

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Roosevelt and Wilson

BAINBRIDGE Colby, one-time progressive who later became secretary of state under Woodrow Wilson, has undertaken to review the now withdrawn biography of Theodore Roosevelt by Owen Wister. Wister, an ardent Roosevelt partisan, devotes a considerable portion of his book to berating Wilson, much after the mood of his great idol. Mr. Colby, who nominated Roosevelt at the 1916 convention, and subsequently became a member of the Wilson cabinet and still later a law partner of Wilson, shows in his article in the August "Current History," a distinct loyalty to his last attachment. Withal, however, Colby does analyze with considerable accuracy the story of the Roosevelt-Wilson animosity, or more particularly the Roosevelt animosity toward Wilson, for Wilson seldom or never revealed personal antagonism towards his great antagonist.

Even to his ardent admirers Roosevelt was given to gross exaggeration. His controversial speech and writings were marked by what might most charitably be called extreme hyperbole; and more bluntly might be characterized as downright falsity. Roosevelt would probably insist that his intemperate utterances were literally true, but that was because he was an ardent egoist and unconscious of any wrong-doing within himself.

Thus Roosevelt described his political foes who had, we believe, improperly seized control of the 1912 republican convention as "crooks, burglars and second-story men."

"It is Wilson, not Bryan, who is the real enemy," the demagogue, adroit, tricky, false, without one spark of loftiness in him, without a touch of the heroic in his cold selfish and timid soul."

Now such irrational outcries reflect only on the one who makes them. They are samples of the lacerating acerbity of Roosevelt in his post-presidential days. Colby seeks to account for his vocal violence by his consuming ambition to become president again. He says:

"It would be hard to find in any American career a period of four years taken up, with visions of the presidency and efforts to attain it, than the years from 1912 to 1916 in the life of Theodore Roosevelt. Four times in as many years he was a candidate for the presidential nomination in a national party convention, and twice the recipient of a formal nomination. He proposed to be president, if it were humanly possible. Of that there is little room for doubt, and his bitter sense of bitterness and frustration found vent in the railing diatribes which he directed at Woodrow Wilson."

Roosevelt was eager to become president again, and perhaps his blind striking at Wilson is accounted for by this ambition. We rather think however that Roosevelt was eager to be president because the stage from 1916 to 1918 was a Rooseveltian stage. War engulfed the world, and Roosevelt was a fighter. He was like the warhorse, smelling the battle afar off. He longed to be in a place of power and mastery where he could drive and command. It was his misfortune to be born to power too soon.

Roosevelt suffered also from jealousy. He had the conviction that no one could carry forward the presidency so well as he. Poor Taft failed, partly through Roosevelt's desertion, partly through his own poor judgment of men and measures. Wilson, the spare Cassius-like scholar-politician, was some grim ogre to Roosevelt who flayed him and berated him with reckless abandon.

Loyal Rooseveltians must admit that their leader passed into eclipse after his triumphal return in 1910. The halo clung to him; but his intemperance in utterance and his virulent abuse of others in public life clouded his fame.

The Wister book will reap no doubt after certain corrections have been made. Its publishers were threatened with libel because of one incident described which related to the social ambitions of a prominent society woman of Charleston, S. C., so they withdrew the book until new plates could be prepared. Roosevelt's great place in American history is assured, though his heroic stature seems to shrink some with the passing of time. The Wister book must be read, however, with regard for the element of discount on the writing of one who was frankly a hero-worshipper.

The Moth and the Flame

PORTLAND society is having some of its soiled shirts washed right out in public in a hundred thousand dollar lawsuit now being tried. It is the old story of a "party" where the hicknucks spilled over with booze. A leading architect testified he acted as bartender. The party was held at a wealthy man's home with some strangers invited in to add to the gaiety of the affair. According to the plaintiff, one of the young sports got too fresh, or worse, so she wants a big hunk of money.

The picture is not an unfamiliar one in these days of semi-prohibition and loose morals. Those who mount highest on the ladders of wealth and social prestige think they have to guzzle bootleg in order to show they belong where they are. Such parties are not uncommon either in Portland or in the sticks; and a few rounds of drinks and a few jazz dances are often but the prelude for undue familiarities among the guests. Not often such affairs wind up in damage suits—more often the divorce court is the terminus.

The social flame still lures the silly human moths.

While we find frequent occasion to disagree with Senator Norris of Nebraska, his renomination is a good thing for the country. He is a vigilant fighter against special interests and all forms of graft. This more than compensates for his irregularity, his obstructionist methods and his tendency to rump amuck at every opportunity.

The word from Paris via New York is that the female is to be a lady once more. There are to be skirts, long skirts, instead of kilts; bobbed hair is to be passed; the figure will affect curves instead of straight lines. This is good news to the old codgers who like their femmes soft-boiled. It's a welcome change from the mannish truck-driver type of the past half decade.

We have been watching for the outside papers to call "Marion county boy" again since Marion county came home with most all the honors at the Legion convention at Baker. Silvertown won the ball game. Salem won the drum corps competition, bringing back the Clifford Brown cup, the Sibley-Lucas cup for best music, and the cup for best drum major. We admit that it is a little more than one county's share of honors.

Monday night we observed, driving up North Front street, a box car parked on the Oregon Electric right in the middle of the dark street. There was no light here or all—just the thing for a bad wreck. The railroad sure has no liberty to park loose cars in the middle of the street without warning lights.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Everyone should cultivate a taste for the citrus fruits. They are good for the health. They increase the circulation and stimulate the bodily functions.



DR. COPELAND

Grapefruit, or "pomelo," or "Shaddock," as it is called in some parts of the world, is the largest member of the citrus family. Its smooth, yellow rind makes it attractive to the eye. Its peculiar, stimulating acid flavor and its slightly bitter taste make a real appeal to those who have cultivated a taste for it.

The citrus fruits, especially oranges, grapefruit and lemons, are exceedingly valuable foods for everyone. They give us the very essential vitamins A and B. They are rich also in vitamin C. Certain valuable mineral salts necessary to growth are in them. Also we find some cane and invert sugars, which vary in quantity from one to ten per cent.

Overcome "Acidity." They contain considerable amounts of acid, although not as much as lemons do. They possess citric and phosphoric acids, with a trace of malic acid. The fruit acids are not to be dreaded because they do not turn the system acid. They are eliminated from the body as alkalies and really serve to overcome what is commonly called "acidity."

Grapefruit was native to China and other parts of Asia. It is grown in the West Indies, as well as in Oriental tropical countries. The fruit is comparatively new to the United States.

The citrus fruits industry in this country has made rapid strides in the past few years. Florida and California produce the largest quantity. Even in very dry sections these fruits are produced, irrigation providing the necessary moisture.

The Bureau of Plant Industry has for several years given particular attention to the propagation of citrus fruits. New methods have been worked out for improving all of them.

Case of Grapefruit. There is great advantage in knowing how to handle grapefruit. In the home and in the retail store they have to be kept in a cool and dry place. They may be kept for several weeks under the proper conditions, which is a much longer time than most fresh fruits picked ripe from the trees will last. The household refrigerator, if it maintains the proper temperature, is a good place for the grapefruit.

If there shows any sign of decay, grapefruit is apt to be attacked by blue mold rot under some conditions, the fruit so affected should be taken out and discarded at once. Such decay is very rapid in the ordinary temperature, two or three days being a sufficient time for it to appear.

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

Business in Oregon and Washington is the best in the whole nation, declares a comparison of the Southern Pacific railroad. Which indicates that he doesn't expect to go to Los Angeles very soon. — Albany Democrat-Herald.

The governor should give the commission a working over. Let it undergo a complete reorganization. Its trial of Clifford and the unfair manner in which that trial was decided warrants a general house cleaning in the fish and game department. — Klamath Falls Herald.

Germany is issuing a new paper money that will not burn, tear nor crumple. It will probably burn a hole in a man's pocket though just as sure as Cornwall's Gazette-Times.

It begins to look as if those books of the late Mr. Zuta are going to substantiate our theory of the cause of Chicago's lawlessness, namely, protection of criminals by officers and courts. — Albany Democrat-Herald.

Trying for the tree sitting championship seems the ultimate here in ambition until you reflect that men still aspire to the throne of Albania. — Medford Mail-Tribune.

It is only fair to tell the kids that liquor dealers in the old days weren't noted for their angelic qualities. — Medford Mail Tribune.

Marion Tally has found a perfectly justifiable way to solve the farm relief problem. When her 800 acre corn crop went fluey in Kansas, she hid herself to the railway station and went back to New York to make another contract for grand opera work. — Corvallis Gazette-Times.

A Problem For You Today

A oval B is sum of 3297 3-10, which is 2 1/2 times as much as he owes C, and 3 1/2 times as much as he owes D. What is the total amount he owes?
Answer to Yesterday's Problem: —Change 30 inches to 2 1/2 feet, and 22 inches to 2 2/3 feet. Add the squares of these two numbers and then add that result to the square of 40; take the square root of the result.

THE RACE



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 15

Peter was mopping his brow as he returned to the waiting Bossy.

"Did you get anything?" Andrews asked. Peter leaped into the driver's seat.

"I got plenty," Peter was manifestly disgruntled. "I've got three people who would have bumped off Mortison with a crystal clear conscience—and there's nothing like a high moral tone to complicate a good plain murder. But there's not a shred of material evidence against any of 'em. Who ever fired that other shot at Mortison has had all the time in the world to get rid of the gun. It wasn't any use even asking for it. It's a peach of a yarn—and I can't use a word of it—not yet, anyway. Jimmy's nose for libel is something terrible." Peter murmured.

"Pat chance they'd have at a comeback," Andrews scoffed. "I will bet they've never even heard of libel."

"But Jimmy has—and that's that. What do you think our esteemed Herald is on about? Anybody as fit to be a reporter enough to do as it is, I've taken on a new job. Behold, Peter Piper, alias Cupid. I'm not going to get June and her Julio into any more trouble than I can help."

Peter heaved a profound sigh as he swung Bossy around a curve at an angle which flung Andrews violently against the side frame of the car.

"I'm getting too damned interested in this case," he growled. "If this keeps up I might as well apply for a job as sub sister. Every time a nice promising suspect heaves in view, I get all gummied up trying to help them out of it. A sweet little flower I'm turning out to be!" Peter's foot slammed viciously down on the accelerator, as if bent on the extermination of a chicken which with a squawk and an agitated flapping of wings darted across the road.

"Spare the women and children," Andrews growled.

"I'm not doing anything else but," Peter snapped. "I'm going to stop at the jail now, and tell Althea Everett she'd jolly well better remember that she saw Mortison reach for his gun. If she'll admit that they were quarreling, it will clear up the question of who the other party was, anyway. And if she can't have self-defense, she'll be sunk, that's all."

"Say, aren't you ever going to get me to town with these plates?" Andrews begged. "I do not want to have to stay up all night developing them."

"If you do, you won't be a bit worse off than I expect to be," Peter replied heartily.

Bossy's brakes squealed in protest as he brought the car to an abrupt stop at the entrance to the jail.

"A nice soft snap the defendant has," he muttered. "Nothing to do but sit quietly in jail waiting to get banged, while I scurry around and do all the rough work. I think I'll try it some time—this life's beginning to wear on me."

He had taken a boyish satisfaction in including his ill humor, but no trace of it remained, as with grinning impudence, he suggested to the sheriff that he would like to commandeer his office for a private interview with Mrs. Everett.

"I guess it's about time I went to dinner, anyway," Simpson agreed. "But don't you go telling all the other newspaper folks that they can run the sheriff out of house and home. This ain't to be taken as a general hint, or I won't ever get a chance to sit down."

"I won't," Peter agreed gravely. "I'm quite willing to be the one and only official here."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Discovery of the Willamette: Captain Clark is describing the Multnomah (Willamette) river, which he first discovered on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 8, 1806; also he discovered Mount Jefferson that afternoon. Reading on in the journal:

"The current of this latter river (the Willamette) is as gentle as that of the Columbia. Its surface is smooth and even, and it appears to possess water enough for the largest ship, since, on sounding with a line of five fathoms he could find no bottom for at least one third of the stream."

"At the distance of seven miles he passed a sluice or opening, on the right, 80 yards wide, and which separates Wappatoe island from the continent, by emptying itself into the inlet below."

"Three miles further up, he reached a large wooden house, on the east side, where he intended to sleep, but on entering the rooms he found such swarms of fleas that he preferred lying on the ground in the neighborhood."

"The guide informed him that this house is the temporary residence of the Nimalquinner tribe of Cushman (or Cushman) nation, who reside just below the falls of the Multnomah (present Oregon City), but come down here occasionally to collect Wappatoe; it was 30 feet long and 40 deep; built of broad boards, covered with the bark of white cedar; the floor on a level with the surface of the earth, and the arrangement of the interior like those near the seacoast."

"The inhabitants had left their canoes, mats, bladders, train-oil, baskets, bowls and trenchers lying about the house at the mercy of every visitor; a proof, indeed, of the mutual respect for the property of each other, though we have had very conclusive evidence that the property of white men is not deemed equally sacred."

"The guide informed him further that a small distance above were two bayous, on which were a number of small houses belonging to the Cushman, but that the inhabitants had all gone up to the falls of the Multnomah, for the purpose of fishing."

"Early the next morning (April 3) Captain Clark proceeded up the river, which, during the night, had fallen about five inches. At the distance of two miles he came to the center of a bend under the highlands on the right side, from which its course, as he could see, was toward the east of southeast. At this place the Multnomah is 500 yards wide, and for half that distance across the cord of five fathoms would not reach the bottom. It appears to be washing away its banks and has more sandbars and willow points than the Columbia."

"His regular gentle current, the depth and smoothness, and the uniformity with which it rolls its vast body of water, prove that its supplies are not on distant and regular sources, but that it is fed by the Multnomah and its tributary streams water the vast extent of country between the western mountains and those of the seacoast, as far perhaps as the Gulf of California. The Willamette is a fine river—and 'its supplies are at once distant and regular'—but not that distant. Captain Clark was not often far wrong in his surmises and guesses, but he overshoot the mark by something over 1000 miles this time."

"About 11 o'clock he reached the house of the Neerchekio, which he now found to contain eight families; but they were all much absent at his presence, notwithstanding his visit yesterday, that he remained a very few minutes only."

"Soon after setting out, he met five canoes filled with the to Peter, she was a woman transformed. There was a new alertness in her eyes, a new self-confidence in her manner."

"I am going to live to thank God for you, Peter Piper," she said in a low, resonant voice. "It's hopeless for me to try to do anything, because I'm in jail. But you're free—free to try. And there's no one else to whom I can tell what I know, not even the lawyer. I shall tell him exactly what I tell you—because, if you intend to play with the truth the fewer people who know it the better. But you're different. I trust your help." Her voice dropped as if her broken phrases had conveyed a complete and lucid explanation.

"But what was in the box?" Peter urged impatiently.

"I'll tell you, but not yet. I must have time to think—to think it all out as clearly as I can. I know what was in the box, but I am not the one who broke it open. Do you believe that?"

Peter remembered her gasp of amazement when she looked at the broken box in his hand. Was she surprised that the box was empty—or only surprised that he had found it? He possessed the question a moment, looking at her shrewdly. She withstood his gaze without flinching, with that look of one who, spent and nearly exhausted, had suddenly renewed energy for some hidden warfare.

"For one who is determined to lie at the risk of her life, you're an oddly convincing person. I may be wrong, but I believe you," he said at length.

"Thanks," she said almost casually. "I thought you would, for you to find out who broke open the box and replaced it being the books. And when you find that out, you will know more than I. You will know the whole truth about Don Mortison."

(To be continued.)

same number of families, belonging to the Shalaha nation. They were descending the river in search of subsistence, and seemed very desirous of coming alongside of the boat; but as there were 21 men on board, and the guide said that all these Shalaha, as well as their relations at the house which we had just left, were mischievous bad men, they were not suffered to approach.

"At 3 o'clock he halted at the Neerchekio house (near the site of the city of Portland), where his guide resided.

"This large building is 225 feet in front, extending above the ground and being considered as a single house, because the whole is under one roof; otherwise it would seem more like a range of buildings, as it is divided into seven distinct apartments, each 30 feet square, by means of broad boards set on end from the floor to the roof.

"The apartments are separated from each other by a passage or alley four feet wide, extending through the whole depth of the house, and the only entrance is from this alley, through a small hole about 22 inches wide, and not more than three feet high.

"The roof is formed of rafters and round poles laid on them lengthwise.

"The whole is covered with a double row of the bark of white cedar, extending from the top 18 inches over the eaves, and secured as well as smoothed by splinters of dried fir, inserted through it at regular distances.

"In this manner the roof is made light, strong and durable.

"Near this house are the remains of several other large buildings, sunk in the ground and constructed like those we had seen at the great narrows of the Columbia, belonging to the Eloko, among whom these people claim an affinity."

(This will be continued tomorrow.)

"A fathom is six feet. It is the distance of a man's spread hands from finger-tip to finger-tip, was formerly considered to be about five and a half feet. Men are evidently supposed to be larger on the average than formerly, or to have longer arms. So Captain Clark found the channel of the Willamette where Portland is now over 30 feet deep in 1806.

"Train oil is whale oil, or the oil of other marine animals. The Bits man thinks 'something ought to be done about' the extra charges, as common carriers, to which farmers harvesting tax and hauling it for themselves and their neighbors have been subjected, under our automobile license law. If a farmer has a truck or a trailer, or both, and wishes to add his neighbor grover in getting his crop to market, he must take out an extra license as a common carrier. He may never be a common carrier for any other purpose. But the law is the law, and it must be obeyed.

Our license law is pretty good now. It needs correction in only a few places. The case of farmers being subjected to common carrier charges is one. The matter of quarterly license fees is another. The state would get more money in the aggregate by allowing buyers of new or old cars to pay from the first of the month on which they apply for licenses. 'Would get more money, and give a great deal less cause for complaint. Perhaps there are a few other items needing fixing, but not many. The legislature should attend to these at its next winter's session.

Byrd to Feast On Oregon Fish

MEDFORD, Ore., Aug. 20. — (AP).—Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd will be honored at a banquet at Los Angeles next week but one of the principal items on the menu will come from Oregon.

Parr, game warden, announced today trout from southern Oregon streams and lakes, would be shipped to Los Angeles for the banquet.

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