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1732-1932

TOMORROW the world will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, who was born February 11th (old style), 1732 at Wakefield, Westmoreland county, Virginia, on the lower Potomac river, son of Augustine and Mary (Ball) Washington. After a lifetime devoted to public service in which he distinguished himself in the wars with French and Indians, as commander of the American forces in the revolution, presiding officer at the constitutional convention and first president of the United States, George Washington died at Mt. Vernon, Fairfax county, Virginia, some 70 miles upriver from Wakefield, on Dec. 14th, 1799. His tomb is at the foot of the knoll on which his spacious residence still stands.

George Washington has been the victim of his biographers. In recent months he has been victimized anew by mass production of sentimentalism, output of subsidized press agentry, and by the regimenting of memorialization so artificial as to chill the enthusiastic celebration which all Americans would naturally and spontaneously have accorded the memory of the father of his country. But we may be sure of one thing that the memory of George Washington having survived the myths of Parson Weems and the false colorings of Jared Sparks will yet live in spite of the near-mawkish commemoration which has been sponsored by congressional authority.

* * *

It was "Tidewater Virginia" into which George Washington was born,—the lowland region, divided like the fingers of a hand by the great tidal rivers, the Potomac, the Rappahanock, the York and the James. Settled only a hundred and twenty-three years, the land was still a wilderness, parceled in vast estates, with manorial castles set in the forest clearings along the river banks. Tobacco was the major crop and the standard currency,—tobacco grown by slave labor, tobacco which quickly exhausted the soil and forced fresh clearing of the enveloping forests.

Tidewater Virginia was a reproduction of 18th century English country life in a new world. Hither had come the cavaliers who set the social tone of the colony. Their exports of tobacco gave them credits abroad, and each packet from London brought to these transplanted gentle-folk the silks and broadcloth, the silver buckles and slippers, the wigs and powder and gossipy magazines from their beloved homeland. There were few towns; travel was by boat, by carriage or on horseback. Folk intermarried and founded family dynasties which endure to this day. On the twin privileges of leisure and wealth the aristocracy easily slipped into the vices of luxury. The sports were the sports of gentility made the freer in this voluptuous atmosphere of warm and soft Virginia,—horse racing, cock fighting, dancing, drinking, fox hunting.

But while George Washington was born in this atmosphere and indulged in the pleasures of the age, he was singularly free from its corruption. He was well-born, but a younger son, which meant much in that colony where primogeniture long persisted. He was tall and awkward as a youth, evidently not attractive to girls for he had many rejections as a suitor. He was not educated abroad as had been his eldest brother, and lacked the polish which came from the Grand Tour of Europe such as Edward Ambler had made. Then he was rather poor in money though early endowed with lands. Early he started making his own living, and that in the great outdoors. So while Washington was born to the manor, he grew up in the forest and the field and in the expeditions of arms; grew up possessed of the graces of the drawing room, but hardened by labors of the wilderness and trail; a man's man, with a great man's virtues, and with (for the times) a man's vices.

* * *

We remarked that Washington had suffered from his biographers. There was Parson Weems, described by Beveridge as "part Whitfield, part Villon, a delightful mingling of evangelist and vagabond, lecturer and politician, writer and musician" who gave to posterity a false Washington, with the cherry tree legend and all, which persist in the folk-lore of the country to this day. There was another preacher (the preacher-biographers of Washington seemed the greatest violators of truth), Jared Sparks, who as Parrington says, "applied Boston ethics to biography and conceived that his mission in writing the life of a great American like Washington was to portray a national hero as a model to the youth of the land." There was John Marshall, friend of Washington and great judge, whose biography was so disproportionate, prolix and general as to be a complete failure. Then there was Washington Irving, who tried hard to review the life of his eminent namesake who once had placed his hand on his own boyish head. But Irving was "far too ignorant of politics, too credulous in judging his materials to interpret justly the fierce party struggles that seethed about the President."

In more recent years there have been very successful biographies of Washington, those of Thayer, Woodward and Rupert Hughes being authentic and readable, giving us no plaster saint, no frozen image, but a man none the less deserving of our highest praise as a great national hero. Fortunately Washington left a wealth of material from his own hand: his journals, his ledgers, his letters. These have been ably edited, the "writings" by Worthington C. Ford and the "diaries" by John C. Fitzpatrick, available in all large public libraries.

* * *

The best brief sketch of George Washington that we know about is also the very earliest. It was written by Lord Fairfax in a letter to George's mother answering her inquiry as to whether she ought to send George to England for schooling. He wrote:

"Honoured Madam: You are so good as to ask what I think of a temporary residence for your son George in England. It is a country for which I myself have no inclination, and the gentlemen you mention are certainly renowned gamblers and rakes, which I should be sorry your son were exposed to, even if his means easily admitted of a residence in England. He is strong and hardy, and as good a master of horse as any could desire. His education might have been bettered, but what he has is accurate and inclines him to much life out of doors. He is very grave for one of his age, and reserved in his intercourse; not a great talker at any time. His mind appears to me to act slowly, but, on the whole, to reach just conclusions, and he has an ardent wish to see the right of questions—what my friend Mr. Addison was pleased to call 'the intellectual conscience.' Method and exactness seem to be natural for George. He is, I suspect, beginning to feel the sap rising, being in the spring of life, and is getting ready to be the prey of your sex, wherefore may the Lord help him, and deliver him from the nets whose spiders, called women, will cast for his ruin. I presume him to be truthful because he is exact. I wish I could say that he governs his temper. He is subject to attacks of anger on provocation, and sometimes without cause; but as he is a reasonable person, time will cure him of this vice of nature, and in fact he is, in my judgment, a man who will go to school all his life and profit thereby.

"I hope, madam, that you will find pleasure in what I have written, and will rest assured that I shall continue to interest myself in his fortunes.

"Much honored by your appeal to my judgment, I am, my dear madam, your obedient humble servant.

FAIRFAX."

To Mrs. Mary Washington.

The letter deserves rereading, for it is as accurate a character study of Washington as has been made. He was grave, and later was described as austere; he never did become a "talker." Slow in thinking, he was sound in his final judgments with "an ardent wish to see the right". He showed a temper yet ungoverned, that he later learned to control only to unleash it in some great moments of tempestuous anger. And Fairfax suspected "the sap rising", but could not know that it would be one joined to his family name who gave George his one "Grande Passion". The only element of George's character not described is his tremendous persistency which carried him through years of disaster and dark nights of despair.

Washington was "slow", but a more spirited man would have clashed with his associates and dissipated his strength in premature attack. He was "dull" but a more brilliant man might have quickly "blown up" under the weight of military and executive responsibility. It was that superb balance of mind, that courage joined with perseverance, that energy harnassed by a strong will, that innate sense of justice and honor, that presence which commanded loyalty, which enabled him to perform the greatest service of any man in the history of this nation.

What does it cost to operate an automobile? Max Gehlhar's department of agriculture has it all figured out, and finds that the average cost per mile is 3.04 cents. These costs included gasoline, oil, tires, repairs, storage, miscellaneous, and liberal charges for depreciation. There were 18 cars in the group and they ran a total of 146,433 miles in the six months' period. The cars were all Fords and Chevrolets.

Lay Sermon

IMPULSE OR WILL

"Behold, the ships also, though they are so very great and are driven by rough winds, are yet turned about by a very small rudder, whither the impulse of the steersman willeth." James III:4.

On what small hinges do world events swing. A shower of rain on the battlefield of Waterloo softened the ground, delayed Napoleon's cavalry and gave Blucher time to come up and strike the blow that saved Wellington and crushed Napoleon. When through the intrigue of Eusebius with Emperor Constantine the "heretic" Arius was about to be restored to power in Alexandria, Arius, an old man, suddenly died; and the Nicene creed with its formula for the divinity of Jesus, was preserved triumphant. At Varennes a berline stood for six hours because the change of horses was at the other side of the village,—and fugitive Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, almost at the border, were apprehended and taken back to Paris and to the guillotine. In March, 1917, Cossacks with lifted sabres, rode down the people who stirred angrily on the Nevsky Prospect; and were met with (strangest of all weapons) laughter! And a monarchy and an epoch fell crashing into oblivion.

Yes, on what small rudders do great ships change their courses. Jerry McCauley, drunk, drifted into an east side mission, was converted, and became an impassioned champion of Jesus Christ. An annoyed American officer at West Point borrowed a four pounder cannon and powder to shoot at the British ship "Vulture", which had borne Andre to his rendezvous with Benedict Arnold. This tiny bombardment forced the "Vulture" to shift her position in the Hudson with the result (aided by other causes) that Andre's plans were changed, he was caught and West Point and perhaps the revolutionary cause were saved.

Sometimes these events seem fortuitous; sometimes we acclaim them as providential. Look back over your own life at the forks in your road. See how many seeming accidents there were which diverted your path.

"Whither the impulse of the steersman willeth". Are we driven by our impulses or by our wills? These minor events which yet may turn the destiny of our lives, do they stir just an emotional whim; or do they stimulate the will which has a developed plan. The steersman on a mighty vessel is moved by no impulse as he turns his wheel. He sets his course by the eternal stars. Through the darkest night, and through the deepest fog he drives his ship to some known port. Lost are he and his vessel if he follows neither chart nor compass but only the impulse of the moment.

Circumstances, large or trivial, accidental or providential, may arise; but the man masters his destiny and shapes his character who reacts to these circumstances not on momentary impulse, but in terms of his well-defined life purpose. He makes these events a rudder by which to swing the course of his life to worthy harbors. The intermediate course may be deflected; but the ultimate port remains unchanged.

New Views

The question asked about town yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "Do you feel the removal of Roy A. Klein as highway engineer was justified?"

Lawrence Gibson, university student: "I've been thinking about that all day. I don't know. Baldock's about as good as Klein. I know him but not Klein. I don't see why they have to change the commission. The new ones will have to learn all over again".

Dr. K. H. Waters, dentist: "I haven't followed highway affairs very closely, but I presume the commission knows what it is doing".

E. A. Rhoten, 1595 South High: "Inasmuch as there was a fight on, it might be the best thing, although I have nothing at all against Roy Klein".

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

"My doctor says I have too much acid in my system and so I must diet."

We often hear this remark. The listener may have but a vague idea of what "too much acid" means. He has a still more vague idea of what to do to correct the trouble.

Dr. Copeland

The normal blood is alkaline. During life it never becomes really acid, but its alkalinity may become diminished. This may occur by reason of excessive formation of acid, or by insufficient excretion of acids.

Diet has powerful effect upon the secretion of acid. The lack of proper elimination from the bowels or kidneys has a marked influence upon its elimination.

The common symptoms of an excess of acid may be reminders of gout. There are pains in the joints, indigestion, nervousness, headaches, or eruptions of the skin. If the secretions of acid in the stomach are increased, there will be discomfort after meals or between meals.

The first step toward a cure is to obtain good elimination through the bowels, skin and kidneys. Next, there must be regulation of the patient's diet, particularly as regards the combinations of foods he habitually chooses.

For example, it is not wise to eat acid fruit, such as tomatoes or rhubarb, with a meal of starchy food. Better digestion is secured when the acid vegetables or fruit are eaten with a meat meal.

The acid of tomatoes interferes with the digestion of starch and produces indigestion, while vegetable salads, with French dressing made with lemon juice, may be safely eaten with starchy meals.

Let us consider the question of a suitable diet for those who have a tendency to excessive formation of acid. For these the following suggestions may be helpful.

The use of meat for the sufferer from too much acid depends somewhat upon certain things. For instance, gouty patients should partake sparingly of meat. In such cases, white meat is less objectionable than red meat. Boiled meats are better than roasted or fried, because in boiling most of the acid forming substances escape in the water. Salted meats, as ham or salted fish, are usually badly borne as is any food with an excess of salt. Milk and eggs are commonly well digested and may be used to compensate for the partial abstinence from meat.

Where the excessive acidity appears as a digestive disorder, all stimulating food must be avoided. This includes condiments, such as mustard, spices and pepper, which stimulate acid formation in the stomach. Meat may be taken, in moderation, as its digestion takes up some of the excess acid. Most vegetables are tolerated. Potatoes, spinach and asparagus may be taken. Peas and carrots are best eaten in the form of purees.

Fat decreases acid formation and may be taken in moderation. Butter and milk should be plentifully supplied, but no fried food should be included in the diet. Tea is permissible, but strong coffee is not advised.

Small meals taken at frequent intervals are preferable to heavy meals at longer intervals. For the feeling of burning in the stomach that often comes on about two hours after eating, a soda biscuit and a glass of milk will usually give relief.

Answers to Health Queries

M. L. Q.—What causes a person to feel too tired to go out? When I am out I feel as if I were in a daze.

A.—This may be due to auto-intoxication or to undue fatigue. Be sure that the system is clear and avoid becoming over-tired. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

MRS. H. W. Q.—What would make a child persist in scratching the nose? What can be done to overcome the habit or trouble?

A.—This is usually indicative of pin or intestinal worms. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tuesday: "World's Richest Ore"

Teakettle Whistle is Sweet If it Comes From Teakettle

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

There is something rather sweet in the whistle of a teakettle. But there is not much of sweetness in a human whistle which sounds like the whistle of a teakettle.

Good English is something to be admired, but any English will do, so long as it isn't sour.

Hard times reveal the soft hearts. Trouble of any sort will do it, but a common trouble does it better.

I hear now and then some individual bewailing his or her failure to attain what is thought to be one of life's grand prizes—meaning fame and money. It is sad to try so hard, only to fail at last. But the ones who have attained the grand prizes seem to have lost something during the long climb. This something may be of great importance or may not. Much depends on the individual viewpoint. Certainly the winners of the grand prizes do not, for some reason, appear to be a very happy lot.

As is our work in life so to a great extent is our life itself. A bit vague, eh? What I mean is that, being a setter, a typesetter when he attempts to launder the office towel only succeeds in setting the dirt in the confounded thing.

Mrs. Blank's Pekinese was accidentally shut up in the oven of the kitchen range one day last week. Hot dog!

H. TALMADGE

Noses with colds in 'em and folks with bad dispositions in 'em—always running down somebody. But the noses, mark you, do it to their faces.

Pretty much everybody reports business as good—good heavens! or good night! or something exclamatory like that.

A sign, "Millinery Salon", is noted on a Liberty street window. Salon is pronounced sa-long and means in a general sense a parlor, frequently devoted to works of art which of course, also in a general sense, millineries are. Also, perhaps, now and then, the patrons of such shops, again in a general sense, may be so considered.

Did you ever meet—you have, of course—one of the supposing kind of folks? Quite entertaining. Always supposing something—supposing a state official did this—supposing the Chinese did that—supposing the sun flickered and went out—supposing Bill Murray went in—no end to it. It just occurs to me—supposing the weather all of a sudden came off hot in February—too hot for overcoats? I reckon there'd be somewhat of a boom in the trowsers repair business, eh?

That battle at Shanghai has been postponed again at this writing. Some general got a sliver in his foot, or the weather was not favorable, or just when the fight was about to begin supper was announced, or something. I don't seem to recall a battle which was so much postponed. But you can't always tell about such things. It was somewhat that way with Lafe Gigger and Tilly Blinks. They postponed their marriage for one reason or another over a term of years, and then, when the neighbors had decided the wedding would never be, they went and did it. And after that it was a real battle.

Dick Polk, on the door at the Elsinore, is a lad of pleasant nature. That theatre has approximately 1200 chairs, and everybody knows that on a dull afternoon several of them are not occupied. This gives the would-be humorist an opening to pop the old query, "Is there a seat left in the house?" And, actually, this remarkable young man continues to smile and make believe he enjoys it.

Bang—another automobile wreck in Salem and another violent death. Two lines written by an old-time English poet, who not only never saw an automobile but probably never dreamed of such a thing being possible, come to mind—

"Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heav'n."

I exchanged books with an acquaintance recently. My acquaintance said, "Ah, you'll love this book—can't help it, y'know", and I said, "This is a grand book—it will delight you, I'm sure." And so, each with the other's book, we went our ways. I now hear by grapevine telegraph that my acquaintance has pronounced my book "rotten," and I her by state frankly that my acquaintance's book was "lousy" and nothing less. However, when we meet again, I presume we shall pass the matter over with the usual twitters.

Not much use for a sufferer with nothing more serious than a lame foot to try holding his own in a conversation with a man who has had a sharp attack of flu.

Some of our most disagreeable winds, bitter breezelets with a cutting edge, come to us dressed in sunshine. O well—prevents us from carelessly permitting our buttons and buttonholes to drift apart. Possibly saves us from a snuffle or two. But it does little, very little, in the way of promoting an amiable state of the public mind.

Snuffles, I think it will be admitted by those who have nothing more important to think about, come most numerously with the early sunshine and the first soft breath of spring. I know one or two old-timers who do not take down the old overcoat from its hook behind the closet door until the warm spring days arrive.

It is impossible for us to judge others with unerring accuracy. Few of us are able to judge ourselves with unerring accuracy. And most of us don't much care.

Not a bird song yet. Hens are said to be cackling out in the wide open spaces where hens are hens, and frogs are tuning up at intervals in the spots where frogs are frogs, but song birds—well, it is probably too early for them. A number of robins remain in these parts all winter, and they are still with us, but they do not sing. All they do is cock their bright little eyes at the passer-by and make small noises in their throats. Sound to me like cusswords. Which simply goes to show that the time is not yet spring. Those of us who have been in this valley 20 years or more recall springs that came in February and lasted through, and we are ever hopefully expecting it to happen again, but there are not many of such springs on the records. When it is really spring the song birds will let us know.

Marie Dressler as "Emma" at a local showhouse this afternoon.

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kennedy had youth and beauty and an intense fear of poverty. Almost the last words of her dying mother warned her against marriage to a poor man. Mary refuses the offer of a home with her married sister, Katherine. She rents a small room. While sitting in the park making plans for a job, an elderly man of distinguished appearance engages her in conversation. He is Buck Landers, well known sports promoter and race horse owner. He offers Mary a job as secretary. Mary calls on Landers relative to the position.

CHAPTER III

IT was one of the small, new hotels in the Forties that have sprung up in recent years. The lobby was overdecorated with Corinthian columns and gilded plaster designs. As Mary stood waiting for the elevator, a man and a girl, theatrical in attire and manner, passed her. In deep, upholstered chairs two grim-faced men with black brows were conversing with scarcely a movement of their tight lips. The elevator, operated by a West Indian negro in a resplendent uniform, carried her rapidly up twelve stories. Mary stepped out of the lift and saw, at the end of the short corridor, an open door. As she hesitated a moment, Landers appeared and nodded to her. The room, when she entered it, proved to be the parlor of a suite which was rather extensive. Through a side door she observed the rich furnishings of a small dining room.

Buck Landers smiled with slight pleasantness. It was evident that he was not to go into any paroxysm of delight at her appearance. His eyes, though, like steady gimlets, were observing her closely as she came toward him. . . .

What he saw was a delicately made young girl no taller than his shoulders. She was a slender little thing with hints of golden hair showing under her small tight hat; her smooth-lidded eyes, deeply blue, were a trifle shy. She came up to him; there was a faint sinuousness in the carriage of her body, a fresh girlishness in the movement of her arms and shoulders. Landers took her small cool hand for a brief moment and indicated a luxurious chair.

"Well, it was an even-money bet whether I ever saw you again or not," he announced. His face was flat and stony, yet it had a ruggedness, too.

"And how are you betting?" Mary smiled.

"I always bet to win," he said quietly. "I was betting you'd come."

He was lighting a cigar; it was characteristic of him that he was usually smoking; long, thin cigars with opulent fragrance.

"I thought I'd take you up on your offer to find me a position," said Mary, veering quickly from his last remark. "If you happen to know a decent job, I'm in the market for one. Of course, I could possibly find a place without any trouble by myself, but sometimes a word from a man in your position goes a long ways. And as long as you were kind enough to suggest it—"

Don't apologize—I've already got the job for you!" Landers cut in. His half-smile was protective and agreeable.

"Well, I didn't expect such quick action as that," she laughed, feeling a bit confused.

Landers put her at ease by dropping into a chair on the other side of the room.

"The manager of this hotel needs a secretary," he said, directly. "The girl he had quit to get married. You can have the job if you want it. I happen to be one of the stockholders in the ownership of this place, and I told Nelson that I might have a girl to put in the job. Nelson's the manager, and you won't have any trouble with him, no personal trouble—know what I mean?"

Mary knew precisely what he meant. She nodded. "That'll make it nice," she said briefly.

"It is mostly routine work in the manager's private office," Landers went on. "If you have half as much brains as I think you have, you can make yourself indispensible. You don't have to break your neck working overtime, either. Nelson tells me he started the last girl at fifty dollars a week, and she was getting sixty-five when she quit. How does that strike you?"

"That's more money than I've ever earned before," she said frankly.

His eyes studied her enigmatically and she had no idea what he was thinking about. Perhaps his mind was on business affairs of his own—she might be no more than an empty name to him.

"When you leave you can step in at Nelson's office on the second floor," he informed her. "You can arrange the details of your job with him."

She started to rise and thank him, but he motioned her back into her chair.

"We've got the business end over with, and now let's be a little sociable," he said, looking at her with a new shade of warmth. "You don't owe me anything, and I don't owe you anything."

"But I do owe you a lot for getting me a position like this," Mary declared.

"No, that is nothing," he told her gravely. "I haven't done anything at all for you yet; I could be the best friend you ever heard tell of, if it works out that way. Yes, sir, I don't know when I've seen a girl that strikes me just in the same way you do. You're all alone in the world, aren't you?"

Mary's heart warmed to his friendliness but a little inner voice of sophistication murmured a warning. She didn't want to give him any false ideas and spoil everything. It would be nice, though, to have his friendship and repay him, if the occasion arose, with a bit of loyalty. Already she sensed him as a protective force, and there was the beginning of a faint youthful idealism.

"Yes, I'm alone—that is, I live alone, but I have a married sister in Brooklyn," she told him. "I'm afraid, Mr. Landers, that you wouldn't like me very much as a friend."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Well, you mentioned something about beautiful women in New York the other day, and your lovely fireworks girl friend who wanted to stick a knife into you—I'm not that kind. That stuff doesn't appeal to me in the slightest—if you know what I mean?"

She was aware of an increasing magnetism deepening in his eyes.

"I know you're not that kind," he said levelly. "That's why I like you. But don't shy off from me too quickly; we're all human, you know.

"The manager of this hotel needs a secretary," he said directly.

Don't make the mistake of feeling that you're too holy for this earth. Take it easy and we'll see how things work out."

Mary rose, smiled lightly, and said: "We'll let it go at that."

Landers rose and looked at his watch. "That's fair enough. Possibly you don't know it, but you're having dinner with me tonight. Will you meet me here at the hotel or shall I call for you at the house?"

Her eyes widened with surprise and she knew that it was going to be difficult to say no.

* * * *

Dinner that night with Buck Landers on the roof of the gigantic Mortgenhoff. . . . A bright canopy of brilliant Summer stars overhead. . . . Mary's small slippers on the softest of carpets under the table. . . . She sat in her upholstered dining chair with the small dining table and its stiff white linen separating her from Landers. Flawless silver and the subdued gleam of discreet china spread immaculately before them enhanced the unfamiliar sauce-taste of strange foods. The head-waiter hovered solicitously and called Mr. Landers by name.

Miraculously, there had been created here an illusion of an outdoor garden; the man-made twilight hung softly over flowering shrubs; a pool rippled with small musical swishes of water and reflected vaguely the shadows of cunningly located bushes edging the pool. The border of trumpet-shaped white flowers emanated a faint sweetness. Hidden somewhere, the stringed orchestra murmured a gently throbbing melody.

(To Be Continued)

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More historic trees:

* * *

This column on Sunday last told of the broadcasting program of Lynn F. Cronemiller, state forester, giving information concerning historic trees of Oregon, the worthy purpose of which is to inculcate a higher regard for forest preservation. The list up to last week was given. The station is KOAC, time 12:30 each Tuesday.

* * *

The subject last Tuesday was the walnut from one of George Washington's planting at Mount Vernon, which is now growing west of the capitol in Salem, and an appropriate marker for which is to be dedicated on March 17, by the Daughters and the Sons of the American Revolution and the Boy Scouts.

* * *

The subject for tomorrow will be the Joaquin Miller spruce, planted by the poet in 1868, in front of the cabin he occupied in Canyon City. Miller was then county judge.

* * *

As the concluding paragraphs of his "Reminiscences of Seventy Years," in the Oregon Historical Society Quarterly for September,

(Continued on page 7)

Daily Thought

TO MY MOTHER

Deal gently with her, Time: these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.
Lay not thy hand so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the Northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summer-time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 'tis our common lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not."—

John Allen Wyeth.

Miss Dressler came back stronger than ever after she had reached 60 and then some. Some of us old wobblers should feel ashamed of ourselves.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

February 21, 1907

A $100,000 appropriation bill for the purchase of land and erection thereon of a state institution for feeble-minded was passed by the house last night.

The board of trade at Astoria has decided to spend $1000 a month for a year in advertising the country. Initial subscriptions of $6000 already have been pledged.

The legislature has sent to the governor a bill calling for use of voting machines throughout the state.

February 21, 1922

CHICAGO—Judge Landis' resignation from the federal bench to devote all his time to baseball is the chief topic of conversation here.

Salem's new tax levy will be 15.2 mills, it was announced yesterday. On a basis of valuation of $11,990,813 this levy will bring to the treasury the sum of $182,260.35.

The franchise committee of the city council yesterday voted to grant a franchise to stage lines entering the city and making their headquarters at the Central stage terminal, in the new building adjoining the Odd Fellows temple. This terminal is now handling about 1000 people daily who travel on 30 stages.