

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Next War

THE preachers have had a straw ballot on what they would do if war broke out. Such a ballot is not worth very much because a man isn't quite himself "when the drums go marching by." Few can resist the imperative of a military band playing the "Stars and Stripes Forever," just as few can resist the appeal of old hymns sung by a mass chorus. There were 10,000 preachers to 5,800 who said they wouldn't sanction a war nor fight in one; while 8300 to 7,000 say they would participate and sanction a defensive war. The latter figures lead the Oregonian to remark that the next time the bugles toll and the drums rattle "in the name of flag, home and honor" the preachers will grab a gun and get out in the front rank, "just as in the past." They might do that as citizens, but as we understand the question in the churches is whether as clergymen they are going to bless the bloodshed and pray divine vengeance on the foe. A growing number of clergymen do not see how they can conscientiously imprecate or commend God to take their side in crushing the misguided skulls of a few others of God's children. A growing number too probably doubt if their prayers have any effect in prejudicing the deity against their own enemies.

The Oregonian concludes: "War is hideous, but so would it be hideous to see the flag in the mud and our homes at the mercy of the invaders." Both are indeed hideous; and both are altogether unnecessary. If we may substitute intelligence for stupidity and honorable dealing for national selfishness there would need to be no more wars. Fear and greed are the team dragging the war chariot; and we are all fools to be chained to its axle.

What would happen in case of a war if we should smother the advancing foe with kindness? If the British or French fleet for instance stood off New York harbor, instead of sending out bombers, torpedo boats and battle cruisers and unleashing the shore batteries, why not send out a tug with an invitation for the fleet to sail up the bay and dock at Manhattan. Let Mayor Jimmy Walker greet the admiral on the steps of city hall with a few appropriate wisecracks. Let Grover Whalen head the procession up Broadway through the customary barrage of ticker tape and confetti. Throw a big ball for the sailors of the fleet. Give them the wooden key to the city. If they say their country is short of funds, cash their check in the form of a fifty million bond issue. They will not pay it anyway, but it would be cheaper than two or three battleships. Appoint a committee from the Rotary club and Kiwanis to put on a banquet for the officers. Stage a golf tournament. Why in ten days they could sail back home and report the greatest "conquest" in the history of the world; and all we would have to get over would be the headache.

Of course we know it is perfectly silly to talk about such grim business as war so facetiously. But the futility of war has been driven home to so many people besides the anxious clergymen that there are thousands now who are thinking that bouquets might be fully as effective as bombs. Yes, war is hideous. From our last experience it is hard to tell just which is more hideous, losing a war or winning one. Modern warfare has become a struggle of exhaustion in which both sides lose.

Nujol and Jello Mix

AN interesting development is in prospect in the formation of Pacific Frosted Foods, Inc., the owners of which are two concerns whose interest are as far apart as the poles: General Foods corporation (Postum, Jello, Maxwell House coffee) and Standard Oil of California (gasoline, kerosene, nujol). The new concern is to exploit the sale of foods preserved by freezing under the Birdseye quick freeze patents, which have been in use at the Ray-Maling plant at Hillsboro.

General Foods controls the patents and is of course experienced in food distribution. Standard Oil of California has lately been branching out into utility fields: natural gas, some electric properties, ice companies. Through a subsidiary it owns nine ice plants and four cold storage plants, located on the coast. Its tie-up is probably both financial and to utilize its storage facilities on the coast.

"Business Week" (NY) in a recent article discussed the plans as follows:
Final plans are not completed. It is expected that equipment for Birdseye quick freezing will promptly be installed in some of the Standard Oil Co. controlled plants, so as to have production facilities available at the earliest possible moment. Meats and other animal products will be obtained from western stockyards. The Ray-Maling Co., Inc., of Hillsboro, Ore., an independent company, engaged for some time in quick freezing of fruits and vegetables, will continue to supply the Eastern market and also the requirements of Pacific Frosted Foods, Inc.
Retail distribution will be developed as soon as production facilities have been organized and coordinated.
Pacific Frosted Foods, Inc., expects to have several hundred outlets, both chain and independent, carrying the line of General Foods Quick Freeze products within a year. Special terms of payment will be made available to induce retailers to purchase the necessary low-temperature equipment.
Distribution will be expanded just as quickly as necessary production facilities can be created. Within 5 years 10,000 to 12,000 outlets on the Pacific Coast may be expected to stock quick-freeze foods.

The venture is of particular importance not only to consumers but to producers of food products: fruit, berries, meats, fish. What may be the effect on the canning industry? On the meat packing industry? On retailing of meat? As to the latter prediction has been made, rather loosely of course, that under this freezing process meats will be packaged at the packing house, and handled in grocery stores equipped with mechanical refrigeration. The packaged meat would then be sold like butter in cartons or prints; no meat cutting, no butchers' hands to weigh, no easy bones for doggie, but still a wienie for the kiddies.

Affairs Bill Murray, governor of Oklahoma, signed a sterilization bill for that state. Unfortunately it applies only to hopelessly insane and not to crazy politicians, even though they are hopelessly too.

This is the season of the year when the housewife ties a tea towel about her head and rolls up her sleeves. More than know's full well that when friend wife emerges with that kind of head-dress it's time for him to seat. Housecleaning is in progress.

In the Salem territory the name of the "Hoover" vacuum sweeper will probably be changed to the "Meier" sweeper: "It beats as it sweeps as it cleans."

Warm sun bathes into, runs a headline. Dittie arms and necks.

Tuberculosis In Animals

C. C. DAUER, M. D., Marion County Dept. Health.
Tuberculosis is a disease of animals as well of man. There are two distinct types of tuberculosis germs that affect a number of animals. Disease in animals may affect man either directly or indirectly by either causing or causing economic loss thru the death of affected animals.

Tuberculosis has been known to affect cattle for a long time. Often the disease is located in the udders of the cow and the germs can easily be carried in the milk. If the milk is pasteurized most of these germs are killed of course. Since pasteurization has been practiced the incidence of tuberculosis has decreased to a marked degree.

Testing of cattle for the infection and destroying the infected ones has also helped in the fight against tuberculosis. Another danger of the disease in cattle is through meat, where the animals have widespread lesions throughout the body. This can be overcome to a great extent by adequate inspection of meat in the packing houses.

Another type of tuberculosis that is quite prevalent and has an economic bearing is that found in fowls. It does attack chickens and can cause great loss in a flock. Tuberculosis hens do not lay as well as those free of infection and it has been found that the eggs of these hens will not hatch as frequently. Naturally the disease tends to die out and not be transferred from one generation to another except through contact with one another.

Control in Poultry raising is an important industry the disease has been brought under control to a great extent by not keeping any of the birds more than one year or by laying. It takes several years to kill any individual bird hence selling them before they are old will stop infection. It has also been determined that there is very little danger of infecting a human being with eggs of tuberculous chickens. The great danger is in infecting swine as they are very susceptible to the germ that causes tuberculosis in chickens. Often many hogs have been infected merely by letting diseased chickens come in contact with them. Hogs should not be fed garbage from tuberculosis hospitals as they may become infected by the human type of germ also and the meat made unfit for human consumption.

A number of other animals are infected at times but so seldom that they do not become a menace to man. The goat is relatively free from infection as are such domesticated animals as dogs and cats.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind write to the Statesman or the Oregonian department of health. The answer will appear in this column. Names should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 6, 1906

Will Rossiter has returned from a several months' visit with friends in LaGrande.

Miss Ida Haas, who was in San Francisco during the earthquake, has returned home, bringing with her probably the most complete set of pictures taken during the quake.

Derby and Wilson have sold to Louis Lachmann and Julius Pinch 60 acres of land on the Kelter bottom.

May 6, 1921

Salem Rotary club will make an investigation of local conditions to determine seriousness of the charges made by the American Legion regarding care of disabled ex-service men.

Oregon's total tax for this year is an increase of more than 20 per cent over last year, records of the state tax commission show. The total assessed on the 1920 rolls is \$41,117,367.71.

No information can be obtained as to who were the occupants of an automobile which was entirely demolished by a southbound freight train last night.

New Views

The question asked by Statesman reporters yesterday was: "What do you think of the appointment of Rufus Holman as state treasurer?"

Magda Hoff, insurance saleswoman, said: "I do not know Rufus Holman, neither am I familiar with his past record, but I am willing to trust the judgment of Governor Meier in this matter and feel that since he was familiar with Mr. Holman's record he made a wise choice in appointing him to the office of state treasurer."

Delmer G. Dewey of Mossburn, said: "I have not been in the state long enough to know the new treasurer, so cannot say what I think of the appointment. However, he is now our state treasurer."

William Busck, grocery dealer, said: "I don't know much about

THE NEIGHBOR'S CHILDREN



"MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

Orphaned by the death of her parents, beautiful and vivacious Mary Lou Thurston lives with her aunt and uncle, Clara and Howard Sanderson, and takes care of Billy, their son. When Sanderson and his wife go abroad leaving Billy with his grandmother, Mary Lou is left on her own. Larry Mitchell, young newspaper reporter and Mary Lou's pal, finds an ad in which a companion for a semi-invalid is sought. Mary Lou leaves to apply for the position.

CHAPTER VII
"No way," said he, "for a Perfect Companion to act! Hurry up. We'll snatch a taxi."
As she steered her through the morning throng she found breath enough to inquire anxiously: "Larry! How do I look?"
"A million dollars," said Larry gravely, "and I wouldn't ask for a cent less."

In the taxi, however, he looked her over from head to toe and nodded.
"You'll do. Keep a stiff upper lip and remember that your great grandmother was a lady. Don't let 'em put it over on you. I looked up this Lorimer bunch. There is just a Mrs. Lorimer and her son, so the invalid must be the lady herself. They are simply all over stocks and bonds."

Mary Lou began to be alarmed. This would be her first excursion into the clan of heavy income tax.
"Don't worry," Larry advised, reading her thoughts. "Kind hearts are more than Bethlehem Steel."

He put her on her train with two minutes to spare and gravely handed her a very wide looking French periodical which he had bought earlier that morning.
"Put this under your arm," he ordered, "and it will make a swell impression."
He ran along the platform as the train pulled out, shouting advice, commands and encouragement.

"Ring me up," he panted, "when you get to town. I'll be at the office, or leave word. Remember, don't say anything over. Remember, you are niece-descendant of Queen Cleopatra!"
A Sense of Humor
She was still smiling when she turned to the pages of the magazine and she kept on smiling for quite a time, but decided before Westmill was reached that perhaps, after all, she had better leave Larry's gift in the train. Her sense of humor was still with her and also her knowledge of French, but, after all, she wasn't so sure about the unknown invalid.

She reached Westmill and made inquiries at the severe Georgian brick station. The Lorimer estate was some distance away, and Mary Lou, peering in her purse, discovered to her relief that because of Larry's forethought in providing tickets—including a return—she had quite enough money for the emergency of a taxi.
Presently she was passing through the neat shopping district and the village and turning off on gorgeous country roads where the trees, not yet bare, almost met overhead. The driver was, for a wonder, not logarithmic, so Mary Lou was able to enjoy her ride in peace. She had the windows down and the crisp politics. I'm kept busy attending to business."

T. A. Hicks said: "Oh, I don't see that word; I don't want my friends to know I use that kind of language."
Kent Becke, insurance man, said: "He's a pretty good fish, but I believe he merited the appointment and will have a mind of his own in conducting the office."

Granted an Audience
"Mrs. Lorimer will see you"

November air brought a sparkle to her eyes and a smile to her curving red lips.
Presently they rattled past great gate posts, up a long tree-bordered driveway, curving and very lovely.
To the left she caught a glimpse of water—a lake, she thought, but as they came up the approach to the house she saw that it was really a bend of the Sound, curving to a white half-moon of a beach.
The house was of stone, with a great central portion and two beautifully proportioned wings. Ivy almost covered it, and the stone itself, where it could be seen, and that of the chimneys had melted to a lovely soft gray. The site was high above the Sound, there were wide curving, sloping lawns, still velvet green, and many fine old trees. There would be glowing gardens in summer, she thought, with a catch of her breath for there were still belated roses, dahlias and other blooms, such as at Oakdale, but on quite a different scale. And she saw a big hot-house among the outbuildings. She saw that quality of something held in leash, something tense and fine drawn which is so disturbing to the observer because it tells of such hard won self-control and such restraint and repression.
She said the driver with gloved hands which shook a little, approached the door and pressed the bell as firmly as possible. She was frightened and she knew it. "Don't be an idiot!" she told herself, but telling didn't help somewhat.
Elegant Simplicity
The door opened and she found herself facing a grave, lean butler.
She stammered something and then discovered she was holding out the advertisement, plucked from her purse.
"If I could see Mrs. Lorimer... an answer to this?"
His face did not change, although his eyes flickered briefly with some emotion—a astonishment, perhaps, or curiosity. He gravely bowed her in, took her proffered card and the advertisement and offered her a tall, high-backed carved chair in the big square hall in which she found herself seated. She sat there, looking about her at the comfort, the luxury, the marvelous restrained taste. It was lovely—and yet so like coming home. That was what attracted and amazed her. She saw evidence all about her of great wealth spent on beauty, yet the effect was not oppressive. It was an effect of loving thought and a knowledge of furniture and of what constituted comfort.
Presently the man-servant reappeared and motioned to her to follow him.

She murmured, and stood aside to let her enter, not, as she had half expected, an entrancing but frightening drawing-room, but a sunny morning room, all low, deep chairs and chintzes, with a great curved window full of growing plants and, she saw as she entered, a great square aquarium of exotic fish and two brilliant macaws swinging from their perch.

She forgot everything as she caught her first glimpse of the woman who rose from a business-like looking desk to greet her.

Mrs. Lorimer was very tall and very slender. She was beautifully dressed. Her white hair was short, cut close to her noble head, lying in flat waves, clinging soft. Her gown was that superb dahlia shade, neither purple nor red, very plain, very expertly cut. And the eyes bent on Mary Lou were beautiful dark brown with amber lights.



Mary Lou's heart almost choked her with disappointment.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The old mission cemetery! Not being able to read it readily, on account of an impediment in his speech, Turnham said: "Here, let me read it," and snatching it out of the hands of Edmonds tore it to pieces and stamped it beneath his feet and then seizing a knife in one hand and a hammer in the other, swore he would butcher the first man that attempted to take him. Edmonds called for help, but none dared to come near.

"Turnham, therefore, walked out of the shop, mounted his horse and rode off towards the house of Hauxhurst. Another warrant was issued, and Edmonds was advised to enter into all necessary precautions to take Turnham at any rate. Accordingly, he proceeded to the Oregon Institute (near where Willamette university gymnasium stands now), and got Mr. Hamilton Campbell and some others to go and assist him. Supposing that Turnham would fight, and from his desperate and sanguinary character would doubtless attempt to kill him, Edmonds armed himself with a revolving six-barreled pistol that was sure fire, and proceeded on to Hauxhurst's house. (The house was not far west and south of the "four corners" east of the penitentiary, and near Mill creek.) Turnham had been there and ground his large knife, which he usually carried in his belt under his coat but had lost a short time before Edmonds arrived.

"Looking back from the grate over which he was passing, he saw a company of men as they were dismounting from their horses, and immediately wheeled his horse around and rode back upon the full gallop towards Hauxhurst's house. As Turnham approached, Edmonds placed himself inside of a small gate which led into the door yard, with his right hand on his pistol, which he carried in his pantaloons pocket."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Prune Crop in Yamhill County Reported Failure

WEST STAYTON, April 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Asche and family drove to Yamhill Sunday to visit the Hendry family and upon arriving there found that the senior members of the Hendrys had taken a notion to visit the Asche family.
The prune crop around Yamhill is a complete failure due to frost. Many orchards have been cultivated and sprayed which is a great expense to many farmers. The hills in both Polk and Yamhill counties are beautiful now with wild flowers blooming and fields turning green with growing grain and the trees leafing.

"Wild Life in Oregon," by Rev. Gustavus Hilt, long since out of print, told this story in more extended form. Following are some excerpts: "A man by the name of Joel Turnham, who possessed a most reckless and desperate disposition, committed several offenses upon a peaceful and industrious man by the name of Webley Hauxhurst. One day, Turnham took occasion to tie his horse in Hauxhurst's oat field, as he had frequently done before, without any complaint being entered against him. Turnham, being a constable, could not take himself into custody, and John Edmonds was deputed to make the arrest. Turnham resisted and attacked Edmonds, who was compelled to fire on him, the shots resulting fatally. The grand jury found no bill against Edmonds. (Edmonds was probably a "mountain man." He afterwards went to California.)"

Amount of capital stock paid up, None.
Amount of dividends and profits received during the year, \$2,248,377.31.
Total income, \$4,199,523.07.
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses, \$1,516,123.94.
Dividends paid during the year, \$1,061,063.51.
Commissions and salaries paid during the year, \$61,892.50.
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year, \$55,072.50.
Total expenses, \$256,790.71.
Total expenditures, \$4,002,532.50.
Value of real estate owned (market value), \$29,042,484.
Value of bonds owned (market value), \$4,090,255.97.
Loans on mortgage and collateral, etc., 0.
Cash in banks and on hand, \$135,495.53.
Premiums in course of collection which will be received September 30, 1930, \$602,135.56.
Interest and rents due and accrued, \$75,120.59.
Due from Reinsuring Cos., \$9,748.47.
Total admitted assets, \$5,507,605.99.
LIABILITIES
Total claims for losses unpaid, \$801,647.92.
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks, \$2,546,199.08.
Carries for commission and brokerage, \$4,820.80.
All other liabilities, \$137,056.71.
Total liabilities, \$3,885,674.79.
Name of Secretary, H. E. Linder.
Name of President, H. H. Hirth.
Statutory resident attorney for service, H. H. Martin, Portland, Oregon.

NAUTILUS IN WATER TEST

The four sub Nautilus is going through its paces in the Hudson River, off Youkers, N. Y., where it is pictured coming to the surface after a dive of twenty-two feet. Sir Hubert Wilkins plans to start his voyage to the North Pole in the craft within the next few weeks.

SHEEP BEING KILLED

JEFFERSON, MAY 6.—An animal of some description has been creating disturbance lately among sheep belonging to Harry Libby, who has a ranch near the Jefferson-Marion road. One or two lambs have been killed and several badly crippled. Although he and others in the neighborhood have been watching the animal has not been seen. Libby thinks it may be the work of a coyote as the lambs were not worried but killed or crippled by a bite through the throat. Ranchers in the neighborhood have been notified to keep close watch of their flocks.