The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1651

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

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Labish Center Gets a Bell

IT was a cheering item of news which our Labish Center correspondent sent the other day and which appeared in the Thursday Statesman. Labish Center school house is to have a bell, a brand new bell, and it will be here in a few days to perform its duty in that thriving community. Ten years now the school house has been built, and school has been kept in it all the while without a bell. It had no belfry even, and the bell had to wait perforce on the belfrey. But that came this summer, and now the bell has been ordered.

Bells are got quite easily nowadays. The school clerk just sends in an order for a bell; and the bell comes out by rail or truck; and the schoolboard draws a warrant to pay for it. It was a different matter years ago. Bells were bells, and not ordinary items of merchandise and school equipment. The first schoolhouse might be built from donated labor or volunteer subscriptions; and always the belfrey was built with the main structure. Then getting the bell became a matter of community effort. The men did their manly part in building the school, and the women perhaps took the lead in getting the bell. Mayhap the edifice was opened with a dance and the proceeds used to buy a bell. Or entertainments were given and sociables that the bell fund might grow. It might take months to get the bell after the order was placed as it came from San Francisco or even from the bell founders in the east.

And how eager folk were to hear the tones of the new school bell—that is the contributors were eager, if not the children whose feet turned schoolward reluctantly at the peal of the summoning bell.

City schools get along now without bells, save perhaps the signal bells in the hallways. They have no great, booming bells high overhead. City churches too are becoming voiceless, no bells pealing the call to prayer. So much of noise in the city, bells become but jangling sounds. But in the country it is different. There is quiet there and the silver tone of the bell carries far, far. Time will be set by it in farmhouses. Each resident of the district will feel a sense of proprietorship in the schoolbell. In future years men will recall its tone with pleasant memories.

We are glad Labish Center is to have a schoolbell. It will be a good investment for the community.

Don't Dodge, Decide

WE hope the city council does not pass the buck on to the general public in the matter of the vacation of Trade street for the benefit of the paper mill. The responsibility is by law placed with the council and the action of the public in voting may be advisory only. The affair has dragged along unduly as it is.

The Statesman repeats the position it has taken in the matter: the vacation should be granted but only on condition that such vacation meets with the approval of owners of adjacent property. This was the position we took when the matter was first proposed and which we still hold. Inasmuch as that approval has not been secured, we do not see how the city council is justified at the present time in approving the ordinance. Lacking such approval the ordinance would be of doubtful legality as well as setting a bad policy in apparently invading the property rights of one for the benefit of another private interest, even though the general public may feel it would derive substantial indirect benefit from the latter.

Under the circumstances we believe the ordinance should be indefinitely postponed at the present time.

The Governor's Salary

IF Julius Meier were a poor man and Phil Metschan a rich man, who offered to return to the state treasury four-fifths of his salary, what a chorus of protest would arise from the Portland Journal and Portland Telegram. They would ring all the changes about a rich man buying the office.

With the situation reversed, the Telegram, advertising that Meier has said he would give back $24,000 out of his $30,000 salary as governor, has the audacity to taunt Metschan with the proposition and ask him what he proposes to do.

Is the governorship going to the highest bidder? If Meier will give $24,000 perhaps some one else will give $30,000 and so forth till the offices of the state with their emoluments are sold at public auction. Such a proposal is highly improper. If set as a precedent, it would forever bar a poor man from occupying the seat. Bailey, for instance, says frankly he would draw his salary because he needs it and because he would earn it.

We are really surprised at the Telegram's effrontery as well as its display of bad judgment in making the salary rebate a campaign issue.

The city council would do well to leave the existing milk code untouched. It has been effective only three months and to date the majority of milk producers have complied with its provisions and are advocates of its continuance. Almost exactly duplicate codes are now effective in Eugene and Medford. There is no provision in the code which is obnoxious to the public which desires, always, the best in its milk supply, and any complaint against it on the part of the producers comes from a small minority. Alderman Vandevort means well but in this instance his "sheep herder's" ethics are misplaced. The repeal move should be tabled.

Never has a train received the advance advertising in this territory that the new Union Pacific "Portland Rose" has received. The U. P. has used generous display advertising space even in off-line cities like towns in the Willamette valley. Portland and Oregon should appreciate this compliment which has been shown in the naming of this crack train. It is a gracious tribute to our metropolis and to the charm for which it is distinctive: its roses and gardens.

American skill in designing, building and manning the yacht was beautifully displayed in the victory of the Enterprise over Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V. What a gallant sportsman Sir Thomas is; Americans love him so well they almost wish he could get to take home the cup he has striven for so perseveringly and met with such grace.

Justice Kelly will be quite at home in Salem, for he has served as circuit judge here for many years. His appointment as successor to Justice McBride has been cordially received by bar and public.

The estimated loss of life from automobile accidents this year is 36,000. Peace becomes quite as hazardous as war! A terrible toll—and nearly every accident might have been prevented.

A bank is like the government—a lot of checks and balances.

HEALTH

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

Sight is the most important of all your precious senses. What it gives us adds immeasurably to the satisfaction of living. It informs us of the world in which we live, of all its objects, and the doings of our friends.

DR COPELAND

"Myopia," or "near sightedness," is an eye defect that can be overcome by the wearing of glasses. For years man has tried other means of relief. Massage, suction pressure and various exercises have been tried but to no purpose.

In very high degrees of myopia, operative procedure has been used. But if the long run glasses seem to be the only corrective measure worth while.

Persons who are near-sighted are called "myopes." They have exceptionally large eyes. They are so large and so long that the retina, the seeing part of the eye is too far back to receive distinctly the focussed rays of light.

The effect is the same upon vision as though the picture used in the projecting machine of a moving picture theatre were too small for the room. The screen is so far away that the images reaching it are blurred and indistinct.

A person afflicted with near-sightedness is never sure of what he sees. He can scarcely make out objects across the room. He fails to recognize his friends on the street.

There is one thing he can do which his far-sighted brother fails to do. It is his only advantage. I refer to the ability of the myope to read the finest type nearby without spectacles.

Occasionally we hear about an elderly person who reads without the aid of glasses. Almost always this is because the myopic eye is well suited for close work. While the distant vision is exceedingly defective, the near vision may be excellent.

Myopia is sometimes progressive, increasing from year to year. Any severe illness may materially aggravate this visual defect.

In the correction of myopia strong concave lenses are used for distant vision. Unless the degree of myopia is very high, no glasses are required for reading.

When there is an excessive amount of near-sightedness it may be necessary to have a second pair of glasses. In such a case the reading glasses are much weaker than the distance ones.

Weak concave lenses have the effect of increasing the clearness and definition of distant objects. Things may look somewhat smaller but at the same time they are far more distinct.

It is important that near-sightedness be corrected. Certain eye diseases are more common in cases of neglect myopia.

Too many persons are careless of their sight. When the wearing of glasses can overcome the evils of eye defects it is strange that so many persons go on from year to year without them. I cannot urge you too strongly to atend to your eyes.

Answers to Health Queries

S. J. Q.—Can bow legs be straightened?

A.—Yes; in some instances. It would be wise for you to consult an orthopedist.

* * *

C. G. P. Q.—I am 13 years old, 4 ft. 10 ins. tall; what should I weigh?

2—What foods should I eat to gain weight?

A.—You should weigh about 109 pounds.

2—Eat plenty of good nourishing food, including milk, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables. Drink plenty of water between meals and get plenty of sleep. Take cod liver oil as a general tonic.

* * *

H. W. G. Q.—What causes quick sharp pains around the heart when I take a deep breath?

2.—What will cure a small rupture?

A.—This may be due to some trouble in the chest. Have your doctor make an examination.

2.—In most instances an operation is necessary to cure.

Yesterdays

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

Sept. 14, 1905

Salem railroad extensions are now practically certain, with information that interests behind the Portland Consolidated Electric railway have purchased the controlling interest of the local gal, electric lighting and power plant. This deal is taken to mean connection of Portland and Salem by an electrical line.

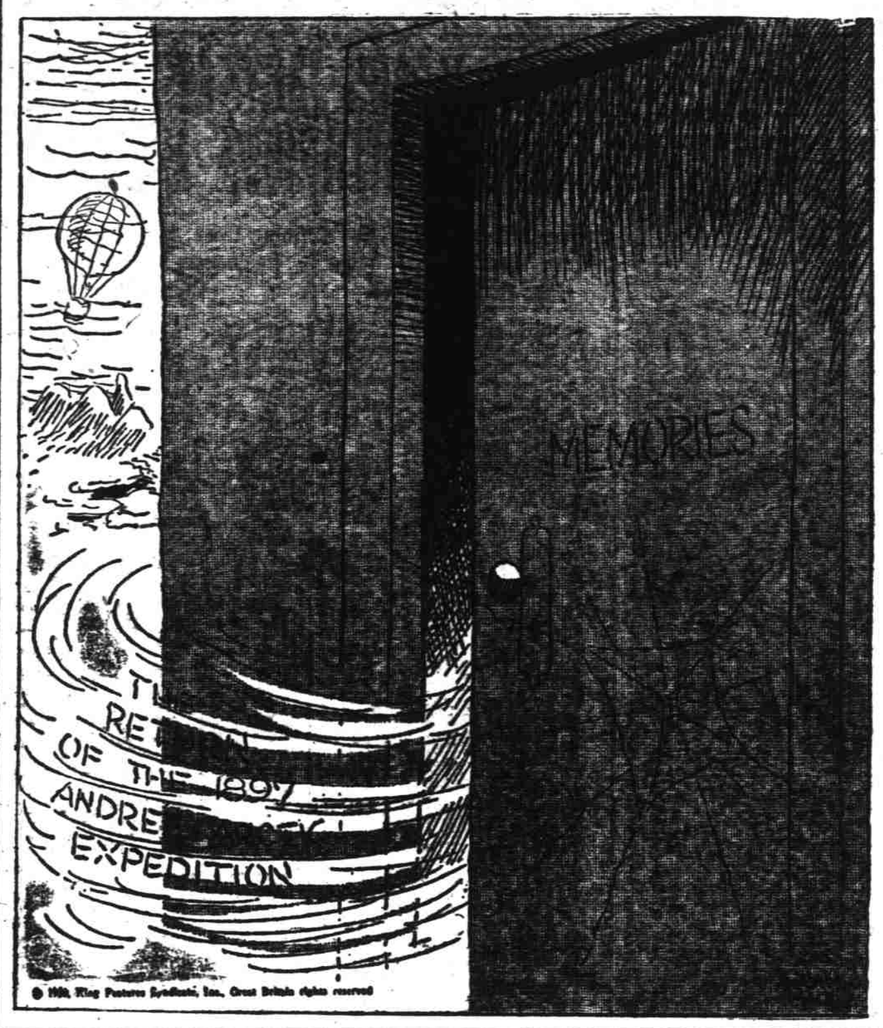
First three days picking on the lower part of the Campbell and Walker hop yard gave 26,790 pounds, which should dry to 6,697 pounds.

Rex W. Davis, formerly in business in Shedd but now a commercial traveler, is in the city for a few days.

Firebug's attempt upon wholesale destruction of property was made. A can of kerosene was found near fire which broke out in the alley on Marion and Front streets.

We guarantee our carrier service. If your copy of the Statesman fails to arrive by 6:30 a. m. phone 500 and a copy will be sent to you.

THE CREAKING DOOR



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 36

"Maybe you think that living here alone has made me queer, too?" There was nothing apologetic in Cousin Maria's tone. Peter, bending forward, looked into eyes whose vital intelligence age had been powerless to quench.

"Let's be queer together then," he said. "I've been back eleven years, and that isn't far enough. I've been clinging for dear life to proper little facts that can be labeled and put in a box, and they haven't led me anywhere.

"I'm just as befuddled as I was at the beginning. I don't know what good it's going to be—but anyway it's sure to be interesting, so suppose you give me your impressions of the Montanya family. Something might bob up. If anyone had both the opportunity and the wit to know them thoroughly, it was you."

Cousin Maria flushed faintly under Peter's enthusiasm. Evidently she felt her own heightened color, for she said "It's very nice to be made to blush again. There's been nothing worth blushing about for a long time."

She settled back in her chair with a delicate rustling movement of satisfaction.

"Nobody else felt as I did about Jerome," she said. "Of course it was sheer contrariness on my part. I ought to have been glad that he wasn't like David. Instead of that, despite all the trouble he caused us, I was glad that David wasn't like Jerome. I might have been a little bit like David myself if things had been different—but of course, being a girl, I never had a chance to be sinful."

Peter could not resist smiling at her simple regret that girls were restricted to virtue by rigid necessity.

"When I think of them as boys, it doesn't seem long ago—not nearly as long ago as the night that Jerome was killed. I came here when they were quite little, to be a companion to Cousin Judith after her husband died. And it didn't take me long to see that while Judith always said that she loved both of her children the same, it was one of those things that you say from the lips out."

"I don't believe it takes you long to see anything," Peter beamed upon her with delighted flattery.

"When I was young, gentlemen did not have to pay that sort of compliment to my eyes," the old lady answered tartly. "They were more interested in looking at them than what they looked at. But then ladies weren't supposed to have brains in those days. It was almost as bad to be clever as to have a squint. At least I haven't the squint, thank goodness!"

"Indeed you haven't! And I'm sure you're reconciled to being clever by this time," Peter declared.

"Yes, when you're old and have nothing to do but think, it's a comfort to have something to think with," Cousin Maria agreed. "Cousin Judith wasn't handicapped that way, though she always meant well. She dressed the boys exactly alike, and gave them the same presents and really believed that she showed no partiality. But it was Jerome she loved. She couldn't help that. But after Jerome was killed, she thought God was punishing her because she had not grieved more over David's death. She was sorry, of course, but she had a secret fierce gladness that it was David and not Jerome.

"There was only a year's difference in their ages, but as so often happens in families of such a marked physical type as the de la Montanyas, the resemblance stopped with externals. There was wild blood in the de la Montanyas, and David got all of it. Perhaps his father, if he had lived, would have understood him better, and redressed the balance. But as it was, David was always being told to take his older brother as an example. And Jerome just loved being an example.

"They never got along well together, but it was David who was punished for quarreling with his brother—never the other way round. Jerome did well in school and at games, and David was always being asked why he couldn't do as his brother did. You might as well ask a weed why it couldn't be a potted plant.

"It wasn't that David was stupid, though his mother thought so. But he hated routine. He couldn't settle down to things that didn't interest him. He didn't like games, though he loved riding and swimming—the things you can do alone. And the tragedy of it was, that he loved his mother, and knew that she didn't love him. And you can't fool children! I can see him now with his big black eyes fastened on her with a sort of hopeless yearning, while she sat with an arm around each boy, thinking she was treating them both alike—but with her eyes full of adoring pride turned to Jerome.

"Presently he gave up the uneven competition. When he was about fourteen he said to me one day: 'I'm no good as an example. I guess I'll just leave that to Jerome, and be a warning.' It was after that that he took to running away. He was expelled from school for climbing out of his window in the middle of the night, and then he ran away from home to be a cowboy. Of course he was brought back again. No member of the de la Montanya family could be a common cowboy. After that there was no holding him. He fought restraint like a wild thing. He couldn't be a second edition of Jerome, so instead of imitating him, he turned everything that Jerome did into its opposite.

"Jerome had a good head for finance and went into the banking firm of which his father had been head. As if out of sheer perversity, David took to gambling. He was caught in a low dive, where there was a shooting fray and the police had to interfere, and he was taken to jail. Jerome bailed him out, of course, and the family hushed it up. Jerome could always be counted on to do the proper thing.

"Then he got mixed up with a girl. Of course I'm a wicked, immoral woman and may the Lord forgive me for my sinful thought but I always did think that the girl was asking for it. She saw a chance to climb into the de la Montanya money and social position. Anyway, she went to Jerome about it, and he told David that he would have to marry her—'to do the right thing by her,' were the words he used. They were talking in the library across the hall, and I heard them. 'I won't have it said that a brother of mine ruined a girl and refused to make an honest woman of her,' he said.

"I can't make anything of her that she wasn't already,' David answered. 'I'm the damn fool of this family, and I'll admit it. But you can't make me over into your image. And I can't stand being locked up. Marrying Jessie would be the same thing as prison. I'm willing to go to hell, but I'm not willing to be shut up there.'

"He dashed out of the room and up the stairs. He ran away for good and all that night. That is the last we ever saw of him. Jerome was in the right, of course. He always was. But I can't help thinking that if they hadn't made David believe that everything he did was a disgrace to the family, even when he was just a boy and the things he did weren't really disgraceful, he wouldn't have grown up with the conviction that he was no good anyhow, and might as well be as black as he was painted. They wanted him to be like his brother, you see, and he could never be like him—he was born different.

"I heard him slip down the stairs that night, but I didn't try to stop him. I couldn't be sorry he was leaving us. It's only honest to say that he wasn't any credit to the family. But they wouldn't give him the kind of life he wanted and was fitted for. I hope he found it before he died."

"How did he die?" Peter asked curiously.

"Jerome got the word of his death years later. He never told us much about it. I suppose even his death wasn't a credit to us. I think he was relieved that David was completely out of the way at last. The relation between those brothers wasn't quite what you'd think. You might suppose that David hated Jerome because he was jealous of his success, his rightness, the way he fitted in with everything admirable and settled. But it wasn't that. All David asked—before he found out that it was hopeless to ask it—was to be allowed to be himself and not an imitation of Jerome. If they'd let him go off that time and be a cowboy—but of course that was out of the question." Cousin Maria's thin breast rose and fell in a long, tremulous sigh.

"What nobody but me ever guessed is that it was Jerome who hated David. Instead of being an imitation, David was a caricature of all that Jerome was and stood for. He couldn't mould David into the proper pattern. He never dreamed that instead of moulding him, he had distorted him. Boys sometimes come out with a deeper truth than they know. Because he couldn't follow Jerome's example, and his mother wouldn't admit that any way but Jerome's could be followed—David turned to the other extreme—to be a warning, as he said.

"I am sure Jerome didn't see it as clearly as that—I'm an old, old woman, and it's taken me many years to work it out. But I'm positive that Jerome was glad when he could tell his mother that his devil's shadow was laid, that his caricature of himself was no longer roaming the world, thumbing a nose at him. I told you I was prejudiced!" Cousin Maria added defiantly.

"There's more to it than that," Peter faced the old woman sternly, until he forced her eyes to drop under the determination of his gaze. "You're holding something back. You didn't tell me all that about David for nothing. You think there's some connection between those two deaths?"

"I'm nothing but a fanciful old woman," Cousin Maria said with hypocritical meekness.

"You're about as fanciful as an ice-pick," Peter challenged rudely.

Cousin Maria leaned back in her chair. Her high, cracked laughter jangled through the still air of the room.

"If you'd thought I was so old you had to 'humor' me, I would not have said another word!" she exclaimed gleefully. "You really think I'm worth listening to, or you wouldn't be so impolite to me. I'll tell you this much. Fingerprints or no fingerprints, I don't think Lynn just marched in and killed Jerome for the sake of a few hundred dollars, and left all the incriminating evidence obligingly handy for the police. He wasn't that stupid."

"Have you a theory of your own?"

"No, not a theory, just a notion—a notion about souls. It would be too stupid of God to let Jerome be killed almost accidentally like that. And if Lynn wasn't stupid, neither is God, I think. They say that love is stronger than death, but the antagonism between those brothers was a bond stronger than love. I never believed that they could just drift their separate ways.

(To be contined)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Mistakes of Moses:"

* * *

The generation before the present one heard much discussion under the above heading. The Bits man is reading and comparing a good deal of history just now, most of it Oregon history, so not by any means as old as that of which Moses was a part.

* * *

This is one reason why the matter in mind is submited to the public in this way. Here is the situation: The Bits man has the job (without pay, of course,) of furnishing the wording to be lettered on the tablet of the big basaltic boulder that is to serve as the marker of the Jason Lee mission site, 10 miles below Salem. So he has written it, as follows:

* * *

"JASON LEE landed here October 6, 1834, and began the first Christian mission in the Oregon Country. Here Willamette university had its birth. This site was donated by Joseph W. LaFollett and wife Annie, Clyde M. LaFollett and wife Luella, Perry L. LaFollett and wife Phoebe, Charles R. LaFollett, Elva Aspinwall and Britt Aspinwall, husband, heirs of A. M. LaFollett."

* * *

The words down to the ones telling of the donation of the site, are, of course, designed to be in larger letters than the latter. JASON LEE is supposed to contain the largest of the letters, though all of them are directed to be plain and easily read at a distance, so that visitors, the many, many thousands of them who will see that site in years to come, will have no difficulty in finding what it stands for. The work of placing the stone and providing the tablet is being performed by Marion county; the fencing by a group of Salem citizens. The county is building the road. The whole will soon be ready for the dedication. But the work of lettering the tablet has not yet been undertaken. It is not too late for criticisms. It will be, though, very soon. The Bits man invites them. "Or forever hold your peace."

* * *

Another thing: The site of the Joseph Gervais house, about two miles away from the old mission site, is now definitely known. This is where the famous "wolf meeting" was held, leading to the one at Champoeg, where the provisional government was voted. In the Gervais house Jason Lee preached his first sermon in what is now Oregon; and his other sermons that first winter of 1834-35. It was the place of many historic meetings. It should be marked, a small sit secured, and a short road constructed to it. The historic spring should be included in the site.

* * *

The Daughters of the American Revolution will probably mark the site of the grave of the Dorion woman, if and when it is located—if that can be accomplished at all. This organization or some other should attend to the matter of marking the site of the Joseph Gervais house. The site of the school where was held the preliminary meeting preceding the wolf meeting ought, also, to be marked; and the historic landing place on the Willamette river not far away. The meeting preceding the wolf meeting was held at the house that was to have been the Oregon Institute's home, but was never so occupied; for reasons too long for the present article. It was on land northeast of the state school for the deaf, now owned by the Ladd and Bush bank people.

* * *

The search for the Dorion woman's grave will go on. The reader will recall several recent articles in this column concerning this matter. The typesetter made one statement therein read: "The Swartz saw mill on Pudding river was about two miles 'southwest' of the Tourpin house, near where the traveler crosses the bridge over that stream on the Silverton-Salem highway." The word 'southwest' should have read 'northwest,' which any old resident will see is obvious. But more about that a little later on.

* * *

The Bits man "got his hat on wrong" about what finally became of the Tourpin claim. It was Lewis Johnson who at last got it, instead of R. W. Junkers. Tourpin deeded it to Munkers; but he had in some way 'hocked' his right to it to Johnson, and there was a suit to quiet title. That was to make good a transfer to Johnson, for Munkers had traded his right to Johnson for cattle in the Prineville district, eastern Oregon. It was Munkers who went to Prineville to attend to the cattle. Johnson remained here.

* * *

About the Swartz mill. There were two Swartz mills. There were in all at least six pioneer saw mills near there; on the two branches of the Pudding river in that neighborhood. The first one was the Simon Swartz mill, on his donation claim, on the northeast branch; or the Small Pudding river. This pioneer mill, erected in the early sixties, had an up and down saw, run with a 12 to 14 foot water wheel. This mill was about a half mile due east of the old Swartz house. It was, for that time, a large, fine, frame house built with lumber. It stood about a half mile south of the Tourpin log cabin, with the ancient Indian village about half way between, as told in this column last Wednesday.

* * *

The second saw mill was owned by Towle and Hopkins. It was on the Jefferson place. Hopkins was the father of Bill Hopkins, who killed Harvey Ogle in Salem in the early nineties, and went up for life for the crime, as all old timers here well remember; with the mysterious incidents—it was a notable crime in Salem high life.

* * *

The third mill was the one of Dick Swartz, son of Simon. It was the one that stood near where the Silverton road crosses Pudding river. It was bought by George and Dolores Woodworth and moved about a half mile up the Pudding. That was the fourth mill. They resold the mill to Dick Swartz, and he moved it to the Tourpin land; or what had been the Tourpin claim. That became the fifth mill. Later, Kufner Bros. built a mill on the old Simon Swartz donation claim; the sixth. A great deal of timber went out from that section in the form of lumber and wood, in the early days.

* * *

Several pages could be written about the bloody deeds of that section. In 1885, Joe Drake (colored) was hanged in an enclosure on the east side of the Marion county court house, for a murder committed there. That was before all hangings in Oregon were authorized to be done at the penitentiary.

* * *

There was a newspaper item a few days ago about the burning of the historic Sappingfield house, east of Salem; a state-the old stage road ran past it. Stages may have passed that old house. But none of the stages on the main line. They all went north on Liberty street, the fairgrounds road, and on straight to old Waconda, near the present town of Gervais. (But more about old roads and trails in a later issue).

LAY SERMON

FIRST EDITIONS

"The salutation of Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle: so I write." II Thess. 3:17.

Precious indeed are "first editions" and original manuscripts. Congress recently appropriated a million and a half dollars to buy an important collection of old books and manuscripts, the most valuable item of which was a Gutenberg Bible, done by the first master printer. First folios of Shakespeare are rare, held in the richest collections, either of wealthy citizens or great libraries. Original letters of Lincoln and Washington, of Milton and Samuel Johnson have a market value and become the merchandise of the brokers of old manuscripts.

How valuable indeed would be the original manuscript of any of the epistles of the Apostle Paul. He wrote as he said "with mine own hand;" and his signature was "the token in every epistle." Yet none of the original letters is preserved. Written on papyrus or parchment they have long since crumbled to fragments or been consumed in fire. All that we have are copies, and probably copies of copies. The old manuscripts which we have of portions of the Bible only go back as far as the fourth century A. D. These of course are of priceless value. They are preserved in the Vatican at Rome, in the British museum and similar institutions on the continent.

There are hundreds of manuscripts, not original of course, but copies, and it has been the great work of scholars to compare the different manuscripts. This study has shown that there are no two manuscripts exactly alike. Not only are there discrepancies manifestly errors in copying, but sometimes there are what appear to be deliberate alterations of the text by later editors. For instance I John V:8 reads in the most ancient manuscript:

"For there are three that bear witness: the Spirit and the water and the blood and the three agree in one."

Later some copyist modified the language in the effort to support the doctrine of the Trinity and put the following in ahead of the above:

"For there are three that bear witness in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit; and these three are one."

If we had only the original editions and manuscripts! And if we had Christ's words preserved with greater accuracy (for it must be recalled that his words were not written down till long after his death) then perhaps many things would be clear. Lacking them, and realizing through what physical difficulties the copied manuscripts pass, one sees how dangerous it is to wage religious war on interpretations of obscure bits of the scriptures. Bitter controversy has arisen and antagonisms aroused among Christian groups, who ought to be uniting their effort in proclaiming Christ's teaching of brotherly love, over how some verse should be construed. As John Dryden wrote a long time ago:

"Are there not many points,
some needful sure
To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure,
Which every sect will prove a
several way?
For what one sect interprets,
all sects may."

If we had the original manuscripts we would still have dissension, to be sure. The absence of them ought to impress upon professing Christians (even if their own doctrine has failed to effectively) that tolerance and consideration should be shown to those who read their Bibles differently, and even to those who do not find in the Bible the authority which the orthodox ascribe to it.