

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Cabbages and Kings

REVOLT has displaced a president and cabinet in Argentina. Hipolito Iroyen has been deposed and General Jose Evaristo Uriburu placed in power by the military. For months troubles have been brewing in the Argentine, long regarded as the most stable of the South American republics. Hard times there have accentuated the unrest. Iroyen is credited with having been rather arbitrary in his dealings, and unyielding to the opposition. He proved unable to ride out the storm when the army turned against him with the sympathetic approval of the navy.

South American states have had a checkered career since they were set free from Spanish domination through the leadership of Simon Bolivar a little over a century ago. The little republics suffered from revolutions which periodically terminated dictatorships. The ignorant Indian populations were exploited by the ruling caste of the old Spanish families. With the influx of a new European immigration in the latter part of the nineteenth century, Italians and Germans, political affairs became more stabilized, especially in Brazil and Argentina and Chile. The hope was freely expressed in recent years that the period of revolution in South America was over.

Here is the record of recent months: Peru overturned its governing regime; Bolivia had two revolts; Southern Brazil had one revolution a few years ago and another is said to be brewing now in Rio Grande de Sul. And now Argentina.

Some of the causes of the unrest are the passing of the war-encouraged prosperity of South America, and the burdens of debt service which have been placed upon the peoples there. For a long time South American states were frequently guilty of repudiating their foreign loans. This made the risk so great that loan brokers exacted exorbitant commissions, leaving little of the proceeds to get into the treasury. Lifted to great heights of prosperity because as neutral powers their products were in demand during the war, the states launched programs of public works on the basis of American loans. Representatives of American bond houses almost camped on the steps of the capitols to thrust money upon the republics. Then came the let down. Coffee prices, long supported by the government in Brazil, broke under the burden of supplies. Argentine wheat suffered from bad weather and low prices. Economic distress heightened the political difficulties—and trouble came.

Usually a South American revolution is like a storm. It is all over in a few days and these are going again normally. But in Argentina there are rumors of a counter-revolution, so the results are not yet clear. American investors are naturally concerned, but with securities of the better grade in South America, it is probable that the interest and principal payments will be met punctually.

## Maine Stays by the Party

GOOD old Maine gives a ringing answer to the critics of the republican administration. Maine proclaims to the world her continued adherence to the principles of the republican party. By great majorities the republican candidates for United States senator, governor and representatives in congress were swept into victory.

Wallace H. White of Lewiston was elected senator by a two-to-one vote.

Congressional candidates had fine majorities. The old saying runs: "As goes Maine, so goes the country." It is a time-tested prophecy; and the generous majorities rolled up in Maine show that despite the troubles of the times the voters of Maine realize that their best security lies in the republican party.

It is one thing to find fault; and another thing to change horses in midstream. Because the president has not proven the superman that the democratic press has tried to paint him in post-election pictures, is no reason for repudiating his leadership, which is conscientious, vigilant and active.

Trade reports are becoming a bit more optimistic. Even the stock market which is now regarded as more of a thermometer than a barometer, is warming up. Car loadings have shown a bit more than seasonal increase. Chicago reports improving retail trade. Commodity prices seem to be pegged with a few additional declines reported. The fall usually sees a revival of business. There is ground for hope that the fall improvement is a forecast for better days ahead. We must remember that right now comparisons are with the peak of the 1929 boom which was as much distorted as the recent below-normal figures have been.

Groups meeting to consider a community chest report that such a plan may be adopted for next fall. It is unfortunate that it is not available this year. Drives for funds are now starting. In nearly every instance the purpose is a laudable one; and the public should respond generously. Those who have must bear their share of the burdens of the community. The dividends come in satisfaction and in a realization that the community is uplifted through the work of these agencies.

Let Miss Doris Bacon forget. She has passed through a most harrowing experience. In not a single detail so far disclosed was anything untoward in her own conduct. Her fiancé was murdered before her eyes by one evidently of low mentality or unpeppable cruelty. She has come back to resume her work, to wipe out as much as possible the terrible pictures from her memory. We hope the Salem people will not annoy her through idle curiosity; but give her the unspoken sympathy which she deserves.

There was a sudden decrease in receipts from sale of game licenses during June and July which has thrown the state game fund some \$18,000 in the red. This falling off, we venture, was due in considerable measure, to the publicity which attended the hearings over Clifford and Clark. The news reports of course came after June and July, but part of the reports had been spread previously. The game department has a long way to go to get back in public favor.

A European federation, it is Brian's proposal; and it is gaining some support on the continent. Part of the reason is the feeling of economic unity to compete with the United States. But will it be possible to overcome the prejudices, the fears, the animosities which centuries of strife have engendered among European peoples? Groundless one may say; but none the less real for all that.

The division over prohibition may result in the election of James Hamilton Lewis in Illinois for the U. S. senate, wringing wet. Mrs. McCormick has fluttered on both sides until the uncompromising loss of liquor have endorsed an independent candidate.

Make application for the \$100 North American Accident Insurance policy issued to Statesman subscribers. You will receive protection worth far more than the cost of the policy.

### S. E. CELEBRATES

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—A grand ball tonight opened festivities in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the union 50 years ago tomorrow.

## HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Some day I am going to write what I think about athletics for boys. Today I wish to say something about athletics for girls.



DR. COPELAND

Every once in a while we hear of a girl who is an outstanding success in the athletic world. I am not speaking of freaks or persons of accidental skill. I mean a girl who is an all-around athlete, one who is so well trained and developed in physical prowess that she just naturally forges ahead of her sisters.

Those young women who have been going from America to the Olympic games are the type of girl athlete who from the earliest days of childhood perhaps had physical training in some special form of athletics. They may excel in swimming, or tennis, or golf. They have trained their bodies to vigorous exercise day in and day out for years and come to a mastery of their particular bent in athletics.

But this type of girl athlete is the unusual. Not every girl can expect to be a Helen Meany in swimming, a Helen Willis Moody in tennis, or a Gianna Collet in the field of golf. It takes a heritage of strong constitution, long years of training and fine mental poise to be a master of any sport, certainly to reach this degree of expertness.

The average girl needs some physical activity to keep her well and happy. No girl in school can compete for athletic honors unless she is meeting the academic standards of her school. In any well-balanced educational institution competition in athletics must be coupled with satisfactory progress in the matter of learning. Once in a while we hear of a girl who carries off the academic honors plus the athletic prizes.

The girl who has learned how to swim, how to play tennis, basketball, hockey, and perhaps baseball or golf, is probably the healthiest and the happiest girl alive. That is, she is if she takes them in moderation. Her mind is alert and she is interesting to talk to. She loves to dance, and she goes right on dancing until she is an old lady. She will probably have a long life and a useful one, provided she does not overdo. You can overdo any good thing.

Occasionally we meet a school principal who says she doesn't really believe in competitive sports for girls. It must be admitted, of course, that there is some danger in a girl's overdoing in the field of sports. But most of the girls now take precautions in seeing that physical examinations are given to the students under their care before any strenuous physical exercises are permitted. Most students in our private schools and high schools where competitive sports are allowed are required to bring a doctor's certificate of physical fitness on undertaking such sports. That should be the universal rule in the case of every school boy or girl.

Girls of today have every reason to be thankful that they live in a time so untrammeled. They benefit by the sensible rules of living, by the fashions in sports, fashions in dress and the customs of the day. Indoors, they enjoy healthful, well-ventilated school buildings. All these add to the girls' store of physical well-being.

Answers to Health Queries  
A. M. Q.—What causes a coated tongue and dry mouth?

A.—This may be due to constipation. For further particulars send self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Miss A. A. L. Q.—Are prunes healthful?

A.—Yes, they are laxative in action.

B. W. Q.—I am only 23 and have a double chin, what do you advise?

A.—Massage with a good cold cream. This should help you.

L. C. S. Q.—What do you advise for corns?

A.—For full particulars send self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

B. M. T. Q.—What would be the normal blood pressure for a man 54 years old?

Q.—What could be done for a person suffering from low blood pressure?

A.—The normal blood pressure for a man 54 years old should be between 140 and 160.

A.—A person suffering from low pressure should be under the care of a doctor.

S. L. M. Q.—What causes a dull and drowsy feeling?

A.—This is caused by auto-intoxication.

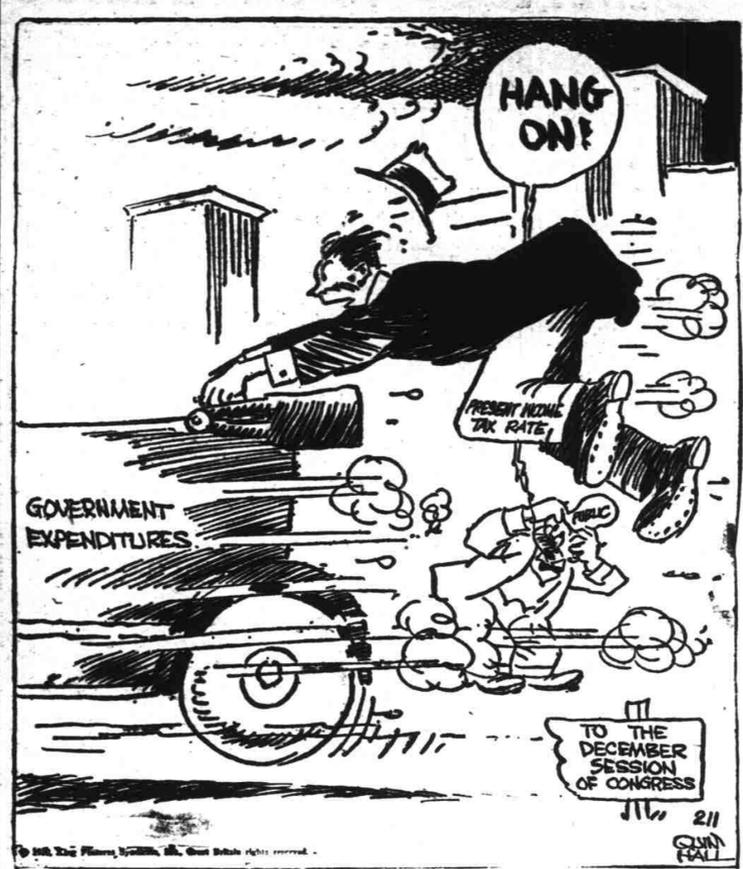
A. Reader—Q. What causes a pain on the right side near the waist line?

A.—This may be due to hyperacidity. Avoid excessive sweets and acid-producing foods.

### YANKS STILL HELD

LIMA, Peru, Sept. 8.—(AP)—The prefect of the department of Lima stated tonight that Lieutenant Commander Harold B. Grow, Charles W. Sutton and J. E. Hamilton, all Americans, were still being detained by the government.

## ANOTHER SPEED VICTIM?



By the artist, J. W. 211

## The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 22  
Peter sat facing the high rail which divided the prison inmates from their visitors. There was a babble of voices around him, yet the hubbub created a privacy as real as solitude, for each of the pairs leaning forward close to the barrier from opposite sides was oblivious of all the others.

To each of them the drone of conversation that filled the room was only an indeterminate humming accompanied for the one conversation that mattered—their own.

Peter had already started from the hospital toward the San Quentin ferry when he swung loosely around and returned to the Herald office instead. He found Andrew's in the dark room, developing prints.

"I believe you're going to turn out useful for once," Peter greeted him gaily. "Remember that picture you took of Morrison on the Hangtown story?"

"Sure I do. Didn't I have to take him in his coffin, because the undertaker wouldn't be persuaded to let me set him up proper? I should think I would remember. The art department gave me the dickens for the work they had in dressing it up so that we could use it. After all, the work I had getting permission to take it at all! They only used it for a half column inset—can you beat that?"

"Well, it's going to come in handy now," Peter consoled him. "I wish you'd fix me up a couple of prints—ones from your own plate just as you took it, and another one the way the art department brought it to life. Can I have them in twenty minutes or so?"

"Sarest thing you know! There's nothing I like better than being interrupted in the middle of a job and being asked to hunt up some plates that are close to a month old!"

"Thanks." Andrew's tone had been anything but enthusiastic, and when Peter left him he was still moving with a slow, heavy back and forth in shallow waves of solution—but Peter knew that when he came back, the camera man, still grumbling, would hand him the pictures he had asked for.

Emerging from the dark room, Peter strolled over to the desk. The "D" edition was already out, and Lammie was engaged in nothing more exigent than the drawing of caricatures of various members of the Herald staff on a sheet of copy paper. Peter leaned over the shoulder, and under pretense of "viewing the drawings, spoke in a low tone, inaudible to the men at the neighboring desks.

"I say, Lammie," he murmured, "you remember that ring you pawned at Isy's?"

"I'm not likely to see the damn thing again," he said without looking up.

"I'm sorry you got dragged into it," Peter apologized with awkward sympathy.

"Oh, I'm not sore at you," Lammie's head was bent low as he opened the drawer of his desk

and fished out the pawn ticket from among its miscellaneous contents. "In a way, I'm grateful. I'm on the wagon, Peter—for keeps," he added gruffly. The pawn ticket was in his hand, but he still pretended to fumble among the papers in the drawer. "Jimmy's too damn decent. You gave me the scare of my life, and I guess it knocked some sense into me. I'd give you the ring for nothing, if I had the money to get it out of hook."

"That's all right—it isn't my money," Peter assured him blithely. "I'm just lucky that Isy didn't put you wise to the fact that those emeralds are real and give you more for it."

A half hour later Peter was on his way to San Quentin, the ring in his pocket and the still damp photographic prints carefully wrapped in paper on the seat beside him. Not even the prison gardens, with their glaring, incongruous beauty succeeded in depressing his spirits. Callahan was already in for a long term, and he would have no reason for refusing to talk, especially since Peter came from Fitzgerald.

Despite Fitzgerald's description, Peter was unprepared for the stunted, narrow-chested figure in a prison uniform several sizes too large for him, who came forward to a seat on the prisoner's side of the barrier. Callahan's coloring was of the dusty blonde type whose skin always looks faintly grimy. The short, prison hair-cut made his features even more wizened than nature, augmented by continuous undernourishment in childhood, had created them. Even an eye less experienced than Peter's would have placed Callahan as one of society's congenial misfits.

"Sure," before he started," Peter inwardly commented.

Neither viciousness nor adventure, ambition nor despair, had made Callahan an outlaw. He was a criminal because it had never occurred to him to be anything else. He was a cautious and dangerous living, punctuated by periods in prison only a degree more dismal than the periods outside it, because his "knave" of nothing else to do.

"Mr. Fitzgerald wants as I should help you. I don't know how I can help you, but Mr. Fitzgerald was good to my misgiving, and what he says goes," Callahan said as he dropped into his seat.

"If you'll come clean on what I've got you, neither Mr. Fitzgerald nor I will forget it, when you come up before the prison board."

"I ain't strikin' no bargain with you." The man's voice, thin and reedy, had yet a curious, hopeless dignity. "The prison board will give me the hook and I know it. But I owe Mr. Fitzgerald suttlin' an' if you're a friend o' his, that's enough. Spitt it!"

"I only want to know where you got this," he said.

"You wouldn't believe it if I told you!" Callahan's voice had the dull certitude of one to whom the accusation of lying had long coming else. He looked a nervous man, never told a soul. I was scared to turn it over to a fence when it happened, and when I got that safety box I stuck it in not knowing what else to do with it. I'd plumb forgot it was there until Mr. Fitzgerald showed up. I mean he should talk."

Peter opened his mouth to speak and closed it again. It was inconceivable that Callahan was telling the truth when he said that he had forgotten the ring, but Peter decided to hear the rest of his story. It would then

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Appreciated:  
Under date of the 6th, from her summer home in Seattle, the Bits man has the following from Sarah Hunt Steeves: "This is just a word of appreciation of your bringing to light again the story of the Dorion woman."

"The story is very thrilling, and one marvels that even a woman of the savage tribe could endure what that poor woman did, and I think as you do, that fitting monuments should be erected to her memory. As one member of the D. A. R., I am in favor of leading assistance if her grave can be found. I appreciate very much the work you are doing."

The Bits man is thankful for this word of appreciation. It makes a bright spot in a busy day. The search for the grave of the Dorion woman will of course be persistently. John A. Jefferson, 1309 North Commercial street, Salem, remembers very well the Tourpin log house. He was in it many times. It was torn down only a few years ago.

While that house where the Dorion woman, wife of Tourpin, lived, stood in the Middlegrove section, it was about a mile east and north of the present Middlegrove school house; very little north of east. A quarter of a mile south of the Tourpin house there was an Indian village. Mr. Jefferson says he often, in his youth, heard the neighbors tell of the doings in that Indian camp, where at times hundreds of the tribesmen gathered; he says some of the neighbors said thousands. There must have been an Indian grave yard near the camp. Perhaps the Dorion woman was buried there, with her diseased red sisters and brothers. A fir grove was near the village.

Mr. Jefferson was born a short distance from the ranch of the Tourpins, on the donation land claim of Cyrus Pitney, on April 13, 1863. Of course, he never saw the Dorion woman, for she died in 1853. Nor did he see John Tourpin, her husband. But in his youth, he heard a great deal of them. After Tourpin disposed of his donation claim right, he disappeared from that section, and no one there knew what became of him. There was some irregularity about the transfer, and a suit to quiet title became necessary, as was stated in this column. Perhaps Tourpin was not anxious to stay and attend there. That Mr. Munkers, who finally got the Tourpin place, traded cattle for the right which Mr. Johnson had acquired from Tourpin. The cattle were near Heppner, and Mr. Johnson moved to that section.

Delos Jefferson, father of John A. Jefferson, was a well known early Oregon pioneer. He came in 1849. He taught school in Portland when that city consisted of six frame houses. On the 16th of November, 1850, he married Matilda Apperson, at the

room got to seemin' awful still and empty of a sudden, and the tickin' of a clock on the mantel was so loud an' slow, it made me white all over, as if I was comin' out with poison gas. I was only a kid, y' understand. That was just me an' the dead man on the floor—and the clock, that seemed alive.

"I couldn't get my legs to go in for a minute. Seemed like they'd turned to wood. Then the clock began tickin' again, gettin' ready to strike. It seemed like I just couldn't bear it to hear that clock strike there in the room with the dead man, lookin' on the way it musta looked when the guy came in that killed him. If I heard it strike, I knew I'd yell—I'd go plumb crazy.

"I hit my forehead a nasty crack on the side of the window where I was gotin'. But I didn't even notice the bump till it swelled up next day. I just ran—fast—faster than I ever ran when the cops was after me. Maybe you've heard I ain't no killer, you've heard. Seems like I never got out of it, bein' just a kid and all. An' I was never no good at second story work after that. I tried it once or twice, but every time I'd go into a house in the dark, I'd think I was goin' to stumble over a stiff, and the tickin' of a clock tickin' would send me plumb loco."

Callahan sank back, his blue prison shirt rose and fell with his shallow, panting breaths as he lived once again the scene he had been through.

Peter leaned over the railing, peering at Callahan's white and shaken face.

"But you've got a record that reaches back ten or twelve years. This can't have happened recently." In a story that stiffer, starker impossibilities, he seized on the one that came uppermost.

"No, it was more than ten years ago," Callahan answered dully. "When I got back to Mike and told him what had happened he lawed me out proper. He told me I wouldn't have a chance. I'd already been in reform school, and had a record, even then. I'd broken into the house—leastwise, they'd call it breaking. Not a jury on earth would believe that I got in, but they knew I'd been there and lifted the money and his jewelry. The money was all right, and we burned the wallet. But I never dared cash in on the ring, for fear they'd trace it to me."

Peter began, and stopped. There really was no place to begin to question a story which in no particular fitted the known facts. The room could not have been Morrison's room. There were no French windows in the lodge, and no street that went by it. The dead man could not have been Morrison. For Morrison had been dead some months. There wasn't even a mantel or a clock!

To be continued.

The Olleys came on the Lausanne, and there was a fine romance connected with their coming, which will be related in this column as soon as the long and most forgotten facts can be pieced together.

It is the desire of the Bits man to aid in correcting many mistaken facts of Oregon history.

The best short general history of the Pacific northwest is that of Joseph Schafer. It is used as a text book in the schools of the state. The Bits man read it through the last few days; hurriedly; at one sitting. He found in that cursory reading two mistakes. First, it is stated that the mission mills were "near the present site of Salem." They were in the center of the site of Salem. Second, the book says or gives the inference that Dr. Sturges Whitman guided the Applegate train of 1843 westward from Fort Hall. He left the covered wagon train at that point. It was guided from there on by Stuccas, Cayuse Indian chief.

Most of the other histories of the Pacific country have numerous mistakes; some are full of them.

Homer Davenport is spending the weekend with his father at Silverton.

Miss Effie Lugenbeel, employed for years at the Chemawa Indian school, has resigned, and will leave shortly for her home in Kansas.

The Petron-Page company of Portland has purchased a team of horses, one from Gilbert, Patterson and Brophy farm at Eola, and the other from J. W. Binger, who lives on Howell Prairie. The company paid \$425 for the team.

After a bitter struggle, the city school board decided by vote of 3 that the New Park school be provided with a septic sewage tank.

Work of remodeling the old Patterson residence on State, near Winter, is well under way. Charles A. Gray is the new owner of the place.

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Yesterdays  
... Of Old Oregon  
Town Talks from The Statesman  
Our Fathers' Road

Sept. 10, 1905  
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A Problem  
For You For Today  
If John can perform a journey in 18 3/4 days, what part of it can he complete in 5 5/8 days?  
Answer to Yesterday's Problem—D 11 de 322 5/8. Explanation—D 11 de 322 5/8 divided by 18 and multiply by 18 to get Bob's land; divide into 2812.50.