

The Oregon Statesman

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

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

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The Federal Power Commission

WHO is this Russell Hawkins who seeks a place on the federal power commission? He has always been set down in the news reports as a lumberman. The only way that qualifies him for appointment to the power commission so far as we can see is that since lumbering is in the doldrums, a shift to another line of work might be in order.

This power commission is the final attempt of the public to deal with electric utilities on the basis of private operation. The federal government has been reluctant to enter the business of generating electric energy on the streams which it controls. But before turning the valuable power sites over to private companies for exploitation it demands compliance with the law and with the rulings of the power commission. The full weight of responsibility rests then on the commission for the defense of the public interest.

Recent disclosures have pointed to heavy pressure brought to dominate the operations of the old commission which was composed of busy cabinet officers. Appointees thought to be under the control of the utilities sought to influence rulings to be made favorable to the utilities. The commission controls the capitalization of the hydro-electric property. It thus must pass on the items of cost of construction. Various disputes arise over costs of acquisition, interest charges, etc., the utility seeking to write the capital charge as high as possible that it may be permitted to earn on the high capitalization.

It is of the highest importance that the members of the power commission be chosen for considerations other than political. They should be men of personal power as well as of high character; men who can stand the gaff and can retain clear vision of how the public interest should be protected.

We know little of Mr. Hawkins who seems to have proposed himself for the post; it is nothing to his credit or discredit that he is endorsed by the Oregon delegation. From the little we do know it seems to us he would not qualify for this most responsible position, from lack of experience if not from lack of sympathy with the public welfare.

Salvage or Salvation

THE Methodist church is so powerful an agency in this state that its annual conference has wide interest. People not identified with the denomination are interested in its progress because they know that the conference reports reflect the conditions in the local communities. It has seemed to us that some of the reports from Astoria where the annual conference has been in session told more of "salvage" than salvation. Kimball school was to be "salvaged," the Marshall hospital likewise was to be salvaged. The number of districts was cut from four to three; there were complaints about financial burdens from some of the churches.

It sounds too much like retrenchment for this great religious agency. There are some who believe the whole church is passing into liquidation; but an organization so virile, as liberal and as strong as the Methodist church is under its great leaders past and present is in no danger of a spiritual receivership. "New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth." But the Methodist church should awaken to its new opportunities and carry over its former fervor into the social as well as the individual salvation of those it serves.

New theology doesn't defile "salvation" after the same terms as the old; but there is plenty of room for the saving of men from themselves and their baser impulses and the saving of society for order, sobriety and justice.

Salvation, rather than salvage ought to be the Methodist objective during the coming year.

Safety on July Fourth

Can you remember when—
Newspapers of July 5th carried casualty lists that were appalling?

When an organized effort was kept up for many years to wipe out the fatalities that accompanied the celebration of the Fourth?

And do you recall how admirably this campaign succeeded, until the loss of life was reduced virtually to a minimum, and the organized effort was abandoned?

It was not so long ago either.

But the need for vigilance in connection with our celebrations persists. Firecrackers are innocent little fellows compared with the old giant crackers that were used to wake up the town. But there is danger of fire, danger of loss of sight or finger from a premature explosion. Add to these the greater dangers now because of automobiles.

We pass the word along to urge the public to take extra care over the days from the 4th to the 6th. Better a little more time than loss of life or serious accident.

Appleby Goes to California

OREGON loses one of its ablest newspaper publishers when Frank Appleby leaves LaGrande. In five years Appleby has won distinction for himself and his newspaper throughout the northwest. Just at the time of completion of a fine new home for his paper plant he announces its sale to P. R. Finlay and son, Elliott, who like Appleby, come from the good old state of Iowa.

Members of the newspaper profession in the state regret to see Frank leave. He was a bright and shining light at gatherings of publishers. His talks on advertising and publication problems were stimulating and full of sound suggestions.

The Statesman wishes him well in that sponge which absorbs so many of our able newspaper men: Southern California, and extends a fraternal hand of greeting to Messrs. Finlay who succeed him at LaGrande.

The Sips for Supper column opines that at the recent hearing in behalf of the Capital Journal's attack on Mr. Merriam, Blaine McCord was so angry he could not have hit a football with a mallet. Maybe so. Mallet or no mallet, he certainly hit one bag and made it collapse in a hurry.—Woodburn Independent.

Bruce Dennis of the Klamath Falls Herald and News is the one who started dangling the fly in front of Julius Meier. We can understand the Portland papers but Klamath Falls seems too far away to share in the Meier and Frank advertising gravy.

Lightning struck a boat loaded with dynamite up on the St. Lawrence river. The 31 who are missing will find little consolation in the old saying that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Goitre is a disease of the thyroid gland. Almost everybody has heard of the "dreadful glands," those enormous and complex glands of the body which are a feature and utilize very important secretions for the use of the body.

Most of the thyroid glands are small, but one of them, the thyroid, is a gland larger than the others. Its function seems to be the formation of the white blood cells.

One of the other principal glands is the thyroid gland. This gland is a very important and indispensable part of the body. Its two parts lie one on each side of the "Adam's apple," that familiar prominence on the front of the neck. In most persons this gland is so inconspicuous that it serves merely to fill in and round out the contours of the neck.

But occasionally a person finds that the glandular tissues are growing and thickening. It may not be uniform growth, but may be confined to one side of the neck.

But occasionally a person finds that the glandular tissues are growing and thickening. It may not be uniform growth, but may be confined to one side of the neck. One part, or lobe, of the gland is involved in such a case.

Another person may find all the parts of the gland gradually but steadily growing. The organ becomes so big that it cannot be hidden by the dress.

The thyroid gland is one of the series of ductless glands. It has no duct or outlet for its secretions or juice, but the secretion is absorbed from the cells of the gland directly into the lymphatic vessels. This secretion is the most important of the body because of its influence on the conversion of food into animal tissues. This is the process known as metabolism.

The thyroid secretion increases oxidation. Its principal constituent is iodine. The thyroid gland takes from the blood stream the iodine removed from the food.

There is a substance called "thyroidin" present in this gland which is very necessary to the body's welfare. If there is too much of this secretion the gland swells and the body is over-supplied with iodine, and may even be poisoned by it.

The underlying cause of goitre has been traced to mental and physical strain. It may be traced to nervous diseases, to appendicitis, tonsillitis, gallstones and many other diseased conditions of the body.

There is an interesting relation between iodine and the disease of goitre. It is a disease common to certain sections of Switzerland, as well as many parts of America.

Now, there is a widespread belief that the lack of iodine in drinking water may be responsible for goitre. This seems like a direct contradiction of the Swiss-erland idea. Some time the medical profession will know much more about this mysterious working of the thyroid gland.

It would seem, however, that the importance in the theory that every child should be fed minute quantities of iodine. It should be made certain that the substance is in the system to perform its regulatory work. But in the cure of goitre of long standing I doubt if iodine is of value.

Self-medication is dangerous. Any suspicion of goitre should lead to consultation with a reputable doctor. Under proper control, and taken early, I have no doubt that iodine is a valuable remedy in controlling this disease.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. S. Q.—What is the most common cause of aches and pains? My teeth are very bad. Where could I have my teeth attended to without paying a great deal of money?

A.—You are probably troubled with rheumatism caused by decaying teeth. You should have them treated by a competent dentist. Go to any one of your large hospitals, where they will suggest a clinic where you may have your teeth repaired for a nominal sum.

MRS. N. G. Q.—What do you advise for sciatica?

A.—The treatment depends on the cause. Massage, bandaging, electricity, baking, baths, diet and medication all have their share in successful treatment.

Mrs. R. Z. Q.—What causes a burning pain in the centre of the abdomen, extending over the entire right side and across the back?

A.—You may be troubled with a gall bladder condition. It would be wise to consult a physician for an examination. Your diet should be corrected.

MRS. W. J. H. Q.—Will gall bladder trouble cause a great deal of gas in the stomach and bowels?

2.—Could you recommend a diet?

A.—Yes

2.—Yes. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

A MOTHER. Q.—How much should a woman aged 23, 5 ft. 6 in., tall, weigh?

2.—Is it harmful to eat a small portion of vinegar on vegetables once a day?

A.—She should weigh about 135 pounds.

2.—No.

A COMMENDABLE KICK



"The SEA BRIDE"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XX

"He's never been in a boat," old Tichel snapped.

"I know the boy," Dan'l insisted. "I'll undertake to teach him all he needs to learn in a week. He knows boats well enough; he has guts and heart. All he needs to know is whales."

"Aye," said Willis Cox scornfully. "Aye, that's all; but who does know them?"

Dan'l smiled. "You might well enough ask Mr. Cox," Willis flushed painfully.

"That's enough," Noll Wing interrupted harshly. "Silva and Roy, who would you have, Mr. Cox?"

"Only one man aboard," said Willis.

"And that's who? I've no mind for conundrums."

Brander said Cox. "Brander seemed to slump a little in his chair; he smiled wearily. Dan'l Tobey thought the captain had never looked so old. His big flat on the table moved a little from side to side, then was still.

In the silence that followed the faintest of the voice of Roy Kileup from the deck above. Dan'l was crying to Faith in a trembling whisper:

"Dan'l wants to make me mate, sir! He wants to make me mate!"

His voice was so tremulous, so obviously the voice of a boy, that Noll saw the tears in Dan'l Tobey's eyes.

"He's over youthful yet, Dan'l!" Noll said slowly. "Teach him the trade. Happen, some day, we'll see."

Dan'l was betrayed by anger into indiscretion.

"Over youthful that may be," he exclaimed, "but not a Portuguese, and not a beach-comber."

Noll held up his big hand, silencing Dan'l. He looked from man to man, and said slowly, as an old man speaks:

"I've no liking for Brander. He dared me to my face 'yother day. But there's this—he holds the crew. They like him. He's a man; he knows the job; and he does not know how to be afraid. Also, he has a right to the place. If we don't give it to him, he might come with a bunch of trouble for us. Leastwise, that's the seeming of it to me."

"I never heard that Cap'n Wing feared any man," Dan'l said harshly.

Noll smiled. "Aye, brings wisdom, Dan'l. I'm learning to fear; so—"

Dan'l Tobey found Brander on the foredeck ten minutes later. Brander was smoking with three of the men. Dan'l touched his shoulder; Brander stepped aside. The two men faced each other in the darkness for a moment; and it was as if an electric spark of hostility passed between them. Their eyes clashed; but Dan'l spoke pleasantly:

"Get your traps and come aft to the cabin, Brander," he said. Brander chuckled softly; he tapped out his pipe in his palm and tossed the glowing ember over the rail.

Tichel shared another. The four mates, Roy, Noll Wing and Faith, all lived in a space not much more than twenty-five feet square.

This intimacy that could not be escaped served to intensify the clash of man and man. Brander and Dan'l Tobey became, within the week, open and avowed enemies. They made no great show of their enmity, but each understood. Dan'l by virtue of his position as mate, gradually gathered into his own hands the authority that old Noll Wing was letting slip. He assumed many of the small prerogatives of the captain; and he took advantage of his power to give Brander irksome tasks, to make his work unnecessarily hard.

Noll saw nothing. He had fallen into something like a stupor; he was rotting at the heart, like a great log that lies prone in the forest. He played with his authority; he had days when he liked to fancy that he was the Noll of old; but most of the time he spent in the cabin below, sleeping or perhaps drinking, or reading the Bible and musing over his own past sins.

A wholesome interest in the Bible is a good thing for any man; but Noll's interest was not wholesome. He was morbidly absorbed in the Book; he read it and mourned to think how wicked he had been. He complained to Faith, as if she were to blame for his ancient crimes.

It came to pass that little by little he flooded Faith with the details of his own misdeeds. His story of self-deprecation led him to decide that he was not worthy of her. He told her so; and when Faith sought to hearten him, the man—to prove his point—recited tales of the hot blood of his youth. Faith was sickened.

He begged her to forgive him, and she did. She forgave without rancor. It was characteristic of Faith that she held no anger against Noll because he was not what she had thought him. She had married him with her eyes open. He was her husband; she was his.

She set herself to serve him, to protect him against himself with all the loyalty that was in her. And more than all, she set herself to uphold Noll as the master of his ship. He must bring the Sally home with burning coals—that was Faith's creed and prayer. He must fight the good fight; he must meet his responsibility; he must be master.

She worked to this end unceasingly; but on the whole her efforts were without avail. Noll steadily degenerated. His strength fled from him.

Faith was so concerned with Noll that she gave little heed to the hostility between Dan'l Tobey and Brander. These two fought their fight without her interference.

The struggle between them was a curious thing. On Dan'l's side, it was a constant and persistent effort to harass Brander and discredit him; on Brander's side, it was a good-natured opposition to this effort. When Dan'l gave Brander two men's work to do, Brander smiled—and did it. When Dan'l blamed Brander for what was another's fault, or no fault of any man, Brander silently and cheerfully took the blame.

Now and then he looked at Dan'l with a blue flash of anger in his eyes; but for the most part he was good-humored; he seemed amused by his enemy's maneuvers, nothing more.

Dan'l chose, one day, to take Brander to task at dinner in the cabin. Noll and Faith were there, and the four mates. Brander, as was his duty, came down last; he sat at the foot of the board. The Sally was cruising idly, watching

for a spout. Brander and Willis Cox had been on deck before dinner. There was little for either of them to do, save watch for any change of harm, or wait for word of a whale.

When Brander came down he caught Faith's eye from the foot of the companion ladder, and Faith nodded and said:

"Good morning."

Brander smiled. Dan'l looked at Faith, and at Brander; and he gripped his chair to hold back a hot word that would have ruined him.

Brander sat down at the foot of the table. Noll seemed scarce to know that he had come, and Faith nodded to Brander to pass his plate. Brander did so, and Faith served him. The plate went back to Brander.

"Mr. Brander," Dan'l said slowly, "the main hatch was not fast when I came down. Did you secure it?"

Brander looked up quickly and smiled.

"No, sir," he said. "—"

"Why not?" Dan'l demanded acidly. "Are you waiting for a squall to tear it off?"

"I had made it fast, sir, before Mr. Brander came on deck," said Willis Cox.

Dan'l crimsoned in spite of himself. Old Tichel grinned unpleasantly. Brander smiled. Faith looked at Dan'l and waited for his word of acknowledgment. Dan'l saw her eyes.

"Then, of course," he said to Brander, "you couldn't make it fast. Why didn't you say so, since it was done before you came on deck?"

"Sorry, sir," Brander replied soberly; but his eyes were twinkling.

What else to explain? Dan'l could not be in a worse light, and Dan'l knew it.

"What is so funny?" he said hotly.

Noll Wing rumbled from the head of the table, where he had seemed concerned only with his food:

"Let be! Let be! The thing is done. That's all that's needful, Mr. Tobey."

Dan'l got hold of himself. "Right, sir," he said respectfully.

(To be continued)

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

July 1, 1904

A new and up-to-date sawmill is being erected four miles south of Salem with a capacity of 7,000 feet per day. It will be in operation about July 3. A large 60-horse power boiler has been installed in the plant. John Doyno is the owner.

A. L. Patton of Marion, timber purchaser for the Jefferson sawmill company, was robbed of \$717 and nearly murdered about 3 o'clock yesterday morning in Portland, according to word reaching here. Four thugs participated in the assault and robbery.

The Fourth of July will be fittingly observed in Salem; it was decided at a meeting of the greater Salem Commercial club.

Mrs. C. A. Miller of Silverton was seriously hurt when she was thrown from her carriage on the Silverton road near the Savage farm. A bellicose bull started on a rampage, first unhorsing Ralph Hunt, then frightening the horse of the Silverton woman and upsetting the buggy.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A great movement:

The most significant development for the future greatness of the Willamette valley is the growth of sentiment in favor of irrigation.

The census figures for the four counties of the second Oregon district, just footed up, show that on the farms of Marion county there were last year 108 irrigation projects accommodating one to four farms each for Polk county 12, Yamhill county 7, and Tillamook county 16. Total, 143.

This report has no reference to the several projects that furnish irrigation water for five farms and upward each in this district—like the Santiam irrigation district and others of that character that divert water for the accommodation of large sections. These were taken direct from Washington by the census bureau, and figures for them will not be available for some time yet.

And the farm irrigation systems were for 1929, and do not include any new ones established this year. It is known that there have been several new ones started in 1930, like the system on the Senator Sam Brown farm near Gervais, pumping water by electric power from a well. Also, it is certain that a number of the 108 farm systems in Marion county will soon be enlarged so as to take in more than four farms each, and to supply larger areas on individual farms with irrigation water, for crops that have the greatest growth in the dry season.

The growth so far seen in this movement here would seem insignificant in the arid sections of this country. It looks large only in what it promises for the future; for every successful project of the kind is in the nature of an experiment station for its section. The Willamette valley farmer of pioneer times who would have ventured to suggest the importation of irrigation for this "webfoot" section of Oregon would have been laughed to scorn.

But when it is shown that nearly every crop in most years in the Willamette valley needs some irrigation and will on the average pay a good profit for the cost of providing it, and in some years a number of crops will depend entirely for profitable yields upon this artificial rain, there will be a different story to tell. And this is being shown in constantly increasing cases.

The whole of the Willamette valley will one day come under irrigation. When this time comes, with all the accompanying modern methods, including lime for the worn out soils, the green manure of the leumes and the rest, the Willamette valley will put to shame for its productivity the valley of the Nile in its fat years.

And it will be seen that the Willamette valley will have the cheapest irrigation water, per acre foot, of any section of similar size. In many sections, water diverted from streams must be brought hundreds of miles, losing vastly from evaporation and seepage. The streams running down the defiles of the Cascades and the Coast Range are such and so near the great arid areas as to be brought "under the ditches" that will in time be provided, at slight average comparative cost. And there are few areas where pumping may not be resorted to, where that is the only way, at costs that will not be prohibitive.

What will happen when the Willamette valley is a vast irrigated section? It will be one vast orchard, truck garden and cultivated field and green pasture—the richest section on the round globe. Irrigation will bring sugar factories. These, with the other benefits in a vast train, will render this valley the greatest and richest dairying country in the world, with the by-products of swine breeding and poultry raising that will be important complements in the veritable horn of plenty that will hang over this fair land; this land of diversity and this country of opportunity.

California will soon be out of water. It is short of water now. It is in annual danger of having great stretches of its farms and groves and orchards turned back to the desert. Its water level is receding each year—the pipes of the pumps must be made longer and longer, until the cost is prohibitive; the cost of both equipment and operation. There is 100 years more second-class water in the Mono lake project for Los Angeles; that is several years off. There is 1500 second feet for all California from the Boulder Dam project; that is 10 to 15 years off.

Then California will be done. No matter how deep the winter snow on the high Sierras, it is not enough. No matter how many inches of rain in any one year, it is not enough. The population is gaining on the thirty last every day. The limits is only a short time ahead.

Whether will the ever passing westward through turn? There is only one way. It is to the north of the California line, and the potentially richest area this side of the world is in the Willamette valley. It is so fabulously rich in the making, and it is large. The nine counties of the Willamette valley are greater in extent than the Nile valley. Here may be maintained in comfort more than 10,000,000 people, where less than a half million people now find homes.

You get the picture; can you see this glorious vision? It is surely unfolding. Its final coming is certain. And the big thing in water. We have plenty, for all the future, with conservation. It is recorded that last year more foreign cars visited Oregon in the

summer months than went to California in the same period, not counting the autos from California coming into our state. This means advertising that will give Oregon an increasing flow of outside wealth and a continuously mounting stream of new people.

In the final analysis, it's the water. Oregon has plenty, for generations to come. California has enough for only the present and the immediate future, and is not sure of that.

Mrs. W. A. Jones, of the Jonesmere farm on Mission bottom has this year contracted to supply her cherry crop, about 40 tons, to the Reid Murdoch concern. They will go into a new product for Salem—a fruit salad put up in attractive glass containers. This is one of the finest cherry crops in this section, (Royal Aims, Bings and Lamberts), and it will help to make the new product outstanding in the high class trade of the country to which it will appeal. The Jonesmere cherries have stood high in size and quality ever since Mrs. Jones has had oversight of their production. She picks late; waits for the full sugar content taken from the summer sunshine. Her pickers will not start until Monday next. That is a few days earlier than the first picking was done last year.

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

If we are to have dependable markets at fair prices, we must first GUARANTEE QUALITY. Experience proves that.

Here is another rule you can bank on: If the farmer is to show a profit, his production costs must be kept down. Experience everywhere proves that ALSO.—Eugene Register.

By the looks of the tan on the faces of men of Company H, Astoria has been enjoying more than the usual amount of sunshine for this time of the year. Or was the coloring reflected from the O. D. shirts?—The Dalles Chronicle.

A highway tramp in Lane county rocked passing cars whose drivers refused to heed his wailing thump. Wonder what he could have done to the driver if he had been given a ride?—Bend Bulletin.

If only some of the safe-crackers who are operating here would bring a pair of wheelers along, there would be plenty of officers at the scene of action.—Morning Astorian.

A Problem

For You For Today

X and Y were partners in business. X's capital was \$450, Y's \$750. They lost \$640. How much did each one lose?

Answer to Sunday's Problem 640 divisions, Explanation: Multiply 5.25 by 5280 (number of feet in 1 mile). Divided this result by 9.625 and by 12.375, and then subtract the results.