

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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HEALTH
 Today's Talk
 By R. S. Copeland, M. D.
 Persons who lead sedentary lives are liable to have health hazards which must receive careful attention. Especially is this the case where there is lack of exercise and a wrong diet. It is more common in certain types of occupation which help to make floods of fat in a place. It is common, too, when there is a poor working condition of the various glands and secretions of the body.
 Kidney stones and resulting painful colic is one of the health hazards in question. It seems to be a very common condition today.
 Those who suffer with gout, or a too abundant amount of uric acid in the system, may have it. Wine drinkers and heavy eaters are affected by kidney stones and colic.
 Instead of remaining in solution, and being carried along by the kidney current, sometimes the solid material accumulates in one of the kidney cavities. This forms at first sand-like substances, which later grow to the size of gravel. Three materials go to make up this substance—phosphate and oxalate of lime and uric acid.
 "Kidney" Colic
 Some of these substances are fine and others coarse. Some are sandy or crumbly, and others hard as rock. They may be smooth, or jagged and do much harm. They vary in size from that of a pea or bean to a hen's egg.
 If particles of sand-like substance appear in the urine as it is passed, and if at the same time there is a dull pain in the loins, kidney stones may be suspected. The diagnosis will be confirmed if blood also appears in the urine. Connecting each kidney with the bladder is a narrow tube about eighteen inches long. This is the "ureter." When one of these stones begins its passage through one of the ureters, the pain is excessive. This pain is called "kidney" or "renal" colic.
 Sleep, Exercise and Air
 This colic comes on very suddenly. One may be awakened from sleep with it. The pain may be felt after sitting, or violent exercise.
 The pain is first felt in the loin or groin, and soon extends to the back and abdomen. The patient suffers intensely, there being nausea, vomiting and even fainting. The patient's face is bathed in perspiration, the pulse falls and he collapses.
 While the doctor is being summoned, there are some measures which may relieve the sufferer. Get the patient into a hot bath, running the water hot as can be borne. Or you may apply hot water compresses. Hot drinks are water compresses. Hot drinks are water compresses. Hot drinks are water compresses.
 For one who is subject to this trouble, he should live simply, get plenty of sleep, exercise, and fresh air. He should eat easily digested food and avoid rich and highly seasoned foods. In this way his health will be improved.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT
 IMAGINE AN INTELLIGENT MAN PLAYING A SILLY GAME LIKE THAT!
 MINUTURE GOLF COURSE
 BUT THE SAME FELLOW WHO SCOFFS AT CROQUET WILL SPEND HOURS ON A MIDGET GOLF COURSE

BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS
 Jason Lee's trip east:
 The reader left Jason Lee across the Green river, at the junction of the Pawpawhah, on July 12, 1825. This was opposite the place where the rendezvous was held that year, and his party had been witnessing the wild scene of that mushroom city or camp in the wilderness for four days. He had met there the party of missionaries coming west to retrace the stations of Dr. Whitman at Wallapa and Rev. Spalding at Lapwai; five men and four women. Only two white women had theretofore come to Oregon country by land. They were Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, who traveled the same route two years before. Jason Lee wrote in his diary:
 "July 13. Mended my trunk, which was shattered very much by my horse running away and throwing it off. Wished to be on our way.
 "July 14. Much talk of starting but finally (as had anticipated) deferred to Sunday.
 "15th. Sunday. Left and made one march. Like sailors, they (the mountain men) better starting on Sunday. The better day, the better luck. How undesirable a situation for Christians to be obliged to follow a company that has no respect to the Sabbath.
 "16. Ate a piece of gray bear, very fat and better than any of the kind that have tasted before.
 "Camped on a small stream; was obliged to guard for the first time on the journey. Must take my turns or hire some one to do it, for no one is excused in this camp. Intend to stand my own guard, for I will not pay mission money, and I have but little. (He meant he had but little) of his own money.)
 "17. Crossed the dividing ridge between the waters of the Yellowstone and the Platte. Dined, and slept, on the Sweet-water river."
 That ends the Jason Lee diary on that journey. Accompanied by P. L. Edwards, who was returning east, having given up his Oregon mission work, the two Indian boys from the mission, Wm. Brooks (a Chinook) and Thomas Adams, Mr. Erving, who was going back to Missouri, and the three half breed sons of Capt. Thomas McKay of the Hudson's Bay company, were placed by him in school, he hurried on with "the company that was going to Missouri" from the rendezvous, taking back for the markets the year's supplies of furs, pelts and skins. He arrived at the mission at the point that became Kansas City on September 1, 1825, and was there overtaken by the Indian messengers with the news of the death of his wife, sent through the help of Dr. John McLoughlin. He was too busy and too much distracted and weighed down with grief to write. He had been too busy on his way to the Missouri mission.
 He did not turn back. His hand was to the plow. He plunged into the memorable speaking tour, informing the people of the states east of the Missouri of the needs and the resources of the Oregon country, starting the movement that led to the covered wagon days, the greatest trek of the kind in history. He went to New York and convinced the officials of the Methodist mission board, and to Washington and led the government heads there to the conclusions that brought the Lausanne, starting in 1839, freighted with the "great reinforcement" to Oregon. That was the Mayflower of the Pacific.
 Who was the "Mr. Walker," whose "squaw" gave birth to a son at 3 o'clock in the morning of June 26, and was only an hour late after "a long march to the little lake" beyond Fort Hall the same day? Jason Lee wrote familiarly of him, and he was most likely Courtney M. Walker, the young man engaged at Independence, Missouri, in 1824, to accompany the Lee party west, in the capacity of a helper. He was a bright young fellow, but not a missionary. His engagement being finished, he left the old mission about the time Cyrus Shepard came from his teaching at Fort Vancouver, in March, 1825. He (Walker) then engaged as a clerk with Nathaniel J. Wreth at Fort Walla Walla, near Fort Vancouver. When the Hudson's Bay company had bought the stations and business of Capt. Wreth, C. M. Walker was employed by that great fur trading monopoly. He was a clerk at Fort Hall, and it is evident that he and his "squaw" were on the way to the rendezvous, on business for the company, as was Factor Ermatinger. The Bits man ventures the

The Truth About the Convention
 "When an effort was made to have progressive republicanism of Oregon unanimously approve the selection of Phil Metschan for the governorship this afternoon there was witnessed a wild scene as a storm of protest and derision broke over the heads of those who sat twenty of the thirty-six delegates who had triumphed in opposition to the pressure from those who sought to have a candidate in accord with the Joseph principles voted in the primary."
 The above is from a Portland dispatch appearing in the Sunday Medford News. It is thoroughly untrue as a picture of the closing scene of the committee session.
 The facts were these: When the 14th ballot was announced there was quite enthusiastic cheering from the audience, but no great demonstration. People, including the members of the committee, started to get up preparatory to breaking away. The show was over. It had been long and rather tedious. Men and women were anxious to get out of the hall. In this respect it was just like any other sort of indoor contest, athletic event or similar affair: when the result was known the crowd turned its head on breaking away. The chairman pounded his gavel and quieted the confusion. A motion was made and put to make the nomination of Metschan unanimous, which was carried with a rousing vote, though with a very few "no" calls from the audience in the rear of the room. The committee then voted an adjournment.
 There was no "wild scene." There was no "storm of protest and derision." The applause was temperate and the crowd promptly started to file out of the hall.
 The writer has attended political conventions for a good many years, and has some knowledge of the methods of convention manipulation. We must confess that the meeting of the state committee last week was the most individualistic affair and the least "machine-ridden" of any he has observed. The committeemen did not know in advance nor during the balloting how other members were voting, save as a few had expressed themselves openly. There was plenty of pressure brought on individual members, but the heaviest of all was from the Meier faction. There were appeals for support, there may have been "promises," there may have been threats; but they were not raw and conspicuous. As a matter of fact, conditions made "deals" almost impossible. No member could deliver more than his single vote. There were no groups hanging together as a group. Various proposals were made, for instance to Mr. Kay respecting the treasurership, but those who made them could not give any assurance that their overtures would be carried out. Kay declined to trade; but we do not think that cost him the nomination because as just stated, all one man could deliver was his own vote.
 A lot of criticism was made against the secret ballot. Yet if people will stop to think, the secret ballot proved a real preventative against deals and machine control. It gave each member of the committee the chance to vote as his conscience dictated. It made it difficult if not impossible for candidates to go to individuals voting against them and make offers and promises to get them to switch over. The candidates were working quite in the dark even through the noon recess. So while from the standpoint of the newspaper reporters and the public on the outside, the secret ballot form was not so interesting, yet the claim that the secret ballot was vicious hardly holds water.
 The Statesman opposed the nomination of Metschan, and still thinks the committee erred in judgment. But writing objectively in the effort to give an honest report of what happened, we must repeat that the committee meeting was freest from machine domination of any nominating convention we have observed or participated in. We may expect the democratic press joined by the extreme pro-Joseph element to start a coyote chorus about the secret ballot and "machine control," but the howling will be solely for political effect, because the voting by the 36 committeemen was the most independent and individualistic which we have ever seen. It would not have strung through fourteen ballots with all the shifts and turns it did if the business of nominating had been cut and dried.

Scissored Squibs
 Editorial Bits from the Press of the State
 Frisco inmates are reported to be attempting to organize a union. They want to go out on strike.—Ashland Times.
 Still, we have an idea that the motorist who drove off and forgot his wife kept remarking at intervals all the way to Reno: "Yes, dear, that's right."—Dallas Chronicle.
 We're beginning to suspect that editor Ingham of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, who professes to think that anyone who would tune in on Amos and Andy is morose, is falling into the morose class himself. We notice that he is "regretted" about something.—Morning Astorian.
 France, "bled white" a few years ago, has recovered her economic stability, and is now one of the most prosperous of European countries. Paul Reynaud, French minister of finance, gives this as the reason: "The French work hard and spend little."—Hugene Register.
 We are mildly surprised over the news of Senator Smoot's wedding, having supposed that he was wedded to the tariff.—Baker Herald.
 Don't forget, sir, Mr. Smoot hails from Salt Lake City.—Hubard Enterprise.
 Walla Walla ministers are complaining of the proximity of golf courses to their churches. They probably heard some golfer exclaim himself after knocking his drive or missing a putt.—Astoria Budget.
 The governor of Michigan has threatened to stake a "clean-up" in Detroit which will rival that of the Chicago following the Lingie murder. After looking over the Chicago situation since Lingie was put on the "spot" we fall to work where the governor has much work to do.—Morning Astorian.
 Mr. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Co., testified that his salary is \$12,000 a year but that he was given a bonus of \$1,623,753 last year. We can imagine that this new star of Bethlehem can say in all sincerity that he isn't at all interested in the salary of his job.—Astoria Budget.

"The SEA BRIDE"
 THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE
 By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XLIV.
 The days held fine and clear, the nights were warm, and the crescent moon above the fattened, night by night, till it was no longer a crescent but half a circle of silver radiance that touched the beach and the trees and the sea with magic fingers.
 That night, with the full tides still a week away, Roy Kileup came from the fo'c's'le into the main hold. There was no officer in sight at the moment save old Tichel, and Roy halted him softly. Tichel went forward to where the boy stood; they whispered together. Then Tichel went with Roy toward the fo'c's'le.
 Faith was in her cabin; Dan'l was in the main cabin; and Willis and Brander were playing cribbage near him when the outcry forward roused them. A man yelled. They were on the deck in tumbling haste; and Faith was at their heels.
 Came Tichel, dragging Manger by the collar. His right hand gripped Manger; his left held a bottle. He shook the one-eyed man till Manger's teeth rattled, and he brandished the bottle.
 "Caught the pig!" he cried furiously. "Here he is! With this hid under his blanket!"
 "I never put it there," Manger protested.
 Tichel cuffed him into silence.
 "What's that, Mr. Tichel?" Dan'l asked Manger.
 "Whisky, Mr. Tobey. He took it forward and hid it in his bunk."
 "Tell the whole of it, Mr. Tichel," Faith said. "What happened?"
 She looked from Tichel to Brander. Brander was standing stiffly; she thought his face was white. Manger hung in Tichel's grip.
 Old Tichel had given a promise to Roy; Roy had begged him not to tell that the boy had spied. He saw him go forward with something under his coat. Tichel said, "Never thought for a minute; then I come to me what it might be. I took after him. Rest of the men were on deck sleeping. It's hot below, you'll mind. I dropped down quietly. Manger, here, was in his bunk. I roused him, but he was roused, and there you are, ma'am."
 He shook the bottle triumphantly.
 "Where did you get it, Manger?" Faith asked the one-eyed man.
 "Never knewed it was there," Manger swore. "Honest 't the Lord, ma'am."
 Tichel slapped his face stunningly.
 "No more of that, Mr. Tichel!" Faith said. "Dan'l, what do you think?"
 Dan'l lifted his hand, with a glance at Brander.
 "Why—nothing! Somebody's been doing it; him as well as another."
 "Willis," Faith asked, "what's your notion?"
 "Search the bunk, Manger done it."
 "Brander!"
 Brander lifted his head and met her eyes.
 "Other men have found whiskey in their bunks without knowing how it got there," he said. "I believe Manger." "I'm saying I saw him take it out," old Tichel snarled. He stopped Manger and took a flask step toward Brander. "Ye think I'd lie?"
 "I think you're mistaken," Brander said evenly.
 Tichel leaped at him; Brander gripped the other's arms at the elbows and held him.
 "Enough of that!" Faith said sharply. "We'll end this thing tonight. Mr. Tobey, get lanterns and search the ship till you find the rest of that stuff. One more whiskey-bottle, opened it, and poured its contents over the rail. 'Search it out,' she said. 'Be about it!'
 Save Dan'l Tobey, the officers stood stockstill, as if not understanding. Dan'l acted as quickly as if he had expected the order. He sent Silva, the harpooner, to get the foremost hands together forward and keep them there under his eye. He sent Tichel and Yella Boy into the main hold. Willis and Long Jim into the after 'tween decks. Brander and Eph Hitch were to search the cabin and the captain's store-room, and Faith went down with them to give them the keys. Loum, Kellek and Tinch, the Manger's furtive air and Brander's aloofness, and his support of Manger against Tichel. She was sure, before Dan'l reached her with the jug, that Manger and Brander were guilty as sinners.—Brander especially. She stared considered Manger at all. Dan'l handed her the jug, and she smelled at it. Whiskey, beyond a doubt. She took it to the rail and poured it overboard as she had poured the contents of the bottle, then came slowly back and handed the empty jug to Brander.
 "This is yours," she said. "You had best rinse it and fill it with water and put it in your boat again."
 The moon was bright upon them as they stood on the deck. He could see her face, he could see her eyes; and he saw that she thought him guilty. His soul sickened with the bitterness of it, and his lips twisted in a smile.
 "Very well," he said.
 She looked at him a little wistfully.
 "You're not denying it's yours?"
 He shook his head.
 "If she believed, let her believe. He was furious with her.
 "Why did you do it?" she asked.
 He said nothing; and she looked up at him a moment more, and then turned to Manger.
 "Why did you do it?" she asked the little man.
 Manger squinted sideways at Brander. Manger was Brander's man; and all his loyalty was to Brander. Brander chose not to speak, not to deny the charge she laid against him. All right; if Brander could keep silent, so could he. If Brander would not deny, neither would he. He grinned at Faith, and the closed lids that covered his empty eyesocket seemed to wink; but he said nothing at all.
 (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

assertion that the "Mr. Walker" of the Lee diary was Courtney M. Walker. He was in 1849 elected by the first territorial legislature prosecuting attorney of the first judicial district, just established, comprising Marion, Linn and Clackamas counties. He went to Tillamook county, was long more or less prominent there, and died there. He furnished to Bancroft's chief writer some valuable historic information, including facts about the character of Dr. McLoughlin, whom he admired.
 William Brooks, the Chinook Indian boy Jason Lee took with him on his journey, fell sick at Peoria, Ill., and was left there. He had tuberculosis. It was through his influence, partly, that the Peoria party came to the Oregon country, including Joseph Holman, grandfather of Joseph H. Albert of Salem. Mr. Holman docked at Fort Vancouver in 1841. He first worked for the old mission, at the original site, and at what became Salem. He became one of Salem's wealthy and leading citizens. Brooks was taken to New York; kept in an elegant home there, and died there. The other Indian boy, Thomas Adams, was brought home with the Lausanne party. The Brooks boy was blessed with native wit and eloquence. He told great and wild stories about life in Oregon.
 A fids lay in an eastern audience asked him why the Indians followed the foolish custom of flattening the head. He answered: "All custom; Chinese make small the foot, Indian make flat the head. You looking at her and putting his hands on his waist, 'make small here; customs differ; all custom.' At a great meeting in New York Brooks said: 'Indians must have agreement in writing that white man do not sell whiskey to Indians; white men make it, and white man must drink it.' In both cases, the young fellow was greeted with roars of laughter.
 Why did Jason Lee pen the lines on his 35th birthday? Why did he foresee that he would live long. He daily encountered dangers, and he had suffered much from sickness. Perhaps he already knew that his body carried the germs of tuberculosis. They likely came from his Indian wards at the old mission, where there was much crowding, and where sanitary laws were not much observed; indeed they were not well known, compared with the enlightenment of the present day. But Jason Lee did a great work after that. He died March 12, 1845.
 His plaint on the plains on his natal day is apt to remind one of that of Cecil Rhodes, conqueror of the better part of a continent, in the last hour of his short life: "Go on, go on, go on." "So little done." "Both had done great things. But the epochal work of neither man was in his life time more than fairly started.

Yesterdays
 ... Of Old Oregon
 Town Talks from The Statesman
 Town Our Fathers Read
 July 29, 1905
 Strangers attempted yesterday to pass raised bills at the White House restaurant here. Police had made no arrests late that night.
 The Marion and Linn county courts are busy figuring on construction of a bridge across the Santiam at Mill City, the old wagon bridge having collapsed.

Mrs. D. J. Fry, president of the Salem board, has received a letter from Ezra Snow of the firm of Snow and McCamant in Portland, in which Snow congratulated her on her courage shown in instituting prosecution against the foreman of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph company for cutting a shade tree in front of her residence in this city.

A Problem
 For You For Today
 The fence surrounding a rectangular lot cost \$125.10 at 75c a rod. If the lot was 33.6 rods wide, what was its value at \$125 an acre?
 Answer to Yesterday's Problem: 163 miles. Explanation: Multiply 150 and 150 was by 7 and add the square roots of the results. Take square root of this sum.

Albany's Banks Merge
 ALBANY'S bank owners have stolen a march on outsiders who might prod a camel's nose in the Linn county-seat financial net. Quietly, controlling interest in the stock of the First National bank at Albany, in the First Savings bank and in the Albany State bank has been secured by the Linn Securities company which also controls the Valley Building and Loan association.
 This means that the major financial institutions of the city are in the hands of one board of directors through the operation of the holding company. It also means that any outside chain organization wishing to invade the Linn county territory must deal with a holding company and can not bid one bank against the other in an effort to enter the community.
 For Albany citizens the merger has the advantage of keeping control of Albany's banks in local hands and in creating an effective barrier to the sudden entry of any outside banking interests. The advantages or evils of combining all the financial interests of a community in one group of hands will depend almost entirely on the fairness, the sound judgment, the balanced conservatism and progressivism of the management. The Albany development in banking procedure is by any test interesting, one which will be watched by other communities.
 "Ma" Ferguson won the Texas primary by a big lead and now enters the run-off primary with good chance of success. "Ma" is just the front for that old hatter Jim Ferguson, who was kicked out of office and made ineligible to hold the governorship again. Primaries are bad, and we can't see that conventions are any better. How much longer have we got to live on this old earth anyhow, doc?
 One of Pastor Russell's men was in to sell us some of his literature and proved by one of our own editorials that the world is going to hell. Of course he had the only patent scheme of universal salvation which he guaranteed would get the world out of the fix it is getting in. He showed us a picture of the coming grand smash-up. If anything like that is going to happen we want to be around to cover it. It will make a busting good story.
 An Astoria editor refers to the practice of "Jerry-mandering." His idea is correct; his spelling erroneous. "Jerry-mandering" was a term first applied in early Massachusetts history when the irregular and political layout of districts forming a map resembling a salamander. Some humorist said the map should be called a "Gerry-mander" after Governor Gerry who had created it.

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