

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
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Chicago, 160 N. Michigan Ave.

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, 1 Mo. \$3.00; 3 Mo. \$8.25; 6 Mo. \$15.00; 1 Year \$28.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 20 cents a month; \$2.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and news stands 5 cents.

Again, The State Fair

OYEZ, oyez, oyez, the state fair is about to open. Monday is the day for the beginning of this great annual exhibition. Preparations are being completed. Men and women are working line beavers to get everything dressed up for company; and the job promises to be done tomorrow in readiness for the thousands of visitors who are expected.

The state fair is a great agricultural and industrial exposition with diverting entertainment in addition. It appeals to the masses of the people, giving them a picture of development which they never would get by reading. There will be the great squash from West Stayton, the big Bartletts from Medford, the fine potatoes from Klamath or Redmond, the tall corn from the Willamette valley. Then there will be the big bulls with their marcelled backs; and the massive swine; and the chickens with the funny combs; and the white rabbits. Recite them all one cannot; and it will blister one's feet to make the full rounds of the barns and booths and stalls. But all of us love it. We walk to plumb weariness looking at cows and cakes, at carrots and bedspreeds, at perchons and painted china.

The weather, yes the weather, for the weather is a most important factor in the equation of a successful fair. Well, the weather gives promise of being favorable. Skies have been fair for the week past, and the days glowingly warm, sweetly so, and coolly so. It may well be that the weather gods will smile another week and give Salem and Oregonians a good break for the fair.

One must not forget the "horse festival." There are the afternoon races, harness and running, with the elite of the racing family doing their turn on the track. And at night the real horse opera, with the horse show on at the pavilion where the real aristocrats of the stables step their minuets and pose their parts.

A great week looms. Oregon's own week—and Salem's.

About Salem's Power Venture

THE Statesman feels that this way about Salem's going into the municipal power business: we should learn to walk before we start to run.

Salem has just voted \$1,200,000 in bonds to buy the water plant and initiate its municipal ownership venture. That is a sizable sum and a sizable activity to engage in. Voters and taxpayers have a perfect right to test the stewardship of this sum before going farther afield.

So far as selling five million dollars worth of utility certificates on an unborn municipal enterprise, that simply is not going to be done. Bond buyers are not quite so gullible. If it were put out in the form of mining stock or oil stock, it might be sold; but bonds secured only by the assets of the utility would be unsalable except at heavy discount.

Salem has no legitimate complaint to make against the Marion lake development because Mr. Kelly, who made the filings there, repeatedly endeavored to interest Salem in the project and to have the city proceed with the development. He was turned down here and finally sold his interests to the Peppo. Having rejected the Kelly offer some years ago, Salem is in poor position now to demand priority at Marion Lake.

However that may be, should the Peppo proceed with the work at Marion lake, Salem could any time thereafter condemn the plant and take it over under the terms of the federal power act which definitely limits the amount to be paid to actual cost less depreciation and amortization.

Conservative business judgment clearly dictates that Salem first show its capacity to operate successfully its soon-to-be-acquired water plant before launching such an ambitious program as the utilities committee of the council is proposing.

Another Independent Candidate

SURELY our gallant secretary of state Hal Hoss will not bar Mrs. Myrtle Purviance Wilson from entering the race for governor. Is there not some way in which the exacting details as to precise moment of filing nomination papers may be overlooked? Surely Oregon's campaign needs the feminine touch this year, and Mrs. Wilson may be just the person to lend appropriate color to what is now quite a dull and dark campaign.

There have been those who saw no good in any of the three candidates now absorbing so much attention and engaging in so much verbal fistfights. Mrs. Wilson may be just the person for them to vote for. Of course she will have no quarter of a million to spend, like Ruth Hanna McCormick. And her campaign may not progress beyond the stage of complimentary publicity in the papers. But Mrs. Wilson appears as a diverting light, so by all means let her enter. One independent deserves another.

Salary of Judges

A candidate for justice of the supreme court, J. E. Hosmer, wrote a letter which The Statesman published Saturday. Mr. Hosmer offered to serve for the "constitutional salary" of two thousand dollars a year. One would think a candidate for the supreme court should know his state constitution along with his Blackstone. Evidently Mr. Hosmer doesn't or he would know that in 1910 the people adopted an amendment to the constitution part of which reads as follows:

"The judges of the supreme and other courts shall . . . receive each compensation as may be provided by law."

We call this to Mr. Hosmer's attention, so that if, when and as he is elected, he may in perfect good conscience draw his seventy-five hundred a year.

Chicago police are still looking for the murderer of Alfred Lingie. That is, we suppose, they are looking. He was shot in the daytime and his murderer was seen by several bystanders. Scotland Yard would have had the killer hung by this time.

Over in India there is complaint because people are stealing elephants. In this country the bull seems in greatest demand.

Liberty School Will be Closed Next Wednesday

Monday evening it was voted to close the school Wednesday, September 24, Salem day, at the fair. The school opened Monday with an enrollment of 86. It is expected there will be a larger attendance when the prize harvest is over.

HEALTH

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

Women dislike having feet which are conspicuous for size. To be blunt about it, no woman is proud of big feet; she positively hates them. But there can be no doubt she is increasingly sensible about her shoes and stockings.

The styles in women's dress during the past few years have given us rather accurate information regarding matters formerly hidden in mystery. We know a lot more about things than we did in the older days.

Not so long ago I saw a statement made by the manager of a great hosier company. He said, "Despite the probable protest from the fair sex throughout the country, the feet of women in America are growing larger!"

Only a few years ago he said, women wore hosiery well divided in sizes between eight and one-half and ten. Now, larger sizes are rapidly decreasing and the larger sizes are in increasing demand. "Size nine and one-half is the general average worn by women, but size ten is coming more and more into demand."

I follow the statistician to this point. I must part company when he says, "In another generation there will be little difference in the size of a woman's and a man's foot."

I don't believe it. This is merely another of the many dire predictions we have heard about what will happen to women. I have lived to see every one of these prophecies fall by the wayside.

They used to say that corsets would wramp the organs and lead to disaster. High-heeled shoes would "throw the spine out of alignment" and disturb the nervous system. Yells would cause irritation of the retina and produce blindness. Sheer costumes would lead to bronchitis, pneumonia and tuberculosis. Rouge and powder would poison the blood and damage the nerves.

But they didn't! These terrible things never happened.

In spite of all her "bad," but charming habits, lovely woman has survived and continues to rule the world from her throne of undisputed power. Her feet may be a trifle larger than they used to be, but even that I doubt. Anyhow, fair women will never become as gross and massive as is man.

Modern women have a different outlook on life than their mid-Victorian ancestors had. Western women have been emancipated just as have Chinese women. No longer will they bunch their toes and crowd their feet into tiny shoes. They are wearing shoes that Nature requires for their pedal extremities in a jolly, not because they have bigger feet, but because they have bigger brains.

They eat honest-to-goodness food. They take real exercise. They walk and dance. Stately minuets through which a foot-tortured maiden could move with mincing steps, have given way to dances which set the pulses beating.

The feet aren't bigger—they simply spread out over the territory Nature intended. They won't be any bigger in the future, because with woman's present sensible foot dressing they have reached, not larger sizes, but merely the sizes they should have worn all the time. Just as you see more of woman these days, you see more of her feet. It is the mode, nothing else!

She insists on having good shoes, well-fitting shoes, sensible shoes. She can't be fooled by the plausible salesman. I am proud of her emancipation.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL BOARD GOES IN FOR BUREAUCRACY

The new state board of higher education has done and is doing exactly what it should not. First it appointed a \$7,500 a year "secretary" to serve as an intermediary between itself and the presidents of the five institutions of high learning under its control. The extra dollar a year was that \$7,500 is too big a salary for a mere secretary. It is more than the secretary of state gets and as much as the governor receives. It makes both the secretary and the presidents feel that the former is a sort of chancellor over them, yet he isn't called that and isn't given that authority. What is he? A clerical assistant or a super-executive? His position with respect to the schools is confused from the start, always a dangerous condition in public administration.

The natural course for a secretary trying to assure his position and prestige is to build up an organization around himself. This has already happened, though he has been in office only a few weeks. He has just requested and secured larger quarters in the capitol building and the amazed state board of control is calmly told that a staff of perhaps 20 persons will be employed there, an addition of just that much to the cost of running the school, for nobody will be discharged in Eugene, Corvallis, Monmouth, Ashland or La Grande.

A more complicated system, a new opportunity for confusion, almost certainly leading to dissension between the school presidents and the board which ought to deal with them directly, and not second-handly. More expense. No better education. And the thing

WILLING NURSEMAIDS



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 42

"Look here, you can't do that—it's against the law! There's got to be an inventory taken of everything in that box. You can't destroy any of its contents."

The county treasurer had whirled at the sound of tearing paper. Alene Everett, standing in the corner with her back turned, was methodically dropping torn shreds of letters into the wire basket.

But the county treasurer's way was unaccountably blocked by a tall, thin figure which stood between him and the woman in the corner. The wrinkled lids of the sheriff's eyes were lifted. His eyes blazed with a cold and steady fire.

"There ain't goin' to be no letters in this inventory," he said quietly.

"But—"

"I said—there ain't going to be no letters in this inventory!" The words dropped with the tinkle of icicles. Bad men, wild and drunken men, had felt the chill of that high-pitched, nasal drawl in the old days, and had stopped in their tracks before Simpson's hand had so much as strayed toward his gun.

The treasurer felt it now, and paused, bewildered.

Alene's hand darted to her handbag. In another instant there was a sharp click—and her open cigarette lighter with its tiny point of flame described a shining arc as she dropped it among the shredded papers in the basket.

Smoke rose and curled in the windowless, steel lined vault. Not until it stung his eyelids did Peter turn from the table where he stood bending over the thin, closely written sheets which had been the only other contents of the box.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" he exclaimed impatiently. Then, discovering the cause of the disturbance which had set the other two men to stamping with heavy boots in the charred remains of the bottom of the basket, he turned to Alene. She was standing, unmoved by the commotion about her, in the center of the small, open space.

"I wish you'd fish out my lighter before they tramp on it," she said. There was a catch in her voice, but her uplifted face was triumphant.

"Well, I'll say you're thorough," Peter commented. "And I'll say this much. Don—or David—couldn't resist any woman that crossed his path, but yours were the only letters he saved."

"Oh, that!" Alene's shoulders lifted. "That doesn't matter any more. The only thing that matters is that it's—over."

"I don't know what this is all about, but it's most irregular. It's likely to get the whole bunch of you into trouble," the treasurer protested as he extricated his feet from the waste basket.

"There's three of us in this room to swear that box except the one paper that's on the table right now, I guess that simplifies your inventory some."

The sheriff's lips barely moved as he spoke, but Peter caught again the deepening of the wrinkles about his eyes. "Ma'am, I did you an injustice a while back and I don't like to be under an obligation to nobody."

"I don't blame you for not liking me," Alene said with a shakelike laugh, but her eyes were steady as the sheriff's own. "I think we just didn't understand

each other very well. But—I do thank you."

Simpson took the hand which she extended and held it in his huge bony fingers.

"You've been a very foolish woman," he said severely, looking down at her. "But you've got nerve. I always did admire your nerve."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Cayuse war:
Continuing the account of Judge T. C. Shaw: "About 175 men, all told, were the most that could be fully equipped, and put into action, as needed to guard the others were needed to guard the supplies. This was not a very strong force to go out against such a horde of savages, but they went out courageously."

"Word came through two Indians who had to be recognized by the officers, because of the white flag they carried, that the hostile redskins were heading for the (Snake) river, intending to cross. The militia traveled almost all night, until it was too dark to see anything, when they lay down to rest after putting out a picket guard. In the morning it appeared that nearly all the Indians had already crossed the river, and as there were no boats available, the militia returned to construct them, in the whole command, our men could not follow the Indians at that time, but captured all the stock they could and started back to Walla Walla. They sent back to The Dalles the heavy cannon they had tried to carry along with them and as much unnecessary equipment as possible."

"They had not gone far in the direction of Walla Walla when they could see Indians coming in all directions. A line was hastily thrown out and they waited for the attack. When this seemed slow in coming, an order was given to fire. The militia returned the compliment and the battle raged all afternoon. The militia found they had to contend with many times their number of the enemy, as well as to protect their stock. It was decided to turn the latter loose."

"I hated to see this done, as I recognized eyes in the bunch that had hauled my friends, the Sager family, across the plains. This family started to Oregon in 1844. The father died at Green river of camp fever and the mother died at Fort Hall of the same disease. The children had been brought as far as the Whitman mission and left in Dr. Whitman's charge. The two sons were killed during the massacre and the daughter taken prisoner. It was the only one who showed fight when they were attacked. Dr. Whitman could not believe the Indians, with whom he had labored, would go so far as to take their lives, and waited until too late to defend himself."

"Returning to the Indian skirmish at hand, an Indian interpreter, called Mungo, had his horse shot from under him, and would have been badly hurt, had a fresh horse been given him at once. Jacob Bentz, one of the militiamen, got a little too far from the lines, in order to get a better chance at the enemy, and was pounced upon by three Indians and received a wound from each of them. He was rescued just in the nick of time. Several hairbreadth escapes were recorded in that day's fight, but no real casualties."

"They fought furiously until the close of the day, when, near a place that is now called Waiilatup and near a clear creek, the militia made camp for the night. It was here they turned the stock loose, as mentioned before. They had no rest, however, for all night skippers kept up an occasional firing, to be returned by them. The ammunition was running low and a clear road to be taken in its use. They had to be as saving of this as possible. They were up and had breakfast before daylight, saddled their horses and took for the tops of the hills right near, avoiding the ambush they felt sure was prepared for them by the redskins, had they gone straight ahead."

"When the militiamen reached the hilltops they gave the regular warwhoop and almost immediately they traced the note to me, they would know that I must have been there. But they didn't know, it was the only way I had of finding out whether Lynn had robbed Jerome's body."

"I called it a bet with myself—if he were not a thief, I would have to come forward and not let him be convicted of the murder. But they found the money in his trunk—then I knew that I could not have gone back anyhow. I could not face prison, and I thought I ran away from home because I was locked in the first room."

"Mother sent me there, but it was Jerome who turned the key. I thought I would go crazy before I could get the window open and jump out. When Lynn was given life imprisonment, I knew that I could never bring myself to take his place."

"I didn't know it all at once. For several years I told myself that it would kill my mother to know that her son was a murderer, and that I must spare her that final disgrace. Then she died. But by that time Lynn had already served several years of his term. It couldn't mean so much to him—not what it would mean to me. Perhaps he was even used to it by that time. And if he was not a murderer, at least he was a thief."

"I said all these things, and most of the time I believed them. Sometimes I did not even think about it at all. But there are other times, like tonight, when I know exactly what I have done. The murder was an accident—but the cowardice that let another man take the consequences for my act was not an accident. I know now that I shall never tell anyone, except in these words that I should be in Lynn's place—in prison."

"It is not that I fear danger—it is certainly that I fear. I could make myself entirely safe by destroying my mother's picture and (Continued on page 14)

ly the battle between Captain Hall's company from Yamhill county were in the thickest of that day's fight. They called for assistance, which was rendered, and finally the Indians were routed, with much loss of life.

"After this the command was able to move on to the Touchet river. They believed the Indians to be so badly whipped that they would not put up another fight, but the white men, by taking them, sent the half breed Mungo to an adjacent hilltop to harangue them in this wise: He called out to them that surely they were not going to give up the fight without another fight; that this was their plan, the white Bostons would think them cowards. "Come on and fight; don't be a lot of women," etc.

"This so enraged the warriors that another skirmish took place. As they were nearing the river a small company of militia was sent to head off the Indians, to keep them from crossing the river, and at the ford another battle took place. The Indians by this time were reinforced by others from across the Touchet. The militia engaged the Indians from entering the timber or crossing the river, and after losing some of their best warriors, they retreated in disorder. I was wounded in the arm during this last engagement, and the sensation was like some one had thrust a red-hot iron through it.

"Part of the command during this time were in a nearly heady daze and met with more resistance from the Indians. To their surprise, they found the natives had built a sort of fort and had a well named by the best hunters. The militia, not knowing of the barricade, marched right across an open space in full view of the fort and were really in grave danger from the volleys that were fired until they took cover. Several men were severely wounded at this time, and comrade William Taylor was wounded in the lung by a dying Indian, so that he died a few days later.

"As soon as these Indians were routed, but not until most of them were killed, did the detachment of unusual bravery and determination, the whites were left master of the situation. They crossed the Touchet river, where a camp was made and all the wounded men taken for treatment. About this time the Indian squaws set up a continuous death wail as they carried off their dead, persuading the warriors yet alive to leave off fighting, or they would all be killed by the Bostons.

"The militia kept during the savages to come back and fight. The interpreter, Mungo, being the spokesman, called the Indians cowards, women, dogs, and so on, daring them again and again to renew the fight; but they had had enough, and beat as hasty a retreat as possible. After this, seeing the battle was over, the command moved back to the fort they had constructed at the Whitman mission.

"During the march all the food they had was some Indian ponies they killed. They were also surprised one morning when they awoke to find several inches of snow had fallen on their blankets during the night; yet this was the middle of April. Arriving at the fort, they found everything just as they had left it, except provisions were running low. It was decided to send a detachment of militia to The Dalles for necessary supplies—a slow process, with nothing but ox teams as a means of transportation.

(This story will be about finished Tuesday, with a few comments on Wednesday.)

Cigarette license collections in Kansas have dropped from \$695,500 to \$681,000 in the last fiscal year.

LAY SERMON

BEYOND THE BLANKNESS
"For lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what he thinketh, that maketh the morning darkness, and heretofore the light, and the darkness of the earth, The Lord, The God of hosts, is his name." Amos IV:13.

Here the prophet is, as it were, well. His imagination leaps, to mountains, the wind, morning darkness—what are they but the dwellers behind a great thought of the world of physical phenomena? And the imagination takes another leap when it identifies that mysterious force whence flow these wonders of nature, gives that force a name: "The Lord, The God of hosts." For God is the assumption of the human mind. Though the psalmist may sing that the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament show His handiwork, that too is assumption. The scientist who deals with known facts would not accept assumption as proof. The materialist admits the existence of the spheres, of the wind and the mountains; behind that he does not penetrate. He does not know, and prides himself on his ignorance.

May it not be however that the prophet-poet's vaulting imagination may be as dependable as the scientist's microscope and balances? Confronted with the great enigma of the universe, what solution other than that proffered by religion offers satisfaction? Is the world merely a spent ember? Is life but the chance accident of a spark struck in primordial muck? Is man but an ant crawling to the edge of a cliff only to drop off into blankness?

Such language of despair is the expression of many modern philosophers. Repelled by the dogma of ancient theology which cabins and confines their freedom they

declare their emancipation by repudiation of the roots of faith. They become intellectual nihilists. For them the world will eventually collide in a fiery conflagration up like a flaming bit of charcoal.

Amos, the herdman of Tekoa, was a primitive. His mental processes were untrained, his theories were not arrived at by profound reasoning. He did not pretend to solve the problem of the universe and of himself. He applied to the supposed author of the universe, Amos was affirmatively minded. He did not stop at the border line of scientific fact; his mind leaped beyond, and was carried by wings of faith to what he felt was the firm ground of a religious belief.

Was Amos right? That is the question the individual must answer for himself. Erasing the accretions of the years the core of religion will be found to be not pretence, but a profound conclusion that in a negative theory and a positive theory and a conclusion that in a blank. He will adopt an interpretation which seems to him most rational, the explanation of the Amos that perplexes him. Like Amos of ancient time he will defend without fear his theory and his Initial Cause—"The Lord, The God of hosts, is his name."

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