

# The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by  
**THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 213 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon  
 Portland Office, No. 21 North Ninth St., C. F. Williams, Mgr.)

**DRICKS** Secretary  
**CARLE ABRAMS** Secretary  
**J. L. BRADY** Vice-President

**MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS**  
 Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news reported to it or otherwise credited in this paper and also the published hereon.

**BUSINESS OFFICES:**  
 131-145 West 3rd St.; Chicago, Marquette Building, W. S. Grothwald, Mgr.

**TELEPHONES:**  
 23 Circulation Office 583  
 23-106 Society Editor 106

Printed at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter.

# The Boys and Girls Newspaper

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

LOADS OF FUN

THINGS TO DO

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller.

## STORIES OF FUR AND FUR TRAPPING

### Trading Posts in the Old Days

In the early days of American settlement, in the very heart of the wilderness, hundreds of miles from another trading center, stood the wooden stockade which was the outpost of the dealer in furs. Here he lived through the dead of winter when snowdrifts mounted to his tiny windows and higher, his only associates the Indians, who came from their forest homes laden with hides and buffalo skins and eagerly traded a pack of 50 or 100 for bright colored glass beads or the magical "fire water" the paleface offered.

Some of the transactions which took place in these dimly lighted, fur-laden strongholds are stains on the honor of the "square dealing" white man, the natives giving in return for trinkets costing but a few cents furs that could be sold for large amounts of money when the trader carried them back to civilization in the summer.

### Fur Fox's Bull

Many of the leading cities of Canada and the United States started as fur centers of the Hudson Bay company, or were the "fur forts" of John Jacob Astor and other of the famous pioneers in the great industry. New Orleans was a trading post for furs long before its settlers ever

thought of cotton or molasses. Detroit, St. Louis, Louisville and others began as fur markets composed of a few rough cabins where pelts might be exchanged and stored.

Nieuw Amsterdam, which is now of course, New York, was the center of Dutch trading in early times. Its merchants sent furs by the shipload back to Holland and grew rich from the profits. Furs were sometimes used in place of money.

### Furs Used for Rent

When King Charles II of England obtained possession of the district which now comprises New York and all of New England, he gave his brother, the Duke of York, the privilege of governing it for the rental sum of 60 beaver skins a year.

The Lewis and Clark expedition opened the Northwest to settlers, who rushed in to establish themselves as fur dealers. So feverish was the chase for furs that it is said the first American flag to be raised on the soil of Alaska after its purchase by the United States was planted by a seal trapper who reached the land ahead of the government representatives.

(Next Week: "Fur Buying and Grading.")



## THE SHORT STORY, JR.

### THE STORY OF LOVER'S LEAP

In the valley was heard a weird wail  
 Of a maiden who followed the trail  
 Of her lover so brave  
 Though it led to her grave—  
 So runs the old Indian tale.

The hikers emerged from the needle carpet of the old Indian Trail to find an open space that ended in a flat table rock extending over the valley below. The boys dropped their kits, and, as twilight fell, they built a roaring fire on the rock and made coffee and roasted steak.

As they sat in a circle on the great rock, munching buns and pickles, Frank leaned over the edge and peered far below. "There is a road down there!" he exclaimed. "You can hardly see it in the dark."

"When the moon comes up you can see it plainly," replied the hiking leader. "And then you will hear the voice of a dead Indian maiden calling to the spirit of her Indian bridegroom."

The boys shivered, and Frank drew back cautiously, as if he

were afraid of slipping over the precipice. "Tell us about it," they begged.

"There was once an Indian brave," began the leader, "who lived here in this country. He wished to marry the daughter of the chief of the tribe. The old chief said he might marry his daughter only on the condition that the youth would rid the nation of the enemy chief who sent warriors to rob and murder the people here. So the Indian lad stole to the neighboring nation and killed the chief. The followers of the dead man were too cowardly to make war on the people here, but they pledged themselves to vengeance, and a band of them took refuge in these woods to wait an opportunity at the young man's life.

"One evening as the Indian prin-



## MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

### Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Copyright 1921, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

### CHAPTER 19

### THE WAY LILLIAN "RESCUED" BESS DEAN

Bess Dean was a pitiful looking specimen of femininity, indeed, as with Dicky on one side, and Ted—one of the Cosgrove twins—on the other, she tottered to the side of the car, and was hoisted—there is no other word describes the movement, for she could not climb, and mutely refused to be lifted—into the tonneau. Lillian and I had alighted from the car as soon as we caught sight of her, and would have hurried toward her but for Dicky's peremptory hand waving us back.

"It's her feet, of course," Lillian murmured as she watched the painful progress of the girl. "And the Dicky-bird's right. The first thing to do is to get her off them, and we should only hinder him if we went over there. And I'll bet you three cookies, sugar ones, that she won't admit her feet hurt. It'll be her head or her ears, or her hands, anything but to give in that she shouldn't have forced her foot into these sneakers of yours."

In spite of my very real concern at the girl's appearance—her staring eyes set in her white face, her disheveled hair, her aspect of exhaustion—I could not help a little smile, instantly suppressed and unobserved by her, when I heard her first murmured words: "Oh, my back!" she moaned. "I've wrenched it in some way. Oh! How am I going to stand the journey home?"

"I'll drive very carefully," Robert Savarin promised, with cavalierous concern. He had not heard

cess was walking here in the twilight, she spied the band of enemies making for the pass at the end of the trail below. She knew her lover would soon be passing on the road and would be met by the band and killed. It was two miles around by the road and she would not have time to catch him and warn him. So she crept to the edge of the rock here and waited in the moonlight. She spied the enemies creeping into the mouth of the pass. In a few minutes she saw the Indian boy come down the path below.

"What did she do?" whispered the boys.

"She leaped from the rock and fell those hundreds of feet, and with her dying breath, warned her bridegroom that his enemies waited for him!"

"Do you suppose it's true?" asked Frank in an awed voice.

"Listen!" replied the story teller. Up the valley swept the wind and from the rocks opposite came a piercing cry. Then there was a deeper cry as the wind rushed out again.

"It is the scream of the Indian maiden, they say, and her Indian brave answering."

"Then it must be true," declared the boys with round eyes.

Lillian's side and evidently accepted as truth the girl's complaint of her back. "I think it really will be better to take the longer way round by the state road. It will be so much less jolting."

"No, no," Bess Dean expostulated agonizedly. "Take the very shortest road. Never mind the jolting. Just get me home as quickly as you can."

Lillian lowered her voice to a murmur, turning her face to me.

"Don't be a Fool!"

"You have scissors and a knife and a big roll of gauze in one of the pockets of this car," she said incisively. "Get them out, unobtrusively, after we get in and slip them to me."

I nodded a comprehending assent, and she and I climbed into the tonneau with Bess Dean, Dicky taking the front seat with Robert Savarin, and Ted stretching himself on the running board, where he assured us laughingly, he preferred to ride. Lillian saw that from his position he could not see into the tonneau, then she spoke to the men in front.

"Just keep your eyes on the road ahead, boys," she commanded. "We're going to make Miss Dean more comfortable, and we don't need any spectators. Just start the car and let's be on our way!"

"Right-o!" Dicky threw back, and the next minute we were speeding over the valley road, and Lillian had put her hand firmly on Bess Dean's, for the girl had started wildly in her seat with angry protesting eyes.

"Don't be a fool just because you know how," she said crisply. "No woman, unless she's an experienced mountain climber, can come down that road without killing her feet, and yours must be in terrible condition. Just put them up here and let me take off those shoes!"

"I tell you it isn't my feet, it's my—" Bess Dean began.

"Of course it's your back," Lillian spoke soothingly as she would to a child. "But we can't help that till we get home, while I can relieve your feet. Be sensible now."

## Why Bess Dean Protested.

She stooped and lifted one of the girl's feet from the floor of the car, propped it on a footstool which I had provided for Lillian's use, untied the strings of the sneaker and attempted to pull it off. Bess Dean protested feebly at the lifting of her foot, but at the pulling of the sneaker, she gave a sharp little cry.

"I was afraid of this," Lillian said. "That knife, Madge—open, please."

I handed her the knife, and very carefully she began to slit the cloth at the side of the shoe. Bess Dean made no further protest, having patiently reached the limit of her endurance, but she gave a sigh of relief when the shoe came off, and another when Lillian removed the second sneaker, after having been compelled to cut it also.

"Now for the stockings," Lillian said.

"Will you have to cut them, too?" Bess Dean asked, dismayed, though she had made no objection to the cutting of my shoes, and I guessed that she had put on her best pair of silken hose for the expedition.

"It won't make any difference," Lillian retorted practically. "They're in ribbons already," and a furtive glance of my own confirmed her statement.

Great holes gaped through the filmy texture of the stockings, through which the swollen and chafed feet strained as if bursting. Truly, Bess Dean had paid dearly for her petty vanity about the size of her feet as compared to mine, and I felt a sharp sting of conscience, knowing that I was partly responsible for her plight. I had yielded only too readily—if not gladly—to Dicky's demand that I give her the exact pair of sneakers for which she had asked, my own, instead of the extra, larger pair I had in my trunk.

(To be continued)

## VALLEY ALONE IN CAR SHORTAGE

The Willamette valley is the only section of the United States where there is a car shortage. Chairman H. H. Corey of the public service commission declared yesterday. Ten days ago, according to Corey, Traffic Manager Luce of the Southern Pacific company promised to wipe out the shortage, but it has not been done.

Lumber shippers are suffering from the shortage and daily are protesting to the service commission. The situation also has been presented to the interstate commerce commission.

The public service commission later received a telegraphic communication from Luce declaring that strenuous efforts are being made to eliminate the car shortage in Oregon and that orders are now declining. He said that between November 4 and 8 there were 553 loaded and 1557 empty cars had been sent north through Ashland and that the movement would continue until the situation is entirely relieved.

## Cut This Out—it Is Worth Money

Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a ten cent bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for Coughs, Colds, and Croup, also a free sample package of FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS for Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Kidney and Bladder trouble, and FOLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS for Constipation and Biliousness. These wonderful remedies have helped millions of people. Try them! Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## DOUGHTON & MARCUS HARDWARE

are again open for business at their old location 286 N. Com'l, where they have a complete new stock of hardware, paints, and oils.

Everything in the store is clean and new and they will be glad to have both old and new customers call and inspect the store whether you buy or not.

It isn't a bit too early to start thinking of Christmas

# AUTOMOBILES PRIZES AND GOLD

Free To Be Given to Ambitious People Free

Enter Now and Share in These Awards



## The Fourteen Prizes and How They Will Be Awarded

THE PRIZES listed below will be designated in the competition as GRAND prizes, and will be awarded to the fourteen Salesmanship Club Members who have the highest number of votes to their credit by midnight of Saturday, January 5th, 1924. First GRAND prize will be awarded to the person having highest number of votes by the above date. Second GRAND prize to person having second highest number of votes, ETC.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| First Grand Prize \$865.00 Overland Champion (fully equipped.)   | Seventh Grand Prize..... 10.00 in gold   |
| Second Grand Prize, \$635.00 Chevrolet Touring (fully equipped.) | Eighth Grand Prize..... 5.00 in gold     |
| Third Grand Prize..... Diamond ring                              | Ninth Grand Prize..... 5.00 in gold      |
| Fourth Grand Prize..... \$50.00 in gold                          | Tenth Grand Prize..... 5.00 in gold      |
| Fifth Grand Prize..... 25.00 in gold                             | Eleventh Grand Prize..... 5.00 in gold   |
| Sixth Grand Prize..... 15.00 in gold                             | Twelfth Grand Prize..... 5.00 in gold    |
|  | Thirteenth Grand Prize..... 5.00 in gold |
|  | Fourteenth Grand Prize..... 5.00 in gold |

## THE NOMINATION COUPON

Is the Key to Your Fortune  
 Fill It in and Mail or Bring It in Today

On receipt of this nomination full information will be sent by return mail.

### NOMINATION COUPON

The Oregon Statesman Automobile Competition  
 Good for 10,000 Votes  
 I nominate as a member of the Oregon Statesman Automobile Competition:  
 Name .....  
 Address .....  
 Town ..... RFD..... State.....  
 Nominated by .....

A candidate may nominate him or herself or be nominated by a friend

## A WALNUT HIGHWAY

By H. C. TSCHANZ

A valuable suggestion, namely, that we plant trees Pacific highway, has been made by the press of the idea is so broad and worthwhile, that one cannot pass out some additional comment. Imagine a highway of fine trees on each side of it to make it beautiful, as beautiful by a highway bordered with walnut or as; a paved highway from Portland to Siskiyou, a 360 miles by rail and more than 400 along, a f such a colossal idea for beauty, that every f the state should feel his civic sense aroused and at ne interested for its accomplishment.

ly Oregon is fast becoming famous as a country with e finest highways in the world so that it has been d that we are surpassing our sister states in tourist d these tourists giving us the once over will adverte ar and sooner or later bring people and capital to r unsurpassed, dormant resources. With a walnut ghway extending through the entire length of the ould have an advertisement that would find no equal g up the state. Cost? Yes! But every worthwhile advertisement has an initial cost be it in business or ing else. Our sister state, California, is advertised , being made a home for capitalists, who bring money try with which to develop it.

it not be possible, that a similar idea of tree-planting arried through Washington and California both, thus a uniform road of travel all along the Pacific coast? et Oregon lead the way? It could be named the Wal- ray or the Pacific Walnut Highway, thereby bringing states to the front and the attention of eastern cap-

we may hear someone reply: how monotonous! kind of trees all the way for hundreds of miles! But ot pavement for these same miles, yet no one seems monotonous. The walnuts and fibberts might be placed t intervals and the black walnuts which make such l tree, though are a cheaper nut than the English, h English walnuts and fibberts. This would relieve hough I personally would feel that planting black ould be a mistake—unless one cared for beauty only o attention to crop-value.

the trees could be planted far enough at the sides vement so that there would be little trouble from ex- ade in winter, or from leaves dropping on the roads. d the nuts drop on the highway, as the distance be- e and road would be too great. These are really, to minor difficulties.

ould the planting? The answer is that the State Commission should be in charge so as to have it a ob. It might be possible that farmers and property ng the way would plant and take care of the trees, tting the harvesting of the crops, the state furnishing o as to have all good uniform trees. Possibly, even a rporation might plant the trees and care for them, o reap the crop benefit which would be no small

would be involved by kind and age of trees as well stance between them. Two rows of walnut trees 30 t for a distance of 400 miles, would require about es. At 50 cents per tree, the cost would be \$70,400 es. Add to that the cost of planting and the care for say ten years. Reports of the hundreds of acres of n Oregon show that it pays to raise them, for we at quantities from other places. Why not produce selves at home?

ould the crop be worth? If a ten year old tree nee 20 pounds of first class nuts that market at 15 pound, we would get, from 140,800 trees about \$422, 2 year. Of course this does not include picking, dry- bor items. Neither does it consider the fact that an ld tree may, under favorable circumstances, produce o 400 pounds of nuts in one year and we have for our on only considered 20 pounds per tree which is, to conservative.

ns of the state! Shall we make Oregon with its beau- timber backgrounds and the most wonderful climate; capped mountains, a beauty paradise of the world so sts may look on with envy and say: "There is none it!" Talk it up with your fellow citizens and boost; done if we want it as badly as we did the paved roads.

## GET UP FOR OREGON

ne to stand up for Ore- time to resent the slan- yn people are hurting te. We have a perfect- l state here and are nderful crops, yet we ass of people who are e the state in every po- ne to stop.

ple of Oregon can not ed in intelligence. They e remarkable advance- tatecraft and they have e face of tremendous on laws will stand as rogressive in the union ery single one of them, reative law has been and violently opposed, e so-called radical laws passed in self-defense.

ly is time for Oregon en who make their e and live here to quit e and join in state build-

next to impossible to make a state out of the present territory.

Some of these days Alaska is coming into its own. We have been draining it ruthlessly for years and neglecting it in every other way. We have not hesitated to take its gold, yet we have refrained from giving it a government. There is something about political life that is not conducive to martyrdom. Bill Sulzer was impeached as governor of New York and took it as a great joke, but he did not come back. They do not travel again over this route.

## DEMOCRACY IN TROUBLE

Elihu Root once remarked that democracies were always in trouble. This is true. Where everybody is as good as everybody else, and everybody does his own thinking there is bound to be constant friction and constant trouble. However, if we learn to think straight we can minimize that trouble. America has suffered less from the ambition of its people than any other country in the world. We fight just as hard for our principles but we fight fair.

## LET'S NOT

The habit about this time of the year of putting "X" in Christmas

**CHAPPED HANDS**  
 chills, frostbite—just rub on soothing, cooling, healing  
**VICKS VAPORUB**  
 Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly