The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN

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Those Iowa people have had lots of experience as prohibitionists, so they now make the dumping of any booze in the presence of any officer prima facie evidence of illegal posession of booze.

The Marshfield city council last Monday enacted an ordinance forbidding the lighting of bonfires or outdoor fires in the city during June, July, August and September without a permit from the chief of police. The penalty for violation is $100 fine or 20 days in jail.

Red sorrel thrives in Oregon on acid soil—clover won't, the experiment station finds. The heavier and sourer the soil becomes, the better the crop of sorrel, and the more evident the need of lime, says an O. A. C. bulletin.

The writer has just been clearing out a strawberry bed that had got pretty foul this spring and finds white clover and sorrel the most persistent weeds.

Twenty-five years ago if any one had told us that we should live to see the time that less than one per cent of vehicles on the highways would be horse drawn, we should have thought he was letting his enthusiasm run away with his judgment. And yet in a traffic check last Saturday between 6 a. m. and 10 p. m. on the Myrtle Point road 702 vehicles passed and only one of the whole lot, or only one-seventh of one per cent, was a horse drawn vehicle. There were 533 Oregon cars, 42 from other states, 124 trucks and 12 stages. The gas engine now has a right to exclaim "The world is mine."

Many a conscientious camper pours water on his fire and thinks it is out, but unless the soil is thoroughly soaked, the chances are that enough fire remains in the rotten wood and leaves to come to life after the water poured on to quench it has been dried out. A rigorous campaign of educating every person crossing forest boundaries, as to where it is safe to build fires, and how to thoroughly quench them might do some real good. The criminally careless and wilfully malicious individuals who cause forest fires are doubtless too few in number to account for the prevalence of fires during the past few years, says a recent bulletin.

Of the four United States senators who were this spring expelled from the Republican party caucus, and left outside, within a week two have been called from earth. La Follette and Ladd are no more in the land of the living; and the figure those who are left will cut in the politics of the future will certainly be a comparatively insignificant one. Mark Sullivan, the veteran Washington correspondent, points out how wonderfully this will contribute to making William E. Borah, of Idaho, an outstanding national figure. Borah is always independent in his course, but has never burned his bridges behind him and invited expulsion as the wilful four did. That his position in the party will become a more commanding one on account of the removal at this time of two such men as LaFollette and Ladd, is evident enough. If Coolidge should decline to be a candidate again—as we have no idea that he will—Borah would, it seems to us, stand a good chance to be his successor.

THE WORLD GROWING SMALLER

The announcement made recently by Colonel Edwards, Deputy Director of the British Air Ministry, to the effect that a bi-weekly air service from London to Bombay would in all probability be an accomplished fact before the end of next year opens another chapter in the long story of the road to the East.

It is a story that has its beginning in the mists of tradition, when the camel train wound its way month after month and year after year from oasis to oasis, and finally over the gigantic barrier of the Hindu-Kush on to the plains of the Punjab. Later came the effort to find the road by way of the sea, the result, after many baffling failures, being success, when Vasco de Gama brought his battered ship to rest off Calicut in 1498.

The next chapter contains the story of the East India Company, the "John Company," still so great and powerful in the day when Charles Lamb was working in the India House. In those days the great East India merchantmen, sailing by way of the Cape of Good Hope, took from six to seven months to make the voyage. With the coming of the steamship this time was quickly cut down to a third, and with the opening of the Suez Canal even that time was halved. Today the P. and O. boats from London make the trip to Bombay through the Suez Canal in twenty-two days and now comes the announcement from the Air Ministry that in a very short time a regular air service, following most probably, high up in the air, the old caravan route of the ages, will make it possible to travel from London to Bombay in less than a week. Certainly, as a famous British statesman once remarked, the world is "shutting up like a telescope."—The Outlook.

EL PASO FORTY YEARS AGO

Forty-one years ago last month, the old man of the Sentinel, then in his thirties, was one of a party of Kansis newspaper men and women filling several Pullman cars, to whom the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad gave a free excusion into Texas and New Mexico and a day's journey down into old Mexico over the then newly constructed Central railroad in that country as far as Chihuahua. For full measure the company switched us off to the west at La Junta on the return trip and carried us out over the narrow gauge to the summit of the first rampart of the Rockies, where we had a chance to look over the great San Louis valley, with which we later became better acquainted while a resident of the Centennial state.

That trip down into old Mexico, however, is one whose memory has never faded, and which makes the ten miles of shifting sand south of the Rio Grande and the wide grassy valley for nearly two hundred miles stand out almost as distinctly in the picture galleries of our mind as if it had been but a few months ago instead of almost half a lifetime.

What has caused us to turn back to that experience was the perusal in a recent magazine of a story of the El Paso of today, in which is shown a picture forty years old of the adobe buildings which were still a prominent feature of the Main street scenery of that time. There was much that was modern in the Texas El Paso then, including a great hotel, but the unique feature of the two cities then and which is shown in that picture, and remains today, is the international street railway, which here ran across the Rio Grande at that time and connected the old Mexican town of Paso del Norte, now known as Jaurez, with the modern city on our own side of the river.

Among the people we met in the Mexican city at that time was ex-Governor George T. Anthony, of Kansas, who was then building railroads in Mexico, who told us how surprised the Mexicans were when they found that the telephone which had then quite recently come into use, could carry a conversation in Spanish just as easily as one in English.

What people are now doing industrially down in this high point on our Mexican border line is thus told at the conclusion of the Outlook article, which has set the Sentinel writer reminiscing about experiences far back in the last century:

"Cotton is the new thing, born since the war, and with cotton the other agricultural wealth of the Reo Grande Valley, made possible by the Elephane Butte 'Project,' must be counted in. This most extensive Federal irrigation project, brought about through the agency of El Paso enterprise, redeems territory in the Mesilla, Rincon, and Palomas Valleys, tributary to El Paso. Cotton, planted for the first time commercially in 1917, was cultivated in 1924 over an area of 72,000 acres, bringing in a crop variously estimated in value as between eight and ten million new dollars. In the continuous sunshine and high, dry air of the 'Project' brother weevil thrives not at all, and cotton bolls in consequence are gathered to the average of nine-tenths of a bale an acre.

"All of these things, then—Mexico and cattle and copper and cotton—for him who hath eyes to see are discernible as valid reasons why this American Bagdad thrives in the sunshine and sand of its apparent desert. Born of sunshine and its nearly four thousand feet of altitude, El Paso and its mesa border-lands enjoy a climate than cannot be bought, but may be sold. El Paso sells it."

The Sentinel and the Oregon Farmer both for $2.25 a year.

TWO TURNING POINTS IN TEDDY'S LIFE

When Theodore Roosevelt was 12 years old, his father said to him one day, "You have brains, but you have a sickly body. To make your brains bring you what they ought you must built up your body; it depends on you."

Mr. Roosevelt, speaking in his autobiography of this turning point in his life, says:

"I felt a great admiration for men who were fearless and who could hold their own in the world, and I had a great desire to be like them. Until I was nearly 14 I let this desire take no more definite shape than daydreams. Then an incident happened that did me real good. Having an attack of asthma, I was sent off by myself to Moosehead Lake. On the stagecoach ride I encountered a couple of other boys who were about my own age, but very much more competent and also much more mischievous. They found that I was a foreordained and predestined victim, and industriously proceeded to make life miserable for me. The worst feature was that when I finally tried to fight them, I discovered that either one singly could not only handle me with easy contempt, but handle me so as not to hurt me much and yet to prevent my doing any damage whatever in return.

"The experience taught me what probably no amount of good advice could have taught me. I made up my mind that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position, and having, become quickly and bitterly conscious that I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would supply its place by training."

When Roosevelt was elected to the New York assembly he was virtually unknown, at least in the political world. Three months of the session passed by, and then young Theodore stood up in the assembly chamber and demanded, point-blank, that a certain Judge Westbrook be impeached for the prostitution of his high judicial office to serve the purpose of wealthy and unscrupulous stock gamblers. The Saturday Evening Post said of the incident:

"That speech—the deciding act in Roosevelt's career—is not remarkable for eloquence. But it is remarkable for fearless candor. He called thieves thieves, regardless of their millions; he slashed savagely at the judge and the attorney-general; he told the plain unvarnished truth as his indignant eyes saw it."

William Roscoe Thayer tells of the result:

"Astonishment verging on consternation filled the assemblymen, who, through long experience, were convinced that Truth was too precious to be exhibited in public. Wordly wisdom came to the aid of the veteran Republican leader, who wished to treat the assault as if it were the unripe explosion of youth.

"Little did this official defender of corruption understand Mr. Roosevelt. Although the magnates of the party pleaded with him and urged him not to throw away his usefulness, he rose again in the assembly the next day and renewed his demand for an investigation of Judge Westbrook. Day by day he repeated his demand. The newspapers throughout the state began to give more and more attention to him. The public applauded, and the legislators, who had sat and listened to him with contemptuous indifference, heard from their constituents. At last, on the eighth day, by a vote of 104 to 6 the assembly adopted Roosevelt's resolution and appointed an investigating committee. The 'young reformer' had not only proved his case, but had suddenly made a name for himself in the state and in the country.

But the great turning point in the life of Theodore Roosevelt came on that summer's day when the bullet of the anarchist Czolgosz laid low President William McKinley. When the news reached him, Roosevelt, then Vice-President, went immediately to Buffalo, but as the surgeons pronounced the wounds not dangerous, he, after a few days, joined his family in the Adirondacks. Let Mr. Thayer tell the rest of the story:

"For several days cheerful bulletins came. Then, on Friday afternoon, the thirteenth, when the Vive-President and his party were coming down from a climb to the top of Mount Marcy, a messenger brought a telegram which read:

"'The President's condition has changed for the worse.

"'Cortelyou.'

"The climbers on Mount Marcy were 50 miles from the end of the railroad and 10 miles from the nearest telephone at the lower clubhouse. They hurried forward on foot, following the trail to the nearest cottage; where a runner arrived with a message, 'Come at once.' Further messages awaited them at the lower clubhouse. President McKinley was dying, and Roosevelt must lose no time. His secretary, William Loeb, telephoned from North Creek, the end of the railroad, that he had had a locomotive there for hours, with full steam up. So Roosevelt and the driver of his buckboard dashed on through the night, over the uncertain mountain road, dangerous even in daylight, at breakneck speed. Dawn was breaking when they came to North Creek. There Loeb told him that President McKinley was dead."

"In this manner," Mr. Thayer continues, "'Teddy's luck,' brought him into the White House, as the twenty-sixth President of the United States. He emerged triumphanth from the receiving vault of the Vice-Presidency, where his enemies supposed they had laid him away for good. In ancient days, his midnight dash from Mount Marcy, and his flight by train across New York State to Buffalo, would have become a myth symbolizing the response of a hero to an Olympian summons."

Charles Washburn, a college friend of Roosevelt, once remarked:

"I would not like to be in McKinley's shoes. He has a man of destiny behind him."—Frank Dorrance Hopley in Dearborn Independent.

A NEW IDEA ABOUT CANCER

The Sentinel's interest in cancer is a very strong one. Hence while it does not unhesitatingly accept all the statements made in the following article in last week's Dearborn Independent, it thinks they are worth consideration by all who have friends who may be threatened with that disease. The advice given as to diet, the writer has followed in large measure for years, and he knows that it is good whether it has anything to do in preventing cancer or not. Indeed, we can go farther than that and state that but for such precautions as are recommended, we question whether we should now be here penciling these lines:

"Cancer is the great human menace. It is increasing by leaps and bounds. If anything, it is increasing more rapidly in the United States than it is in the British Isles. Of those now living in the British Isles, 5,000,000 are doomed to die of cancer if they do nothing to prevent it. In the United States the doomed number is 10,000,000 and might easily rise to 15,000,000 or 20,000,000."

This remarkable statement is made by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., one of the world's most eminent surgeons and dietitians, in an article appearing in the June 20 issue of The Dearborn Independent.

According to Sir Arbuthnot, cancer is not caused by the bacillus that scientists have so long sought and not yet found, but rather by poisons created in the body by the food that is eaten. It is a filth disease, and its prevention is accomplished by keeping the digestive tract thoroughly drained of its accumulations.

Continuing the Doctor says: "What we should do then, if we would avoid cancer, is to eat whole-wheat bread and raw fruits, and vegetables, shunning all meat, first that we may be better nourished, second that we may more easily eliminate waste products and thus adequately drain the house in which our cells live. Whoever foregoes white bread will perform a great service for simself. It is deadly."

It is a difficult task to change the food habits of a nation or to induce the peole to take sufficient exercise each day. Sir Arbuthnot says, however, that "whoever will correct his diet to a reasonable extent, take reasonable exercise and keep his digestive tract absolutely clean, need have no fear of cancer."

WANTS NO MORE OF IT

The experiment of government operation of railroads is still fresh in the memory of those who live in the United States. From the Vancouver (B. C.) Sun we learn something of our northern neighbor's experience. "Fifty-four million dollars deficit for 1924 on the operation of our National Railways," says The Sun, "was the amount given out by the Canadian public."

As a cure the Vancouver daily suggests the remedy that is being applied in this country—consolidation of lines to eliminate the waste of duplication and excessive overhead charges. It calls for co-operation, co-ordinating and pooling of the revenues of the two systems in Canada wherever an economy of operation can be effected and in increased service rendered.

"What a few years ago was known as private ownership in now really public ownership," comments The Sun, "that is, shares of the big public utilities of this continent are widely held by the public. Government ownership or state ownership with public or government control is nothing but rank communism. And we want as little as possible of it in Canada."—July Sunset.

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