing.

This suit, which is backed by the maker of one of the leading radio receiving sets, will be pressed by Senator James A. Reed of Kansas City. That means that a nation-wide audience will hear the proceedings, for Jim Reed will give the court action life. It was Reed who in giving an address assailing the radio trust a few weeks ago, using a broadcast to reach the people of the country, had his broadcast broken off by some sudden and unexplained "S.O.S." call which under the rules of the air, calls for the immediate silencing of radio broadcasts. Charges were made that it was done in an effort to suppress the Reed speech, though that seems doubtful. At any rate, the fat is in the fire, and Reed will see that the grease is fried out of it in court.

Orderly Marketing Reaches Turkeys

It is surprising how fast a phrase spreads. Here is "orderly marketing" which has become a slogan for marketing of farm products. It means to erase the peaks and valleys of selling. It is sort of straight line-production, like automobiles. The endless conveyor belt moves along carrying wheat and corn and cotton and meat and cranberries to market in an even, orderly manner. And now this slogan is carrying over into the turkey business.

Turkeys have been a Thanksgiving product, with a lesser call at Christmas time. They were grown for a date and sold for consumption on a date. Thanksgiving was the original of the special days which later spread from this Turkey Day to Apple Week, Rice Day and Codfish Week.

Orderly turkey marketing is in the air now, however. The set-up was made at a recent conference in Salt Lake City, attended by government agents and representatives of turkey co-operatives. A central sales agency is to be set up for 10 western states. The news reports do not say whether in support of orderly marketing of turkeys the government will buy all the unsold stock after Thanksgiving day and hold it off the market or not.

To have straight-line consumption of turkeys there should be an advertising campaign, and promotion work through the spring and summer. Neat booklets telling 43 ways to serve turkey should be printed and newspapers supplied with reams of publicity material about the merit of turkey meat. While the turkey trade is being made orderly, what would happen to beef and mutton and salmon?

But under the sway of the slogan of orderly marketing, so long as the government money holds out, we will have our turkeys and relish them on the Fourth of July as on Thanksgiving day. Every day will be Thanksgiving Day, by and by.

Today's Newspaper

MEN idling at typewriters have long been telling what would happen to the newspaper of tomorrow. The feat of transmitting an edition of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin to Schneetly by radio and reprinting it there for distribution is pointed to as a prophecy of national editions of great papers which would be published simultaneously over the United States. Others point to radio and television and express wonder over how they may affect the transmission of news.

There is no discounting the fact that mechanical changes may have profound effects on newspapers the same as cotton mills, dynamos and street flushers. But there is always going to be a field for local newspapers. The country weekly is more prosperous today than ever in spite of the inroads of the daily papers with full news and circulation coverage. Mechanical improvements may result in economies which will benefit the small city dailies as well as the large city dailies.

Meantime the newspaper of today in cities great and small is a remarkable product. Papers have lost something in individuality that is true; but they have more than made up in the breadth and variety and fairer treatment of the material they offer. A writer in a current magazine in discussing "Tomorrow's Newspaper," after pointing out the standardization of papers through use of identical news services, syndicated material and style of make-up, says:

"Nevertheless, the newspaper of today, standardized or not, is a good newspaper. Factor for factor in its content, newspaper quality was never so high as it is today. The gathering of news has been brought to a magical perfection of scope and detail. Authority in presentation and interpretation is at the highest point that has ever been reached. The syndicate, the news service, as they function nowadays, can furnish for a hundred newspapers material that in excellence and importance would be beyond the reach of any one newspaper, except, perhaps, a few of the greatest of them all. In every sense of the word, the newspaper of today is the best bargain any man can buy. Regarded as a manufactured product alone, it sells for less than half the cost of turning it out. The value of the information it garners from a thousand sources and lays at your doorstep or on your desk is utterly beyond calculation."

The news of the merger of Pacific coast firms engaging in furniture manufacture brings to light the information that the Pacific Coast now ranks as one of the greatest furniture manufacturing sections of the United States. A few years ago a furniture dealer made a trip to Chicago and Grand Rapids once or twice a year and ordered his furniture there. It came in carlots and he had to carry big stocks. Now he buys from western factories, going east only for certain special lines. The merger may result in even greater expansion of this important line of industry on this coast.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Ancient peoples had most of the same diseases we meet today. "Arthritis" is of ancient origin, and it appears to have been the curse of ancient days.

The Egyptians of three thousand or more years ago were afflicted with it. We have had reports from German scientists who examined 30,000 Egyptian mummies. It was found that Egyptian slaves, who worked a day sweated under the hot sun of the Nile, had almost perfect teeth. But persons of royal birth, those who ate soft food and banqueted sumptuously daily, had decayed teeth. Marked changes were found in the bones and joints of the mummies.

There are many types of arthritis. The word "arthritis" means "inflammation of the joints." In one type the tissues of the joints are involved. The ligaments and lining membrane become inflamed. In another type there are, however, an accumulation of fluids in the joints and changes in the bones and cartilages.

One kind of arthritis, which is particularly painful and serious enough, is "arthritis deformans." It is well-named, because the joints become quite deformed. In acute attacks there is high fever and a rapid pulse. The joints are tender, swollen and feel hot to the touch. Every motion seems to create pain.

Infection of some sort is usually at the bottom of this trouble. Infected tonsils, or teeth and diseased gums, constipation and digestive disturbance set up poisons in the system which Nature has to fight in the battle for supremacy.

Constipation leads to degeneration of the whole alimentary canal and to the poisoning of the system through putrefying and poisonous matter. Arthritis may result.

It has been said "Nature is the curer of disease." Here is a case in point. In arthritis, rheumatism and gout a fever and swelling of the joints mean something. They do not represent a disease but the reaction of the organism against it.

Nowadays everybody realises we must aid Nature in her cure all we can. To do this effectively may demand the unusual. For instance, in arthritis, instead of plunging the aching joints in Joe water, bandage and increase the heat and swelling of the part. In this way Nature, in her system of riding the body of the invading bacteria, forms around the germs a defense ring to keep them from going further with the blood stream into the heart and kidneys, those vital spots which are to be guarded carefully. In helping Nature we use the same methods she does.

Every effort should be made to locate the source of infection. Nothing should be taken for granted. Your physician should be called in early and with the right treatment much can be done.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor: I am anxious to see Thomas Kay, state treasurer, placed upon the republican ticket for governor, vice George W. Joseph, deceased. The assertion that Mr. Kay is the best equipped man in the state for the position is everywhere accepted.

It is one of the curious and fatal habits of the sounding whale to rise near the spot where it went down. It is as if the creature followed a well-known path into the depths and up again. This is not always true, for sometimes a whale that has sounded will take it into his mind to run, will set off at a double pace; but in most cases the whale comes up near where he disappeared.

The men knew this. Dan'l Toby, in his sinking boat, worked away from the neighborhood to give the mate room. So did Willis. And Mr. Ham, leaning one knee on the bow, peering down into the water, his lance ready in his hand, waited for the whale to rise.

The line came in. The nerves of each man tensed. Mr. Ham said, over his shoulder: "Silva, you call the line. Rest of you, get in your oars. Hold ready!"

He heard the men obey, knew they were waiting to maneuver at his command. The whale was coming up slowly; the line was still slack but the creature should have breached long before.

There have been no bank failures or hold-ups for 53 years in Colorado Springs, Colo.

ANOTHER PLAYBOY TAKES HIS THRONE



"The SEA BRIDE" THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Pass over your tubs," Mr. Ham ordered.

Dan'l's men obeyed and Mr. Ham took the fresh line to Willis. He was no more than just in time.

"The black devil's still going," Willis said. "Second tub's all but gone!"

"Bound for hell, more'n like," Mr. Ham agreed. "Hold him!"

Dan'l's line was running out by this time, for Willis had worked quickly, and still the whale went down. Mr. Ham stood by, watching. The line ran on steadily; the whale showed no signs of rising. The bow of Willis' boat was held down within inches of the water by the strain he kept upon the line.

"He's hungry," Mr. Ham grinded, watching the running rope. "Gone down for supper, likely. There!"

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above the water, though he saw a black bulk far down and down—a bulk that seemed to rise. He watched.

It was ahead of the boat; it became more plainly visible. The mate waved his hand, pointing. "There!" he said. "There!"

Deep in the water that black bulk swiftly moved; it darted to one side, circling, rising. Mr. Ham saw the flash of white, a huge black head, a swordlike, saw-toothed jaw. The big man towered; he flung his left hand up and back in a tremendous gesture.

"Starn! Oh, starn all!" he cried.

The oars bent like bows under the fierce thrust of the men as they backed water. The boat slid back; but not in time.

Willis Cox and the men in his boat saw the long, narrow under jaw of the cachalot—a dozen feet, with the curving teeth of a tiger set along it—slide up from the water, above the bow of the boat.

The whale's upper jaw, toothless, rose under it. The creature was on its back, biting. The boat rolled sidewise, the men were tumbling out.

But that narrow jaw sheared down restlessly—through the stout sides of the boat, crumpling and splintering ribs and planking—through the boat—and clamped shut across the thick body of the mate.

They picked up the men who had been spitted from the mate's boat. Not a man was hurt, of them all, save only Mr. Ham. Him they never found—no part of him. The sea took him. No doubt, Faith thought that night, he would have wished his life to come to some such end.

Mr. Ham was dead and gone. Faith was surprised to find, in the next few days, how much she missed him. The mate had been harsh, brutal to the men, ready with his fist; yet somehow she found in her heart a deep affection for the man. He was so amiably stupid, so stupidly good of heart.

His philosophy of life had been the philosophy of blows. He believed that men, like children, were best ruled by their own good will, and he acted on that belief, with the best will in the world. But there had never been any malice in his blows; he frowned and glared and struck from principle; he was at heart a simple man and a gentle one.

She did not at once understand the true nature of the change which Mr. Ham's death must bring about aboard the Sally. In the balancing of man and man which had made for a precarious stability there, Mr. Ham had tak-

on a passive but nevertheless important part. Now he was gone—the balance was disturbed. But neither Faith nor the others perceived this; none of them saw that Dan'l Toby as second mate, and Dan'l Toby as first mate, with only a step between him and the command, were very different matters. Not even Dan'l saw it, in the beginning.

They were all too busy, for one thing. There were the whales to be cut in—for James Tichel had killed and towed his booty back to the Sally an hour after Mr. Ham died. Tichel's whale, and the one that had killed Mr. Ham, would give the whole ship work for days—fervish work, hard and engrossing.

Cap'n Wing, who had leaned upon Mr. Ham in the past, now force took charge of this work, and the strain of it wearied him. He no longer had the bounding vitality which it demanded. What with the death of the mate, and the rush of work, and his own weariness, he altogether forgot his threat to have the man Brander whipped in the rigging. He forgot Brander, tried to drive the men at their tasks, and eventually gave up in a stormy outbreak of impatience, leaving the work in the hands of Dan'l Toby.

Dan'l went about the business of cutting in and boiling the blubber in a deep abstraction. He was considering the problem raised by the death of Mr. Ham, which none of the others—save perhaps Faith—had yet perceived.

This problem was simple; yet it had possibilities of trouble. As Mr. Ham was gone, Dan'l automatically became first officer. Old James Tichel ranked as second, Willis Cox as third; but the place of fourth mate was left empty. It would have to be filled. The Sally could not go on about her business with one boat's crew forever—now officer.

Dan'l was troubled by the problem, for the reason that Brander was the only man aboard with an officer's training; that Brander was the obvious choice. Dan'l did not want Brander in the cabin; he had seen too much in Faith's eyes that night when she heard Brander sing by the capstan. He had eyes to see, and he had seen. There was boiling in Dan'l's mind, a storm of hatred for Brander. He was filled with a rancor unspeakable.

(To be continued)

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

We foresee that the "platform" left by the late George Joseph will have to be strong enough to carry a crowd.—Morning Asterian.

Mr. Hoover can call congress in extr. session, but can he make it behave after he gets it there?—Albany Democrat-Herald.

Goah, we wish we were 12 years old again, and could take off our shoes and stockings and go barefoot.—Medford News.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The oldest church building— On this coast and belonging to people of the Protestant faith, and yet standing and still in use, with its original pulpit and furniture. Where is it? It is probably in Marion county, the Pleasant Grove (or Condit) Presbyterian church, which is to have its annual home coming tomorrow, and of which more in this column for tomorrow's issue.

Getting her information from Mary Condit of Turner, Sarah Hunt Steeves printed in her "Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers" the following:

"In each succeeding generation God, in His mercy, has raised up men to meet the challenge of their day, literally fulfilling that old promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' The American people have always been a restless sort. They descended from other American continents would not have had its settlements at Jamestown, Plymouth, New Amsterdam, etc. This restless spirit prevailed among the early preachers as well as among the laymen. Let us hope the spirit of adventure, the pioneering inclinations of these early preachers were incited by missionary zeal and a desire to be at the frontier to serve as best they could, as well as to satisfy their own desires.

"Up until the time when the greatest of American enterprises was launched, that of the winning of the west, by the pioneers, there was a dearth of well trained, well educated ministers. Men of more than ordinary mental endowment usually, and gifted with the ability to express themselves verbally, would feel they had a 'call' and would at once proceed in the work of the ministry with their stock-in-trade, consisting principally of their Bible, their faith and an abundant amount of zeal. The folk to whom they preached were for the most part uneducated, God-fearing men and women, not the worldly wise, critical, duty-shirking folk to which the ministers of today have to give an account. After all, the 'golden rule' is a very simple thing. The good book says, 'The who runs may read,' and the ministers of that day filled the requirements of their times. As population increased and learning became more common, the demand arose for the educated, salaried preacher of today, who gives of his time so freely and is serving the day in which he lives. In the future the need will be met in the same way as had been in the past, we feel assured.

"To the settlements of the middle west, then considered the frontier, from which Oregon drew her greatest immigration, a salaried preacher was very unusual. The men of that profession usually tolled through the week upon their farms or in the shops, supporting their families by their own labors, so as not to be a burden to their pioneering neighbors. Their 'quartermaster' was so small and so uncertain that the most of the early ministers had to take the example of St. Paul and be 'makers of tents.'

"The sons of these pioneer ministers needed land, as well as those of the laymen, upon which to settle and rear their own families. The men of that profession usually tolled through the week upon their farms or in the shops, supporting their families by their own labors, so as not to be a burden to their pioneering neighbors. Their 'quartermaster' was so small and so uncertain that the most of the early ministers had to take the example of St. Paul and be 'makers of tents.'

"Among those of the Presbyterian faith coming to Oregon in the early days was the Rev. Phillip Condit, of Ohio. Sylvania, a son of Rev. Phillip Condit, had come to Oregon in 1851, driving an ox team across the plains for Hiram Smith. Among this party of 1851 were also Thomas McF. Patton, Joseph Cook and the Buckinghams. During this journey he had learned many things about the camping places, how to manage oxen, and knew something about how to treat the Indians to get best results.

"Sylvania Condit took the western journey in search of health. Fever and ague, so prevalent in Ohio at that time, had afflicted him so seriously that a change of climate seemed the only cure in sight. An uncle, Alva Condit, Sr., had already gone out to Oregon and had settled on the Clatsop plains. This location is now about midway between Warrenton and Seaside, in Clatsop county, on the main highway. This uncle had sent word back that they were free of this scourge in Oregon.

"Sylvania said that the very day their caravan arrived at the village of Portland, or where Portland is today, he had one of the worst chills he had ever experienced and was so discouraged over this that had he been possessed with sufficient funds for the return trip, he would have started back to Ohio right away. He was so homesick and disappointed however, he went down the Columbia river to visit his uncle Alva and in a short time he felt much better and again went to Portland, where he worked as a carpenter for two years, and in 1853 returned to Ohio, a well man. By this time he was so enthusiastic over the beauties of the Willamette valley and its health-giving climate, that he really induced his father and brothers to join the western exodus. His mother's health was very poor and it was in hopes of her complete recovery that the decision was made.

"In the spring of 1854 we find Rev. Phillip Condit, his wife, with their two oldest sons, already married, four minor children and an adopted daughter, Nancy, and three young, unmarried hired men to attend their stock, headed for the Oregon country.

"This small company was comprised of only 14 souls, and must have set out with great faith, in the face of experiences suffered by others. Sabbath observance was one of the cardinal tenets of the Presbyterian church, and as the three Condit families were all of one 'persuasion,' they made it a rule not to travel on Sunday but would rest by the way and listen to the Rev. Phillip expound the scriptures best suited to their needs.

"Always before starting out in the early morning, these faithful men and women had family worship. The record says that only a very few Sundays did they break this rule and that was to find food and water for themselves and their animals. In their case, 'virtues seemed to have its reward,' for they had no trouble with the Indians whatever. Many came to their camp, but these good folk had laid in a goodly supply of trinkets, and a present of a little tobacco or a few beads seemed to satisfy the redskins and they were not molested. The only ill they had to toll the party was the death of the adopted daughter, Nancy, of camp fever and the loss of some of the stock as they wore out along the way.

"Because of his previous experience, Sylvania was chosen captain of this little company, and they finally arrived in Marion county and made a settlement near Aumsville, where the father and his two sons took up adjoining land.

"Just as they crossed over the Cascade mountains, provisions ran low, so one of the younger boys was sent on ahead for food supplies. The only thing he could get was a sack of potatoes and a little salt. For some time the stock of potatoes they had laid in before starting west had been consumed, and they said these potatoes tasted the best of anything they had eaten for a long time.

"So many of their oxen had died along the way that by the time they arrived at Aumsville the only team Sylvania had was one horse and a cow, but these were industrious, sturdy folk and it was but a short time until a home was built for each family and stock was accumulated. Their farms yielded well and in time these families were considered among the most prosperous in Marion county. When houses were built for the three families, and shelter for the stock, and the farms had been put in shape to produce crops, these good folk began to consider a house of worship, where the best of the Presbyterian faith could meet together."

(This story will be concluded tomorrow.)

YOUR vacation will be more carefree and enjoyable if before going you "put your house in order" by having that long delayed will drawn by your attorney, and your family's future provided for.

You may have the services of this strong financial institution as your executor, for the same fee set by statute for individual executors.

We invite confidential consultation about the best way to arrange your affairs. See our Trust Officer.

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Officials of the Philippine Islands are trying to introduce a poultry industry to ward importing chickens from China.