

The Oregon Statesman

"No Fear Sweeps Us; No Fear Shall Ave." From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Salem's Milk Ordinance

THE effort to repeal the present milk ordinance seems like crying over spilt milk. The time to have raised objection was weeks ago when the ordinance was under careful consideration. Objection was raised at that time to some provisions, and modification made. The ordinance was then passed by an overwhelming vote. It seems inopportune and unnecessary to re-open the subject at this time. It is more untimely because the majority of the dairymen have complied with the provisions of the new ordinance; and to knock out all restriction as to milk production and handling would be a blow to those who have in good faith spent their money in meeting the provisions of the law.

The move of Alderman Vandevort to repeal the ordinance is prompted quite as much by a general antipathy to "inspection" as to hostility to this particular ordinance. It is easy enough to make out a case against inspectors who are prying into all forms of business nowadays, but when you come right down to it, most of the inspectors are there because of public demand or necessity. Our changed manner of living wherein the family no longer produces most of the articles it consumes but depends on others for their supply forces inspection service for public protection.

We have made some study of the present milk ordinance as compared with the former ordinance. The new ordinance is no more rigid in its standards than the old one; but it does make the inspector apply the correct grade: A, B, C or D. That is all the inspection is. It simply grades the milk which is produced by a dairyman. If his equipment meets certain standards and the quality of his milk meets certain standards his grade is A, the next lower is B, with the other two grades for inferior milk. The inspector can tell the dairyman or producer what to do to qualify under certain grades; then it is up to the dairyman to meet the requirements or not just as they choose. The milk producer, if he doesn't want to sell in the Salem market for raw milk, can sell to the creameries outside the city. He has plenty of liberty of action except when it endangers the health of the city of Salem.

The conditions governing milk production are if anything a little more lenient under the new ordinance. It was proposed to require milk to be bottled at the place of production, but this was knocked out in order to let the small producer continue in business.

Here are the important changes in the new ordinance as compared with the old one so far as standards are concerned: For grade A milk the bacterial count allowed is cut from 50,000 to 30,000 per cc. But this is not very important because the average for the previous year was only 15,000, so the producers for the most part have been far within the limit of tolerance.

Milk from cows affected with contagious abortion no longer qualifies as grade A, but the dairymen themselves have been cleaning up their herds, eliminating animals not abortion-free.

Here are provisions which are "easier" on the dairyman: Dairy barn floors may be of tongued and grooved boards; old ordinance required concrete or other impervious material.

Amount of air space per cow reduced from 500 cubic feet to 400 cubic feet.

The big difference comes in that the new ordinance under the grading system becomes self-enforcing while the old ordinance could be ignored in many particulars and still the dairyman could "get by."

If one reads the new ordinance he will be impressed with the fact that it is on the whole very reasonable. Milk consumers are entitled to health protection and they are willing to pay the extra cost for that protection. The standards set up are those of cleanliness, care in handling, and preventing of contamination. We can see where an individual dairyman who knows his milk is pure and clean may object to some of the small details; but when he realizes there may be other dairymen who would take advantage of leniency and try to market milk which would threaten the health of babies, then he will realize there must be standards and they must be complied with.

The dairymen themselves are lining up in favor of the ordinance. It is a report that the increased price they are getting for milk more than offsets the expense they have been put to. More than that, the majority of the dairymen have a keen sense of their responsibility in supplying Salem with pure milk. Milk is, with water, one of the worst carriers of disease. There must be some ordinance, and the new ordinance is just as satisfactory as any new one which would adequately protect the health of the public.

Rafferty's Use of State Car

A MAN came into this office to complain that it was illegal to continue Chief Rafferty's salary until October 1st if he is relieved of his official duty on August 15th. That is a legal point that an editor could hardly pass on; but might be justified practically and legally as a vacation on pay such as most employes of the state receive.

But we do not think Secretary Hoss has the legal warrant to grant Mr. Rafferty the use of a state automobile and the usual travel expense account unless such are directly for state business. No state official is supposed to use state cars or expense account for personal trips; and surely no deposed state official should be given that illegal privilege.

It is not a matter of how kindly one would like to deal with Mr. Rafferty, but complying with the law which is involved. Secretary Hoss should clear up the point which the wording of his letter raises.

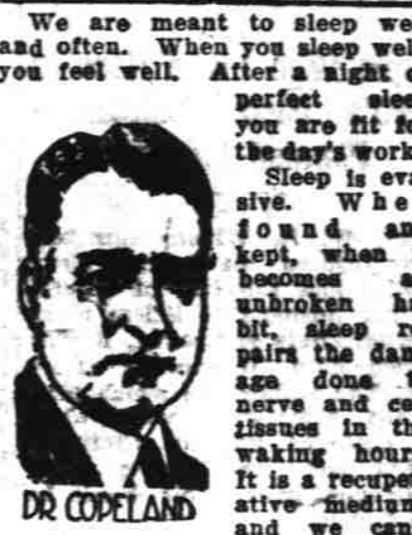
A fire loss of three quarters of a million dollars in the burning of a box factory in Portland; another fire loss of a million and a quarter in the burning of a railway terminal dock in Vancouver over the week end emphasizes the need of extra caution to prevent fires this hot, dry weather. Virtually every fire, save that started by lightning, could very easily have been prevented or avoided. Check over the fire hazards in your house or place of business. Ask the fire department to send out an inspector to help you locate possible sources of combustion. Keep basements and out-buildings clean; guard against grass or brush fires.

Carol and Helen have made up enough to have a joint coronation as rulers of Rumania. Monarchs have to put up more "trout" than any ordinary citizen could ever endure.

Portland has been host to the Elks convention and Baker is entertaining the American Legion. Elks' conventions have grown tame since the Legion came into the picture.

HEALTH

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



There are many disorders of sleep; too many to include here. One of the most common is insomnia, or sleeplessness. It is due to a variety of causes. It may be due to physical or emotional conditions. It may come from a toxic condition, or a nervous condition, or mental fatigue.

Disturbance of the digestive tract is one of the most common causes for not sleeping well. Worry and anxiety of any sort is pretty sure to keep one awake. Food rooms ventilated and over-heated will cause great restlessness. Everyone should sleep with windows wide open, and in the summer with light covering. Too much covering or not enough, will cause wakefulness.

With children, as with many adults, insufficient nourishment will cause persistent wakefulness. One of the best things to promote sleep is the drinking of a glass of hot milk, or hot malted milk, before bedtime.

Proper habits of sleep are essential for a growing child, as they are for adults. Going to bed at a regular time helps to fix the habit of sleep.

Babies pampered by mothers and nurses and taken up at the very first cry, or for trivial reason, very soon become poor sleepers. From the time a child is a week old it should be laid down quietly and the room darkened, when sleep comes on naturally.

In older children who are impressionable and of a nervous tendency, it is best not to read them exciting stories or have them engage in exciting pastimes in the hour just before bedtime. It is better, also, not to have a ticking clock in the room. It is just as well for children not to know the length of time they sleep.

These are only a few of the causes of sleeplessness. There are often conditions of health and disease where sleeplessness is a marked symptom, but the common causes, which many times are easily overcome, should be attended to at once.

Sleep and rest come most easily when the senses are dulled to drowsiness. Cultivate an optimistic spirit and teach your child to do the same. Look on the bright side of things. Banish worry and in the natural order of things, good, sound sleep may be yours.

B. M. J. Q.—What causes the finger nails and lips to turn blue?

A.—This may be due to heart trouble. Have an examination so that definite advice may be outlined.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Statesman: I have read with interest your comments on the tent meeting that besets our city.

Personally I never felt very much in prayer that were accompanied by howls, moans, screams and spasms as if that would help lift them above the ceiling. And a fair amount of personal observation leads me to believe that the evangelists who try to lead the blind by the hand of Christ does not need to beg and wheedle money out of his followers. They are glad to pay with their earthly substance the real bearer of the Bread of Life.

But I want to take exception to that other phase of the clever criticism. The intimation is that God is not able to heal by the faith of the afflicted. True, there seems to be few who believe that measure of faith. Also there are doubtful cases of "healing," though some of them. But there are also cases where the cleverest of our modern civilization, the best of our medical science, and the best of our surgery, but it seems rather high-handed in the face of our limitations to say that healing by faith is a joke, simply because there are some, and some, even occasionally, who use people's faith for their juggling acts. We hold medical practice in no less esteem just because there are quacks, accidents, and patent medicines.

Yours with the best of intentions from the editor of THE STATESMAN, MRS. J. T. BENNETT, 2238 N. Liberty St., Salem, Ore.

A Problem For You For Today

A father bequeathed his property to three sons as follows: To the eldest \$1000, to the second \$1250, and to the third \$1500. The property was sold for \$3500. How much did each receive?

AS ONE WAVE TO ANOTHER



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 10
Bossy, the brave and docile under Peter's accustomed hands, behaved as if she were possessed of a particular and lively devil. Barbara's eyes smarted with dust and her wrists ached with the effort of yanking the recalcitrant car around an endless series of hair-pin curves. The wheels bounced sideways across the stiff ruts, jolting Barbara's hair forward across her eyes but she dared not take her cramped hands from the wheel to thrust it back.

Sheer canyons dropped away from the road at the right. Despite her effort to fix her eyes on the road, Barbara's gaze darted for brief instants over the edge. So steep was the declivity that almost at the road's margin she was looking down on tree-tops, where the mistletoe hung in thick clumps like giant bird's nests. With a gasp she realized that the car had veered in the direction of her glance, and she wrenched it around. A clod of earth crumbled under the rear wheel and fell with a heavy thud among the trees below.

With a sharp sigh of relief she caught a glimpse of huddled buildings ahead, where the road widened. Then, as she slowed down in expectation of the town, the tears smarted behind her eyelids and she caught her breath in a sob of disappointment. It was not the town after all—only a deserted mining camp, an abandoned relic of the boom days of the California Mother Lode. The brick walls were roofless shells, the mortar had fallen from between the stones. Windows, set deep in twelve-inch walls of crumbling brick and stone, were covered with misted from shutters. Barbara did not shake Peter's habit of snarling profanely, but as she paused for a moment before the almost obliterated wooden sign on which the words "Post Office" were still faintly discernible, she swore gently and fervently.

"Damn," said Barbara. "Oh, damn!" There was more of that road to reach—more of it, and it was already interminable. She wondered if she could be lost—but there had been no cross roads which she could possibly have taken by mistake. She glanced at the speedometer, and found that she had come just seven miles. She longed to stop before that flapping sign marked "Post Office"—to sit there without basking until some one came Mr. Bar. But the checker of Peter's story cracked in her coat pocket.

"You devil," she addressed Bossy malevolently, "try and act human, just for once, will you?"

A gurgle of steam from the boiling radiator hissed a mocking answer. If Bossy had a nose some where in her mechanism, Barbara was quite certain that the balky little car was thumping it derisively.

It was half a mile farther on that the horns which Barbara had banged warningly at each near miss, croaked hoarsely and died. She jammed the button fiercely and futilely. And around the next turn something was coming! Sheer cliffs, it couldn't be! A thick, diffused rain, was more clearly audible from the hidden hillside at the left. Could it be a landslide?

With a grinding of gears Barbara forced the car into second, and crept cautiously around the corner. The road in front of her was a heaving mass of grayish white, surrounded by whistling clouds of dust. Pouring thickly down the hillside across the road, picking their way with their sure feet down the farther slope they came, sharp hoofs dislodging a cascade of falling stones, bodies pressed close together—sheep!

Barbara, snatching frantically at the useless horn, shouted in the most authoritative tones at her command, "What did you say to sheep, anyway?"

"Scat!" But "scat" was evidently a word foreign to the sheep language. "Shoo," she tried again. "Get out of the way. Shoo! Shoo!" A few of the nearest bluntnosed, stupid heads were lifted momentarily. A few of the bodies shifted, and crowded in front of the radiator, but their places were immediately taken by others. Barbara forced her way forward a few inches and gave it up.

"I wish they were cows!" she exclaimed. "Then at least if two of three of them got out of the way at once, it would make a hole."

She could no longer force her eyes to remain open in the dust. Tears pressed from beneath her irritated eyelids and tracked her grimy cheeks. She contrived to push forward another few inches.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The end of the trail: The Lewis and Clark party were left at their uncomfortable camp a short distance above the site of Astoria, on the south side of the Columbia.

Thursday, December 5th, 1805, the journal for that day concludes: "In the afternoon we were rejoiced at the return of Captain Lewis, who came in a canoe with three of his men, the other two being left to guard six elk and five deer which they had killed."

"He had examined the coast, and found a river a short distance below Astoria, which we might expect during the winter, with a sufficiency of elk for our subsistence within reach. This information was very satisfactory, and we decided on going thither as soon as we could move from the point; but all night and the following day, Friday, the 6th, it rained, and the wind blew hard from the southwest, so that the sea was too rough for us to proceed. The high tide of today rose 13 inches higher than it did yesterday, and obliged us to move our camp to a higher situation. Here we remained waiting for better weather, till about dark the wind shifted to the north, and the sky was clear. We had now some prospect of being able to leave our situation, and indeed, although some rain fell in the course of the night, the next morning was fair."

"Saturday, December 7, 1805. We therefore loaded our canoes about six o'clock, and were high, so that we were obliged to proceed slowly and cautiously. (They were going west past the present site of Astoria.) We at length turned a point, and found ourselves in a deep bay; here we landed for breakfast, and were joined by the party sent out three days ago to look for the six elk. In seeking for the elk they had missed their way for a day and a half, and when they reached the place found the elk so much spoiled that they brought the skins only of four of them."

"After breakfast we coasted round the bay, which is about four miles across, and receives, besides several small creeks, two rivers called by the Indians, the one Kihowanakel, the other Netul. We called it Meriwether bay, from the Christian name of Captain Lewis, who was the first white man who surveyed it."

(Meriwether bay had already been named, by Lieutenant Broughton of the British war vessel Chatham, in November, 1792; Broughton being under Captain Vancouver, British explorer and it was Young's bay, and he named the river running into the bay Young's river, for Sir George Young of the British navy, who became an admiral in that navy. Broughton also named Mount Hood, for Admiral Samuel Hood of the British navy, and Vancouver had already named Hood canal of Puget Sound for him.)

(So Young's bay and river stand. The Kihowanakel river is Young's river, according to an Astoria authority. The Netul river is Lewis and Clark river, of course. One of the "small creeks" running into Young's bay is between Young's river and Lewis and Clark river, and the Roosevelt highway crosses it on a bridge. But this creek is to be filled up, so that it will disappear from history.)

Resuming the record in the journal for Saturday, December 7th, 1805, we read: "As we went along the wind was high from the northeast, and in the middle of the day we rained for two hours, and then cleared off."

"On reaching the south side of the bay, we ascended to the Netul for three miles, TO THE FIRST POINT OF HIGHLAND ON ITS WESTERN BANK, and formed our camp in a thick grove of lofty pines (fir), about 300 yards from the water, and to feet above the level of the high tides."

"Sunday, the 8th. This seemed the most eligible spot for our winter establishment. In order therefore to find a place for making salt, and to examine the country further, Captain Clark set out with five men."

The Bits man and a party representing the history section of the Salem Arts League was on that spot Sunday afternoon, August 1, as heretofore stated. The Oregon Historical society has been granted a space of three acres for a flag pole has been erected, and the flag pole set up; and the Northern Pacific railroad people are making arrangements for a table properly lettered. It is a beautiful spot. There is no mistaking the place, from the description above in the journals of Lewis and Clark.

It was Fort Clatsop. It is "the most historic spot" of all the places visited by these intrepid explorers. It is the end of the trail. (This series will be continued tomorrow.)

behaved like a lamb." Barbara smiled at her own commonplace analogy. Her opiates of sheep and by implication of lambs had been considerably revised in the light of recent experience. They were, she decided, the most stubborn, unaccountable, disobedient creatures on earth. "But isn't it great about Mr. Everett?"

"Yes, Mr. Everett!" It will save a strain on Sheriff Simpson's versatility. "He didn't find an alibi. I've a story which he'd have invented once."

"But that isn't all," Barbara added more gravely. "I found out something about Juffy that I think you'd want to follow up. It looks as if he might have been in on the deal with Mortenson's death than we thought."

"Of course I'm all right, Bossy."

"You're all right?" Peter asked anxiously, his hands on her shoulders.

The Bits man makes a digression to pay a tribute to the evergreen blackberry. His car tumbled over the bank on the Roosevelt highway near the Southern Pacific depot at Wheeler, Tillamook county, on Saturday afternoon, August 1. The car was going south. It struck on its left side a clump of evergreen blackberry vines. Large ones. They grow larger along the northwest Oregon coast than they do in the valley. The blackberry vines forced a cushion to break the force of the fall, and they held fast being nearly as strong as steel wires, and thus prevented the car from rolling farther down the bank, to the railroad right of way or the track—probably with the wheels up.

The friendly evergreen blackberry vines probably saved the precious lives of five Salem women, to say nothing of that of the Bits man, who was driving.

The Bits man as Slogan editor was long an evergreen blackberry fan. He is a more enthusiastic one than ever now. He is plumb crazy about the excellent quality of this delicious and nutritious fruit—and more so about the use of the vines on which it grows as life saving cushions in cases of automobile tumbles down embankments.

He was just going to record his vote for a plan of planting evergreen blackberry vines along all our highways with embankments—but came to think about it, this is not necessary. All this is needed is to just let them alone, and they will plant themselves. They have been doing this ever since they first came onto our coast; probably about 100 years ago, from England on a ship; or perhaps brought by birds—for they are not a native berry.

And by the way the streams of money they are bringing to this section is by no means to be sneezed at. It will be a larger one this year than ever, for the harvest just starting. And it is predicted that the volume of returns will grow every year for a long time. This is our great pie berry of commerce.

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

Alexander Lesge, chairman of the farm board, headed west to tell grain growers that their only hope of higher prices in the future lies in reducing production to the point where supply will balance demand, has now a text for his sermon. He needs only to point to the drought news and its effect on the grain market and say: "Gentlemen, here is the proof of what I am telling you."—Eugene Register.

The Rankin boys are trying for a plane endurance record; but after they have achieved it, what have they accomplished? Albany Democrat-Herald.

"Driver's rush" on the streets of Klamath is all folly. Why be in such a hurry? What are you going to do with your extra time? Cemeteries and hospitals are filled with people who died from "hurry." Next time you get desperately in a hurry ask yourself a few questions and you will slow down.—Klamath Falls Herald.

Senator McNary and Congressman Hawley will fight against the Russian pulpwood importations in the interest of the pulp producers of the Pacific northwest. But they will have a long fight, as the eastern business men who find Russian pulp wood profitable because of its cheapness have a long pull.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

In weather like this almost everybody is in the sweaterweight class.—Salem Bulletin.

Night football will be played exclusively this fall by the Wayland college eleven at Plainview, Texas.

MOTHERS now learn value of MAGNESIA

Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

This harmless, all-potent, tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as sour-bloating, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic, and constipation. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds, children's diseases.

A teaspoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing a mother's milk fat infant feeding, and promoting healthy growth. In many uses for mother and child are fully explained in the interesting book "Useful Information." It will be sent you, FREE, Write The Phillips Co., 176 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

In buying, be sure to get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Doctors have prescribed it for over 50 years. Milk of Magnesia was made by the late Dr. J. C. Phillips, Chemical Co., and his successor, Chas. E. Phillips, since 1875.—ad.