

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Fish, Flash or Foul

FINALLY the rumors and charges against Harold Clifford, state game warden are receiving an airing. The state game commission is holding a hearing and throwing wide the doors for admission of testimony listening to hearsay stories and everything that can be shown up respecting Clifford and his assistant, Edward H. Clark.

The charges cover most everything from negligence in office, inefficiency, failure to enforce laws against poaching, habits of drinking, to intimations of graft in office. Discharged employees, confessed fish poachers as well as men of repute in fish and game circles have offered their testimony, and the tales are rather sordid. Whether they are also "fishy" is a matter for the game commission to decide. The defense has yet to introduce its evidence.

There has been a lot of complaint regarding the violation of the fish and game laws. Illegal fishing on the Willamette, Clackamas and Rogue rivers is reported as all too common. Whether it is due to the difficulty of enforcing the laws or the negligence—or graft—of the wardens is a matter which the uninformed public finds hard to determine.

Serving on the game commission is just about the hardest job in the state, yet the rivalry for positions on the commission is keen. Game affairs are in a constant jangle. The commercial and game people are in continual strife. The game people themselves split into numerous factions. They can't agree on regulations and some are forever crabbing about the rules the commission does lay down.

Perhaps if Joseph had lived he would have applied his public service commission formula to the game commission and abolished it. That of course would be the ruin of the state for fishing and hunting; but there must be times when a governor feels that is the only way of dealing with the vexing problem of the game commission.

A Break in the Clouds

THOSE people who are enjoying the parade of business gloom will be disappointed to learn that the discerning are seeing a little rift in the clouds. In fact such a good authority as "The Business Week", one of the best edited of the business publications is running up the white flag predicting clear weather ahead, though it does not say that the squalls of the financial storms are yet all over.

In its issue this week, the magazine publishes on its front cover:

"The characteristic signs of the process of business recovery appear more clearly this week. Basic industries farthest from the consumer, like steel and coal, which decline or rise last and farthest, continue more than seasonably slack. Electric power production and primary distribution by railroads are still at low levels, but begin to show slight improvement. Building construction has increased sharply, above normal and above last year's level. General trade, as measured by check payments and currency in circulation, has risen to relatively high levels. Bank credit is expanding at a more than normal rate. Federal Reserve credit is being brought into action on a larger scale. Commodity prices are firmer. The stock market is steadier and quiet. The sharp rise in our index of the volume of general business activity nearly to the maximum in the past two weeks is partly a reflection of the markedly higher level of the building activity and the large volume of money turnover at the end of June. We expect some back sliding in coming weeks, but continue confident that the general trend upward and the underlying conditions favorable for early recovery."

That is bad news for the democrats who have been depriving great enjoyment from this period of republican reverses. Maybe the sunshine will be bright when 1932 rolls around.

This news ought to encourage those folk who have been pinching their coppers because of the minus signs in front of figures on car loadings and automobile sales, to go down town and buy a new hat. The world isn't coming to an end, yet. But in the past few months business has nearly succeeded in talking itself to death.

Salem and the Freight Rate Decision

THE decision of the interstate commerce commission permitting the Southern Pacific to violate the long and short haul (Fourth Section) of the transportation act in order to meet the port-to-port rate of steamship lines is acclaimed as a victory for the intermediate points by Mr. Harvey rate expert of the public service commission. The decision of the interstate commerce commission limits the reduction of the rail port-to-port rates so that no intermediate rate will be more than twice the port-to-port rate, and this Mr. Harvey says will result in some decreases to points south of Eugene.

It has always seemed unfair discriminatory for a community like Medford to have to pay twice as much for freight from San Francisco as Portland does. In other words the railroad hauls the car of freight nearly twice as far for half as much. Of course the rail men try to justify it on the ground that they have to meet water competition. The result of this policy is simply to build up the terminal points at the expense of interior. Would it not be a sounder policy for the railroads to build their rate structures the other way, favoring the interior points and developing them for then they would get all the business, rather than to engage in cut-throat competition with the ships and then lose much of the business to them?

So long as the matter now seems to be settled it makes it more vital than ever for Salem to obtain year-round, low-cost water transportation. Make Salem a port on the extension of the Willamette river canalized to provide certain depth of channel the year round. Then we will be independent of the penalty which all interior cities suffer from discriminatory rates. There must be no resting on this proposition until regular barge service is established on the river.

The Canby Murder

DID you see the picture of the scrawny cow whose invasion of a neighboring grain field led to the killing of a human being near Canby? Gaunt in the flank, ribs sticking out, the bland eyes look out on the world in all innocence of her offense which led to a tragedy.

It's a sad affair, though it seems at last to afford a release to the wife of the murderer who had toiled and slaved rather in fear than in love.

At that the killing is a clean killing, a vast improvement over the racket slayings of the cities. It was the sequence of anger and hot fury, not of cold deliberation nor of deliberate commercialism. Maier was probably weak of mind and hot-tempered. While we may not condone his deed, it does impress us as less reprehensible than the cold-blooded slayings by hired gunmen in the city rackets.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Recent years have witnessed the most dramatic change in the history of the human body.



DR. COPELAND

Recent years have witnessed the most dramatic change in the history of the human body. The breaking down of the fatty tissues when reducing too quickly, causes the body to be flooded with waste products. These poisonous substances accumulate to such an extent that they are incapable of being eliminated or counteracted.

The human frame requires a certain amount of adipose deposit. It supplies a reserve of energy, and acts as a desirable padding material to the other tissues. The whole system works better when lubricated by the fats we eat. It is most essential that growing children and young people have this reserve storage. It assists the body to resist disease.

Although tuberculosis has decreased of late years in general, it is only too true that it has increased alarmingly among young girls and women, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four. It is significant that these are the ones who have become slaves to the slender figure fashion.

Overweight after maturity is another problem which is attracting much attention. This may be dangerous. While diet governs the body weight to a great extent, other factors like the action of the endocrine glands, and chronic disturbances of any function of the body may also affect it. This is certainly true in many cases of overweight.

Everyone has easy access to tables showing the average body weights for the individual height and age. When it is found there is a pronounced variation from normal weight, it must be suspected that some underlying cause demands discovery. This is certainly the case if the diet has been a proper one. Your doctor can probably determine this.

A reducing diet should be relatively low in fats and carbohydrates and relatively high in proteins. There must be not too much protein, but enough. By including in the diet necessary mineral salts, vitamins and building fruits and the leafy vegetables afford, you are pretty sure to attain proper nourishment and a normal weight.

Sugars and starches must be cut down to a minimum. Creams, fat meats and fish, butter and whole milk cheeses, rich sauces and dressings should be avoided. Cottage cheese is a very good substitute for other cheeses in a reducing diet.

Daily exercises should form the backbone of a reducing program, rather than a cutting down to too dangerously near a minimum food intake. Meals should be sufficiently bulky so that hunger is satisfied, and the organs of digestion and elimination are given something to work upon. If you eat food which is fuel for body energy is burned in the body, there should be no residue left to form undesirable fat.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

July 18, 1905
Prof. G. A. Peebles was elected principal of the North school at the regular meeting of the school board held last night. Principal Goode resigned recently to accept a position at Mt. Taylor. During the past five years Peebles has been with the West-on state school.

B. P. Taylor, Santiam mining man who has been interested in that district for several years, will leave today for his home in Pomona, Calif., but he hopes to be able to return to Oregon within a few weeks.

John C. Van Wagner, formerly of this city but now of Los Angeles, arrived in Salem on the overland train for a few days' visit with old friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Richardson of Dayton are here for a few days' visit with their son, County Treasurer W. Y. Richardson.

A Problem

For You For Today

If 16.5 bushels of wheat are worth \$7.125 bushels of corn, how many bushels of wheat should be exchanged for 17.5 bushels of corn?
Answer to Yesterday's Problem: 1586 square yards. Explanation: Let 1 equal width of field; double this and add to 3 (1 1/2 x 2); divide into 160; this will give width. Take 1 1/2 of this result and multiply together the two dimensions.

2100,000,000 FLY
WASHINGTON. — (AP) — Warning that the Hessian fly is active locally almost every year, the department of agriculture recalls that it has cost the country as much as \$100,000,000 in losses to grain in a single year.

Arkansas had 274 homicides last year—the same number as in 1928.

THE "DIVVY"



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"The SEA BRIDE"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE

CHAPTER XXXV

Dan saw and understood. He cultivated Slatter, tended the man's hurts, and gave him covert sympathy for the beating he had taken; and Slatter, emboldened, swore harshly that he would finish Brander, give him half a chance.

Dan said hastily and quietly, "Don't talk about such matters, man. There's more than you aboard ship would do that if they dared. I'm not saying even Noll Wing would not smile to see Brander gone. No matter why."

"I know why," Slatter grinned evilly. "Every man for'd knows why!"
"Well, then, you'll not blame Noll," said Dan. "I'm thinking he'd fair kiss the man that had a hand in ending Brander, if it were not done too open; but there's none aboard would dare it."

"By God, let me set him for'd," said Dan. "Here's the man himself!"
Here was his tool; Dan waited only the occasion. There was a way to make that.

A whaler's crew are for the most part scum; harmless enough when they are held in hand, easily managed so long as they are kept in fear. But alcohol drives fear out of a man; and there was whisky and rum in the captain's storeroom aft.

It was one of the duties of Roy, as ship's boy, to fetch up stores from this room at command; he was accustomed to all Noll Wing's noisiness now and then. Dan saw he might use Roy; and he did so without scruple.

"I've need for liquor, Roy," he told the lad. "But I'd not ask Noll. He's jealous of the stuff, as you know. So when next you're down, fill a jug with whiskey, and fetch it up to me."

He held it so casually that Roy agreed without question. The boy was pleased to serve Dan. Dan held him; had captured Roy, heart and soul. Roy gave him the jugful of liquor next morning. Slatter had it by nightfall, and that without Dan's appearing in the matter. Slatter came at it like the wheel, and Dan saw to it the jug was in his sight and at hand. Slatter carried it forward with him. He passed Dan in the waist; and laughed and said: "Man, that looks like liquor!"

"Oil for the fo'c'sle lamp," he said.
Dan wagged his head.

"See that that's so," he said. "I'm not saying a word to you. You'll not be wanting Brander to lay hands on you again."

Slatter's eyes shifted hungrily; he went on his way with quick feet. Dan watched him go, and his eye was hard.

Then was at dusk. Toward ten that night, when Brander was in his hammock under the boat-house, one of the men howled forward, and there was the sound of scuffling in the fo'c'sle. Dan was sitting waiting. He called to Brander:

"Go forward and put a stop to that yammering, Mr. Brander."

When Brander at Dan's command went forward to quiet the men in the fo'c'sle, he found two or three of the crew on deck about the scuttle, watching the tumult below. When they heard him, and men must have who backed away. The light from the fo'c'sle lamp dimly illumined their faces; and Brander thought there was something murderous and at the same time furtive in their eyes.

More than that, he caught the smell of alcohol. So there was whisky loose!

A man sped up the ladder past him to the deck, saw him and slid away into the dark; and then another. Six or eight were still fighting below.

Brander had that sixth sense which men must have who would command other men; he felt, now the peril in the air. His duty was down there among those fighting men. To get down, he would ordinarily have used the ladder. But to do so would be to engage his hands and his feet, and he might well have put his hands on these members. He put his hands on the edge of the fo'c'sle scuttle and dropped lightly to the floor of the fo'c'sle without touching the ladder. He landed on his toes, poised, ready.

The narrow, crowded, triangular den was thick with the smell of hot men, of whisky, of burning oil; the air was heavy with smoke. A single swinging lamp lighted the place. Beneath this lamp, four or five men were involved in a battle from which arms were waved awkwardly as their owners struggled. Two other men crouched at opposite sides of the fo'c'sle—watching. One was Manger; the other Slatter.

"Stop it, now!" Brander cried. The character of the struggle changed; the fighting men straightened. Some one hit the lamp and sent it whirling into darkness; and at the same moment Brander heard Slatter scream murderously. He slipped to one side, backed into a corner and held his hands before him, ready to meet an attack.

Slatter's charge, if he were attacking Brander, should have carried the man past the scuttle's edge; but Brander in the dark, heard a thump of two bodies together, heard Slatter howling profanely, heard heels thumping upon the floor. Then two or three men made a rush up the ladder to the deck.

Brander stepped forward, tripped over a whirling leg, and dropped upon a smother of two bodies which writhed beneath him. An arm was flying; he gripped it and felt the prick of a knife in his wrist. Death in the air!

He dragged that arm down to his face and bit at the wrist and the back of the hand till he felt the knife drop from the man's fingers. The three of them were writhing and striking and kicking and strangling; but the knife was gone.

He began to fumble with his right hand, seeking marks for his knife. He did not strike blindly, but when he struck, his blows went home—on someone's ribs, and back, and once on the neck at the base of the ear.

They were fighting in silence now. All had paused as quickly that it was still scarce more than seconds since Brander dropped to the fo'c'sle. Later bodies thumped the plankings convulsively; they struggled in a fashion that shook the ship. They were gasping and choking for breath.

Someone screamed terribly in Brander's very ear, and a hand that was gripping his neck relaxed and fell away. The bodies of the fighting men were for an instant still; and in that instant's silence someone asked:

"You all right, Mr. Brander?"

Brander knew the voice—Manger's.

"Yes," he said.

Manger squirmed out from under Brander.

"What hit Slatter?" he asked sharply. "Did you get him?"

Brander got up, and the body of Slatter fell away from him limp. It was about that time that Dan reached the fo'c'sle scuttle above and looked down into the darkness. He saw nothing.

"Mr. Brander?" he called.

"Yes, sir," Brander said quietly.

"What's wrong there?"

"Slatter tried to knife me."

"Have you got him?"

"I don't know. He's still. Strike a light, if you please."

(To be continued tomorrow)

MEHAMA, July 17.—A number of the men from here that are employed at Hammond camp 26 above Mill City went back to work Monday after a two weeks vacation over July 4 holiday.

CIVILIZATION

By R. A. HARRIS

Civilization—not necessarily the government—must provide employment for the unemployed. It matters little by what process or principle this is done, be it odious or otherwise.

It must do this because it has imposed upon the majority, under the guise of civilization, practices and habits that have rendered them incapable of self-support.

The definition of civilization must be revised from what we see in action into what it bamboozles slaves would like to believe it is, namely: mutual protection.

Of course, civilization, if it deems itself competent, may choose between employment and extermination. But extermination, whether under the slow process of starvation and criminal execution, or in a more businesslike and expedient manner, must face the somewhat mutual opposition of the victims of such a program—not to mention the overproduction of fertilizer with its certain reaction upon the profits of the fertilizing industry.

There would seem to be an honest question, as to whether providing employment is preferable to extermination. The latter is unquestionably preferable to a continued and increasing dole. But the furnishing of employment whereby a rapidly increasing number may earn the necessities of existence, as well as the right thereto, is favored by some if not by many. That this would be socialism or paternalism is neither here nor there.

The great majority of people are not commercially minded. This is a fact civilization has not yet recognized. Civilization is dominated by the commercially-minded minority. Its standards, its literature, its customs, its culture, are unsuited if not devised by a far larger percentage of people than adheres to them. The standards that monopolize literature and the platform are not the standards of the majority. The large majority is scarcely represented in the institution of civilization. Their self-appointed spokesmen speak for themselves only. They do not know the problems of by far the most of the people. By far the largest share of humanity is too poor and ignorant to influence successfully to stand for its place in the sun of civilization.

Simply to live in honest and

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A Pioneer Woman's Pride:

Continuing the story of yesterday, our Nancy Scott, Wisdom Smith Hunt, pioneer Oregon woman, as found in the "Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers," by Sarah Hunt Steves:

"Born in West Virginia, but reared among the rolling hills of old Kentucky, in a home of plenty, was an Irish lass named Nancy Scott."

"Nancy was endowed with much natural beauty of face and form and lacked none of the pride attributed to southern girls."

"As the years passed by, we find her with her husband, Doctor Smith, near St. Joseph, Missouri, listening to the eloquent message of Jason Lee about the far off Oregon country. They were Methodist folks, and Jason Lee's message was not taken lightly. At the end of six months, this family found themselves, with many others, bivouacked on the banks of the Missouri river at old Independence, preparing for the great trip across the plains by covered wagon to Oregon."

"This was in the spring of 1847. Mr. Smith had been elected captain of the train of over 200 wagons and they were ready for the start. The reason for this westward move was not so much to better their financial condition, for the family were in comfortable circumstances, but rather to get away from the ravages of fever and ague so prevalent at the time. The Smiths were Methodists, and the Mormons were fast settling up that part of the country. The two religious beliefs could not affiliate very well at that time, yet Smith and Brigham Young were friends."

"Mr. Smith was a miller by trade and before leaving for the west he sold his gristmill and saw-mill, and used the money in hand, paying the taxes for three years in advance so as to have something to fall back upon in case he did not like the west. He had a stout heart, and, full of hope, he did not fear but what he could care for his family in the new country, and he was willing to otherwise, and at the crossing of Oregon river, in (what is now) Wyoming, he was taken with camp fever and his spirit took its flight. Almost his last words were: 'It matters not where the body lies if the heart is right with God.' His death was a crushing sorrow to his wife, but she, with her family, made the long journey with the others and finally arrived in the Oregon country."

"At Oregon City, where they first stopped, after coming over the Barlow route, the whole family suffered with typhoid fever, and for nearly three weeks the famous Dr. McLaughlin kindly ministered to their needs."

"When the family recovered, they moved on up the Willamette river and located at (what became) Sublimity, in the Waldo hills, where they spent the winter in a log cabin. The first Oregon winter they never forgot. It was very hard for them."

"The long six months' journey across the plains and the long siege of typhoid at Oregon City had about exhausted all their strength, and their diet in the winter consisted principally of shortbread, dried peas and potatoes. The two older boys brought in

some game and the mother worked at tailoring when she could, but it was hard for them to get along with such a large family. There were six children, and none of them old enough to be of much help, with sugar and flour selling at \$1 a pound and ordinary calico at \$1 a yard, and not much demand for labor during the winter of those early days."

"This good mother was an expert needlewoman and liked pretty clothes. She abhorred gossip, but her hands were never idle and she spent all her spare time with needlework. Many beautiful embroidered garments have been handed down to her granddaughters and on to the third and fourth generations. She was a very neat in appearance, and, no matter what her work, she always wore a white collar fastened with a modest gold brooch."

"A kind neighbor, becoming interested in the family, went to Daniel Waldo, who had been in the country several years (since 1843), and whose cattle roamed the hills that bore his name, to see if he would not let the widow Smith have a cow to milk for the winter."

"Now, Mr. Waldo was a well meaning man, but he took great pride in the fact that he was not a proud man. He went about in a very slovenly manner, letting his boot laces drag and with his trousers sagging, to prove this fact. He had seen the widow with her white collar and it angered him to see so much pride exhibited in such reduced circumstances. His answer was, 'I will keep his cow, but she shall have a cow-bell, she takes off that white collar.' The widow heard about this and her reply was, 'You tell Daniel Waldo my collars have cost me nothing, having been made from old linen shirt bosoms and embroidered with ravelings, and I absolutely refuse to take them off. He may keep his cow.' 'Just such an answer only may have expected from my Spartan grandmother. She did not get the cow, but I have always been glad she did not compromise her pride.'"

"The first year after his arrival, Daniel Waldo was elected (in 1844) to the legislative branch of the provisional government (lower house), from Champego (now Maupio) county. In 1845 he was elected district judge of Champego county."

"There are enough old stories of Daniel Waldo and the members of that famous family to fill a large book. Waldo was a kind man. He had a soft and sympathetic nature, but his critical tongue and his rough dress."

The good pioneer woman needed only to pocket her pride to get her cow. She might have donned her white collar after having doffed it to secure the needed bovine.

SHE SUFFERED WITH BAD CASE OF PILES

Doctored a Lot But She Gained No Relief—Simple Remedy Finally Found

HEALS AND ALSO RELIEVES PAIN

"I suffered so with bleeding piles I could hardly sit down or lie down at times. The doctor seemed unable to help me, and I was afraid would have to be operated on. I already had suffered more or less this way for several years, and had tried salves and lots of other things. Then I saw a Color Film advertisement in the St. Louis Times. The first bottle was nearly gone before I could see results, but after that they proved so good as the bottle was empty, I was feeling like a new man. They are healing the hemorrhoids, and keeping the blood clean, and knowing how many men suffer, I gladly write to say you can refer to me as one who praises Color Film Piles, always, writes Mrs. W. R. Copeland, Sublimity, Ore."

Thousands of grateful men and women have found relief from their piles, when with a box of Color Film Piles, and a few drops of water at meal times, no drop down inside to the roots of the hemorrhoids, itching, swelling and burning, and the cure was almost at hand. No more agonizing, excruciating operations, no more pain. If the reader suffers with piles in any form, obtain at your druggist or direct, and use on positive guarantee that treatment will bring complete relief. Write for booklet, "Color Film Piles," and the doctor's letter to Color Chemical Co., Grandview, Mo."

But always ignorant and indignant parents of all classes are of the worst enemies of home and of civilization, there will not always be consideration for the hopelessly delinquent that stops at extermination because of inability to reach the root of the trouble.

Employment of the unemployed by civilization will be simply in recognition of the principle that each must sustain himself. It will not all be a summer dream. It will provide for luxuries or privileges since the more meritorious experiment in hitherto undeveloped developments of civilization.