

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Inter-Party Harmony

SENATOR Jim Watson carries the republican solo part in the inter-party harmony chorus, the first verse of which was sung by J. J. Raskob, Al Smith, Cox, Davis, et al. The new theme song is that of co-operation to end the depression. It is supposed to substitute for the pre-election elegy "Yes, we have no jobs," which resulted in a democratic landslide last week. True, Watson sounds a few sour notes as does the democratic manifesto. But we are all prepared now to see Watson and Pat Harrison, Bingham and Dill, Hawley and Garner, Brookhart and Longworth appear arms locked and voices in harmony doing a chorus-dance in the "Revue of 1930."

There is no special reason why the republicans and democrats should not sing the same tune. Each party is split both ways in both dimensions. Democrats have southern dries and eastern wets. Republicans have eastern wets and western dries. Democrats have Tammany Catholics and southern Methodists. Similar segments of both parties have more in harmony in their political, social, economic views than they have with other segments of their own party.

While Raskob and Watson may sing off the same hymn-book, Borah and Norris may be depended upon to reproduce their own compositions, both words and music. No one should be deceived, least of all the unemployed who may think that this new inter-party chorus will sing them into a job. There will be little harmony in the next session of congress, nor afterwards. The political jockeying for position for 1932 will keep followers of each label from sticking on any key picked by the others, while the insurgents may be depended upon to beat the bass drums whenever the piccolo solos start.

## A Special Session

IT IS doubtful if a special session of the legislature were called that it could settle the tax question in a few days. The previous history of Oregon legislatures is that they have procrastinated on tax matters for days and weeks. The 1927 session let matters slide until Governor Patterson was forced to interpose and recommend a program, which later failed before the people. The 1929 session was dilatory in getting legislation on taxes passed. A special session would not be "short and snappy" because there is no unanimity of opinion as to just what may and should be done.

Here are the problems: Rectifying the intangibles tax by making it apply to corporations. That would be simple. But what about the million dollars already paid in, shall that be returned as the tax commission said it would be if the law were declared unconstitutional? If it is to be returned what will the state do for the \$900,000 which it has received and spent?

Then there is the income tax, which in its text is retroactive to 1929 incomes. Shall this be followed or shall the income tax be made to apply to 1930 incomes? This question is in part tied up with the state of the treasury. If the intangibles refund is made, then the tax on 1929 incomes would seem necessary to fill the gap. If not, then this tax ought not to be collected because an equivalent amount was levied and collected under the general property tax.

All of this is meat for days and days of discussion, lasting well up to the first of the year when the regular session will convene. Better pass the whole matter over to the regular session and let this body settle it.

## The Other Man's Money

THERE seems to be a universal hankering to do business on another man's money. Sometimes it is the legitimate use of credit in borrowing to conduct a legitimate business. Sometimes it is sheer promotion seeking to get others to back speculative ventures of various kinds. Beyond that is absolute fraud like selling asbestos mines in Washington or letting a man in on a money-making machine.

One is forever amazed at the solicitude of salesmen who are so eager to let you "in on the ground floor." Utter strangers suddenly become your long lost friends, buying dinners and drinks and presenting you "the opportunity of a lifetime." Oil wells in Texas, silver mines in British Columbia—always some distant field beckons with its pot of gold at the foot of a rainbow.

Business and professional men learn over and over again—and never seem to heed the lesson—that making money is easy compared with saving it after they get it. When stocks and bonds of really legitimate enterprises like railroading, industries, etc., often turn yellow, it is not hard to understand why so few speculative ventures ever return any part of the principal even to the innocent but greedy investors.

Beware of the man anxious to give you something for nothing—except your fat check.

What solemn faces the railroad executives wore a little over a year ago when they unanimously declared that it was utterly impossible for the northern roads to run their transcontinental passenger train on a faster schedule than 82 hours. Then the railway heads fell to warring among themselves and now the schedule is cut ten hours, and even more on east bound trains. It is a good illustration of how shadowy the "impossibles" become when there is a real will to do. The roads may not be justified in putting on this luxurious, fast train service, so far as financial returns go, but the public is enjoying it nevertheless.

If Johnny Kitmiller is really out of the U. of O. lineup in the Oregon State game, it will be like a performance of Hamlet with the title character omitted from the cast. This would be Kitmiller's last great game in Oregon, and it will be a pity for him to have to be on the bench because of injuries. Athletes have wonderful recuperative powers over the bear hope of the college press agents, and it is not improbable that the flying Dutchman will start in Saturday's game.

What's in a name? Votes many times. Another Roosevelt was elected governor of New York. Another Bryan governor of Nebraska, and another Coolidge senator from Massachusetts. All democrats. Too had the republicans were short on popular namesakes.

**PREPARE TO MOVE**  
MEEHAM, Nov. 11.—The Silverton company laid off several sets of fallers and buckers Saturday as they are nearly done here and in a short while expect to be taking up their steel and moving their camp out.

**MOVE TO SALMON**  
INDEPENDENCE, Nov. 11.—A. H. Homes who has owned and operated the C street grocery here for the last two years, is moving his stock of goods to Salmon and will make his home in that place.

## HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Last summer we entertained at our home two sisters, old friends of ours. There were other guests, so the table was delightfully crowded.



DR. COPELAND

You know what a lot of chaffing and laughing takes place when congenial friends meet at dinner. Every thing is made the subject of jest and merriment.

One of the sisters I mentioned was positively the most deliberate eater I ever met. She was always the last of the group to finish a course and, since some of the young people were eager always to get away for other pleasures, you can imagine the teasing this good lady received.

All this did not ruffle our friend one particle. "I honor my food," she said invariably, when urged to hurry, the reply was: "No; I honor my food. Every thing I know that statement impressed me greatly.

Think about it yourself. In many respects eating is the most important thing a human being does. Yet how carelessly, how negligently we attend to the most pressing duty in our daily lives!

If we would honor the food and honor the meal we would be better off by a great deal. We are taught to ask God's blessing on food. After giving thanks for it really we are inconsistent if we slight or bolt the meal. We should dignify the occasion, give respect to what we eat in short, honor our food.

Isn't fair to the good housewife to rush through the dishes she has prepared in the hot kitchen. Many a mother must feel sad when a particularly choice combination is tossed into the stomach of the family.

Deliberation in eating is largely a matter of habit. Too often "gobbling" the food is the result of bad training. The children must be taught to eat as they should.

Let no one forget that digestion begins in the mouth. Much of what we eat is stored in its heat, and when it is stored properly there should be mixed with it a quantity of saliva. To guarantee this mixture there must be thorough chewing.

Really it is a grave mistake to bolt the food. The practice leads to indigestion.

Unconsciously I used the correct words, "grave mistake." Carlyle you will recall, said, "man digs his grave with his teeth." Bad eating habits have left many graves.

We will do well to follow the example of my friend. When we learn to honor our food we shall have better health. With better health the chance of long life is increased.

**Answers to Health Queries**  
Good Reader, Q. What causes a cracking in the arm?  
A.—Would omitting breakfast help one to reduce?  
A.—Are tomatoes, lean meats, potatoes or coffee particularly fattening?

A.—Probably due to a lack of synovial fluid around the joint. Massage and heat should give relief. Be sure there is no rheumatic tendency.

2.—It may, but it would be wise to eat three meals daily, restricting the sweets and starches and keeping the system in proper working order.

3.—Potatoes are fattening, but the other foods eaten or taken in moderation should not add to the weight.

Miss H. E. G. Q.—What can be done for superfluous hair?  
A.—What causes a yellow complexion?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

2.—This is indicative of a sluggish liver and faulty elimination. Correct the diet and be sure to take plenty of outdoor exercise.

H. K. Q.—What do you advise for dandruff?  
A.—What should a boy of 15.5 ft. 8 in. tall weigh?  
A.—What can be done for nervousness?

A.—Keeping the hair and scalp immaculately clean with frequent shampooing and careful rinsing and using a good, stimulating hair tonic should be generally helpful.

2.—He should weigh about 136 pounds.

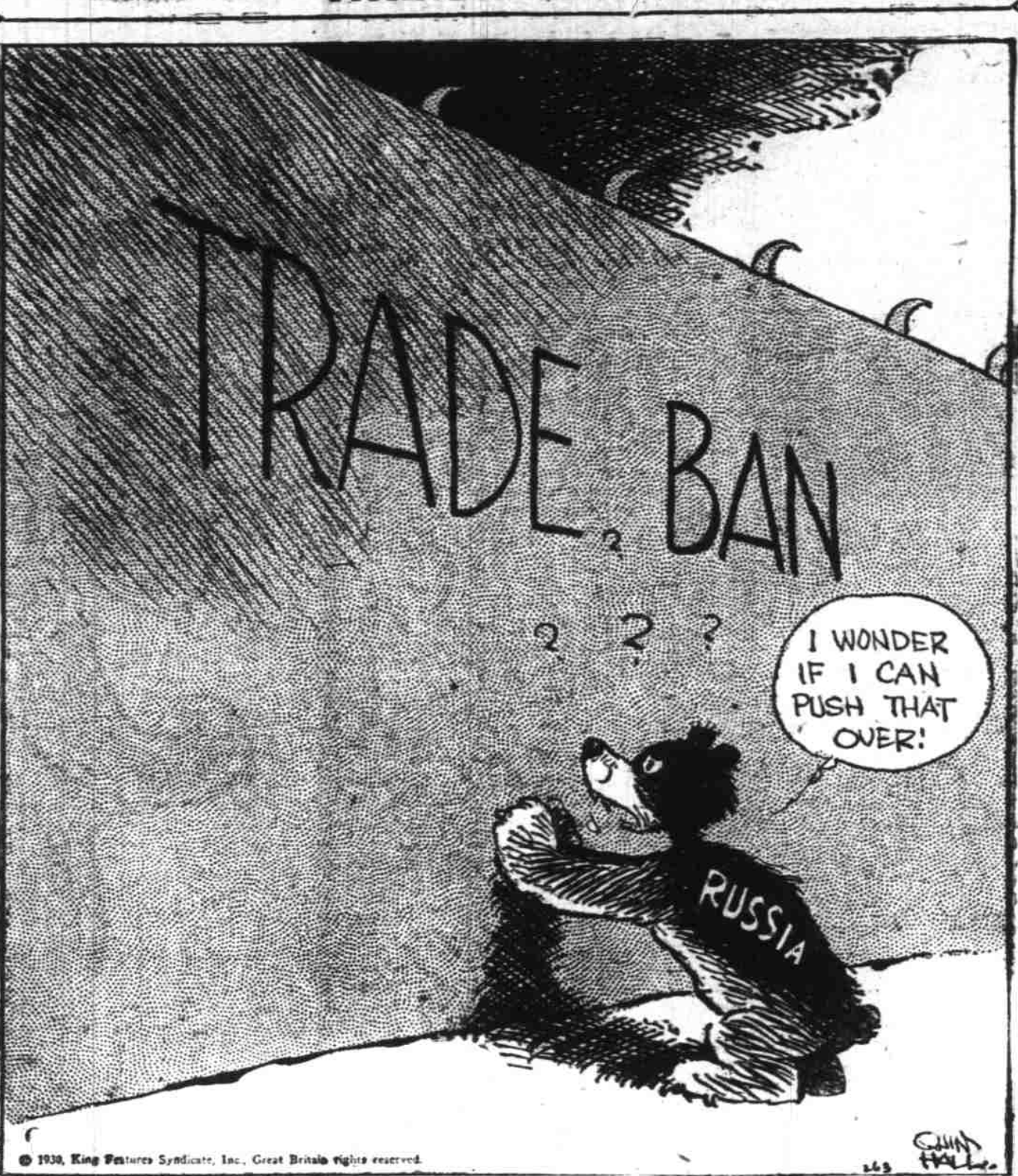
3.—Improve the health and the nerves will benefit.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

THE ARMISTICE OF THE DEAD  
They are dead:  
How quick the years between,  
How swiftly changed the scene;  
The rhythmic echo of their feet,  
Soars scarcely to have ceased.  
Along the street, where then,  
We stood with tears unshed,  
Stilled hearts and choking breath,  
To see,  
Our own fair boys go by:  
Tall, straight, brave wonder in their eyes,  
Flesh of our flesh; each one a son,  
So proud we were and loved them  
With words;  
With wrenching of our souls, we gave,  
Sped them on that dread enterprise  
Toward a yearning shell-hole and unmarked grave;  
Where thundering guns and screaming death—  
Hell's holocaust of blood and strife—  
In awful haste, and futile name-

## FACING A BIG TASK



## "GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

### CHAPTER 47

Something desperate in that kiss, reaching down into her heart, draining it of courage, filling her with bitter rebellion.

When their lips parted, she did not lift her head. Instead she pressed her lips with a sort of hungry fervor on his forehead, on his closed eyes, covering his face with kisses.

The man suddenly thrust her away; swung upright. His hands trembled as they gripped her shoulders. His voice shook.

"No. No, darling. I can't stand it!"

She swayed back, sat crouched, hands pressed tightly over her face as though she would shut out reality.

Ken's face was white. He swallowed, drew a deep breath. "I've been asleep, haven't I? What time is it? He drew out his watch, frowning down at it through the pink light. Alarm leaped into his eyes.

"Good Lord! It's three o'clock! Ardeth, I must go!"

He stood up, reached for his coat, then stood motionless, one arm half in the sleeve. Suddenly he dropped the coat, pulled her up to him. His voice was a groan.

"Oh, darling . . . to have to . . . less crime. Laid waste, mid butchery and end of life.

"If they die, they die; we give; O, God, may they return," he prayed.

"May they not die, O, let them What agony of hope, despair, of sacrifice, Was ours those war-sad days. With smiles forlorn and mirthless laugh,

We cheered them on as best we could, with words; Said our brief word of love and praise, Bade them we brave, be good. For what great cause we ask? How could we send them to the shambles. Of a world gone mad? Why give them such a bloody task? The cause we pled, we sent them there, And now they are dead.

Have we forgot? Was there a service high, a holy cause, For which they dared to die? Year by year their purpose fades, We give their death the lie. Ourselves we saved, piled millions, Made trade on war, and death Of our own blood, and now we There was no calling noble, brave; They did nothing "over there," but stop The "hated Hun," for which we care. The meaning of their death we've changed, To boast of guns and trust in arms; We take no man's word. The only hope for peace is by the sword.

They died Sighs torn, gasped, shot down; And—like the Vicarious Christ— Upon the cross of war, were crucified.

To call the Everlasting Truce of God. Beneath the "crosses row on row," they lie; They cannot speak, these muted dead, And so we blur their memory with words; Refuse their Victory, Deny "the war to end all war." For which their blood was shed. "Peace! Peace," they cried, "We die; Victory is here." They smiled, whispered names so dear, And died.

STANTON C. LAPHAM, Marshfield, Oregon, Nov. 13th, 1930.

leave you."

The dam of caution in his mind crashed down and the suppressed longings of the years rushed out.

He crushed her face to his. "Sweetheart—sweetheart," he was whispering.

The loneliness, the sorrow of the past months only added fuel to the fire. Pain and denial only made this moment the more precious. His right, now, to snatch happiness at the expense of everything—even at the expense of this slender, unresisting girl in his arms.

Her eyes were closed, her wet face upturned to his. The barrier had gone down in his own mind as well. She was aware of only one thing—she was with Ken. This was Ken holding her. Ken feeding the heart-hunger which had consumed her.

The man raised a finger gently wiped off a tear.

"Crying. I'm making you cry sweetheart . . ."

"No! don't go away Ken . . ."

"To what, like that, and find you near me! Ardeth, I love you."

"I love you. Oh, I love you!" "I know. God, it's ironical, isn't it. To be caught like this—in a web, I am caught, Ardeth. I can't get out."

She lifted her hands and pulled down his face to her own.

"Don't think, dearest. I've thought so much. Nights, when I couldn't sleep, lying here in the dark, waiting. Always waiting. As though that would do any good. Isn't that silly?"

"I know. I lie awake in the dark too. Thinking. Hating the whole miserable scheme of things."

"I don't hate that . . . because you're in it. It's even worth the pain—having known you. I wouldn't choose happiness without you. I couldn't. It wouldn't be happiness."

He had cupped her face between his two hands, holding it upturned like a flower. Studying its flushed sweetness, the dark anxiety of her eyes.

He shook his head slightly. Little bitter smile on his lips. "Darling, what are we going to do? When I want you . . ."

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The Jolly Six club gave another of its interesting parties at the home of Miss Madalynn Miller, 239 Cottage street.

Mrs. R. E. Cannon of San Francisco is here to visit the D. H. Brooks family. Mrs. Cannon is a former Salem resident.

The J. G. Barr Jewelry company is having its show windows enlarged and a fine plate glass mirror installed the overhead panel to give a brilliant illumination.

Jacob Wenger has sold his stock of music instruments and goods to Andrew Yersler.

"Hush. Don't think!"

He jerked his head back nervously. "Think!" his voice was rough. "How can I help it? Wanting you! Years and years stretching ahead . . . What of the years ahead, Ardeth? What about them?"

The roughness of that throbbed through her with mingled pain and joy. She was listening to his voice, not his words.

"A web, Ardeth. I can't get out. Did you hear that? Not a chance. She said that—Cecile said that—"

"Cecile?" That startled through to her hearing.

"That other time when—when I brought the poor little fellow here. Remember—he broke your chain? That tiny pearl chain? The nurse found one of the little flowers in his hand. She took it to Cecile. Cecile recognized it."

Ardeth pushed him away as sudden blinding rage swept down upon her. Scorching her. Shaking through her body. In that moment she could have killed Cecile. Could have flung herself at it with her hands.

"Oh, she's wicked! She has everything—and she takes you! And you're mine. You always were mine. And you knew it. She hated me—because you wanted me. I know! Mary told me. Not love—it wasn't love with her! It was spite! Why do we let a woman like that ruin our lives . . . just for spite. We have a right to happiness!"

He was gripping her shoulders hard. "Ardeth—No! Hush sweetheart, you're wearing yourself out!"

She flung off his hands. "We consider her! We're fools! Fools! Let's do as we please. Let's go away—anywhere, just so we are together!"

Ashen misery in his face. He tried to draw her to his side. "Don't, darling."

"Oh, you don't care! You're thinking of her, not of me!" She was filled with the blind desire to hurt.

His mouth twisted. His eyes blazed through the dim light. "Lord! . . . To think that! You know it's you! Don't you think it would be easy to go away with you? To leave this damned miserable existence? God! To be free . . . Nothing matters—nothing matters but you, I tell you. Not that isn't you! You matter. That's why I mustn't. You—nothing is for you but misery. The world isn't like that, Ardeth. I mustn't forget that."

She was crying, clinging to him like a child. "Ken, take me. I'm not afraid."

"I'm not afraid, either, Ardeth. Except of hurting you. She'll never give me a divorce. She said so. It will only end in hurting you."

"Nobody cares if I go or not, Ken. I'm not afraid."

Ken was holding her close, so close she could feel the thumping of his heart. Holding her tightly, long after she had relapsed into quiet crying . . .

A little while passed . . . a moment like a breath of eternity. The dim lit room was very still. Ken stirred. Sighed. Put her gently away. "Have to go, Ardeth. It's very late."

A nervous trembling had seized her. This was losing Ken all over again. She wanted to protest, to cry out against his leaving, but she only closed her eyes and whispered, "Please . . . please . . ."

"I was wrong to come sweet-heart. You comforted me and now I leave you unhappy—"

Out through the shop where the dim reflection of the street light on the corner gleamed coldly on the front of the glass case, on the shiny top of the teakwood tabourette.

He kissed her gently, tasting the salt on her lips. She was still murmuring "Please . . . please . . ."

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A voice from Wallatapu:

And relics for old Willamette's museum. Following are copies of two letters that are in the hands of a Salem pioneer woman—two letters from Narcissa Whitman. The originals are almost priceless, and being preserved.

The first letter was addressed to Mrs. Sarah Adelia Olley, whose husband, Rev. James Olley, had been drowned in the Willamette river, December 1, 1842. The second, the reader will note, was addressed to Mrs. Leslie. The writer, Rev. Olley had married Rev. David Leslie, his first wife having died in February, 1841. There will be more explanations to follow—

May 28th, 1844.

"My Dear Sister: I have often thought of you since our short acquaintance and since my return have determined to write you but never before have I been able to command time and strength to do so. During the winter I was unable to write to anyone—indeed for a time I felt that not only my writing, but all my labours in this world were nearly closed.

But the Lord has mercifully spared my life and restored my health to a comfortable degree, and I am now able to attend to my domestic duties as usual. I often think of you and of the few seasons of social intercourse we enjoyed together and desire that they might be more frequent but as we are now situated this cannot be. How is your sister Judson and family? I have heard nothing definitely from her for a long time. She is, indeed, truly happy is she if she can say from her heart these light afflictions which are but for a moment shall work out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?"

And is it indeed so that Sarah Leslie has flown to her rest? Surely what a privileged father to have so great a share of his family in heaven. But how trying to the natural feelings! Did she not meet her beloved sisters and brother whom she left in this land almost before she had heard of their departure? Do write me, sister. I want very much to know all about you. I am much interested to know how the cause of Christ prospers in the Willamette. Mr. Gilpin, who has spent the winter below, brought us considerable news. Poor man, he has gone to the states without the prospect of a single companion, all whom he expected from being having failed him. Great changes in the Willamette since I left. I hear my friend Moss has at last found a wife. I should like to know how he wears as a Christian and others that professed to commend a Christian life when I was there.

"From what I learn I suppose I am no more to address you as my friend Mrs. Olley, but as Mrs. Leslie—and so you have changed your name; but I must close. Write me your love to your brother and sister and family and remember me kindly to your worthy husband, and believe me, as ever your affectionate sister in Christ, "N. WHITMAN."

Wallatapu, Feb. 20th, 1845.

"My Dear Mrs. Leslie: I have so many times had it in my heart to answer your kind letter that I am at a loss to know if I have done so. I wish very much to receive letters from you, but I know that I cannot reasonably expect them unless I write you in turn. My dear husband . . ."

when he let himself out of the front door. Neither of them saw a dark figure lurking in the shelter of a doorway across the street. (To be continued.)

band is by this time if prospered at Vancouver on his way to the Willamette accompanied by our young brother, John Hinshon, whom ex-the Lord has permitted us to receive into our church on profession of his faith quite recently. You will probably have the opportunity of a visit from them. Oh that I could be with them in presence! I know they will enjoy themselves much. My little orphans—children would not permit of my leaving them for such enjoyment—much as I could wish it, if it were otherwise.

"I have simply heard that Sister Judson was no more, but no particulars.

"The doctor will tell you all the news about us here. I wished to write by him but could not—just before he left we had a general meeting of our mission at this place. My health is poor, I can neither labor, preach and lecture without feeling it materially. My cares are very great now, alone with the care of 11 children. It is as much as I can endure, and more, too, sometimes. You are situated, I believe, near Sister Wilson and Sister Raymond and where is Sister Campbell? Please give my love to them. I should like to write each of them, but I cannot. My health and cares will not admit of it. It would do me good to receive letters from them and to know some time. I learn that Mr. Ford is in your neighborhood and what other society have you? I should like to know what the state of religion is now among Christians in the lower country.

"Do write often, and not wait for me to answer, I will do the best I can. It would cheer my solitary heart greatly to hear often from you.

"Please give my love to your husband, and believe me dear sister, yours in Christian love, "NARCISSA WHITMAN."

PARTY ENJOYED  
SILVERTON, Nov. 11.—The R. O. K. club of the Silverton high school gave a party Friday night at the gymnasium for Future Farmers. The hall was decorated and a splendid program was given. Eighty-eight students and friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goets and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Davis were special guests.

Elephants steal Lord Mayor Show  
LONDON, Nov. 11.—(AP)—Three frightened elephants stole the "lord mayor's show" here at they caught sight of a make-believe lion in the parade ahead of them and charged into the crowd which thronged the Thames embankment. Fifty spectators were pretty badly jostled as those at the curb sought safety.

It was the most gorgeous parade in years and not least colorful was Sir Phons Neal himself, the new lord mayor of London, in the ornate carriage which has carried his predecessors to their inaugurations for generations.

The elephants, in a tabouret representing India, plodded along behind a group of King's college students who carried a model lion as their mascot. Suddenly their leader saw the traditional jungle enemy and rushed toward it, trumpeting.

The group heast seized the lion in his trunk as the students scattered and dashed it to the pavement. Then he and the others headed for the crowd. Mounted police soon had them back into line however and the pageant proceeded.

Fares Cut  
To Points in WASHINGTON NORTHERN IDAHO And Parts of BRITISH COLUMBIA

New reduced roundtrip tickets by train are now on sale to destinations in Washington, Northern Idaho and to some points in British Columbia.

A few examples:  
TACOMA . . . \$10.95  
SEATTLE . . . \$12.95  
SPokane, B.C. . . \$24.00  
VANCOUVER, B.C. \$22.50

Similar reduced roundtrips are in effect to other points. Return limit of these tickets is 30 days. Ask your agent for further information.

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