

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Interference with Trade

INTERFERENCE with the normal movement of commodities to market draws a heavy penalty. Usually the reaction wounds those the most who expected to be benefited by the attempt artificially to control prices and markets.

The best example of failure of attempts to hold up prices is Brazil's experiment with coffee. There of course the method was monopoly, and Brazil used it to advantage for some years.

Canada's great wheat pool, long pointed to as a model for the success of a co-operative on a large scale, is now in distress, its assets all pledged for bank loans to carry 1929 wheat whose value depreciated below the amount of the borrowings.

The export debenture and equalization fee plans seek to create artificially high prices at home by dumping a part of the crop at lower prices somewhere else.

Odds Even in the South

THE south retired one of its spectacular senators in Tuesday's primaries, but advanced another polychrome character to that office in another state.

Sometimes it seems that the vaunted rule of the people is steadily degenerating in the type of men called into public service. Men of character and attainments seem to have little chance against political wash-ups with loud voices and personal extravaganzas.

What is the cause? Not just the direct primary as a means of selecting candidates. The cause is in the breakdown of party organization as a vehicle not only for expression but for discipline of its members.

The voice of the people is not always the voice of God. Often it is mere noise. We have a long way to go before we learn how to vote intelligently.

Judge McBride

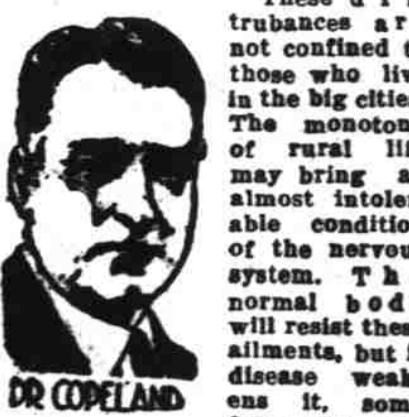
There will be genuine personal grief all over Oregon at the news of the death of Judge Thomas A. McBride. Judge McBride was not only respected as a jurist, he was loved as a man.

As the corn whitens for the harvest, so Judge McBride, venerable with the years passes in the fullness of his life, his head white with the snows of 82 years.

HEALTH

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

Most typical of the ailments of modern life are the nervous diseases. In these days we are exposed to many factors that contribute to nervousness.



These disturbances are not confined to those who live in the big cities. The monotony of rural life may bring an almost intolerable condition of the nervous system.

The chief symptoms of neurasthenia are inability to sleep, and fitful sleep. There is a tendency to lie awake from pure exhaustion, just as it is time to get up in the morning.

The discordant, distracting, grating noises of a great city are bad for the nerves. Science and the law can do much to remove them. In recent months, in some of our large cities, a movement has been started toward the abatement of these disturbing noises.

The strain on the nerves from "loud speakers" and other noises of a city are tremendous. They mean long hours of wakefulness on the part of a great many people.

Nervousness comes to all ages and to both sexes, but it is more common in women and children than among men. It is most likely to occur among those who are brought up in idleness and luxury.

Normal, sensible living for every man, woman and child means sound nerves and healthy bodies. Let us avoid neurasthenia by sensible regulation of habits, restriction of hours of labor and the taking of proper relaxation and rest.

The victims of neurasthenia should have a change of scene in a restful place. Congenial companions, agreeable diversions, new sights and thoughts pave the way for better mental and physical health.

Answer to Health Queries G. D. Q.—My little boy has been having tonsillitis for two years, should the tonsils be removed?

A.—Probably. Consult your doctor about a suitable time.

A. S. T. Q.—What causes the legs to be stiff and cold?

A.—This may be due to poor circulation.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

September 12, 1905 Charged with striking J. W. Edwards over the head with a neckyoke, a Gervais man was arrested and brought to jail here.

Charges Werner, prominent hop grower of this city, will undergo the course of treatment at the Samaritan hospital.

Two new cases of smallpox are reported in the Turner district. People there are considerably excited over the cases.

B. B. Herrick, Sr., is here from his farm near Silver Creek Falls for a visit with his son Byron Herrick, county surveyor.

Marshal Cornelius and Day Officer Lewis are devoting attention to clean-up of back yards and alleys.

A Problem

For You For Today

If a grass-cutting machine can mow 2 1/2-3 square rods of grass per minute, in what time could it mow 6 plots, each 253 1/2 square rods?

REAL FARM RELIEF



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

The defense had been unable to break this chain of circumstantial evidence. The best they could do was to plead temporary insanity, based upon Lynn's "ghost story," to which he stuck through all the ridicule heaped upon it in cross-examination.

"And that," Peter mused, refolding the clippings and restoring them to their manila envelope, "is that. Only there are lumps in it. Two lumps. One is that note to the police, which they accepted as manna from heaven and let it go at that. The other is Lynn's story of the ghost. Nobody would tell a story so unbelievable unless he believed it. He was probably half asleep and didn't see anything—or at least not what he thought he saw. But whatever it was he actually did think he saw it."

CHAPTER 35 The de la Montanya house was set in the middle of grounds so extensive that only the tiled line of the roof was visible from the street. The district was on the route of the eight seeing buses, whose barkers pointed it out as an "exclusive residential section" and referred in tones of vicarious satisfaction to the "palatial homes" of millionaires which lined the wide curving streets.

With the instinct for the right word which popular language sometimes exhibits, it had been known for decades, not as a friend and cousin, Maria de la Montanya, on condition that she live there continuously and keep the house at all times open for the reception of my beloved son, David de la Montanya, in case he should return.

Yet as Peter walked up the quarter mile of winding driveway in which the house was lost from sight, he looked in vain for any signs of the decay and disrepair which he had unconsciously associated with the house where an old woman lived alone with her memories of death.

The gardens belonged to an era when no spot of ground was left uncovered by plants and shrubs, but they were scrupulously tended. The thick hedge which rose to a height of six feet bordering the road was clipped to the smoothness of carpet, its sides straight as a wall and its top level as a floor.

Peter blessed the impulse which had led him to leave Bossy outside the grounds, in order to approach the house slowly and on foot. He paused at the last wide curve from which the driveway swept to a triumphant climax under an old fashioned portico, wondering whimsically why the unpromising square pile of red brick had an impressiveness which Peter's cynical democracy failed to find in the perfect Spanish or "period creations of modern American architects."

The gardens were huddled, and pompous and Victorian in way, he had even caught sight of a sumptuous house with a cupola! The house was plumed down in the middle with the smug assurance of a fat old queen in an armchair. But the place had character—a personality of its own, oblivious of fashions in art, oblivious of time.

If your bricks had come around the Hora in a sailing vessel, you might well ignore the brilliant white stucco, the varicolored tiles of the "period" architecture. Maybe it wasn't beautiful. But it didn't have to imitate a period. It was a period. You didn't have to like it, but you had to respect it.

Peter had once been assigned to expose the pretensions of an alleged Russian grand duchess. "She's got them all buffaloesd, but you'd spit in the eye of God!" Jimmy had said in giving him the job.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The pioneer Shaw family: Continuing the story from yesterday's issue: "When gold was discovered in California and all the able bodied men left the Willamette valley, in 1849, the Shaw brothers were no exception and went with the grand rush. The father and mother, who were affectionately called Uncle Billie and Aunt Sallie, were left alone on the farm. Some grain had been put in by the boys before they left and they expected to get back by harvest time, but the lure of the precious metal was too strong and they did not get back in time."

"Uncle Billie" was past 60 at this time and had not been well all summer, so naturally they wondered how they were to get their grain cut and harvested. There were only old men and young boys left in the country to do the work.

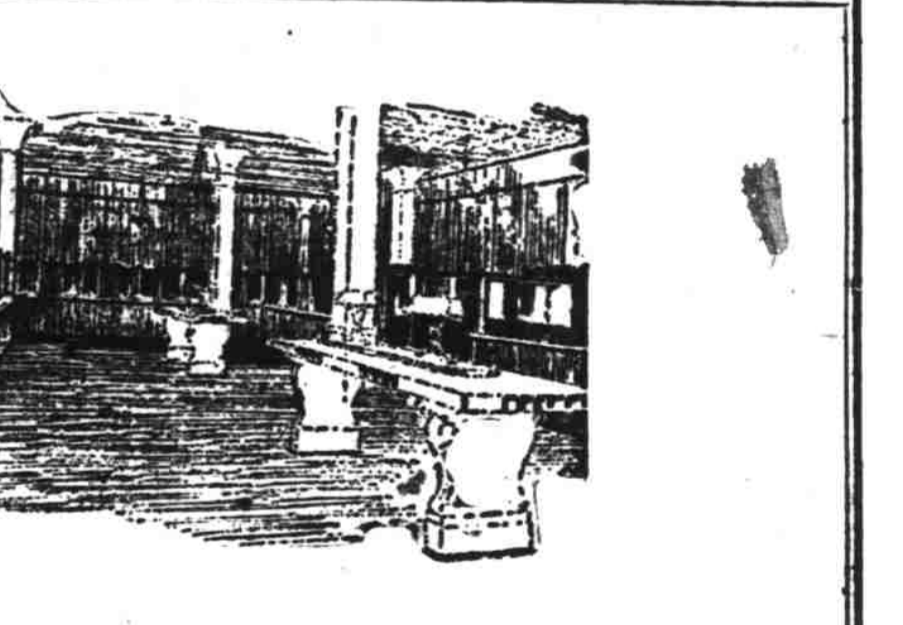
"One morning, very early, Aunt Sallie heard a rap at the door and looking out saw a lot of young boys gathered at the door. The leader asked if she would give them their breakfast. She said, 'Certainly, boys, but are you not out pretty early?' He motioned toward their grain field and she was astonished to see all their grain cut, bound and in the shock. The lads had done the harvesting in the small hours of the morning, so as to do their own work later in the day. This shows the affection with which the family was held in the neighborhood in which they lived."

"To William Shaw and his wife Sarah, as before stated, nine children were born. They were: Judge T. C. Shaw of Salem; G. W. Shaw of Howell Prairie; B. F. Shaw of Vancouver, Wash.; Mary Sackett of Jackson County, Oregon. Five sons, whose names are not available, died early in life. T. C. Shaw married Josephine Hendrick, Geo. W. married Jane Cox, F. B. married, first, Cynthia Nye; second, Agnes Baker. Mary married David Sackett.

Thomas Clemens Shaw was the son of William Shaw, also a pioneer of 1844. Thomas was about 20 years of age at the time he came west with his father's family, in Col. Cornelius Gilliam's train, and helped with the ox teams and the loose stock during the hard journey. When the Cayuse Indian war broke out, Thomas, with his father and two brothers, George and Benjamin, volunteered their services, the father being elected captain and Benjamin receiving the rank of colonel, giving much service in early Indian wars. To Thomas Shaw we are indebted for a splendid account of the expedition in 1847-48 against the Cayuse Indians in eastern Oregon and what is now eastern Washington, and also a description of the dreadful spectacle of the Whitman mission presented after the massacre. (To appear in this column at a later date.)

Josephine Hendrick, his wife, was a daughter of Isaac Hendrick, a pioneer of 1847. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Glenn O. Burnett, a noted pioneer preacher. Mrs. Shaw, in telling of her pioneer life, indicated a proper reverence for his elders. (To be continued)

But M. N. ("Mem") Chapman was county clerk, and he had the money. He readily loaned it, on the endorsement of Judge Shaw, and the transaction was completed. The date was August 18, 1884; a little more than 46 years ago. Judge Shaw had no security for his endorsement. But he did not worry about that. The Bits man had reasons to be thankful to both Judge Shaw and M. N. Chapman, the latter, as well as the former one of God's noblemen. Mrs. M. N. Chapman lives in Salem yet, as most old timers know; one of the finest women in this city of good women. (Continued on page 5)



Salem invites all Oregon

During one week of every year Salem holds "open house." The occasion is that of the Oregon State Fair, 69th annual of which will be held September 22-29.

Through consistent growth and improvement the Oregon State Fair has been steadily approaching national importance. Next year will actually see the event qualify for such recognition.

In 1931 the great Western States Exhibit will be shown here—representing 11 states and requiring erection of a new 300 feet long building.

Here at the United States National we heartily congratulate the directors and officers of the Fair Board on this splendid achievement and bespeak for this year's event the wholehearted support of everyone in this district.

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