

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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HEALTH

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

When winter comes, then come winter colds. Indeed, with the frosts of fall these attacks appear. How shall we prevent such troublesome colds? Really, they present a most difficult problem.

Nearly all the acute ailments of the nose, throat and lungs are infectious. With the close contacts that some in crowded places—theatre, school, public conveyances—colds are easily communicated from one person to another.

It behooves everyone to observe certain rules of health and right living. Then cold infections will be kept down to the minimum. To protect others every person who has a cold should be kept as much as possible away from others.

The Travelers' Insurance society has made seven suggestions that should be exceedingly helpful in the avoidance of infection from colds. They recite, too, how to build up a resistance to colds.

1. Take regular exercise daily. This may be done by walking and from work if the distance is reasonable. When this is impracticable, simple setting-up exercises for a few minutes night and morning are beneficial. Spend as much time as possible out-of-doors.
2. Put in regular hours of sleep. This is important during epidemics of colds. Sleep restores spent energy and builds up body resistance.
3. Keep the feet dry. If they have become wet change to dry shoes and stockings at the earliest opportunity. A hot foot bath when the feet have been wet or chilled will often help to ward off a cold.
4. When colds are prevalent avoid as much as possible crowded public places.
5. Do not get the direct breath from persons having a cold—and they should protect you by covering the mouth with a handkerchief when they cough or sneeze.
6. Wash the hands frequently, use clean towels or other toilet articles. Avoid putting the fingers to the nose, mouth and throat clean. Brush the teeth at least twice a day. Gargle the throat, especially after having been to the theatre. Do it every night before retiring. Common table salt, a rounded teaspoonful to a pint of warm water, makes an excellent cleansing gargle.
7. These are excellent rules to follow. If everyone would live up to them there would be a distinct drop in these devastating epidemics of colds. It is a pity that every winter they sweep over places where many people gather together.

Yesterdays

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

October 18, 1905
 Through courtesy of the state of Missouri, a handsome ornament and memorial in the form of the Missouri monument which has been in front of that state's building at the exposition in Portland, the monument will be brought here and placed on the capital ground. The Missouri building was recently destroyed by fire.

The School Primary Union will meet Wednesday at the home of Mrs. A. McGill, 274 Summer street. Mrs. C. A. Park is president.

Several firemen and citizens of the Yew Park district have organized the Yew Park Hose Team Lyceum. Officers are: F. A. Brice, president; George Griswold, vice president; G. J. Howe, secretary; and George Shaver, treasurer.

Rear end of a caboose was entirely demolished when a switching-accident occurred at the S. F. yards here.

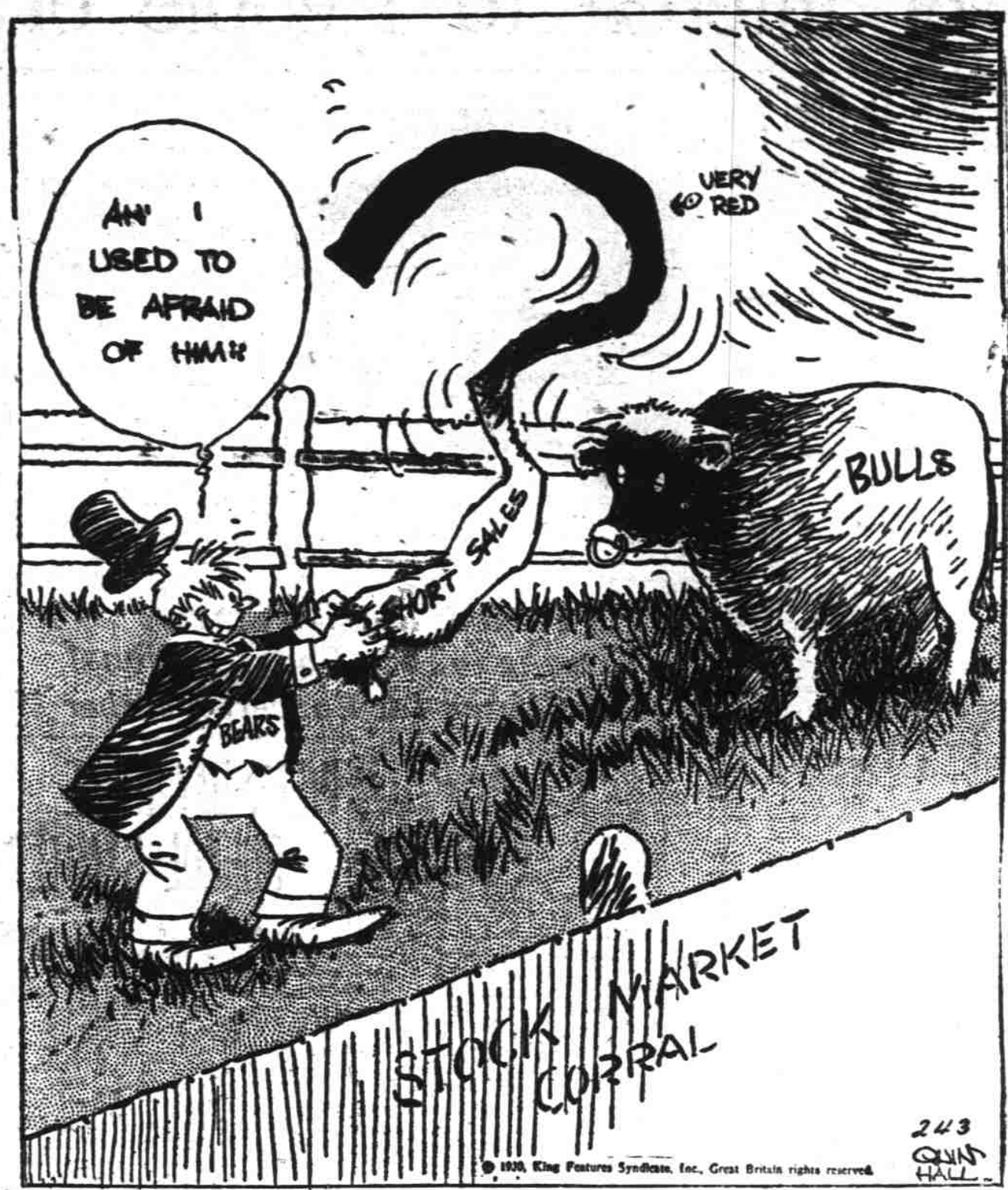
Spaulding saw mills of this city have shut down for a few weeks to install new machinery.

Today's Thought...
 Justice is the only worship. Love is the only priest. Happiness is the only good. The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to make other people happy.—R. G. Ingersoll.

A Problem For You For Today
 The head of a fish is eight inches long; the tail is as long as the head, plus half of the body. The body is as long as the head plus the tail. How long is the fish? Answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: \$2 and 64.

Subscribers living as far as 100 miles from Salem receive the Statesman the day of publication by mail.

TAME OR RESTING?



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON



Ardeh 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 smugling girl cousin. Neil is all right until she spies a "swell" riding a horse. Neil chides Ardeh jealously. The next day Ardeh sees a picture of Ken Gleason, the man on the horse, in the rotogravure section and her heart thumps. But Ardeh comes to rest with the usual bickering with Bet about stockings. Jeannette Parker calls at the store where Ardeh works and offers the latter a job in the "swell" shop she is starting. Shortly after, knowing that Jeannette has left for the day, Ken calls at the shop, feigning that he has a message for Ardeh. He asks Ardeh to go instead. Next day, Ken plans a foursome of Ardeh, Jeannette, his friend, Tom Corbett, and himself. Jeannette and Tom are unable to go, so Ken is alone with Ardeh. They sit together, their hearts racing with each other's nearness. Unable to resist, Ken kisses Ardeh. She is surprised to find Tom leaning across the case, gazing at her. One morning, scanning through society's scandal sheet "The Spy," Ardeh feels a reference to Ken's engagement to Cecile. Then she understood that she had been the "swell" who had been between them at the mention of Cecile. Returning home, she finds Ken waiting with his car. He begs her to let him explain.

CHAPTER 25
 White curtains blowing in and out the open window, sending a ghostly whisper through the dark room. . . .
 Sinking into troubled dreams to rouse with a start to depressing reality. . . .
 Turning over wearily because the pillow under her cheek was wet. . . . Ken's voice sounding in her memory just as she dozed. "Perhaps you're right; perhaps it's best."
 The space of window at the foot of the bed gray with dawn. Far away, the rattle of the first car. . . . coming nearer. . . .
 She woke with a start. Mid-morning sunshine streaming in to the room. The shrill summons of the telephone.
 She slipped from bed and heavily made her way to the wall phone. Tom had said he would ring her today. She wished now that he would not. . . .
 Ken's voice coming over the wire. "Ardeh, I've got to see you."
 Heart thumping so that she could not keep her voice steady. "What's the use, Ken?"
 "Lots of use. Is it fair to condemn a man unheard?"
 She was silent for a breath of time, half supporting herself by

the phone, heavy eyes watching the curtain blow in and out.
 Finally, in a tired voice, "but what is there to say? I know what happened."
 "Do you?" His voice was bitter. "Going to hold to your own version, aren't you?"
 "What else can I think?" she asked wildly. "I waited. . . . and then, to see you. . . ."
 "Ardeh, I'm coming right over!" he said and hung up before she could protest.
 She pulled on her clothes with shaking hands. The white-faced girl who looked back at her from the mirror was a stranger. She flung on her coat. Pulled a small hat down until its brim shaded her eyes.
 She was standing on the pavement before the entrance of the hotel when Ken's car pulled up.
 Her heart leaped painfully as his eyes met. No brightly and laughing charm about Ken today. His face was pale. His mouth grim.
 He opened the door of the car and she got in without a word.
 Sunday calm over the city. Churchbells ringing near and far. Children, self-conscious in their best clothes walking through the sunshine to Sunday school. Stacks of the morning papers in corner stores. An air of leisurely well being over the city. Bleakness only in her heart. . . .
 "Well, Ken said finally in a tight voice. "Through with me, aren't you?"
 She moved her hands slightly but did not answer.
 He gave a mirthless laugh.



She was standing in front of the hotel when Ken's car pulled up.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Wallace prairie:
 Resuming the journal of Alexander Henry, quoted by Fred S. Perrine in the Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society: "January 24, 1841. At 12 I crossed the river in company with William Henry, Stuart and Matthews to look for a proper place to build, about two miles further up the river; as the present situation is overflowed at high water, although its level above low water is between 30 and 40 feet. We departed, passed the range of wood adjoining the river, and came to the open country beyond. The country is pleasant, thinly shaded with oak, pine, lard, alder, soft maple, ash, hazel, etc. At a short distance are ranges of grassy hills where not a stick of wood grows. This place is commodiously situated on; a bank about 100 feet above the river, where level country, thinly shaded by large oaks, extends to the foot of barren hills about three miles distant. On the one side runs a small stream, which would be about 200 yards from the fort; on the other stands a thick- et of tall pine, very proper for building. . . . Here the Willamette bends to the southwest, and Yellow river, whose course is visible, runs northwest. High lands and blue hills are seen in both directions. We returned through the woods along the river. . . . In three quarters of an hour's hard walking we reached our canoe and crossed over. . . . This afternoon three American freemen arrived from Mr. Wallace's house (on Wallace prairie) of last winter, which they left about 9 o'clock this morning by land. . . .
 "From this record we get the location of the second post, and the approximate location of the first house or trading post (on Wallace prairie) built by the whites on the Willamette.
 "In locating these two posts we must begin at the end of Alexander Henry's record of his trip, and work back. We will take his entry of January 24, 1841, when he crosses the river to look for a proper place to build and third post: It was two miles up from William Henry's house, and on the opposite side. On one side a small stream (Hess creek) 200 yards from the fort. The Willamette river here bends to the southwest, and Yellow river (Chelametsu river), whose course is visible, runs northwest. When Alexander Henry described this spot, he was describing the site of the present sawmill (the Spaulding mill) in the city of Newberg, Oregon.
 "He returned by an old Indian trail which ran along the Willamette, and which was between it and Hess creek, to where he had left the canoe, and crossed to William Henry's house. We now have the location of this house, the second built on the Willamette, about two miles below Newberg on the opposite side of the river, in township 3 south, range 2 west, section 33.
 "We can now return to the latter part of Henry's entry of January 25, 1841, as follows: 'This afternoon three American freemen arrived from Mr. Wallace's house of last winter, which they had left about 9 o'clock in the morning by land.' This first house was up the Willamette from Wallace's house. We will assume that it took these men from six to seven hours to make the distance between the two posts, and that they made about three miles an hour, which would be good traveling in a country where there were no roads, and very few trails of any kind. Under this assumption this would place the Wallace house about 20 miles up the east bank of the Willamette somewhere near the present city of Salem. (This location, Wallace prairie, is definitely known, as has been stated in this series.)
 "It is fair to assume that the and she scolding me in that gentle dignified way and pretending she didn't like it—while I laughed."
 He suddenly stopped speaking. After a long moment. "Well. . . . When I went home—after seeing Dr. Knowles, she springs on me that it's Cecile's birthday."
 "You know, Ardeh," Ken's voice was badgered, "Mother's completely sold on Cecile. All my life—oh, well, I've told you that. Well—what since we were kids I've gone to Cecile's birthday party. It used to be ice-cream fights, you know, when we were youngsters. And since she's grown up, dinners and dances. You know, those things start and pretty soon they're more than a habit. They—well, they sort of were into a fellow's life as a thing he has to do. And she—and mother—took it for granted I'd come this year—as always. And I'd forgotten every last thing about it!"
 Ken had been driving the car up the steep streets which led to the crest of Telegraph Hill. Now he was out into the broad automobile drive and came to a stop by the parapet. The cliff fell away before them. Far below the waterfront spread like a fan white fingers of wharves outstretched into a bay like indigo. Miniature ferryboats plowed their way in a churn of foam to the Alameda and the Marina shores stretched opposite under the rich wash of autumn sunshine.
 Ken fastened sombre eyes on them as he spoke. "I'd clear forgotten anything about Cecile's party until I got home last night because I was late. Lord, it knocked me for a loop. He moved restlessly in the seat. "Go on anywhere, after hearing from Doc. . . . and yet I couldn't let her go. . . . I was pretty nearly crazy."
 (To be continued.)

(Mr. Perrine of course meant the Spaulding sawmill in Newberg, to which has since been added the Spaulding pulp mill.)
 (William Henry, clerk, cousin of Alexander Henry the Younger, who was in charge of the second post about two miles below Newberg on the opposite side of the Willamette river, began his services with the Northwest company some time prior to 1801; summured at Bird Mountain fort in 1802, wintered in 1802-3 at Fort Alexandria, and summured there in 1804; wintered on Red River in 1806; was at Cumberland House July 4, 1810, and on Athabasca river the winter of 1810-11.)
 (This Wallace prairie series will be finished tomorrow.)

ALASKA-MINNESOTA PAIR WED BY WIRE

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 17.—(AP)—While the minister and bride stood beside a grape-telephone instrument in Minneapolis and the bridegroom was in a cable office at Anchorage, Alaska, a Minneapolis couple was married by telegraph Thursday.
 They were William Kinsell, head of the motor equipment department of the government railroad in Alaska, and Vivian Browne. Both have their homes here.
 Press of business which took Kinsell to Alaska brought about the unique ceremony.
 Rev. L. J. Beynon of Calvary Baptist church here officiated. Standing beside an operator in a telegraph office, he addressed questions to the bride and then sent them by telegraph to the bridegroom. The messages went by wire to Seattle and from there by cable to Anchorage. The replies came promptly.
 It took about ten minutes to put the questions and about the same length of time to receive the answers. The whole ceremony consumed little more than half an hour. Mrs. Kinsell planned to leave at once for Alaska to join her husband there.

CLAIMS DEMOCRATS FOSTER DEPRESSION

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—(AP)—Secretary Davis last night accused the democratic party of deliberately hindering the administration in its efforts to restore business stability and urged the reelection of a republican congress as a means of accelerating recovery from the present depression.
 "If the democrats should win control of congress, he said, they would immediately attempt downward revision of the tariff."
 This would force the tariff issue into the presidential election of 1932, he added, and result in tariff discussion and uncertainty for the next three years.
 The cabinet member said the depression of 1921 was ended largely by the operation of the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill and he predicted the Smoot-Hawley act would have the same effect upon the present slump.
 He termed the present campaign "nothing more than a game which has had but for the president's action in calling conferences of industrial, financial and labor leaders for the purpose of maintaining confidence."
 A farm demonstration agent has been appointed for negro agriculturists in Brooks county, Georgia.