

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Wood, Water, Grass

THESE were the essentials of the overland trip of eighty years ago: for the campfire, water for beast and man, grass for horses or oxen.

In fact this Hulin diary tempers the pictures which those of this generation have of the dangers and hardships of the overland trail.

So far as danger is concerned there was little more danger from attacks of Indians than there is now of accident in motoring.

The Hulin diary gives a faithful picture of the overland journey. As we read it today the crossing seems to have been remarkably easy.

"October, 1847. "Thurs. 20th. Today we had bad roads and reached a good camping place at dark; distance 9 miles."

"Sun. 23. Continued over these horrible roads and dark found some of the company in the timber. Only 5 wagons got through; the rest had to keep their animals over another night without feed.

"Tough going indeed, but many such difficulties continued down to our own time. Many with automobiles may tell somewhat similar experiences of breakdowns and miring down and toil in getting through to a destination.

From the vantage-point of the present as we look back it is easy to exaggerate the hardships and pains of the pioneers.

Mother's Day

C. C. DAUER, M. D. Marion Co. Health Dept. Today is Mother's Day. In the past the thought has been that it was a day on which one was to pay homage to one's mother and a day when she was to receive flowers as a token of love.

Dr. C. C. Dauer Through out this nation seven out of every thousand mothers die from some accident or disease associated with childbirth. This is considerably higher than in most European countries.

There are three essentials which have a very direct bearing on the welfare of prospective mothers. The first essential is that all mothers place themselves in the hands of their physicians as early as possible so that through physical examinations and instruction in the proper hygiene of pregnancy, they will receive adequate care and attention.

In this county adequate facilities for the proper care of the prospective mothers is available for all those who choose to ask for them. These facilities are not used in all instances as true so would it not be a fine goal to work toward that all prospective mothers in the next year be given adequate care and attention?

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it to The Statesman or the Marion county department of health. The answer will appear in this column. Name will be kept, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem Town Talks With The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 10, 1906 A large crowd attended the republican rally at the city hall. The Salem military band led a procession down Main street and to the hall.

Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford of Colorado, equal suffrage worker, addresses an audience at the First M. E. church. She declared no harmful laws would result from women having the ballot.

Jefferson Myers has wired the governor that he will return from San Francisco Thursday.

May 10, 1921 Move has started to provide for a new gymnasium at Willamette university.

A Portland physical director is here to conduct swim week at the Y for Salem boys and girls.

Business men, on a tour through the business district following declaration of Horace Sykes of the fire marshal's department, that Salem had heavy fire hazards, conceded that fire hazards are greater than they had thought.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was "Do you believe in Mother's Day? Why or why not?"

Newell Williams, loan business: "I don't know. It helps sell carnations. It has been commercialized to the extent its effects can really be seen in business."

W. R. Newmyer, druggist: "It's all right with me. But 'tho' selling these poppies, I'll bet some of the money goes to national headquarters."

Hayes Beall, Willamette university student, says: "I approve of it. I think it better than any of our holidays."

Bob Anthony, clerk: "I think it is a grand institution; but I believe anyone who thinks a great deal of his or her mother does not need a special day to pay honor to her; he or she does that all the time."

J. Harry Mills, Capital Beauty shop: "It is a fine idea; but I think like to see Mother's day come two or three weeks later in the year. There would be more flowers then, and especially outdoor ones."

Mrs. Mary Denton, music teacher: "I think it is a beautiful thought. That is why I am so interested in the program of honor to mothers at the First Methodist church today at 4

INTERRUPTING HIS HOME WORK



"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.

the table back against the wall again.

the front he married her—or so she says."

But Hilda had not been gone very long when Mrs. Lorrimer appeared.

She went right to the couch and sat down beside Mary Lou, who, repulse and comforted, was again attempting to read the magazine her hostess entered.

"Or so he says?" repeated Mary Lou, amazed.

She sat down beside Mary Lou, who, repulse and comforted, was again attempting to read the magazine her hostess entered.

And so, sitting beside her, Mrs. Lorrimer took the girl's two hands in her own and tried to smile.

"Yes, we have been unable to find any record of the marriage or any trace of the girl, despite the work of our agents in London. You see, shortly after his return to France, Travers was shot down and taken prisoner. After the Armistice he returned home. He had not had an actual lapse of memory—or rather, it is difficult to explain, he did have for a time, for he remembered very little while he was first in the German hospital and later in the prison camp. His memory seemed to stop that last day of his leave. His wedding day. He was married, he told us, in the afternoon and left directly after the ceremony to go back to the front. Since his return home he has recalled his journey to the front, his few days of service, his last flight, and his experience as a prisoner. But he has a fixed idea. The idea concerns itself with the girl we have not been able to trace. Nothing else interests him; nothing touches him. He has moved heaven and earth to find her for him. But all to no avail."

"Did you have enough? Are you all right?" she asked, anxiously. "I thought you'd be happier served up here in my special room than anywhere else."

"I was happy," said Mary Lou shyly, "and everything was lovely. . . but I do feel I am impeding you."

"No," said Mrs. Lorrimer quickly. "It is we who are imposing on you. I must tell you."

She stopped, looked down and picked up the picture of her son. Mary Lou flushed.

"That's Travers," said his mother, gravely, "as he used to be. You have seen him now. As I told you, he is organically sound; he has simply lost all interest in life since his return from the war. He enlisted in 1915, at 17, and stayed on in the Royal Flying Corps service all the way through. The summer before the Armistice he went to London on leave and met a girl there. Her name was Delight Harford, and she was an American girl living in London. He fell insanely in love with her . . . and, apparently, she with him. And before he returned to

Words Without Records "And you don't think they were married?" asked Mary Lou, "although he says so?"

CHAPTER XL She ate with her eyes as well as her mouth. The linen was lovely, the crystal and silver perfect, the luncheon service in tones of brown and yellow, like an Autumnal scene, the prettiest she had ever seen. And she was almost reluctant to ring for Peter at last, as he had asked her to do, and to see him appear and carry the remnants away, while Hilda, deft and silent, set

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"How dreadful for him and for you!" said Mary Lou, preoccupied with the thought of this unknown girl, Lorrimer's beloved, perhaps his wife, perhaps thinking herself his widow. Where had she died? In an air raid? Or some swift illness? Or had she forgotten him? Or could she forget Not, of course, the man he was now, a man that Mrs. Lorrimer had never seen, but the laughing boy she had married.

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LAY SERMON

BENT BOW God: "The string is turned toward you. And toward me bent is the bow."

loose God-ward the swift shaft of the arrow.

The lines are taken from one of the oldest plays in the English language, the third pageant of the Old Testament plays of the Chester series. They were first performed in the 13th century and the players were members of the working guilds of the time. This one, "Noah's Deluge" was performed by the "water-leaders and drawers of the river Dea."

Which side of the bow do you live on, the string side or the convex side? Are you on the side enjoying the fruits of the promise and the efforts of others? Or are you on the target side, responsible to others for their well-being? The man who governs a city or a state: "toward him is bent the bow." Will does he know it, and not have the arrows of outrageous fortune if he fails in his duty. A lawyer or a doctor who is aware of the ethics of his profession likewise faces the bent bow. Men and women have trusted their lives or their welfare in his hands, depending on his knowledge and skill and professional fidelity to protect them. The banker, the director of an insurance company, of an investment house: he faces not toy with the string of the bow and back in its security. The bow with its arrow of ruined confidence and shattered trust is always bent toward him. The manufacturer, the merchant bears responsibility too. He must manage his business so those in his employ may be sure of daily bread, so the public whom he serves may be suitably supplied. In times of business strain he too senses the arrow pointing toward him.

"The rainbow has long been regarded as the token of God's promise to Noah that no flood would ever again visit the earth. In this old miracle play where God is represented as speaking. He confirms his pledge by the curve of the rainbow. Like the archer's bow, the string side is toward the earth; "and toward me is bent the bow"; as it should be. He break the promise, man would release the string and

"Bent is the bow": toward each points an arrow of responsibility for the welfare and prosperity of others. Each also, relative to other groups, is on the concave side of the bow. But in our daily tasks in offices, in homes, on farms, as laborers, as managers, as clerks, as proprietors, how keenly do we realize this duty to perform our tasks wisely, thoroughly and well?

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Mrs. Takham Gilbert, homemaker: "I think Mother's day is a very fine sentiment, but I do not think it should be commercialized as it is. It is not what one gives as what one does."

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS Pageant of the Pioneers: What is it? How big is it? What does it mean? To what will it lead?

It is not just a colorful play based on the early history of the Oregon country and the birth of old Willamette and the city of Salem, and the provisional government, the territory and the state. It is all that, and it stands for much more.

It is the Mission Play of the Oregon country, with the enduring qualities of the Mission Play of California, and are intended for perpetuity, giving value to our historic heritage, one of the greatest of our assets.

Jason Lee and his missionaries came in 1824. It will be 100 years June 15, 1924, since that religious zealot and colonizer stepped over the Rockies; came into the Oregon country. And, Oct. 6, 1924, 100 years since he landed with his little party of three helpers at the site of the old mission, 10 miles below what became Salem, and began the work of building the first rude log house there.

The legislature of this year's session unanimously voted the use of the Oregon state fair grounds to the Pageant committee of the trustees of Willamette university for the centenary celebration of this event, some where between those dates in 1924; timed so as to not interfere with the annual state fair of that year.

All Methodism is behind the movement for this centenary celebration: the general conference and the conferences of the states carved out of old Oregon are on record in this intention. Methodists the world over will center their attention here in 1924. They will attend from all countries and the islands of the sea.

The stage is set. The place, the tentative name, "Pageant of the Pioneers." The first and second drafts of the book have been written and printed. There will be revisions for '22, '23 and '24.

The presentation of the play at the Willamette gymnasium next Friday and Saturday evening, together with the sales of the book, will be the concrete initiative of the movement to bring Salem and Oregon and the northwest and this coast to the attention of the world in 1924; in their historic setting as related to American history. And universal history.

It will be demonstrated that the movement this centenary celebration marks extended the arc of the republic from the Rockies to the Pacific. But for it the British ensign instead of the stars and stripes would now float over the country west of the Rockies.

Mary Lou stared at her, unable to believe her own ears. "You have lived abroad." Mrs. Lorrimer rounded her head. "You . . ." she tried to smile. "You also fit the requirements of the companion for whom we advertised. You are healthy, normal, active, cultured."

"But—" asked Mary Lou—"pretend to be someone else. . .? Someone he cared for. . .? His wife she asked, and flushed deeply.

Mrs. Lorrimer's color rose also. "I have spoken to Dr. Mathews about that phase of it," she admitted, "and he has a plan. Later, if you consent, we will talk to him about it before you see Travers again. . . I—I'd try and make you happy here," she begged, sweetly, pleadingly, "and I'd compensate you."

Mary Lou said quickly, very uncomfortably: "Please don't talk about. . ."

"But we must," Mrs. Lorrimer smiled at the girl, feeling her heart stir with hope. "You came after all for a vacation. I will pay you," she said, "three hundred a month, and give you your clothes and your home. No one, of course, will be aware of our arrangement but our relatives and the doctor, and of course the few relatives I have. The servants have all been with me a long time and can be trusted. Since Travers' illness—I have gone out very little. I see only my closest friends. To them you will be a visitor."

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WADE STEUDEL

NOW DON'T ARGUE-IF THAT KETTLE OF SOUP HADN'T BEEN HANDY THE WHOLE HOUSE WOULD HAVE BURNED DOWN-YOU'RE GOING OVER TO SEE

HOMER H. SMITH INSURANCE AGENCY

ABOUT ADEQUATE FIRE INSURANCE RIGHT NOW!

Of course you already carry SOME fire insurance, but do you carry ENOUGH? That's the important question. It's easy enough to carry too little, but remember—no one ever carried TOO MUCH.

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