

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Swags Us; No Fear Shall Awe." From First Statesman, March 18, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHAS. A. BRADGLEY, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
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Frost-Pearce-Stratton, Inc., 375 Madison Ave.,  
Chicago, 370 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday. Business Office 235 S. Commercial Street.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance: Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 2 Mo., \$1.00; 3 Mo., \$1.50; 6 Mo., \$2.50; 1 Year, \$4.00. Elsewhere 5 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. On train, and News Stands 5 cents.

## Wait for the Wagon

WE have a suspicion that the party boys are singing "Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride." The wagon will be the state central committee meeting as a convention for nominating a republican candidate for governor. Our fear is that the committee meeting may not be a gathering with an eye single to select the best possible candidate for governor of the state, but one which will engage in trading, intrigue, barter of jobs and wind up like the presidential nomination in 1920 did by a dark deal in a hotel room at some early morning hour.

What are the materials for such a session? First a crop of "favorite son" candidacies proposed with no hope of success but as a foil for under-cover work. Second, ambitions of individual committeemen or of others who may claim to control committeemen, ambitions which will demand satisfaction in the way of promise for political preferment. Third, the busy work of the party hacks, the water boys who milk the elephant, the go-between chaps who carry the grease-buckets, frame the deals and pull the wires.

The committee will find itself in ill favor if it makes a nomination as a result of backstairs intrigue and dark corner manipulation. It has nothing to buy and should have nothing to sell. The man who is named governor because of his consent to compromise and shady bargains and promise of appointment does not merit support.

What we fear is the wire-pulling of old-line organization politicians. Naming Metschan for governor and Cook for state chairman would be a triumph for the kind of machine politics the state wanted to get away from when it went over to the primary system. The committee holds no mandate to name a man endorsed by the Joseph camp-followers; but if it runs off its convention after the dark and devious ways of hotel-room manipulation it will give a slap in the face not only of the Joseph crowd but of most of the progressive-minded voters of the state.

In our opinion Kay is the outstanding candidate, the man with the best experience and the greatest capacity for handling the job vigorously and successfully. His known independence holds him free from treachery even to the party organization. There are other men of honor and capacity who are mentioned whom we could gladly support. Much will depend however upon the manner in which the successful candidate is named.

A great deal has been said about this committee nomination offering a chance to demonstrate the superiority of delegate action over the direct primary. It does offer that opportunity. The committeemen need to remember it and realize that the people of the state are watching not only for the name of the nominee but the committee's methods of procedure.

## A Candidate for National Honor

IN the July issue of the Oregon Motorist, Dr. E. B. McDaniel, president of the Oregon Motor Association, nominates Dr. John McLoughlin as one whose statue should be placed in National Statuary Hall at the national capital as one of the two citizens "illustrious for their historic renown or from distinguished civic or military service." Each state may select its two persons to be so honored and must provide the statues which shall be of marble or bronze. Oregon is not represented, whether because the legislature could not agree on the names or because the state did not want to buy the statuary we cannot say.

But the recommendation of Dr. McDaniel seems very appropriate. In looking at the long history of the Oregon country Dr. John McLoughlin stands out as one of its dominating figures, one too who labored for a lifetime for the sound development of this region, favoring the settlers at his own cost. He chose Oregon for his residence and became a citizen of this state, and is buried at Oregon City.

Sketching back over our history his name seems to be the only one deserving of such recognition, for he is almost the only one who made a contribution that transcended the boundary of the state and one which was most vital in the opening up of the entire northwest. Most of our other names are only of local reputation. We like Dr. McDaniel's suggestion, and hope the legislature can see fit to carry it out, leaving the other niche empty until some fit mate for Dr. McLoughlin rises in our commonwealth.

## The Why of Picnics

THE Eugene Guard seeks to psychoanalyze the phenomena of picnics. It raises these profound queries:

"Why should it be considered an improvement to separate, for instance, fried chicken from its proper accompaniment of gravy, and tote it out into the woods, there to be eaten with a high flavoring of sand and mosquitoes, just at this one season of the year? What of the repose of the soul when the grounds float to the top of the coffee and the paper cups dribble, and the wind carries away the paper napkins, and the pie absorbs both the milk and the acid flavors of the pickles? What of the great old institutions of family law and order when the young must be gathered out of high trees and running rivers and herded in the general direction of the food corral before one can 'set' to his meal? Is there a balm in nature to repair the nervous disorders and revolutions which must result from such meals?"

We can give him the answer as we recall it from our old college professor of biology: "Play is the rehearsal of ancestral work." Men like to fish, because fishing was once the labor of his ancestors and the habit is in his blood. A man goes out to hunt now for the sport, because of the echoes in his ears of the ancestral urge to hunt for food. Football is the revival of physical combat. So we suppose a woman likes to leave her well appointed kitchen where convenience is a shibboleth, and go out to the lakeside, where water must be carried in pails, ants get in the honey, old camp stoves are fixed up for cooking and dishes must be washed in crude fashion. She finds pleasure in it, we presume, because her remote grandmothers labored thus in primitive surroundings; and a rehearsal of this ancestral work becomes play to her.

This theory explains most everything but golf, which remains, to the uninitiate an utterly unexplainable disease.

The Medford Mail-Tribune reports that a family of Iowans passing through enroute to California stopping to locate their camp, stopped overnight in Medford, took a drink of water and a bath and decided to remain in Medford. Water, it seems, is the chief of the liquid assets of Medford.

A man at Zigzag, Oregon, got lost. Quite to be expected we should say.

## THE CHIEF COMPLAINERS



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

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

That move on Faith's part was the result of an increasing peril in the fo'c'sle. The men were getting drunk again. This began one day when a foremast hand came aft to take the wheel. Old Tichel smelled the liquor on him, saw that the man's feet were unsteady, and flew into one of his tigerish fits of rage. He drove the man forward with blows and kicks. He came aft with his teeth bared, and flamed to Noll Wing.

CHAPTER XXXVIII  
The men could not come at the stores through the cabin, there was always an officer about the deck or below. Tichel thought they might have cut through from the after 'tween-decks, and the stores were shifted in an effort to find such a secret entrance to the captain's stores. But none was found, there was no way.

Three days later there was whiskey for ends—found, as before, in a henk. Two men drank, rope's anglins at the rail—but no solution to the mystery. Two days after that, the same thing; four days later, a repetition. And so on, at intervals of days, for a month or end. The whiskey dribbled forward a quart at a time, the men drank it, and never a trace to the manner of the theft.

In the end, Roy Kileup found a bottle in his bunk and drank the bulk of it himself, so that he was deathly sick and like to die. Faith, tormented beyond endurance, looking everywhere for help, chose at last to appeal to Brander. Brander, under the deck that day, while Cox and Tichel were sleeping, dealt with the main cabin, alone; Noll in the after cabin, sniped with drink. Roy had been sick all the night before, with Willis Cox and Tichel working over him, coating the pounding heartbeats, waiting the boy's head, working the poison out of him. Roy went forward in his bunk now, still sodden.

Faith came from the after cabin, passed Dan's, and went up on deck. Something purposeful in her face caught Dan's attention, and he went to the foot of the cabin companion and listened. He heard her call softly: "Mr. Brander!" Dan thought he knew where Brander would be—in the waist of the Sally, no doubt. There was a man at the wheel, and Faith did not wish him to hear what she said. She met Brander forward of the cabin skylight, by the boat-house; and Dan's straining his ears, and hear.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS  
Jason Lee's marriage:  
Continuing the interesting views of Jason Lee in his diary concerning the holy institution of Marriage and the story of the incidents that led to his own wedding, the first in all the Oregon country between a white man and a white woman:  
"After establishing upon the Willamette (at the old mission below Salem, beginning Monday, October 5, 1834; the first Christian mission west of the Rockies and north of the Spanish possessions), I made the best shirt I could without female assistance, and though I felt most sensibly that it is possible for a man to feel in the enjoyment of civil society, that it is not good for a man to be alone, yet I did not murmur, or perplex myself about it; believing that if God saw that it was for my good, and His glory, He would prepare the way for me to change my condition.  
"In our first reinforcement in the summer of 1837 (arriving in May), there were three single ladies, one of which was not at all from New York city, but was not at all favorably impressed with her personal appearance, and, at least of all, did I think she would ever become my wife; even when I was informed by letter that she was coming to Oregon, and on my first interview with her there, my prejudices remained the same.  
"I was told that she was sent out on purpose for me, and that she had come with the expectation that I would marry her (this however was a gratuitous assertion). I stated my principles with reference to marriage and then replied, that though a lady should travel the world over in order to become my wife, yet I could never consent to marry her, unless, upon acquaintance, I should become satisfied that that lady would be contented in mutual happiness and the glory of God.  
"Upon reflection, I was convinced that she was not a lady that I should have fancied for a wife (there is no accounting for people's fancies); though I esteemed her as a lady of deep piety and good sense; but, thought I, perhaps He who looketh not upon the heart has chosen her as far better calculated to increase the joy and lessen the sorrows of life than one that my FANCY would have preferred me to choose; and, indeed, I was convinced that fancy should have little to do with the matter but that judgment, alone, under the influence of an enlightened conscience, should examine and decide the question; and I re-estimated the subject, until I had acquainted myself with her, and to make a judicious decision, whether it was proper to make proposals or not.  
"After having formed a pleasing acquaintance and mutually exchanged feelings on the subject, I at length became convinced that she was eminently qualified to do all the duties and kind offices of an affectionate companion, and was worthy of my highest regards, esteem and love, and that it was the will and design of my Father in heaven that we two should become one flesh, as a step towards the carrying out of His glory. With these views I made proposals of marriage and received for answer the following:  
"Yes, where thou goest I will go, with thine my earthly lot be cast.  
In pain or pleasure, joy or woe, Will I attend thee to the last.  
That hour shall find me by thy side,  
And where thy grave is, mine shall be.  
Death can but for a time divide My firm and faithful heart from thee.  
Thy people and thy charge be mine,  
Thy God my God shall ever be;  
All that I have received of thee, My heart and hand I give to thee.  
And as through life we glide Along,  
Through tribulation's troubled sea,  
Still let our faith in God be strong,  
And confidence unshaken be."  
"Thus 1:16-17.  
"The following Sabbath, which was the 16th of July, had been previously appointed for the public communion in Oregon, and Brother Shepard had determined to be married on the morning of that day in the public congregation, believing it would have a beneficial influence upon those who were living with native women, without the ceremony of marriage.  
"Miss Pitman and I concluded that we would lead the way; but this we kept a profound secret from all except my nephew (Daniel Lee), who was to do the business.  
"We were fully aware that

this was a step every member of the mission family who very anxious we should take, yet they had no idea it would be so soon, and no evidence that it would ever be.  
"Miss P. aided in preparing the supper, and all went to Mr. Shepard's credit. The morning of the 16th came, it was a lovely morn; and at the hour appointed for public worship the whole mission family, consisting of seven males and five females, missionaries, and assistants, and between 20 and 30 children, Indians and half breeds, repaired to a beautiful grove of fir 40 rods in front of the mission house where was assembled every white man in the settlement, save Dan and his wife and children, all neatly and in European manufacture, besides a goodly number of Indians.  
"There, sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun, under the umbrage of these trees, and inned by the gentle zephyrs that seemed at once to calm and soothe and exhilarate the spirit and dispose it to a devotional frame, we commenced the solemn exercises of the day by reading and singing a hymn of praise, and fervently addressing the throne of grace, while every knee bent in the attitude of supplication, and we trust many prayers came up as memorials before God."  
(This story will be continued tomorrow.)  
The inquiry of C. B. Woodworth of Portland, printed in this column on Saturday, is answered by R. P. Boise of Salem. In company with his father, the late Judge R. P. Boise, and Henry Sullivan (the latter then of Dallas), he went over the Salmon river wagon road (toil road) just after it was completed, in 1871. Mr. Boise was young then, but remembers the journey very well, and he can tell the dangerous act, by what happened. Henry Sullivan went to Colfax, Wash., and became circuit judge there. He married Lucy Spaulding, a graduate of Willamette university. This column will in a few days contain other reference to this old road that has now become the Salmon river cut-off.

## Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State  
The Medford Tribune compliments Senator Bailey on the sanity of his platform. It proves Mr. Bailey is sound, thinks the Tribune. Yes, it also proves another thing—that the pen of Oregon West has not yet lost its cunning.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.  
A Fiji Island chief, visiting Portland, apologized to Mayor Baker because one of his ancestors once killed and ate a missionary named Baker. If that particular Baker was of the same tribe as George, the experience probably cured the old chief of cannibalism.—Astoria Budget.  
Americanism: Selecting a hungry dog to guard the meat house; expecting him to be grateful for the crumbs that fall from your banquet table.—Medford Mail Tribune.

## A Problem For You For Today

A tree was broken in a wind-storm in such a way that the top struck the ground at a distance of 75 feet from the foot of the tree. If the broken part was 85 feet long, how high was the tree at first?  
Answer to Yesterday's Problem  
\$300. Ex 1 to a 1 on A's amount will equal B's amount .625, and C's amount .625 of B's, or .625 times .625. Divide C's amount into 322.50 and this will equal A's amount. Multiply this by .625.  
Thy people and thy charge be mine,  
Thy God my God shall ever be;  
All that I have received of thee, My heart and hand I give to thee.  
And as through life we glide Along,  
Through tribulation's troubled sea,  
Still let our faith in God be strong,  
And confidence unshaken be."  
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## When BABIES are Upset

For the protection of your own one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old, reliable preparation always on hand. Don't keep it just for emergencies. Let it be an everyday aid. Its use will soothe and settle the infant who cannot sleep. It will regulate the bowels in an older child whose tummy is upset because of sluggish bowels. All Druggists have Castoria.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon  
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read  
July 22, 1906  
Fall wheat that stands between five and six feet tall, with 24 stalks to the stool, with heads turned head upon each stalk and from 14 grains up to the mesh upon heads four to seven inches long—that is brief as the wheat which was taken from the H. W. Savage farm east of this city. An exhibit of the wheat to the Lewis and Clark Fair in Portland.  
Committee appointed to secure signatures for the Y. M. C. A. entertainment and a lecture to be given by Dr. Fall and winter, has already secured over half the required signatures.  
Mrs. Henry Wenderoth and son George are attending the Fair at Portland.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stenloff and family returned last night from a trip up the Columbia.

To the Editor:  
Before the primary election, I predicted the outcome almost completely. I based my guess on what appeared to me to be the temper of the people, public dis-appointment, and disrespect, has provoked resentment, take the vote on the municipal ownership of Salem's water plant as an example, and don't forget that one candidate for governor, on his own platform, who allowed his name to be heralded as being for corporate, and against municipal ownership.  
"Constructive" legislation and administration is the cry all over the land, there is more money in the banks, and less people living in their own homes, and on their own farms, than at any previous time, with taxes increasing and wages decreasing. Government and distrust is becoming more and more prevalent, the candidate for

To the Statesman:  
Seems to me that the city of Salem and the Paper company would enjoy a mutual benefit in "trade" if the city demanded the elimination of the tinders and odor nuisance of the company for the use of that street they want.  
Also, the headline concerning the probable development of state or municipal owned power plant was very cheering.  
I am positive that people are only waiting for radically reduced rates before completely electrifying their homes, cooking as well as heating. I believe the problem of sale of the cheap power would simply take care of itself.  
Reader.  
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