

The Oregon Statesman

"No Faver Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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On Harvesting, Old Style

It is different now, harvesting is. Two or three men with tractor and combine do the whole job in much less time than big crews did working with the binder or header. The several operations of cutting, binding, shocking, loading, hauling, stacking, threshing are all telescoped into one. Time and labor are saved, but much of the glamor of the harvest is gone.

If you grew up on a farm you surely have pleasant memories of threshing days when the men of the neighborhood shared work and the threshing outfit came to each place in turn. As a lad you watched with eager anticipation for the coming of the vast machines. You ran down the lane to the gate at the road—the deadline of your liberties—and gazed impatiently at the brow of the little hill over which you knew the lumbering traction engine would come, as it moved over from Uncle Henry's up the road. You drew lines in the dust with your big toe while you waited, or made your initials on a big scale. Do you not recall the feel of powdery dust working up between the toes?

Finally the rig came, the clumsy engine spouting black smoke, chugging along so slowly you could keep up with it easily by running alongside, its great bull wheels leaving their patterns in the compressed dust, jerking along behind it the big red separator, whose gaunt straw spout swung back overhead. Behind that, horse pulled, the inevitable water tank, like a stove cylinder cut in half, with a short length of thick hose curled awkwardly on top. You watched the rig turn in to your place with a feeling of pride and joy, saw your father open the little-used gate into the lot below the barn where ragweed and dogfennel and mustard had grown thick.

What a busy place when the threshing started. Every man to his task, big men, strong men, loud-voiced men, handy with horses. Your job may have been waterboy—how you envied the man who could stick his thumb through the jug handle, lay the jug back over his forearm and drink long drafts from the sweaty container.

Then when the fife-like whistle of the steam engine, parked some distance off, at the end of a floppy belt with one twist in it, signalled the end of the day, came the break for the farmhouse. The spreading maples with the wash bench underneath, the basin filled with cool water from the well, tar soap, always tar soap with its foamy suds; younger men chaffing, older men a bit wearied, all eager for the meal.

Long days for the women. Up early to get breakfast for the engine crew who seldom went home. A full morning of cooking over a hot stove for hungry farmhands; and the same in the afternoon. Quantities of vegetables to prepare; chicken to fry (critical the remarks of the men if no chicken were served but only sow belly or salty ham); tables to set; dishes to serve and then to wash. Work for the women far into the evening when the men were outside under the stars smoking their pipes.

Work always crowded in threshing time. Yet how agreeable it was when a thunderstorm came up in the night and you knew there would be no work for the morning. Perchance a breakdown and a trip to town for repairs. Or in the August days the winds might fail and there would be hours of pumping water for the horses and cows. Finally the job would end. There would be the great stack of bright golden yellow straw in the barnlot, and barn bins full of sweet new grain. The engineer, all greasy and grimy, would fire up and start moving his outfit down the road toward Widow Anderson's place to get set for the morrow's work.

Yes, harvesting is different mechanically speaking; it is different in the impressions it makes which become tomorrow's memories. The load is lighter to be sure, but one cannot help missing those operations of the past which became hallowed in his memory.

"Getting Their Soul's Fill"

SOME people get their intoxication out of a jug; others attend some of these hell-raising revival meetings and get the same effect listening to the exhorter. Most of these recent "evangelistic campaigns" are nothing but an emotional debauch, and a crime against the hundreds of people whose minds are unstable. Carried to absurd extremes religion becomes a form of insanity; and many who go "off" on some cult wind up in the asylum.

The reason for so many of these groups which supply an emotional jag to those who expose themselves to the holy roller antics is because the uppity-up churches have turned cold and run their religion through a dry-kiln. These people have to have religion with a kick in it, like other folk seem to demand beverages full of mule's heels.

One of the best forms of the evangelistic racketeers is the divine healing graft. We read about the operations of one evangelist here in Salem with the usual company of dupes proclaiming they had been miraculously healed. There is of course the high-pressure drive for contributions "to carry on the Lord's work." Hundreds attend, some may derive religious stimulus without mental breakdown; others give way to the storm of emotionalism which the evangelist works up.

There ought to be some golden mean between the churches modernized as frigidaires and the cults which serve their religion so hot the brain cells melt.

We hope Senator McNary gets time Sunday to show Chairman Legge and Secretary Hyde something of the developing fish industry of the valley.

CONVENTION ASIDES

Mrs. Alexander Thompson, who seconded the nomination of Julius Meier, declared that Mr. Meier was "the Moses to lead the people of Oregon out of the wilderness." Correct, likewise the Abraham and Isaac and Jacob.

This Rev. D. J. Ferguson who nominated Meier at the independent assembly, is the same man who changed his registration from democrat to republican before the primaries and then radioed the state telling us all to vote for Al Norblad.

Quite a step up in the world for Marion county's plain farmer senator, Sam Brown, to be in Portland as temporary chairman and to hobnob with the Merchant Prince. Gervais won't look the same to him for some weeks.

The Baptist ministers at Louisville after very careful consideration of whether they would offer prayers for rain, decided not to do so, but to pray for divine guidance instead. That was the best way out, because now each one can do as he pleases.

A fellow from Seattle says we can make "natural gas" out of our town garbage, isn't it too bad sewer gas isn't combustible.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.



DR. COPELAND

There are all too many accidents these days. The great life insurance companies, the health "Healthy." It shows the startling increase in accidents among our boys and girls under the age of 15 years.

Twenty thousand children under 15 years old were killed last year. Nearly 30 per cent of these deaths were caused by automobiles. Drowning, burns, the careless use of firearms, falls and other accidents were grouped in the order named.

Eighty thousand persons, 15 years old and over also were killed last year. Accidents are sixth on the list of causes of deaths for persons of all ages. Accidents are first on the list for children from five to fifteen years of age.

Most of these future citizens of the country are healthy, fun-loving, daring boys and girls, ready to take any chance. They must be taught reasonable caution in earliest childhood. They must learn the rules of self-preservation so that they can protect themselves from dangers greater than disease.

Then there is another class of accidents even more common. These are the non-fatal injuries received in the home. The Metropolitan Life Insurance company recently announced that 23 visiting nurses associations had reported that out of 6,535 non-fatal accidental injuries treated by them last year 46 per cent occurred while the victims were occupied in domestic pursuits, 45 per cent in public places and only 9 per cent at work.

More persons were injured non-fatally by home falls than by automobile accidents. The record gives the ratio as 1,424 to 1,342.

More and more playgrounds are needed in the big cities and towns to keep the children off the streets, where the majority of fatal accidents occur. We need all the parks and all the playgrounds possible for the health of growing children.

People at home should think more of the dangers of rickety stepladders, chairs and rugs so easily tripped over. We are always hurrying these days, indoors and out. Teach the children to be careful and to observe "Safety First."

Be on the lookout for dangers yourself. Think before you step out. Observe the traffic regulations in your town. Don't be a "jay walker." New York City has inaugurated new traffic regulations for pedestrians because "people must be saved in spite of themselves."

It is about time that people stopped to think and act for safety's sake.

Answers to Health Queries

MRS. F. H. Q.—What causes burning in the pit of the stomach, belching of gas and shortness of breath?

A. This is probably due to hyperacidity, caused by faulty diet and poor elimination.

Mrs. P. Q.—What causes a burning feeling in the stomach and across the shoulders, indigestion and a tired, languid feeling in the morning?

A. You are probably troubled with hyperacidity, caused by improper diet.

2. Auto-intoxication will produce this condition.

MRS. M. T. M. Q.—What do you advise for high blood pressure?

A.—The diet should be corrected.

N. P. Q.—What causes my gums to bleed?

A. You are probably troubled with pyorrhea and it would be wise to see your dentist for treatment.

A. B. C. Q.—What causes dizziness?

A. Dizziness may be due to a circulatory disturbance, to an eye or ear condition or to some intestinal disturbance. An examination will determine the exact cause and then definite treatment can be prescribed.

L. M. K. Q.—What is the cause of enlarged finger joints?

A.—Some sort of infection present in the system is responsible for this condition. Have the teeth, tonsils, sinuses, kidneys, intestines and gall bladder investigated.

G. E. F.—Is horrid selection harmful for the eyes?

A.—No.

M. A. G. Q.—What do you advise for falling hair?

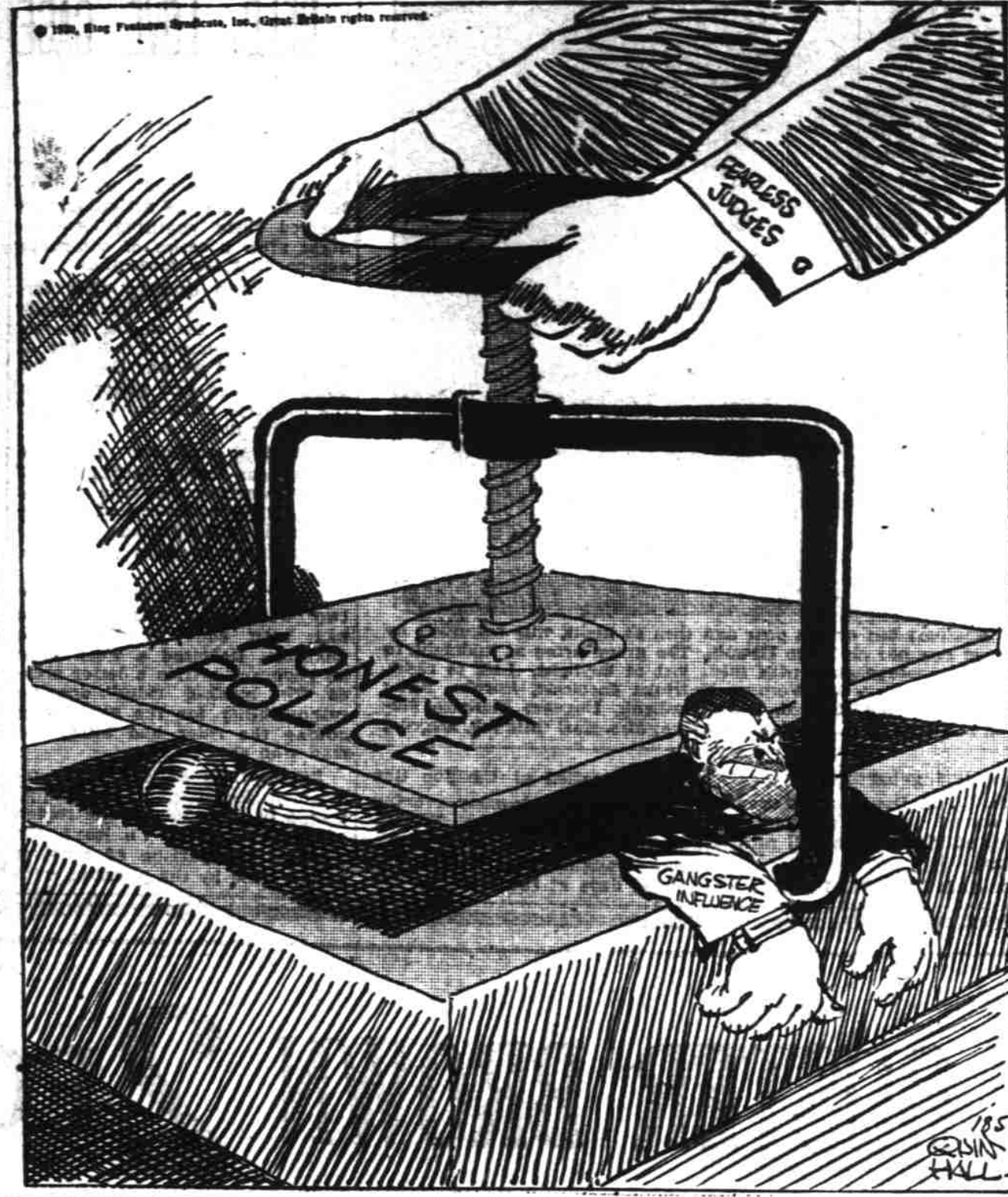
A.—Shampoo the hair frequently and use a good tonic.

S. A. D. Q.—What should a girl aged 12, five feet two inches tall, weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 110 pounds.

3.—For full particulars send self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your questions.

A WORKABLE COMBINATION



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

"Gosh!" Peter exclaimed wrathfully. "I wish I were twins."

"What's happened to your vocabulary?" Barbara glanced over at him with the upturned eyelid smile which made her look like a mischievous little girl. "That's the mildest epithet you've used for the last hour."

After a diligent search in which Peter had mobilized Jake Carter, who had removed his feet from the verandah railing with a sorrowful but good natured grunt in response to the reporter's inquiry, he had succeeded in unearthing a battered portable typewriter.

It had an old fashioned, non-standard keyboard which sent Peter's fingers slipping into space at the edges of several of the keys. Lacked caps, thrusting up sharp unguarded spikes. The type caught in the holes of the ragged, faded ribbon, and when Peter essayed his usual rattling tattoo, the result was a hopeless jam.

He addressed this deprecating instrument with bursts of lurid and withering profanity, which should have brought a blush to Barbara's cheeks. But Barbara was not the blushing kind. He pushed the machine from him and surveyed it with a baleful glare, gathering up the sheets of cheap sheet paper which "swayed the floor around him and correcting them with his stub of black copy penell.

"If ever I'm such a fool again as to go anywhere without copy paper, so help me!" he exclaimed with violent disregard of syntax.

"I thought this was supposed to be your vacation," Barbara said slyly. "But why do you wish you were twins?"

"Because I've got to drive over ten miles of mountain road to file this stuff, and I haven't got the time. I've three or four separate and distinct hunches to follow, before they get cold on me. My God, I wish that camera man was here!"

"Well, he won't be until the afternoon train," Barbara said.

LAY SERMON

THROUGH STAINED GLASS
"For we see through glass darkly," I Corinthians XIII:12.

Church construction is a distinct branch of church architecture. It is an art in itself. The design and construction of windows for religious edifices is properly a long study both for the architect and the artisan. It is not just by accident or convention that church windows are of stained or tinted glass. Centuries of experience have attested the fact that filtered light fits better the mood of worshippers than the pitiless glare of sunlight through clear panes.

I might call your attention to the windows of the First Methodist church of Salem. They have a beauty of design and refinement of treatment that make them fit in perfectly with the church itself whose true Gothic lines give it an antiquity in appearance far beyond its years.

There is the rose window at the front of the church, the design of which looks like the petals of an open rose. There are the graceful lancet windows on the sides, whose pointed arch mullions are in delicate harmony with the Gothic style of the church frame. The glass is lightly tinted.

A bit of glass is red or blue or yellow as it strains out the other colors of the sunlight, permitting only the rays it favors to pass through. So the great stained glass windows of a church are selective filters of light. They break up the brilliant white light which after all is only composite of many colors, and admit the broken colors in a harmonious blending.

practically. "Meantime, you're not twins, but at least you're married. I'm your better half, aren't I?"

Peter stared at the small, slim figure beside him. In her tweed knickers and flannel shirt, Barbara looked like a half grown boy.

"Don't be silly," he said sternly. "You know how temperamental Bossy is, and she hasn't any brakes to speak of. That road was laid out by an engineer with an obsession for pretzels. It's about as wide as a piece of macaroni, and as rutty as a waffle iron."

"How culinary you are!" Again Barbara favored him with her sidewise tilted smile, but her brown eyes were grave. "It's a big story, Peter, and you've got to get busy on it," she said softly. "I'm not a clinging vine, you know. I'm a newspaperman's wife."

It was the hint of pride in the fast words that decided Peter. He laid his two hands on her shoulders and looked deeply into her steady eyes.

"Barbara, there's real danger in driving Bossy over that road, for anybody but me. She's a wreck of a car and you know it. I can manage her because I know every quirk of her crazy engine. I'm sending you into danger, Barbara."

"Yes," Barbara nodded, looking more than ever like a wide-eyed child. "If there wasn't a little danger in your job sometimes, you wouldn't like it so well, would you?"

"But for you—"

"I'm not a different, old dear. And we've got to get our story, haven't we?"

The pronoun brought a tender smile to Peter's lips.

"All right, go ahead," he said briskly. "Remember, send it day press rate collect. Make as good time as you can, but be careful. If anything happened to you—"

"I know. We haven't got time for another corpse on this story," Barbara said gaily, as she took the gathered sheets of paper from his hand and thrust them into the

patch pocket of her coat.

Peter stood on the verandah steps until the last puff of dust from the retreating Bossy had settled to the road. Then he turned and with long swinging strides made his way back to the jail, from which he had so recently been released.

He forcibly pushed the image of Barbara to the back of his mind—Barbara, with her wind-blown yellow hair, so small that she had to stretch forward to put her foot on the accelerator, steering the temperamental Bossy around the steep and tortuous curves.

The clutch had a way of slipping if you didn't manage it just right. Would it stick for Barbara? Could she gauge to the last inch of safety the margin of road on the outer edge? Would she remember in time that the brakes were not to be trusted, and shift (Continued on page 14)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The end of the trail: Lewis and Clark first saw the Pacific ocean on Thursday, Nov. 7, 1805.

The morning was rainy and the fog so thick they could not see across the river. They early came to an Indian village of four houses only; they called themselves Wahkiacums and they gave the explorers same fish, and they afterwards purchased fish, wapato roots, three dogs and two other skins, for fish hooks chiefly. They found the Wahkiacums a different nation from those above; they spoke a different language, built their houses in a different style, entirely above ground, and the women dressed differently, with a sort of petticoat of cedar bark bruised and broken into small strands. The journal reads:

"After remaining with them about an hour, we proceeded down the channel. . . . At a distance of 20 miles from our (morning) camp we halted at a village of Wahkiacums consisting of seven hill looking houses, built in the same form with those above and situated at the foot of the high hills on the right, behind two small marshy islands. We merely stopped to purchase some food and two beaver skins, and then proceeded. Opposite to these islands the hills on the left retire, and the river widens into a kind of bay crowded with low islands, subject to be overflowed occasionally by the tide."

"We had not gone far from this village when the fog cleared off, and we enjoyed the delightful prospect of the ocean; THAT OCEAN, THE OBJECT OF ALL OUR LABORS, THE REWARD OF ALL OUR ANXIETIES. This cheering view exhilarated the spirits of all the party, who were still more delighted on hearing the distant roar of the breakers. We went on with great cheerfulness under the high mountainous country which continued along the right bank."

They made 34 miles that day; 14 of them from the place where they first saw the ocean. Two Indians from the last village accompanied them to their camp, but having detected them in stealing a knife, they were sent off.

The next day (the 8th) it rained. There was some rain every day thereafter for two full months. The party made slow progress from that point on. They dined at a point about three miles down, near the remains of an old village, from which, however, they kept at a cautious distance, "as it was occupied by a great number of fleas." They made only about eight miles that day, and passed a disagreeable night, the waves rolling so high that several of the men became seasick, the water being too salt to drink, and it being difficult to find room enough to camp out of reach of the waves, on the right bank.

The 9th they could not move camp for the high seas and rolling drift wood. The journal reads: "We remained in the water and drenched with rain the rest of the day; our only food being some dried fish, and some rain water

which we caught. Yet, though wet and cold, and some of them sick from using the salt water, the men are cheerful, and full of anxiety to see more of the ocean."

The 10th they went 10 miles, but had to return two miles to find a place where they could with safety unload; went on again a mile and were forced by the waves to put to shore.

The 11th was a terrible day; they could not move; nothing but dried fish to satisfy their hunger; wet and cold. But about noon five Indians came across from the south side of the river, sailing their 13 red canoes, a fish they found "very excellent." The Indians were Cathlamets.

Tuesday, the 12th, a tremendous gale of wind arose, with lightning, thunder, hail. Their position became dangerous; so they "took advantage of a low tide, and moved about half a mile round a point to a small brook, which we had not observed till now on account of the thick bushes and driftwood which concealed its mouth. Here we were more safe; but still cold and wet, our clothes and bedding rotten as well as wet." But they got some fresh salmon and three salmon trout in the brook; a great luxury.

The 13th they found no way to move from their uncomfortable position; only dried fish to eat.

The 14th Capt. Lewis went in one of the large canoes to examine more minutely the lower part of the bay.

The 15th the journal reads: "About 3 o'clock the wind fell, (Continued on page 14)

Yesterdays

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

July 10, 1905
The Independence Development league, in a meeting here the past two days, took initial steps for railroad expansion. Sub-committees were appointed to draft and prepare for the initiation of a railroad rate law and tax levy to be submitted to the people of the Eugene development convention early in September.

A petition signed by John Minato and others has been received by the county court, asking the court to abate the nuisance caused in the eastern part of the county by sheep hording along the west slope of the Cascade mountains.

Eighty-nine applicants for teaching certificates are taking the examinations which commenced yesterday in the First M. E. church under charge of County School Superintendent Ed T. Moore.

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