

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Shows Us; No Fear Shall Awe."  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHEDDON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
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Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday. Business office 215 S. Commercial Street.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 3 Mo. \$1.00; 6 Mo. \$1.75; 1 Year \$3.00. Elsewhere \$0.25 extra per Mo. or \$2.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier: \$0.25 a month; \$2.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. On trains, and News Stands 5 cents.

### Growing Pains in the Flax Industry

THE flax and linen industries in the valley are passing through the experiences common to the pioneer stage. Founded by men and women with a vision, flax-growing and processing have become a reality here in the Willamette valley. Much has been demonstrated the past few years; and much remains to be done before the complete cycle of the industry is firmly grounded. It is a good time for stock-taking and for planning for the future.

First, it is plain that fibre flax growing is a success. The valley soils produce a fine quality of flax and the farmers are finding the production profitable. Under proper rotation of crops the soil is not impaired.

Second, mechanical pulling of flax has proven a success. It has reduced the cost of production here so that flax-growing gives promise of being a very profitable crop over a term of years.

Third, the industrial side of preparing fibre and spinning yarn and weaving cloth are entirely practical for this locality. In these departments too new machinery has reduced costs and enabled American industry to operate on a competitive basis.

So much for what has been demonstrated; and that is a great deal, so great that sometimes we fail to realize its importance because of the problems which are obvious.

The present point of distress is the local linen weaving plant. The first five years of operations of the Oregon Linen mills which was begun and financed by local capital, have resulted in deficits which impair the financial structure of the company. It is recognized that the company must be reorganized and refinanced. Yet all those who have studied the situation believe there is a great future for the mill under proper financing and management.

The Miles Linen mill is pointed to as an example of what may be done to achieve success. This mill had its pioneer struggles and losses but after fresh money came in and different management the mill has attained an enviable success.

So far as the Oregon mill is concerned more than sentiment prompts us to express the hope that it may be saved as a Salem industry. We hope it will not pass into the hands of eastern interests who might stifle the industry or kill it off, and not for many years would there be a chance to revive it here. It should be retained as a western owned and controlled spinning and weaving mill.

The first essential is management. See what the Jantzen people have done in the highly competitive field of bathing suits through applying scientific management to their problems. Given good management the capital will flow in rapidly enough. At first, however, there will have to be refinancing so that the management would have a chance to show its hand.

To get into the weaving end of the business, additional investment in new, fast looms is recommended by those best acquainted with the situation, reserving the present second-hand equipment to be made over for specialty lines with wider profit-margin.

New capitalization will not come in of course on the present basis. The present capitalization will have to be written down to a point where the mill can carry the burden. That entails loss, but where it is equitably handled, the loss may be regained if the venture later proves profitable.

It is important not to lose faith in the industry. These are its "growing pains." Out of these present difficulties a much stronger industry will emerge which will add vastly to Oregon's wealth. Without indulging in day-dreams, the Statesman expresses the firm conviction that the linen and flax industries along with fruit growing and processing offers the greatest hope for the future growth and development of the Willamette Valley. This is not a time for rocking the boat, nor a time for shutting one's eyes to the plain facts. By the exercise of careful judgment backed with faith and money Oregon people can put this linen business over and make it the great success it gives abundant promise of becoming.

### It's the Climate

YOU just wanted to drink the air yesterday morning. Fresh from three thousand miles of ocean, it tasted to the lungs like cold spring water to a parched throat. Not that the preceding hot days had been unduly oppressive, but they had been prolonged sufficiently for people to long again for the sea breeze.

The little shift of rain washed out the air and cooled things off, but we may not look for fall rains until September. That is one thing we may count on in the valley. Spring rains are apt to continue until July 4th. Then it is sure to be dry until Labor Day. The dry period is hard on pastures, drying them out until the hills and meadows are bare. But they revive quickly with the first fall rains and give an abundance of fall pasture.

For a mild climate that still regards the four seasons, you cannot beat the climate of the Willamette valley.

Oak trees are suffering severely from the invasion of the tent caterpillar. Some trees have their leaves all killed. The worst invasion seems to be across the river in Polk and Yamhill counties, though it may be elsewhere that we have not heard of. It is possible to fight the caterpillars in orchards, but this is practically nothing that one can do with an oak grove with a tall oak tree. This tent caterpillar is becoming quite a nuisance not only locally but over the northwest. The quick way to get rid of it in a tree is to tie a kerosene-soaked rag at the end of a fish-pole, light it, and then touch the flame to the "tent." Either that or cut out the limb and burn it.

Statistics published in the Oregonian Thursday from the new census reports show that Oregon's population increase ranked eighth in percentages among the states of the union. The census bureau must have made some mistake, for here in Oregon we all know that the state has made no progress because the state has been dominated by the "old guard," the power trust, high electric rates, heavy farm taxes and all the other drawbacks that the aspirants for office and circulation can think of. And then along comes the census bureau and says that there are 40 states that made a smaller percentage of increase than Oregon did. Their power rates must be awful and their "old guard" must be worse.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

The Dallas cut-off toward the coast is a very popular route for Salem people to travel. It is 17 miles long however, surfaced with rather coarse, loose crushed rock, and somewhat hilly. It is willing to go about eight miles farther, at the Amity State bank and road going by Amity, turning left at the Amity State bank and following a good, well-packed gravel road to Bellvue, just east of Sheridan. This cut-off is only 6 1/2 miles, the rest of the way being on good paving. There is very little traffic on the cut-off, so the road isn't dusty.

# HEALTH

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

Better judgment at work and greater care after injury will benefit the industrial worker. If these were exercised, more fatal accidents in industry would be saved from suffering and perhaps death.



It is an encouraging sign that fatal accidents in factories are being kept down to a low average. Also, it is good to know that fatal accidents due to falls are fewer than usual. Many of these accidents are due to falls from scaffolds, ladders, stairs, windows and other heights in the construction of buildings. Great care must be exercised to hold them.

We read from a recent report by Miss Frances Perkins on state-wide accidents that falling objects cause a very large number of deaths. Perhaps these are unavoidable but that there is a laxity in the law covering these accidents there is no doubt. Every precaution should be taken by the individual worker and the individual construction company that the safety of all be assured so far as it is humanly possible.

Practice Safety  
Compensation mitigates many of the financial anxieties due to accidents. But it never mitigates the suffering and incapacity of the victim of an accident. Every worker should be instructed to obtain at once proper treatment and dressings for even a slight cut or abrasion of the skin. Too often they are neglected. Infection takes place and blood poisoning sets in sometimes terminating fatally. Prompt care in such cases saves much suffering and human life.

Industrial workers, both men and women, are under constant strain and stress. Sometimes the strain results in hernia. We are told by Miss Perkins in her report that strains violent enough to cause hernia are likely to have serious after effects. She says that months after months cases of pneumonia are reported after hernia operations, and many are fatal.

It is not always the fault of the employer who, I believe, are humane and conscientious about the welfare of their workmen. They are more and more working on educational campaigns among workers for accident prevention. Almost every precaution imaginable is taken, but accidents happen anyhow. There are hazards to overcome and a worker must ever be on guard to keep within the safety zone.

# Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

SCISSORED SQUIBS . . . 27.  
Straw votes don't mean a thing, but we all like to take them, read them and consider them. With this in mind the writer took a small straw vote on First Street in the two blocks around the postoffice one morning recently and found among 38 voters interviewed that 13 were for Edward Bailey, democrat, and three were for Phil Metchan, republican. Twelve had not made up their minds yet although several of these stated that it would not be Metchan. We offer no suggestion as to poll. We classed ourselves among those who were undecided.—Newberg Graphic.

A 12 year old boy was telling his father the other night about the year 5000 A. D. an airplane pilot would be travelling 2000 miles an hour through space. It looks as though Captain Hawn is working toward that goal.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

# Yesterdays

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

August 16, 1903  
The city council bridge committee has been instructed to repair wooden bridges before taking any action toward building a concrete bridge on any street, improvement of South Commercial street has been ordered.

What is believed to be the death blow to horseracing in Oregon was struck by Judge Fraser in Portland yesterday, when a temporary injunction was continued until September 7, restraining pool selling at Irvington race track.

While installing the new telephones at the state house the telephone company is putting in a private exchange so that the state officers have a small system of their own. Private exchange systems are in use in the larger houses in Portland.

Work of reworking the steel bridge spanning the Willamette river was commenced.

# LIGHT COMPANY IS EXTENDING SERVICE

MACLEAY, Aug. 15.—The Portland Power company is now making its line, for they are extending them about four miles around the Mackay vicinity. They extend as far as the H. O. Taylor street.

# JUSTIFIABLE



# The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

"That's all right, but don't you forget those bullets and shells. They have to be fired into something soft so as not to mess up their features any. It's too bad to ruin the blanket, but that's better than ruining the bullet."  
"Oh, yeah," Andrews retorted. "Especially when it's not your blanket."  
"Well, if you're so particular, I might use you instead. You're enough of a wet blanket for anybody," Peter responded with lofty contempt, as he selected the largest available tree and propped the rolled blanket upright against its trunk.

"I've got to hit the cursed thing," he declared. "I don't dare use up more than one of the sheriff's precious bullets and I'll be hanged if I spend the rest of the day crawling around on the ground hunting for it. You stand close to the tree and tell me where it strikes."  
"Like fun I will!" Peter photographed your darn bullets if you say so, but I stop short of standing around waiting to receive 'em. I'm going to stand right behind you, and the way you're waving that gun around, I'm not sure that's any too safe."

Planting his feet wide apart, as if afraid that Peter would drag him from the comparative safety zone against his will, Andrews took up his station directly in the rear as Peter raised the pistol and fired.  
"Got it!" he exclaimed, running to the tree and pointing triumphantly to a small round hole in the blanket.

"Sure-fire Peter! With enough practice, you may be able to hit even a barn door in time!" Andrews jeered good naturedly. But Peter's remarks which he made to nature in general and to horticulture in particular, but it did not occur to him to abandon his search until he found what he was looking for, or demonstrated that it was not to be found.

"What are you doing—playing hide and seek?"  
Peter scrambled to his knees at the sound of Andrews' voice behind him.  
"Don't be funny," he said severely. "Whoops!" he added with sudden frightfulness and plunged forward on his stomach. When he emerged, his face beneath his layers of dirt, was slight with victory.

"Got it!" he announced triumphantly, holding out a small object in the palm of his hand.  
"My God!" Andrews looked at the object with extreme disgust. "Another bullet!"  
"You bet it's another bullet—but you won't have to photograph this one," Peter said cheerfully. Heat and fatigue alike forgotten, he arose to his feet brushing the leaf mold and dry earth from his knees. "On with the dance!" He drew the pistol from his coat pocket and flourished it gaily.

Andrews backed away, surveying Peter with half-suspicious alarm.  
"See here," he said, "if you think you're going to go crazy, or anything like that, I wish you'd give me time to get out of the way before you begin."  
For answer, Peter began to whistle.

Andrews had heard that whistle before—a dismal fragment of ragged tune, repeated over and over. It was breathy and unmusical, but reassuring as to Peter's continued sanity.

Still whistling, Peter turned his back on Andrews and dashed into the house. When he reappeared a moment later he carried a blanket, which he proceeded to roll deftly into a compact cylinder.  
"What are you doing now—going Boy Scouting?" Andrews asked.

"I just remembered something that Kurtz told me once about test bullets," Peter explained. "They have to be fired into something soft so as not to mess up their features any. It's too bad to ruin the blanket, but that's better than ruining the bullet."  
"Oh, yeah," Andrews retorted. "Especially when it's not your blanket."  
"Well, if you're so particular, I might use you instead. You're enough of a wet blanket for anybody," Peter responded with lofty contempt, as he selected the largest available tree and propped the rolled blanket upright against its trunk.

"I wonder what he was really like," Peter's gaze wandered thoughtfully around the living room on which the door directly opened. "It must have taken an unusual ranch manager to bow! Mrs. Everett over. I don't see her falling for more brawn and great open space stuff; yet he seems to have known his business. Funny, isn't it, this trying to reconstruct a man's character from the inanimate things he has left behind him?"  
Andrews dropped into the chair nearest the door still clinging faithfully to his camera. "I'm tired," he stretched his legs wearily before him, and relaxed in his pose of inexhaustible patience.

"All we know about him directly," Peter continued, unperturbed by Andrews' lack of interest, "is that he was subject to violent shifts of mood—and he seems to have had a troublesome temperament where the ladies are concerned. I feel rather sorry for him on that score. He didn't seem to have been able to keep away from them, and they on their part couldn't say no to him. That's often the way with a man of his type. There was Mrs. Everett herself, and her sister, and Mrs. Cook's daughter—that we know of. Rather embarrassingly numerous for Mr. Mortinson. And he couldn't help it, any more than a diplomat can help taking a drink. He was the victim of his devious glands, as the Johnnies say nowadays," Peter delivered himself of an elderly sentimentality which comported oddly with his youthful countenance.

# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The end of the trail:  
The Lewis and Clark journal has just described the coast Indians to the south of the Columbia, beginning with the Clatsops, and running through all the tribes speaking the common language of the Killamucks (Tillamooks.) Then came other tribes to the south, in the order named:  
"The Cookcooses (probably afterwards shortened to the Coos), a large nation of 15000 souls, inhabiting the shores of the Pacific and the neighboring mountains. We have seen several of this nation who were taken prisoners by the Clatsops and Killamucks. Their complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians near the mouth of the Columbia, and their heads were not flattened."  
"Next to these are the Shalalans, of whom we know nothing, except their numbers, which are computed at 1200 souls."  
"Then follow the Luckasos, of about the same number, and the Hannaballs, whom we estimate at 400 souls."  
"This is the extent of the Indian information, and judging, as we can do with considerable accuracy from the number of steeps, or days journey, the distance which these tribes occupy along the coast, may be estimated at 360 miles."

Lewis and Clark wrote a great deal about the habits of the coast Indians, as of others they met on their long journey. The coast Indians were expert weavers of rugs, baskets and hats. They made large and small baskets of bear grass, cedar bark and other materials, that were water proof.

At one point Captain Clark wrote: "Among all the tribes, a man will lend his wife or daughter for a fishhook or a strand of beads. To decline an offer of this sort is indeed to disparage the charms of the lady, and therefore gives such offence that, although we had occasionally to treat the Indians with rigour, nothing seemed to irritate both sexes more than our refusal to accept the favours of the females." He gave some pathetic instances.

On this head, Captain Clark made some general remarks, as follows: "The treatment of women is often considered as the standard by which the moral qualities of savages are to be estimated. Our own observations, however, induces us to think that the importance of the female in savage life has no necessary relation to the virtues of the men, but is regulated wholly by their capacity to be useful. The Indians whose treatment of the females is mildest, and who pay most deference to their opinions, are by no means the most distinguished for their virtues; nor is this deference attended by an increase of attachment, since they are equally willing with the most brutal husband to prostitute their wives to strangers. On the other hand, the tribes among whom the women are very much debased possess the loftiest sense of honor, the greatest liberality, and all the good qualities of which their situation demands the exercise. Where the women can do no better than to procure subsistence for the tribe, they are treated with more equality, and their importance is proportioned to the share which they take in that labor; while in countries where subsistence is chiefly procured by the exertions of the men, the women are considered and treated as burdens."

Thus, among the Clatsops and Chinooks, who live upon fish and roots, which the women are equally expert with the men in procuring, the former are treated with more equality, and their importance is proportioned to the share which they take in that labor; while in countries where subsistence is chiefly procured by the exertions of the men, the women are considered and treated as burdens.

On the north of the Columbia, we have already seen the Chinooks, of 400 souls, along the shores of Haley's (Baker's) Bay and the low grounds of Chinook river.  
Their nearest neighbors to the north are the Kikatholis, a small nation on the coast, of not more than eight houses, and 100 souls.  
The Chlits, who reside above Point Lewis (the first high headland north of Cape Disappointment, and are estimated at 700 souls, and 33 houses. Of this nation we saw, transiently, a few among the Chinooks, from whom they did not appear to differ. Beyond the Chlits we have seen none of the northwest Indians, and all that we learned consisted of an enumeration of their names and numbers.  
"The nations next to the Chlits are the Clamottomish, 12 houses, and 200 souls."  
"The Potoabees, 10 houses, 200 souls."  
"The Pafisk, 10 houses, 200 souls."  
"The Quinuits, 60 houses, 1000 souls."  
"The Calasthorte, 10 houses, 200 souls."  
"The Quinnechant, 2000 souls."

Lewis and Clark were confused about the rivers of the present Tillamook county south of Nehalem. They threw into one main river the Miami, Klitchi, Wilson, Tillamook and Trask, if not also the Nestucca. The Indians evidently told them that they carried their boats from the upper waters of one of these rivers "over to the Columbian valley"—that is made a portage (portage is from a word which means to carry) over the Coast range. That meant that they went up one of the Tillamook county rivers as far as they could go with their boats, and then carried their boats over to the headwaters of the Yamhill, or some other river. Probably they did. The Indians of the lower and upper Columbia, and the Multnomah (Willamette) were great boatmen. Lewis and Clark noted that they used mainly four kinds of boats.

First, a small one, about 15 feet long and carrying one or two persons.  
Second, 20 to 25 feet long, carrying several persons.  
Third, 30 to 35 feet long, carrying 10 or 12 persons, but very light and convenient. It was carried (portaged) with great ease by four.  
Fourth, a boat upwards of 50 feet long, capable of carrying 8000 to 10,000 pounds weight, or from 20 to 30 persons. The Tillamooks were among the experts with this boat. Lewis and Clark said "they ride with perfect safety the highest waves, and venture without the least concern in seas where other boats or seamen could not live an instant." All these Indian boats were

A solid brick tower is 10 ft. square at the base, 3 ft. square at the top and its height is 120 ft. Estimated 20 bricks to the cubic foot, how much did they cost at \$11.25 per thousand?  
Answer to Yesterday's Problem 32.4. Explanation—If 240 is subtracted from the last result and this equals 2, then that result must be 240. Multiply 240 by 3.456; subtract 25.92 from this; divide 24.8 into this.

Rider Hurt as 'China' Flies Up  
AMITY, Aug. 15.—Iris Rogers, while riding home from work on his motorcycle, struck a Chinese peasant. As it flew at his face he struck it and received a sprained wrist.

# A Problem For You For Today

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Answer to Yesterday's Problem 32.4. Explanation—If 240 is subtracted from the last result and this equals 2, then that result must be 240. Multiply 240 by 3.456; subtract 25.92 from this; divide 24.8 into this.

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