

The Oregon Statesman

"No Fear Sweeps Us; No Fear Shall Ave."
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Will Your Name Be in the News?

WILL your name be in the news Monday or Tuesday morning?

You may be sure that from eight to two dozen names will be in the papers as they report automobile accidents over the week-end. Will your name be among them?

We do not bring up this subject for any morbid purpose. We do not mean to frighten you into staying home. But we do want to impress on you if you want to keep your name out of the list of killed, maimed or missing to drive carefully and to walk carefully.

Nearly all accidents are preventable. The case on the Astoria highway where a tree fell across the road just at the second to catch a motor car and kill three of its occupants was as near an "act of God" as that legal phrase often is called on to cover. But most all the other accidents we have read about could have been avoided by the exercise of just a little more caution.

Rules—we could quote many rules. People know the rules, but they fail to observe them. All we want to do is to admonish folk as they load into their cars for an end-of-the-season trip to the beach or the mountains to take along an extra thickness of caution; and that decidedly doesn't mean corn likker.

You have a duty to preserve your own life, and to do all you can to let the other fellow live.
Keep your name out of the accident column of the Tuesday papers.

Census Taking in Japan

JAPAN is getting ready for her second census on modern methods. It will start October 1st and the estimate for Japan proper (exclusive of Formosa and Korea and Saghalien) is 63,750,000. The area of Japan is only 148,000 square miles—practically the same as Montana which has 146,000 sq. mi. California has 158,000 sq. mi.

In other words, in a space about the size of Montana, half as many people are living as reside in the entire United States. In spite of the hard conditions of life in Japan the inhabitants are intensely loyal, preferring the poverty and congestion of cherry-blossom land to the spacious bleakness of Manchuria. When one realizes the significance of these figures showing the density of population in Japan, one can sympathize with that country in the problems its statesmen and business leaders face in providing subsistence for so many people. Yet one never hears of famine in Japan.

One thing would seem certain, chambers of commerce in Japan will not be eager to pad the census; the more people, the more mouths to feed; the greater the pressure of the population upon government and industry.

Saving the Country

THROUGH his house organ, the Medford News, L. A. Banks, another independent candidate for senator, addresses a letter to the editors of "our Oregon newspapers." We get down to the third paragraph with its capital letters: "AMERICA TODAY IS FACING PERHAPS THE GREATEST CRISIS WITHIN ITS HISTORY."

That's enough to scare any editor off the lot. Editors are fed up with crises. They are the peculiar figment of the political imagination. Editors have ridden out so many of these crises that a fresh crop is not alarming. We give Brother Banks credit for sincerity in his declamation, and he does feel vexed over the farm relief bill which has proven such a fiasco; but the country will somehow muddle through. This crisis will have to get out of the way for the next crop of crises which may be expected at the next election.

We stamp our okay on Governor Al's refusal to postpone the opening of the hunting season. It will be worth while to test the question out. Our judgment is that the hunters are trained woodsmen and will not be the cause of any forest fires starting. Certainly they should do as well as the mixed company of tourists, city dwellers and out-of-state visitors who have been swarming over the woods all summer. The governor is to be commended for letting the shooting start Sept. 15th. Besides the chances are 50-50 that it will rain in the interval.

The Albany Democrat-Herald reaches for its overcoat when it hears Oregon State will play night football, claiming that the OSC grandstand is bitter cold of afternoons without waiting for night. The Albany editor should know his Corvallis climate better than that. There the wind nearly always died down about six o'clock and the evenings are softer than the late afternoons. Sure it is the evenings can't be worse than the afternoons with an east wind blowing.

For thirty-three years the Arctic held its secret. Preserved by the refrigeration of the northland, the bodies and effects of the Andree balloon expedition to the North Pole have just been found. The world has almost forgotten the ill-fated expedition; but its interest renewed, it is eager to give Christian burial to the remains of the three intrepid explorers; and eager also to read the logbook and diary to learn something of the accomplishments and defeats of the party.

IT GOT BY THE COPY-READER

The rescue of a drowning lad by a legless newsboy of Portland made a front page story for Portland papers. The Oregonian concluded its report with this quotation from the hero: "When I saw the kid was all right, I just walked away."

Not satisfied with the recent pronouncement of American bishops favorable to birth control, an English clergyman suggests to a church conference at Oxford that the time may come when a government license will be necessary for a child to be born. We always thought that was included in the marriage license. And what would he do with a child that failed to have his license?

Eugene boys have a new stunt. They got on top of the butte and roll tires and rocks down on the picnickers in the park at the foot. So far no one has been killed. Between tree sitting and rock-rolling, Eugene youngsters are managing to keep the town alive till the football season opens.

Probably Julius Meier will not get to enter the bulldogging contest at the Pendleton round-up this week. He is busy all over the state throwing the bull.

What the state needs is a bigger and better employment service, says a visitor. Something to create more jobs, in other words.

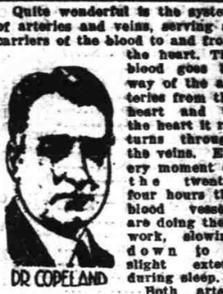
Shanghai has gone modern. It has declared war on "obscure" radios. That must include milk wagons, motorcycles, sidewalk radios, piccolo practice and drum corps rehearsals.

Texas kept out of the goofy class this year. The voters there kept Ma Ferguson out of the state mansion.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.



DR. COPELAND

Quite wonderful is the system of arteries and veins serving as carriers of the blood to and from the heart. The blood goes by way of the arteries from the heart and returns through the veins. Every moment of the twenty-four hours the blood vessels are doing their work, allowing a flow, to a slight extent during sleep.

Both arteries and veins possess all the elements entering into the construction of other parts of the anatomy. The larger arteries and veins, with nerves and muscles, are supplied with blood by the lesser or secondary arteries and veins. All the blood vessels are capable of doing their very important work until something happens to prevent.

When an inflammation of the structure of a vein or artery takes place it is called "phlebitis." When inflammation sets in there is an oozing of a fluid, which is a product of the inflammation, and this covers the inner lining of the vein. It accumulates until it blocks the passage of the blood stream when a clot forms.

The effect of this process is the production of a swelling of the limb or part involved. Pain and tenderness are noted. The inflamed vein feels hard and knotted to the touch. It seems almost like a piece of rope. When it is deep-seated it is impossible to detect inflammation of a vein.

At times the clot which forms in the vein may become infected. Pus forms, and if the vein is entirely stopped up by it an abscess may form and discharge. Then the trouble is over. But if the pus gets into the blood stream it is carried throughout the body, producing a general blood poisoning, which is dangerous.

The causes of phlebitis are many. It may follow an injury or an operation. Following childbirth there may be some trouble of the veins. Influenza and typhoid fever sometimes have phlebitis as a complication. Treatment depends on the cause and the size of the vein involved. It is important to protect the part from movement and injury. In a week or two the clot is absorbed and all is well.

If the trouble is in the leg the limb should be elevated a few inches above the body position and the patient kept quiet. After the fever and acute symptoms have disappeared gentle massage may be had. Later on an elastic bandage can be used.

In the case of phlebitis where pus forms an operation is required. Every case should have the attention of a physician.

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

But the fair, still, has its place. It affords the farmer his best opportunity of the year to boast of just what he is doing. There as can display his best fruits and vegetables, and he can parade his sleekest and finest livestock before the eyes of his city cousins. And this year, when crops are at their best, those exhibits at the county fair are well worth seeing.—Eugene Register.

The only thing about these "better times" and "development" stories that we can appreciate, is the fact that when times do get good we see no more of them.—Morning Astorian.

A Problem For You For Today

A rectangular block of marble is 6.25 feet long, and 3 feet thick. If its solid contents are 75 cubic feet, what per cent of its length is the width?

Answer to Yesterday's Problem: A \$38; B \$20.25. Explanation:—Divide 25 by 3-3; add this result to 20 (5-3-3). Divide 20-3 and 15-4 each by 125-12, giving 9-25 and 16-25. Take 9-25 and 16-25 of 56% (225-4).

ITALIAN BANKS TO BE MERGED, WORD

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29. (AP).—High ranking officials of the Glanville banking interests today verified in substance cabled reports from Rome that the Italian bank Italo Bank Britannico, was about to be acquired by Banca D'America E D'Italia, controlled by Transamerica corporation, has headquarters at Milan and controls 23 branches in the principal cities of Italy.

It was understood strong British interests said to be associated with Transamerica in the acquisition of Italo Britannico will be represented on the directorate as well as in the executive management of the acquired bank.

Transamerica officials, in announcing last month the acquisition of an interest in the French Commercial bank, Union Des Mines, stated the corporation would probably further enlarge its bond holdings.

"You didn't do it because you felt sorry for me—I wouldn't let you feel sorry for me! You did it with your minds, because you were just to the woman you could have destroyed if you wanted to—and you must have wanted to. You were fairer to me—than I've ever been to you."

ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL VISITOR DEPARTS



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 24
The camera men had set up their tripods on the table and the door to the judge's chambers. As if they were taking some bizarre oath, each right hand was lifted, holding aloft the handle of a small metal trough of flashlight powder. The square black boxes were all turned in one direction, focused on the face of Aline Everett.

The ballist tipped across the room with a dripping paper cup filled with water, which he placed on the table close to her hand. But she pushed it aside with a brusque gesture of refusal.

"Now boys, if you don't want to be fined for contempt of court, remember—just one flash, and wait 'till the verdict's rendered," the judge gave the warning over his shoulder as he mounted the steps to the bench.

"Down in front there—your head's in the way!" Andrews commanded in a stage whisper, and Peter obediently ducked.

"The foreman will read the verdict."

An old man in the front row arose slowly, cleared his throat, and drew a spectacle case from his pocket. With extreme deliberation he opened the spectacles and adjusted them across his nose. Even with the glasses in place, he read haltingly, with the embarrassment of one unaccustomed to hearing his own voice in public.

The road of many waters was in Aline's ears, beating her down—a Niagara of sound, in which words were indistinguishable. Her fingers gripped the edge of the table before her. It was like struggling to hold on to consciousness under either. It was whirling down and down into emptiness. But there was something she must hear—something they were about to do to her—

Then, through the smothering welter in which she fought for breath, her mouth felt suddenly cold and wet. The ballist, leaning over her shoulder, was spilling the water which he held to her lips. Thin and clear and very slow a far-away voice was saying: "We, the jury, find the defendant—not guilty!"

With the simultaneous explosion of the flashlights in her ears, the room rocked back into place. But Aline did not look at Max beside her, nor at Travis, who had turned toward her with outstretched hand. With the palms of her hands pressing flat on the table for support, she pillowed herself to her feet and stared straight into the faces of the jury. She took a step forward, fumblingly, drawn toward them without consciousness of their own wide-eyed eyes. Then suddenly her arms were flung wide in a gesture of bewildered surrender.

The reporters had begun to scramble to their feet at the reading of the verdict, but they stood motionless, caught in the tension of the moment. Travis leaned forward as if to step back, then sank back as she passed beyond his reach.

"Why," she said in a high clear voice, "I—I don't understand!" Peter thought that he had never seen such a look of amazement on Aline's face. "You—you had your chance—you hated me—and you didn't take it. You hated me, and yet you were fair to me. I thought you were—stupid!" The tears were streaming down her face now. She brushed at them with impatient fingers, but she did not try to hide them. The strangest thing in all that strange scene was Aline Everett's tear-drenched face turned to the jury without the slightest effort at concealment.

"You didn't do it because you felt sorry for me—I wouldn't let you feel sorry for me! You did it with your minds, because you were just to the woman you could have destroyed if you wanted to—and you must have wanted to. You were fairer to me—than I've ever been to you."

"My God," Andrews groaned aloud. "What a picture! And the judge wouldn't let us take but one flashlight!" Everts said, "It was a good story while it lasted—but what a town to get stuck in! Ten miles from a telegraph! They ought to arrange these murders with more consideration for the poor laboring man. If you'll let me take my advice, you'll find your husband how things were between you and Morrison. You haven't anything to be afraid of, really. I couldn't say it of many men, but Max is something out of the ordinary. I think he'd understand."

"Everything," Peter said firmly. "I—I couldn't!" "You mean you're afraid to do it?" "No," Aline said slowly. "I don't mean that. I mean I haven't the right. He'd try to understand, but he couldn't. He's too different. He'd only forgive. And I can't place on him the burden of that forgiveness just to give myself the relief of telling him. I love him, and I'm proud of him. I believe that I was worthy of his trust. That's the only thing I can do—and I've got to do it, for his sake!"

"And the letters—you think they may have been taken by the murderer?" Peter asked. "I don't know. I only know that I've been terrified about them—terrified with the thought that they would be found, and then that they wouldn't. I tell you, I'd gladly have had that jury tonight bring a verdict of guilty, and let me go to prison—to the gallows—if in return I could have those letters in my hands and know that Max need never see them!"

Peter, humped over the wheel, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, if you feel that way about it, we'd better get busy," he said. "It's just one more little problem. If we could just get hold of the right end, it would probably all unravel like a chain stitch. But getting hold of the end—there's the rub." His foot pressed the accelerator, taking advantage of a short stretch of straight road ahead.

"By the way, you haven't told me yet what was in the Chinese box," he observed after a thoughtful pause. "I don't know what that had to do with it either, but I'm sure it's important somehow. It was—"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Dorien woman: Continuing from yesterday: "It is the death of Pierre Dorion, Jr., in 1814 upon which Barry bases his declaration that the wife was the first Oregon settler. The husband's murder thrust her on her own in the wilderness, and she and her children stayed here. The Astor expedition broke up and the Hudson's Bay company did not release its attaches at Fort Vancouver until later.

"Madame Dorion's name was lost for a time. All that was known was that she had married a Frenchman and remained in Oregon. Barry took that name and began a study of settlers' names. He traced the name back through these spellings, 'Topah, Topan, Topar, Tupah.'"

"Barry went to Archbishop Howard of the Catholic diocese of Portland in Oregon and was given authorization to scan the church records. Father George C. Chabot of St. Paul and Father Charles Kraus of St. Louis read the old French documents for him.

"Finally, under date of July 19, 1841, was found a record of the religious marriage of John Tourpin and Marie Dorion. A notation was made by Father Blanchet, later Archbishop Blanchet. Then the U. S. land office records in Washington, D. C., produced records of the couple occupying sections 9, 10, 15, 16 and 17, township 7 south, range 2 west, three miles from Salem, in 1841. (In the Middle Grove district on the Silverton road east of Salem.)"

"When he married Madame Dorion, Tourpin was an interpreter at Fort Walla Walla. Francis Topaz, actually Francis Tourpin, was their son and Baptist's half-brother.

"Mrs. Tourpin died September 3, 1850, four years before the land was surveyed. It is not spelled as another historian meant only that Father Blanchet gave her the name of Marie, and he is eager to find any of them to trace the history of the family further. The Trail Seekers plan to ask cooperation of the Daughters of the American Revolution in erecting a memorial to Madame Dorion."

So ends the story from the newspaper clipping. A search of the Marion county records through the abstract office and the originals, will show that the name John Tourpin was spelled in various ways. The U. S. patent to the donation claim gave it to the heirs of John Topar. The location was section 16, township 7 south, range 2 west and the original survey showed 315.92 acres of land. The patent was not issued until July 21, 1873. It was recorded August 1, 1874. John 'Topin' had signed over his right to the claim, while he lived, to W. R. Munkers, for \$4000. He could not write his name. Some of the records spell the name Topar, some Tourpin. (But this is not strange, the French pronunciation of Tourpin might be made to sound like Topin, Topar, Topaz, Towpin—with several other variations.) Marie, the wife (the Dorion woman), did not sign the transfer of the claim to Munkers. She had died. If she had claimed land as the wife's right (which she probably did, which was recorded about it. The transfer to Munkers was made February 28, 1858. The claim was number 79; among the early ones, and the notification was number 300, under the donation land act.

Defenbach, the Idaho historian, concluding a wonderfully well written sketch of the Dorion woman, in his "Red Heroines of the Northwest," most politely says:

"This hitherto nameless woman we now find with a string of names after she was duly married to Tourpin, and the nuptial benediction pronounced in a modern telephone directory. Permit the introduction of Madame Marie Iowa Dorion Venter Tourpin."

Defenbach believes she should have a monument. He wants it at Boise. Then there should certainly be one at Salem. Can the reader suggest any way in which her grave can be located? It must be not far away from Salem. (The Dorion woman sketch will be continued tomorrow.)

There was a suit to quiet title, be continued tomorrow.)

Business in Blunderland

(From "Business Week")

Alice—"Why are all these people sitting around leaning on tables? Is it a game?"

The Queen of Charts—Stupid, can't you see Business is Bad. It's a Depression, not a Vacation.

Alice—That's a question. Is it a kind of poker, isn't it? The tables are to put their cards on when they call each other's bets.

The Queen—Not at all; nobody's taking any chances; they all want to see what the rest will do. Those are statistical tables, my child; when they are all set, then everybody will begin to play.

Alice—All at once? Doesn't somebody start first?

The Queen—Not here. These are all Bears. If anybody starts first, it's a Bull and we throw him out. When they are all out we go out and play them. That's a boom. Then anybody can start first, but nobody can stop first. That's Selling America Short.

Alice—What are they doing meantime?

The Queen—Oh, waiting for things to pick up.

Alice—Will they pick up?

The Queen—Oh, yes, they always do, in the Long Run; just look at my figure.

Alice—That's who picks them up?

The Queen—George.

Alice—George who?

The Queen—George Economic Law; they leave everything to him, Alice—Where is he now?

The Queen—In the kitchen, grinding the coffee. They're having Supply and Demand for supper, with lots of Overproduction for dessert.

Alice—What does George pick up?

The Queen—Why, Commodity Prices, Foreign Trade, Carloadings, the Stock Market and that sort of thing.

Alice—How do these people know things have picked up?

The Queen—They watch me; I give them the awastika. They think I know something about it, and maybe I do.

Alice—Don't they do anything until then?

The Queen—Oh, yes; they take their medicine. George mixes it. Adam Smith gave him the recipe. Deflation, the whole bottle at once, straight.

Alice—Where's the Business; don't they get any of it?

The Queen—Just around the corner; the Other Fellow has it; wait after it some time ago.

Alice—Don't they want any?

The Queen—Oh, yes, but George won't let them have any till the coffee's all ground and the medicine has worked. Besides they think there isn't enough to go round; too many statistical tables to be served first.

Alice—What made Business bad?

The Queen—Oh, playing around the Market with the Mad Hatter and the March Hare; but they say it was run over by a Business Cyst. The Other Fellow says there's nothing the matter with it.

Alice—What do these people usually do when Business is good?

The Queen—Tell fortunes from the Ticker Tape. Some go out and play business but soon get tired and play golf.

Alice—What are they thinking about now?

The Queen—Oh, last year, or 1893; the Tariff, the drought and Hard Times. Some like to look at pictures of China and India. Lots of fun.

Alice—Couldn't they make some money while they're waiting?

The Queen—Have lots of it; wouldn't know what to do with it. Waiting for the Turning Point, you know.

Alice—When is that?

The Queen—Search me, they say it depends on Consumer Purchasing Power.

Alice—What turns that on?

The Queen—THEY do, silly.