

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Weakness in the Russian Experiment

REINHOLD Niebuhr, contributing editor of the Christian Century, himself a noted liberal clergyman, formerly of Detroit, now of Montreal, has been visiting Russia. Now many people visit Russia; and we who remain at home are hard pressed to get any clear picture of Russia from the diverse reports which these visitors send home. Some see in Russia the dawning of the new day; others see the unleashing of animalism, and humanity slipping far down the scale of culture. So many folk report seeing what we believe their bias prompted them to see. Their prejudices color their powers of observation, so their conclusions are partisan and hence unacceptable.

The brief statement of Russia's aims would be its great "five-year plan" in which it hopes to organize the country industrially. Collectivization of the farm has gone forward rapidly, introducing large scale farming operations employing American machinery. Foreign technicians, chiefly German and American, are employed in large numbers to direct development or train managers and workmen in modern methods.

Such is the Russian program. How it is succeeding is a matter not only of interest but of concern to the entire world. Niebuhr, whose liberal outlook inclines him to sympathy with the emancipation of the masses, if not with Russian communism, writes with manifest honesty of that which seems to threaten the success of the Russian experiment: inefficiency. This inefficiency may be due to Russian immaturity in industry; or it may be due to the inherent weakness of political bureaucracy; or to both elements. But inefficiency is there. As he says:

"The doubts which arise in the minds of foreign observers, among which are included many technicians and specialists whom Russia is employing by the hundreds, relate to the efficiency rather than the energy with which the Russian experiment is being undertaken. A superficial view of the Russian scene seems in fact to yield the one outstanding impression of inefficiency. The endless queues of waiting people before every store show that production and distribution are inadequate even to the needs of a people whose poverty allows only minimum demands upon the market. Meat is scarce because farmers slaughtered their cattle before entering the collectives. Cattle are only 86 per cent of the pre-war stand. There is a shortage of fish, for which one can find no real explanation. It is almost impossible to obtain shoes because hides are as scarce as meat. Furniture seems available only in second-hand markets, and the indescribable assortment of 'vintages' in such markets reveals how little beyond bare necessities in food and clothing is being produced in Russia."

Costly errors have occurred in Russian planning. Niebuhr gives instances:

The soviet spent \$10,000,000 on a metal industry plant in the Crimea before making an estimate of the total cost. After this sum was spent an estimate was made which showed the total cost would be \$33,000,000, a sum far too great for profitable production, so the project was abandoned.

At a certain peat digging concern, a million dollars worth of machinery was found useless and never put to use. An irrigation canal in the Baku district was said to have cost \$200,000; but it actually cost \$5,000,000.

In Stalinsk a worker's rest palace was to have cost \$750,000, and remains uncompleted after costing \$1,500,000. Mining engineers report that frequently machinery is set up at a mine before it is known what kind of ore the mine will yield, and machinery for a zinc mine is wasted on one which can produce only lead.

These fearful prices may be what Russia is paying for trying to learn how in five years, attempting to raise a country lowest in the industrial scale to the highest in so brief a space of time. Or they may be the cost of communistic experimenting. Niebuhr writes:

"The Russian organization is a vast experiment in state socialism, and state socialism requires the services of a numberless bureaucracy. Bureaucrats are traditionally unimaginative and the machinery which they construct is almost invariably unyielding. The Russian system combines democratic and autocratic tendencies and the result is not always a compound of the virtues of both."

What the outcome of this experiment will be it is too early to judge. It is an experiment involving sacrifices such as no other nation has ever undergone. The very sacrifices the Russian people are making in their attempt to work out a better social and economic order entitle them to the sympathy if not the approval of other peoples. If the experiment fails, they have been the chief sufferers. If it succeeds, if it succeeds . . . ?

"The Play's the Thing"

DISTINCT changes have occurred in the method of handling the two largest theatres in Salem. A single local holding company is managing the affairs at both the Elsinore and the Capitol. The theatre business in Salem has not been all roses for the past few years. With two such beautiful showhouses as these two theatres, each competing actively for public patronage through bringing to the city the newest and best features, the cost of operating the competitive houses became excessive. So when the Fox people surrendered their lease to the Elsinore, the theatre owners very logically combined their interests in order to effect the economies which a single control might accomplish.

The Fox interests under the able management of Col. David E. Dow presented excellent entertainment to the people of Salem during the year they had the Elsinore. Had it not been for the recent changes in the Fox organization, those interests might have gone ahead with the lease of both local theatres. But there should be no disheartenment on that account. Under the capable local managers selected: Archie Holt and Vern McIntyre, the playhouses, we make bold to predict, will move forward very successfully. They will bring to Salem the best shows that may be procured.

The theatre has a large place in the social life of a people. In good times or bad people want and need entertainment and diversion. They want that break in the monotonous hum drum of living. It comes when they see and hear a play which transports them to realms of romance and to heights of imagination. A good play is as good as medicine. It's a tonic, a stimulant. It revives the jaded spirit of man, wipes out his worries and cares, and gives him a few hours of freedom.

With such fine and commodious theatres as we have in Salem, including not only the two principal showhouses, the Elsinore and the Capitol, but also the Grand and the Hollywood, there is a splendid diversity offered each night. These playhouses need and deserve public support. As they prosper they are able to give the people better productions earlier. So we bespeak on behalf of the new organization controlling the two houses, and for the other theatres as well,

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

There is no greater blessing than a mother's watchful care. It is her attention to proper feeding that makes her children build up strong and vigorous bodies. This oversight of their eating should not cease with babyhood, but must continue from pre-school age through adolescence.

How is a mother to know whether her child is receiving the proper food and whether his weight is what it should be? One of the very best tests is noting daily whether the child conforms to the standard set up for the average healthy child of the same age, and whether he makes a continuous gain in growth and weight.

A Real Danger Books have been written upon the subject and are made available by all libraries. Cards are printed with full data concerning the proper procedure. Or your doctor can guide you in it. Failure to gain weight points to malnutrition. Malnutrition means underweight and undernourishment. This condition is a real danger to the growing child. If it is not quickly discovered and remedied, the result may be life long ill health or underpar condition.

It has been said that approximately one-third of American children are suffering from malnutrition. This is true of the rich, even more so than of the poor. This condition may result from various causes. Besides insufficient or improper food, it may be brought about by some physical defect, such as decayed teeth, diseased tonsils or adenoids. It may arise from undernourishment caused by a severe illness. It may be due to poor habits—lack of rest and proper sleep, or too little fresh air and sunshine. Any of these will pull down a child's health in quick order.

Symptoms of the Condition If your child is listless, lacking in vitality, nervous, fretful, tires easily so that he seems lazy, then something had better be done about it. He should be under a doctor's care. If he is underweight there must be an immediate and systematic building up for health.

Such a child should have a nourishing breakfast with which to start off the day. He should also have a lunch in the morning, and a dinner in the afternoon. This system will help to make up a greater weight gain and provide for rapid growth.

A normal child requires as much food as does an adult. This fact is not always recognized. So if your growing boy or girl eats voraciously, you will know that the food is really needed.

Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon
Town Talks From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

October 7, 1905

First appointment of school money upon the 1904 tax roll has been made by the county superintendent, the total amount being \$69,976.82. Salem district, No. 24, gets \$17,481.40.

Judging from reports of prominent hunters here, pheasants and quails are either really scarce or are doing a good job of keeping themselves scarce.

The Masonic library has added a list of new books.

A gentleman and his lady were returning with friends from a social function. The cabman, not being familiar with that part of town, drove his team into an open ditch on Mill street.

C. W. Iddings of Dubuque, Iowa, and his bride, have returned to Salem to make their home. He is the son of A. G. Iddings, who has been here since last March, and a brother of Elmer and Fred Iddings.

MARION FAMILIES ENJOY WEEK-END

MARION, Oct. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Grover Stephens returned from Marion Creek Saturday evening when Mr. Stephens has been operating a prune dryer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Barber drove over to Macey Sunday to visit their son Royal who is working at that point for Milton Kephart.

George Stephens who is working for the Ruby stock farm visited with relatives in Marion over the week end. George is assisting with the Ruby stock on the various stock shows through the west this fall.

Lester Davidson and Charles Bell visited at the home of Mrs. M. J. Davidson Sunday.

Frances Christensen and Mr. Brunck of Salem were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Christensen.

Alabama hens produced 55,223,000 dozens of eggs in 1929.

the cordial and generous support of the Salem public. The winter season is now upon us, with the long evenings, when the diversion of the theatre is most agreeable.

If you keep a diary, you do well to write with becoming frequency, like old Samuel Pepys: "Evening at the theatre. And so to bed."

TOUGH COMPETITION



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

SYNOPSIS

Ardeth works in a shop and is being wooed by Neil Burke. Her home life is far from pleasant. She lives with an aunt and a snoring girl cousin. Neil is all right until she spies a "sweet" riding a horse. Neil chides Ardeth jealously. The next day Ardeth sees a picture of Ken Gleason, the man on the horse, in the newspaper section and her heart thumps. But Ardeth comes to earth with the usual blocking with Neil about stockings. Jeannette Parker calls at the store where Ardeth works and offers the latter a job in the "sweet" shop as she is starting. Ardeth accepts. Neil objects to Ardeth's plans and they have a row. Ardeth meets Ken when he visits the shop. Shortly after, knowing that Jeannette has left for the day, he calls at the shop, feeling that he had planned to drive Jeannette home. He asks Ardeth to go instead. Next day, Ken plans a foursome of Ardeth, Jeannette, his friend, Tom Corbett, and himself. Jeannette and Tom are unable to go, so Ken is alone with Ardeth. They plan to go together, their hearts racing with each other's nearness. Unable to resist, Ken kisses Ardeth. When she mentions Cecile, his face darkens. Life to pretty Ardeth Carroll meant working in a shop, an unhappy home with her aunt, and the courtship of Neil. When days go by with no word from Ken, Ardeth feels she was just another flirtation. Cecil calls at the shop and when Ardeth overhears her talking to Ken, her heart drops. That night she is overjoyed to find Ken waiting for her. After a very happy evening together, Ken tells her he cannot stay away any longer.

Again that strange heady happiness surging through her blood. Pulsing in her lips. Ah, life was sweet . . . sweet . . .

Ken's voice, a husky whisper. "Open your eyes, sweetheart . . . Look at me . . ."

Obediently she lifted her lashes.

Startling to find his face poised a few inches above her own. His eyes—wide—intent, growing out of the dark.

A funny little shake in his voice, as though he spoke against his will.

"Hungry for you sweetheart . . . Just plain starved! I couldn't stay away another day."

She hardly heard his words. Her heart was throbbing an undertone which turned each drop of blood in her veins to sparkling golden wine. Her eyes closed as their lips met and her arm crept about Ken's neck, drawing his face closer.

CHAPTER 15

Where this blind love for Ken was leading her, Ardeth did not stop to consider. Later, when she looked back upon this time in memory, it seemed impossible that she could have been so indifferent to the future.

She was in a trance of happiness. Nothing was very real these days, save Ken. She went about in a dream which took no note of the things which had once grated on her. Aunt Stella's nagging—Bet's petty spite—these held no weight. Even Neil had become one of the shadowy people melting into her background when she was not with Ken.

Afterwards, Ardeth wondered if it was not some instinctive fear of the future which kept her thoughts from crystallizing into practical plans—some subtle sense of trouble which makes the dreamer persist in the dream because waking means facing unpleasant reality.

Jeannette's little shop was doubly dear to Ardeth at this time—not only as escape from the shabby Harrison flat, but because it provided a meeting place for Ken and herself.

Rarely a day when Ken did not drop in now, as Jeannette observed to herself with a narrow secretive smile. The smokerie gave him ample excuse.

Jeannette's scheme to turn the back room into a woman's smoking retreat was proving a bo-

Jeannette becoming bored tending shop, played hostess.

nansa. Always some one dropping into the shop now for a cup of tea or a cigarette, or for that other excellent reason—merely to see who else was there.

Ardeth grew to know by sight women who had been only names to her in the society section of the Sunday papers. Young matrons and the more sophisticated of the debutantes, for the most part, with always a plangent peeping of men.

From the middle of the forenoon to the closing hour they sauntered in for free tea and expensive cigarettes. The back-room breathed always of incense and expensive perfumes, and tinkled with teacups and laughter. It took on the nature of a smart club.

Jeannette, beginning to be bored by the game of tending shop, found new interest in playing hostess. She was generally in the smokerie these days, chatting over the latest bit of gossip or subtly engineering the sale of her latest perfume—powder compact—cigarette case or holder; leaving the care of the outer shop to Ardeth.

A changing show; passing under the eyes of the slender golden-haired girl watching from behind the glass case. She came to know their individualities. Tow-headed Phyllis Hawkins, lisping sophistries with a baby stars. The vacant faced Duvant twins, the one who giggled and the one who drawled "Not really!"

Jeannette shrugged and laughed: "Oh—Cyril!" No one really takes him seriously—but he keeps them entertained. As though in vindication a burst of laughter came from the back room, trailing the Duvant twin's deliciously shocked "Not really!" on its wake.

Cyril Underhill always knew the details of the latest scandal. Standing with one slender white hand trailing over the corner of a Coramandel screen, his heavy lidded eyes looking about at his appreciative feminine audience, he had a way of tossing out pungent footnotes with a bold lightness which robbed them of maliciousness until one came to think them over later.

Even Mary Eastwood laughed ally!" "Tall dark Mary Eastwood whom she liked for a sort of boyish frankness in her manner. And there was Cyril Underhill . . .

A dark, silky sort of person was Cyril. His features were Eurasian—something of the wariness of the Orient, too, in his long black eyes. One felt instinctively that he had no right to his English name.

Something of feline grace about his tall slim figure which fascinated most women and caused most men to long to punch him.

"He makes me think of secret stairways and daggers and poison cups," said Ardeth to Jeannette on the occasion of his first visit to the store.

Jeannette shrugged and laughed: "Oh—Cyril!" No one really takes him seriously—but he keeps them entertained. As though in vindication a burst of laughter came from the back room, trailing the Duvant twin's deliciously shocked "Not really!" on its wake.

Even Mary Eastwood laughed ally!" "Tall dark Mary Eastwood whom she liked for a sort of boyish frankness in her manner. And there was Cyril Underhill . . .

Tom Corbett had come out—his serious eyes fastened on her face.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Getting history straight:

A member of the Daniel Lee family has found fault with Rev. John Parsons, formerly pastor of the First Methodist church of Salem because in his delightful book, "Beside the Beautiful Willamette," he did not give enough credit to that part of the Lee relationship.

The one complaining is especially grieved because his sainted relative, Mrs. Daniel Lee, was either overlooked or given scant credit for her part in pioneer doings in the Oregon country. He says Daniel Lee was married to her at the same wedding at which Jason Lee was married, and that Daniel performed the wedding ceremony for Jason and then Jason, at the same time and place, officiated at the wedding of Daniel.

How many readers know if this is true? How many could tell if the Daniel Lee relative has a just cause for complaint against the book of Dr. Parsons? Could you?

Well, at the Jason Lee wedding Daniel Lee did officiate. But Daniel was not married until about three years after that time. That wedding was the first one of white man and white woman west of the Rockies and north of the Spanish (California) line, and it was at the old mission, 10 miles below where Salem is now, there was no Salem then, of course. Anna Maria Pitman was the bride of Jason Lee. Immediately after his own marriage, Jason Lee performed that of Cyrus Shepard and Susan Downing, at the same place and time, Sunday, July 16, 1837. There was a third wedding also performed by Jason Lee, of Charles J. Roe and Nancy McKay, the latter a half-breed Indian girl.

As the saying is, a lot of water ran under the bridge before there was any unmarried or unengaged white woman after that day, in

at his outrageous wit, dismissing the well-venomed with a careless "Oh, well—you know Cyril—Cecile especially. I'm a frequent enjoyer of her society. Often he sat beside her on the divan of an afternoon, murmuring in a cynical undertone—until Cecile's orange lips parted and her sharp little teeth glistened through.

Only one other person in the Caprice disliked him as did Ardeth. This was Ah Ling, the little Chinaman maid. When he addressed these two girls, Cyril's tone changed. It lost the slight suggestion of flattering homage he paid the other women and took on a shade of appraising patronage.

As Ah Ling, in her leaf-green silk robe, passed the Canton teacups about the smokerie, her hooded gaze followed her. He called her "Dah-ling"—a witticism which brought forth appreciative laughter in the back room and flashing eyed resentment in the outer shop when Ah Ling held forth to Ardeth.

"The insulting pup!" Ah Ling expressed herself in most unbecomingly Americanese. "I'd like to smack him one for that!"

But not all the men who frequented the smokerie were of the type of Cyril. There was Fred Eastwood, Mary's stout stockbroker husband. And one day Ken brought Tom Corbett. Tom Corbett was a slow-spoken chap, stocky and sandy-haired, the sort of man children and dogs like immediately. When Ken introduced him, Ardeth privately marvelled at the strong bond of friendship which had held the two men since their college days.

They were exact opposites. Tom was slow and serious. Ken was quick and sparkling. Tom was a solid earth. Yet there was between them a deep regard, a quiet loyalty which exists between few men and no women.

Ken's appearance in the shop this morning was hailed with feminine cries of delight.

"Ken Gleason—come here and tell me why you didn't show up at the Waller dance last night!" Cecile ordered with pretty imperativeness.

And suddenly—as she watched him go into the other room and seat himself beside Cecile who moved over to make room for him, Ardeth's foot's paradise vanished about her.

She was tremulous—fear, like a little dagger, sticking in her heart.

To be forced to remain out there in the shop while Ken vanished in there . . . In there—that other world, where he belonged and she did not follow. It was like a symbol . . . a warning of what would always be . . .

She moved about the place—keenly aware as she passed the open door, that Ken's sparkling face was turned toward Cecile, and her heart was heavy.

Tears stinging her eyes as she automatically rearranged the trinkets on the case. She was as lost in her own somber thoughts that she jumped nervously at a man's voice sounding beside her.

Tom Corbett had come out and had leaned on the case, his serious brown eyes fastened on her face.

(To be continued.)

Try This Simple Method For Blackheads

If you are troubled with these unsightly blemishes, get two ounces of Calomel powder from any drug store, sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth and rub over the blackheads. In a few minutes every blackhead, big or little, will be dissolved away entirely. Adv.

all the Oregon country, for Daniel Lee to marry. Jason Lee went east the following year, 1838, organized the Lausanne party that fall and winter and the next spring and summer, and was back with this "great reinforcement" in 1840; the landing being made at old Fort Vancouver June 1.

If this Daniel Lee relative will look on page 182 of the Bancroft history of Oregon, volume 1, he will find something that will interest him, as follows:

"The Lausanne not arriving as early as was expected, Daniel Lee, who had been waiting a few days at the Willamette mission (the old mission 10 miles below Salem), grew impatient, for his betrothed was among the passengers, and he hastened forward to meet the ship at Anchorage. (He had been at the Wascopam (The Dalles) mission, and had come down to the valley because the Lausanne was expected.) Solomon Smith accompanied him with his Clatsop wife, who wished to return to her own people (the Clatsops). As a missionary, having experienced a change of heart; and on the 16th of May (1840) they started on their trip, and held religious services with the Indians wherever they found it convenient to land. They had just encamped on the 21st of May at Chinook, when a vessel was seen coming up under the channel of Cape Disappointment, and anchoring in Baker bay. Lee lost no time in going on board, and in meeting his uncle (Jason Lee) and the great reinforcement, Miss Maria T. Ware was the one above all others whom he sought; for to her he had been engaged for some time, and on the 11th of June following they were married."

The 11th of June was only a few days off; but Jason Lee hastened ahead, to visit the old mission, and was so busy that he scarcely had time to attend to the wedding before the 11th; the Lausanne, as above stated arriving at Fort Vancouver June 1.

There were 53 passengers on the Lausanne, not counting the ship's company. That was quite a party to come in unexpectedly for dinner. But Dr. McLoughlin was ready for them. He sent butter, milk and vegetables to meet the Lausanne in the river (Columbia), also fresh bread, baked by the old baker whose Clatsop wife Solomon Smith had stolen from him—ran off to the Joseph Cerva place, where he was teaching school when Jason Lee came in 1834.

More than that: Dr. McLoughlin took the whole company into the fort and entertained all of them. He told Jason Lee: "I have room for you and all of yours." And he kept no hotel, either, at old Fort Vancouver. He took in and shared his hospitality with friend, stranger and foe alike. There were some other guests there, too, unexpected ones, arriving the same day the Lausanne did. Joseph Holman, grandfather of Joseph H. Albert of Salem, was one of them. He arrived unexpectedly with some companions, more than half starved, naked, having come across the famous "Peoria party." Dr. McLoughlin hardly knew what to make of young Holman and his companions. He thought at first that they were runaway boys; ran away from home away back at Peoria, Illinois. But they were welcome guests.

And Joe Albert's grandfather met his grandmother that day, as she came down the gangplank (Continued on Page 6)



FAMOUS Doctor's Way to move the Bowels

Do your bowels fail you occasionally? Are you a chronic sufferer from constipation and its ills? Then you will be interested to know of this method which makes the bowels help themselves.

Dr. Caldwell specialized on bowel ills. He treated thousands for constipation. The prescription he wrote so many times—which has been tested by 48 years' practice—can be had of any drugstore today. Its pleasant taste and the way it acts have made it the world's largest selling laxative.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is a skillful compound of laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other mild ingredients. It is a tonic, and it is safe even a baby. Children like its taste. It acts gently without griping or discomfort. So it is ideal for women or older people. But even the most robust man will find its action thorough, satisfying. The quick, certain benefits millions are securing from Syrup Pepsin prove a doctor knows what is best for the bowels.

Next time you feel bilious, headachy, bloated, gassy, or constipated, take some Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and see how fine you feel the next day—and for days to come!

Dr. W. B. CALDWELL'S
SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative