

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Member of the Associated Press

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Portland Representative

Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.

Eastern Advertising Representatives

Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$4.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

What Is the Substitute?

TWO murders over the weekend in Southern Oregon. In a fight outside a dancehall at Eagle Point, "over a woman", one man was killed; and one of the parties to the affair admitted "we had all had a few drinks". At a Lakeview beer parlor an argument was ended by one man shooting and killing another.

These incidents are by no means unique; nor are they new. They are part of the old pattern of life. Prohibition now failing of enforcement liquor is abundant; and the crimes which have always attended its liberal consumption become common.

In the seeming headstrong rush toward repeal we wonder if the public is giving thought to what comes after. Is hard liquor to be made as easy to obtain as the pale beer now being universally sold in city bars, at fountains, hotels, restaurants, and at country beer parlors; roadside stands and even filling stations? Gov. Meier announces he will appoint a commission, if repeal carries, to consider new forms of liquor control. That is a very indefinite basis for the public to expect a workable substitute for prohibition.

The friends of "true temperance" who are now touring the state have furnished no outline of a substitute plan; yet that is quite as essential as inveighing against the reputed evils of prohibition. Flushed with victory the liquor interests, their conscience stupefied by prospects of lush profits, may be counted on to force through legislation which will make liberal selling possible, and then to augment their sales by modern promotion methods. The present mild beer does not in itself represent the menace which the open vending of more potent liquors offers. The Klamath Falls Herald, advocate of repeal, looks ahead questioningly:

"One of the oldest-things about the current campaign to repeal the 18th amendment is that all of us seem to be too busy, or something, to give the slightest thought to the question of what program we shall adopt after the amendment has been discarded."

"Are we to go back to the old high-license regime that was common before 1920? Are we to adopt the Ontario system, or a modification thereof? Is the Quebec system one which we could profitably copy? Will it be necessary for us to find an entirely new method of handling the liquor traffic?"

"All of these questions become more important each week. So far we have hardly bothered to give them a thought. It would be very foolish for us to rush through with the task of repealing the dry law without devoting any time to a consideration of what sort of liquor control we are going to have afterward."

The Howlers in Politics

A news report of a meeting of the state highway commission quotes Commissioner Aldrich of Pendleton as remarking, ament the use of a patented paving material, that he did not like its use, "even if it was as good as others, because it might give some candidate for governor a chance to go about the state 'putting up a howl' where no howl might be deserved."

The Pendleton editor who is devoting much of his time in valuable service to the state has thus let slip an observation which is in itself an illuminating commentary on political processes in this country. The accepted formula for a candidate for governor or for other high office is to "put up a howl". That indeed seems the open sesame to public office.

A political contest thus becomes competition between yowling cats. We get them in all stages of vocal discord. And if not cats with tenor voices rending the air, they may be croaking bull frogs whose booming bass bellows woe.

The elements for successful howling campaigns have been abundant in late years. What with pinched purses and lost jobs or fortunes the anyil chorus has had recruits by the million. And the ones who can pitch their voices above the others, the ones who can thunder loudest to drown out competing dissonance are the ones perforce who commend themselves to the voters.

Recently a man asked us about the chances of another man as candidate for governor in 1934. We tendered discouragement, because the man in question would be no good as a yowler.

There is always a danger that existing and real ills will be glossed over and misgovernment tolerated too long. There is also a danger, which seems apparent at the present time, that elections may swing not to men of capacity and integrity, but to ones who are most clever in demagogic wailing. Oregon and Washington have been quite as vulnerable to such appeals as other states; until it comes about not only that men of ability are discarded at the polls, but also that they are disinclined to run for office because of the nature of the campaign they are expected to participate in.

Marketing the Cherry Crop

THE fresh fruit interests of the northwest, principally the apple interests have worked out a code which is to be presented to shippers at Spokane Thursday. It proposes to establish a minimum price for each tree fruit to be determined before harvest time; and undertakes to establish and maintain fair prices and markets. The expressions of the code are excellent and the principal regret is that it was not ready for application to Willamette valley cherries where some shippers have quoted such low prices that the price for the whole crop is set at ruinously low levels. Unable to trust each other the canners are simply enabling the eastern brokers to clean up fat profits at the expense of themselves and the western growers. The practice is the more inexcusable because in the face of a rising market shrewd policy would have dictated holding off for the high cent.

The result is bound to be to play into the hands of the numerous cooperative organizations. The pools are now able to get government money for financing; and all they need to do now is to wait till the cheaper stuff is out of the way and then they should realize very comfortable prices and profits. The private canners will have only themselves to blame, if because of cutthroat methods they build up the business of the grower marketing organizations.

Over the Hill



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IN A CITY park, the other day, I was amused by the sight of two sailors rowing on one of the lakes. Though off sea duty they sought relaxation and pleasure in this form of recreation and seemed to enjoy it. This seems a strange vacation for a sailor.

You cannot do better than to follow the example of the sailor who chose the recreation that gave him the most pleasure. Though a change of scene is advisable, a vacation should be a period of mental and physical rest.

Too often time and energy are wasted in efforts at recreation. Little rest is obtained and in many instances, the vacationist returns more tired than he was before he started.

Avoid Over-Exertion. If you return worn out and nervous your vacation has really been harmful. How can rest be obtained if strenuous exercise, late hours and little sleep make up the vacation period? Indeed, too many of us indulge in sports that are unsuited to our physical powers.

A week-end at the seashore may lead to over-exertion in swimming. This is a dangerous procedure, because it is not every heart that can endure strenuous swimming, even for a short time. Few persons can swim their doctors before indulging in energetic exercises. They do not inquire whether they can swim in the ocean or just how much swimming it is safe to take. There is no doubt that many serious ailments could be avoided if more persons did this.

Vacations Are Necessary. Sea bathing is beneficial to some and harmful to others. Mountain climbing is extremely healthful to some and injurious to others. No definite rule can be laid down because the factors that influence the choice of climate are individual ones. They depend on the state of health.

No one will deny that vacations, whether long or short, in winter or summer, are necessary. The maintenance of good health depends on the sensible use of leisure. A properly conducted vacation improves the appetite, digestion and sleep. Otherwise it does not benefit the body. The wise plan is to take stock of your physical health by periodical examinations. Your physician will advise whether you may exercise vigorously or if it is best to avoid exertion and strain. He will make suggestions that will increase the benefits of the days away from work.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. C. V. A. Q.—Nearly all summer I have been bothered by spells of sneezing, especially in the mornings. I have no cold but I have noticed that I have to use my handkerchief freely and seem to feel very blue and depressed. Could this be hay fever? What can be done in this case?

A.—May be due to hay fever, or to some underlying catarrhal condition, or obstruction in the nose. Examination should help to fix the exact cause. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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AT CHAMPOEG PICNIC

RICKRELL, July 11. — Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Goodell and daughter Miss Doris, attended the Old Fellers picnic at Champeog Sunday where the visiting associations of Marion, Linn and Clackamas counties held their annual picnic.

LOS ANGELES, July 11. — Five-day strike voted by 1200 longshoremen here in protest to conviction of 27 alleged I. W. W.'s on charges of criminal syndicalism.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem men at the death of Peopemoxmox:

(Continuing from yesterday):

"All the way down the zigzag rivers of the north McKinlay had sailed and sung with Sarah Julia."

"Mons. Pete," as the voyageurs called Peter Skene Ogden, was of the Ogdens of Ogdenburg and the Skenes of Skenesborough. . . .

His ancestors had founded those cities in New York. . . . Peter Skene was born in Canada. As a lad he returned to what would have been his native state and entered the service of John Jacob Astor. Astor sent him to Astoria. . . .

He reached there just in time to find the post in the hands of the British. Of course Ogden became British again. . . . Explored the Yellowstone, the Utah and Shoshone countries, made his winter rendezvous at Ogden's Hole in the Bear River mountains, paddled his canoes on Great Salt Lake, . . . raided the beaver dams of Colorado, and following Jeddah Smith over the Sierras trapped on the Sacramento. . . .

He built the first forts to the north, stirred up the trouble with the Russians, and now ruled Fort St. James, the capital of all that region from the Fraser river to the Russian border. . . .

"Sarah Julia died past her father into the arms of Mrs. Douglas. (Wife of Chief Factor James afterward Sir James Douglas; she had been Nellie Connolly daughter of a factor and his Indian wife.) The women withdrew into the Douglas apartments. . . .

"I don't want to get married," cried Sarah Julia, throwing off her sun-hat and bursting into tears.

"She too young," said Princess Julia, her mother. "She is 15 summer."

"I want to stay with my mother," sobbed Sarah Julia.

"A council was in session; in the council sat the chief's daughter. She ruled the council; she demanded restitution for the stolen pony, and Ogden had to pay it."

"I want to stay with my mother," sobbed Sarah Julia.

"She too young," said Princess Julia, her mother. "She is 15 summer."

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"Who want to marry you, my child?" inquired Mrs. Douglas, slipping her arm around the sobbing girl.

"Monsieur McKinlay. He says he loves me," she sobbed.

"He can wait," suggested Mrs. Douglas.

"No, he will go with my father."

"And where is your father going?"

"To Canada when the brigade goes."

"Mrs. Douglas understood. Lifting the tear-stained face, she said: 'My dear, your father do not like to undertake a journey and leave you unsettled. If anything should happen to him, what would become of you? Mr. McKinlay may be chief factor some day. Have you seen him much?'"

"Every day—every evening—at Fort James—my father—taught me—' came between the sobs. 'When he goes—Mons. McKinlay taught me till I read and write. We have read books together.'"

"And do you care for him?"

"Ye-a," Sarah Julia admitted, still tearful, "but how can I leave so good a mother?"

"And she had a good mother. Princess Julia made the fortune of Peter Skene Ogden. Long ago he went into the Flathead country and was drawn into a quarrel. The chief sent for him. 'What' cried the impulsive Ogden. 'Do you demand my life for a paltry pony?'"

Ripping open his shirt and pointing to his breast—"do you think you sent for an old woman's life?"

"The Flathead never killed a white man," calmly answered the Indian chief.

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"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XLVII

And then, when Joan had almost decided that Curtis loathed the very pile of wedding invitations, waiting in their snug, rich envelopes to be addressed, when she was sure he had let all interest in her, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts, and then as if suddenly conscious of her he would seize her suddenly and passionately in his arms. Cover her face with burning, almost brutal kisses, until she would shrink from him, hating herself for her fears. . . . "It is because I do not love him. . . . Oh, Curtis! Curtis! Have I still cheated you?"

So she submitted to his caresses, endured his long, brooding silences, his unreasonable bursts of anger, his sharp, harsh words.

"I have made him suffer enough. . . . I've done everything wrong. . . . everything . . . spoils my own life. . . . now the least I can do is not spoil his."

And there came over her the longing to see the hills again, the green and gold hills of Marin, with the madrones with their tan, peeling bark, and the evergreens, and the spiky smella. To go back to the old house and see the eucalyptus trees, and the rose garden, and yes . . . Aunt Evvie, too . . .

The little Italian who sold flowers near Francine's shop had but-terflies to sell, a rusty tin pail of them on the lowest shelf of the stand. They looked up at Joan as she passed, with their shining yellow faces, drooping just a little like children who are tired. "Oh, I want them!" she cried, and took them home, to bury her face in their freshness, and smell the green, springy smell.

And her eyes were misty when she put them down, because they were wild flowers, they might have come from the hills of Marin. She was homesick, homesick for the sweet rolling hills and the green waters of the bay with the small boats anchored there, bobbing gently up and down.

It was spring fever—that's what it is, the matter with me," she thought. "If I can get away—just for an hour or two—all alone—I'll be all right again."

For she couldn't be alone in Marin. . . . There was always Maisie, loving and kind. "Joan, can't you read in the livin' room just as well? I kinda hate to sit alone," Joan, I notice you had your door shut, but won't you open it, honey, I never have been one to like a shut door."

And in the shop there were the girls. And in the evenings Curtis, always Curtis. She knew that now, brooding silences, his sudden, fierce embraces, his sharp, cutting tongue. It was because he was tired, poor Curtis, he worked so hard. The spring fever and the cabin fever, and him a bit. He would be the old Curtis again after that, gentle and kind . . . but she couldn't wait for the house party . . . she had to get away . . . even for an hour or two now . . . great of the soft grass of the hills under her feet, the salt breeze on her cheek. . . .

On Sunday, very early, long before Maisie was stirring, Joan slipped out of the house, into the thin, morning sunshine. A street car, coasting down the hill, stopped with a screaming of brakes, and she climbed aboard, her heart beating fast, but her head had been home, home to the hills—all alone.

At the Ferry Building she hesitated a moment, a little dazed. Here was life, and youth, and eager waiting. Young boys with knickerbockers under their arms, and knapsacks on their backs. Waiting, bareheaded, anxiously searching the milling crowd, trying to locate The Girl in the blue dress. She couldn't help it if she still loved Bill. That was her hard luck. But she could keep from thinking about him—and she would. She must be loyal to old Curtis. . . . He had been home, home to the hills—all alone.

On down the path . . . Now the bend of the road shut off the view of Aunt Evvie's hedge, behind which were the lilacs, the wet, purple lilacs . . . the scent of them came to her on the wind . . .

"Do you remember . . . do you remember?"

She ran the rest of the way to the boat.

Joan felt drab and elderly, sitting all alone in her corner of the boat, listening to the girls and boys crowding all about her, shouting to each other, dropping coats and handbags almost on the toes. "Was I ever as young as that?" she wondered. Joan, who wasn't twenty.

Bells rang, the engines stopped, the fat ferry bumped slowly into the slip. "Save a seat for me!" "Which is our train?" "Oh, Gawd, Elsie's gone and left the key on the boat!" Running, and laughing and noise. Whistles and bells, and the neat rows of waiting trains disappearing down the long, thin tracks.

Sausalito quiet and sleepy then, as the sea and the hills calling. All the sailors going out into the country in the trains. Just the big ferry squeaking at its moorings, a few early yachtsmen unfurling sails.

Home! Home again, with the wind blowing from the ledge of the sun shining, and the hills sweet with spring! Here was the shack where old Captain Horner kept his boats. "Bait for Sale!" His old sign, that he had painted himself slanting down hill—and he dead these many months.

Here was the trail, the short-cut to the high road. No one had been over it lately. Some small pink flowers had sprung up there. A spider had made a web. . . .

She climbed on, breathlessly, holding her aching side.

She could see the hedge of the old house, and the turreted rising above it. The lilacs would be in bloom now. . . . "Oh, why did I come, why did I come?"

High up on the hill she sat down in the grass. . . . She couldn't rest. It was a mistake to come here, there was no rest for her now. It was all haunted. Haunted by Bill. . . .

Here they had found the biggest poppies, there they had sat to watch the ferry, far below, coming into the slip. Every blade of grass, every flowering shrub, every whisper of the wind spoke of him. . . . "Do you remember . . . Joan, do you remember?"

She covered her face with her hands. "Can I ever forget?"

In the city, with all the hurry and scurry of city life, with things moving so swiftly, and people so close, you could push unwelcome thoughts away. You could fool yourself, and the others . . . the salt wind, and the sun, with the great expanse of the bay spread out below, and the blue sky overhead, here you couldn't fool yourself . . . not any more.

"I've done everything wrong," she thought miserably. "Everything!"

Everything seemed so clear now, everything that had been blurred and dim before. She could see it all, all the mistakes, piled one on the other.

She had loved Bill. Would always love him. She knew that now. Coming back to the hills, without him made her see—so clearly—so terribly plain—too late. It wasn't spring fever that had made her do it. It was her own nostalgia for the place that had been home. It was the old hunger to revisit the places where they had been together, to dream again the old dreams, that would never come true.

She looked down at Curtis' ring, and the great flawless stone blinked back at her, blankly.

"I'm going to marry someone I don't love," she thought, "and it is so late now. I have so much to make up to him. I've cheated him so . . . Oh, Curtis . . . why didn't I see it—before?"

But she had seen it—before! She had seen it—before! She had brushed the grass and the small clinging burrs from her skirt. Carefully she straightened her hat, waiting for her nose. It was time to go back—to Curtis.

She picked her way down the steep path, turning her face away to avoid seeing the sun-blistered crowd in the hollow, the house where she had been home. She couldn't help it if she still loved Bill. That was her hard luck. But she could keep from thinking about him—and she would. She must be loyal to old Curtis. . . . He had been home, home to the hills—all alone.

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