

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## The Audit on the Flax Industry

THERE will be an instant cry from the public to fire Col. W. B. Bartram, manager of the state flax industry, the audit of which shows a loss of over \$200,000 in three years time under his management. Of this amount \$70,000 is the manufacturing loss and \$143,000 inventory loss. The manufacturing loss in itself would not be so bad had it not been for the glowing stories of profits which the colonel gave out from time to time, leading people to think that the industry was a gold mine for the state, and that eventually the earnings would just about support the whole institution.

The situation at the state flax plant is the same as that found at the Oregon Linen mills at the end of the Bartram management: current assets consumed or hocked and current liabilities high. As a financial manager Bartram is a star performer—on the red ink side. It may be that in other lines of the enterprise he has been of value to the state. Supt. Henry Myers firmly believes so; but Mr. Myers is about the only person who possesses such confidence in the colonel. It is quite apparent that with general loss of confidence in Mr. Bartram, which the sad showing of the audit will augment, his connection with the flax industry should terminate.

Under the right management it would seem that the flax industry should meet all its operating costs. The plant has no rent or taxes to pay; gets its prison labor for a scant wage; has no interest or dividends to pay on a large portion of its investment.

Quite aside from its financial results however, the industry should be continued and supported for its value to the institution and its potential value to the state. It supplies employment to prisoners, keeps them occupied, maintains morale. Without this industry the problem of confining 800 prisoners in the old plant would be a serious one indeed.

Again, the flax industry is pointing the way toward a possible great development of agriculture and industry in this valley. Its pains have been the pioneering pains both on the farming end, the processing of the fibre and on the linen end of the industry. Serious mistakes have been made, but the success of the one plant here, the Miles Linen company, reveals the possibilities when the industry can be re-organized.

That reorganization will have to begin at the state flax plant, and a fine start has been made in employing L. L. Laws as cost accountant. Eventually the Oregon Linen plant must be reorganized and supplied with fresh capital and new looms. These changes must be made. It is no time to rock the boat; and solely because of our devotion to the flax-linen industry, we have kept from "rocking the boat." But the job has to be done, and those in positions of responsibility in the industry will have to do it.

## A Business Executive

GOVERNOR Meier is now on the right track. He asks the ways and means committee to give him \$20,000 for a study of state administration, expressing the belief that it will be returned three times over. We think the amount should be allowed and we are confident he will deliver the goods.

Here is a field where Meier should be quite at home. He is distinctly the business executive, and has a merchant's instincts for getting a dollar and a half's worth of goods and services for the dollar that he pays out. In this role we can see the governor making a great success.

He can stop junketing trips of state officials; he can call for tightening up of departmental expenditures; release of drones from the payroll; stepping up of efficiency in service. In the field of political juggling and on intricate questions of power regulation the governor lacks special knowledge, but as an administrator he is thoroughly competent and at home; and if his courage holds out, he can render the state a fine service.

## TURNER FAMILY ON TRIP NORTH

TURNER, Jan. 31.—Mrs. O. F. Given and her father Albert Savage Sr., of the Waldo Hills, left Friday for Seattle, where they will visit Mr. Savage's sons, Weyland and Albert Jr., and their families; also his granddaughter, Mrs. Martin Hughes, and Mr. Hughes and two young sons. They will be gone less than a week.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bear and their daughter, Mrs. R. E. Stewart, of Minnesota, who has been their house guest since the middle of December, drove to Newport Friday for the day.  
Mrs. Stewart and her young son, plan to leave the middle of February for their home.  
The basketball game played Wednesday evening between Turner town team and Aumsville, resulted in 34 to 15, for Turner, and was played on the home floor.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bones received word Tuesday that Eugene hospital Thursday morning, that their daughter, Miss Hazel, who has been seriously ill for two weeks, shows some improvement, which is good news for her relatives and many Turner friends.

meeting, the post will hold a public initiation of Legion candidates, followed by a program and dance.  
The program has been called for 8:30 o'clock. One of the interesting features of the program will be numbers by the Klitte Band of Salem.

## ILLINEE SCHOOL ACTIVITIES MANY

CLOVERDALE, Jan. 31.—The Illinee school has formed a school patrol under the direction of Sergeant Walter Lansing of the state traffic force. Dale Thomas was elected captain and David Hokinson, Gregg Thomas and Almon Lehman as lieutenants. The boys were presented with caps, belts and badges. Their duties are to keep order among the school children on the highway to and from school so that no accident may occur. They also see that all play on the school grounds is in an orderly way so that the smaller children may not be injured. Sergeant Lansing will return in two weeks to give further instructions.

Eight pupils of Illinee have received awards in penmanship from the A. N. Palmer company. Maxine Drager, Elane Morris and David Hokinson received merit buttons or medal "M." Donnette Bonning, Marian Smith, Jeannette Barnes and Dale Thomas are in class "D" and received Progress buttons. Virginia Drager received her final certificate in penmanship. All the other pupils are striving for higher medals before the end of the year. The children paid their fees by money raised by their club.

## Silverton Legion Will Entertain

SILVERTON, Jan. 31.—The Legionaires of Silverton have arranged a special treat for themselves, their Auxiliary and for the public for Monday night when, following the business

# HEALTH

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



It is strange how many persons have no interest in the sort of air they breathe. They appear perfectly indifferent to an atmosphere that you could cut with a knife. They will sit for hours in a room blue with tobacco smoke, or in air filled with dust.

There are persons who sleep all night long with every window closed. There are lots of them. They seem not to know that the air is perfectly vile.

All I can say is they are laying out trouble and misery for themselves and their families. Unless you are built like a savage, you cannot have good health without a lot of fresh air in the house day and night. You should make it a point to have some ventilation, whether it is by way of windows or doors or by some artificial means.

Of course, if you are so fortunate as to have a house installed with modern ventilation, you are to be congratulated. But few have adequate ventilating systems, so that the only means of having fresh air is by way of the window or door.

The man who is accustomed to a well-ventilated home will not tolerate his office or place of business to be choked all day long with stale air, dust or smoke. He will insist on having the windows open. To breathe over and over the irritating air for hours is to damage the delicate membranes of nose, throat and lungs. The eyes will suffer.

Many of the too prevalent colds of winter may be traced to vitiated air—air without life. Living in a room or house without proper ventilation is dangerous.

I beg of you not to permit yourself and your family to be housed in stuffy rooms. The ideal way to live is to have your home so well heated that you can have every room ventilated by having at least one slightly open window.

There is nothing in the world so good as fresh air for man, woman and child. Next to eating, it is the most important factor in insuring good health.

Dress yourself warmly enough so that you can enjoy the fresh air. Build up resistance to disease by getting out of doors and breathing the right kind of air indoors, every day, every night. For the sake of your health do this, and get proper exercise, while you are doing it.

It isn't necessary to sit in a draught, and you shouldn't. There are shields and other devices to direct the currents of air to the ceiling. Give thought to the problem and you can work out some plan of your own to get fresh air without chill.

Answers to Health Queries  
M.S.W. Q.—I have been troubled with an itches of the thighs, leaving the legs covered with black and blue marks as if they had been bruised. What would cause this trouble?

A.—These symptoms would seem to suggest eczema. See your doctor for a definite diagnosis and proper treatment.

J.F.M. Q.—How can I reduce?  
A.—Weight reduction is merely a matter of self-control as regards the diet. Exercise is, of course, essential. A good brisk walk for half an hour every day is helpful. For other information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and repeat your question.

WASTE OF TIME  
Possibly because the big show in Washington is playing to large and excited audiences, our own legislative circus men at Salem are staging a wet and dry fight of their own. Representative

of Oregon, has a bill to send Oregon's state referendum act back to the people for referendum. Ardent wets and dries from all parts of Oregon assemble in Salem and put out much oratory.

But it's a terrible waste of time. Not unless or until the 18th amendment to the federal constitution is repealed, amended or nullified more extensively that it is now will it do any good to repeal or tinkered with any state enactment. The vote probably figure that every rumpus they can kick up is good publicity, but the things that are wrong with prohibition will never be cured by futile gestures. Prohibition reform, when and if it ever comes, must begin in federal policy.

The state of Oregon has much important business to transact at Salem this session and little time for side-shows. Sensible wets and dries would do well to see that the Manning resolution is put out of its misery promptly and given decent burial in committee.—Eugene Register-Guard.

SNOW OUT OF MOUNTAINS  
MILL CITY, Jan. 31.—The track crew of Camp 26 of the Hammond Lumber company resumed work this week. Snow has been disappearing rapidly in the lower mountains during the past week and the camp crew is now busy occupied with logging road construction. Other camps are expected to open as soon as the weather conditions will permit active work, although full crew capacity is not expected for some time yet.

# LIGHTENING THE LOAD



## "Murder at Eagle's Nest" By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Following a party at Eagle's Nest, the home of wealthy Emily Hardy, the Baroness von Weiss is found murdered. Bhima Martin, young newspaper reporter, nicknamed "Bim" a guest at the party, assists her fiancé, Walter Vance, assistant chief of police, in unraveling the mystery. Bim identifies the shawl wrapped around the Baroness as Mary Frost's. Mary's husband, Ted, had been attentive to the Baroness. Bim had noticed Emily's butler and the Baroness, at the party, in secret conversation and recalled the maid's scream when she, too, found them together. A strip of uniform linen is found in the shrubbery. The police learn that the Baroness' maid was not in her room that night. The Butler denies receiving a note from the Baroness. Bim discovers cuts on the maid's head and arm. She refrains from telling the police. The doors to the Baroness' room are found locked from the inside and her jewels stolen. The Butler checks the part of her story which had to do with time. Moving toward one of the windows which opened above the terrace, Bim heard Mary say that neither she nor her husband knew either of the guests of honor before last night, and she heard Ted endorse this statement, civilly enough for once.

Then she saw something move outside the window and slipping behind the hangings, leaned across the sill in time to see someone disappear around an angle of the building. Whether the person had been a woman or a man Bim did not know, but she was aware that someone had been crouching there, peering in at the library. Bim, listening to what was said, moved by impulse, Bim climbed over the sill and dropped lightly upon the soft turf beneath. Trying to make her progress seem quite aimless, she strode across the terrace, keeping a sharp lookout the while, peering into the dining room which was empty, finally sauntering down the path to the kitchen—the path along which William, the butler, had come last night to tell his lie about the burglar which the screams of the maid, Jane, grew faint and finally died away.

The ancient colored woman, whose superlative cooking long had delighted guests at Eagle's Nest was in the kitchen, mopping over her pots and pans about the "chub's-on-ob-dem white folks." She did not see Bim as the girl passed through the narrow corridor from which opened the kitchen, the back stairway, and the serving pantry.

It would have been into this corridor that Jane fled last night and up the back stairway to the next wine and the delectable room.

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Walter directed Emily to send for Imogene and that young lady entered with a flourish, flashing her covert little smile at Reynolds and then at Walter as if the three shared some secret understanding.



He regarded her with a startled expression on his lean, good-looking face.

"What time was that?"  
"Pretty late, I guess; everybody else had gone. She said she had been in before that's how I knew she'd come back. I must have been when I went to the kitchen sometime after ten that she was in first. She said she didn't like to go home without the shawl and we looked everywhere but it was no around so she said not to bother and went away. It was right afterward Mrs. Hardy came and told me not to wait up."  
(To be continued tomorrow)

# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Museum and some history!  
We left Bishop Simpson in the article of this series printed yesterday on his way from Salem down the river by boat, Wednesday, March 29, 1854.

ence, or half of it, after coming so far, is for me a great trial, but I cannot help it, and so must submit. Tomorrow I expect, Providence permitting, to see Oregon City; Friday evening, Salem; Saturday evening, Marysville (now Corvallis); and then by some way, if possible, get through to conference.

He went from Portland to the Dalles, starting Friday. He wrote in his letter to his wife that the steamer above the Cascades was broken down. (The steamer must have been the "Wasco," finished and put on that run by the Methodist bishop on the day he fell and was accompanied by Presiding Elder Thomas H. Pearne. They hired an Indian with a canoe; reached an Indian camp at 10 o'clock at night, where, as it rained hard, they were obliged to lodge in a miserable Indian hut. On the way back to Portland, they barely escaped with their lives two or three times. They rowed all one night, until the crew gave out, and they made a fire on the shore and slept on the ground. A Methodist bishop in the wild and woolly west in those days had a hard and dangerous job.

Think of that. 77 years ago, four days from Portland to Belknap Settlement; now three hours or less over paved highways by a Ford, or a Nash, or any other of a score of good cars!

This being Sunday, the writer digresses long enough to give part of a letter of Bishop Simpson to his wife at Pittsburg, because it contains some beautiful thoughts, appropriate to the day. The letter was dated: "Steamer Peytona, Wednesday, March 15, 1854," and it opened as follows:

The reader knows that the schooner was not almost as per schedule, notwithstanding the fact that the boat up from Oregon City was marooned on a sandbar just below Salem for over half of Friday night and more than half of Saturday forenoon.

"I am now on the steamer Peytona, sailing up the Columbia river between Astoria and Portland; we expect to reach Portland this evening. Last night while standing on the deck of the vessel I could but see the position of the North Star, which seemed to have risen so high above me.

In this letter to his wife, Bishop Simpson says of his trip up the river: "On the left side, about two miles below the old mission site, we passed the place of Gervais. From thence, said to have accompanied Lewis and Clark, and at this house Mr. Lee (Jason Lee) preached his first sermon in the Willamette."

"We are here in latitude 46 and a half, or near that, and a few weeks ago I was in latitude 7 degrees, where this star was almost at the horizon. The climatic changes, the plains and mountains change, the sea changes, the very stars seem to change; there is above, beyond, around, the Eternal, the Infinite. There is a spirit land, unchanging and unchangeable.

The Willamette river then ran close to the town of Gervais house—within 400 to 500 feet of it. The stream is now nearly or quite a mile away. The flood of 1860-61 caused the river to change its course. Jason Lee preached his first sermon in the Willamette at the Gervais house, and held services there for several Sundays thereafter, until the first log building of the old mission was finished.

"Loved ones, dearer than life, part now, more than by seas, seem but the dearest part of distance, and strange as it may seem, I fancy them sometimes as NEARER the SEPARATION. How often does our little family circle rise around me, as if I were in the midst of them, and even our eldest, though long asleep in Jesus, seems not unfrequently one of the group.

Some fine day, the reader should drive out by the Skyline orchard, and to the top of the hill beyond, and get the view that Bishop Simpson got that Saturday afternoon of March 15, 1854, thus described in his letter to his wife: "Passed the governor's residence, eight miles from Salem; came to the top of a hill overlooking the Willamette valley at Humphrey's ferry. Here a beautiful view opened before me. The Willamette winding below our feet, and in the distance, wide plains with improvements here and there; beyond, prairies, forests, wide plains with improvements here and there; beyond, prairies, forests, flowers and fields, and what I call the mountain range, all made a delightful prospect; while the evening rays of the sun gently shed a mellow brilliancy over the landscape." You will see some changes made in the intervening years; but what you will agree with the famous bishop on the entrancing beauty of it all.

"Strange are the sympathies of our nature, and they point forward as well as upward. They have more than mortal strength, and will be satisfied only when the flock shall be gathered where there is ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD.

Yesterdays  
... Of Old Oregon  
Kawa Talks From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

"Tomorrow conference begins at Belknap Settlement, which is four days' journey from Portland, where our boat will stop this evening. I hope, however, by traveling all night, Saturday night, through a wild, woody country, if I can get a guide, to reach my brethren by Sabbath morning. This missing conference.

February 1, 1906  
The Y. M. C. A. has added about 125 new members to its rolls as result of the present membership contest.

"I suppose you didn't sleep much last night, William?"  
The question appeared to surprise him. "It's not that, Miss; I'd no time for my swim this morning. It makes a difference, Miss."

Dr. W. L. Mercer, who has been in the hospital the past few days, has been removed to his home.

"Yes, Miss; there's nothing like a half hour in the water to keep one fit. . . . Begging your pardon, have they found who it was yet?" The red mud jerked toward the library. "Yes, light brown eyes seemed to burn in the dimness.

Miss Lela Cannon returned to her home in Turner after visiting relatives here.

With an odd sensation of having got in the way of terrific unguessed forces, Bim, made a negative answer. "They will though, William. Soon. I'm sure they will."

The Clear Lake Sunday school will give a poverty social at the residence of A. L. Beckner.

"I hope," he stated fervently. And added, "Thank you, Miss."

State Game Warden J. W. Baker has appointed as a deputy in this county L. R. Murphy, who has been a night policeman in Salem for about six years.

The Mystery Deepens  
Bim stepped through the sewing door and the dining room, returning to the library as Mary watched Mary walk slowly down the reception hall, drawn as by a terrible fascination, to the entrance at the back of the mansion and look out over the garden, shivering before she turned about.

ANALYZE GAS MIXTURES  
WASHINGTON—(AP)—A new apparatus and method for analysis of gas mixtures, important to a number of industries, has been devised by the bureau of standards.

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"I wasn't gone more than five or ten minutes. Not longer than it took to get a cup of coffee from the cook and drink it."

Job, stricken, struggling Job, is a better guide for the questioning mind today than the aged and cynical Ecclesiast; for the tired Faust, the Job who in his misery could cry out:

"All right, Imogene; I can stand it if Mrs. Hardy can. You weren't there when Mrs. Frost went to look for her shawl?"

"I know that my deliverer cometh, and though terms shall destroy this body, yet within me shall I see God." Religion today calls for more than placid acquiescence in our cambric toe faith. It calls for rigorous intellectual training, for steeling against the overtures of ease and of despair, and for courageous defense of the eternal affirmative.

"What time was that?"  
"Pretty late, I guess; everybody else had gone. She said she had been in before that's how I knew she'd come back. I must have been when I went to the kitchen sometime after ten that she was in first. She said she didn't like to go home without the shawl and we looked everywhere but it was no around so she said not to bother and went away. It was right afterward Mrs. Hardy came and told me not to wait up."  
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