

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers

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Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives: Arthur W. Stuyvesant, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg. San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday 1 Mo. \$1.25; 3 Mo. \$3.25; 6 Mo. \$5.75; 1 Year \$10.00. Elsewhere 10 cents per Mo. or \$1.00 for 1 year in advance.

After Twelve Years

A REPORTER writing in Sunday's Statesman refers to today as a "solemn holiday." It was not solemn twelve years ago, unless perhaps on the firing lines where the heavy artillery ceased firing.

Nor do we think that this twelfth anniversary of the ending of the world war is a "solemn holiday." We have Memorial Day for that, when a nation pauses and mourns. True, even in this celebration of the signing of the armistice, we cannot forget those brave fellows of the A. E. F. who left home shores to meet death on foreign fields, nor those who surviving bear the wounds of battle.

Twelve years, and the world is still trying to readjust itself after the ordeal of 1914-1918. Grass grows over the graves of the hero dead; but war wreckage still abounds. Political institutions still suffer from the shock.

Twelve years have written new lines in the faces and figures of those boys called to the cantonments of 1917-8. You will see them march today, some of them, but they are not quite the buoyant youth of twelve years back.

Seas Take Their Toll

RAINS in the Willamette are a gentle drizzle or at most a sharp shower. They are the frayed out edge of the storm that pounds in the Pacific. The seas were angry over the week-end. Father Neptune shook his hoary locks and thrust his trident at the vessels that rode the waves like tiny cork.

Other vessels have been in distress. A big oil tanker was abandoned after grounding on the rocks off the California coast. The cruiser Missoula parted from the towing tug, Roosevelt, was buffeted by the gale off Coos Bay.

A Step Toward Tolerance

THERE is one gratification in the election of Julius Meier to the governorship and that is the evidence that it affords of growing religious toleration. Only a few years ago with the hysteria then prevailing a Jew would hardly have dared aspire to this high public office.

For a country whose constitutions declare the separation of church and state, we certainly preserve our prejudices a long time and carry them with us into the election booth. Last Tuesday's voting was a real step forward in the direction of tolerance.

Political pointer dogs are picking up the scent left by last Tuesday's elections, looking ahead to 1932. Pinchot and Dwight Morrow loom as possible opponents of President Hoover for re-nomination.

Carey and Harlan now assert that the so-called reduction in light and power rates for which they got some fifty thousand yellow simoleons from Portland seem to be fictitious. We are not quite sure whether Carey and Harlan are getting ready to give back the fifty thousand bucks because of no service rendered; or to touch the city for another fifty thousand to do the job they were supposed to have done before.

Salem high school "Clarion", the school annual, was one of the seven for Oregon high schools rated "superior" by critics in the department of industrial journalism at the state college. A fine and well deserved recognition. The editor was Willie Fleener and the business manager Fritz Amman, and the printing was done in the Statesman plant.

Picked up a hitch-hiker the other day, a young fellow. He got to talking about the depression; said he thought it was partly "sociological"—in the minds of the people. Said he got an A. B. degree from an Oregon college last year. Giddap!

HEALTH

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

When mother and infant are so fortunate as to depend on breast-feeding, the future of the child is bright. But when it becomes necessary to resort to artificial feeding a few troubles come along. The most common must know just the best thing to do.

When weaning time comes for the baby, cow milk forms the basis of the diet. Pasteurized milk is sure to be safe. The only substitute is certified milk of the best kind, milk from a clean dairy of unquestioned standards, promptly delivered.

Unfortunately, there are times when it is not possible to get cow's milk in case of a milk shortage, if one is traveling or if for some other reason dependable and safe cow's milk cannot be had dry milk, milk powder or evaporated milk may be used.

These preparations are made from fresh cow's milk. They contain all the normal ingredients of milk except water. One method of manufacture depends on passing the liquid milk over revolving cylinders, heated to a high temperature. The heat is quite sufficient to dry up the water at the same time leaving the solid elements. Another process consists in spraying the milk into a hot cylinder. The result in all methods is practically the same.

Dried milk is good for many reasons. It is practically sterile. Its vitamin content is not lowered materially. It is valuable as an addition to milk formulas when a concentrated food is desired.

Dried milks are easily digested. Because they are sterile, they have advantages over fresh milk unless the product comes from an unquestioned source. Of course the dried milks are more expensive than the fresh milk and are not likely to be used when good fresh milk is available.

Fresh milk possesses intangible qualities that make it of paramount importance in the baby's diet. But the good food mixture made of the dried milk, can be supplemented by giving the infant orange juice or tomato juice and if necessary cod liver oil.

We have to be careful to protect the babies from rickets and conditions like scurvy. For this reason we build up the diet with added vitamins and minerals supplied by the fruit juices and cod liver oil.

Everyone should benefit by a doctor's advice in making up the infant diet. However, there are some practical points which the young mother should know. Indeed, such knowledge is a most important thing, for upon it depends your baby's present and future well being.

Yesterdays

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

Nov. 11, 1905 Adjutant General W. E. Finzer has announced that the third annual course of study series for guardsmen will begin November 15.

Mrs. U. G. Boyer arrived from Medinota yesterday to be at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. C. L. Bean, who is very ill.

Master Chester Willard, Liberty road, has won the \$5 suit of clothes offered by Joseph Meyers and Sons to the first boy under 16 years of age who identified a salesman, stranger in the city.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

ARMISTICE DAY HEROES

(Edna Garfield)

A round the shrine of country's flag we kneel,

R ejoicing that barrage, blood, gas and steel

M once the world no more, nor sound a knell—

I mperialistic, weird World war hell!

S ecre, God, fruition of our hope T hat nations no more in war-pall grope

I mbeue their hearts with visions of Thy love;

C reate in them ideal from above, E ndue the world with peace of heavenly dove.

D o Thou, Lord, give to every nation's soul

A sure resolve to avert war's future toll;

Y e crown us for worldwide brotherhood's high goal.

H owbeit, should a future foe assail,

E ach loyal soul would spring to quick defense—

R esist the danger, nor let foe prevail;

O nce pride as patriots scorn a weak pretense!

E ndemic fervor fuels ship of state:

S ublime the freedom we disannate!

TODAY'S PROBLEM

When E was married, he was 27 years old, and 2-3 of his age was 4 years more than 2-3 of his wife's age. How old was his wife? Answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: \$36 an acre.

A GOOD PROVIDER



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

She tried to stifle the disloyalty. This was shameful. . . . She liked her—they were loyal to her, but they made her self-conscious.

A nightmarish—Neil left back there in the red nightgown with old Granny. Poor Neil. "But I can't!" she was crying desperately in her heart. "I can't!"

She spoke of the shop, keeping up an amazing string of anecdotes about the customers, and while she talked she was busy with memories. She was watching the ghost of a slender girl moving through the room.

Everyone should benefit by a doctor's advice in making up the infant diet. However, there are some practical points which the young mother should know.

CHAPTER 46 Her first thought was that Ken had been drinking to excess. His face was ghastly, his eyes wild.

"Where is Cecile?" Her voice was sharp. "Cecile? Oh—she's gone away. Her nerves, you know. She's awfully nervous. She went on a trip. It was all planned before—before. And there wasn't any use staying here, you see. She—she couldn't change matters—so she's gone. Last night, I think it was. I'm sort of mixed on dates. Days and nights got tangled."

Ardeh put the key in the lock and pushed him gently ahead of her into the dark shop. The light in the back room and looked at Ken. She saw then that he was dazed with fatigue. His face was white and it shone moist in the soft light.

"What have you been doing, Ken? Never recalled that babies took such little naps."

He looked up in weary surprise. Wrinkled his forehead. "Walking. I think I walked all over the city. It sort of helps to get it out of my mind. Here—"

"You called him pretty?" Ken's low voice. "He wasn't, of course. . . . Not like other babies. But I guess even a baby likes to be called pretty. And he was awfully bright. As awfully bright little fellow. Funny, isn't it, it helps to talk about him."

"Go on," said the girl softly. She had slipped out of her coat and sat and seated herself on the couch beside him. "Tell me some more, Ken."

He slanted a weary blue glance up at her. "See—you're sweet. It's been good to see you again. Old friends mustn't lose sight of each other so long."

"We're not friends, Ardeh. I can love you or hate you. But I can't be friends. You're gone away—away beyond me. I saw it before, but I wouldn't believe it. It isn't clothes. Or even the different way you talk. It's you. Yourself. That—that other fellow—he got you away from me and you won't come back."

The quick tears of sympathy were stinging her eyes. "Oh, Neil—"

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draw a long weary sigh. Ardeh rose. "I'm going to make you some hot tea, Ken. You're shaking with chill. Lean back against the pillows, dear. Put your feet up. That's it—"

She put a small pan of water on the gas jet which stood behind a screen. Put tea in the blue pot. Took a cup and saucer from the cupboard.

When she came back to the couch with the steaming cup Ken was asleep.

For a moment she stood motionless looking down at his unconscious face. Relaxed like this, something of the bleakness had faded from his face. There was something of the gray Ken she remembered. She put out a hand and smoothed back the damp, brown hair.

So intent was she, that she did not see the face pressed to the alley window. The paint which Jeanette had put on it when she painted the Smokerie had worn thin from many washings, and the yellow theatrical gaud which draped it did not hide the room from one looking in from the alley.

Ardeh flung a blanket over Ken's long figure. Then she reached over and pulled the cord of the floor lamp. The room blinked into a darkness relieved only by the dim rosy glow of a night lamp.

Ardeh sat down in the big chair and closed her eyes. But not to sleep. She sat in the stillness broken only by Ken's weary breathing and now and then a troubled mumble.

Too tired to think . . . only pictures of the night came crowding back on her. Pictures like the troubled fragments of a dream.

Neil and old Granny in the red kitchen. Ah, the past was closed to her. Nothing for her there. Not even if she would, could she re-enter. And the future . . . ? A future where she could not follow Ken, even to comfort him. That Ken should turn to her for comfort for the dead child! The irony of life.

A wave of pitying love went from her, leaving her weak and sick. This moment—snatched from fate. These quiet hours, hidden from the world. Ken and herself . . . Ken, more truly her own than he had ever been. For this brief time she had him—had him to comfort—to strengthen. A fierce, protecting ownership welling up in her heart.

She went over to kneel softly beside the couch, Ken and herself in this stolen hour. Hidden in the dark heart of the city, Ken, turning to her, a refugee—She felt unshed tears in her throat.

She studied his face. So thin . . . The sensitive mouth compressed in sleep as though he still held himself together by sheer force of will.

Her own. This proved it didn't it? This instinctive turning to her for comfort? They belonged to each other. A thousand things proved it.

The tears were hanging on her lashes now. One splashed to his face.

And suddenly his eyes were open. Looking steadily up into her own, very wide and dark in this dim light.

His arm went about her neck, drawing her face down on his own.

(To be continued)

Television Society Latest With the showing of television in London theatres a television society is being organized there. It is to promote information on the new invention and other scientific subjects by lectures and discussions. The organization has just been officially registered.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A great museum! Some day, Willamette university will be provided with a monumental building that will be used wholly or in part for a museum; to house historic relics including those of the days when the ultimate west was being converted from a savage wilderness into a country devoted to the arts of civilization.

But before the time of the erection of the great building that is to arise on the campus of the historic institution, some way will be found to provide convenient articles now on hand, or to be contributed or collected in the mean time.

This assurance is needed, and is given, to prevent, as far as possible, many thousands of articles from going to other places, to distant sections, and other countries—many thousands that will belong in the custody of old Willamette because that institution was here before there was any start made in the founding of Salem, and before there was either a provisional, territorial or state government.

In fact, the city was started by the school, and the provisional government was born in the Oregon Institute, that by change of name became Willamette university. The first resulting meeting leading up to the vote that authorized the provisional government was held in the Oregon Institute, and that gathering appointed the committee that arranged for the "roll" meeting, where the committee of 12 was named to frame the report that was adopted at Champeo May 2, 1843, and thus the provisional government voted; the one that lasted until Oregon was made a territory and the acts of the provisional government continued.

Even were not Salem and the country surrounding this city the place of greatest historic significance and importance west of the Rockies, the movement for a museum here is belated. The Dalles has a fine museum, and many of the smaller cities and towns of Oregon have museums, not counting that at the University of Oregon at Eugene and the city of the Oregon State college at Corvallis. Even our little neighboring town of Turner is providing for a museum.

There is a movement for an organization to be formed of a group of pioneers, to assist in saving and collecting articles of historic value for Willamette's museum, and to give all possible help in furthering the project of providing for a building that will be the meeting place for the or temporary asylum, for exhibition and preservation.

This is Armistice day. It is the day annually set apart for remembrance of the brightest star in the crown of hostilities in the greatest and most destructive and costly war of all history, and for that reason is deserving of universal observance.

And it should be a day set apart for the rejuvenation of feelings of gratitude to the men who enlisted and fought in the war and survived to enter the fields of civil life—to give expressions of those feelings of gratitude to the brightest star in the crown of brotherhood; the highest attribute of love.

We all owe a deep debt of gratitude to the service men and women, living or dead. The Bits and the Bits for Breakfast man has a chance to election day on the 4th of this month to make a small contribution towards this debt by voting for the bonus bill, and he was glad to pay it. He is proud of that vote. Why?

Because it offered a concrete expression of the gratitude of the people of Oregon to the service men and women who enlisted and served in the forces of the United States, and were not at that time residents of Oregon, but who have since come to this state and lived within its borders for as much as 10 years.

Why should not the people of Oregon lend the credit of their state so that these new residents, who have come to make their homes here, might have approximately the same benefits that those who were residents here at time of enlistment have enjoyed and are enjoying?

The amendment proposed to make the interest rate of the loans to the newcomers four and a half per cent, against the four per cent charged on the ones to the men and women who were residents of Oregon when they enlisted. In that extra charge, the loans to the newcomers would have stabilized the whole mass; rendered more certain a profit to the state in the ultimate winding up of the whole business. It is evident now that there will be no loss to the state on the business as it now stands.

There is no good reason for discriminating at all, even to the extent of half of one per cent in interest.

Neuritis and Rheumatism Casey's Compound A BLOOD CLEANSING TONIC Will help nature build up and enrich your blood. Will strengthen your whole body. Restores loss of appetite, weak and run-down condition. It banishes rheumatism, neuritis, stops pain, swelling, drives out the uric acid poison through direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys.

Mrs. O. C. Moser, 418 W. Main St., Silverton, Oregon, states she suffered 15 years from rheumatism, had to use crutch and cane. Is now well since taking Casey's Compound and recommends it highly. 15c per bottle at Woolpert and Hunt, druggists, Court and Liberty, Adv.

terest, against the newcomers; but even with that discrimination the terms would have been acceptable. Nearly half the people who voted favored the amendment. The Bits man thinks there would have been a large majority, had thousands who voted in the negative understood just what it was all about—

More especially had they realized that they were thus paying a slight debt of gratitude, without money cost to themselves or the state, but, on the contrary, at a large profit, in the aggregate.

The measure should, the Bits man thinks, be tried again, at the next general election.

Gratitude should never have the quality of temporary enthusiasm, to grow cold with the passing of that passion. It is the quality that makes it ring true when it endures to the end.

ROBERTS TO HAVE PROGRAM CONTEST

Men and Women vie for Honors in Providing Entertainment

ROBERTS, Nov. 10.—Who can put on the best program the women or the men? This is the big question before the community club. Beginning with December 14, the women will put on two programs and the men two programs. At the end of the contest the losers have to cook and serve a supper to the winners.

This is part of the program plan for the winter which was decided upon at the meeting of the club Saturday night. Another important item of the business meeting was the appointment of the following committees for the year by the president, Roy Rice, Mrs. J. P. Bressler, Mrs. Raphael Bettincourt, and George Venable reception committee; Mrs. Alice Coolidge reading, Doris Bressler, Mrs. Irvin Selby, Forest Edwards, G. B. Bowman and W. P. Pettyjohn.

Sickness and distress committee: Mrs. Henry Shuebel, Mrs. William Shroy, Sawicki, Paul, Mrs. Lewis Schenberger, J. B. Bressler, Raphael Bettincourt and George Higgins; reporter, Mrs. H. B. Carpenter, pianist, Mrs. Forest Edwards, general chairman of refreshments, Mrs. S. C. Davenport who will choose six to assist when refreshments are served. The six helpers appointed by Mrs. Davenport for the next meeting are Mrs. H. B. Carpenter, Mrs. Alice Coolidge, Mrs. Roy Rice, Mrs. J. P. Blankenship, Mrs. Lewis Schenberger and Mrs. Flora Holley.

Program Enjoyed A short program was given after the business session. Quartette, Mrs. W. C. Pettyjohn, Mrs. H. B. Carpenter, S. C. Davenport and George Venable; reading, Dorothy Rice; an encore; song, Naomi Crouser; tap dancing, Henry Jungwith; piano and saxophone duet, Janice Higgins and Maxine Pettyjohn; song, Milton Wallace and Sprot Beckert; reading by Mrs. W. C. Pettyjohn and Maxine Pettyjohn.

At the next meeting of the club on November 23 the pupils of the school will put on a program and have a basket social to raise money for playground and school room equipment.

Pink Eggs for Europe Tailless South American hens which lay pink eggs are to be introduced into Europe. Their eggs will be ordered commercially following the recent declaration of a scientist that eggs of color are of better quality and whet the appetite quicker than white ones.

PILES YIELD TO CHINESE HERB

Don't suffer another minute from blood, itching, protruding or bleeding piles without testing the newest and safest acting treatment. Dr. Nixon's Chinoloid, fortified with rarest imported Chinese herbs, with amazing power to reduce swollen tissue, brings ease and comfort in a few minutes. Guarantees you to work and enjoy life while it continues its soothing, healing action. Don't delay. Get it today. Free literature. Try Dr. Nixon's Chinoloid under our guarantee to satisfy completely. Worth 100 times the small cost of most other remedies.

115 S. Commercial Street, Portland, Oregon

Success

has crowned our work. We have been successful in numbers of difficult cases that others have failed on.

IT IS THE SATISFACTORY FITTING

of difficult cases that go to make our reputation. We are always looking for trouble—eye trouble—and it is our great pleasure to give relief to troubled eyes.

POMEROY & KEENE OPTICIANS

870 State Street Next to Postal Tel.