

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Forty Years a Wheat Buyer

IT IS observed in the papers that N. A. Leach, vice president of Kerr-Gifford company, grain buyers, of Portland, is retiring after 40 years in the grain business. The news item gives one pause. Forty years in the grain business. An ordinary man would go to pieces with two or three years of wheat buying. Forty years, think of it; and those years as trying probably as any in the history of the trade since Joseph put over the first corner in Egypt some millenniums ago.

We wonder if the public realizes the exactions which being a grain buyer makes on the nervous system of a man. He deals with farmers, and farmers are intensely and vitally interested in the price of grain. They inquire two or three times a day when the market is "hot." They haunt the warehouse offices if they are holding their crop. They exude deep gloom if the markets are falling; they tread on top of the world if the markets are rising. Your grain buyer must be imperturbable, dealing not with hopes and fears but with actual figures as they are chalked on the question boards. But it is hard to be unaffected when farmers see their fate written in the shifting prices of the grain exchanges.

Then he must deal with millers and exporters, those who buy from him. He must put up with their wheedling insistence on lower prices. He must learn what is behind their poker faces. He must know how to interpret a cabled inquiry, whether it is a firm bid or just a feint and play for a price. He knows what the worries of shipping are; car blockades, elevator congestions, danger of smut, skyrocketing charter rates when the demand runs strong. He knows the worries of contracting wheat on a big scale and then placing it with foreign buyers. He knows the danger when elevators are full and the foreigners hold off buying and the price starts sagging.

Forty years a grain buyer. Let's see. That would start with 1891 and carry through the panic of 1893 when wheat was bought at interior points for around 25 cents a bushel. It would touch 1897 when prices took a big spurt. San Francisco was a big grain market then; Portland was of lesser importance. Easy years until the Leiter corner on wheat. After that normal trading for a decade and longer. Steady business was worked with the Orient. China and Japan were consistent purchasers of wheat and flour, chiefly flour in those days, later on wheat for their own mills to grind.

Then the opening of the Panama canal in 1914 which shortened the time on the shipments to Europe; the great slide in the canal. Then wartime, and food ships blown skyward by submarines. The cry for food; Hooverizing; the U. S. food administration. After the war, price collapse, no market; a decade of sullen farmers trying co-operative marketing, calling for political panaceas. Finally the farm board and the wreck of the wheat market with prices getting back to the depths of the 1890's. The federal financed grain corporation steps into the picture complicating the problem for a concern with world-wide ramifications in the wheat trade.

No man with a jumpy heart could survive the last forty years of wheat trading. And a man who has lived that long surely has earned retirement. We do not know Mr. Leach, but we wish him well. He should enjoy his vacation from cablegrams and telegrams and phone calls; from ocean freight rates and fluctuating prices and booms and panics; from the bogy of the "co-op" and the constant fear of price sags. He should have the satisfaction which every trader desires of seeing once again a healthy, normal, free market with the farmers, buyers, exporters, and millers all making fair money. Perhaps that will be his in heaven.

## A Painful Mistake

BEND, Ore., June 22.—(To the Editor.)—There is a piece of property across the alley from me in this city. It is in a very insanitary condition. This property belongs to the state of Oregon. A city official here claims it is impossible to have same cleaned up. Are properties of the state of Oregon responsible for insanitary conditions, and are they subject to a lien for clean-up?

L.A.W.N.

No. Write to the State Board of Health, Salem, Ore.

The above is taken from the usually well informed Portland Oregonian. The fact is that the state board of health has its office in Portland, for no good reason so far as is known except the desire of the secretary to live in Portland. The mistake of the Oregonian is a natural one, and is duplicated thousands of times by people who would expect important boards and commissions to be located where the state capital is. Letters come to Salem by the hundreds which have to be sent down to Portland. People come to Salem expecting to transact business with these divisions of government, only to learn they have to go 52 miles farther and hunt around the city of Portland to locate the particular office they seek.

Salem is waking up to the situation and seeks to have located here the branches of government which properly belong at the seat of government.

## Ends Jury Walkathon

THE Marion county grand jury walkathon was given a final sleep by Judge Skipworth of Eugene who said it was "dead as a doornail" since Judge McMahan had failed to enter an order for its continuance. The October jury had been held together by the local judge on a purported state house, etc. Its indictment of Rhea Luper was attacked as invalid and in this case Skipworth now holds that the jury "had no legal standing whatsoever, no more so than if seven persons from a service club should assemble and pretend to indict a citizen."

The marathon grand jury met on and off for several months sniffing trails. It hired an accountant at county expense and carried on an extensive investigation with no tangible results save the Luper indictment, now declared void.

A new grand jury should be convened and the Luper matter laid before it. Even if the original bounds are no longer in heat, this matter is of sufficient importance to be examined by a new and live grand jury. The prosecuting attorney should present the facts to the grand jury for their decision.

## Mental Growth

C. C. DAUER, M. D.

Marion Co. Health Dept.

Like physical growth, mental development or growth is not a thing that starts at one or two years—it begins at birth. It reaches its maximum at the age of 17 or 18 years but its capacity for learning has reached its maximum. To be sure a person learns a great deal in a few things after the age of 17 or 18 years but his capacity for learning has reached its maximum.

Dr. C. C. Dauer, M. D., says that mental growth is much more rapid at all times than physical growth, because of the fact that the nervous system is the best developed of any of the organs at birth and this development continues at a rapid rate for a time.

An infant soon learns the sound of its mother's voice. While not able to understand words as such he does interpret meaning by the tone of the voice. He may soon learn that he can get attention by crying. These are partially mental processes. At six months a normal baby utters sounds which are the forerunners of speech later.

Emotional reactions are very closely bound up in the mental growth of any child. Whether a child is to be shy, stubborn, sly, truthful, domineering or quarrelsome will often depend to a great extent on the manner in which the child is treated by adults or other children, rather than inheritance. Such being the case, parents should realize that much unhappiness and inability to cope with the conditions of adult life may be the result of some unfortunate early environment. Correcting such maladjustments constitutes one of the functions of the modern movement called mental hygiene.

Habit formation is closely related to mental life in point of time. While a child is acquiring habits fundamental to later adult life he is also acquiring speech, mechanical skill and intellectual qualities. Proper adjustment of all these developments determines to a large extent the mental life of any child in later adult life.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write to the Marion county health department, 215 S. Commercial Street, Salem, Ore. 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

June 25, 1906

Bids will be received by the city recorder until July 2 for erection of two bridges across Mill creek, one on State between 13th and 19th, and the other on 25th between State and Ferry.

Four more boys, Dan J. Fry Jr., Leland Hendricks, Cecil Abbott and Albie Beck have gone to attend the Boys' club camp at Turner. Twenty-two boys are there now.

All debts of the high school student body have been wiped out, and in future effort will be made to keep affairs of the group on a strictly cash basis.

June 25, 1921

Thirty-two youths at the state training school passed the state eighth grade examinations a few days ago.

A change in the postmasterhip in Salem is expected to come in August, when term of August Huestein, incumbent, expires.

Ordinance to place license upon soft drinks may be introduced in the city council soon.

## New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "Do you think President Hall at the University of Oregon and President Kerr at Oregon State college will have to go before there will be harmony in higher education in Oregon?"

Jay B. Hewitt, chief railroad clerk: "Eventually it will come to a president, I presume. The state board would need superintendents of each school but policies could be determined by one well-paid man."

Mrs. J. M. Dovers, housewife: "I believe harmony in higher education circles may be brought about only by the removal of one head, Dr. Kerr, or Dr. Hall, or by the removal of both."

W. C. Kantner, minister: "I feel that measures should be taken to bring about a more kindly feeling between the two state institutions, without going to such an extreme as to remove those two heads."

Bever Penrose, O. S. C. student: "Yes, I suppose that they will both have to go but of course I believe that President Kerr is the ideal president for the two schools."

Frank Doolittle, proprietor service station: "It doesn't seem that it ought to be so, but I wouldn't doubt but that both will have to go. It seems there is more or less jealousy from the lowest to the highest ranks in the schools over the institutions."

## Daily Thought

"I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."—Abraham Lincoln.

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow: Lightning Storms aid Farmers!

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Non risible Ravens:

(Continuing from yesterday's issue T. Geer's account of his campaign in Ohio in 1922, while he was governor of Oregon: "My wife and I spent Monday of the last week of the campaign in Cleveland as the guests of Myron T. Herrick, afterward governor of Ohio (and later minister to France), and in the evening visited the city of Ravens, some 90 miles south of Cleveland, where Governor Nash and I addressed a meeting whose proportions fully sustained Ohio's reputation for not 'doing politics' by halves.

"Upon arriving at Ravens, a committee met me at the train. Governor Nash having gone there early in the day to look after his local fences. After reaching the hotel, the chairman said he wanted to put me on my guard as to a characteristic of the people of his town.

"They always pay the best of attention to a public speaker and appreciate his coming. You will have a crowded house; but they never give any demonstration of approval, such as clapping of hands, stamping of feet, etc. We account for it to outsiders by claiming that our people are highly intellectual," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "but those not used to their ways are likely to misconstrue their attitude." He said that when Senator Allison of Iowa was there the year before, he was greatly incensed at what he termed the coldness of the Ravens people and declared he would never hold a meeting there again.

"When I returned to Columbia after the campaign had closed, Chairman Dick, in talking over the situation, inquired what kind of a meeting I had had at Ravens. After I told him it was a 'stem-winder' and a great success in every way, he said he had been a little afraid of it, since the people there were noted for their lack of enthusiasm in public meetings. Chairman Dick was then a member of the lower house of congress and Ravens was in his district. While on this subject he told me this story:

"Fifty years before, when Tom Corwin was in his prime as a famous stump speaker and orator—and wit—he attended a meeting at Ravens. After returning to his home in Cincinnati, while relating some of his campaign experiences, in the state, he said: 'Ravens, though, is the d— at place yet. Why, up there they are so long faced that they open their political meetings with prayer and close by singing the Doxology.'

"If T. T. Geer were yet in the flesh, he would appreciate the inquiry as to whether he was bragging; leaving the inference that he was a better story teller, or had a better stock of stories, than the great Tom Corwin—or was it that the non risible Ravens had recently reformed; or that the generation that had risen up after Corwin's time had developed a taste for risibility?

But Geer himself was a capital story teller, and his stock from out of the pioneer and breezy west was perhaps fresher than the Ohio stock. May he, too, be not adhere strictly to the rule said to have been laid down by Abraham Lincoln for a good speech: 'Make it neither too long nor too broad' and followed something after the famous 'Oregon style' of the pioneer times, when they were prone to call a spade a spade and a hoe a hoe, and not an agricultural implement.

Mr. Geer was Oregon's great campaign orator. He canvassed the entire state in more political contests than any other man; traveled more miles in these tours than was ever negotiated by any other man, and made his way around in more ways; on foot, on horseback, by horse drawn rig, by boat and stage and bus, and finally by automobile; though most of his journeys were before this modern means was much used, or would have been possible by the excuses for roads of the time; or rather lack of roads.

The Oregon Historical society, in December, 1899, passed a resolution and appointed a committee to locate the sites of old Fort Clatsop of Lewis and Clark, Fort Astoria of the Astorians, and the Champeog meeting of May 2, 1843, where the provisional government was authorized. The latter task was assigned to T. T. Geer.

So, on May 1, 1900, Mr. Geer, the governor of Oregon, mounted his trusty bicycle and rode to the home of F. X. Mathien, some 30 miles away, and three miles from Champeog. Of course, he took the bicycle path, built from public subscriptions, mostly by Salem bicycle fans. Do you, dear reader, remember it? Marks of it exist now. It should be rebuilt and improved, to accommodate both bicycle riders and foot pas-

Matthew Woll (above), acting president of the Commission on Industrial Inquiry of the National Civic Federation and vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, has come forward with a plan to meet the five-year plan of Soviet Russia. Woll says: "We need, for example, to meet the cold-blooded Communist five-year plan with a warm-blooded ten-year plan of democratic idealism woven into the pattern of our national fabric."

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## "MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

CHAPTER I.  
She pulled away or tried to. She said, with a forced note of lightness.

"I am Diana Hackett. I think you must be mistaken." "No, You're Delight Harford," he said slowly. "I know you. You couldn't be anyone else. Why do you deny it? Don't you know me? Travers Lorrimer? You must know me."

She said, immediately, "I never saw you before in my life, Mr. Lorrimer," and, turning to Mary Lou, she asked, "Can't you explain to your friend that he is mistaken? I'm sorry to give so much trouble," she said again. "But if I could get help to get back to town—"

Lorrimer slipped his hand down her arm, took her hand in his, turned it—

"You wear my ring!" said Lorrimer.

Delight knew a moment of bitter anger directed against herself. Of course she had worn it, unthinkingly. She always wore it. She had fancied that now and then it brought her luck. The seal ring. His.

In that instant she surrendered. "Lorry," she said weakly, appealingly.

He stepped back from her, his face black with frowning consternation. But . . . If this was Delight . . . who was . . . ?

"If you are Delight," he said slowly, "who—who is—she?"

He turned to Mary Lou, but Mary Lou was not there. At the moment when Lorrimer had been engrossed in the other girl, when he had said "you wear my ring," in the little pause that followed, she had slipped away, as fast as a deer, on foot of panic, and was running swiftly to the house by the shortest route.

When she got there, out of breath, half sobbing, going in by the back way, to the amazement of the servants, she flew to her own room. Mrs. Lorrimer and other would be on their way to Lorrimer now. She could escape them all; she would simply have to hurry and find a few things in a bag, take what money she had in cash, and go out of Westwood at the farthest gate, the gate leading to the north woods.

Most of them had gone by now to give what help they could to the old butler. Only the cook, looking up from the table, at which she was standing, said "Miss Delight?" in a tone of stony inquiry.

She reached the woods and went through them, stumbling, catching her tweed frock in undergrowth, half blind but wholly determined. She came out of the far gate and waited there a moment. To her complete surprise, a roadster going past, slowly, stopped and someone hailed her. It was Jenny Wynne.

"Delight!" called Jenny. "No time to think. Drive me to the station—Westmill, but the Northmill station—and as fast as you can! Please! Please!"

Jenny Wynne gave one look at the small distraught face, threw in her gear without a word, and the car slid off smoothly, gathering speed.

"Tell me," she said quietly, "what has happened. I'm your friend and you know it. And I'm absolutely at your service."

True Friendship  
As they went toward Northmill Mary Lou told her—the truth—in short, choked sentences. Jenny, her hands steady on the wheel, listened and tried to understand. No time now for detailed explanations, for exclamations and questions.

"Lorry knew, of course, all along. It was he who gave me the advertisement to read. I always hated your not knowing, Jenny, after we became such close friends. Now you know."

"Yes. What are you going to do?" said Jenny, and added, "Mary Lou?"

"I'm going to town. To Oakland, I suppose I have to go away. From all of them, I precipitated this on them. I didn't mean to; I meant to persuade Mrs. Lorrimer to see Delight Harford, to realize

ing out of the north woods. She couldn't stay. She couldn't face it, face his disgust, his hatred. All over now. The lost was found; there was happiness ahead for these two. Whatever adjustments were to be made, they must make them without her. They were man and wife. She was nobody, just a girl who had been hired to play a role and who had wrecked her own happiness in the playing.

Her face was burning hot, her hands and feet icy, but her brain worked steadily, swiftly, clearly. She took only the barest necessities. The pretty things that Mary Lou had given her, she would have to leave them behind her, start all over again. She drew Lorry's sapphire from her finger and laid it on her bureau. She picked up an envelope and a pencil and wrote across it: "Forgive me, I had to go—this way."

Then she was ready. One last look about the room, one terrible temptation to cast herself up to sick weeping, a temptation she conquered, and then she had sped down the back stairs and through the servants' quarters like a flash of light.

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