

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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### Pegging Minimum Prices

THE Carnegie Steel company Monday set a minimum price for its steel products and the fact was given wide publicity in business and financial circles. It marked the attempt of the big steel company, which is a subsidiary of the United States Steel corporation to drive a peg in the sinking prices of major commodities. It represents another effort to drive a stake that will hold. For months these pegs seem to have been driven in quicksand, they held so feebly. A year ago with considerable dramatization brokers offered 150 for great amounts of U. S. Steel common stock. That afforded a peg which held for many months, but recently the price broke through 140. At the same time 50 was quoted for a million shares of Standard Oil (New Jersey) and this week the price was hesitating again around that mark. Wool, copper, wheat, lumber, all have had their peg experiments, but the pegs didn't hold and the price structure kept tumbling and tumbling.

The action of the U. S. Steel subsidiary is significant, however, because it is going to be by firm action of some powerful organization that a peg will be driven that will hold. Once there is a sign of firm bottom underfoot there will be renewed buying of commodities, and that is what is needed to restore confidence and stimulate business.

There are other signs that the deflation of prices has about run its course, although the stock market is still a bear's holiday. "Business Week" in its recent issue remarked:

"The commodity markets offer some encouragement this week. Wheat, cotton, copper, cattle, yarn, tire prices have either advanced or maintained last week's levels. Oil, sugar, iron and steel, scrap, continue to weaken and unsettle conditions. Settlement of the metal workers' strike in Germany, together with reduction of copper prices to 9 1/2 cents, Connecticut delivery, the lowest level ever recorded, have induced heavy foreign purchases. Domestic consumers are fairly well supplied. The international conference of copper producers revives interest in curtailed production as a means of alleviating the burden of over ample stocks. Sugar and coffee markets reflect the uncertainty of activities in Brazil and Cuba, a new government spokesman of a government, and soon will be for the former, and in the latter, strenuous efforts to hold sugar from the market to maintain prices. Cotton has made a remarkable showing in the past week, reaching a level above 11c."

What business needs is a little more encouragement from the cheering section. Some yell leader ought to lead the stands in a regular "hold that line" war cry, so that business will not be pushed clear back over its own goal-line in disastrous defeat. The people are getting roused up and shaking off some of their lethargy.

Cynics make fun of these organized efforts to promote better business and say it is like trying to lift yourself with your own bootstraps. Perhaps so, but if you do not lift yourself by your own bootstraps you will continue to sink in the mud because no one else will pull you up by your bootstraps or their own either.

### "Who Won the War?"

SEVERAL times during the last state campaign The Statesman referred to it as a Portland newspaper fight, with rival dailies fighting for power and prestige and mass circulation and more advertising and more profits. The Baker Democrat-Herald in an effective editorial "Who Won the War?" summarizes the results of the election insofar as they affect the standing and fortunes of the big Portland dailies. The Baker paper says:

"On the winning side the Portland Telegram made a gain. When the present ownership took the property over at sheriff's sale it was just a second hand printing plant with little prestige, good will or any of the other intangible assets that are so much more to a newspaper than its material possessions. Now it is the acknowledged spokesman of a conservative thought, which normally commands a majority in Oregon. Its sincerity is open to question only in its news statements that Meier was slipping steadily when it must have known that he was doing nothing of the kind. However, that's politics, and will be overlooked. The Oregonian's editorials were characterized by honesty and courage. The fight it made was against its own interest in two respects: It opposed its greatest advertiser and it fought a movement that had great popular support."

It is an old saying that republics are ungrateful, and it seems to apply to Oregon in the matter of compensation to legislators. The people have voted down a proposal to increase this compensation, even though the present inadequate pay plays right into the hands of interests who are willing to advance "expense money" to impetuous legislators. The people complain a lot about legislators, but the people are usually themselves responsible. The low scale of pay, which doesn't cover actual expenses, either bars the poor man from sitting in the house or senate, or else opens the door to special interests which are willing to "contribute" to his support. Either situation is unwholesome. The people though who frown on increasing wages by a few dollars seldom hesitate to vote millions in bonds to be paid off by future generations.

The state got its biggest chunk of inheritance tax this week—around a quarter of a million dollars on a three-million dollar estate. Some day the state will step in and take a much larger percentage of inheritances. Our present law of entail is an anachronism from primitive times when a man's estate consisted of a house, a strip of ground and a few tools. We have continued it until vested fortunes become feudal baronies.

Two members of the public service-commission are on a trip to the Carolinas; representatives of the highway department are enroute to Pennsylvania. Better get these transcontinental trips all in before January, boys.

A Portland capitalist is starting a chicken ranch which will have 100,000 chickens. That's something to crow about.

**SPAIN RECOGNIZES GOLDBERG KAYOED**  
MADRID, Nov. 11.—(AP)—Spain today formally recognized the provisional government of Brazil established by Getulio Vargas.

**INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 11.—**  
(AP)—Middle West, Chicago featherweight, knocked out Mickey Goldberg, of New York, in the second round of a scheduled ten round boxing contest here tonight.

**LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 12.—**  
(AP)—Between sobs and protests, Ray Castle Abbott, 18, of Lincoln, confessed to Police Captain Neil Olson here Tuesday that he struck his companion, Arnold Warner 18, with a club and left him on the floor of a box car unconscious. He did not know Warner died in a Lincoln hospital this afternoon, Abbott told Captain Olson.

# HEALTH

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

Recently I told you about vitamins A and B. Today I am going to say a few words about vitamin C.



Milk has always been an ideal food for infants and growing children. Yet we frequently see children who have received their daily quota of milk and do not thrive well. Such children are anemic and develop poor teeth. This can be explained by the fact that milk is poor in Vitamin C content. The poorly developing child is lacking a certain vitamin content in his daily diet, and the milk has been solely depended upon for this necessary element.

Vitamin C is the element necessary for the normal growth and nutrition of the body. It is found in many foods, but particularly in oranges, lemons, limes and tomatoes. Vitamin C is contained in milk, but to a slight degree. The amount of Vitamin C in the milk is variable with the ration of the cow and with the treatment the milk receives before it is sold to the public. Such factors as the feeding of the cow, the storage of the milk, the cooling, straining, pasteurization and particularly the re-pasteurization of the milk tend to decrease the amount of Vitamin C.

Give Other Food  
It is for this reason that I would advise the giving of supplementary foods, such as orange juice or tomato juice. Both of these juices are extremely rich in their content of Vitamin C. For this reason they are often spoken of as "antiscorbutic" foods, meaning that they will prevent scurvy.

Since milk is not particularly rich in Vitamin C content, and for that matter is not particularly high in content of other vitamins, too much faith must not be placed in this food. I do not mean to belittle the value of milk, for the infant and growing child, but there are other important elements that must be given to insure perfect health and growth.  
It is the advice of all leading baby specialists that food substances rich in vitamins should be introduced in the diet of the infant during the nursing period. This is true whether breast fed or artificially fed. Your baby is never too young to have an occasional teaspoonful of orange or tomato juice added to its feeding. Oranges, lemons, limes and tomatoes should always grace your table in some tempting form for the older children.

## Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon  
Toma Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

November 13, 1905  
Willamette university football team defeated the eleven of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic club in the home game 4 to 0. This is the first defeat of the clubmen by a college team.

The Waldo Hills telephone company met at Macleay to discuss putting up another wire between Salem and Shaw. There are so many patrons on the line east from Shaw that the single line cannot hold the pressure.

It was 15 years ago this evening that the terrible Lake Lahash disaster occurred on the S. P. railroad five miles north of Salem. Four men were killed outright and nearly 100 more were injured. Fall of the long trestle which has now been replaced by a fill, caused the tragedy.

The Capital Business college is making arrangements to double its present floor space. The addition to the Knight building on Court street, upper floor of which is occupied by the college, is just about completed.

## ADVENTURER DIES IN PROSAC STYLE

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 12.—(AP)—Safely through flying knives and sniping bullets slipped Edward P. Lowry, soldier of fortune, Portland and second secretary of the American embassy here, but Tuesday he died in a prosaic fall following a meeting of good fellowship.

As a veteran of much warfare, Lowry attended an Armistice-day meeting of the American Legion Monday night bantering and making merry with others who were dodging high explosives 12 years ago.

Early next morning he left, and as he was going out leaned over a banister to speak to a friend in the patio below. He slipped, falling 30 feet to the marble floor and dying instantly.

## Kills Companion By Use of Club

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 12.—(AP)—Between sobs and protests, Ray Castle Abbott, 18, of Lincoln, confessed to Police Captain Neil Olson here Tuesday that he struck his companion, Arnold Warner 18, with a club and left him on the floor of a box car unconscious. He did not know Warner died in a Lincoln hospital this afternoon, Abbott told Captain Olson.

# DRUMMING UP TRADE



## "GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

CHAPTER 48  
Ardeth groped her way back through the dark shop to the rear room. She snapped off the rose night lamp and dropped to the couch, to fall in an exhausted sleep to see daylight struggling through the window.

Her body was cramped and weary, her mind was desolate. She rose, took off her crumpled clothes and changed to fresh things.

That glimpse of Ken had vanquished all her hard-won serenity. The little shop was no longer a refuge. It was a prison. The desperate need of seeing Ken was with her again. She was frantic to hear his voice. Many times that day she went to the phone to stand hesitant, her hand on the receiver, his office phone number on her lips. Just to hear his voice.

Prudence conquered, but her thoughts went on in a defiant undertone. They were fools to go on like this... cheating themselves of the happiness which rested in their own rights. The most precious years of life slipping away... After all, who would be hurt if she and Ken went to another city—started all over?

Surely in all this country there was a refuge for them, she thought wistfully. A small hiding place where she could have him the home and comfort Ceelle had denied him... Eastwood's home a week later and Mary's sharp eyes immediately read trouble in her face.

"You're simply making a slave out of yourself for that shop, Ardeth!" she scolded. "You're fretting this and white. I've noticed it for some time. I have an idea. Let's run up to Tom's mountain cabin for a couple of weeks in the woods. Portland and Shaw let us have it, and it's just what you need. Outdoor exercise in that snappy air! Fred will crab, of course—he's lost if I'm out of his sight, but he'll let me go. Anyhow he'll appreciate me if I'm not underfoot all the time."

She elaborated, as the plan grew upon her, her black eyes snapping with excitement. "I'll take a maid so we'll have nothing to do but play and loaf. The Chickadee will love it!" The Chickadee being Mary's four-year-old daughter, at this moment holding up her newest doll for Ardeth's inspection.

To go up to the cabin where she had been so happy... where she and Ken had nearly snatched their happiness before it could be dashed from them.

Mary saw the refusal on her lips and spoke vigorously to combat it. "Now, don't be stubborn, Ardeth! The shop will exist without you for a couple of weeks. It would have to, you know, if you were suddenly taken ill—and you look half ill now."

"No can do, Mary, love! Being what the woman's magazines call a sheltered married woman of course I don't expect you to get the poor working girl point of view but the busy holiday season is coming on and I'm needed." She answered the Chickadee's insistence. "Yes, angel, a most beautiful baby! Almost as big as you are, isn't she? Show me how she goes to sleep."

"Don't try to hide behind that child!" said Mary sternly. "I'll find someone to substitute for you in the shop. I'll pay her salary—call it my Christmas present to you, if you will be so unstage."

"No one else can manage your own business so well as yourself, Mary. Ask Fred if you don't believe me. And I'm anxious to clear off my loan to Tom with the holiday profits."  
"Your loan to Tom—rats! As if Tom cared about that dab of money." Mary's eyes searched the sweet-voiced face opposite and she asked abruptly, "Ardeth, why don't you marry Tom? You care a lot for him."  
"Enough for marriage, Mary?"  
"Yes!" said Mary stoutly. "Take two people with good dispositions and good digestions, and you and Tom have both; take the comforts Tom's money can give you and you'll have a happy marriage."  
"What about love, Mary?"  
"Now you're thinking of Ken!"

Oh, darling child, I don't mean to pry or intrude, but is it necessary that you ruin your life? Tom is a sweet old dear, and he loves you so."  
"Would it be fair to him, Mary?"

Mary considered this with a thoughtful face. "Yes, I think if you put that question up to him, he'd say just that. He wants you on any terms, Ardeth. I know." "Mary, you know all the circumstances. Do you think it would be right—loving Ken the way I do—to marry Tom?"

There was a sadness in the hazel eyes which hurt the older woman. "Ah, my dear...," she said softly, "still the same?" "I'm old fashioned, Mary. A one man woman, I guess."  
"But Ceelle will never give up anything of her own. Oh, I know, she's a beast—selfish and ruthless. But one doesn't get a divorce on those grounds, Ardeth. And it isn't in Ken's nature to black her eyes or leave her... I wish it were!"

"And it isn't in my nature to stop loving him," a shake in the soft voice. "Nor to marry without a deep, overwhelming love."  
"It was a full minute before Mary said, almost humbly: "Marriage can be very sweet without this overwhelming love you speak of, Ardeth. Kindness (To be continued)

## Christmas Sailings to the OLD COUNTRY

PLAN now to spend Christmas and New Years at home - Canadian Pacific's combined rail and ship service makes your trip speedy, economical and thoroughly enjoyable. Cross the continent from Vancouver, B. C., on a transcontinental train famous for cuisine and service. Then cross the Atlantic from St. John, N. B., to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool, Cherbourg or Southampton on a Canadian Pacific liner. Your local agent will furnish complete information relative to rates and other details.

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# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Narcissa Whitman  
This column contained yesterday copies of two letters from Narcissa Whitman, from Walla Walla, one dated May 28, 1844, and the other Feb. 20 and May 30, 1845; the first directed to Mrs. James Olley and the second to Mrs. David Leslie.

Mrs. Olley and Mrs. Leslie were the same woman. The explanation is that the widow of Rev. James Olley had been married to Rev. David Leslie.

Sarah Adelia Judson was her maiden name. Those given names had been in the Judson family for 300 years. Her first husband was Robert Turkington. He died some time before the sailing of the Lausanne in 1839. She was married to Rev. James Olley, who was a carpenter as well as a minister, and they planned to go with the Lausanne party, that was being made up in New York City, under the direction of Jason Lee.

But there was a child from the first marriage, and the child was ill, and there was a question whether they would be able to join the great reinforcement. The child died a short time before the sailing date. Her brother, Rev. Lewis H. Judson, with his wife and three children, had made arrangements to join the Lausanne, as well as a minister. Mechanics were desired in the reinforcement. So the families were together when that greatest company of missionaries that had ever left any part embarked on November 2, 1839, in the New York harbor, and the Lausanne, the Mayflower, of the Pacific, spread her sails to the breeze, bound for the voyage that carried her 53 souls half around the world, to the Oregon Country, to

and loyalty and a warm, steady affection—they are a lot."  
"Enough, Mary!"  
Mary's deep eyes went about the bright, comfortable room. Lingered on the Chickadee's brown head. "A good husband and a child to make me home for—yes, Ardeth, enough!"

The memory of Ken's wretched white face rose before the girl. She shook her head, her throat hot with unshed tears.  
"No, not enough. Nothing was enough save Ken."  
"I have what a psychologist would call a fixation," she thought wistfully, "and what my mother would call love. She knew that he was keeping away for her sake. That night of pain when he had come to her for comfort had sunk out of sight, like a heavy stone cast in a deep lake. Not even a ripple left to tell that it had ever been."

So she thought, ignorant of the wide circle the stone had caused. Nor did she understand, until one day shortly before Christmas when a copy of The Spy was delivered to her desk with the rest of the mail.

Ardeth frowned at the vivid green cover. Not since Jeanette had left, had the scandalous weekly come into the shop. She was at a loss now, to account for its presence and she was about to drop it, unread, in the waste basket, when a sudden thought sent the color pulsing to her cheeks.

She was suddenly turning the pages frantically... searching. (To be continued)

Mrs. David Leslie, the first died February 1, 1841, at the old mission. Two more girls had been born into the Leslie home at the old mission, one of them being named Aurelia—the youngest one, the Bits man believes.

On December 11, 1842, Rev. James Olley was drowned in the Willamette river above Salem—probably in the Eolia rapids. In company with Richard H. Eakin, a settler south of Salem, he was getting out logs to take to the mission mill to saw for finishing materials for the house he was building. In handling the floating logs, he lost his balance, fell into the stream, and his body was (Continued on Page 13)

serve in this then wilderness, laboring for the snows and lakes the foundations of the states that now occupy all the region west of the Rockies.

Lewis H. Judson aided in the erection of the first residence in what became Salem, still standing at 960 Broadway. He was one of the original trustees of the Oregon Institute, which he helped organize, at the old mission, January 17, 1842, that by change of name became Willamette university, in 1853. He also aided in erecting the Institute building on Wallace Prairie, and the Indian manual training school, that became the Oregon Institute after the missions were closed. This last named structure, that stood near where the university gymnasium stands at Champeau, had three stories and was in its time the largest and finest building on the Pacific coast.

Rev. Judson was one of the organizers of the Oregon Provisional government at Champeau, May 2, 1843, and he was elected one of the magistrates under that government. He was at the meeting of July 5, 1843, at Champeau, where the constitution of the Provisional Government was ratified, and he was the mover of the section that embraced the bill of rights. With W. H. Willson, who platted the main part of Salem, Rev. Judson in 1844 organized the company that improved the Santiam river, giving the pioneer industries here better water power.

The Judsons lived and labored with the mission forces at The Falls (Oregon City) a year and a half. In the fall of 1844, Mrs. Judson died. She had been severely afflicted after the birth of her son Robert, occupying an invalid chair. Rev. Judson died in Salem March 3, 1850. Their descendants are numerous. An attempt will be made, later, to list them in the Historical Review, which was the first white child born in what is now Salem.

From the above, the reader will understand what Narcissa Whitman meant when she spoke in her letter of 1844 about the great affliction of Mrs. Judson. When she spoke of Sarah Leslie having "flown to her rest," she referred to the passing of either the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Leslie or to the death of the first Mrs. Leslie. There were three Leslie daughters when they came with the first reinforcement in 1837, Satira, Mary and Sarah. One of these, probably Mary died in the Sandwich Islands, to which she had been taken by her father after the death of her mother, to be placed in school. Sarah Leslie had also been taken to the Sandwich Islands to go to school.