

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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Ford-Parsons-Stuebel, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 266 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 Subscriptions: In Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Victim of Hallucinations

JULIUS Meier seems to be afflicted with about the same hallucinations as L. A. Banks of Medford, another "independent" candidate. Banks screams his Jeremiahs in Goudy bold daily in his Medford News, the house organ of his self-started campaign for the senate. Between the "venal press" and the sinister forces of political turpitude, Banks asserts he is well nigh overcome; when the fact is he is the victim merely of his own hallucinations.

Meier impresses us as in much the same category. He says he has to hire a watchman to guard his house; he never goes on the street unaccompanied; he inspects his car before he gets into it for a ride. He declares he has been "villified," and tells the people to believe nothing they hear about him.

Meier is suffering from delusions. No one is villifying him. There may be a few cranks abroad as always, but most of them are in Julius' stable eating at his crib. And the chief of Julius' delusions is that he is now the Sir Galahad of the "people." He says: "Personally I am the candidate of the people." The same old formula for roller skating into public office: "I am for the people." Julius may think he is for the people, but the group of very practical politicians surrounding him have very definite ideas on the subject, too; and they suffer no illusions about being for "the people." They are very clearly and definitely for themselves.

Meier is a victim of self-induced imaginations. He suffers from hallucinations, first as to his semi-divine call, second as to his great sacrifice, third as to his own importance in the political life of Oregon, and fourth as to tears of dangers which invest him, and fifth as to being "maligned, villified, censured and dragged through the mire by the power companies and the subsidized press."

Correcting an Error

IN reading our own editorial of yesterday morning respecting up-river development, not having gotten to read the proof because of absence from town, we note a glaring error in transcribing our computations in which we appear to say that spreading the total lumber haul of 2,400,000 cars over 40 years would be 15,000 cars per annum.

What we meant to say, but failed to do so, because of our error in writing up our computations, was that the per annum total would be 60,000 cars, only 25% of which or 15,000 cars, would be accessible to Willamette transportation, and of this amount only 10% (or 2 1/2% of the total) would actually move by water. The result in freight savings is the same, \$50,000 on lumber or \$150,000 on the total improvement, all of which was, as we frankly stated, a mere guess.

Now this 2 1/2% looks very small; but here at Salem, where we have transportation a large portion of the year, practically no lumber moves by water. The movement is by rail to California and to the middle west, and by rail to Portland for cargo shipment. Barges of course would make water movement more feasible; but the 2 1/2% of the total for Lane county is probably all that ever would move by the Willamette.

Success Without Size

THE big Transamerica corporation has purchased the Hibernia bank in Portland, its first deal after buying the First National of Portland group of banks. It will not be surprising if this aggressive financial organization attempts to expand its operations into cities of the state outside of Portland. The next ten years may see the banking lineup of the state changed sharply from independent or unit banks to group banks.

Incidentally the Hibernia bank is a fine example of banking success not based on size. Under very able management with a board of directors not made up merely of big names for window dressing, the bank has grown and prospered. It never suffered because it wasn't one of the big banks. Instead it let the big banks take the big accounts with the big risks. So the Hibernia became known as one of the best profit-earners in the city and rendered a fine service to its patrons; and its owners have probably gotten a good price for their shares. Americans are so befuddled about mere size of their banks, newspapers, colleges, stores, industries, that it is good to see an institution of moderate size like the Hibernia bank, display such marked success in its field.

Hoodlumism Discredits Legion

BOSTON reports an outbreak of hoodlumism at the time of the American Legion convention. While the AP report is careful to state that the legionnaires themselves were orderly, the resort to whoopee was an undoubted accompaniment of the convention. Many of these conventions have been a disgrace to the legion organization and to American citizenship. Some legionnaires and others trespass upon the hospitality of the host city and make the season of the convention an orgy of debauch.

The responsibility rests on the legion to clean up its conventions. If it does not an aroused public sentiment will condemn the whole organization. Decent members of the legion will remain away and the hoodlum element will come to dominate.

Young life wants its fling, and we are not proposing puritanical requirements for legion conventions; but there is a vast difference between decency and indecency, which was recognized even in pre-Volstead days. It's up to the legion to ban indecency and hoodlumism from its conventions.

Good News From Our Own Industries

SPAULDING'S mill has resumed on better time than previous to its brief shut-down. The Oregon Linen mill which was shut down awhile is running steadily with a payroll of 40-employees and has many inquiries coming in for its product. The Miles mill continues to run three shifts a day. Canning plants are still working on pears and swinging into pumpkins. The Reid, Murdoch plant is canning here fruit salad using local fruits as well as apricots from Yakima and pineapple from Hawaii. The paper mill is completing a boiler plant installation and running its departments full time. The Western Converting company is running full time at good profits under changed management.

These are industrial briefs that mean more to Salem than the sleeping sickness of eastern industry or stock market fainting spells.

HEALTH

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

What to do for the minor accidents of life is something everybody should know. The baby gets an object up his nose or ear, one of the family gets something in his eye, or some other painful accident may happen — any one of these is a serious call for judgment and skill at a moment's notice.

It is not uncommon to get a foreign body in the ear. It creates a disagreeable sensation. Probably nothing is more distressing than getting an insect in the ear, and yet how easily that accident can happen. No matter how small the insect is, it can make a lot of trouble.

Nature's Safeguard — Nature has provided a safeguard in the form of the sticky odoriferous earwax. When an insect gains entrance to the ear the feet and wings just naturally get entangled in this substance. This usually prevents the insect from reaching the eardrum. If an insect ever does crawl far enough to reach the drum membrane the effect is maddening. The loud noises made are overpowering. There is such pain, with headache and vomiting, that convulsions are sometimes caused.

Removing Sizeable Objects — When an object like a bean or pea or any wooden object is found in the nose or ear do not use water in attempts to remove it. This would cause the object to swell.

The thing to do is to take a camel's hair brush of small size, dip it in collodion or glue and apply it to the object. Let it dry for a moment and then you can remove the object by pulling on it very gently. Sometimes adhesive plaster will serve just as well when used in a similar manner.

There is no cause for alarm. The object remains in place for several hours or a day or two. In the case of a child he should be soothed into thinking no harm will come from it. It may be disagreeable, but it is nothing to be frightened over.

If there is any difficulty in getting an object out a doctor should be called.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

ANOTHER "HOLLER THAN THOU"

The Medford Daily News, the publisher of which, Llewellyn A. Banks, is an independent candidate for United States senator, finds much at fault with the other newspapers of the state and gives them a severe lecture upon their duties to the public and upon the evil of indulging in "low brow" journalism.

We find in his indictment of what he is pleased to call the "venal press" a charge that it practices of "malicious, libelous, and seditious attacks," "sarcastic, vindictive and petty talk," "exaggerated attacks" and "intemperate and violent diatribes instead of sober, sane and rational discussion of candidates and public issues."

Rather a harsh charge, and perhaps it is not without basis, but we would remind Mr. Banks, who has only recently become a newspaper publisher, of the old adage about the pot calling the kettle black. In his newspaper articles of the state during the current campaign have we noted more violent and intemperate language than in the editorial columns of the Medford News?

We have before us one of its characteristic editorials under the heading "Organized Law" in which it makes the charge that "an organized gang of political extremists" is denying the people honest officials here in Oregon. Mr. Banks in a signed article refers to the other newspapers as the "venal press," denounces the "political gangsters" who are dominating the state and vents his wrath in a tirade of abuse and vilification of those who cannot find sympathy with his candidacy. Again we read as the closing paragraph of one of the editorials in his paper, "Llewellyn A. Banks believes in playing the game openly and squarely." That is more than the lying cowardly sycophants who resort to underhand tactics can say.

To all of which, with all of the mildness we can command, we say, "Tut, tut, Llewellyn, and lie upon you! Cannot a man or a newspaper refuse to be impressed with your own claims about your ability to save the state and nation without being called names? Cannot a man or man and likewise fudge and fiddlesticks! God save us from professional saviours who bow down in reverential admiration before their own picture."

Somewhat on other perusal of the Medford Daily News brings back memories of Lem Denver, erstwhile editor of the Western American who could so well work himself into a verbal lather over practices of which he was the great exemplar.—The Astorian Budget.

Citizens of the town of Goose Creek, Tex., plan to change the name to Southport, believing the latter more dignified.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELL WISHER



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

SYNOPSIS

Ardeth works in a shop and is being wooed by Neil Burke. Her home life is far from pleasant. She lives with an aunt and a snooty girl cousin. Neil is all right until she spies a "jewel" riding a horse. Ardeth sees a picture of Ken Gleason, the man on the horse, in the conservative section and her heart thumps. But Ardeth comes to earth with the usual bickering with her cousin. She is starting Ardeth accepts. Neil objects to Ardeth's plans and they have a row. Ardeth meets Ken when he visits the shop. Shortly after, knowing that Jeannette has left for the day, Ken calls at the shop, feeling that he had planned to drive Jeannette home. He asks Ardeth to go with him. Next day, Ken plans a foursome of Ardeth, Jeannette, his friend, Tom Corbett, and himself. Jeannette and Tom are unable to go, so Ken is alone with Ardeth and himself. Jeannette and Tom hearts racing with each other's nearness. Unable to resist, Ken kisses Ardeth. When she awakes, she finds a note pinned to her door. The note says "The Spy." Ardeth sees a reference to Ken's engagement to Cecile.

CHAPTER 17

When Ah Ling came into the shop in the middle of the morning she heard her name called from the back room. She went in to find Ardeth sitting on the couch with her wraps on.

"Phone Miss Parker, I'm going home, I—I'm not well!" And indeed she looked ill; her face milk-white save for two hectic spots of burning on her cheeks.

But instead of turning toward home, she caught a street car going toward the beach. She found it at on the deserted front end where the wind cooled her hot face, sitting with eyes closed and hands tightly interlaced in her lap.

At the end of the carline she struck off across the sand until she reached a large dune on the less frequented part of the beach. She sat down on its seaward side, pulling off her hat so the wind could lift her hair and fan her hot forehead.

Up to now she had held her feelings rigidly under control. But here there were no prying eyes. But for the moment tears would not come. She was too completely crushed, as yet, to feel anger or outraged pride.



"Phone Miss Parker I'm going home," Ardeth told the Chinese girl.

Never once did it occur to her to doubt the article she had read in The Spy. Her own memory backed it up.

Now she knew the reason for that shadow on Ken's face the Sunday in the duck shack—that ominous something which had crept between them at the mention of Cecile. Knew the reason for that vague fear which had always underlain their gay words.

Afraid . . . yes, she had been. Something in her had recognized the lurking danger even when she had tried to hold her thought at arm's length.

And those nights, when she was not with him—jealous fear in her heart, picturing him with Cecile—his handsome, laughing face bent close to the other girl. Then the storm broke. Rage shaking through her, hot-day-astating. Choking her so that she made stifled animal sounds, pounding her clenched hands on the sand as though she pounded them on Cecile's beautiful mocking face.

Sheer exhaustion brought her to herself, ashamed and a little sick. Sand gritting on her teeth, griming her tear-stained face.

She sat up, catching her breath in convulsive gasps like a child which has cried too long, and scrubbed her cheeks with her wet ball of handkerchief. She smoothed her hair, pulled on her hat, at for more than

an hour with arms clasping her legs while she stared on the beach below.

Hard, bitter thoughts went over her mind as cloud shadows were passing over the water.

The old story! Her heart mocked her. The wealthy young man caught by a pretty face. Of course Ken wasn't wealthy; but was a part of that world of wealth which held Cecile—Jeannette—all those easy mannered, comfortable people who came in Jeannette's shop.

Well—she'd asked for this pain, hadn't she? And the scornful inner voice in her mind. A fool about him . . . She had shown it in every look—every time her hand touched him. She had offered her heart on her lips—how could she blame him for taking it?

"A cheap food!" she said it aloud, and her voice sounded oddly thin against the roar of the sea. Neil was right . . . "They get all they can and then throw you to one side . . ."

Oh, what a fool she had been. To lose her heart to Ken, who was going to marry another.

Marry Cecile . . . Oh! She caught her lip between her teeth and her face went white and Ken—holding her—Cecile in his arms—kissing her. . . . She was crying, soft, helpless tears which drained her heart of bitterness and left her limp on the sand, staring up into the empty sky with wet swollen eyes.

Hours passing unheeded—a lonely eternity of time. She might have been a desert island, she thought dully. The hollow roar of the ocean beating into her ears—a sound somehow mournful. Watching the faint grey shadows of gulls sailing over the dunes. Bunch grass blowing in the wind, now and then a gleam of silver as the light caught a broad blade.

Changing light warned her that it was getting late. She rose wearily and shook the sand from her clothes. She didn't want to get home so late that she would have to explain to Aunt Stee. Her heart was too sore tonight for explanations.

The city closing about her again as she rattled homeward on the empty street car. Swallowing her up in its greyness. Holding her fast.

Her own block, shabby and shame-faced in the twilight. She dismounted, started up the street. Caught her breath painfully.

A car, at the corner where Ken always parked. Ken—getting out coming toward her, white to the lips. Eyes, stormy blue leaping at her through the thick light. Her

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A dollar for a drink:

In the "Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers" of Salem, Oregon, is a h u n t Steeves, there is a sketch of Isaac Baker, Oregon pioneer, father of Joseph A. Baker, the oldest living resident of Salem; who came here before the town had its present name, but was known as "The Mills," and originally Chemeketa. "The (Oregon) Institute" was named Willamette university when it was chartered by the territorial legislature in 1853.

Isaac Baker was born in Virginia in 1817; lived for a time in Illinois, where he was married to Eliza T. Ash, then in Iowa, and in 1847 came with "the big immigration" of that year to Oregon. The biggest up to that time, 5000, doubling the population.

Wiley Chapman was captain of the train, of 40 families; he became a prominent man in Salem. "With the usual amount of provisions for the trip, and a gallon jug of whiskey, 'the cure-all on the plains,' the started out, the sketch reads, continuing:

"There was much sickness in the party. Mrs. Chapman, wife of the captain, died of camp fever in the Grand Ronde valley in Oregon and left four children, who were mothered the rest of the way and after their arrival in the Willamette valley by Mrs. Baker. The little daughter of the Baker, Elizabeth, aged 4 years, also died of the disease, and was buried at Fort Bridger. Many of the train were ill but recovered.

"Indians were very troublesome all along the way but mostly because of their thieving propensities. An old lady in the train had a very fine mare that she considered too good to run with the common herd at night when all were corralled with the wagons, so she would sleep with the halter strap in her hand, so that if the mare should jerk away she would know it. One morning, when she awoke out, she was just holding an empty strap, while her precious mare was in the possession of the Indians. A simple matter to slip up and cut the halter strap. This caused considerable delay, but the horse was never recovered.

"At Soda Springs, two plainsmen, Jim Bridger and Pegleg Smith, came to their camp and asked for a drink of whiskey. The jug of 'cure-all' was about empty, but Mr. Baker gave them all that was left, about a cup full, and each took a big gulp. They asked what they owed for this, but Mr. Baker did not charge them anything. However, as Bridger rode by he laid a silver dollar on their wagon tire. This was the last they saw of these men.

"The Canfield family stopped at the Whitman mission, as Dr. Whitman needed a blacksmith, and were there at the time of the massacre. Mr. Canfield was shot while skinning a beaver and as he fell the rookings thought him dead. Another man was helping him. He ran, but the Indians caught him and killed him with their tomahawks. Two young men were ill of the measles and were overlooked. Mrs. Canfield took them food and the

heart leaped at the pain on his young face.

"Ardeth—where have you been all day?"

She answered dully. "Does it matter?"

"You know it does!" hotly. "Jeannette knew you were ill. But at home they knew nothing when I phoned."

"You phoned?"

His eyes were piercing now. Of course, and then I drove up here. I was going to wait until you came if it took all night." He grasped her elbow. "I can't talk here—get in the car." She wrenched her arm away.

"It's that story isn't it? That thing in the Spy? His voice was tight.

"Well—yes."

He gave a short little laugh, which held no mirth. "I knew it. Hell! Get in the car—we have to talk."

"No."

"Yes, I said!" the words came between his clenched teeth. Then his eyes were pleading. "I've been nearly crazy—I've been nearly crazy—We can't talk here! Sweetheart, please—"

She got in the car. (To be continued)

Yesterdays . . . Of Old Oregon
Towa Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read
October 9, 1905
The 80,000 bushels of oats in the Mackay farmers' pool "was sold this week to Albers Bros. The net prices realized was 33 cents.

Pupils of Mrs. Myra A. Wiggins held an art exhibit at her Oak Knoll studio, Oak and Winter streets.

A four-foot rise in the Santiam was disastrous to the Jefferson Milling company. A sheer boom broke and their big boom above Jefferson went out, and with it between 800,000 and 700,000 feet of fine logs.

Assurance that Fogland and Salem will be connected by an electric line within a year.

Indians saw her. They came in and Mrs. Canfield felt sure they would be killed in their coats. She threw her apron over her face so as to not see this gruesome sight, but the Indians took this from her and forced her to look on while they committed their headless work. Mr. Canfield recovered, and they made their escape and came to the Willamette valley.

"At The Dalles the Baker family were taken down the Columbia river in boats . . . In the fall of 1848 they came up the valley and bought "squatters' rights" to a fine piece of land just northeast of Salem on what is known as the Garden road. Mr. Baker chose this location because of the better school advantages offered by the old Institute, later the Willamette university. (This was probably the first family that settled in what became Salem because the historic school was here; and the survivors of that family are here yet, and have been contributing to the stability and prosperity of this community for 82 years. The names of those who have followed them, for the same reason, and their accomplishments, would fill several books; and the procession comes on, and will mount with the years.)

"The first cabin Mr. Isaac Baker built for his family was of logs and the beds were just bunks built along the walls with field fern gathered for padding, not event put into bed ticks. This cabin was built without a nail, even to the door hinges and fastenings."

There might be added the fact that the boy, Joe Baker, now in his 92nd year, and hale and hearty, and still needing no glasses when he reads these lines, and the family account some lumber to make things more comfortable about the first log house, found that laborers were so scarce that the mission saw mill was short of logs out of which to get the materials required.

So the boy, who was a husky lad, offered his services, and he helped cut the trees for the logs, down in the forest close to the river, where the Marion county poor farm is now, and aided in hauling them to the mill, with oxen. The mill was where the Larmer warehouse now stands, on Broadway, which is the extension of North Liberty street.

Mr. Baker of course saw the first dwelling built in what is now Salem, diagonally across the road from the mill, now 960 Broadway, and still standing, just as it was then, excepting for an addition that forms the southwest part, and the loss of the upper porch which was taken away when the addition was built.

The postoffice was in the old house then; and it was used for many purposes, among other things, for the territorial treasurer's office. Mr. Baker says he thought that was the finest house he had ever seen. It was, when it was built, the finest house in what is now Oregon, or anywhere west of the Rockies (California) line.

Samoa may get Citizenship and Some Self-Rule

PAGO PAGO, American Samoa, Oct. 8.—(AP)—Congress will be asked to give Samoans an act providing for American citizenship, a large measure of self-government, the Samoan congressional committee announced today in a preliminary report read to an assembly of all chiefs of American Samoa.

The report was unanimously adopted. It recommended that the fono (annual meeting of chiefs) be given the standing of a legislative body, that federal judges from Honolulu sit here to hear appeals from the highest Samoan court, and that the president be free to appoint a civilian or active or reserve officer of the army or navy as governor of Samoa.

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

How easy it will be to solve great problems when all decent people fight rottenness instead of one another.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

Last month as usual saw dairymen of the Lower Columbia Dairy association obtain a premium over Portland prices for their high class product. Forty-three cents a pound was paid for grade A butter and the bulk of the butter produced by dairymen of the association is large. Regardless of slumped butter markets through the country and general talk of business depression in the past few months, the public demand for high quality products seems to have continued. The dairymen of the Lower Columbia better off as a result.—Astoria Budget.

Today's Thought . . .

I love children. They do not prattle of yesterday; their interests are all of today and the to-morrows—I love children.—Richard Mansfield.