

The Oregon Statesman

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

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To Disaffected Republicans

IF JULIUS Meier is elected governor it will be by virtue of the votes of disaffected republicans. Now you registered republicans who are deserting your party to vote for Meier, just what sound reasons have you for doing so? The answers to this question which we have noted include responses somewhat like these:

First. "We want a change."

A change from what? If I. L. Patterson had lived 90% of you would be loyally supporting him, and pointing with pride to the constructive, conservative achievements of his administration. Gov. Norblad has in the main continued the Patterson policies.

The state business has been conducted honestly and economically. Tax reforms have been accomplished, property tax levies have been reduced and will be cut still farther if the income tax is adopted. There have been no abuses in administration of state institutions; wherever mal-administration appeared it has been promptly and skillfully corrected. No matter who is governor he will have a hard task to make the government machinery move as smoothly and as efficiently as in the Patterson-Norblad quadrennium.

But you are getting a change, if that is what you want; because Metschan is by no means the candidate of any state house machine. There will be many new faces at the state house no matter who is elected.

Second. "We want a new deal."

Come now, isn't this what you mean: times are hard, and you want more income. But how will changing governors increase your business, raise your wages or give you a better job? If a change in governors will bring about greater prosperity, why not change every year? The fact is that whoever is governor will have very scant effect on business in Oregon—UNLESS THE GOVERNOR DRIVES THE STATE INTO FOOLISH EXPENDITURES OF FUNDS OR FOOLISH BOND ISSUES. That effect would be adverse.

Third. "Metschan got the nomination the wrong way." How did he get it? Joseph died, Metschan wasn't responsible for that, was he? The law empowered the republican state central committee to nominate a candidate. The committee met, and after balloting fruitlessly for 17 ballots, Metschan was nominated on the 18th ballot. There was no "frame-up." The committee was not packed. In 29 counties the state committeemen had already been chosen when Joseph died. In seven counties no organization meeting had been held, and Metschan as state chairman designated a man in each county, not to serve as state committeeman, but to call the precinct committeemen together to choose their own state committeemen. Of these seven, five of them never did vote for Metschan.

Metschan was nominated by the duly constituted state committee, uncontrolled and unbossed, which balloted for 18 ballots before reaching a decision. Whoever might have been nominated would have had to get the nomination the same way: through the vote of the committee.

Fourth. "The committee scrapped the Joseph platform." The committee did nothing, and said nothing about a platform. The law gave it no power to draft a platform, nor endorse one already drawn. Judge McMahan, pinch-hitting for the Telegram and Julius Meier, "handed down an opinion" to the effect that the committee had no power to draw up a platform.

Now, Mr. Disaffected Republican, do you know that the Republican party of Oregon has no way of adopting a platform? Joseph had a platform, so did Corbett and Norblad, and others. Joseph had a plurality, but only a third of the votes cast. That did not make the Joseph platform the platform of the Republican party of the state. There is no way under the Oregon law for any party to draft a platform. Joseph's platform was personal; there was nothing holy or sacred about it, and nothing that bound the party or any later candidate to it.

Fifth. "Do not like Metschan." You may not like his personality, his habits, mannerisms, his cut of features or his personal approach. Very well, but if it is a matter of personal and moral reputation, then your vote assuredly would not go to Julius Meier.

Sixth. "Want to crack the power trust." And you think you can do it with a millionaire whose personal and financial interests and whose actual contacts have always been with big business, with men of great wealth, utility magnates? Say, brother, the power trust will still be here for succeeding generations of political porch-climbers to crack long after Meier is out of politics. Wake up, you are just opening the door to admit to the political pie counter a bunch of political has-beens who have caught the Meier band-wagon for a free ride to a meal-ticket. You disaffected republicans, before you vote for Julius Meier, try to figure out for yourself just why you are doing it, and what good you are going to do yourself or the state or your party by so doing. Shutting your eyes and swinging a club blindly will not help you or whomever you hit. Even if loyalty to your party carries no weight with you, you ought to have some loyalty to the state to protect and conserve its best interests. Think it over.

That Lutheran Message

NOW President Hoover has the Catholics on his trail because of the text of the message he sent to the Lutherans. Father Burke, secretary of the National Catholic Welfare conference, gives out a statement saying the president has violated the spirit of his oath of office in his message. It was a greeting to the Lutherans who on October 31st celebrate the reading of the Augsburg Confession 400 years ago, "from which date so many of the changes in point of view from older conceptions both of religion and government," the president said, continuing:

"The effects of these historical events are reflected in our national life and institutions, in religion through the predominant numbers of adherents to protestant faiths and in government through the principle of separation of church and state. It is fitting we should commemorate the persons and events in which mighty forces have sprung."

The wording is perhaps unfortunate and the Catholic quibblers may profess offense because of it. But no one seriously believes the president entertained any intention of offending any religious sect nor of making a favorite of any. The message was doubtless merely one of the usual daily grist which the president's secretary has to prepare and send out. Perhaps the president never even saw this one, which was written by George Akerson, his secretary, though Hoover is not trying to evade any responsibility on that account.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

We occasionally hear some mother say her baby has "sprue," or "thrush." These are the names used to describe a condition of the mouth to which children, particularly babies, are liable.



A similar form of sore mouth is found in all ages, and is known to the doctors as "stomatitis." Grown people often develop a similar ulcer or "canker sore."

Sprue appears as small white ulcers on the tongue, gums and the roof of the mouth. These ulcers resemble small particles of curdled milk. If neglected, the ulcers may spread through the whole digestive system, but usually they are confined to the mouth.

The First Symptom The child complains first of pain or tenderness of the gums. The inner surfaces of the cheeks and the gums are spotted with white patches. When wiped off these patches leave small raw spots, small ulcers.

As the trouble goes on the gums become very sensitive. Later they are swollen and spongy and bleed when touched. In fact, the mouth is so sore that the child cannot take solid food.

Lack of cleanliness is generally the cause of sprue. Unclean spoons, unclean feeding bottles, unclean utensils used in the preparation of the feedings, some form of neglect, is at the foundation of the trouble.

Prevention and Treatment Prevention is better than cure in all human ills. It is doubly true of digestive ailments of children. The bottles, nipples and all utensils used in preparing the baby's food must be kept scrupulously clean. After each feeding the mouth should be cleaned with an alkaline wash. Lime water or a solution of bicarbonate of soda is used. Add a teaspoonful of soda to a glass of water.

A piece of soft cloth or absorbent cotton wrapped about the finger may be used to wash the mouth. This must be done carefully because of the soreness. Repeat the treatment every hour or two.

The doctor will advise you about the food and prescribe appropriate treatment to build up the general health.

Answers to Health Queries Mrs. W. T. F. Q.—Is there any safe way to overcome the habit of chewing tobacco. The patient in question is a slave to the habit and I am afraid it will undermine his health.

A.—No. The patient should use his will power to break the habit, which is not only injurious to the health, but most unpleasant as well.

Q.—What do you advise for ulcer of the stomach? A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Yesterdays

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

October 16, 1903 The high school team opened the football season by playing the college team at McMinnville. The local boys lost by score of 6 to 0. Howard Catlin did the best work for Salem.

Percy F. Megargal, who is crossing the country in an automobile, the Red Mountaineer, is due to pass through Salem October 20. He is now in Pocatello, Idaho.

Miss Olive Mitchell entertained a few friends at her home on Cottage street, in honor of Miss Gail Souther of Tacoma, who is the guest of Miss Bessie Schultz. Klondike hearts were played.

Bills against Marion county for the month totaled \$5,443.34, according to report of the commissioners' court.

There is no moment like the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and scurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.—Maria Edgeworth.

A Problem

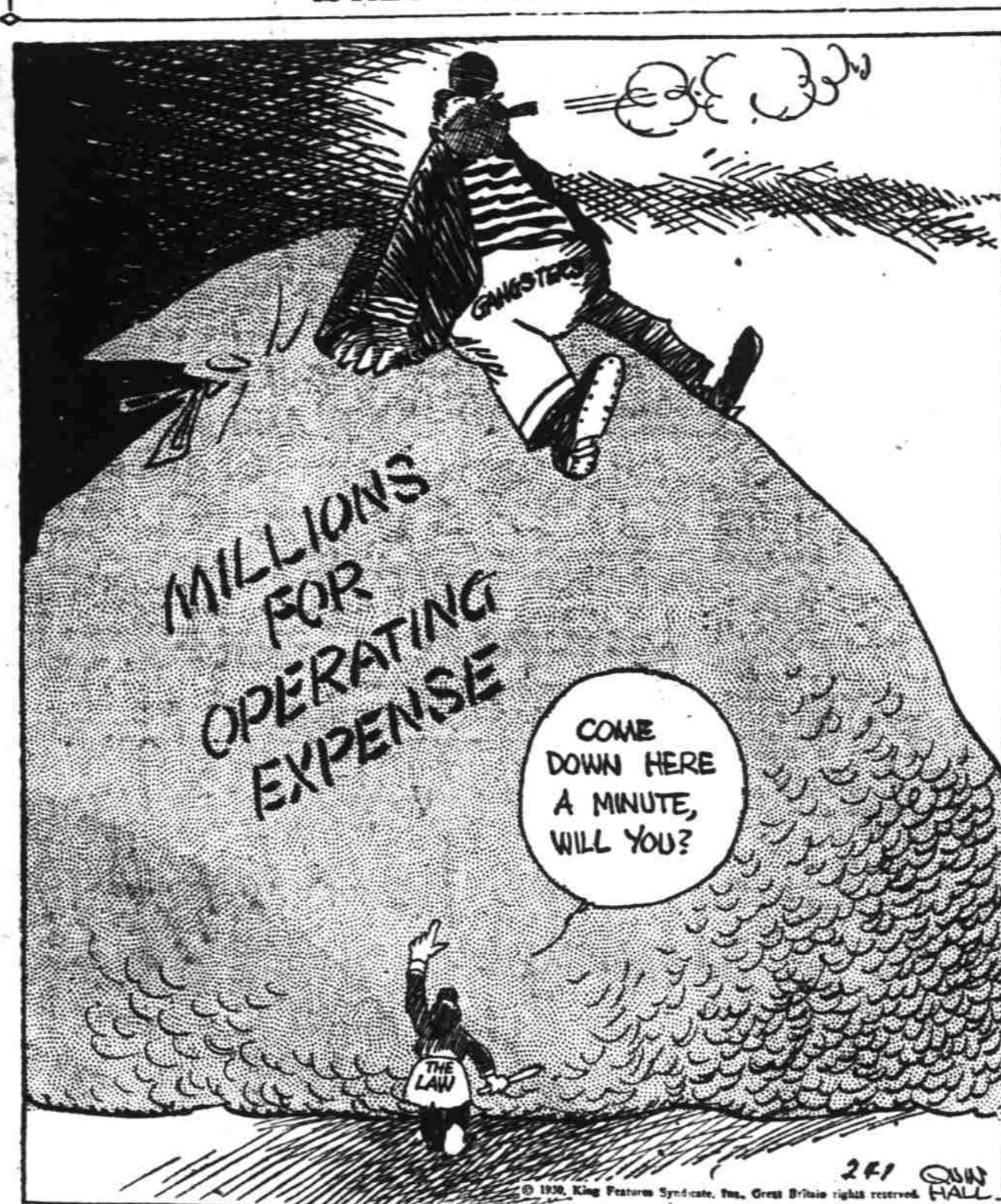
For You For Today

Jones and Smith had equal sums of money; Jones lost \$5 and Smith earned \$7. Then they had together \$16. How much had each at first? Answer tomorrow.

This Akerson was reported to be on his way to join the company of ex-Hooverites. He is credited with being responsible for some big blunders, notably the snub to Senator Johnson over the luncheon to the senate foreign affairs committee. He is an exuberant Nordic, which may account for his slopping over in congratulating the Lutherans. This latest blunder will win him the bounce, but more likely it will prolong his tenure.

The affair is of no significance or importance, and Father Burke may well calm his fears. Nobody wants to burn the fiery cross nowadays, least of all a president looking ahead to another term.

IS HE BEYOND REACH?



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

Ardeith works in a shop and is being wooed by Neil Burke. Her home life is far from pleasant. She lives with an aunt and is snubbed by her cousin. Neil is all right until she sees a "swell" riding a horse. Neil chides Ardeith jealously. The next day Ardeith sees a picture of Ken Gleason, the man on the horse, in the rotogravure section and her heart thumps. But Ardeith comes to earth with the usual bickering with Bet about stockings. Jeannette Parker calls at the store where Ardeith works and offers the latter a job in the "swell" shop she is starting. Ardeith accepts. Neil objects to Ardeith's plans and they have a row. Ardeith meets Ken when he visits the shop. Shortly after, knowing that Jeannette has left for the day, Ken calls at the shop, feigning that he had planned to drive Jeannette home. He asks Ardeith to go instead. Next day, Ken plans a foursome of Ardeith, Jeannette, his friend, Tom Corbett, and himself. Jeannette and Tom are unable to go, so Ken is alone with Ardeith. Unable to resist, Ken kisses Ardeith. When she mentions Cecile, his date (darkens life to pretty Ardeith Carroll meant working in a shop, an unhappy home with her aunt, and the courtship of Neil. When days go by and there is no word from Ardeith, she was just another flirtation. Cecile calls at the shop and when Ardeith overhears her talking of 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 couldn't stay away any longer. He comes to the shop with Tom Corbett and joins Cecile in the tea-room. Ardeith is consumed with jealousy, looking up from her work, she is surprised to find Tom leaning across the case, gazing at her. One morning, scanning through a morning scandal sheet, "The Spy," Ardeith sees a reference to Ken's engagement to Cecile. Then she understands the ominous something which had come between them at the mention of Cecile. Returning home, she finds Ken waiting with his car. He begs her to let him explain.

CHAPTER 23 As the hand of her wrist watch went slowly around the dial, apprehension brooded Ardeith's mind. Imagination persisted in painting accidents—Ken's car had collided with another—he was hurt—wanting her—Reason scornfully thrust this aside. Oh, that was absurd! Women always borrowed trouble! Calamity Jane—that's what Ken would call her. He'd been detained at the office. Any minute now he'd come about the corner. She grew self-conscious at the glances of passers-by. If anyone she knew should see her, how silly she'd look! With cold fingers she fitted the key to the lock and re-entered the shop. Surprisingly dark in here after the gray light of the street. She sat down quietly on a tabourette facing the window, but after a moment she found herself pacing the floor. Up the soft thick carpet of the outer shop... Into the smokerie... back again, with nervous measured steps, following a winding path which dodged the couches and screen and taskwood tabourettes. Her nerves were taut. Something symbolic, this restless waiting in the dark. Why did she always have this fear where Ken was concerned? Forever lurking under the sweet security of their love. Afraid... She was afraid. A little whimper broke from her. "Oh, Ken—please..." The sound of her own voice speaking in the shadowy room jolted her back to reason. Here! This was silly! Ridiculous! She was carrying on like this. She would not strain toward the window. She'd go back and wait for him to phone or come. Determinedly calm she walked into the smokerie, pulled a lamp cord and sat down under its mel-

ow glow to wait. Suddenly she remembered that this was where Cecile usually sat when she came down here. Abruptly Ardeith stood up, eyes dilated, lips parted. Memory was stirring. A brief opening that afternoon which had had little attention to the time. Mary Eastwood calling after Phyllis Hawkins as she was leaving. "Of course you will be at Cecile's dinner tonight at Taita, Phil!" With one of those intuitive flashes which leaps the hurdles of reason and argument, Ardeith knew that Ken was not coming. While she waited for him here in the lonely shop, he was with Cecile in the beach cafe. Jealously tearing her with hot fingers. Anger shaking through her. And a sick self-contempt. Oh what a fool—what a poor blind fool she had been! How they would laugh—Neil—Aunt Stel—and if they could see now! Aunt Stel's derisive cackle. "He's like many another young fellow—takin' his fun with a poor girl before he marries a rich one!" "Oh!" She covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" Falling on her hat regardless. Dragging on her coat. Shutting the front door with a crash which threatened its glass. Then stopping in the doorway her heart leaping in her mouth at the sight of a passing car which slowed abruptly as the driver saw her. And suddenly Ardeith found herself very cool and calm and collected, smiling back at Tom Corbett. She had crossed the pavement was looking up at him. "You're so conscientious, Miss Carroll!" he chided. "What time is it to be quitting work?" "We had a new shipment of perfumes. I wanted to get them assorted." She heard herself explaining smoothly. "Going home now? Let me drive you." "Oh!—It isn't far! It's hardly worth while." He smiled. "Let's make it farther. Let's make it worth while. I wonder—is it too much to hope you have no engagement tonight? That you'd go to dinner with me?" As she hesitated he grew pleading. "Any place you say. Somewhere where we can dance? How's Taita? Aw, Miss Carroll, I've been feeling lousy all day 'don't spoil the spell!" She laughed and impulsively got in the car beside him. "Taita's she said and then laughed a little shrilly. Before she reached the hotel she was already regretting her action. Petty—to spy on Ken like this. She didn't want to be petty, if Ken had hurt her. Then at the memory of Cecile's lovely cruel smile her lips tightened. That Ken could do this to her! Anyway, she'd have to go on with it now, she told herself grimly as she dressed in her sky-top room while Tom smoked and waited in the car before the hotel. She'd show Ken that she was no doormat! At least her pride could be saved. If a girl was a fool enough to break her heart over a man who was only playing about, she had no one to blame but herself! She wouldn't be a patient Griseida weeping in corners! A lovely reflection which looked at her from the mirror. Anger had lent Ardeith more vivid beauty. Daringness the amber of her eyes, glowing in heightening color or her cheeks. The sleeves slip of yellow satin played up to the strange golden quality of her and when she went down stairs she was slim and lovely and d-d troubling to the senses of men. Troubling certainly to the honest heart of Tom Corbett as she slipped into the seat beside him. As they drove toward the beach she was determinedly gay. Whimsical—charming, not permitting herself to think. It was in these moments that she realized that a new Ardeith Carroll had been born—an Ardeith deop-

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Wallace prairie: loses sight of him after his visit to the Willamette.)

Continuing the article of Fred S. Perrine in the Quarterly of the Oregon Historical society: "From Franchere we glean more facts than from either of the others. The first record regarding the Willamette states that on May 2, 1811, (note the significance of the May 3 date: 33 years before the vote on the provisional government), a party consisting of Alexander McKay and Robert Stuart, partners, and Ovid de Montigny and Gabriel Franchere, clerks, together with a Clatsop chief, Coalpo, set out for a trip up the Columbia. On May 6, 1811, they passed for the first time the mouth of the Willamette. Coalpo informed them that about a day's journey up this river there was a considerable fall, beyond which the country abounded in deer, elk, bear, beaver and other.

(McKay, Stuart, Montigny and Franchere were all historic characters; loomed large in the greater of the fur trade, and some of them thereafter. Stuart was state treasurer of Michigan in after days, '48-'41, and afterwards lived so hot then that it almost led to a third war between the United States and Great Britain; a war that Jesse Applegate was in Oregon and talked with Dr. John McLoughlin.)

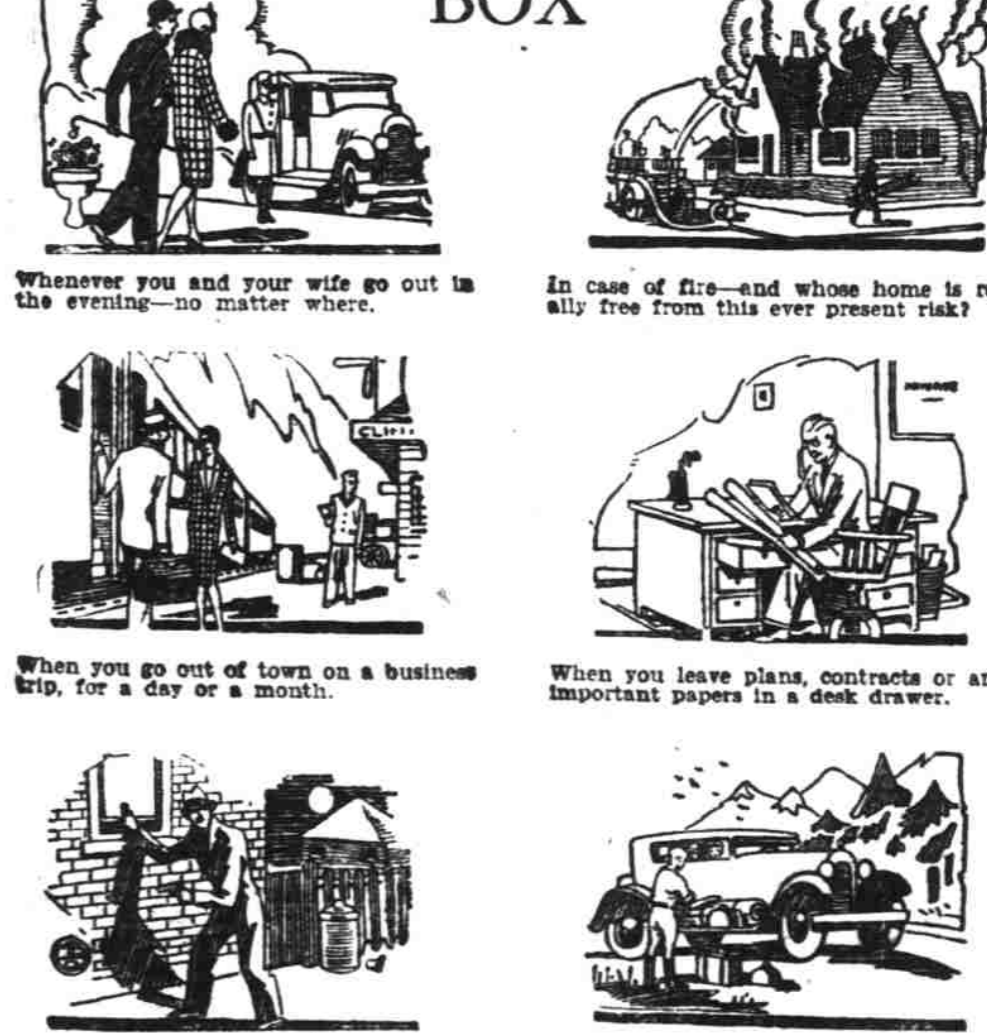
"He returned, however, before June 23 or 24, 1812, for on these dates he set out for Snake river, where he established a post near the mouth of the Payette, which was later called Fort Boise.

"By the end of the year 1812, provisions were beginning to get low at Astoria, and as the valley of the Willamette was a veritable hunter's paradise, a party headed by William Wallace and J. C. Halsey (clerks) started for there on November 23, 1812. This party consisted of the two clerks mentioned and 14 men, and was sent for the express purpose of establishing a trading post on the Willamette. (Wallace was a Canadian. The last heard of him was at Moose Lake, Canada, in June, 1814. Halsey, while intoxicated, was killed near Liberty, Mo., by being knocked from his horse while riding through the woods, in the summer of 1842. He accidentally struck the limb of a tree. He was a hard drinker.)

"On the 25th of January, 1813, McKenzie, who had abandoned his establishment on the Payette, arrived at Astoria, and brought the news that war had been declared between the United States and Great Britain. This caused no end of excitement at Astoria, and led the Astorians to believe that the supply ship, which they were expecting, would not arrive. The supply of provisions was very short, and now their numbers had been augmented by the arrival of McKenzie and his men. They were compelled to reduce the ration of each man to four ounces of flour and a half pound of dried fish per day, and it was even thought best to send some of the men to pass the rest of the winter with Wallace and Halsey on the Willamette, where game was plentiful. By this time Wallace and Halsey's party had spent some

car lost he see that her eyes had filled. (To be continued.)

WHEN YOU NEED A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX



Whenever you and your wife go out in the evening—no matter where. In case of fire—and whose home is really free from this ever present risk? When you go out of town on a business trip, for a day or a month. When you leave plans, contracts or any important papers in a desk drawer. Any time when burglars are prowling—and that may be tonight. When the whole family goes away for a day or an extended period of time.

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