

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

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Diphtheria Carriers
 By Dr. V. A. DOUGLAS

The importance of immunization against diphtheria is evident when we consider that about one per cent of the population at all times are carriers of diphtheria. It is estimated that from a number of throat cultures which have been made that about 2 per cent of school children are carriers. During epidemics it runs much higher.

These particular persons are fortunate in being immune to the diphtheria germ. But while they may be perfectly protected themselves, they can transmit the disease to others. Although a carrier is far less dangerous at large than a case, there are many more carriers than active cases.

The proper protection against carriers means that everyone should become artificially immune to this dangerous germ. As human beings we are already immune to many hundred types of bacteria. Some of these appear to be actually necessary for our existence. In time the race may become immune naturally to diphtheria. In the meantime let's protect our children by seeing that they receive toxin anti-toxin.

Hundreds of children in Marion county have already received toxin anti-toxin for protection against diphtheria. There are many hundreds yet to receive treatments, if diphtheria is to be wiped out. Your county and city realize the seriousness of diphtheria in offering toxin anti-toxin to all children. Your family physician is also prepared to do this but it is especially important that children under five years become protected since most of the deaths occur in those ages.

We will welcome any questions on diphtheria immunizations.



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

CHAPTER 58

Ardeh spoke in a queer little whisper. "Oh—I don't know how to explain it. I heard two men talking at the party—Carolyn Forsythe's party, you know. They said you'd lost a lot on stocks today. They said you looked dreadful, and I had to come..."

Ken's forehead creased. "I don't understand—how could you know that I was here, Ardeh?"

"I didn't know," she replied simply. "But I was sure. I saw you. I know that sounds ridiculous, but I did. I was looking into the mirror in Carolyn's bedroom. The lights were low and there in the glass I seemed to see you—or somehow I knew that you were sitting here at the desk. Your hair was all mussed up as though you'd been running your fingers through it. Just as it is now."

He was watching her with startled eyes. "I can't imagine how you know. I was sitting—like that. Sitting listening to the roar of the city and thinking..."

"I know what you were thinking!" she whispered. "Oh, Ken, you wouldn't."

His eyes wavered, went guiltily to the window. He shook his head and drew a long breath. "No, of course not. Not really. I've never and look out, Ardeh, the thought came to me how easy it would be to get out of it all. But I came back and sat down, thinking... and then I heard you at the door."

He held her slightly away, looking at her with startled wonder. "And somehow you knew I was here. That's marvelous, Ardeh. It's uncanny!"

She shook her head and her eyes were glowing. "Not uncanny, Ken. When two people love the way we do, you were thinking of me. I was thinking of you. There is such a thing as knowing another's thoughts when you love..."

He caught her to him and his words were a groan. "Oh, Ardeh, this is hell."

For a long moment they stood silent. Ken abruptly lifted his head, put her away.

"You must go back dear. They will miss you..."

"Oh, Ken... and leave you here alone!" There was heart-rending in her voice. "Oh, it's cruel! It's wrong!" she broke out desperately.

"A wicked waste!" His voice was cold with rage. "Damn the laws of a civilization which can get a man in a trap like this. Poor weak fool, I was trying to do the right thing. A man who never intended to brush aside his own convictions—his own desires, his right to happiness, for others! Reach and take—while you have youth and the ability to enjoy. Life loves the strong man—that's why it's played football with me I suppose..."

The smothered intensity of his voice was like a curse. The girl's heart leaped at the white strain of his face. Fear clutched her heart and she found herself in the arms, pressing her hand over his mouth.

"No—no, darling! Don't be bitter! It doesn't do any good. Ah, dearest, don't look like that! It doesn't seem you. Wait! Some how it will come out all right for us!"

Jobs by Jabbering

UNEMPLOYMENT is now about to be solved by a new organization with powers to gather a lot of statistics and publish them some months hence. This may give stenographers and clerks some work but it doesn't solve the general employment problem. Counting the number of unemployed doesn't get them jobs. Setting up labor bureaus doesn't start factories calling for more workers.

In characteristic American fashion when under the pressure to "do something," the government rushes in and sets up new administrative machinery with offices and publicity experts. The real recovery will come within business itself and not by political hot water bottles.

We have employment offices now; the trouble is to find jobs to send the men to. The labor bulletins at present read mostly "don't come here; many unemployed". The problem thus becomes chiefly a local one. We can't expect Washington to wave a wand and put all our labor in jobs. We will have to tackle that matter ourselves.

If business would come out of its shell it would find the business gale is pretty well spent. Like a seven-day hurricane, it does come to an end in time; and that time is at hand. The man with money and with unimpaired credit is a slacker if he doesn't hold up his end and go ahead with needed improvements and projects which will employ labor.

Business in America needs to go farther, and build up a structure that doesn't go to pieces in times of periodic popular brainstorms. Some companies are designed to give practically continuous employment and they are setting a fine example at the present time. Other concerns should do the same, going at even speed instead of by halts and jerks. The American business system will have to work this out for itself without dependence on pulmotors from Washington.

A Rainy Sunday

WHO does not love a rainy Sunday? Next to a bright, clear, crisp Sunday we like one cloudy and dark and rainy. One calls you out into the open air. The other invites you to "hole in," to huddle about your cozy chimney corner with a good book in hand. Last Sunday was such a day. The early sunshine was soon routed by the gloomy, dripping clouds that trooped over the skyline hills.

The patter of rain on roof; the view of glistening streets empty of traffic, of leafless trees drenched in the downpour; the glimpse of the faithful, obedient to their religious duties spite of wind and weather—who does not love all which the rainy Sunday reveals?

It is really a lazy day, a rainy Sunday. One may loaf and read and meditate without interruption. No one would be washing his car in the rain, nor pruning his vines, digging bulbs, mulching his roses for winter. He is usually quite safe from the visit of friends, who while welcome, sometimes intrude on one's plans for an afternoon.

There is something old-fashioned about a rainy Sunday. Nature has not modernized herself at all. The sunshine we may mutilate with golf or motoring; but a rainy day wards off all tampering. As of old we stay indoors and watch the slanting rain as it falls without pause. The same rain we have always known, falling the same way—quicker memories.

Some think the "melancholy days have come"; but there is nothing really sad about the rain. It is as life-giving as the sun. And the rainy Sunday is about the only one of the Sabbaths left which may truly be called a "day of rest".

Portland Persecution

AFTER letting a number of mysterious deaths pass by without much inquiry, Portland authorities are picking up the latest death, the customary ending of the not uncommon triangle affair, and magnifying it till it becomes a patent persecution of the survivors under color of an inquiry which is not even an inquest.

There is so little that is unusual about the affair one wonders why there is all the stir, all the gearing-in of ponderous legal machinery, all the squalid publicity. Usual cast—a rich man, his wife, his ex-tyrant. Usual plot—an affair between the man and the girl. Usual climax—jealous wife who ends her own life after a rather quiet but painful scene. Now prosecutors and detectives and coroners and police make the investigation a full dress affair and the newspapers print the full stenographic account in "Q" and "A" fashion as though it were the testimony in a murder trial.

The man and the girl danced, now they are paying the piper. We have no special pity for them as they find the bitter lees at the bottom of the glass. But the public spectacle and the virtual persecution of the principals through forced repetition of their straightforward and convincing story cannot but awaken resentment. The detailed newspaper accounts debase morals; and if the case is a suicide as it appears clearly to be, there is scant justification for publishing it save to feed the public craving for scandal.

But when the legislature starts there should be no unemployment among the clerks, stenographers, mothers-in-law, ex-salesmen, young barristers, et al. who can find an excuse to get on the legislative payroll.

A revolution is threatened in Cuba. No need for one here. A scientist is developing fire power without cost to the taxpayers by harnessing the currents of the Gulf stream.

Add Al Smith to the newspaper contributors. Maybe Al can make his homilies sparkle a bit and really rival Will Rogers.

The introduction of colored ice cubes is threatened. There are more people interested in color in the liquid than in the ice.

The unemployment problem in Salem promises to become acute after the Meier axe commences working in January.

Saturday's game seems to indicate that Johnny Kitmiller is more vital to a team's success than a high-priced coach.

The Chicago Tribune says: "The republican party is doomed if it continues to be dry." It is also doomed if it turns wet.

Smoot says the tariff isn't high enough. What, aren't there enough men out of work yet?

The tire factories think they are fast getting on a parity with agriculture; likewise the copper mines.

Yesterdays
 ... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Nov. 18, 1930

The spill-log drag being used on roads of the county is giving splendid results, according to report of a number of supervisors.

A bombshell was exploded when petitions favoring the woman's suffrage amendment were sent to the county clerk's office for verification. The petitions bore a number of names signed in a register at the Lewis and Clark fair, leaves from the register having been cut and attached, it is said.

One of the last empty store buildings in Salem has been rented and opened as a crockery store by J. H. Weiser, formerly of Albany.

Salem high school boys, now that the game with Eugene is over and won by the local group, are getting ready to meet the Pendleton eleven. It looks like the game will be no joke.

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

over Zena Saturday and we have had exceptionally cold winds and rains since.

The fall sown grain which is sprouting nicely, attracts wild fowl of all kinds to the fields in the valley and on the hills.

Football fans of Zena who attended the game at Corvallis Saturday were Worth Henry, Frank Crawford Jr., Wayne D. Henry and his son, W. Kenneth Henry.

Claude E. Smith and Miss E. Denmore of Portland and Mrs. Alice Simpson of Lincoln were Sunday afternoon callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Crawford.

Mrs. Wayne D. Henry of Zena decorated the Calvary Baptist church of Salem with flowers Sunday in memory of the birth anniversary of her mother, Mrs. Mary B. Crawford who died last year. Mrs. Crawford was a member of the Calvary Baptist church and was beloved by all with whom she came in contact. Zena was her former home.

GERVAIS TO HAVE BAZAAR TONIGHT

GERVAIS, Nov. 17—The following program will be given in connection with the bazaar given by the ladies of the Presbyterian church at the city hall Tuesday evening, November 18:

Piano solo, Florence DuRette; reading, Donna Louise Eas; violin solo, Marguerite Hart; songs, Mrs. A. B. Adkisson; humorous reading, Mrs. J. S. Harper. One act play by 13 ladies: "How the Ladies Earned Their Dollar." Mrs. Hannah Smart, the president, Mrs. R. S. Marshall; Mrs. Miranda Knowall, the secretary, Mrs. Sumner Stevens; Mrs. Madeline Thrifty, the treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Allsup; Mrs. Samantha Blunt, Mrs. C. R. Moore; Mrs. Martha Esygoing; Mrs. Virginia Booster; Mrs. Marie Dolittle; Mrs. J. D. Brehaut; Miss Betty Towles; Mrs. A. R. Seigmund; Mrs. Phoebe Righteous; Mrs. H. L. Grafton; Mrs. Prudence Wise, Mrs. Scott Jones; Miss Octavia Prim, Mrs. M. D. Henning; Miss Mollie Sponsler; Mrs. Ruth Gutsforth; Miss Dorothy De T. Date; Mrs. Robert Harper; Mademoiselle Hermeline Francoise, Mrs. A. B. Adkisson.

WILD GEESE SAID TO TELL OF STORMS

ZENA, November 17—Old timers of Polk county are of the opinion that the coming of wild geese and ducks to the lakes and small streams in the fall presages stormy weather. Perhaps it was coincidence but the first large flock of wild geese flew

AURORA BUDGET WILL BE MADE

AURORA, Nov. 17—There will be a public meeting in the council chamber in the I. O. O. F. hall at 8 p. m. Monday, for the purpose of considering a prepared budget for the city of Aurora for 1931.

Dr. and Mrs. U. Eller and Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Giesey, were four feet ball fans attending the O. S. and U. of O. game at Corvallis Saturday.

Mrs. Will R. King left Friday for Salem where she will take a train for her home in Los Angeles.

A. D. Yoder is adding a pool hall and card room to his confectionery store and stage depot,

NEURITIS and Rheumatism

CASEY'S COMPOUND is effective, lasting relief for rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, gout and swelling of the limbs. Improves the blood and its circulation. Stimulates the stomach, naturally, helping to function internal organs with nature's tonic which drives out the uric acid poison, purifying the blood, restoring loss of appetite, weak and rundown condition.

"A few years ago I had a bad case of rheumatism, and wasn't able to work at my trade for some time. A friend of mine told me to try Casey's Compound. I did, and after taking four bottles I haven't been troubled since, and have been working at my trade every day. I can truthfully recommend Casey's Rheumatic Compound for it did the work for me. Fred Bernard, Cross and High, \$1.50 per bottle at Woolpert & Hunt's Drug Store, Court and Liberty, Astoria."

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You get almost instant relief with one swallow of our

THOXINE
 Capital Drug Store
 and all other drug stores

BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Narcissa Whitman: Containing this series: David Leslie and Dr. W. H. Willson went to Nisqually in the early part of 1839, and began building the mission there on the 10th of April. Jason Lee had explored the region earlier in his trip east, and selected the site, a half mile east of the Hudson's Bay company's fort and trading post.

Leslie and Willson erected a building 18 by 32 feet, and an addition 18 by 22 was afterwards built on the west side. Whipsaws were used in preparing the lumber, and officers and men at the fort assisted in this work with labor and material. A stockade was erected around the building, leaving sufficient grounds in the enclosure for garden and the work of the mission.

In 1840, after Jason Lee came to the Lausanne party, Rev. John P. Richmond was appointed to have charge of the Nisqually mission, and Dr. W. H. Willson was sent to have charge of the secular work, and Miss Chloe A. Clark as teacher. Soon after, Dr. Willson and Miss Clark were married; at all events the American couple to be married in western Washington. Francis Richmond, the first white child to see the light in western Washington, was born there February 28, 1842. His mother was named America Richmond, and his brother, Oregon, was born while the parents were on the way to embark on the Lausanne, and he was baptized, together with a baby of Hamilton Campbell and wife, on the tug

Hercules, which, in the harbor of New York, had been engaged to carry some members of the party to the ship, and to convey her out to sea. Oregon Richmond became a prominent Michigan physician.

Rev. J. P. Richmond was a physician and minister. He sat in the lower house of the Illinois legislature with Abraham Lincoln and was speaker of that house where Chief Justice Fuller and General John A. Logan had seats in that body; sat in the constitutional convention of two constitutional states of Oregon, and was superintendent of schools eight years. The members of the Lausanne party included able men and women.

While Jason Lee was east, in 1838, David Leslie and 70 others sent a petition to congress, giving an outline of the status of the Oregon country, mentioning that the British government had granted the Hudson's Bay company what amounted to proprietary rights to lands north of the Columbia, and that company was making use of holdings in the Puget Sound country as if it had absolute title, and its agents were claiming that their government would at all events hold that part of the Oregon country—and praying congress to make Oregon a territory.

The petition went on to say that the British government had a surveying party in the territory north of the Columbia, and had been at work for two years. This Leslie petition, among other things, brought a United States naval expedition, under Capt. Charles Wilkes; sailing from Norfolk, Va., August 9, 1838, coming around South America and by the Sandwich Islands. The expedition arrived off the mouth of the Columbia April 28, 1841, and entered the straits of Juan de Fuca May 1. Wilkes in the war of the states, in 1861, was the commander who took Mason and Slidell, the Confederate envoys to England, from the Trent, a British steamer, from the command in Oregon waters over a year. In 1842, he participated, with all his men, in the first Fourth of July celebration ever held in North America west of the Rockies. It was on the ship, the Oregon, that nearly 600 people were present, including 100 marines and some 400 Indians. Capt. Wilkes read the Scriptures, and Rev. Richmond delivered the oration. It was an able effort. His closing words were: "We are here also to assist in laying the foundation of the great American commonwealth on these Pacific shores." America and Oregon Richmond were among the conspicuously prominent persons present. Dr. McLoughlin was invited. He lost his wife (or made that excuse, for which history will excuse him) and was not present, but he arrived the next day, and Capt. Wilkes entertained him on his vessel and showed him all the honors to which his importance entitled him. American lake, that day, and has borne it since.

David Leslie had a narrow escape from death by drowning in 1838. Let H. K. Hines in his "Missionary History" tell it: "In the month of August, the lovely and energetic daughter of Rev. David Leslie, who, it will be remembered, was then in charge of the Oregon missions, accompanied by Mrs. White (Dr. Elijah White's wife) and her babe, the first white male child born in Oregon. (Bancroft says he was born in July, 1838, and that he was 11 months old at the time of his death. The Whites did not arrive in Oregon until May, 1837; so Bancroft was more than a year wrong on the date of the child's birth. At least one other historian writes that Mrs. Leslie was alone in this visit.) When the cheering visit of a few days was over they re-embarked in their canoe for the Willamette. They had to pass the dangerous rapids of the Cascades. As they were passing the lower rapids they ran among the breakers; their canoe tilted, and they were instantly capsized, plunging them into the lashed and foaming river. Mr. Leslie, though unable to swim, seized hold of Mrs. White with one hand and threw his other arm over the side of the canoe. An Indian on the other side of the canoe seized the hand thrown over the side, and in this way they floated through the rapids and down the river a mile when they succeeded in reaching the shore. In capsizing the canoe had covered the baggage and also the infant of Mrs. White. On reaching the shore they found that the body of the infant had become entangled in the baggage so that it had not sunk in the river, but its pure spirit had fled."

(Concluded tomorrow.)

JEFFERSON SCHOOLS CONTINUE ACTIVE

Honor Roll Named and Thanksgiving Plans Announced

JEFFERSON, Nov. 17—Honor roll students of the Jefferson school for the last six weeks include: George Cole, Grace Worden, Noel Davis, Margaret Goin, John Kils, Joy McGarty, Harvey Thurston, John and Mina Wright.

The honor roll students for the grades this month are: First grade—Mildred Looney, Bonita Myers, Donald Lake, Bobby Foster, Mary Patton and Shirley Pratt; second grade—Grace Worden and Beverly Wells; third grade, Carl Chas, Shirley Jones, Mary Norton, Donna June Powell, Beulah Wordley; fourth grade, Gladys Oakley, Frances Louise Patton, Jack Parrish; fifth and sixth grade, Pauline Selp, June Harris, Bubbles Hart, Geraldine Carance, Kately Foster, Byron Thurston; seventh grade, Pritchard Harris, Delavan Thomas, Elmyron McClain, Leonard Marcum; eighth grade, Lee Wright and Sylvia Vasek.

Prepares Program

The scholars are preparing a very interesting program for Thanksgiving. A special feature will be a one-act play entitled, "For What Shall I Be Thankful?" This will be presented by the freshmen class. The cast of characters: Betty Payne, young, vivacious girl, Mervine Thurston; Philip Payne, Betty's younger brother, Milo Harris; Grandma Payne, Jesse Hart; Aunt Hannah, Betty's maiden aunt, Lucille Pratt; Carrie, the maid, Jean McKee.

Miss McAlpine, county health nurse, and Dr. Dancer, physicians were at school Thursday morning, giving a health examination to the students in high school.

Practice Arranged

At a special meeting of the student body recently, it was decided to have a game of basketball on Monday and Thursday, from 3 to 3:30 o'clock, under the supervision of Miss Regester.

It was also decided to build a porch in front of the gymnasium and the girls' lockers will be moved into the basement of the school building.

The students in the French II class are making good progress. During class recently a French play, "Au Mon Marche," was given by Helen Weddle and Marjorie G. Leal. Billy took the silent part as assistant store clerk.

NEW RESIDENTS MOVE TO ROBERTS

ROBERTS, Nov. 17—Mr. and Mrs. G. Mott who have been living on the Gordon road are moving to the farm belonging to Mrs. Esther Query. They have rented the farm for the coming year and have been redecorating the house before moving in.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tydale of Washington have rented Mrs. Winnie Pettyjohn's farm.

Harold Leeper of Salem visiting with Paul Carpenter Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Pauline Muma who has been visiting with Mrs. Alice Coolidge went to Dallas Friday to stay with her sister, Mrs. A. P. Finest.

Charles Leeper is building a new chicken house.

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COUGHING

You get almost instant relief with one swallow of our

THOXINE
 Capital Drug Store
 and all other drug stores