The Oregon Statesman

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

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More Fool Legislation

THE Albany Democrat-Herald is discovering the difficulties the creamery operators of the state going to be up against when they try to comply with Dairyman Dana's butter grading law. Dana, against the advice of the creamery operators of the state, jammed through this butter bill as part of a spasm of newspaper "uplift", and now the problem is to make the law work.

This law requires the creamery man to grade or score his butter in the plant where churned, although this is a very particular job for which few in the state are qualified. As the Democrat-Herald remarks: "experts will differ considerably in testing the same churning". The Albany paper goes on to discuss the subject, as follows:

"Therefore, butter honestly graded in a creamery to score the necessary 92 points for the top grade and therefore secure the better price, may be given a 91 score or a 91½ score by the government inspector when shipped to the Portland market. In that case the creamery is liable to heavy penalties for mis-branding its product.

"This is the reason why many creamery operators at a meeting recently held at Corvallis expressed dissatisfaction with the law. It is rumored that their opposition may be expressed in a test case to throw the law into the courts for a decision as to its constitutionality.

"Back of the opposition of the creamery men is a feeling that they were double-crossed and ignored in their attempts to help formulate the measure when it was under consideration in the legislature. It is only fair to the creamery operators to say that they would be glad to cooperate in standardizing their products as it facilitates the sale of good butter at higher prices. But they object to being made the goat and being placed at the mercy of officials.

"To make 92 score butter, sweet, clean cream is needed. Most country creameries cannot obtain enough sweet cream to churn in segregated lots without extra manufacturing expense. To encourage dairymen to provide sweet cream, they could pay a bonus for its production. But the fact stressed by creamery operators is that the Portland market does not at the present time absorb all of the 92 score butter produced at the higher price it should bring.

"The Portland market is reputed to be a low-grade butter market where large purchasers can obtain a very good quality of butter to merchandise at comparatively low prices. If there were a dependable market in Portland for top-notch butter of the 92 score grade, it would be possible for creamery operators to pay the premium for sweet cream to make it worth while for farmers to produce it. As it is much of this kind of butter goes to San Francisco or Los Angeles where there is a more dependable market for high-class butter.

"This seems to be just another case of trying to cure by law something that has developed as the results of wrong practices in merchandising."

Wages and Prices

"Thus increased wages, or shorter hours, or both, are needed."

"Cuts in prices should be welcomed, not only with an open hand, but with an open pocketbook."

Such is the economic philosophy of the Portland News-Telegram: higher wages and lower prices.

Yet what is a price but the sum of all the labor costs which have been frozen into the article? And how may you cut deeply into prices without soon cutting into wages? True, modern machinery has through increased production both lowered costs and given increased wages but there are limits to this process. We cannot indefinitely keep our cake and eat it too.

The price cuts which we are "enjoying" now represent reduced money returns to some or all of the factors engaged in producing the goods. Cheaper flour means less money for the wheat grower. Cheaper tires mean lowered profits for the tire maker. Where fluctuations are temporary no change is made in the general level of wages; but where price movements are extreme sooner or later they are reflected in reduced wages.

The great lack of economic balance at present is the disparity between producers of raw materials and the fabricators thereof. The difference is due solely to the increased labor costs which hold over from war times. Crude commodities are low in price while finished articles are high in price due to the persistence of wages, rents, services on high plateaus. There can be no genuine prosperity until this disparity is wiped out either through a general lowering the wage structure or an increase in the commodities prices, or both.

The News-Telegram is talking talk which it thinks will please its circulation when it decries wage cuts yet praises cuts in prices. It can no more hold wage levels high and price levels low than King Canute could succeed in staying the flow of the incoming tide.

From Portland We Do

THE triumphal tour of American mayors seems coming to the brink of a somewhat similar catastrophe to that which wrecked Queen Marie's visit to this country some years ago. At that time the rivalries of the American sponsors of her tour put the party quite on the rocks by the time it reached Portland. In France the traveling troupe of American mayors are falling out because "Our George" has stolen the show. Portland's mayor did the talking to Jimmy Walker at New York city, did the talking on landing in France, broke the rule of silence by a half-hour talk at the tomb of the unknown soldier, presented a bust of the late American Ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, and in short "stole the show".

That of course was what was expected of him when Portland forced the trip on him. The town talkers and town press predicted their mayor would speedily concentrate the spotlight on himself, and the reflection would illuminate the name of the city that sent him forth. So Baker is not to be criticized. He is doing his part as it was assigned him. And he probably is doing it far better than most of the other burgomasters who have turned green with jealousy.

The spectacle of our American mayors proceeding as bibulous winetasters from city to city and between hiccups falling into unseemly strife among themselves for cheap notriety nauseates the folk at home and makes this country the laughing stock of Europe. The truth is that this is not much of a goodwill gesture to America but a ballyhoo for the French exposition which is under way in Paris. The French are simply imitating American methods of cheap publicity and the mayors' tour is a stunt to attract our [illegible] to their show. More Barnum stuff, but how we like it.

Mouth Breathing

By C. C. DAUER, M.D.
Marion County Health Dept.

One frequently encounters children who are in the habit of breathing through their mouths instead of through the nose as nature intended. There are a number of causes for such abnormal breathing.

Dr. C. C. Dauer

The most frequent cause naturally is the presence of diseased or enlarged adenoids. Not uncommonly colds occur and often these colds are complicated by abcessed or inflamed ears. These children also snore a great deal at night. There is a characteristic appearance of enlarged adenoids in some children who have had no treatment, they appear and act stupid because their hearing is impaired and consequently pay little attention to their surroundings. Practically all children with diseased adenoids are benefited greatly by having them removed. Occasionally startling results are obtained following their removal through the improvement in general health and their ability to hear better.

Not Always Adenoids

There is a type of mouth breather in whom one fails to find enlarged adenoid growths as the cause. In these we find obstruction of the nasal passages from a high, narrow palate, or in others, an abnormality of the structures of the nose as a crooked septum or enlarged turbinate bones may be causing the obstruction. In the former the palate has a very high arch and the upper jaw is narrow, causing a constriction of the breathing spaces in the nose.

Frequently these children have had their tonsils and adenoids removed without any relief from mouth breathing. A more rational treatment would be to have braces placed on the teeth to spread the jaw thus creating more space in the nose. Those children with abnormal structural defects of the nasal passages cannot as a rule be relieved to any extent until later in life, operations being resorted to in early adult life.

Old Argument

How much influence thumb sucking has in producing mouth breathing is often open to argument. Such a habit should always be avoided or corrected when present in order to prevent as much as possible an abnormality of the roof of the mouth. Thumb sucking does not cause adenoids, its harm comes through altering the shape of the roof of the mouth.

No matter what the cause may be, any child which habitually breathes through its mouth should have medical attention in order to determine the cause and to institute treatment when indicated.

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

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 29, 1906

Rev. W. H. Selleck delivered the Sunday sermon at the First M. E. church at which Grand Army men were in attendance in a body.

Pohle and Bishop, wagon makers, now have their shop completely connected with water motor.

Rev. Clarence True Wilson, pastor of Grace M. E. church, Portland, will preach here next Sunday.

Staff for the Willamette summer school comprises: C. O. Boyer, principal; J. T. Matthews, secretary; E. T. Mariatte, principal of the high school; and Mary E. Reynolds, superintendent of the training department, tuition is $10.

May 29, 1921

Fire protection of Salem is poor, fire ordinances are not sufficiently enforced and a more adequate fire department is needed. That is substance of report of A. C. Barber, state fire marshal, and his committee.

Rev. C. E. Cline of Portland will deliver the formal Memorial day address at the gathering at the armory.

Supt. T. G. Albert of the municipal camp ground completed installation of a complete washroom outfit.

Daily Thought

"Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run. Let us run if we must—even the sands do that—but let us keep our hearts young and our eyes open that nothing worth our while shall escape us. And everything is worth its while if we only grasp it and its significance." —Victor Cherbuliez.

New Views

The question asked yesterday was "Do you feel that Salem is in a depressed business condition? Why or why not?"

Gardner Knapp, printing shop operator: "Salem is suffering less than other places in the present depression. The reason is its diversified interests I think."

Ronald Glover, attorney: "Salem is recovering from its depression, much or most of which was in the mind rather than the pocket-book. If people would know their resources and live within them, keep away from too much credit and live economically there would be no depression."

C. A. Kells, Y. M. C. A.: "Our membership roll has kept up to our expectations until May 1; however, several of our members have sacrificed other personal pleasures for their "Y" membership."

Fred A. Erixon, contractor: "Building in Salem is quiet but not alarmingly quiet. I think Salem as well off or better than many cities in the country. The conditions are prevalent all over."

Mrs. W. M. McMorris, housewife, 975 North 18th: "There is some depression, but conditions seem to be improving, judging from trend in the neighborhood grocery we conduct."

D. G. Drager, county treasurer: "I don't know; a good many people are out of work, and when there is no work there is no money."

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tomorrow: The Pressure of a French Heel?

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More markers:

The writer on Wednesday evening revisited the site of the Joseph Gervais home—and found a lot of changes from conditions on his last prior visit.

The field where the historic house stood has been recently replowed, and the cellar hole has been made smooth with the surface. Fortunately, some of the stones that made up the foundation of the old house are still there—and some bricks, pieces of broken glass, dishes, etc., showing later occupancy by those who followed Gervais, are yet in evidence.

Another thing. Two other things. The path that was the Indian slave trail 100 years ago is still plainly to be seen, by one who knows how to find it.

And the famous spring to which the trail led, near the then river bank, is there yet—though a large alter tree stands over it, with its roots spreading out on both sides, almost covering the crystal clear pool.

Joseph Gervais, who came with the Astor land party led by Wilson Price Hunt in 1812, transferred his allegiance to the Nor'westers when John Jacob Astor's unfaithful partners sold him out, and thence to the Hudson's Bay company when in 1821 that ancient fur concern took over the properties of its vigorous rival, and, with his Indian wife, settled on the claim where he built his log house, perhaps as early as 1825; possibly a year or two later.

That was the last house on the river to the south in the "French Prairie" (Canadian French) settlement. Jason Lee, when he came and located his mission and commenced building the first log house Oct. 6, 1834, chose a site on the Willamette two miles further south.

Joseph Gervais helped him locate it. Lee and his companions were entertained by their neighbor, Gervais. They pitched their tent in the Gervais melon patch, and the Indian wife and slaves of that pioneer settler gave them every hospitable attention.

The spring was 300 to 400 feet west of the house. The water was carried by the slaves over the old trail, up the steep bank from near the river's edge. Their bare or moccasined feet wore a trail so deep and plain that 100 years of time, with their annually falling and decaying forest leaves, have not obliterated it.

In a later period, when Joseph Gervais and his wife and children and the Indian slaves and their children had been gathered to the company of their fathers in the happy hunting grounds, those who followed and occupied the historic house, all forms of slavery in Oregon having been abolished, contrived a better way to convey the water from the spring to the top of the hill where the habitation stood.

They fashioned a rope fastened to the forest trees and arranged a wire on some kind of a windlass te pull a bucket hung under the rope—thus they secured their supply of pure water without tramping up and down the old trail.

Commencing the second Sunday after his arrival at the old mission site, Jason Lee preached the first Christian sermon ever delivered in what is now Oregon. He continued to preach there each Sunday (five weeks) until the first log mission house was completed. So the Gervais house was the first church within the confines of present day Oregon.

The famous "wolf meeting" was held there, and the committee of 12 chosen that called the Champoeg convention for May 2, 1843, where the provisional government was voted. Gervais was a member of the committee. He voted in the affirmative, though his name does not appear on the monument. It should be there.

The town of Gervais was named for him, though his claim was four miles or so from its site. He was a good neighbor to the early missionaries; he was kind to the early settlers; helpful to them in many ways.

Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay company, visited the Gervais house in the fall of 1841, and spent the night there, camped in the yard. Every early missionary, trapper, trader and settler knew that house. It was like an oasis in the desert. Its latch string was always out.

The location was beautiful; on high ground above the river; on an eminence sloping away in every direction. The Willamette then flowed by at the foot of the hill where the famous spring bubbled forth. The river is nearly a mile to the west now. There are cultivated fields where the main stream then was. The flood of 1861-62 caused the Willamette to break through and make for itself a new channel. The same at the mission site two miles above, excepting that a slough was left there. It is Beaver slough, with the main flow nearly a mile to the west, and Beaver island between.

A good deal has been done in the past two years toward locating and marking historic spots in the Salem district. Much is yet to be done. The site of the Gervais house should be marked, now, while it can be done without mistaking the exact spot.

The fencing is being finished enclosing and leading to the old mission site; the big rock is on the spot, and the tablet is being made; and the road will be improved before the day of its dedication, June 15.

In time, much more will be done, and the world will troop to that shrine of history; the most important one west of the Rockies.

Hundreds of thousands who come will want to visit the site of the Gervais house. The matter of marking the site and making a road to it should have immediate attention.

"MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

Travers Lorrimer, shell-shocked war veteran and son of wealthy Margaret Lorrimer, mistakes pretty Mary Lou Thurston for Delight Harford, whom he is supposed to have married in England. Mrs. Lorrimer induces Mary Lou to assume the role of Delight, of whom no trace can be found. Travers is told he must begin again with friendship. His interest in life is renewed. No mention is made of his marriage until the visit of Larry Mitchell, Mary Lou's friend. Then Travers, believing Larry is in love with Mary Lou, reminds her she is his wife. At Christmas, Mary Lou, irritated by Travers' lack of holiday spirit, calls him selfish and ingrown. Brought to his senses, he joins his mother and Mary Lou in delivering gifts to the needy. At the Veterans' hospital, Travers meets his old buddy, Jimmy McEwan and plans to help him. Travers gives Mary Lou a sapphire ring and speaks of the seal ring he gave her. Mary Lou believes then that he really married Delight, using a seal ring. That night he kisses Mary Lou. Realizing she loves him and cannot go on pretending, Mary Lou plans to leave. Next morning, skating with Travers, she wonders how she can leave him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Once I could waltz," he told her, and put his arms about her. Whistling, he danced her, muffled and laughing, about the lake. Then one foot slipped, he made a wild grasp to recover his balance and they both fell ignominiously.

"Golly, are you hurt?" he demanded and ruefully arose to help her to her feet.

"Only my pride," she told him. "Suppose we don't try anything quite as fancy as that for a while."

They skated up to the bank and back again in long, graceful, sweeping glides. It was nearly lunch time before they returned to the house. On the way up, their skates slung over his arm, he said:

"We have—such good times. I—I haven't lived for so long. If you knew what laughter meant to me, Delight"—

She thought she did know. After all, his happiness came first. As long as he was happy, what right had she to run away?

Facing Facts

Going up to her room to get ready for luncheon, she went to the desk, took out the letter and weighed it in her hand. After a moment she walked resolutely to the fireplace, dropped it in, bent to set a match to it and watched it burn.

No, she owed it to him to stay. And she owed it to Mrs. Lorrimer and so, calling upon herself for some unexpected depth of courage, Mary Lou went forward into the new year.

And this was the knowledge that Mary Lou took into the new year with her the explicit understanding of her love for Travers Lorrimer. She had faced it with, at first, a blind, black panic which urged her to escape, to run away to the very ends of the earth. But that she could not do; she had committed herself to stay on until such time as her employer—for after all, Margaret Lorrimer was just that, a miraculously kind, a beloved and admired employer, but still—an employer—should discharge her from her curious, but nevertheless, definite duties.

Mary Lou, in her voracious reading, had often read of "love unrequited." She thought, now, that she could have borne that with some measure of fortitude. Loving never hurt anyone, really, she told herself, and she could have faced with a certain gallantry Lorrimer's unadorned liking or, even, his complete indifference. But her love was not unrequited, for Lorrimer told her that he loved her a hundred times a day, by a word, a gesture, a deep, long look from the brown eyes which were beginning to look out on life again with a normal interest and curiosity.

That was the hardest thing to bear; that he loved . . not her but her masquerade; not Mary Lou Thurston, but the girl he thought she was, an unknown girl named Delight Harford who might or might not, at the present moment exist; loved, not even Delight herself but his memory of her, incarnate in Mary Lou's own person, translated into flesh and blood—at $300 a month. In love, in short with a living girl who had taken upon herself a role, who daily practiced a deception.

It was worse than difficult, it was almost unendurable. For Mary Lou, in her new gained and bitter wisdom, realized that for the price of a look or a word, at the least lifting of her hand, she could be in his arms, she could hear the broken words of love, she could know again, the soaring ecstasy of his embrace.

What it would come to, if she surrendered to this daily increasing temptation, she did not know. To—marriage? But he was already married to Delight, or so he said. And if she snatched at rapture, secretly, lived for a while in a paradise of fools and dreamers, it would all come to an end, sooner or later. For that, once learning that she loved him, he would become importunate, she knew. And so the deception could not go on, she would have to tell him the truth. Margaret would have to know. And it was not part of her bargain with Mrs. Lorrimer that Mary Lou should fall in love—with Delight Harford's husband.

Controlled Emotions

So she spoke no word and made no gesture. She schooled herself to an even, rather chilling friendliness toward Lorrimer. She concentrated all her efforts on his physical and mental welfare and gave his heart cold comfort.

Mrs. Lorrimer always quick on the uptake, noticed something—something so slight that it was hard to formulate into words, or even into thoughts. But there seemed a certain lack of spontaneity in Mary Lou's attitude toward Lorrimer, she seemed vigilant, always a little on her guard. Puzzled, Margaret spoke to Dr. Mathews about it one day.

"She's different," Margaret said. "I can't explain—even with me, she's altered. Oh, so slightly there's no name for it."

"It's possible, isn't it, that she has fallen in love with him?" asked Mathews, almost casually.

Margaret drew a long breath.

"I've hoped she would," she announced, shamelessly.

Mathews laughed and then sobered to deep gravity.

Any Sacrifice

"Oh, women!" he began . . . . "Margaret, of course I know why you'd wish that, but can't you see how it would complicate things? In the first place, Travers will have to know the truth sooner or later. I have been hoping he'd stumble on it himself. Perhaps he will. The shock will be severe. He may turn against Mary Lou, may react against her in anger and indignation. We thought of that before, you know. But as long as she does care for him, as I believe and as you hope, it will be very hard for her. We have to think of her, you see."

Mrs. Lorrimer raised steady brown eyes to her friend's.

"I love Mary Lou," she admitted, simply. "I wouldn't ask for a dearer daughter. But of course, I haven't thought of her. I've thought of Travers. I'm always thinking of him. His happiness. I'd sacrifice anyone and anything for him. You know that. Where Travers is concerned, I'm an utterly unscrupulous woman, Dan."

"You're a mother," he answered, and sighed. He loved her very much. He'd loved her for years. But there hadn't been a chance for him. She'd been intensely in love with her husband and after his death all that passion of tenderness had been transferred to the boy, a passion which had deepened and a tenderness which had increased since disaster had come upon her son.

This the doctor knew. And contented himself as best he could with her confidence and unfaltering friendship.

That she was fond of him he was also aware. And was perfectly convinced, as well, that her affection for Mary Lou was sincerity itself. But he knew, and she knew, that she would throw them both overboard without much more than a passing qualm if it would help Travers to regain happiness.

(To be continued tomorrow)

The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman:

It is evident to the writer that a large proportion of the tax paying public are making returns of income on the new state income tax blanks that is not taxable, due to incomplete information contained in Form 40 and the instruction sheet accompanying that form. Item 3 of instructions reads "Enter as Item 3 all interest received, etc.", when as a matter of law, no interest received in 1930 is taxable unless it was also earned in 1930, and no income of any kind accrued and earned previous to 1930 should be included in the return for this or future years unless the taxpayer keeps his books on an accrual basis. For instance, if actual interest of $120 was due and received on February 1, 1930, the taxpayer shoul dreturn only 1-12 or $10 of that sum, since only one month's (January) interest was earned in 1930, and if the payment was made March 1, 1930, only 2-12 or $20 should be returned.

Similarly, if semi-annual interest was paid on February 1, 1930 only 1-6 of the amount received should be returned and if paid March 1, only 2-6 should be returned.

Dividends received in 1930 are not taxable and should not be returned unless they were also declared in 1930.

I will ask you to kindly give the above facts to the public to prevent the payment of taxes in excess of the amount legally due.

JAS. H. ALBERT.

BALLROOM DANCING TAUGHT
Yew Park Dance Hall
Cor. Leslie and 12th Sts.
By PROF. MACKIE
Mon., Thurs., Sat. 2:15 P. M.
Costs but a trifle

HEAD ACHE

When you feel a headache coming on, it's time to take Bayer Aspirin. Two tablets will head it off, and you can finish your shopping in comfort.

Any over-exertion is apt to bring pain in some form. Head pains from crowds or noise. Limbs that ache from sheer weariness. Joints sore from the beginnings of a cold. Systemic pain. The remedy is *rest*. But immediate relief is yours for the taking; a pocket tin of Bayer Aspirin is protection from pain wherever you go.

You never know when these tablets may save the day, avoid breaking an engagement, spare you from a miserable evening or sleepless night.

Get real aspirin. Look for Bayer on the box. Read the proven directions found inside every genuine Bayer package. They cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, muscular pains—and other suffering which need not be endured.

Bayer-Tablets Aspirin Genuine

These tablets do not depress the heart. Nor do they upset the stomach. They do nothing but stop the pain. Every druggist has Bayer Aspirin in the pocket size, and in bottles. If you wish to save money, buy the genuine tablets by the hundred. It doesn't pay to experiment with imitations at any price!

Estate administration is beyond capacity of average individual . . . .

In all particulars the corporate Trust organization such as the United States National Trust Department is more competent to serve than any individual because it is impartial, tireless, strictly supervised and has great collective ability and experience to draw upon.

Administration of an estate is a serious responsibility—requiring experience and an accurate knowledge of many legal and financial points involved.

Let our Trust executives explain how an arrangement can be made to fit your individual needs and circumstances. Consultations incur no obligation.

The United States National Bank
Salem Oregon