The Oregon Statesman

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

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The Bull Dog and the Bull Frog

"Oh, the bull dog on the bank,
And the bull frog in the pool—"

What are these strains of music emanating from the state house? That old, familiar air, the favorite of barber shop quartettes and college glee clubs of the gay nineties, comes booming on the summer breezes. We can hardly believe our ears, not over the harmony, but the disharmony. For there is dispute and hot argument. Eyes flash fire and there is prospect of another grand assize, as when the superintendent of the penitentiary was haled into high court on a charge of feeding chaff to duckies on his pond.

This controversy is not between Hal Hoss and the governor. Both are vacationing at their summer resorts, nursing their wounds, and sharpening their spears for whatever may lie ahead this fall. The latest outbreak "under the dome" lies wholly within the ranks of the bullfrogs. The trouble has been brewing long. Hon. Holman, sturdy watchdog of the kennels, has been out to "get" Bill Einzig, $7000 purchasing agent appointed by Gov. Meier; and in this season of summer somnolence Holman thinks he has uncovered the dynamite to blow Einzig off his perch.

The immediate cause is said to be that a staff doctor at a state institution performed some surgical service for Einzig; the report of which caused Holman to rise in seven feet of blazing wrath, fully as irate as when the governor berated Henry Meyers for getting some scrap sheet metal for an ammunition box off the state pile. So Holman accuses Einzig of all and sundry; and Einzig refuses to say yes, no or maybe; and tells Holman's private secretary she's a ———.

"And the bull dog called the bull frog
A green old water fool."

This is one time where we sit on the sidelines. We want a ringside seat however when the inquisition starts. How merry it will be to see Bull Dog Einzig on the bank, with Bull Frog Holman in the pool. We must indeed have a duet out of it. Einzig for deep bass and Holman for high, squeaky tenor. Gov. Meier may be choir director; and Hal Hoss will lead the applause. The state should be grateful to Hon. Holman for making possible this Bull Frog melody at a time when all else is quiet. The public, which has learned the sharps and flats of the Hoss-Meier finish fight, will be delighted to hear new voices (especially Holman's). We rock with delight as our ears incline to the refrain:

"Singing tra-la-la-le-i-le-o."

Editor Al Smith

IT seems very appropriate for Al Smith to become editor of The Outlook. This once virile journal, founded by Henry Ward Beecher and brought to vast influence by Lyman Abbott, became the house organ of anti-prohibitionists. Then its descent was rapid. After bankruptcy and sale the new publisher chooses Al Smith to be its editor. Al has been ballyhoo-er for beer so long that he can quite competently fill the office for the NEW Outlook, if that is to be its emphasis.

However, if the magazine is to run as a magazine and not as a propaganda sheet, Al Smith may well make a forceful and engaging editor. True, he comes not to the job through schools of journalism, or through the apprenticeship of literary work. Al is no authority on the English language either written or spoken. But Al Smith has punch; he has ideas; he has vigor and color. Like the famous Theodore Roosevelt who was associate editor of The Outlook after he left the presidency, Smith has a following which rises to his style. As speaker Smith is dramatic and forceful; it remains to be seen whether he can carry similar qualities into his writing.

Smith has gotten his feet wet in literature, the same as Calvin Coolidge, by magazine and newspaper syndicated articles, chiefly about his own history. He probably liked the experience; may have some burning thoughts within him he wants to share with the public. At least the editorship will give him a post of distinction and he will not be immediately swallowed up in the oblivion of a defeated and disgruntled candidate.

The country will watch with interest Al Smith in his new role; and hope that he makes the NEW Outlook as vital and as valuable as it was a generation ago.

More Delay in City Water Deals

THE net effect of Judge Lewelling's decision in the water case is merely delay. That is serious enough; but there has been no decision holding the water bonds invalid. Judge Lewelling held that the proceedings brought by the city in an effort to "clear the title" for the bonds was improper. This means a fresh suit on a different set of pleadings will have to be begun in state court; or else the city must appear and defend in the case brought by the water company in the federal district court. The latter course would seem the better to one not a lawyer.

This delay is irksome and costly. Not only are needed improvements to the water system deferred, but the chance at getting this work done in low-cost times passes with each month's delay. The financial success of the gravity water project depends upon holding down the capital investment so the interest charges will not be more than the operating plant can carry. So it becomes imperative to push litigation dealing with the validity of the bonds to an early conclusion. Nothing can be done until this is decided; and the people, irritated as they are by the prolonged delay, will simply need to hold their patience until the obstructive tactics of the water company finally reach the point of exhaustion.

A woman used to be embarrassed about telling her age; now she is chary about telling her weight.

The campaign is warming up. A Portland man was shot for expressing the opinion Roosevelt would be elected.

CPS victims now have the chance of trading one worthless bit of paper for another.

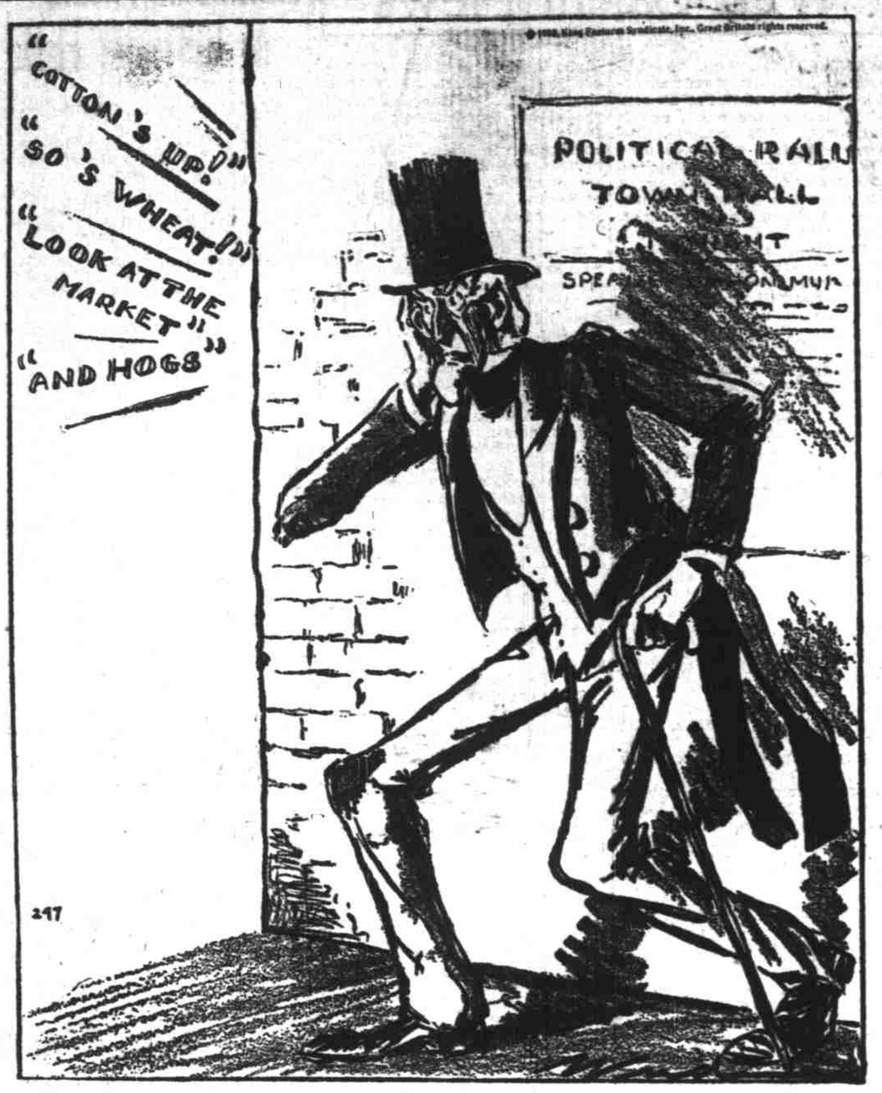
This is Oregon Peach week; try a nice pink and yellow one on your front teeth.

Who wouldn't fight removal as mayor of New York if he gets in on all the graft the Seabury committee has uncovered?

The midwest gets into the papers with mine strikes and milk strikes. What the country needs is an old-fashioned gold strike.

The Wolf creek road lives up to its name; it sure will be greedy of state highway revenues the next 15 years.

He Can't Believe His Ears!



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 25, 1907

WOODBURN—Until the Woodburn city charter is changed permitting the graveling or paving of streets, oil will be used. Alex Coyle and the Hubbard oil sprinkler have been secured to stick down the dust on Front street.

At sundown yesterday, clouds formed and toward midnight a storm came up, with much thunder and lightning, followed by a torrential rain, cooling the atmosphere following an excessively hot day.

The City of New York faces a $44,000,000 fine for polluting the Hudson river with sewage.

August 25, 1922

Sergeant Ralph Mason of Company F, Salem, is to go as one of the Oregon team at the national rifle shoot at Camp Perry, in September. Manley Bevens and Edward Preston, members of Company L of Dallas, also will participate in the national competition.

The county, railroad company and farmers are planning to cooperate in rebuilding the Santiam dike which broke last winter, flooded a thousand acres of fine land, menaced many persons' lives, and washed out fences, buildings and bridges.

Miss Mary Schultz gave a violin concert in Monmouth last night, her third since coming back to Salem last fall. Early next month she will give a joint concert with Franklin Launer for the benefit of the Salem hospital.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Willamette valley in 1841:

(Continuing from yesterday): ("They rig out two stout poles, long enough to project over the foaming cauldron, and secure their larger ends to the rocks. On the outer end they make a platform for the fisherman to stand on, who is perched on it with a pole 30 feet long, to which the net is fastened by a hoop four feet in diameter; the net is made to slide on the hoop, so as to close its mouth when the fish is taken.

"The mode of using the net is peculiar: they throw it into the foam as far up the stream as they can reach, and it then being quickly carried down, the fish who are running up in a contrary direction are caught. Sometimes 20 large fish are taken by a single person in an hour; and it is only surprising that twice as many should not be caught.

"The river at the falls is 350 yards wide, and its greatest fall 25 feet. When the water is not very high, the rapids begin some distance above the falls. Some of the Indians are in the habit of coming down in canoes to the brink of the falls, where they secure themselves by thrusting down poles in the crevices of the rock. There they take many fish, that have succeeded in passing the lower fall, with a hook fastened to the end of a pole.

"These are esteemed to be of the best flavor, as they are the strongest and fattest. It is said from these places the fish can be seen very distinctly coming up, and are taken very rapidly; but few Indians are willing to expose themselves to the risk of fishing there. The number of Indians at the Willamette falls during the fishing season is about 70, including all ages and sexes; there are others who visit the falls in canoes for fish, which will at times raise the number to not far from 100. Those fish which are unable to get up remain some time at the falls, very much exhausted, and finally resort to the smaller streams below. Mr. Drayton's sketch of the scene is given in the vignette. (This was J. Drayton, who seemed to be the chief naturalist with the expedition, and next in prominence to Lieut. Wilkes in the expedition, and also the chief artist, of which there were several. A. T. Agate made the drawing for the cut of the first three log houses at the old mission 10 miles below the site of Salem; the one copies of which appear in many historical publications, and which are generally poor, compared with the one appearing in the official book being here quoted, and the one in the Cyrus Shepard Biography, heretofore mentioned in this column. The mission house drawing (wood cut) was engraved by R. S. Gilbert. Lieut. Wilkes himself was an artist, and made many drawings.)

"The rocks here change their character within a few miles. Much volcanic scoria, vesicular lava, and pudding-stone, intermingled with blocks of trap, and many crystals of quartz, occur. My attention was called to this particular by old Mr. Moore, who has set up his claims to the west side of the falls, communicating to me in confidence that he intended to erect furnaces for smelting iron, etc. Although I saw the old man afterwards, and told him of his mistake, he would not believe that he had been in error. (Only a short distance below was afterward built the Oswego smelter. Perhaps Mr. Moore really had the right "hunch.")

"On the rocks are to be seen large knots of lamprey eels, worming themselves up, which make them look at a little distance as if alive with snakes. After spending some time at the falls, we returned to the house, and thence passed over to the west side of the river in a boat. Plamondon informed us that all our baggage had been transported over the portage, which is about a third of a mile in length.

"On landing, we passed through an Indian village, which was absolutely swarming with fleas; a filthier place cannot be found in Oregon. Before we reached our boat, a heavy shower of rain overtook us, and gave us a good drenching; we, however, embarked for Camp Maude du Sable. (He meant Campment du Sable, the French for the sand encampment, or encampment of or on sand, which was near the present Champoeg.) We now found our prog-

(Turn to Page 9)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

ON November 8, 1895, Dr. Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen discovered the X-ray. Its use has enabled mankind to overcome many serious and baffling diseases, for tremendous strides have been made since that first wonderful announcement.

Dr. Copeland

When first used, the X-ray was almost exclusively employed in the study of broken bones and to locate foreign bodies, such as bullets. Since then, "roentgenology," the branch of medicine devoted to the X-ray, has extended to many other useful purposes, until now its value is almost unlimited. Today the physician can explore every part of the human anatomy.

In cases of disease where the signs are obscure, he can rely upon the X-ray to aid him in making a diagnosis. Of greatest importance is the use of the X-ray machine in detecting certain abnormalities within the body, which now are discovered before they have given rise to any signs of disorder.

Aids Preventive Medicine

It would be impossible to estimate the number of lives that have been saved by the aid of the X-ray machine. Since 1895 medicine has greatly changed. In former years doctors exerted their efforts toward the treatment of disease and relief of suffering. Today, in addition to relieving pain, the physicians try to prevent disease. This real science, called "preventive medicine," would be of little avail were it not for the discovery of the X-ray. By means of the X-ray many diseases are disclosed which, if neglected, might result in certain deformity, or even death.

An X-ray examination is a simple and painless procedure. It causes no discomfort, inconvenience or pain. By means of a special sensitive material, placed over that part of the body to be examined, an imprint or Xeray negative is made. When this imprint is developed, in a fashion similar to the development of a camera film, it enables the physician to study and weigh the findings. Certain changes are characteristic of certain diseases, and any abnormalities are quickly recognized.

By means of the X-ray the head can be thoroughly examined. Fractured skull, tumors, infections of the sinuses, teeth and other parts of the bony structure of the skull, all are easily detected.

Use In Tuberculosis

The chest also may be very carefully scrutinized by means of the X-ray, which has aided tremendously in the recognition of early tuberculosis. It reveals even the preliminary signs of tuberculosis, and this is vitally important, because early recognition means cure. One may harbor germs of consumption and be suffering from an advanced stage of the disease without any marked discomfort. In suspected cases a routine X-ray picture of the lungs confirms or disproves the presence of the disease. Tuberculosis is fatal only when it progresses rapidly and is neglected in its early stages.

In addition to tuberculosis of the chest, other diseases, such as abscesses, pleurisy, enlarged heart and tumors, can be detected by means of the X-ray. Abnormalities of the stomach, intestines, gall-bladder, kidneys, bones and joints, also cancer and other serious diseases, are quickly discovered by an X-ray examination.

If advised to have an X-ray picture, do so at once. Never hesitate, because the process causes no discomfort, and delay may be dangerous.

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New Views

"What do you think will be the effect of the five-cent bus fares to be inaugurated here?" was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

William E. Hanson, abstractor: "I doubt if it will have much effect on traffic; it may increase it a slight bit. We need bus service in the town but it seems to me the business is on an inevitable decline. The two cents difference in fare will not make people leave their cars at home to ride for five cents. Such has been the experience of other cities."

James Nutter, press employe: "I think it will increase their business some."

Sergeant Walter Thompson, city police: "I don't think it'll do much."

Daily Thought

"The real test in golf and in life is not in keeping out of the rough but in getting out after we are in."—Rev. John H. Moore.

HEART STRINGS

By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS

Young and beautiful Patricia Braithwait adored her father so much that she was willing to sacrifice love and happiness to insure his future independence by marrying middle-aged Harvey Blaine for his wealth. It was Aunt Pamela who suggested that Pat marry wealth, warning that "the glamour of love wears off". Pamela spoke from experience; her own marriage to handsome Jimmie Warren, a young lawyer, was becoming dull. Jimmie, furious at Pat's engagement, awakens to the realization that he, himself, cares for her. Pat, with youth's optimism, hopes in vain that the young camper whom she only knows as "Jack", and saw only once, will rescue her from Blaine. Jimmie finds her in the garden, sobbing. He takes her in his arms and, in despair and hungry for love, she permits him to kiss her. Next day Pat breaks her engagement. Pamela is suspicious when, immediately following Pat's broken engagement, Jimmie offers to loan Pat money to study art. Pat's father declines Jimmie's offer, saying his insurance (which he would not touch for himself but felt justified in using for his daughter's career) was adequate for her needs. He plans to take Pat to Paris. One minute Patricia feels she cannot leave Jimmie, and, the next, she loathes him for the kiss experience of the previous night. Then Jack arrives. Pat thinks—if he had only come yesterday, for, today, he is too late and it is Jimmie she wants. Jack explains he stayed away because her "good-bye" seemed so final.

"Oh, you adorable infant!" he exclaimed, as he drew her swiftly down to the white beach.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Eagerly leaning toward her, all the strong fine markings of his face in clear outline, he appeared unsubstantial, dreamlike, part of the haunting quality of the tropical night that would vanish with the rising sun.

That odd sense of unreality, which had enthralled her the previous day, again enveloped her like a fog.... There was something fabulous about the tall waiting form, the bare head like polished ebony, the clear shining eyes like dark fires glowing.

A vague panic stirred in her lest she awaken before the end of this poignant dream was reached. She wanted to go on with it; to discover the elusive and troubling charm of this man who gave one an exciting sense of familiar strangeness, and breathless waiting over a chasm of revelation.

A pulsing quality of adventure in ambush reached ghostly arms to her. She felt flattened out, indifferent to all the past, all the future save an urgency to discover the secret point of strangeness that sank and settled over her, at once numbing and exhilarating, sapping her will, and daring her to reckless activity.

"I don't know you," she said. "I never spoke with you before yesterday; yet somewhere, some time I feel as if I knew you, with perhaps another voice. It's absurd. And outrageous to run away to sea with a man whose very name is unknown to me. You may be a bandit who will carry me away for ransom. Though if you are a clever bandit you must know that there's nothing but a caving bit of land with a pitiful shack on it to offer in return for me. Perhaps you are Louisiana's legendary LaFitte, who, it is said, never married and never died; just disappeared over the sea from which he first appeared to romantic Creoles. But it doesn't matter who you are or what you are, or if you are. I fell asleep yesterday on the beach; or was it last year, or years ago in my childhood? And I made you up out of dream stuff. Somebody awakened me before the dream ended. I have again fallen asleep and the dream has come back to me. I must find out the end this time—before you vanish forever."

A low chuckling laugh escaped him. Whereupon the wind sprang up as a cue. The dark garden behind them shook out its foliage in whispering laughter. The little watchmen in the sky wagged their pinpoint lanterns at the big lazy moon. And the sea raced gaily over the sand.

"Oh, you adorable infant!" He drew her swiftly down to the white beach. "But I must warn you," he said, "this dream has no end. It began with creation and its end would be chaos."

He helped her into the boat, then poling clear of the shallows he shipped the oar and bent over the motor. With a loud sputter the boat headed straight out from land, tearing into breakers, flinging up curtains of spun glass on each side.

Languorously deep in bright cushions, their colors vivid in the moonlight, Patricia rested heavy with content. The emotional cataclysm through which she had passed, the doubt and torment, the shock of Jack's coming when she had ceased to expect or even wish for him—had left her spent, empty of all feeling, all thought save an intense awareness of the night's fantastic and improbable beauty.

She thought fleetingly of Jimmie and her brief hour of madness as of something that had happened long ago. Back there in the ballroom she had been sick with pain and shame over his failure. And now it was all gone.

Spray stung her face like flying particles of snow. A throbbing vibrancy tingled along her relaxed body. Where were they going? And who was this man who drew her away from all known things into the realm of dreams where moonlight roofed one's world, and the unstable sea floored it? This unknown man who piloted her through the vast unknown toward an unknown end; who had power to command her, yet, who stirred in her no emotion for himself. She turned this over in her mind, fingering it, trying to explain it, indifferent to explanation.

She watched the lean cat-like grace of him, crouching over the motor, sending the dory nose up like a bird over the swells. They had left the charging breakers behind. And the sea as if jealous of its outlying privacy flung high rollers of tarnished silver in their path. Small molten mountains that threatened to overwhelm them. Presently they settled down to a multitude of dark serpents writhing together, striking at the small craft that braved them, but spending their power in their own entanglement.... Jack turned off the motor and stood up, smiling down at her.

"When do we descend to your kingdom, son of Neptune?" she asked, making room for him among the cushions.

"Not, Fair daughter of Aurora, till we have plighted our troth before the Mistress of the Sea." He made a gesture toward the swimming moon. "She is a jealous guardian of my father's kingdom."

Possessing himself of one of her hands, he stretched out his long legs and lay back gazing up at cloud draperies held together by the silver brooch of the moon. Neither spoke. There was no need for speech. Life had resolved itself into a mighty chorus, soft and low, but filling the universe. It was as if they had stepped out of turbulent life into a magic eternity of peace.

His dark eyes turned glowingly to her. "This is the Eagle's Nest, Mostly Pat. The top of the world. The wind is swaying our treetops."

"The reason I know you aren't real," she smiled up at him, "is because you remind me of my father. There couldn't be another like him. He's different from any other man. You are the spirit of his youth, which accounts for my feeling that I've known you a long time."

She turned his hand, palm up, and trailing one finger over the callouses, said, "Tell me about them. Why are they like that? And who are you? It doesn't matter, but if by chance you shouldn't disappear entirely before sunrise I shall want to introduce you to my father. And fathers are particular about knowing names and having credentials of some sort."

He laughed. "Yes, oddly. Well, it seems a shame. Because it's quite certain my name wasn't Jack Laurence when you knew me in that long ago. And yours, Mostly Pat?"

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve - - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor: Our prohibition law does not need to be modified, not in the way people mean. It is not drastic enough. Instead of punishing only the victim of appetite who commits a crime under the influence of liquor the law should hold equally responsible those who supplied the liquor. Such a law would do more toward stamping out the evil than any yet tried. The victim of appetite is held in contempt by the one who tempted and led him on, posing as a friend. At the last he deserts him with a shrug of the shoulders and a "He's weak."

But the Bible says "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." Another ruthless and contemptible one is the "personally dry but politically wet." He would have the consumption of liquor increased while not consuming any himself. If it is bad for him it is bad for others. Like Cain he says, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He is a murderer at heart yet he considers himself moral and a good citizen. He is worse than Cain for he complacently votes to kill both soul and body. He may be one who hopes to make money out of the traffic or gain political power or he may have nothing to gain—is just unthinking, dumb like the ox, caring not what befalls his fellow man or the human race.

It is our duty to make the world a safe place to live in for those coming after us. Youth thinks it sees much booze drank and wisely wags the head and hints darkly of booze parties behind closed doors. Well, it took many years and much labor to get booze behind closed doors and that is a good start. Let us not be weary in well doing. Youth "hain't seen nuthin' yet," and some of them cannot learn except in that expensive school of experience.

Considering the motives of the two forces at work, the drys look to the good of mankind; the wets seek after the almighty dollar. They spend lavishly expecting to get it all back again many times over. The wet voter would vote another powerful monopoly upon us. Recently I heard a wet admit that the government would get no revenue from the traffic. We prohi people recall that in San Francisco police court proceedings overbalanced license receipts 16 to one. No doubt other cities the same.

Anyhow, a clear-headed, clean-minded, sober citizenry cannot be weighed against money and as the consumption of beer, etc., increases, that of milk or soft drinks must decrease. If a voter has no heart nor conscience he still should have a head and a modicum of reasoning power.

Let me add that those who are criticizing the B. E. F. should read the constitution of the United States, which guarantees the people the right "peaceably to assemble and to petition the congress for redress of grievances."

SARA E. JONES,
A Personal and Political Dry.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

HOW COME?

The editorial from the Salem Statesman, reprinted on this page, shows the progress being made in the Astoria country through reliance upon improved agriculture, for which the experiment station there is given much deserved credit.

But how will such work fare and how will Oregon fare if a chancellor is secured who thinks we should get along "without the heavy hand of the federal government"? If federal funds are withdrawn Oregon will either be forced to drop much of its station and extension service work or collect hundreds of thousands of dollars from state taxpayers who are already paying all they can afford to pay. Since half the area in Oregon is under federal control it is but fair that Uncle Sam should do as he is doing but there seems to be some educators who take a different viewpoint. The quotation credited above is from an address by Dr. Zook, who was recently here to look over the situation with a view to becoming chancellor.

It seems astounding that a man of that type should be considered for the chancellorship. — Pendleton East Oregonian.

It must have appeared to Dr. Zook, as it has to many Oregonians already, that the educational snarl will have to be unfolded by Oregonians. It can scarcely be straightened out by one man. There are too many back-seat drivers. The responsibility for getting us out of the trenches rests squarely with the board of higher education. It has nearly tripped itself in its own mess house. What will it do next? Ask some other astronomer. — Baker Democrat-Herald.