

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Summer Band Concerts

AS the hot weather season comes on Salem people will miss the band concerts which have been a semi-weekly feature in the summer months here for years and years. The city council failed to include the customary appropriation which made these concerts possible; so unless the city rouses itself and undertakes by voluntary contribution to provide sufficient funds, there will be no concerts.

The Salem band has long enjoyed a fine reputation; and their park concerts have drawn thousands of people to the city. Visitors from a distance have been profuse in their praise of the band, and of the playing of the Waite fountain which is an accompaniment of the program. The more Salem people recall the pleasant evenings they have passed at these park concerts the more reluctant they will be to see them suspended; for if the band drops its work for a season it will be a hard matter to get it reorganized again.

We believe there is enough interest here and enough loyalty to the band to preserve the organization and revive the concerts. People here have just been spoiled because the city provided the money by taxation. In most small cities voluntary contributions finance the bands and the concerts. Cannot that be undertaken here this season, thus saving the band; and giving the people once more fine open-air band concerts on summer evenings?

Constructive Cooperation

SKEPTICAL as we are of group competition as a substitute for competition in the business world, we are convinced that where natural resources are concerned some form of control is advisable to prevent waste. In years to come our descendants may deplore the prodigality with which this and former generations have used up great stores of minerals, etc., which nature provided in great abundance.

With immense reserves of petroleum individual companies have rushed in to extract it from the ground, much faster than it is needed, and dump it on markets recklessly. If the production could be controlled the oil could remain in its native storage basin to be drawn on as required, without waste or loss or great expense.

Lumber and coal, while abundant, still have limitations for economical production. It has seemed a great pity to cut down our magnificent timber and ship the lumber made therefrom to all parts of the world, and do so at a loss to ourselves.

In these natural resource industries it appears logical to have some form of restriction which will safeguard our native supplies from ruthless destruction and profitless exploitation.

The administrator of the government's three billion dollar deal is Col. D. H. Sawyer. Sawyer and his brother George had engineering offices in Seattle and Spokane in pre-war days. They handled the engineering on a city paving job in a city where this editor lived; and we got pretty well acquainted with George. We recall after the paving job was done George came back to town and was all excited about some book on practical psychology. He had it all figured out that if he followed the rules of the book he would shoot high; just like the personality plus ads in some of the magazines. Along came the war and Don and George got fine appointments in cantonment construction. Now Don is directing the spending of the biggest sum ever put into the hands of one individual outside of war times. We do not know what happened to George. What we wonder is if Don studied that book on applied psychology.

The mathematics of state draw-downs from federal public works funds will go down as the battle of the ciphers. For weeks and weeks the Andy Browns have been reciting "two million, three million, seven million, ten million." Once the wires from Washington ticked out the figures fifteen million; then the new deal was changed to a newer deal, and the old figures were all off. Just at present the state appears to be sure of six million for road work; and the highway department is prompt with projects for construction with the funds. There will be no delay at this end if there is road money in sight. It remains to be seen however just what sums will be allocated for Oregon, for a great deal depends on whether local units will obligate themselves for 70% on public works other than roads.

We wonder why the mountain lilac is not used more as a domestic shrub? Our plant culturists have taken Port Orford cedars and worked them over into beautiful shrubs for yard planting. Rhododendrons are frequently transplanted from the wilds; and the laurels are not far removed from their mountain cousins. The mountain lilac is smaller and more lacy than the common lilac. Its colors are delicate blue and white. There is one bush, now past its prime in bloom, on the north side of the capitol grounds at the head of Winter street. It is the only shrub of the kind we recall seeing, though probably there are many more. It seems to us to have even greater possibilities. Perhaps Knight Percy or Frank Doerfler can tell us more about it.

Treasurer Holman is in error in berating the state purchasing agent for not always taking the lowest bid. The essence of any business deal is value at a price. Particularly where materials are to be fabricated skill and experience are quite as essential as the nature of the ingredients. It is the responsibility of the state board of control to weigh all proposals and then accept the one that gives the greatest value for the money expended. The tide is turning even in retail merchandising, against the "price fetish." The trend now is to buy more for quality and value and for length of service, not the very cheapest quotation that may be offered on merchandise of unknown merit.

Henry Collins, former Pendleton wheat king, is mighty clever. He has kept on the top side of the test-board as skillfully as any big string of elevators to the co-op, and took the big job with it at a very fine salary. Now that the farm board is defunct, and open trading seems to be on the way again with prospect of profit, he steps out of the Farmers National grain set-up and takes the management of the northwestern branch of a big grain exporting firm. Pendleton can at least say: "Local boy makes good."

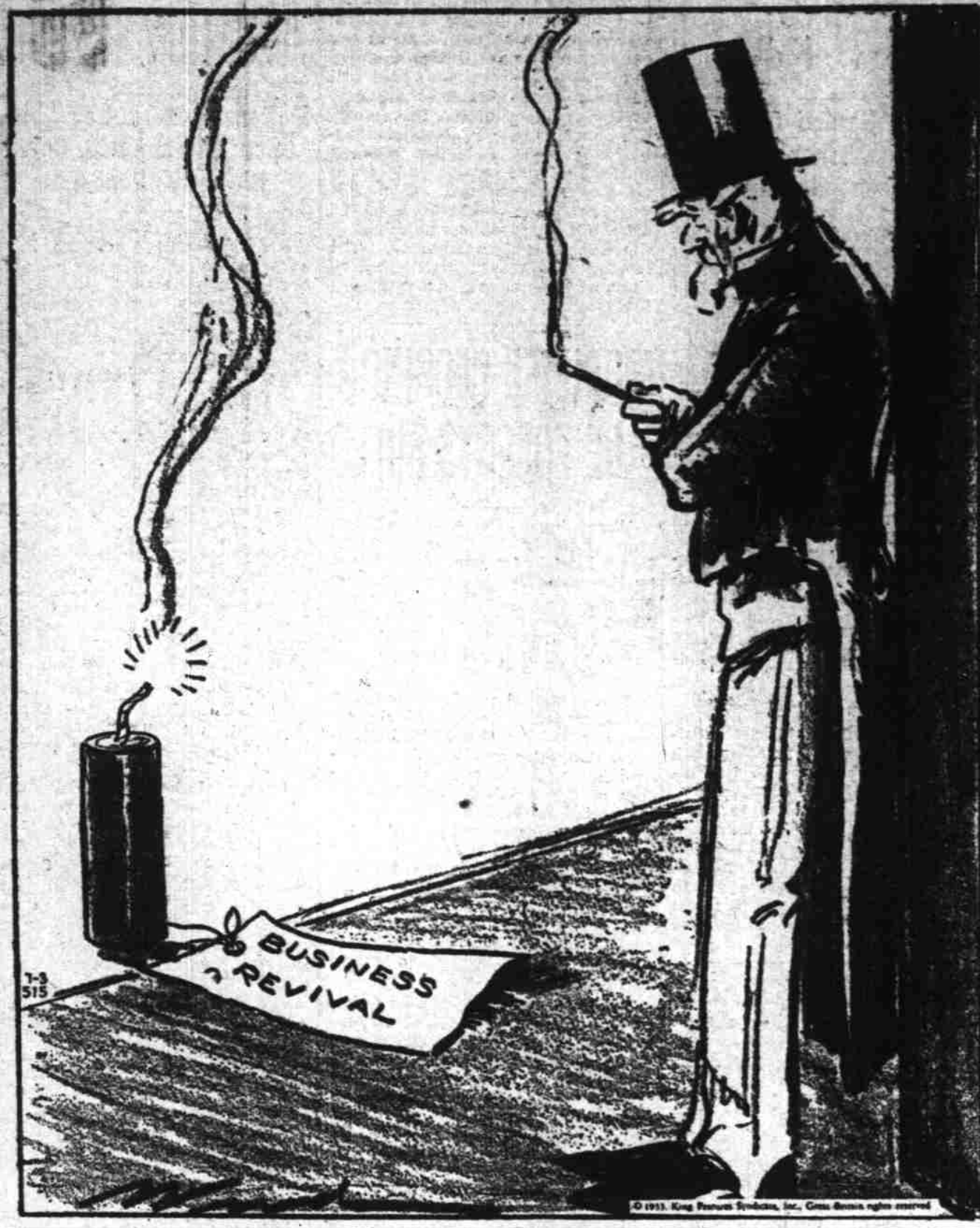
A special effort is being launched to introduce Silver creek falls to the touring public. There has been a rather general lack of appreciation of this great scenic resource of Marion county, it was due largely to ignorance; but with the new improved roads to the falls, with trails through the new state park, no able-bodied person living in this part of the valley should fail some time or other to view the series of waterfalls.

The liner Bremen broke its own record from New York to Cherbourg, making the crossing in 4 days, 16 hours, 15 minutes. In days before planes such a record would command wide attention. Progress is still being made in the machinery which does the most of the world's work.

One Portlander turns up with some money left. Enough at least to buy several buildings in Astoria and to predict that Astoria will be the second city of size in the state. We wonder how a man with judgment like that could have held on to his money this long.

The New York flatiron building sold for a hundred thousand dollars the other day. What did the market value fall for the old days?

"I Hope It's Not a Fizzle"



Yesterdays

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

July 2, 1908
William H. Taft resigns from secretaryship of war to make up presidential campaign; General Luke E. Wright his successor.

Waldo Hills men petitioning for construction of electric railway from Salem to Silverton through hills section.

PENDLETON — After night of revelry, saloons here go out of business, as result of "dry" vote at June election.

July 2, 1923
Filing upon water site along Santiam river to provide mountain water for Salem to be made July 5, city council decides.

Salem Electric company to install loudspeakers on High and State streets in order that the public may hear President Harding's address from Portland, July 4.

Herbert Hoover to pass through Salem today; will be host to old business associates in Oregon Land company of Salem, at dinner in Portland.

MONMOUTH, July 1—W. T. Hockeman, who was seriously ill last week in a Salem hospital following an operation is very much better and will soon be able to return to his home here.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

ABNORMAL SHORTNESS OF BREATH, or "dyspnoea," as it is called by the physician, is often the cause of undue alarm and anxiety. To most persons, shortness of breath means a heart trouble. This is not necessarily true; shortness of breath is frequently found in individuals who have no disease of the heart or lungs.

It is commonly seen in persons who are high strung, nervous, and under constant mental strain and worry. During the World War many soldiers were found to complain of shortness of breath and vague pains around the heart. The condition was called "soldiers' heart" or "irritable heart." It was caused by the severe strain to which these men were subjected. It is also encountered in civilian life.

A Warning of Trouble
In what I have said, I do not mean to imply that shortness of breath should ever be ignored. When present, with vague pains around the heart and swelling of the ankles, it is nature's warning that you are working too hard and your heart is tired. My advice is to consult with your doctor who will determine the cause and prescribe for you.

Shortness of breath is often present during an acute illness, in pneumonia, flu, bronchitis, or pneumonia, for example. It may be traced to an obstruction in the nose or throat.

Nose Obstruction at Fault
I know a man who had complained of shortness of breath for many years. He feared going to a doctor as he did not want to be told he had heart disease. He avoided all strenuous work, rested and led a quiet life.

Answers to Health Queries
Mrs. G. G. Q.—What causes frequent headaches?
A.—This may be due to a number of causes. It would be well to have a thorough physical examination to determine the cause.

Miss L. E. D. Q.—I had impetigo which left some red spots on my face, will these remain as scars?
A.—These will probably disappear in time. If anxious, see a skin specialist.

A. L. S. Q.—How can I remove a wart from my face, just above the left eye?
A.—Consult a skin specialist.

F. M. Q.—Is it harmful for a person with an infected lung to live next door to a shoe factory?
A.—No, not unless there is irritating dust, or other particles in the air.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXIX
Smoothly, swiftly, Curtis's road-side spun through the leafy quiet of the park, over the pleasant road to the beach. Past the old windmills and the sand dunes, to the ocean. The white tipped waves rolled in with a dull roar, the salt wind blew, gulls flapped overhead on strong gray wings.
They had not spoken all the long drive.
"Better?" he asked at last.
"Yes," answered "the wind helps, and the sound of the breakers. It makes me feel quieter—inside." And she was thinking of another drive to the beach. The night she met him at his mother's house. She wished she had never gone to Mrs. Barstow's. Better never to have known him, than to suffer so much pain.
He slipped an arm about her, comfortably. "Poor Johnnie. Poor little girl."
He was so kind, so good. It would be so empty without him. Without his comforting arms, his pleasant smiling eyes. If only there was some way of keeping him, and telling him too... some way of making him understand, without hurting him. Some way that she could tell him, and stop being a hypocrite. So hard to suddenly stop being honest, and start being dishonest... and surely it wasn't necessary... surely he would understand... Curtis, so kindly and loyal...
Everything was so clean and fresh and big here, so warm and glowing in the sunset. Surely this was the time to tell him. To make the red ball of the sun hung low over the water, and the gray shadows came nearer, blotting out the harsh light of the day. This was the time now.
"Curtis," she lifted up her eyes. His face was stony. More stern and set than she had ever seen it before.
"You put out her hand and touched his sleeve softly. 'Curtis, are you angry? With me?'"
He moved uneasily. "No, why do you ask?"
"You looked angry. It frightens me. What were you thinking about?"
"Nothing in particular."
"Yes you were. Tell me, Curtis."
"To be honest, I was thinking about Eugene, but the particular kind of idiot she is to have that Howard girl around. I don't like it. It's an insult to the rest of you."
"Oh—A little cry, torn out of her throat."
"Don't look so stricken, Joan! I'm not being cruel. The simple truth is that if the Howards weren't the Howards you'd all be drawing your skirts aside as the passed—all of you—"
"No, Curtis. Nobody would—"
"Oh, yes, they would, Joan. They wouldn't stop on her if she weren't Connie Howard, but being Connie she shut their eyes instead—pretend to. Rankest kind of snobbery, injustice. I hate injustice."
"Curtis, she's so young. And her eyes are so heavy. It makes me write when I see her suffering, because... Oh, Curtis—understand me—please do—understand—"
"He took her twisting, supplicating hands in his. 'Joan, I'm coming here because you weren't well and this thing upset you. Don't argue about it, dear. It doesn't concern me.'"
"Doesn't concern us—"
"No, it doesn't. If there's one time in our lives when we can be selfish and forget other people's troubles it's now, when we're entering into our own happiness. That's life, Johnnie. Forget Connie Howard. And besides I hate to hear her name on your lips. Oh, I know you're tender hearted, Johnnie, but don't let your sympathy run away with you. Don't champion her and don't make a friend of her. I don't want to see her with you—that's fact."
"You're hard, Curtis. I'm afraid of you when you're hard—"
"Nonsense. Have I ever been hard to you?"
"No." She tried again, but without hope now. Without hope of

making him see... "But you are hard towards her. We have no right to judge, Curtis, we who do not know—"
She heard her own voice... "shouting... husky... it had sounded like that a long time ago, when she took a boy's tanned face in her hand and kissed it and said, 'I'll never be sorry—ever—'
Her eyes searched his again, piteously. So hard to know what to do in a hurry—
He was looking steadily out to sea. The coldness had gone from his face. He looked tired and lonely, and a little bewildered. He did not understand—
A big tear splashed on the diamond that he had put on her hand. Another. The big white stone seemed to spread under her blurred vision. He turned his head and saw that she was crying. "Don't," he said. And his voice was husky and throbbing as hers had been. He loved her... poor Curtis... poor Curtis... don't let anything or anyone in the world come between us... Don't! Just love and trust me, Johnnie, even if we can't see everything just the same way—"
When he released her from his arms the red ball that was the sun had sunk into the sea.
"Let's go home, Curtis. I'm so cold—"
He felt her cold fingers. "Why so you are. Why didn't you tell me?" He raced all the way home, where they were to dine with his mother, but even there, and the mirror like a lake under the cut glass flower bowl. So old fashioned. So much like the old house in Sausalito.
Joan nibbled at her food in dreamy abstraction. Mrs. Barstow was discussing the list for a big dinner, with Curtis. Names. Names. All unfamiliar to Joan, and besides she was so tired, too tired to listen—
Then Mrs. Barstow's voice again, a shade more insistent. "Joan, I've asked your aunts, the Misses Van Fleet, of course. Your family must be represented."
"They won't come, they won't come!" Joan's heart sang cheerfully, in a monotonous, pleasant little tune all the while that Mrs. Barstow talked about the Misses Van Fleet, and how important it was that they should be represented at the big family dinner for Joan and Curtis.
Of course, it wasn't a family dinner at all. Outside of the Meas and the Thompsons and the Giddings' they weren't relatives, but a sort of inner circle of Barstow friends. The clan called together to look over Curtis's choice of a bride.
Joan watched the preparations nervously. "Miss Evelyn will have to be at Curtis's right, but that leaves Gladys Giddings... no, that won't do. And then Mrs. Barstow's murmurings, and scribbled notes, and little breathless exclamations, Joan kept repeating to herself, "They won't come, they won't come! I know they won't!"
Once she ventured, "I haven't seen my aunts since I left home. They were very angry with me. You know I ran away. They were sending me to boarding school, and I got off the train... did I ever tell you that?"
"Mrs. Barstow didn't remember." "You might have. I don't know. It's quite impossible, of course. They will come, and be very charming to you, they'll have to at a time like this. I hope you won't allude to the quarrel in any way, Joan—"

ther of his country, and a host of other heroes and statesmen, eminent, revered, and beloved. Among those men of noble daring there was one who now sleeps in the bosom of his own native soil—he was a gallant young stranger, who left his delightful home; the people he came to succeed were not his people—he knew them only in the wicked story of their wrongs; he was an mercenary wretch, striving for the spoils of the vanquished; he ranked among nobles and looked unawed upon kings; he was no friendless outcast; his kinsmen were about him; peace, tranquility and innocence shed their mingled delight around him, and to crown the ex-

chancement of the situation, had a wife, said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that would render her irresistible, at the age of 15 had blessed him with her love, and made him the partner of her life: the evidence itself would have convinced you that this was but a faint picture of the reality; yet from all these he turned away, and came like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter's storm; he came, but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the now risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time and careered to its place in the heavens; he came when darkness cur-

tained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger—when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty—when fathers were dying and mothers weeping—when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover; he came when the brave began to fear the power of man and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then, when the gallant persecutor joined the ranks of a persecuted people—freedom's little phalanx bid a grateful welcome—with them he courted the battle's rage—with

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