

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

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

Every so often interesting reports are forthcoming of health statistics among policy holders of certain life insurance companies. The latest quarterly report of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for the year 1935, shows the best condition of health among its 10,000,000 industrial policy holders for any similar period of any previous year.

That the first quarter of 1935 has been an improvement over this period last year is evidenced by the absence of epidemics. In 1934 influenza was prevalent and health conditions in the country were the worst experienced in a decade.

The statistics on deaths from tuberculosis for the first quarter of 1935 are encouraging. The death rate from this disease showed the sharpest drop of any disease, the mortality among whites being 45.8 per 100,000. This is a reduction of 10.3 per cent from the lowest previous figures for the first quarter of any year. Among the negro population the death rate from tuberculosis for this quarter was 24.8 per 100,000 a drop of 4.8 per cent.

Most of the principal childhood diseases have shown reduced death rates as compared to the same period for 1932 and 1933. Scarlet fever was an exception in this respect.

A noteworthy drop was recorded for diphtheria. The mortality rate in this disease at the end of March among the white and negro population combined was shown to be 8.9 per 100,000 as compared with 10.7 in 1933.

A considerable reduction in the death rate from all causes is shown in the report. A marked improvement is recorded for pneumonia, influenza, intestinal complaints, chronic nephritis and tuberculosis, as has been noted. As to the cancer death rate, a pronounced drop has been noted among the white population of the country.

These are hopeful signs. With increased individual knowledge of and interest in preventive measures against disease and added facilities for the treatment and cure of disease, public health conditions in the country as a whole should see even greater gains in the future.

It is a happy thing for all of us that the scientific world is at work on means of bettering the public health. The report I have quoted gives us courage.

A PROUD FATHER

H-M-M--! AN TWENTY YEARS AGO HE ONLY HAD 108,710,620 CHILDREN!

BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

The end of the trail:
 Continuing the Lewis and Clark Journal of Saturday, November 23: "Towards evening seven Clatsops came over in a canoe with two skins of the sea otter. To this article they attached an extraordinary note, in which they demanded that it were so high that we were fearful of reducing our small stock of merchandise, on which we must depend for subsistence as we return, to venture on purchasing."

"To ascertain, however, their ideas as to the value of different objects, we offered for one of the skins a watch, a handkerchief, an American dollar, and a bunch of red beads; but neither the curious mechanism of the watch, nor even the red beads could tempt them; he refused the offer, but asked for tobacco, or chief beads, the most common sort of coarse colored beads, the article beyond all price in their estimation. Of these blue beads we have but a few, and therefore reserve them for more necessities circumstances."

"Sunday, 24th. . . Having now examined the coast, it becomes necessary to decide on the spot FOR OUR WINTERING QUARTERS. The people of the country subsist chiefly on dried fish and roots, but of these there does not seem to be a sufficient quantity for our support, green were we able to purchase, and the extravagant prices as well as our small store of merchandise forbid us to depend on that resource.

"We must therefore rely for subsistence on our arms, and be guided in the choice of our winter quarters by the abundance of game which any particular spot may offer."

"The Indians say that the deer is most numerous at some distance above on the river, but that the country ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE of the bay is better supplied with elk, an animal much larger and more easily killed than deer, with a skin better fitted for clothing, and the meat of which is more nutritive during the winter, when they are both poor."

"The climate too is obviously much milder than above the first range of mountains, for the Indians are thinly clad, and say they have little snow; indeed since our arrival the weather has been very warm, and sometimes disagreeably so; and dressed as we are altogether in leather, the cold would be very unpleasant if not injurious."

"The neighborhood of the sea is moreover recommended by the facility of supplying ourselves with salt, and the hope of meeting some of the trading vessels, who are expected in about three months, and from whom we may procure a fresh supply of trinkets for our route upwards."

"These considerations induced us to determine on visiting the opposite side of the bay, and if there was an appearance of much game to establish ourselves there during the winter."

"Monday, November 25, 1805. . . Leaving near the shore, we passed by the mouth of the Columbia in the shallow bay, and after dark, reached a spot near a rock at some distance in the river, and close to our former camp of the 7th inst. (from where they first saw the ocean and heard the breakers. . .

"Tuesday, 26th. It rained. We set out with the wind east-north-east, and a short distance above the rock, near our camp, began to cross the river. We passed between some low, marshy islands, which we called the Seal Islands, and reached the south side of the Columbia at a bottom three miles below a point, to which we gave the name of Point Samuel.

"After going along the shore for five miles, we entered a channel 200 yards in width, which separates from the main land a large but low island. On this channel, and at the foot of some highlands, is a village where we landed. It consists of nine large wooden houses, inhabited by a tribe called Cathlamets, who seem to differ neither in dress, language nor manners from the Chinooks and Wahluacums; like them they eat the roots of fish and wappatoe roots. We found, however, as we hoped, some elk meat; after dining on some fish and roots, which we purchased from them at an immoderate price, we coasted along a deep bend of the river towards the south, and at eight o'clock entered a high hill. . .

"Wednesday, 27th. . . We went on in the rain. . . and passing between a number of islands came to a small river, called by the Indians Kekemahke. . . landed on a high and rocky point, of pebbles of various colors, and encamped near an old Indian hut.

"(Tuesday, 28th, violent rains drenched them; they remained for the day and sent out hunters, who all returned hungry and drenched with rain.)

"(Friday, 29th, the wind lulled, though the rain continued, and Captain Lewis took the Indian canoe and with five men went to a small bay below, expecting to find elk; three other men set out to hunt in different directions. The rest remained around the smoke of their fires drying leather, in order to make some new clothes.)

"(Saturday, the 30th, it cleared up about 9 o'clock and the sun shone; other hunters were now sent out. The hunters saw three elk but could not obtain any of them, but brought three horses and a few black ducks. Several men complain of sickness from eating only pounded fish mixed with sea water.)

"(Sunday, Dec. 1. Resumed occupation of drying leather and mending clothes. Hunters saw two herds of elk, but could kill nothing, and they again fed upon dried fish.)

"Monday, 2nd. . . This disagreeable food, pounded fish, has occasioned so much sickness among the men that it is now absolutely necessary to vary it. Three hunters therefore set out

Oregon Statesman, Aug. 19, 1864

LEGAL notices and patent medicine advertisements occupied most of the space in the little four-page newspaper 11x15 1/2 inches page size, entitled "Daily Oregon Statesman" for the date of August 19, 1864. Mrs. S. A. Dyer has recently let us see a copy of this issue which she has in her possession. The Statesman was founded as a weekly newspaper March 17, 1851. It became a daily July 20, 1864, so this particular issue was No. 27 of the daily edition.

Legal notices from Douglas and "Coose" county were published then in the Statesman. The paper had several mining notices and we notice at that early day they were levying assessments for working the Santiam mines. J. H. and I. R. Moores had the biggest general merchandise ad and after the manner of old advertising, catalogued everything they had in the store, getting down finally to miscellaneous: "canary cages, tar and feathers, mackerel, children's caps . . . everything needed for a complete outfit for the Santiam mines."

The editor's name is not given, but the Statesman which had been founded by A. Bush as a democratic paper, had become a loyal partisan of the Union, and carried over its masthead: "For president, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois; for vice-president, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee." The leading editorial denounced John C. Fremont who was running as an "independent" against Abraham Lincoln. Independence, it seems, is not a new habit. A citizen writes in to charge Ben Hayden with boarding a lot of voters who had been imported into Polk county to vote the democratic ticket.

War news appears on page three, the first page being devoted almost wholly to advertising. The Statesman carried a daily telegraph news service just as it has ever since, only dispatching took longer and the report from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac is dated Aug. 16. It says: "Everything quiet in front of Petersburg." There is a brief report of one of the engagements around Richmond, and Atlanta was under siege from General Sherman who was extending his lines about the city. The overland stage was drawing in its stock to Omaha on account of Indian raids.

The only war work noted locally was the item that Rev. Dr. Patterson, agent of the U. S. Christian Commission, would address the people of the city at the First M. E. church. There is an interesting letter from T. McF. Patton written in Ohio following a trip to New York. There he had seen two "monster iron clads," the Puritan and the Dictator, visited the offices of the Tribune and the Herald, also visited P. T. Barnum's humbug museum in whose "historical room" he found specimens of currency, certificates, etc., which prompted him to write:

"The idea occurred to me that this would be a good place to exhibit specimens of the stock certificates of the numerous organized companies on the famous Santiam."

He winds up, following a visit in Philadelphia, Washington and other eastern cities with:

"Old Abe is all right. Fremont and Little Mac are not spoken of."

This early Statesman had some "valley news," publishing the following under the head of "up-country items": "Several fields of corn on the Long Tom as averaging about six feet in length to the stalk. Parties are leaving Corvallis nearly every day on pleasure excursions to Yaquina bay. There is a general and substantial improvement noticeable in the town."

The advertisements which occupy a far larger percentage of the space than present practice permits, are interesting. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the only one of the many patent medicines advertised which has survived. A Portland house advertised "fine brandies, wines and liquors." The City Bakery offered 15 loaves of bread for a dollar. Stapleton and Myers were offering a newly patented washing machine: "Unsurpassed by any machine of the kind ever invented."

There is a notice about the formation of the Bank of California as the successor to the San Francisco banking house of Donohue, Ralston & Co. It had a Portland branch with Jacob Kamm in charge. William Alvord is listed as one of the founders, and we suppose the present manager of the Portland branch is a relative of his. So this bank has had a long and honorable career.

Sublimity College announced the opening of its second year. The "expenses" for "higher English" were \$7 to \$8 and for "common English" \$5 to \$6. Vocal music was taught without charge. J. B. V. Butler of Polk county was foreclosing on some land to satisfy a deficiency judgment against some one. Richards and McCracken advertised "Sandwich Island sugar—just received per bark Cambridge, 500 kegs of sugar." Salem had "surgical and mechanical dentists." Caton and Curl announced they would purchase war scrip or claims against Oregon and Washington. Kenyon's gallery offered for sale "splendid card photographs of the Hero of Vicksburg"—General Grant.

The Statesman, then as now, was putting in new machinery to meet the needs of the public for fine printing and advertised:

"We have lately received, direct from New York, per clipper ship Carrier Dove, and bark Alma, a new and beautiful Gordon Job Power Press."

It still ran the "Prospectus" of the daily edition, stating "Daily mails and the more rapid telegraph, render weekly newspapers altogether too slow to satisfy the public greed for news. The community in which the Daily Statesman is to circulate is small, it is true, but we shall spare no efforts to make the paper worth its price to every citizen, and rely upon a generous, if not extensive support."

And the price—ah, those were the days: subscriptions by mail or in the city, \$10 a year in advance; by carrier, 37 1/2¢ a week. Advertising rates were good too: \$2.00 for a "square"—12 lines or less, about 2 inches.

The beginnings of the "Daily Oregon Statesman" were indeed humble, but it was something of a venture to launch during those war times a daily paper in the small town of Salem. Those who are its publishers today cannot but feel something of a trust in carrying forward the stewardship. We can only quote approvingly, and appropriately, from the conclusion of this old "Prospectus":

"Determined to make the Daily Statesman an independent, enterprising, lively, good newspaper, we appeal to our friends to aid us in giving it a remunerative circulation."

An interesting old paper, as are all such old, old papers. There is the item about finding a nugget of pure gold, 16 1/2 pounds in weight in Placer county, Cal.; notice of meeting of Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, I.O.O.F.; teachers' examinations for Marion county; public speaking on questions of national

Answers to Health Queries
 P. S. Q.—What will make the face thin?
 A. It is difficult to reduce weight in any part of the body without reducing in general.

D. G. N. Q.—What causes the skin to swell where it has been scratched or irritated?
 A.—This disturbance is probably due to hives or urticaria. Watch the diet and keep the system clear. Avoid too many sweets and starches.

Q.—What will clear up pimples?
 1.—What will cure Bright's disease?
 2.—How can superfluous hair be removed?
 A.—A restricted diet in regard to sweets and irregular elimination should bring about improvement.
 2.—Proper diet is a great factor. Since each case demands specific attention, your doctor should outline a suitable diet and any further treatment you may need.
 2.—The electric needle is, if properly used, very successful. However, it would be well to consult a skin specialist.

G. D. P. Q.—What do you advise for a leg which is smaller than the other, caused by paralysis?
 Consult an orthopedist for treatment.

Yesterdays
 . . . Of Old Oregon
 Towns Talked from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

August 12, 1805
 Squatters a large family of them, have taken up their residence under the sidewalk on Chemeketa street near 17th, and are proving most annoying at times to passersby.

Rev. A. A. Englehart, a former pastor of the German Evangelical church here, will occupy that pulpit Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor of Ames, Iowa, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. White, four miles southeast of Salem.

George W. Weeks picked from his trees a peach which weighed 11 pounds. It is on exhibition at the Lewis and Clark fair.

The annual commencement of the U. S. Indian training school at Chemawa will take place next Tuesday, when five pupils will graduate.

A. Doof, porter, at the Williams hotel, had a narrow escape from death when he was caught in the elevator when he attempted to jump in while it was moving. He is seriously injured.

Interest by James H. D. Henderson at Silvertown, Belpassi, and Aurora; and an advertisement on "Constitution Water" for "males or females." So day by day the newspaper weaves in type the lives of its people, and yesterday's paper now thrown aside, becomes the interesting historical document of generations to come.

The OTHER BULLET
 By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 9
 "Will you tell me, step by step, exactly what happened yesterday? Try to take it impersonally, as if it had all happened to someone else. I know it's a strain on you, but it has to be done—and we haven't a great deal of time."

"Strain? I shall have to learn to bear strain, I think. Part of it I don't understand, myself, but I'll tell you what I can. Somehow it seems very long ago—not like yesterday."

Peter found himself ardently hoping that the sense of remoteness and unreality, the effect of shock, would mercifully not wear off before Aline reached the end of her recitation.

"I did not know my sister very well," she began with slow clarity. "We were both left orphans very young, and were brought up by different sets of relatives. But whenever we alone, we got along as well as could be expected. I found that she was at loose ends during the summer, I invited her to visit me. It did not once enter my head that—oh! Don—" Her lips twisted in a bitter line that was less like a smile than a grimace defying the ignominy of tears.

"She was so lost in Don—and I had every reason to suppose it was the same with him. I told you I didn't take these things lightly. Perhaps his manner had been a little different lately. But it was, I attributed it to his mood. Essentially he was toward me as he had always been—as he had come to be in these last few months. Then yesterday Marjorie told me. She told me I had been a fool not to see it."

"I didn't believe her—I could not! I had been so sure: when I was sure! My disbelief made her angry—so angry that she told me other things. She taunted me on the difference in our ages. She said that Don told her he had only been playing with me, that he had turned from me at once when she, a younger woman came. I don't think now he could have said that—or, if he said it, still it was not true. He had not been just playing with me—not at first, not before she came. I am sure."

Slowly and painfully, picking the phrases, the low notes went on. Peter paid silent tribute to the courage which could thus lay bare its own fallen pride in the face of necessity.

"She said that he did not know how to get rid of me when I was so wilfully blind. She even said that the blindness was only a pretense, to try to keep them apart. It was then that I told her to pack her things and go—to go at once. He said, 'Essentially he was toward me.' She was flinging her things into her suitcase, helterskelter, while we talked.

"But Don can't go," I said. "He has to stay with the ranch. Max is counting on him." It's strange, but that is really what I thought of—that Don must stay by the ranch for Max's sake. I didn't expect Max back for at least a couple of weeks, you see."

"I'm going and Don is going," she repeated. "But before he goes, he will tell me the reason. He will write him that he has to go because you wouldn't let him come alone. That's the only way—and it won't leave you in any position to make trouble for us."

"I don't know why I believed such a thing of Don—unless it was that I had never really known much of his character. That flaming mist of emotion was always between us. It had kept me from seeing him clearly—even from trying to. And that flaming mist had caught Marjorie too. I knew

that she was not thinking of any one but herself and Don—that she couldn't, Oh, how well I knew it!"

"She left me standing there, and sent Julio up from the lower garden to carry her bags down to the road, where the stage passes by. I heard him come and go. I remembered the things Don had said to me—and those other things that Marjorie had told me he said. I seemed to be hurtling down and down into some hideous abyss."

"I remember I put my hands against the wall and pushed with all my might, as if I could by some force tear it apart. It was like some rending physical pain, when you scream that you can't bear it, and yet it goes on."

"And then, gradually, something emerged. It was Max. What it would mean to Max when Don said to me—and those other things that were all mixed up with strays thoughts about the sheep and the herders, and how Don was going to desert the ranch when Max was depending on him."

"I heard a queer rattling sound—it was the sound of my own large feet on the floor. I was utterly insignificant the sheep were, after all."

"Then suddenly everything became clear—very cold and clear. The hot afternoon sun was blazing into the room—and I shivered. It must be destroyed, this flaming mist, between Max and me. It must be destroyed because of Max—because of his utter steadiness and faith."

"It was the thing in myself that must be destroyed—and yet that thing was Don. For Don to tell Max that he was worse than killing him, because, if Max were dead, he would never know. 'Killing him' I remember I said that aloud. I heard it, and it was like another voice in the room. I must kill the thing in me. On this occasion I will kill Don so that Max would never be hurt—would never know."

"I took the pistol from the drawer of the table, where Max kept it, and went down the path to the lodge. I stood in the doorway and fired. I could see Max's head in the dark blur in the shadowed room. Then I saw Don sitting at the table, and I fired again. He toppled forward over the table top."

Mrs. Everett leaned back, her fingers pressed against her temples, and sighed like one who is very tired.

"But you said," Peter reminded her, "that you did not shoot him twice."

Aline dragged her hands away from her face. Again and again she said that she must kill herself from that pit of uttermost weariness, and force her exhausted mind to meet the future that was the past, the past that had hurled her to this present.

"I didn't. The first shot went wild. It didn't hit anything at all."

"What do you mean—it didn't hit anything at all?"

"Just that. It went through the open window."

"Then who did fire that other shot?"

"I don't know. And after all, I killed him, so what does it matter?"

"It matters everything in the world," Peter shouted. "If somebody else didn't kill Morrison, somebody else would have a mighty good stab at it. Either one of the wounds was sufficient to cause death. For the matter of that, I don't see how you can be sure that your first bullet didn't hit him. You could hardly see into the room, you said."

"I don't know why I'm so sure. But the pistol was waving wildly in my hand, and I have a distinct impression that the shot went wild."

"I don't suppose you happened to notice where the first shell dropped?"

"No—Yes, I do! I heard the click as it dropped on a stone at my feet, then it bounced and rolled off into the grass."

Peter glanced at her keenly. Was it possible that the way lying—she had invented the shell that dropped as she stood outside the door on the spur of the moment? But what could be the motive in such an invention when she had already admitted that her second shot had struck Morrison on the floor of the room, he said meditatively. "But, by jiminy, if you're right, they may not be so identical as they look!"

"I still don't see—"

"Why, it's as plain as a nose on your face! If someone else shot Morrison after you did, the only thing for you to do is stick to your original story and put up a defense of temporary insanity—or maybe we can work up some sort of self-defense angle. But with the jury you'll have here, it will be a pretty tough proposition."

Aline Everett shook her head.

"No," she said. "I'm telling you a big lie, and that's for Max. It's enough, I won't tell any others. I wasn't insane, and it wasn't self-defense."

"But don't you see, it all hinges on which of those shots was fired first! If one of them came from another pistol than yours, Kurtner can find it out, and can tell which shot came from your gun, and even if they both look alike as two peas. In that case, it's possible that you didn't kill him at all—that he was already dead when you got there!"

"You mean—that perhaps—I didn't do it!" The words came gasping, incredulous.

"I mean that I've got to get busy and work on that other bullet. Something tells me."

But Aline had slumped limply and silently to the floor.

(To be continued)

The Safety Valve
 Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor of Statesman:
 I note in The Statesman your articles about the tent meetings and the leaders. Brother got your Bible out and look up what Mr. Wyatt is preaching about and you will find every word about healing, backed by God's word.

The writer has personally been healed. He had diseases over seven years ago and it still keeps. I have known dozen of preachers who practice praying for the sick and according to the Bible they should all do so, as it is a part of the gospel.

I have never known a preacher to take a cent for praying for the sick. Mr. Wyatt will not either. You should understand that he couldn't heal anything and does not claim to. The writer has been to every meeting and knows what he is talking about. All he does is obey the Bible and pray for the sick and God does the healing.

You can do the same or anyone else can if they will only give their hearts to God and cast away belief out of their hearts and believe the word.

Read Mark 16, chapter 16, 17, 18, verse 17—"He that believes and is baptized shall be saved and he that believes not shall be damned." And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. It is all through the Bible. Believe; boast for this brother and his work as he has his all; for it regarding money.

Why not let them have free apartments, free ground for tent, free gasoline, free food, free clothing, free advertising in your paper, then they won't have to bother about money.

Above all read your Bible and find out if these things be true or not, don't be misled by others, come out and see for yourselves before criticizing. Yours for more, bigger and more powerful meeting than ever.

G. L. WARREN,
 Salem, Oregon, Rt. 9, B. 147A.

Floods Damage Homes in Utah, Block Highways

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Floods rushed down canyons bordering the Salt Lake valley today and destroyed several homes, blocked highways and may have caused a death.

The worst damage was at Bingham, where a narrow canyon below the mine of Utah Copper company. Here the damage was estimated at the sheriff's office at \$500,000.

We Welcome You
 The HOTEL CONGRESS
 PORTLAND, OREGON
 Louis E. Ross, Resident Manager