

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave."
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A Metschan Anthology

HERE is a digest of editorial comment from newspapers outside of Portland:

Phil Metschan is representative of the old type of leadership in Oregon—the OX type of leadership. The incubation of leaders of this type has been out to strike after new and original things in the way of development of Oregon, but rather to sit on the lid, to see that Oregon doesn't get into trouble through boiling over with new enthusiasm.

We have had many leaders of that type here in Oregon. And under their leadership Oregon has fallen behind her neighbors in the march of progress.

But, if we are to be wholly fair, we must admit that under this type of leadership Oregon has stayed sound. The growth she has made has been SOLID growth.—Eugene Register.

Phil Metschan who was finally nominated, is too well known in Oregon to need any extended eulogies here. He is abundantly qualified for the position. He is as honest as the word itself. He is a self made man in every sense of the word—a man of keen business ability, good judgment, incorruptible, not easily swept off his feet, knows human nature—an excellent trait in making appointments, knows all Oregon like a book, well educated and thoroughly versed in business administration. He will make Oregon a good governor and his long service to the Republican party entitles him to its united support.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

From the standpoint of the Republican regulars, Mr. Metschan is a highly satisfactory candidate. He is a man of honesty, integrity and thrift, who has built his success by his own hands and character. His service to his party has been consistent. He is the kind of a man who would steer the ship of state without turmoil. In ordinary times these factors would spell success. Perhaps the only ill in 1930, but we cannot be sure of it.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

Mr. Metschan could have been nominated on the fourth as well as on the fourteenth ballot had the appearance of the matter not been questioned. He had the nomination in the bag when Floyd Cook and his soldier boys lined up behind Metschan for governor and the Metschan strength went to Floyd Cook for chairman, Harold Warner for secretary and William Clark for the state committee, the machinery of the once active Republican party to the soldier boys and in return Mr. Metschan was made the gubernatorial candidate.

In the procedure Tom Kay was brutally treated by the committee. Julius Meier was insulted, Col. A. E. Clarke was cast aside, even by some of the service men who were delegates.—Klamath Falls Herald.

It will be the hottest state election in Oregon for many years. It will bring to the front some new leaders, and build the foundation for future elections. It will bring to the front again the necessity of the progressives all being in one party, and not divided between the republican and the democratic parties. This division has enabled the reactionaries to control progressive Oregon, it is held by the best judges.—Oregon City Banner Courier.

We would say of Metschan, that if elected, he would give Oregon an extremely pleasant governor, one always approachable, one not likely to advocate anything startling, one who would give the routine of state affairs a conscientious and honest administration, one who would be quite fair in all things, one who would enforce party discipline and regularity. It remains to measure Mr. Metschan against Mr. Bailey. Of the work of the convention, as such, what can be said except what was to be expected?—Eugene Guard.

If the achievements of this convention were those of the horridous G.O.P. machine, then the One Horse Shay was a Roller-Rogge. For if a political gathering ever hatched machine-built domination, or any other kind of domination, this Portland free-for-all lacked it. If this convention was a perfect example of Old Guard efficiency, then "Leap Frog" or "Ring Around the Rosey" must be perfect examples of West Point military tactics.

For a more perfect example of true representative government, flourishing around in a hostile atmosphere of the Oregon system, could scarcely be imagined than was provided by this state committee convention. Thirty-six delegates from thirty-six counties gathered together, each with a different idea of what that convention should do, and up to the final gasp, not one with the slightest idea as to what it WOULD DO.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

Well, that's that. The republican committee nominated its retiring chief. Good republicans will rally to the support of the new nominee and the election will settle down and become a good old republican vs. democrat election. It will, that is unless some eternal optimist decides to run as an independent.—Roseburg News-Review.

By action of the republican state central committee, Phil Metschan, ex-chairman of that committee, becomes the party nominee for governor to take the place of George W. Joseph, chosen in the party primary in May. The nomination by the committee comes as a reward for long service to the party and as result of a wide-spread and friendly acquaintance with those who take an interest in political affairs. It is also a recognition of Metschan's ability and of his high reputation.—Bend Bulletin.

The republicans have chosen a nominee for the governorship of Oregon who is fully qualified to lead the party to victory in November. Phil Metschan, named by the state committee in Portland last Saturday, has the fortunate combination of business ability, political leadership, high character and personal popularity that will serve in good stead if he is elected governor. Given the united support of his party, little difficulty should be experienced along this line.

If the republican vote should be split through the entrance of a third candidate, running as an independent, however, a democratic victory might be made likely. This is one of the greatest confronting Oregon republicanism, especially in view of the failure of the committee to nominate a man pledged to adoption of the policies of the late George W. Joseph.—The Dallas Chronicle.

We believe the Metschan nomination will be generally recognized as one the people would not have made. Mr. Metschan is at the opposite end of the party from the one occupied by the late Senator Joseph. The convention's decision is largely an honorary question, of public opinion, which it usually is not. This is one of the greatest objections to it. The convention means rule by the organization, not by the people. It is not a democratic system.—Baker Democrat-Herald.

When the people can initiate their own policies under our initiative and referendum law, we wonder why all this fuss and feathers about the governorship. It is largely an honorary question. To elect good, intelligent legislators is more important. But we go at this governorship business as though it were a matter of life or death, when in fact we will go along after the inauguration of the new governor in January as usual, neither greatly helped or hurt; we shall all continue in the normal course of our way under conditions of contentment or unrest according to the business status of an industrial and agricultural nation—but the great war spirit will have had its say—and that's something.—Oregon City Enterprise.

DEMOCRATIC PAPERS
 The meeting of the state committee to nominate a gubernatorial candidate must have been a grievous disappointment to those who saw in this emergency situation an opportunity to bring back the convention system of party nominations. It did nothing to indicate to a new generation that the old system was superior to the primaries. Here there been some man or men with vision, imagination and leadership enough to have brought out of this meeting all of the possibilities with which it was pregnant, there might have developed a real challenge to the direct primaries. As it came out, however, there will be nothing to fear. A machine-made candidate like Phil Metschan will never redeem the lost cause.—Astoria Budget.

Under ordinary conditions an independent candidate running for a major office does not succeed. It will probably be difficult for an independent to win, yet conditions are unusual. The protest vote is rampant and most anything may happen. Much may

HEALTH

Today's Talk
 By E. S. Copeland, M. D.

Vacation may mean a trip to Europe, a summer at the seashore or any other outing on or near the water.



Pleasant as these events may be they have their drawbacks. Persons with sensitive eyes know what it is to have discomfort from the glare of the sun on the water's surface. Sometimes the experience is extremely painful. It is here that properly made glasses will protect the eyes from a condition that might prove serious. That delicate instrument, the eye, with proper care and attention, should last a lifetime. Yet it can be put out of commission by a grain of sand.

The glare of the sun is capable of causing blindness. Nobody wants to take this risk and it can be avoided.

Many persons, after a day on the water, even though they possess very good eye-sight, may have badly inflamed eyes. Either the direct sunlight or the "sky-shine" may set up an irritation that is almost unbearable.

Light is made up of an unending stream of rays. Sunshine and "cloud-shine" send out an endless procession of these light beams. They are not alike. Some are illuminating rays, and others cause the sensation of heat. Those we consider here are those producing chemical changes in the objects they strike.

The photographic plate of a camera is changed by these rays. The same rays "sunburn" the skin by their action. The eyes are greatly irritated by them.

In recent years, experimentation with these light beams, or the "ultraviolet rays," as they are called, has demonstrated what marvelous effect they have on human beings. They promote growth and well-being, and life itself depends upon them.

The ordinary window glass does not allow these rays to penetrate. But now man has learned how to make a certain window glass which has the quality of transmitting the ultra-violet rays. Such glass has been found beneficial to the health of young children when used in the windows of the home and schoolroom.

The health is improved when the body enjoys the stimulating effects of the chemical rays.

When it comes to the eyes we are dealing with quite a different problem. Overstimulation of the delicate retina of the eyes is brought on by these rays and real harm may be done by them.

When you go on the water, if your eyes are at all sensitive, you will be wise to wear glasses or spectacles made of glass which protects the eyes. After much experimentation such a glass has been found.

It was necessary to produce a glass that would not cut out useful vision, as glass densely smoked will do. It was important, too, that the glass should not distort or seriously change the normal appearance of the natural colors.

The painful glare of the sun is overcome by their use. They are a blessing for sensitive eyes. Take care of your eyes, and enjoy life on the water.

Answers to Health Queries
 W. S. Q.—What do you advise for correcting constipation?
 2—Can blackheads be cured?
 3—What will remove freckles?

A.—You should eat only simple foods. Avoid foods unduly rich in fat and starches.
 2—Yes.
 3—Freckles may be made less noticeable by applying equal parts of lemon juice and peroxide of hydrogen.

E. V. O. L. Q.—What do you advise as a tonic and body builder—cod liver oil or olive oil?

A.—I would suggest that you take a tablespoonful of pure cod liver oil after meals.

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

July 20, 1905
 The Capitals baseball team made it a point to cover the Western League in a hot game. Koss pitched for the Capitals and Campbell for the losers.

Harry Winstanley has returned from a two months' trip to San Francisco.

The latest up-to-date acquisition to the Joseph Meyers and Sons store is a hygienic sanitary drinking fountain, installed for the convenience of the public.

The concert given by the United States training school band of Riverside, Calif., was an excellent one. The band turned out to hear the music.

Resignation of William Vandervell, an assistant clerk in the office of the secretary of state, has occasioned several changes there. James Allison, mailing clerk, takes the vacant place, and Wayne H. Waters takes Allison's place.

NEGRO SENTENCED
 MIAMI, Texas, July 23.—(AP)—Jesse Lee Washington, negro slayer of Mrs. Henry Vaughan, clubbed to death at her farm near Shamrock several weeks ago, was sentenced to death in the electric chair by a jury in district court today.

depend on the independent candidate and what he does and says. The dope bucket is not reliable this time. Mr. Joseph was supposed not to have a Chinaman's chance for the republican nomination, yet he secured it. We may have another bolt of lightning, yet there is an old saying that lightning does not strike twice in the same place.—Pendleton Post-Orion.

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE



"The SEA BRIDE"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE

CHAPTER XLV.

Dan'l Tobey chuckled at Brander.

"Eh, Brander, I'm ashamed for ye," he said. "Such an example to the crew!"

Brander held silent. He was waiting for Faith to speak.

When neither Brander nor Mauger would answer her, Faith turned, her back on them all, and stood there alone, thinking. She knew Dan'l would wait on her word. What was she to do? She needed Brander; she would need him more and more. Dan'l was never to be trusted; she must have a man at her back. In spite of her belief that he had done this thing, she trusted Brander.

And she loved him—loved him so that as she stood there, with her back to them all, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her nails dug at her palms.

Why had he done this? Why did he not deny—protest—defend himself? She loved him so much that she hated him. If he had, she might have forgiven; but by stealing whiskey and giving it to the crew he was striking at the welfare of the Sally Sims, and the Sally was dearer to Faith just now than herself.

She set her lips, brushed the tears from her cheeks, and turned back to them.

"Mr. Brander in front below. Give Mauger a whipping and send him forward."

She hesitated a moment, glanced at Willis.

"If you'll come down to the cabin with me," she said, "I'll give you a good thrashing."

Willis stopped toward her, and with no further glance for Brander, she turned and went below. They had been two weeks hard and fast on the sand; there was another week ahead of them. An easterly storm would cement them into the sand for at least a week; and the men looked for it daily. For the rest, there was little to do. The Sally was in shape again, ready to be off if she had the chance.

The men, with sullen faces, looked about the fore deck and whispered man to man. Dan'l was among them now and then, and talked much with Ray, and some with the others. Ray was elated in these days; the boy went about with shining eyes and triumphant lips. Every other face among the crew was morose as his.

Dan'l was not morose. He was overly cheerful. He spoke in louder tones than was his custom, and there was no caustic bite to his tongue; but his eyes were narrower and more furtive. Once or twice Faith saw him turn away from a word with some one of the crew and catch sight of her watching him, and flash upward.

But Faith scarce heeded; she was sick with sorrow and sick with anxiety. The times were rising higher every day; she watched for the hour when they should strike the Sully. And at each high tide she made the men stand in the cabin-barn and work desperately to fetch the ship free.

The day before the night of the full moon she had them get out casks from the main hold, lower them the Sully, and at each high tide she made the men stand in the cabin-barn and work desperately to fetch the ship free.

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The tide was at the flood that night at nine o'clock; and for half an hour before, and for a full hour after the waters had begun to ebb, every man of them strove to stir the Sally. They strove fruitlessly; for the ship seemed fast-bedded in the sand, beyond moving.

At ten o'clock Faith left the deck and went sick-heartedly below.

At half past ten Dan'l knocked on the door of the after cabin, and she bade him come in. He opened the door, shut it behind him, looked at her with his cap in his hands for a space, then sat down on the seat beside the desk where she was sitting.

"Eh, Faith!" he said. "We're stuck."

For a moment she did not answer; then she lifted her head and looked at him.

"There's a high tide tomorrow night; times it's a bit higher than it is on the flood," she said. "We'll get more casks out of the hold tomorrow, and at night we will float her."

"You're brave Faith, and strong, but the sea's stronger. I have sailed long enough to know."

"The Sally Sims has got to come free," she said steadily. "It's in my mind to get her off we have to take every stick out of her and lift her off ourselves."

"If we could do it, I'd be with you," he told her. "But we can't, Faith."

"We will," she said.

He smiled, studied her for a moment, then leaned toward her, resting his hands on the desk.

"Faith," he said softly, "you are a wonderful, brave woman."

She looked at him with a weary flicker of lips and eyes that might have passed for a smile.

"It's not that I'm brave, Dan'l," she said. "It's just that I'll not let Noll Wing's ship rot here when it should be bound home to the other side of the world."

"Noll Wing's ship?" he echoed. "Eh, Faith, but Noll Wing is dead and gone."

She nodded.

"He's dead and gone, Faith," he repeated softly. "His dead body went down with Noll Wing. Faith, you'd have loved me, three years ago."

She looked up then and studied him, and she said softly:

"You'll mind, Dan'l, that Noll Wing is not but three weeks dead."

"Three weeks dead!" he cried. "Have I not seen? He's been a dead man this year past—a dead man that walked and talked and swore, but dead this year past. You've been a widow for a year, Faith!"

She shook her head.

"So long as the Sally lies here on the sand," she said, "I'm not Noll Wing's widow; I'm his wife. It was his job to bring her home, and so it is my job, too. And will be till she's fast to the wharf at home."

"Then you'll die his wife, Faith? For the Sally'll never stir from here!"

"If she never does," said Faith. "I'll die Noll Wing's wife, as you say."

The man sat back in silence for a space, not looking at her; nor did she look at him. In the end, however, he shaped his words afresh.

"Faith," he said softly, "we were boy and girl together, you and I. We grew up together. I loved you before you were a woman—before you ever saw Noll Wing. Can you remember?"

He was striving with all his might to win her; and Faith said gently:

"Yes, Dan'l, I remember."

"When I sailed away, last cruise but one, you kissed me, Faith. Do you mind?"

She looked at him in honest surprise.

"I kissed you, Dan'l?"

"Yes—on the forehead."

She shook her head.

"I don't remember at all."

If he had been wholly wise he would have known that her not remembering was the end of him; but Dan'l in that moment was not even a little wise. He was playing for a big stake. Faith was never so lovely in his eyes, and there was desperation in him. He was blind with the heat of his own desire.

"You do remember!" he cried. "You're pretending, Faith. You could not forget. You loved me then; and, Faith, you love me now!"

She shook her head.

"You do not know; you're not listening to your heart. I know more of your heart than you know, Faith."

"No, no, no, Dan'l," she said insistently.

He flamed at her in sudden fury.

"If it's not me, it's Brander. Him that you—"

(To be continued tomorrow.)

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

A little complaint of late about lack of sunshine, but when you feel that way, read the news reports from the east where the death toll from heat prostrations and attendant causes was close to the 1900 mark the other day.—Morning Astorian.

Cooperation is the order of the day. The growers of purple vetch seed in Douglas county are planning to cooperate with the northern California growers. Price stabilization will be the result.—Roseburg News-Review.

The job of being republican national chairman doesn't include lobbying in its list of duties as Mr. Eliastor Huston is discovering.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

If we accept the theory of evolution, it took man many centuries to progress from the stage when his home was a wind-tossed branch of a jungle tree, to habitation in a pent house atop an 80 story skyscraper. But at the rate the "true gittin'" is going, it appears that he is taking a short cut on the return trip.—Morning Astorian.

Maybe it was worth it. He didn't say. But Rex Leno, the screen actor who used to make the headlines and gave Virginia Swann of the Bureau sisters, a beautifully disclosed epistle, said \$50 for having so indignantly. That's what the J. P. decided it was worth.—Ashland Tidings.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A Sunday sermon:

Writing of the first marriage of white men and women in the Oregon country, the first communion service of the Willamette mission, and the first conversions and baptisms of white men in what is now the state of Oregon, Jason Lee penned in his diary:

"After which (after the three weddings) I preached a long discourse from, 'Come with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.'"

The date was Sunday, July 14, 1833. The place, a grove of fir about 40 rods in front of (north of) the mission house, on the east bank of the Willamette river. Only five white women were then in what is now Oregon. They were at the historic wedding, two of them the brides of that day, two already married, and the others of white men married soon at the same place.

Jason Lee wrote in his diary that in his sermon he spoke "with more than usual liberty." He meant that the words expressing his thoughts and feelings came easily. It was a way he had of describing his sermons when they had power and were delivered with effect. The Bits man wonders if he recited to his hearers the circumstances of the text?

Did he give the setting in the other wilderness as the hosts of Israel, fresh from Egyptian bondage, were setting their faces toward the promised land under the guidance of their great leader? It was a critical time. Great and long preparations had been made. The epochal march through the wilderness country was ready to start. Captain Lee had been selected; the program fully organized. But Moses needed a guide. It was a crying and imminent need. Take your Bible and read from chapter 10, verse 29 of Numbers:

"And Moses said unto Hobab, the son of Reuel, the Midianite, Moses' father-in-law: 'We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.'"

"And he (Hobab) said unto him (Moses), I will not go; but I will depart to mine own land, and to my kindred."

"And he said, Leave us not, I pray thee: forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes."

Hobab was not interested in the offer that meant good to himself. But he was moved by the appeal to do good to others. He could be to the wandering hosts of Israel to them unknown wilderness "instead of eyes." He could be their safe guide, and this intriguing hint, and so he accepted the challenge of service, and the hosts moved on under his piloting.

For Hobab knew the wilderness. He was a wilderness man; he was a sheik of his Arabic tribe. The word of Moses translated "forasmuch" is our form, "forasmuch" as he knew the camping places in the desert country. That call to service is the appeal that to this day brings men to risk their lives that others may be saved or served; it is the highest call of humanity, and so he has been down through the ages, since the first promptings of altruism had birth in the human heart.

It is the call that prompts a stranger to risk his own life to save that of a drowning man.

Jason Lee did not at any time deny that call. He faced dangers every day after he entered the wilderness April 30, 1834, bound for the Oregon country. He braved death from hostile Indians. He walked into the camp of desperate men at the 1834 rendezvous who had threatened his life, and left them friends. He risked his life in the camps of the treacherous Umpqua Indians, and the Umatillas who had sworn vengeance on the white settlers.

He went his way without a quail of fear, knowing many times the hour he dared death might be his last. He could not

denied the call to service of Moses to Hobab; he could not interpret the feelings of Hobab when he accepted the high commission. He had himself accepted joyously the same kind of a call, and carried on what he considered his divine commission through every kind of hardship and sacrifice, counting his opportunities to serve a privilege above all others.

The Bits man believes Jason Lee interpreted his text that day at the old mission in the spirit in which it was accepted on that other day in the camp of the hosts of Israel fresh from the night of Egyptian bondage.

The news columns a week ago Sunday contained information of the passing of William Fleming in his California home in a suburb of Los Angeles the day before. Thus ended the earthly pilgrimage of one of the noblest men of his generation. He had enjoyed a varying career of good fortune and hard struggles, of vigorous health and, at the last, great sufferings—and he kept a brave spirit through it all; a temper of tolerance and kindness, of helpfulness and neighborliness. No truer Christian man ever lived.

Mr. Fleming was a long resident of Salem. He loved this city. He hoped much for its future. He was one of the pioneers who visioned the advantages of the Fairmount residence section; and he lived to see his visions come true, though he himself reaped small advantages, on account of failing health. He would have been delighted to pass his last days here, where he had so many good friends, had circumstances permitted.

Mr. Fleming kept in touch with his friends of the capital city, and nothing delighted him more in his last sickness than to learn of their progress and the growth and prosperity of the city where his heart was.

It is hoped that the stub end of Trade street may now be speedily vacated, and the paper mill people allowed to go ahead with their improvement, which will mean an addition of at least 500 people to the population of Salem and eventually many times that number.

There is room for several more paper mills here; some are in the offing now. We can do no better thing than show the sponsors of all such projects that they are wanted here, and will be welcomed and treated with every reasonable consideration.

A Problem For You For Today

How many pipes 4 inches in diameter will discharge as much water as one pipe 2 feet in diameter?

Answer to Yesterday's Problem
 \$1350. Explanation—Multiply 38.4 by .75 by 2; multiply this by 125.10 and divide by 2; divide by .75; multiply by 38.4; divide again by 160 (number of square rods in 1 acre), and multiply this result by 125.