The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Making "Farm Relief" Worse

"When the farm board has $500,000,000 for operating purposes, why should it let 200,000,000 bushels of surplus wheat depress the price of the 600,000,000 bushels sold in the domestic market? Why not sell the surplus at world prices and get a higher figure for the domestic wheat, thus raising the price level to the grower?

"To eliminate the wheat surplus would require that 25 per cent of the wheat acreage be devoted to raising substitute crops. Could that be done the market for diversified products would be glutted and because of low prices for such crops or poor yield, growers would return to wheat growing the following year. It is not feasible to abolish the wheat surplus but it should be feasible, by proper marketing methods, to give the grower a domestic price that would save him from the unfair arrangement he must now endure and which arrangement hurts the whole country by reducing the buying power of agriculture."

In brief the East Oregonian, which is published in the heart of the great wheat-growing belt of eastern Oregon, opposes the proposal to reduce wheat acreage by 25% and by inference recommends the federal farm board to buy vast quantities of wheat and dump it abroad even at a reduced price. It argues in effect for the export debenture scheme of the McNary-Haugen equalization fee plan. This simply proposes to maintain an artificially high domestic price by dumping the exportable surplus abroad at the world price.

The East Oregonian is well enough informed to realize that regardless of the beauty of its theory, the practice of dumping would not succeed if for no other reason that the resistance of the countries who would be called on to receive the surplus. Exporting the grain from this country means to import it into some country. Doing that at depressed prices would meet either drastic prohibition from the importing country or a high countervailing tariff wiping out the effect of the price cut. Foreign countries have awakened to the need of protecting their own farm population against ruthless outside competition.

Chairman Legge of the farm board has been pointing out the impracticability of proposals such as are advanced by the East Oregonian. Speaking at the North Dakota state fair at Fargo on July 17th, Mr. Legge said:

"During the many years in which this agricultural problem has been so actively discussed, perhaps the most popular theory developed was that in some manner the exportable surplus raised could be segregated and disposed of in a way that would not influence the price level of what was consumed in the domestic field. Various methods have been discussed for doing this, such as the equalization fee, the export debenture, etc. The fundamental trouble with all such plans is that apparently they will not work. Practically every nation in the world has enacted "anti-dumping" laws. Taking wheat as an illustration, practically every one of them made it perfectly plain that they will not permit the sale of wheat for consumption in competition with the wheat of their own growers at prices lower than the prices the wheat was sold for in the country in which it was raised. To illustrate this, a few months ago the French government offered a bonus or subsidy on the export of wheat of which they had a surplus. Germany, to which some of this wheat was being shipped, promptly raised her tariff in an amount equivalent to the bonus being paid by France. In passing this regulation, the German government went further, and provided a severe penalty to be imposed in the event of anyone selling wheat in Germany on a dumping basis, and their interpretation of the word "dumping" is the selling of wheat in competition with the German wheat growers at a less price than the grain brings in the country of origin, allowing of course for the transportation and cost of delivery."

For our part we believe the effort of the farm board in setting up the big selling organization will be futile, that it will be an added burden on the farmer and give him no benefit. But to jump from the program of the farm board to the economic vagaries which the East Oregonian argues for, would be adding Ossa on Pelion in the way of increasing the farmers' burdens.

We are going to go farther and speak bluntly to the East Oregonian and say that the wheat growers of Umatilla county are in scant need of any government aid. They have waxed rich and prosperous. The bank deposits of Pendleton are higher per capita than any city in the state. The farmers own luxurious automobiles; they winter in California, they take fine vacations after harvest; they send their children to college; they buy fine merchandise at the stores and the Pendleton stores carry good merchandise to supply them. The price this year is down we know, and the profits may be small or for many non-existent. But since 1923 the Umatilla and Walla Walla farmers have prospered just as much as they have any license to expect. If the East Oregonian is honest it will admit the fact, and instead of whining about government pap to these rich wheat barons of its vast and fertile domains, it will join The Statesman in a plea to the government to let the farmer alone.

Murder Statistics

CHICAGO is beginning to keep murder statistics like batting averages, bank clearings, traffic accidents and pig iron tonnage. The score so far this year is 50 gang killings. The total for last year was 48. So here is one industry in which there is no depression. It shows the plus sign in front of the "net change" figures all right.

Compare the record with London, England, a city much larger in population and in area. Its total of homicide in 1929 was ten. Adding manslaughter cases the total was 47 for London. Corresponding figures for New York were 357 murder and manslaughter cases in one year. Cook county, Ill., which includes Chicago, the number of murders in 1929, both gang and killings and plain homicides was 304.

Racial strains and the clash of races may account for the excess in Chicago and New York. But the homicide rate for Memphis is the highest in the country and Memphis, while it has many negroes, has very few South Europeans in its population.

When they the difference? One reason which has been pointed out is the efficiency of the London police in ferreting out the criminal and punishing him. Thus of the ten London murders only two were unsolved and only two suspects brought to trial were acquitted. No such record in our American cities. In fact murder seems to be about the safest crime one may engage in. Here is the Lingle killing, weeks old, committed in the daytime in a busy place with numerous eye-witnesses. Some have been arrested but none has been brought to trial and there is no assurance that the guilty will be convicted and punished. There was the famous Rothstein murder case in New York, still unsolved. And scores and scores of others where the murderers go unscathed.

In the face of this appalling situation respecting crime in our cities, the American public is not aroused. It refuses to take the steps for cleansing its household. Municipal government in the large cities is practically a failure, with its police force in league with vice and crime. Legitimate business is forced to pay tribute to racketeers for "protection." The machine of politics and crime and business so grips the populace that the people are practically impotent. Such conditions bespeak anarchy, not government, but the forces of reform seem helpless against the entrenched politico-crime syndicates. The picture is a sorry one; but not untruthful. And when we compare it with the foreign cities like London for instance, it is despicable.

HEALTH

Today's Talk
By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

DR COPELAND

A few years ago the maternal and infant mortality rate was a good deal higher than it is today. Most of our large cities have a tremendous problem in safeguarding the lives and health of the mothers and babies.

New York City is fortunate in the work being done by public and private agencies in promoting maternal and child health. In this connection a recent health inventory made by the welfare council of the city report many interesting facts. To quote from this report:

"Every four minutes, day and night, a child is born in New York City, 128,000 a year. Seventy-two hundred of these babies die before they are a year old, more than half this number within the first month of their lives, and about 40 per cent within the first week. For every 200 children born in this city a mother dies at childbirth."

The welfare agencies, public and private, provide a great army of social workers, nutrition workers, doctors, nurses, clerks and investigators, nurse, clerks and investigators. They are engaged in this great work of caring for the lives and health of the mothers and babies. Besides these, there are the thousands of doctors and nurses in private practice who assist in conserving the health of the coming generation. The recognition of the importance of pre-natal services in maternity work has rapidly advanced since 1915.

The visiting nurse has a very important part to play in this maternity service. It is reported that 63,000 visits were made by nurses from the pre-natal clinics of the city in one year. Besides this, several of the nursing organizations reported 157,000 visits made to the homes of maternity patients who were under the care of private physicians and midwives.

What a great humanitarian work this is. Great aid is rendered by private enterprises for health conservation, such as the Rockefeller Foundation and the Commonwealth Fund, with the studies made under grants from them. The undertaking bids fair to bring about far-reaching results in health betterment for the coming generation.

It is only through preventive measures for health all along the line, from pre-natal days up through adult life, that mankind can hope to be free from illness and disease. Good health is the foundation of everything else.

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

The worst thing about the young tree sitters is, that they are all being given an opportunity to broadcast when their stunts are finished. It would seem that there is enough "hooey" in the air now, without sending the experiences of every young "nut" or the tree sitting tribe out on the other.—Morning Astorian.

After scanning the Portland press we have begun to wonder whether there are candidates running for the governorship, or just the newspapers. At the present rate the campaign issues—if any—will soon be buried under a barrage of editorial recriminations.—Morning Astorian.

A waiter in Paris, a news dispatch reads, has become a popular opera star. Proving again that all good things come to him who waits.—Ashland Tidings.

The advertising for an Admiral Byrd lecture says that he will "reveal the mysteries of the south pole." We are not interested in that. What we would like more to know is how on earth he maintains his girlish figure.—Gazette-Times.

"When business is hardest to get, it is time advertising is most needed," a speaker told a Portland chamber audience yesterday, yet it is a fact that many a merchant proceeds upon the opposite theory.—Astoria Budget.

A Problem

For You For Today

If $18-3-4 is added to a man's money, the sum multiplied by 28-33, $6-¼ subtracted from the product, and the remainder divided by 1-9-16, the result will be $100. How much money has he?

Answer To Yesterday's Problem
490.875 sq. ft. Explanation—Square 25 and multiply by pi (3.1416); divide by 4.

ZYLSTRA HOME

PERRYDALE, Aug. 6.—Nicklas Zylstra who has been attending school at U. of O., is home for harvest time. He also expects to gather material for story writing. He has had several stories accepted by the Country Gentleman.

THE PLAYTHING

The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 4

Peter replaced the overturned chair by the table. His movements were deliberate, purposely giving Mrs. Everett time to draw upon the reserves of strength which he guessed lay behind her abandonment to hysteria.

When he turned she was standing erect, shaking but composed. With a not unkindly hand on her shoulder, Peter pressed her gently into the chair, and with businesslike precision drew up another on the opposite side of the table. Between them, inert and sinister, lay the pistol.

Julio, who had watched the scene with apparent indifference, sat stolidly in the corner, his broad shoulders hunched forward his arms folded acros his chest, his heavy-lidded black eyes staring into vacancy.

"You go to my car outside and wait there," Peter ordered. "I want to talk with Mrs. Everett alone. But don't go any farther. Carter's there to keep an eye on you, and if you try to make a break, you'll find yourself in the hoosgow—see?"

Julio's shoulders shrugged in an immense shrug.

"I wait," he said, and without another glance at the woman in the chair, he lurched from the room.

"Now, then," Peter said briskly, turning to Mrs. Everett. "You are up against it. And it's up to you to keep your head. This is the last time for quite awhile that I can assure you that whatever you say won't be used against you."

"Who—who are you?"

Aline Everett was visibly gathering her forces. Gradually intelligence replaced the blank terror in the wide brown eyes fixed on Peter's face.

"I thought I told you. I'm Peter Piper of the Herald."

"Oh! You're—"

"Yes, I'm just that—a newspaper reporter. What is life and death to you is just a story to me. Maybe that's all anything is—just a story. Maybe God is a good deal like a city editor—city editor of the Daily Universe. He doesn't make the news—He just reads the flimsies as they come in. And once in a while he yells to an angel: 'Boy! Send Peter Piper to Hangtown. Tell him to give the girl a break.'"

"But why—"

Peter spread his hands hopelessly, palm upward, on the table top.

"I don't know why, any more than you do. But here I am. Even if I'm a reporter, I haven't quite got over being a human being. And you're just part of the story to me, but you're a human being too, in a hell of a jam." He suddenly laughed, an abrupt, embarrassed laugh. Peter prided himself on being "hard boiled" and he always jeered at his own lapses into sentiment.

"Put it," he said harshly with a change of tone which brought the brown eyes again to his face in startled attention, "that I want to stand in with you because I've stumbled on a hell of a big story, and got in on the ground floor. I can have all my lines laid before the other papers get their men on the job. And there's nothing so useful as standing in solid with the defendant before the opposition gets started. Put it that way, if you want to."

Aline Everett's brows drew together in a puzzled frown.

"You might also consider," Peter went on after a brief pause, "that you're in for a lot of publicity anyway, and it might be useful to you to have a member against you! Think it over."

"I am thinking. But I don't believe I want to put it that way. It's worse than you think. And there's nobody for me to turn to—nobody—" Aline's eyes dropped to the table and lingered with horrified fascination on the pistol. A violent shudder shook her from head to foot. With an effort she clenched her chattering teeth and forced her twitching muscles to be still.

"It's a nightmare! A nightmare. It couldn't have happened. I don't know how—"

The sound of heavy running footsteps checked her speech. In another instant a man had entered the room. The momentum of his entrance carried him half way across the open space before he brought himself up. He glanced briefly at Peter, dismissed him from consciousness, and riveted his gaze on Aline's face.

"Aline! What's the matter? Who are those people outside? And I saw the lights of another car coming up the driveway just as I got here."

"Max!" The single word, to Peter's ears, held an accent of infinite desolation. "When did you come?"

"Never mind that now. What's happened? Where's Marjorie?"

"Marjorie's gone. And Mr. Mortison—is dead."

The sound of a heavy knock on the door frame almost obliterated the sighing whisper of the last word. The man addressed as Max wheeled sharply, facing the door.

"What do you want?" he said, challenging the intruder with an angry stare.

"Take it easy, folks. I want a lot. I want to know what all the shooting's about."

The voice, high pitched, with a nasal drawl, preceded the entrance of a tall, preposterously lank figure, whose bony wrists protruded from the too-short sleeves of his ready made coat.

His head stooped forward from the shoulders, in the habit of men for whom ordinary doors are too low. An arched, bony nose was the most prominent feature in his sallow face—a nose set between small gray eyes, so light that they seemed almost as colorless as water.

"Hello, Everett. I b'lieve I've never met your lady. I'm Bill Simpson, ma'am—county clerk and county recorder and county auditor, I'm also county sheriff, and that's what I'm being now."

Simpson's eyes traveled enquiringly to Peter, but Peter for the moment said nothing.

"I hear that Mortison's been shot. Whose gun is that?"

With a startling change of tempo, Simpson dropped his habitual drawl. The last words came like the crack of a ship-lash.

For a moment no one moved. Aline had not risen from her chair. She sat perfectly still. Her expression was detached and remote, almost inattentive. She had passed the last limits of feeling and had reached a waste place beyond the rim of the world.

The figures in the lighted room looked curiously tiny, like men painted on a flat surface, very far off. Max turned to her with a beseeching look, but she made no response.

Peter watched the tiny globules of sweat appear on his forehead, like fog on a windshield. But his voice, when he turned to the sheriff, was composed.

"It's my gun," he said. He might have been claiming the ownership of a glove picked up in the road.

"Did you kill him?" the sheriff's voice drawled. There was something curiously soft and sympathetic in his tone.

Again Max turned to Aline. He was questioning her with his eyes, imploring her to give him some sign.

Aline's head jerked upward.

"Oh, no," she said like one startled out of a dream. "He didn't kill him. I did. Julio saw me with the gun."

"Aline!" The single word was a cry of agony.

The sheriff's eyes gleamed briefly, then fastened on the group by the table.

"So that's the way it was. "Why did you kill him, Mis' Everett?" The drawling voice was cold as the slow trickle of ice-water.

"I did it—for my sister." Aline stared straight before her. Her words came slowly with pauses, yet not haltingly. They fell like the footsteps of one who forces himself to walk on, when he is very tired, because a certain distance must be covered before he can rest.

"My sister Marjorie—has been staying with me—for several months."

The pale eyes of the sheriff traveled swiftly from one face to another. They were like narrow searchlights, Peter thought, picking out each object with pitiless intensity.

"Is she here now?" he asked.

"No; she left today. She left because—she told me—that Mr. Mortison had made love to her. He said that they would be married afterwards—that it wouldn't make any difference. Then—today—he told her he never expected her to take his promises seriously—that is what men always say. I suppose I went out of my head with hate of the man who could do that—to my sister. So I took my husband's gun and shot him."

"No, I wouldn't say you was crazy, Mis' Everett." The sheriff's eyes were like the gleaming points of icicles. "And where was you all this time, Mr. Everett? How come you weren't at the construction plant?" Again the words cracked out with explosive quickness.

Max Everett wrenched his eyes from his wife's face and sank heavily into a chair.

"My work was at a standstill, waiting for some machinery due from the east, so I came home." Everett's mind crept back—through infinite distance, to the sunshine of the morning when he had seized with light-hearted eagerness on the unexpected holiday.

"All right. What then?" Again the sheriff's voice was very gentle.

"I got off the train at Hangtown and walked out."

"The train gets in at three-fifty. You shoulda been home by five," Simpson suggested.

"I didn't come straight home. I walked up into the hills into a sheep herder's cabin in the canyon—the one they call Wild Hog Glory?"

"Find him home?"

"No, as a matter of fact, I didn't."

"What did you want to go up there for?"

"Well, I—" For the first time Max hesitated. "I—I just went," he said confusedly.

"What for?" The narrow searching lights of Simpson's eyes played full on Everett's face. The words were less a question than a command.

"Can what I say be private between us?"

"That depends on what it is. I ain't makin' no promises. But you'd better tell what you went there for, and make it reasonable because so far your alibi isn't worth a cocked hat. I don't know yet that you ain't an accessory to this murder."

"An alibi? I wasn't trying to make an alibi!" Peter saw a muscle at the back of Everett's jaw twitch spasmodically. Was that involuntary storm-signal evidence of anger—or anxiety?

"All right," the sheriff said of the press friendly. Mind you, that doesn't mean that I won't print every single thing that tells against you! Think it over. Now, let's hear what you went there for."

Max Everett's face was a blank mask of weariness. He was very tired, because a certain distance must be covered before he can rest. He was thinking of the long miles he had walked that morning, of the miles he had ridden in the train, of the miles he must ride in the sheriff's car. He was thinking of the miles he had walked in the hills with his wife, of the miles they had ridden together in the car. He was thinking of the miles he must ride with his wife in the future. The miles that would be strewn behind them as they rode toward the end of the road.

"I went to see the sheep herder's wife," he said at last.

"Why did you go to the sheep herder's cabin?"

"I went, because like a good many of the Basques around here he makes wine. I wanted to get a bottle to bring home—to celebrate." Max showed no consciousness of the irony in that last incongruous word.

"So that's how it was?" Simpson repeated. "But mightn't it have been some other way?" The nasal drawl become almost singsong.

"Mightn't it have been that you'd heard gossip about your wife and Mortison, and come on a surprise visit to find out? Mightn't it have been that you came to the house, and when you didn't find your wife home, took your gun and went down to the lodge? Mightn't it have been that you found your wife and Mortison there together—or maybe you found him alone and taxed him with it and then shot him?

"Maybe Mrs. Everett came later, found the gun and ran back to the house with it to put it away in the usual place, or maybe she was there right along and made off with it. You're no fool, Mr. Everett. You was scared into running away at first. But you knew that would be as good as saying you done it, so you came back. I don't say that was it. I just say it might have been—and I don't know as I'd feel too hard on you if it was."

"That's—" Max half rose from his chair, then sank back. Again his eyes sought Aline's face in vain appeal.

Peter found himself mentally repeating the sheriff's words of a moment before. He had hoped for a dull-witted "hick" constable, but assuredly this man was no fool.

Suddenly the sheriff whirled and turned upon Peter the sharp directness of his narrow, thanfixing eyes.

"I'm ready for you now young feller," he snapped. "Where do you come in on this?"

(To be continued)

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

The end of the trail:

The law passed by the Oregon legislature of 1923 says a parcel of land in the town of Seaside has been set aside "as the Lewis and Clark salt cairns." The site cannot be far from the one where were the salt cairns of the explorers, where sea water was boiled and salt made to preserve their meats—including that of the dogs they bought with trinkets from the Indians. For they ate a good many dogs, and they were careful to save the meat of the canines for the sick of their camp, because it was of better quality than the flesh of poor elk and deer, and much better than the roots and dried and pounded fish, etc.

Captain Clark had started on the hunt for a place to make salt from sea water on Sunday, December 8, 1905, the day after the site for Fort Clatsop had been selected. They dispatched five men with kettles to go to the sea coast to establish the salt camp, on December 28th—the coast being almost directly west, and only seven miles from the fort.

But the salt camp finally chosen was farther away. The entry in the journals under date of Sunday, July 5, begins: "Two of the men who had been dispatched to make salt returned. They had carefully examined the coast, but it was not till the fifth day after their departure that they discovered a convenient situation for their manufacture. At length they formed an establishment about 15 miles southwest of the fort, near some scattered houses of the Clatsop and Killamuck (Tillamook) nation, where they had erected a comfortable camp, and had killed a stock of provisions. The Indians had treated them very kindly, and made them a present of the blubber of the whale, some of which the men brought home. It was white and not unlike the fat of pork, though of a coarser and more spongy texture, and on being cooked was found to be tender and palatable, and in flavor resembling the beaver.

"The men also brought with them a gallon of the salt, which was white, fine, and very good, but not so strong as the rock salt common to the western parts of the United States. (At that time, of course, the Oregon country, and everything west of the Rockies, was foreign territory—and, indeed, everything west of the Mississippi was practically so.) It proves to be a very agreeable addition to our food, and as the saltmakers can manufacture three or four quarts a day, we have a prospect of a very plentiful supply."

As the first salt came to the fort on January 5, and as the return trip was started March 23, there was not a great deal of salt made in the time (about 75 days) the factory was operated, and it was not a big factory; just a small pile of rocks and five kettles. The necessity of going 15 miles from the fort, to the site of Seaside, was no doubt the scarcity of rocks further north, along the beach. There were plenty of them along the beach where Seaside now stands.

The claim that the end of Broadway street in Seaside is the end of the Lewis and Clark trail rests largely on the idea that the salt camp was a "permanent" camp. It was not much more "permanent" than some of the camps of the hunters who ranged the woods and went up and down the coast in search of game. It would be nearly as appropriate to claim the end of the trail was at Cannon beach, where the explorers named Ecola (meaning whale in the Clatsop Indian language) creek; the first creek on that beautiful beach from the north.

Or other places along the Pacific shore as far south as Killamuck (Tillamook) bay and river, where the Lewis and Clark people explored, and which points they described, and gave the census of the Indian tribes and their habits and their modes of dress and trade, etc., as will appear further along in this series. Any way, history is history, and the westermost west end of the Lewis and Clark trail is not better established by an act of the Oregon legislature than it was before that piece of legislation was enacted.

Fort Clatsop was the most "permanent" end of the trail, lasting from December 17, 1805 till March 23, when the return trip was commenced—and the fort was presented to a friendly Clatsop Indian chief, Commowool by name; together with "all our houses and furniture;" a rather munificint gift, under the circumstances.

The pile of rocks that is designated as the salt cairn of Lewis and Clark, in the city of Seaside, may or may not be the same pile of rocks on which the water was boiled away from the sea salt in the early days of 1806. Probably not; for old timers there remember that Ben Holladay, the railroad magnate of Oregon in the early seventies, maintained an establishment where Seaside now stands, and that he and his friends had a place where they baked clams—and some of them say the clambake was the present cairn. Still, it may or may not have been the same pile of rocks used by the salt makers of 1806.

There is an interesting side light on the return of the two salt makers to Fort Clatsop on Sunday, January 5th. The journal for that day, from where it was left off above, reads: "The appearance of the whale seemed to be a matter of importance to all the neighboring Indians, and as we might be able to procure some of it for ourselves, or at least purchase blubber from the Indians, a small parcel of merchandise was prepared, and a party of men held in readiness to set out in the morning.

"As soon as this resolution was known, Chaboneau and his wife (Sacajawea) requested that they might be permitted to accompany us. The poor woman (Sacajawea) stated very earnestly that she had traveled A GREAT WAY to see the great water (the ocean), yet she had never been down to the coast, and now that this monstrous fish was also to be seen, it seemed hard that she should not be permitted to see neither the ocean nor the whale."

"So reasonable a request could not be denied; they were therefore suffered to accompany Captain Clark, who, Monday, the 6th, after an early breakfast set out with 12 men in two canoes."

Captain Clark was a great favorite of Sacajawea, the "bird woman." Naturally she would be delighted not only that she was to see the great water and the great fish, but also that she was to have Captain Clark as the leader of the expedition. (More later of this regard of the only woman of the party for Captain Clark, and of his sympathy for her and his fondness for her baby, born just as she was joining the party, and for the other boy, her nephew, whom she had adopted on the way through the Rockies, where her serrices as guide were invaluable.)

(This series will be continued for several days.)

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

A SAD OUTLOOK

As nearly as any layman may decide, from evidence at hand, the new Republican nominee, Phil Metschan, has no basis for qualification as a state executive, other than his close personal relationship with leading politicians. His campaign may bring out better qualifications, but again, it may bring out greater weakness.

Julius Meier will never be elected. He may be the best business man in the state, and he might be able to inject greater efficiency into state government, a real need, but he is a selfish, grasping Jew and Oregon won't elect him. His reputation in Portland, the seat of his business success, is that of a self-centered hoggish nature without the ability to cooperate with the factors of city growth and civic enterprise. He confines his public activity to only those enterprises which are of direct benefit to his own holdings.—Corvallis Independent.

Mrs. Pettys is Taken by Death

BRUSH COLLEGE, August 6.—Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Pettys of Brush College were summoned to Portland Monday morning after hearing of the death of his mother who died Sunday night. Mrs. Pettys was 86 years of age and had always made her home in Portland with her daughter, Miss Mabel Pettys. She had been an invalid for more than a year. She became seriously ill a month ago and Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Pettys have made frequent trips to Portland since then.

MRS. VAN SANTEN RECUPERATES

BRUSH COLLEGE, August 6.—Mrs. Albert Van Santen is at her home at Brush College where she is convalescing from an operation for the removal of a goiter, which she had performed in Portland recently.