

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Hoover's Fourteen Points

THE Corvallis Gazette-Times has looked over the work of President Hoover's hands and found it all good. Wherefore the G-T has blessed the work of his hands and declared a holiday for golfing. Those who follow the editorial utterances of the Gazette-Times will not be surprised at this friendly appraisal of the president's administration. It is strange however that so loyal a party organ would summarize the presidential achievements by the sequence of "fourteen points." The number 14 was immortalized by Woodrow Wilson and his mystic number has been the target for many a barbed shaft ever since. Perhaps the G-T strained to get the 14 points that it might at least equal the number of the late democratic president. We can think of another, Claudius Huston, which would make 15 and thus beat Wilson's enumeration by one.

Here is the compilation which the Gazette-Times has made:

1. The revision of the tariff.
2. The farm relief act, and appointing to the board "the best qualified men of the country."
3. Law for licensing dealers in perishable farm products.
4. Lightening of the income tax burden by \$160,000,000.
5. Letting loose \$230,000,000 for public buildings in all sections of the country.
6. Increase of \$75,000,000 for federal aid in road building.
7. Settlement of debt and claims between this country and Germany and Austria.
8. Transfer of prohibition enforcement from treasury to department of justice.
9. Additional appropriations for rivers and harbors.
10. Securing substitute pension bill.
11. Reorganization of the federal power commission.
12. Starting work on Boulder Dam.
13. Omitted.
14. President Hoover got a congressional reapportionment bill through congress.

We are intrigued to know what No. 13 was, but that may be held back for a later issue.

We confess as we study the 14 points we are disappointed. They are not so impressive as the original "Fourteen Points." The three major pieces of legislation we think were wrongly constructed: tariff revision, farm relief, and the pension bill. All the other items are of limited importance or excited scant controversy, save No. 8 which we hope may prove a success.

President Hoover has no doubt been more accustomed to acting as a general manager in mining enterprises where the board of directors resided in London or New York and he was given a free hand in his work. He has been hampered by a recalcitrant senate and a character-less house. He has not shown capacity to fight and to continue to fight and hold his ground. He made a gallant criticism of the first pension bill only to vacate the field when another involving an even worse principle was passed.

There is abundant time for the president to rise to the opportunities for more intelligent and more constructive leadership in public affairs. He must show both initiative and resourcefulness, consistency as well as courage. The country will rally to his support if he develops a real program; but he cannot ride longer on the popularity engendered by his feeding the Belgians or on the wartime hero-worship.

Battling for Position

THE struggle now going on in Washington over the ratification of the London naval treaty reminds one of the maneuvers of jockeys before the start of a running race. They weave their mounts around as cleverly as they can for the most favorable start for themselves and the poorest position for the others. So the strife at the capital now can be explained chiefly on the grounds of mere jockeying for political position. We can see little gain or little loss if the treaty is ratified. Neither certain downfall awaits us if we ratify the treaty, nor costly competitive shipbuilding if we do not.

Out here as we feel the sea breeze blowing in from over the coast range, cooling the valley air so nicely each afternoon, we may attribute the outbreak of perfervid oratory to the Washington heat, which is described as intense. How distressing it must be to sit in that suffocating heat and feel those surges of hot air billowing about in the senatorial halls. The oratory is as stifling as the hot and humid Washington atmosphere.

The country is favorable to the ratification of the treaty. The Johnson-Moses bloc are ineffective imitators of the original irreconcilables who caused the defeat of the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations pact. Perhaps they hoped for a similar rousing of the country. If so their hopes are vain. The people back home are worrying about crops, about prices, about jobs, about the dates for summer vacations, about repairs on the old car or what college for the budding daughter than they are about twiddle-dee or twiddle-dum on the naval disarmament treaty.

Salem's Swimming Pool

LAST summer the building of a swimming pool was started down at the municipal camp grounds. The material excavated was used for the fill for the Church street bridge. Later it was discovered that the creek which it was planned would be used was too much contaminated, so nothing further was done. There is the big, gaping hole in the ground, half filled with water, an eyesore to all who use the bridge, a breeding place for mosquitoes so its surface must be kept covered with a film of oil to keep down the mosquitoes.

Something ought to be done with it. Either the project for the swimming pool should be completed with a proper chlorination plant for purifying the water or else it should be drained or filled.

The sow returns to her wallow. Earl Carroll is in the toils of the law again for merchandising lewdness. Earl is the chap who spent some time in Atlanta for perjury in testifying regarding a certain indecent incident. He was released with the pledge that he would go straight. He did—back to the role of the producer of obscene theatricals.

The Chicago investigators have found a woman who saw Alfred Lingie, Tribune reporter with a racket sideline, shot to death. The investigators seem to have found everything else except the man who pulled the trigger.

CAUSE FOR WORRY



"The SEA BRIDE"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE

CHAPTER XXXVII

"Who says I stole whiskey?" Roy demanded.

"Faith told him."

"Who—somebody lied to you?"

"No."

Roy was near tears with bafflement.

"Why—what makes you—"

"Don't you want to tell?" Faith asked quietly.

"It's a lie, I say!"

She looked to her muchand.

Noll saw they were all waiting on him, and he tried to rise to the occasion.

"By Jupiter, Roy, what did you go and do that for? Can't a man have a ship without a pack of thieves on her? Mr. Tobey, you—"

He wavered, his eyes swung helplessly to Faith. He seemed to ask her to speak for him.

"Take him on deck, Dan," she said, "till Cap'n Wing decides."

"I tell you," Roy insisted, "I didn't—"

But Dan's Tobey hushed him. Dan was getting his first glimpse of the new Faith, and he was awed of her. He took Roy's arm, led him out and away. Faith and Noll were left alone.

At noon that day, at Noll Wing's profane command, Roy was put in irons and locked in the after 'tween-decks to stay a week on bread and water. The boy cursed Faith to her face for that, and Faith went to her cabin and dropped on her knees and prayed.

But she kept a steady face for the men, and in particular she kept a steady eye for Dan's Tobey. She knew Dan's now! Dan's had warned Roy before bringing him to the cabin. He must have warned the boy, for Roy was prepared for the accusation. "A must have warned the boy, therefore, he must have known what

Faith would assert.

And Faith knew enough of Dan's ascendancy over Roy to be sure the mate had prompted her brother's theft.

She must watch Dan's, fight him. And she thanked God for Brander. There was a man, a man on her side. She was not to fight alone.

She dreamed of Brander that night. He was battling for her, in her dream, against shadowy and unseen things. And in her dream she thought he was her husband.

An unrest seized Noll Wing—an unrest that was like fear. He assumed, by small degrees, the aspect of a hunted man. It was as if the death of Slatford prefigured to him what his own end would be. His nerves betrayed him; he could not bear to have any man approach him from behind. He struck out nervously at Willis one day when Willis spoke from one side where Noll had not seen him standing.

The continual storms of the Solander irked him, the racking work of whaling, when it was necessary to run to port with each kill, fretted the flesh from his bones. They lost a whale one day in a sudden squall that developed into a gale and swept them far to the southward, and when the weather moderated and Dan's Tobey started to work back to the grounds again, Noll would have none of it.

"Set your course to the eastward," he commanded, "I'm fed up with the Solander. We'll hit the islands again."

Dan's protested that there was nowhere such whaling as the Solander offered, but Noll would not be persuaded. He resented the attempt to argue with him.

"No, by Jupiter!" he swore. "A pity if a man can't have his own way. Hell with the Solander."

LAY SERMON

"If the Greek sculptors were to come to life again and set out to bevel for another Parthenon, they would have to represent us sculpting along hands down and cut-throat—Richard J. Ferber."

They would not find the Americans a nation of umbrellas no matter how they would find the Brits. What poor umbrella folk Oregonians are, though the other day we saw a woman bravely bearing an umbrella though it rained not, neither did the sun shine. She was ready for the emergency even if it never occurred.

The returning sculptors might find the younger set, say the high school and college girls shuffling along in fall and winter, but that is because they are wearing galoshes, often unbuttoned, so they sort of shuffle and waddle along.

What sort of models would the rejuvenated Greeks find in this ultra-modern day? The best models they would find no doubt in the advertisements. How charming they would be with the girl whose skin they would love to touch or with that clean manly type wearing a certain brand of cologne! The silhouette of them who failed to avoid that future shadow might repel them. On the other hand they would admit that not even the Greek girls could equal in physical perfection a row of Hollywood beauties standing with knees flexed. And what would they think of an array of American bathing beauties?

We are molding our physical as well as our moral type. Are we building youth with bodies fit subjects for modeling on a Parthenon? Or are we turning out

quantities of cheap models touched up with all the hose and ten-cent make-up cosmetics? Recreation is modifying—and improving—the American type. The girl who plays tennis or swims and dives; the boy who camps, hikes, takes ball; the man of forty who plays a daily round of golf; the woman of thirty-five who motor-cycles—all these folk are folk of better figure and sweeter face than those of a generation back. The outdoors calls and sunshine and fresh air are the best models of the physical form (after proper nutrition).

The moral type—what is it? Well, it is different, we must admit. Frankly, freer, bolder. But is it better? Perhaps not; but we think it will be better. Youth of today is in the transition period from a morality based on taboos to a morality based on rational grounds. The change has resulted in a partial let-down; but when the period of adjustment passes the older standards with newer buttresses may result in a much finer moral type.

It was a beautiful picture which the Palmist sketched in words when he wrote:

"That our sons may be as plants that grow up in their youth. And our daughters like cornucopias, cut and polished, after the similitude of a palace."

Each generation furnishes its models for the sculpturing of civilization. We are confident that our own day offers youth more nearly perfect in body than the ancient Greeks. Better too we believe in mind and body; but not perfect yet; by no means. Striving after moral and physical perfection still the burden God lays upon humankind.

Dan's I'm sick o' storms and cold. Get north to where it's warm again."

So they did as he insisted, and ran into slack times once more. The men at first exulted in their new leisure; they were well enough content to kill a whale and loaf a week before another kill. They almost began to be impatient with inaction; discontent arose among them. They remembered the ambergris; and their talk was that they need stay out no longer, that the voyage was already a success, that they had right to expect to head for home.

Noll was wax in Faith's hands in these days. His fear, growing upon him, had shaken all the fiber out of the man. He could be awayed by Dan's, by Tichel, by Faith, by almost anyone—save in a single matter. He was drinking steadily now, and drinking more than ever before. He was never sober, never without the traces of liquor in his eyes and his loose lips and slack muscles. And they could not shake him in this matter. He would not be denied the liquor that he craved.

Faith never felt more keenly the fact of her marriage to Noll and her identity with him than now. She never thought of herself apart from him; and when he debauched himself she felt soiled as if she were herself degraded. Nevertheless, she clung to him, lived the vows she had given him.

There were other times, after that first, when she dreamed of Brander. She could not curb her dreams. He was much in them; but waking, she put the man away from her. She was Noll's; Noll was hers.

Brander avoided her. His heart was sick; she possessed it utterly and he gave no sign; he never relaxed the grip in which he held himself.

Now and then, on deck, when Noll swore at her or whined or fretted, Brander had to swing away and put the thing behind him; but he did it. He was strong enough to do this; he was almost strong enough to keep his thoughts from Faith. Almost—but not quite. She dwelt always with him; he was sick with sorrow and pity and yearning for the right to cherish her.

They spoke when they had to, in the cabin or on deck; but they were never alone, and they avoided each other as they would have shunned a precipice.

Save for one day, a single day, a day when Faith called Brander to her on the deck and spoke to him; a day that would have been but for Faith's strength, the bloody destruction of them both.

The incident was the climax of two trains of events, extending over days—extending, in the one sense, back to that first day when Dan's had roused the jealousy in Noll and blown it into flame. Dan's had never let that flame die out. He fanned it constantly, and when he saw in Faith's eyes, after the matter of Roy's theft of the whiskey, that she had guessed his part in it, he threw himself more hotly into his intrigues. He kept at Noll's side whenever it was possible. He covertly taunted the captain with his growing fear of Brander. He roused Noll to gusts of rage, but always these came in words, and Noll fell back into his lethargy. Dan's began to fear there was not enough man left in Noll to act. Noll, moved though he might be, had in his heart a trust in Faith which Dan's found it hard to shake. He might never have shaken it had not luck favored him. And this luck came to pass on the day Faith sought speech with Brander.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Jason Lee's marriage:

On Jason Lee's memorable journey east in 1838, to lay before the Methodist missionary society's officials in New York the case for the "great reformation" that came in response on the Louisiana, and too, with a view of laying before the people of the east and the authorities at Washington the state of matters in the Oregon country, he wrote in his diary his views of marriage in general and the facts concerning his own marriage to Anna Maria Pitman. Quoting from the diary:

"Like most others in my early youth I looked forward with glowing interest to that hour when ripening manhood should qualify me to woo a beautiful, wise and lovely daughter of Eve, and ultimately call her my own. In early life, I admitted the full force of the assertion of holy writ that 'it is not good for man to be alone,' and was fully satisfied that the man who was destitute of a helpmate, to whom he could give, heart and hand, and who would, without reserve, reciprocate his affections, was wanting what was better calculated to smooth the rugged path of life, lessen its ills and increase its pleasures, than anything else of an earthly nature that this world, with all its pomp and show, can possibly afford; and for which man, with all his diligence and assiduity, can never find a substitute."

"With these truths deeply engraven on my heart, I grew up from youth to manhood; my imagination often advertising to the conjugal felicity that I had anticipated would at no very distant period be all my own. I always despised domestic brawling, and felt especially indignant at that man who could tyrannize over an innocent, lovely and defenceless female, and could scarcely avoid looking with detestation upon that woman who was ever grasping after the authority of the husband, and then always seeking to exhibit her prowess, in browbeating him on all occasions."

"I have generally been disposed to fix the heaviest censure upon the man for all the domestic broils and disorder that occur in ordinary cases, believing it to be in his power to introduce and maintain a system that will in most cases secure harmony, order and peace in the family circle."

"But being thrown upon the world at the age of 13, without money, to provide for all my wants by my own industry, I found as years rolled on it was not the work of a day to place myself in those circumstances which I thought desirable previous to taking what I viewed as the most important step of life. At the age of 23, however, I began seriously to think of settling upon some spot of earth which I could call my own, and of looking about for her who was to be the solace of future years."

"But He who seeth not as man seeth had otherwise determined. Thus far I had lived without hope and without God in the world, but now the spirit, which I had often grieved, again spoke to my conscience, and in language not to be mistaken, warned me of my danger. I saw, I believed, I repented, I resolved to break off all my sins by righteousness and my iniquities by turning to the Lord; and if I perished I would perish at the mercy of Jesus, pleading for mercy."

"I saw the fulness of the plan of salvation, cast away my unbelief, and believed in and gave myself to Christ—and was

ly from himself, and, being actuated by the principle of pride, justly self and attribute dishonest motives to those who differ from us, he is not infrequently led to the conclusion that it is wilful stubbornness that induces his opponent to maintain so zealously what appears to him so manifestly absurd. Hence, hard feelings are engendered, a quarrel frequently ensues, and alienation of affections is the consequence."

"If in the absence of the religion of Jesus Christ such things are unavoidable, among those who wish to be honest, what shall we say of those haughty, domineering spirits who are determined to carry their own point, right or wrong? But where the religion of the Bible is mutually enjoyed, there is such a spirit of unbounded charity, and constant forbearance, that no difficulty can arise but what may be amicably adjusted, and even difficulties shall tend to unite more closely those hearts which beat in unison and whose interests are one."

"But to return from this digression. It was my intention to choose one from the same condition of life with myself, and though I did not intend to yield that authority which the God of nature has given the man to love the woman, yet I was determined to make my wife my companion, and to spare no pains to make her comfortable and happy; and never give her reason to regret that she had united her person and her all under my control, and confided in me her protection and support. I did not therefore think myself justified until I had a fair prospect of maintaining a wife comfortably at least by industry and economy."

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"I saw the fulness of the plan of salvation, cast away my unbelief, and believed in and gave myself to Christ—and was

ushered into the liberty of the children of God.

"I was now, by my own consent, the property of another, and His glory and not my own gratification must be the object of my pursuit. Year after year passed away, which I spent successively in business, in study and in preaching, until I reached the age of 30, still retaining the same views in reference to marriage, and still, for conscience sake, remaining single, being still persuaded that it was my duty so to do."

"Previous to this I had consented to cross the Rocky mountains to labor among the Indians of Oregon. This was considered an experiment, and by many, many, an extremely hazardous one, and it was rightly deemed impracticable for females to accompany pioneers on an expedition shrouded in so much darkness and fraught with so many difficulties."

"I was fully aware, even if we succeeded in our enterprise, years would elapse before we could be reinforced by females, and, therefore, resolved to make no engagements with any previous to leaving the civilized world, which resolution was most sacredly kept."

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

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

July 20, 1905

There are strong rumors that Knebs Brothers, most extensive hop dealers on the Pacific coast, are about to sell out their holdings in Marion and Polk counties and will leave shortly for the Philippines. It is said \$150,000 is selling price of the 653-acre ranch in Polk county. They will engage in the furniture lumber business on the islands.

For the first time in the history of its existence, the Willamette university football team will this fall take a trip into California. Games have been scheduled with Stanford and Berkeley.

Captain Herbert L. Hatch and wife will arrive today from San Francisco. Captain Hatch has lived long in Salem and is now master of the Steamboat Arrow, running between San Francisco and Vallejo. They will be guests of Mrs. A. H. Farrar on Cottage street.

A Problem

For You For Today

B has .625 as much money as A, and C has .625 as much as B. If C has \$292.50 less than A, how much has B?

Answer To Saturday's Problem—\$521.10. Explanation—Multiply the product of 50 and 125 by 0.125 to find cost in U. S. money. Take 4 per cent of this and subtract this result from the cost; then take 45 per cent of this result.

TRUTH is Stranger than FICTION

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