

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Time Not Essence of College Contract

PRESIDENT Hutchins, the youthful prexy at the University of Chicago, is announcing a program by which the university will become an institution of learning rather than just a B.S. factory. College degrees will be awarded not merely upon completion of four years of work, but upon evidence that the people have really assimilated something. Time is not the essence of earning a degree, the test being whether the work has been successfully done.

Just how this will net with the lounge lizards and the porridge house sheiks has not been disclosed. The "rah, rah" journalists have not yet given the plan the once over. An editorial writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch thinks Pres. Hutchins has reckoned without his constituency when he thus gums up the works of class numerals and class memorials, commenting as follows:

"True enough, the matter of examinations and grading will require attention in the establishment of the University of Chicago's timeless system of education, but the further President Hutchins and his fellow workers go into the experiment the clearer it will be that there are many other fixtures traditional in college life whose alteration is of graver consequence. Take for instance the class dances, a leading argument in favor of the four-year system. The green freshman from Silo Springs has never been to anything but a barn dance until he escorts his first sorority pledge blind into the Froshman Frolic, or 'frantic,' as it is more properly known on some campuses. Year by year, through the Sophomore Collocation and the Junior Prom, the metamorphosis takes place, until on the night of the Senior Ball a finished product, consummate in a tuxedo, he steps on clouds in the grand march and glides about from star to star in an ethereal whirl of satins and silks. A system which can work under like that must not be discarded without serious thought.

"For This Relief, No Thanks"

OSCAR Garrison Villard, writing to The Nation from Germany, describes the prevailing critical conditions in that country: millions unemployed, destitution prevalent, despair taking hold of the people. Yet with the hunger and want which abound everywhere the German tariff on wheat has been increased fourfold in the past year. Villard writes: "The great land barons, although they are protected by tariffs twice as high as those they had before the war, demand still higher tariffs."

In the market news of Sunday's Oregonian there was this significant paragraph:

"Germany has extended through January the compulsory milling regulations requiring the milling of 50 per cent of native wheat and has amended the bread law to make compulsory the utilization of 30 per cent of rye flour in wheat loaves above 200 grams and to permit the utilization of 10 per cent of potato flour in bakery goods. Restaurants and hotels are permitted to use only rye bread."

How indescribably silly all this seems. German people starving and even those able to buy food having to eat a loaf whose flour is 30% rye flour. It reads like the flour restrictions of war times.

Yet in the United States, in Canada, in Argentina, in Australia millions upon millions of bushels of wheat are piled up in warehouses, offered at prices unbelievably low, the lowest since the panic days of the '90's. In France the wheat price is around \$1.70 because France too has practically barred importation of wheat through high tariffs and compulsory milling restrictions. The wheat price in Germany must be nearly the same. In England, where there is no tariff, the price is 82c at seaports.

The anomaly of this situation should be apparent to everyone. Barrier tariffs are one factor (not the only one by any means) but an important factor in the world-wide depression which President Hoover unctuously says is worse in other countries than our own. With a world tottering on the brink of economic chaos we cling to the now outworn political theories of Mark Hanna days.

If congress would stop appropriating hundreds of millions for "relief" and initiate steps for a lower and more rational tariff, the country and the world might take heart again.

Cathedral Not a Vaudeville

BEN Lindsey deserved to be bundled unceremoniously out of the cathedral of St. John the Divine following his absurd antics in trying to turn a church service into a joint debate. He had no more business trying to make his reply to Bishop Manning there than some agitator has to get up in the middle of a political meeting and denounce the speaker; less in fact, because this was the bishop's own service in his own church.

Lindsey hasn't been denied privilege of answer. He can hire his own hall, drum up his own crowd, write his own books and magazine articles. He has barnstormed the country with his bedate on companionate marriage, addressing big crowds without any interference from anyone. His published books have circulated widely.

Lindsey claims Bishop Manning lied about him. That surely isn't the first experience of the kind he has encountered in his long and turbulent public career. If he made a monkey out of himself every time some one denounced his theories he'd have been put in a cage long ago.

Perhaps Lindsey was indulging in a little stage play. He may have wanted to boost the sales of his book or to work up some new lecture dates. By fabricating a little tin halo of cheap martyrdom around his head maybe he thought he could pump up the gate receipts.

Many will denounce the church for its exhibition of bigotry; but that is nothing new either. People who go to their own church want to hear their own doctrines without any disturbers edging in a few words. Lindsey knew ecclesiastical tolerance enough not to dare it in such an unceremonious and uninvited fashion. If Lindsey wants to debate the bishop he ought to challenge him. Until he does he will have to conform to ordinary decorum either in a church or a hall where it is the other man's meeting.

Now we are learning what that "freedom of speech" plank in the Joseph platform meant: free talk over the telephone without cost to the taxpayers.

Poor Appetites in Children

By C. C. BAUER, M. D.
Marion County Health Unit
One of the most common complaints that a mother has concerning her child is that she cannot get him to eat. This is especially true with an only child or with an over-anxious parent. Frequently one hears the story that the harder the parent tries the less the child eats. One thing leads to another until the mother becomes frantic in her attempts to improve the appetite of her child.

The problem is nearly always a psychological one. It is important that the child first be examined by the family physician to exclude the possibility of any disease. Badly infected tonsils and adenoids, bowel upsets in infants, one set of some infectious disease and many other diseases may be the cause of a lack of appetite. If so, these conditions must first be corrected and there is an immediate return to normal appetite.

Nearly everyone has observed the perverse character of children, especially those about two or three years of age. He wants to do exactly the thing you ask him not to do or does not do what you ask him. This is especially true as far as the child's eating is concerned; that is, he refuses to eat what you ask him to eat. The best policy is to make as few remarks as possible, merely refuse to feed him and then from force of habit he will eat the food. The child very easily senses any anxiety on the part of the parent and he immediately shows this perverse streak by refusing to eat. Little by little "read kick" out of him by his mother by refusing to eat. So the best plan is to keep until, give him a certain time to eat and then remove his plate no matter how much he has eaten. As soon as he has finished eating, his mother cares he is apt to eat just to "show them."

A common fault is to continually make comments to others in the presence of the child about his lack of appetite. Soon the child is made to believe that he really is as bad as he is painted. A good rule to make is never to make comments concerning any fault in the presence of the child. Refusing food or forcing the child to eat is a very poor way to get him to eat. It is sure to lead to more serious consequences. The child soon develops an aversion to coming to a meal instead of approaching the meal with pleasure. Often a child will not eat certain food because one or both of the parents refuses to eat that particular article of diet. Many a parent has learned to eat spinach or some other green vegetable in order not to set a bad example to the child. The parent should never make any remarks about not liking certain foods because the child will soon believe that he, too, will not like them.

Drugs or medicines except cod liver oil should never be given to stimulate a child's appetite except when ordered by a physician. Usually one can help the child without the use of medicines except, of course, when some disease exists. Common sense and a great amount of patience go further than any other aids in this difficult situation.

Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

December 10, 1905
J. F. Urah, North Oakes and Broadway, sustained bruises to his body and limbs when a staging in a newly constructed building collapsed.

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart Academy are having the street lawn in front of their property on Cottage street completed and a new cement curb put in.

Several Salem firms were among the successful bidders on the jobs of remodeling, repairing and renovating some of the government buildings at Chewawa. Among them were: A. L. Fraser, Captain; H. Brown and the Chas. K. Spaulding company.

Oregon Cedar Camp No. 5246, Modern Woodmen of America, elected the following officers: W. W. Hill, venerable master; S. G. Bodley, adviser; E. E. Mallen, banker; F. L. Buell, escort; F. A. Turner, clerk; L. C. Rockett, watchman; E. L. Irvin, sentry; A. L. Brown, manager for two years; Prof. M. Davis, manager for three years.

His bright blue eyes rested on her with love and longing. "Now that you're here," they said, "nothing matters—not even missing our ride."

Nancy squirmed. It was going to be even harder that she had thought. "Oh, no... why should I be angry?" she murmured, avoiding his eyes.

"But no ride today? You're all dressed up! Well, I tell you what, I'll get my car and we'll have a picnic. Maybe I'll do a little fishing."

"I couldn't Roger, not today. I wouldn't have time. I just have a few minutes. This is goodbye. She tried to say it lightly. "I've ditched the damned Porters too much, so they're ditching me. I'm going back to Yosemite on the morning stage."

"You—WHAT?" "I'm going back to Aunt Ellie at the Awahnee. What else CAN I do? The Porters won't take me on with them—I angled for an invitation hard enough. Oh, Roger, isn't it BEASTLY! When we were having such a perfect time—Swear for me, won't you?"

He said slowly, "You wouldn't go back now if you cared for me as I do for you. You know I can't—my job—"

"I can't help it." "You promise?" "No, I don't—not really. I meant I'd go on with the Porters because they were going, but don't you see that I can't now? It's because I spent every minute here with you that I'm not wanted to go on. Good heavens, didn't I love heaven and earth to own you to Tolmie. Meadows in the first place? I can't keep up this mad tearing all over after you. You'll have to get another girl."

SCIO, Dec. 9.—The Ladies Aid society of the Christian church held a bazaar Saturday in the vacant store building next to Westey's store.

A turkey dinner was served at noon. Many beautiful and useful articles were sold, netting a nice sum for the society.

GOES TO SWEET HOME
PLEASANT VIEW, Dec. 9.—Mrs. Susan Neal of Oakridge, who has been visiting here with relatives for the past three weeks, has gone to Sweet Home to visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Neal and her nephew, Hugh Cook, who are operating a pool hall and restaurant at that place.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK



"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

Nancy Hollenbeck is the young and beautiful daughter of a poor but socially accepted family. She is warned by her mother against marrying poverty, Nancy, becoming cynical, gives up handsome Mat Tully and begins an affair with Jack Deamer, married to a rich woman. She goes to Yellowstone, Nancy meets Roger Deatur, a ranger. The Porters, rich but dull relatives, arrive. Nancy plans to use them as chaperones on a mountain trip to meet Roger. He appears the first night. The Porters are not pleased. Nancy and Roger take long rides over the mountain trails. They fall in love, but Nancy tells Roger she will only marry for wealth. She prepares to leave the mountain camp.

Still he leaned against the fence pulling at a piece of leather in his hand. His arrogant shoulders were drooping. The light had gone out of his bright eyes. Quite suddenly Nancy knew she couldn't bear the thought of another girl for him. "Help me, help me," she prayed to the God she bothered so seldom. "God save me now—keep me from crying all over him!"

He beat her hands together weakly. "Couldn't you—couldn't you go somewhere—and talk?" He looked at her lizard skin pumps. "Spoil your shoes."

"Well, then—in your car. I have more than two hours, and I'm all packed—can't we have those last two hours, Roger?" "If you like."

Methodically he pulled the canvas that served for garage off his battered roadster. Flashed a large net over his rag out of the back and dusted the seat. "Not any too de luxe, Nancy. Sure you won't spoil your dress?" "It doesn't matter."

She climbed in, and he started the motor. Expertly he backed and dusted the seat. "Not any place between two trees, turned into the road, drove fast as chuckholes would permit, past swampy meadows yellow with cream cups, with small streams, around fallen timber."

"This isn't a very good road, but it's kind of pretty." His one contribution to conversation. Nancy had nothing to say, either. She sat bolt upright, a fixed smile curving her red lips, eyes straight ahead.

The family would have known that something was happening to Nancy. Something new and strange and a little frigid. Her velvet brown eyes, sweet and shallow, had turned dark and faintly startled. Here in the mountains, with the wind whipping her soft hair into tumbling rings and without her accustomed careful make-up, she was younger, more appealing. Her pose was shattered. She wasn't sure of herself any more.

He stopped the car in a sandy gully that sloped down to the river. She looked down at the lizard skin pumps. Her last decent shoes. How she would have loved to swap over to the ruined clothes. "Yes—let's. Why think of shoes when you're tasting your last hour of madness, going back in a few short moments to sanity, and a common sense marriage?"

Gaily she stepped into the soft sand, climbed over a boulder, slid down a rock path. "Wait—I'll help you."

So, independent to the last, she increased her pace, alighted over some long, lush grass and sat with more emphasis than she had intended on a grassy shelf, just out of the spray from a miniature Vesuvius Falls.

Gravely he dropped down beside her, his brown, slender hand covering one of her feet. "See, there are violets here—little teeny tiny white ones, in the grass!" she cried, just to be saying something.

He looked at her, long and intently, so that her color rose, and she looked away, pretending to watch the falls. "Help me! Help me!" she formed the words silently, moving her lips, but even as she pretended she knew she was beyond help. Roger Deatur's arms were closing around her. His mouth was on hers.

"I do love you!" she whispered. "I do—I do!" And clung to him, sobbing as she hadn't cried since she was a child. Nancy, who had long since decided love was just one of Mother Nature's tricks, and nothing was worth crying over, anyway.

For years to come the faint woody smell of fresh violets was to fill her with exquisite torture—longing—regret. The car was all ready, plenty of oil and gas, tires tested, luggage neatly packed. Esmie and Gladys were sitting in the back seat, manish straw hats straight on their heads, feet firmly planted, waiting. Mrs. Porter was also waiting.

For the second time in ten minutes Mr. Porter lifted the hood of the engine. He seemed loath to start. "Well, I guess it's all right. We can go now," he said. "All right! Of course it's all right!" his wife snapped. She glared at him, suspicion in her china blue eyes. "I told you that before you looked. Why shouldn't it be all right. The engine like that? And if you're holding our whole trip for that Nancy Hollenbeck, you got a long wait. Herman, and the girls and I will go inside again. You needn't think she'll come in the back seat, manish straw hats straight on their heads, feet firmly planted, waiting. Mrs. Porter was also waiting."

"Anyhow, a common ranger is good enough. Such ideas. I was opposed from the first. Why can't you girls be company for each other? Always wanting others, and what for? Whenever it's strangers, it's just the same. Didn't the neighbor kids break that pink tea set Uncle Ben brought from New York last winter? Real genuine Haviland china it was, and that bottle of German cologne the same way—smashed, the very first thing—"

"Mama, dear, that was years ago—"

"Always the same. Always getting imposed on, this family. I hope this teaches you a lesson. When I see Mrs. Watson again I'll have something to say—"

"Mama, please—"

"Mama, you don't care how you hurt us!" Esmie was close to tears. "I don't care, it is a shame the way that girl treated you. Like dirt. I am going to speak my mind to Mrs. Watson. Yes, I am. I mean it. My conscience wouldn't let me do any different. If it was one of my girls I'd expect her to do it to me!" Mrs. Porter's fiery every tongue wobbled on the back of her head, two bright spots burned in her cheeks. "So," Mr. Porter murmured, with a last lingering look toward the canvas cabins from which he had been momentarily expecting Nancy to emerge. But she was not in sight, so he stepped on the starter and blew a long, melodious, over-the-horn, effectively drowning out further conversation. The Porters, rid of their unappreciative guest, were on their way.

"Love at first sight," Roger was murmuring, and the way his voice broke on the words made Nancy's eyes brim afresh and the pounding start again in her heart. "I thought it was a joke—I didn't know it ever happened, but, my dear, it does, it does—"

She lifted her head from his shoulder and began to rub a dusty powder puff rather futilely over her pink nose. "I know—it's terrible. But we'll get over it."

"Get over it!" he echoed, laughing, but she did not laugh. She was crying again, helplessly. His two hands gripped her shoulders, rough, "Look here, girl, what are you saying? Who's going to get over it?"

"Both of us," said Nancy, and laid her wet face against his coat sleeve again. (To be continued.)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Slavery in Oregon: Most readers of the Bits for Breakfast column know there was slavery in the old Oregon country. Lewis and Clark found many Indian slaves; so did later comers. Jason Lee, after he came to Oregon, had a family of Indian slaves which he sold to Dr. McLaughlin, who suggested that he take them in as wards at the old mission, 10 miles below what became Salem.

Jason Lee was willing, but they must first be given their freedom. That was agreeable to Dr. McLaughlin. So slavery was abolished in the Oregon Country, by Jason Lee and Dr. McLaughlin, who stood for all the law there was then—one representing the Stars and Stripes and the other the British flag.

But negro slaves came, after that. Captain Clark had with him a negro of large size and great strength. The negro came with the first covered wagon trains—slaves. John P. Gaines, the second governor of the Oregon territory, though he was a whig, brought a number of slaves, arriving August 18, 1850. He kept them at his "governor's mansion" on his donation claim, near what is now the Skyline orchard. He had regular quarters for the slaves, back of the "mansion," and a number of them died and were buried in the "mansion." The "mansion" still stands, though the slave quarters have long since disappeared.

In the late fifties and early sixties, Salem thought then a town of less than 1000 people (the census of 1870 showed only 1,130), had more negroes than the present city of 25,500 has. They were former slaves and their children. "Little Central" school house, that stood on a part of the ground of the present senior high school, was built for negro children; for in those days the white people would not allow their children to attend a school in which there were colored youngsters. The "Little Central" was a "Jim Crow" school house at first.

There was another time in the history of Salem when this city though it had only 2500 to 3000 people (the census of 1880 showed 2538), harbored a larger colored population than it does now. It was in the late eighties and early nineties. The condition was brought about by the coming of R. S. Wallace, father of our Paul Wallace. His sister was a missionary teacher in the south. Due to that fact, Mr. Wallace brought a number of negroes from the section of the south where his sister worked.

He came in 1884 or 1885; bought the water system, started the Capital National (now the First National) bank, and opened up the extensive Wallace orchards over in Polk county. He provided quarters for the negroes, and they worked in the orchards. The negroes in that period maintained a church, of which Rev. George Washington was pastor. It was located out in North Salem; not far from the present Highland school. George Washington was a sincere Christian man.

For a long time, up to 1884, H. Gorman, a giant negro, who had been a slave, was the motive power of The Statesman. He ran the press, and counted out the papers. He could count up to 10. No more. But 10 tons made a hundred—so he got along all right. Old H. went before the machine age, with a steam engine to run the press. He had a numerous family.

He could hold more bad whiskey than most of the hard drinkers of even those days, when a man, like the Scotchman, was never drunk as long as he could lie on the earth without rolling off. He was proud of his children—more especially of the members of the family who were more white (or yellow) than the others. (Though he had never heard of "Scarlet Sister Mary" or "Green Pastures.")

The negro population of Salem in 1920 was given in the census as 62; 33 males and 29 females. But it must be remembered that a person for census purposes with any negro blood at all is classed as a negro. The southern members of congress look out for that.

When the race tabulations are finished at Washington for the

Mission Group Meets Thursday

HAZEL GREEN, Dec. 9.—The Women's missionary association will have new adventures. "Traveling in Porto Rico," Thursday, December 11, at 2 o'clock at the G. G. Looney home.

The program will be: "Wonders of the World," as a witness I must render loving service," Rev. S. A. Long.

"An American Stranger Under the Stars and Stripes," Mrs. C. A. Van Cleave.

"A Land of Beauty," Mrs. W. G. Davis.

"Finders No Longer Keepers," Mrs. Orville Luckey.

"Learning to Know the Porto Ricans," Mrs. Pearl Van Cleave.

"Crops, Crops, Everywhere and Very Little to Eat," Mrs. Louis Wampler.

Christmas songs; quarterly business meeting; President Mrs. Iris Van Cleave in charge.

Hubbard Pupils Enjoy Evening

HUBBARD, Ore., Dec. 9.—The seventh and eighth grades enjoyed a party in the music room at the school house Friday evening. Merry games followed by refreshments made a jolly evening for all.

J. R. Bidgood, superintendent of the high school and grades, was in charge of the party in the absence of the teacher, Earl E. Rinehart, who was called to Albany on business.

Pupils present were Iris Moorman, Beale, Jessie and Gladys Ingalls, Mildred Coleman, Edith Alaywood, Freda Vogel, Helen Claypool Gordon Rich, James Bidgood, John Dimick, Lester Barrett, Robert Beckman, William Cutting and William Heckler.

GUEST AT AURORA

AURORA, Dec. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. William Abel of Canby and Mrs. Mrs. Chester Gilbreath, and daughter Joan, motored to Vancouver, Wash. Sunday to visit the parents of Mrs. Abel and the parents of Mrs. Gilbreath. A recent guest of the Gilbreath home was Esther Hermans, assistant secretary of the chamber of commerce at Longview, Washington.

CASH Feed Prices

JUST A SAMPLE OF OUR USUAL LOW PRICES

BRAN 60 lb. sacks, 70c	SCRATCH FEED 100 lb. sacks, \$1.85
MILL RUN 80 lb. sacks, 75c	BEEF PULP 100 lb. sacks, \$1.70

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