

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

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ADVERTISING

Portland Representative: Gordon B. Burt, 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. \$5.00; 3 Mo. \$12.50; 6 Mo. \$22.50; 1 Year \$40.00. Elsewhere \$9.00 per Mo. or \$10.00 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.

Back to the Coast

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has referred the Pacific coast dockmen's strike back to the mediators on this coast. He does not feel that he can intervene in the matter. We think the president shows discretion. As we have previously remarked it ought not to be the duty of the president to have to settle every dispute that comes up. There are limits to his time, his strength, his clearness of judgment.

After all there is no reason why the strike may not be settled on this coast without intervention from the outside. Prolonging it savors of obduracy. In the judgment of the principal mediator, Dr. Henry W. Grady, the terms submitted by the employers were worthy of acceptance by the employees. President Ryan of the union himself felt so at the time, though later he withdrew his approval after local labor leaders took the other attitude.

The strike has been lengthy and costly. Its injury has extended far beyond the parties immediately concerned to individuals and industries distant from the scene. Lumber piles up at Bend, for instance, because of the failure of ocean transport. But this element of cost is one of the chief forces compelling a settlement. The shipping companies lose heavily in tied-up vessels; the longshoremen lose in suspension of all income.

The break will come very soon we believe; and will come when the parties principally at interest realize that they must effect an adjustment of their differences.

First Taste Intoxicates

IT is some ten years before the Philippine islands become fully independent. Yet the initial taste seems intoxicating. Here is a dispatch which came in over the AP wire Monday night:

"MANILA, June 4.—(AP)—Bitterness engendered by the struggle for independence flared in violence in the Philippines today, as campaigns were wound up for tomorrow's legislative and provincial elections.

"With leadership of Manuel Quezon, president of the senate, the chief issue of the election, fighting began in Bohol province, a Quezonista inspector being killed by a policeman. In Capiz six men were charged with knitting Dionisio Buendia, an anti-Quezon leader, who may die.

"To prevent further bloodshed, six towns were taken over by constabulary soldiers, who displaced municipal policemen."

If the initial elections are attended with fighting and bloodshed what may be expected when full freedom is obtained. Small wonder the Chinese traders are already leaving the islands. Thus does the United States retreat from its civilizing mission in the orient.

Twenty-five Years a Priest

LAST night St. Joseph's parish and friends in the Salem community assembled in the parish hall to do honor to a man who has served for 25 years as priest, the Reverend Father J. R. Buck. Eighteen years of this priesthood have been passed in Salem where Father Buck is known and loved by those of his own flock and by others outside his fold. With kindness and grace, with high charity, with fidelity to his faith he has walked in and out among the people. His work in the study has been notable as well, and he is the author of books on doctrine which show his learning in theology.

A priest and pastor have a great mission. They enter intimately into the lives of the people. In times of great trial the priest of God ministers spiritual comfort which sustains and soothes. For 25 years Father Buck has been that type of priest; and this community without regard to creed does well to honor him for his priestly service and splendid character.

Rain this week gave good things to the northwest. First, it stayed away from Salem where the cherry harvest is on, producing much employment to labor and promising fair return to producer. Second, it came to the parched wheat lands of the inland empire. Some damage of course to cherries in inland orchards; but the amount of good offset the loss by far. The rains were badly needed for the wheat crop, and came too late in some districts. In the heavier producing sections however the showers were most timely.

A little like old times in the newspaper business to see a fat special edition such as the Medford Mail-Tribune put out Monday in honor of the city's celebration of Oregon's diamond jubilee. Three eight-page sections full of special articles and illustrations,—and advertising.

The house of representatives has adopted a gag rule. It is one of the badges of reform which the new dealers are putting over. We recall in 1910 Norris, then congressman, secured adoption of new rules which broke the gag power of Speaker Joe Cannon. Thus does progress complete another revolution!

Finland pays up in full her installment on debt to the United States. The amount was not large, only \$175,000; but the country shows a fine spirit of appreciation in meeting the terms of her obligation.

Now you may buy that automobile a little cheaper. The car makers are fighting the summer slump with price cuts. If the strikes hold off sales of cars should continue good through the summer. There are millions of cars whose owners would like to replace them.

Seattle has a new mayor who is starting in to clean up the town which Mayor Dore let run loose. If he does a very good job though, his hitch will be limited to one term. A big city fight being kept too virtuous.

Yakima is fussing over "fish-bowl" beer glasses. Well, in this state the liquor commission solved the problem by ruling out the bowls for beer mugs. Some people would serve beer in a tub if they could get away with it.

There is talk that congress will adjourn June 15. We doubt it. Some professor will think of some new scheme to reform the earth and its people which will keep congress in session longer.

The disarmament conference at Geneva is through, France says. And France ought to know. She did her part to wreck it.

Oregon is saved again. A Crater Lake stamp is to be issued.

Well, Gentlemen?

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NEW-DEALERS



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Anna Maria Pittman Lee tombstone tells "history written in stone."

(Continuing from yesterday.) Mrs. Dye spoke of "wheat crushed in the cast iron corn cracker." In May, 1837, at the Jason Lee mission, that had been the only way to reduce wheat to the semblance of flour at first; some authorities spoke of a coffee mill being used.

But Wesley Hauxhurst, coming with the Ewing Young party in 1834, early became attached to the mission as a worker, and he built for the mission a grist mill. The writer believes this was done earlier than May, 1837, though it may have been that year, or as late as 1835.

It was a small mill, run with water power from the creek that flows into the Willamette just below the Wheatland (now Clyde LaPollet) ferry. It was the first grist mill built in what is now Oregon. The Hudson's Bay company had a grist mill earlier, at Fort Vancouver, that was in what was then the Oregon country. The first mission mill was about half way between the log mission houses and the historic house of Joseph Gervais. (It is likely that Joseph Gervais acquired and had that mill operated, after the mission and grist mills were set up on the site of Salem—its machinery coming on the Lausanne, in 1840.) The writer is acquainted with

two living men who know the site of the first mill of the mission, about 11 miles below Salem. The place should have a marker.

The "three fair damsels" of Mrs. Dye's story, greeted by Dr. McLoughlin on that historic night of May, 1837, were Anna Maria Pittman, Miss Susan Downing, and Miss Elvira Johnson. They were all mission teachers. But Miss Downing came definitely to marry Cyrus Shepard—came all the way from Lynn, Mass., where they had been engaged prior to Shepard's coming with Jason and Daniel Lee in 1834. Elvira Johnson was engaged to marry Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, who was coming with the second missionary reinforcement, which arrived at Fort Vancouver Sept. 7 of that year. They were engaged in New York; were married at the old mission Nov. 21, 1837. The reader knows the story of Anna Maria Pittman and Jason Lee, from what Mrs. Dye said in her book.

They were not engaged to be married. Lee had seen her once in New York before he started on his first journey in 1834, but, as said by Mrs. Dye, his impression was that she was not a lady; he would fancy for a wife—though at that time he was not looking for a wife.

But the sympathetic busybodies in New York—the men connected with the Methodist missionary board—and, perhaps, more particularly, some of their match making wives, thought Jason Lee ought to have a wife, out here in a foreign and savage land, more than 13,000 miles by water away from home; and that she should be a white woman, too. So they picked on Anna Maria Pittman. Perhaps (who knows?) she herself had formed a good impression of Jason Lee on their chance meeting in New York. Any way, she was a teacher, and she was willing to take the chance of teaching savage children. The match making ladies in New York knew what they were doing. They were willing to trust to the proverbial "propinquity and moonlight," and let nature take its course.

And the scheme worked. Jason Lee proposed. Anna Maria answered his proposal in the usual, reading: "Yes, where thou goest I will go. With thine my earthly lot be cast; In pain or pleasure, joy or woe. Will I attend thee to the last. That hour shall find me by thy side. And where thy grave is, mine shall be; Death can but for a time divide. My firm and faithful heart from thee."

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And as through life we glide along, Through tribulation's troubled sea, Still let our faith in God be strong And confidence unshaken be."

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

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

IN THE beginning, an attack of whooping cough may be mistaken for a common cold. Any child with a cold who sneezes or coughs continuously should be suspected of having whooping cough.



Dr. Copeland Bear in mind that whooping cough may not be characterized at once by the classical "whoop." That symptom may not be observed until several weeks after the onset of the disease.

Unfortunately many regard whooping cough as a harmless disease. In reality it is one of the most dangerous infections of childhood. It is especially serious when it affects young children and infants of six months or less. It is serious because it may lead to pneumonia.

Is Very Contagious There is little difficulty in recognizing this disease after the "whoop" has developed. That is the name given the long drawn out crow caused by the collapse of the larynx after a severe paroxysm of coughing.

Another characteristic sign of this disease is a spasm of coughing ending in vomiting. The vomiting is caused by gagging and not because the child is nauseated. Unfortunately the spasm of vomiting may be so frequent and severe as to cause digestive disturbances, loss of weight and great weakness.

Whooping cough may last as long as six weeks to three months. It should be considered contagious until at least a week after the "whooping" has ceased. In its acute stages the disease is highly contagious, being spread by the discharge sprayed from

the nose and mouth in coughing, sneezing, spitting or talking. Frequently I am asked whether I recommend the vaccine treatment for whooping cough. Unfortunately, the professional opinion of this vaccine is not very encouraging. It has been estimated that at best only about 60 per cent of the patients given this vaccine are benefited and the remainder are not helped at all.

Methods of Treatment Severe attacks can be lessened by the use of an old-fashioned crock kettle. A modern invention, an electric device, may now be purchased. This runs for several hours without refilling. As a rule, compound tincture of the lily of the valley is used for the inhalations.

Other emergency measures are the use of carbon dioxide inhalations or the administration of ether and oil. Of course, these remedies can be resorted to only at a hospital or at home under the personal supervision of a physician. These new methods aim to reduce the number of paroxysms and hasten convalescence.

Answers to Health Queries

K. R. Q.—Will you kindly tell me what to do for chapped lips? A.—You should avoid tendency towards constipation. Drink six to eight glasses of water daily. If you apply some cream to your lips before retiring every night it may help to keep the lips moist. If this condition persists you should have a complete examination.

Dad. Q.—What precautions should be taken by a patient suffering from hardening of the arteries? A.—The diet and general care are important under such circumstances. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

I. G. K. Q.—Please tell me what I can do for blackheads. A.—When eruptions appear on the skin, it is usually an indication that the general health is run down. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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"MA CINDERELLA" By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

SYNOPSIS

Years ago, Ann Haskel, dominant Ozark farmer, sent her fatherless son, John Herbert, away in the care of Judge Shannon, so that the boy could be educated properly. No one knew the heartache this sacrifice caused Ann. In John Herbert's place, Ann raised a new-born orphan, Jeff Todd. Ann, Jeff and Nancy Jordan, Ann's housekeeper, live together on the farm. Following graduation from college, John Herbert returns home. The young man is stunned to find his mother a crude mountain woman, but he overlooks this in gratitude for all she did for him. Ann, on the other hand, is disappointed that her son is anxious to write instead of practicing law. Diane Carroll, a young artist, who values her work and her health, which she keeps secret, and John Herbert become boon companions. One day, Jeff, jealous of John Herbert, tries in vain to force his stepbrother to fight. Ann tells John Herbert he will have to fight Jeff or there won't be any living for him or her. She is at a puzzle by her son's ignorance of backwoods ethics as he is bewildered by her attitude. Ann hears the vacationists at the Lodge jokingly call her "Ma Cinderella" and resents their ridicule. Diane encourages John Herbert to continue with his writing, but he realizes it will be years before he has a decent income and can repay his mother. The Lodge guests poke fun at his mother. This makes John Herbert realize that, with his responsibilities, Diane is beyond his reach. She, however, thinks of him constantly. Never before had she been so attracted to any man and John Herbert needed her. Diane comes upon him in the garage and tells the artist she has come to settle with her. Asked if she wants to marry John Herbert, Diane replies: "Your son never mentioned the subject." "Shucks!" retorts Ann, "your kind do never marry no man less'n he's got money." Little did Ann realize that Diane herself was wealthy and wanted someone to love her.

And the scheme worked. Jason Lee proposed. Anna Maria answered his proposal in the usual, reading: "Yes, where thou goest I will go. With thine my earthly lot be cast; In pain or pleasure, joy or woe. Will I attend thee to the last. That hour shall find me by thy side. And where thy grave is, mine shall be; Death can but for a time divide. My firm and faithful heart from thee."

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CHAPTER XXIV

Concealed by the house itself from those in front, the two women hurried to the kitchen. Curiously they peered through the window. The chauffeur was now standing beside the car. The gentleman was not in sight.

"Hi! A big car, ain't it?" whispered Nance. "An' see, that fellow's got on a uniform like I said. Sure looks like he war an officer of some kind."

A loud knocking sounded through the door. "Other man's at the door," whispered Ann.

"I reckon you'd best go an' see what they're a-wantin'," directed Ann, grimly. "But fetch me that gun from beside the fireplace first."

"The stranger smiled. 'If you are Mrs. Haskel I will explain.' 'You can do your explainin' to me.' The gentleman's tone was a shade more direct. 'My business is with Mrs. Haskel. Is she at home?'

"Nance stared at him silently. 'May I come in?' 'Not till I know who you be an' what you're a-wantin' of her?' He offered his card.

"Nance, who could not read a word, received the bit of pasteboard as if it were a bomb. 'I am James Levering,' explained the stranger. 'I represent the Fidelity Trust and Savings Bank of Holmsburg, Pennsylvania. I assure you it is quite necessary that Mrs. Haskel see me.'

"I'll call Ann," Nance returned, doubtfully, and with admirable caution, closed the door. While Mr. Levering waited the two backwoods women in the kitchen held a whispered consultation. "Holmsburg, Pennsylvania," murmured Jason Lee, text Numbers 10:23, words by Moses in that other wilderness, and two baptisms, of Wesley Hauxhurst and Chas. J. R. Lee, the first white converts in the Oregon of today.

After that, according to Bancroft, a wedding breakfast. In August, Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard and their brides made two wedding journeys, one toward the head waters of the Molokai and down that stream to the Willamette, which they crossed and returned to the mission on the west side; their guide, Jean Baptiste Desportes McKay. The other was to the Pacific ocean, by what is now called the Salmon river route, their guide being Joseph Gervais, nearest neighbor on the north.

But there were two other white women residents in Oregon then, besides the "three fair damsels." They were the wives of Dr. Elijah White and Alanson Beers, who came with the party of which the three were members. That made five. And there were two more, beyond the Cascades, at Walliapat and Laywell. Narcissa Whitman and Mrs. Spalding. That made seven.

When Jason Lee started in 1833, to bring out the Lausanne party, his wife gave him her farewell message in poetry. Her answer to the marriage proposal, and her farewell message, have both been set to beautiful, moving music, by Mrs. Stephen A. Stone, of Salem. In later issues, the reader will see a good deal more about this; and still more after the publication of Miss Thressa Gay's book.

There followed a sermon by

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

NATURE To the Editor: This unusual season has brought many surprises to us. Checking our recent observations with those of former seasons there are several interchanges of time and manner beginning last fall, the wild geese flew southward earlier than the small birds. The latter were feeding in fields and pastures. Taking their joyous exercise in whirling, like clouds of autumn leaves, at evening, making their wings strong to endure the long flight to the south. Before the end of November flocks of wild geese, honking wearily high overhead, were, amazingly, flying north again. I wondered if they southern lakes were infested by hordes of hunters whose loud guns had frightened the geese away. I pitied them. They didn't know where to go. At intervals the next two months they appeared, sometimes flying north, sometimes south, sometimes west at evening, to rest beside the ocean and pick up tid-bits of sea food at the edge of the receding tide, like the gulls. Large flocks of geese were seen to be feeding in grain fields over near the Cascade foothills. At evening they passed over the town in a helter-skelter flock, not in their military V formation. In the spring the swallows came

back a month earlier than usual. We wondered why. Do not think that they are never misled by their instincts. Remember the great flock of wild ducks frozen fast in Klamath lake winter before last. And the plants in the gardens, they all came earlier than usual but not in their usual order. The daffodils came before the crocuses. Did the daffodils simply respond to the stimulus of warmth and moisture while the crocuses counted the time? No, the flower buds of the farmer were ready formed in the fall, just waiting for the signal of spring; the crocuses were busy, but slowly, forming their buds but it took just so much time.

This season, as a whole, is peculiar. The weather, disregarding time-honored indications, is capricious. Today, strong northerly wind, pelting showers of cold rain, more like the first of November than the first of June. And in the vast prairie area of our country, scorching heat shrivels the thirty crops, rashes for many weeks, tortures by high moisture-absorbing winds which scoop up the soil and bear it away across farms and states, to sift it down in a smothering fog upon the eastern cities.

Some years ago an astronomer, taking observations on Mars, noticed a mushroom-like protuberance on the profile of the planet. As it is well-known Mars has no mountains, the observer was puzzled to account for the strange appearance. Repeated observations showed that the high spot moved, changed its position from day to day, became dim and disappeared. The observer decided it was a cloud, and as there are no

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