

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Ruminations on Success

PERFECTLY simple, said the business doctors the Ad club called in for the merchants' forum. All you need with your merchandise is ideas. That's it—ideas. You can't order them by the gross; they have to come out of your head. The specialists didn't say how to fire up the old brain so as to boil off the needed ideas. So most of us are still as far off from success as we were before. We have to find the idea before we can set it working.

Every success comes from an idea. But so does every failure. The difference is that one is a good idea and the other a poor idea. The difficulty lies in this, that a man may not be able to tell his idea is a poor one till he goes busted. The fellow who follows wrong ideas is called a fool; the fellow who hits on a bright idea that "goes over big" makes a million and gets an honorary degree from a small but needy college.

Wit is a valuable asset in a business man; but a poor substitute for work. The man who "lives by his wits" is usually behind with his house rent.

Some brains are fecund in ideas; others sterile. There are no "brain fertilizers" on the market; but deep plowing of thought often increases the yield. Letting the brain lie fallow in a vacation period may bring profitable results later.

Ideas are competitive; yours may be stale compared with the other fellow's. Most ideas in business in small towns are imitations from some place else; few are original. Bright thoughts will not take the place of good goods; shoppers aren't looking for poetry. Old men in business have too few ideas; young men too few good ones. A "novelty" is not necessarily an idea; most of your fresh ideas have been tried and discarded long ago.

You'll know when you get a real idea; something "clicks" in your mind; you know you've got it; and your enthusiasm helps make it succeed.

Ideas, ideas—we all need them; but sometimes we think the public has to have periods like the present to recover from too great an eruption of bright merchandising ideas in days preceding.

## Rates Follow Schedules

RAILWAY time cards are not the only things to be cut. The roads serving the coast are out with cut rates between Chicago and coast cities. It is frankly experimental and introduces a new idea in American railway passenger service. It is virtually the adoption of the European plan of first, second and third class fares, though those terms are not applied.

The day coach rate is cut to \$50 for one way from Chicago to coast cities. The second class will be the tourist sleeping cars where the rate is \$65. First class will be the standard Pullmans at \$79.84, which is the present rate.

The success of the Southern Pacific in its one-way and round-trip rates to California for coach tickets indicates that the new classification and rates will prove popular when extended to other roads and routes. The Santa Fe was first to announce the plan on its California tickets. The Milwaukee followed on fares from Chicago to Seattle and Portland. Other northwestern lines have indicated that they will meet the new rates.

The roads are waking up, but they seem tardy in doing it. They said they couldn't afford to cut the passenger rates; but neither could they afford to haul empty coaches back and forth. To meet bus competition they will have to get in and scrap; and with the advantages which the roads have to offer in comfort and convenience and speed all they need is lower fares to regain a lot of business.

## Flash in the Pan

THE charges against the state prison administration proved a wretched flop. Irvin Goodman, who seems to have a zeal for fault-finding, was discredited by his own witnesses, one of whom admitted he lied so much about his age he didn't know how old he was. Those who supported Goodman's claims of harsh cruelty at the penitentiary were convicts or ex-convicts; and most of them had very little to complain of.

The prison is no pleasure resort. The men are there because they are criminals, and some of them are the toughest eggs in the state. It takes force, discipline and sometimes punishment to keep them in line. The present administration at the prison has run things without resort to cruelty or inhuman treatment; and deserves high praise instead of abuse. Perhaps it is a good thing to have the investigation to show the people of the state how well the pen is being run.

## Mr. Dancy Retires

SALEM citizens will note with genuine regret the retirement at his own request of W. H. Dancy, who for 35 years has been connected with the telephone business in Salem. Besides his long and faithful work for his employers Mr. Dancy has found time for public work, serving now as a member of the city council and as president of the Rotary club.

Mr. Dancy is not an old man; has many years of useful service ahead of him. The hope will be general that he continue to reside in Salem where he is well and favorably known.

Salem is going to see an exhibition of real college pep when the football game is staged Saturday between Whitman and Willamette. Were we not overawed by the big state schools so close at hand the town would be beside itself with enthusiasm over this game. Take two hours off Saturday afternoon and see the game. It will be a fine game and you will not have to mortgage your house to buy two tickets.

"This is a trip everyone should take," writes Sid Elliott about the boat trip from New Orleans to New York. We read it on a foggy, chilly morning and feel like waiting for Sid with a stuffed club when he gets back home.

Girls at the University of Oregon are having a contest to determine which has the most beautiful backs and the most perfect legs. Paris, where art thou? It was just such a test of beauty that brought on the Trojan war.

C. Coolidge says that the wisdom of lowering the national debt is now evident. We aren't worrying about the national debt; it's the private debt that makes us shudder.

An Oregon City baby was born with two perfect teeth. The mother must have been listening to Amos 'n' Andy.

## HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Many factors go to regulate the color sense. It takes a trained eye to distinguish between the various gradations of the primary colors.



DR. COPELAND

The artist possesses a vivid color sense, because the eye is trained to fine distinctions. Workers in dyes and those who engage in such professions as interior decoration and other forms of art, must have a highly developed sense of color.

One who cannot distinguish between different colors is said to be "color-blind." Perhaps most of us are more or less color-blind, certainly when it comes to distinguishing between the many shades of many colors. Most persons can distinguish only a few of the many hues found in the universe. Men particularly are more or less afflicted with color-blindness.

Something which will be of general interest is the research report from the Technical College of Berlin. It states that Professor Franz Weidert has invented a glass to be used in spectacles for the color blind. The glass contains certain chemical elements which aid in detecting colors by those who suffer from lack of the normal color senses.

Certain colors of the spectrum are taken from the light rays passing through this glass. The colors which are absorbed are chiefly those which range in tones from orange to yellow lying between the reds and the greens. The spectacles make it possible to distinguish between colors by increasing materially the contrast between them.

To the color-blind red and green are the two most troublesome colors. Thus a glass such as this would seem to be a valuable contribution to many afflicted persons. With such an aid to motorists afflicted with poor color sense there will be little excuse for them to disobey the red and green signal lights and the flashers of the traffic cop.

Persons who are in posts of responsibility anywhere on land or sea should have frequent tests of the eyes, both for failure of vision and for color-blindness. Many an accident can be averted by this precaution.

Answers to Health Queries

C. F. E. Q.—What do you advise for epilepsy?

A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Betsy. Q.—What should a girl of 21, 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weight?

A.—She should weigh about 133 pounds.

## Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Nov. 21, 1905

The Loewenberg-Going started its foundry at the penitentiary yesterday with almost a full force of hands, and with buildings and equipment in first class condition following improvements. A new contract has been signed between the company and state for employment of at least 150 men at three and a half cents per hour, the contract to continue for two years.

Rev. Davis Errette, pastor of the Christian church, declared in an address that the pulpit should teach politics. He claimed the preacher has as much right as the civilian and should exercise it, especially in condemning wrong.

Don Moore, small son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Moore, escaped serious injuries when he sustained a severe fall. He and Clyde Boyce, mounted on the same bicycle, coasted down the High street hill and ran into planks laid across the Hughes bridge, which has been closed. Both boys were thrown from the wheel.

Spaulding lumber mills are waiting for a high stage of water to enable towing steamers to bring logs down from their camps.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem Statesman: Since I. M. Peterson of Grand Ronde, Yamhill county, Ore., laid the foundation of the Salmon River cut-off road which Simon Blinn, then chairman of the Oregon state highway commission, will certify to, since said road has become a state highway, I herewith in the name of the state of Oregon, baptize the said road Mc-Minville-Nerport highway. The reason is sound as Oregon and the state of Washington have several Salmon rivers and roads by that name.

Respectfully, M. Peterson, who helped to lift Oregon out of the mud.

CLUB TO BE REORGANIZED. MT. ANGEL, Nov. 20.—The Mt. Angel Community club, which has been defunct for several years, will be re-organized next Tuesday evening at a mass meeting to be held in the school building.

## "HEY, WHEN DO WE EAT?"



## "GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

Chapter 37

Ardeth sat before the dying fire in the living room, listening to the whisper of the pine trees outside, and to Ken's deep weary breathing in the bedroom.

It seemed a strange dream . . . Ken's breakdown was more severe than any of them had realized on that first day. Had he stayed in the city—had he been held in a sanitarium against his wishes, he would have rebelled and the results would have been disastrous. But in this soothing quiet and with Ardeth's continuous presence, he was submissive and content. Nature supplied her own remedy in the form of deep, exhaustive sleep.

To Ardeth, time went on in an undisturbed dream. Two days of peace, filled with sunshine and the smell of the pines. Reality could not reach her. Despite the abrupt change, it seemed strangely natural to be here.

There were times when she found her heart leaping as she thought of the shop, but they were infrequent. Hard to imagine the teeming city, the rush of intent humans up here in the quiet mountains.

Two days—filled with the trees; with the small tasks of the household. Ken did not gather the true meaning of the situation. Most of the time he slept. When he did rouse his words were dreamy and after eating he dozed off again. His weary mind and body were drinking up rest as a sponge drinks water.

Mid-afternoon of the third day the silence was broken by the sound of a motor. Tom drove up before the cabin and beside him was Mary Eastwood.

Black eyes smouldering with excitement, Mary stood beside Ardeth on the porch. Tom had gone in to see Ken, and Mary fixed the opening shirt.

"Ardeth, my darling, what craziness is this? To stay here like this?"

"I know it's not conventional, but sometimes conventions must be thrown aside, Mary dear. Ardeth's tranquil gaze met Mary's steadily.

"Conventions—oh, rubbish!" Mary wrung her hands in her earnestness. "It isn't that I care! Nor Fred. Nor even dear old Tom, though I think he's really heartbroken. But—you can't slap the world in the face, Ardeth. What about when you go back?"

Ardeth shrugged. She had leaped back against the rough sapling which formed the rail of the porch and her eyes went up to a tall pine which seemed fringed with silver in the clear light.

"Time enough to take that up when I have to, Mary. It was a case of deciding quickly. I could not let Cecile get Ken—even if she wanted him. He needed me. I listened to the world's opinion, Mary, and look what it did—nearly killed Ken. Now he's mine. He is weak and sick and I'm going to see that he gets well. I'll never leave him again. I don't care what happens."

"But, darling, it will only end in a scandal! Cecile is furious. And she's beastly self-righteous. She'll hang on to Ken legally now just for spite. Don't you see, you are playing right into her hands."

The girl continued to regard the pine with a faint smile. "Cecile doesn't matter any more, Mary."

"Not here, maybe. But later. You can't spend all your days in a mountain cabin. And you're not the sort of woman who can get away with this sort of thing, Ardeth. Not the flaunting, adventurous type. You're too sensitive. Life can hurt you."

"Life has hurt me." Ardeth's eyes had come back to regard her steadily. "And Ken needs me."

"What does Ken say? What does he think?"

Her face was lovely with tenderness. "He doesn't think, Mary. He's like a man drugged. It just

seems so blessedly right to him to have me around here that he accepts it as natural. Honestly, Mary, I think that another day of the strain would have been too much. He'll be all right but he's as weak as a baby."

Mary stared at her helplessly, suddenly finding that she had no arguments to advance. There was as well, a serenity, an aura of quiet happiness which Mary had never before seen.

Fine and true, she seemed, suddenly finding that she had no arguments to advance. There was as well, a serenity, an aura of quiet happiness which Mary had never before seen.

The older woman's eyes filled and she put her arms about Ardeth.

"Oh, my dear, if I could only make things come right for the two of you. Damn Cecile and her selfishness! I'll have to tell you—I went to her as soon as Tom told me. I pleaded with her—I begged her to do the decent thing and set Ken free. You see he hasn't a chance now—she'd bring counter suit to any complaint. The woman's a dog-in-the-manger! She sneered at me. Talked a lot of noble stuff which was as false as her own smile. I could have killed her."

Again Mary was struck by the complete indifference of the girl's attitude.

"Cecile can't make it right or wrong, my being here," she said earnestly. "Ken needs me. That's all that counts with me. Cecile is responsible for—for him lying in there like that." She pointed back to the house. "This sickness of his goes back to that night after your baby's death, when he came to me—Cecile hurt something fine and good in Ken's very soul that time, Mary. It's as if—as if she'd stabbed his soul

and it had been slowly bleeding to death all this time. I suppose that sounds melodramatic, but it shows what I mean. And she'll never get a chance to hurt him again. He's mine."

"Beautiful but crazy!" Mary raged to Tom when they had left and were driving down the grade in the quiet evening light. "But what can I do? She's of age and in her right mind, though she doesn't act it!" After a moment of silence she burst out vigorously. "And moreover, she's dead right! I'd do the same thing if it were Fred lying there in Ken Gleason's place."

But Mary's generous opinion, or the world's spiteful one, made little difference after all to Ardeth.

Tranquil days and deep star-filled nights, each one bringing returning strength to Ken. Little by little reality pushed in upon him once more. He watched the girl moving about the room and his mind groped back over the past days. Something like terror came into his eyes.

"It's all wrong, dear," he said slowly. "Oh, you shouldn't have done this! What will people—what will everyone say? And—his thin hands moved nervously.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Narcissa Whitman's visit: Jason Lee gave a rather full account of his trip to The Dalles, after he left what became Salem, January 23, 1843. But he wrote nothing of his return voyage, when Mrs. Whitman may have been with him.

He started from his home, at what is now 960 Broadway, in a small wagon, with camping outfit of blankets, tent and provisions for the journey, expecting to reach La Bute (Butterville) that evening and start from there in a canoe with four Indians. But it was the afternoon of the third day before everything was ready. It was snowing and raining, and the river was high. He left Fort Vancouver for The Dalles at noon of Friday, the 27th. They took on four bushels of seed wheat at the flouring mill of the Hudson's Bay company up the river on the other side, and camped for the night on the bank of the Columbia, having made only about 10 miles. In the raging storm and roaring river. On Saturday, had high winds, snow and a flooded river, and could not move camp. They remained over Sunday.

Monday, the 28th got as far as the Cascades and made an uncomfortable camp in the deep snow, with difficulty finding wood to make a fire. Tuesday they made the portage through the deep snow, and that night the Indian crew slept in an Indian house, and Mr. Lee had his tent and camp fire to himself.

Wednesday, through the flooded Columbia filled with ice and snow, the whole crew had several narrow escapes. Jason Lee wrote of one of them: "The man at the stern of the canoe (when a big wave went over them) said if he had not looked well to the canoe, it would have been upset and all plunged into the river. Perhaps the Indians would have gained the shore, but that I was too heavily clothed and would soon have gone down. This was a very reasonable conclusion. . . . But I see He (God) has more work, or more sufferings, for me. Well, all I ask is to be able to fulfill my day."

On Thursday, February 1, the party reached Wascopam (The Dalles) before night. Jason Lee wrote: "Found the members of the mission all well. Mrs. Dr. Whitman was with them. I was very glad to meet her again, as I had not seen her since I called upon them on my journey to the States, in 1838, but was sorry to find her in poor health."

Jason Lee was at The Dalles about two weeks. He had sent a message to Peuppeumoxox or Yellow Serpent, the chief of the Walla Walla Indians, asking that wily old savage to meet him and talk over the matters that were agitating the whole country, Indians and whites alike. The son of Yellow Serpent had been brought to the mission school, at the old mission below what became Salem, to be taught English and Christianity. He had there

"I can't make it right for you." Ardeth had been sitting by the window shelling peas for dinner. She rose and came over to his side. She held his hand against her breast, kissed his closed eyes. "It's all right now," she said softly. "It's only wrong when we are apart, Ken."

(To be continued)

been given the name of Elijah, after Elijah Hedding, a leading Methodist bishop of that day. Elijah had gone to Fort Sutter, California, and had been killed there—the missionaries said he was murdered, while at prayer. Siskadee, his Indian lover, mourned for him, and his father carried vengeance in his heart for all "Bostonians," as the Americans were known.

But Yellow Serpent had high regard for Lee, and if any one could convince him that his plotting, or leading encouragement to savage plotters, was a thing he should not do, Lee could. Hence the errand in the dead of winter, at the peril of his own life. The Walla Walla chief came to The Dalles to talk with Lee. He wanted to know two things: Did the Bostons want war or peace? What was meant by so many Indians and other people through his country, with more and more coming?

Lee was frank. As he wrote them in his diary, some of his answers were, in brief: "That will depend largely upon yourselves. As to the coming of so many Americans—if you imitate our industry and adopt our habits your poverty will soon disappear, and your people will have many things as well as we. Our hands are our wealth, and you and your people have hands as well as we, and you only need to use them properly in order to gain property. . . . Americans passing through your country entirely destitute will by their industry upon the Willamette in a few years have horses and cattle and houses and other property, the fruits of their own labor."

Lee sympathized with the chief over the loss of his son, but reminded him that there were bad white men as well as bad Indians, as he knew—and Elijah was killed by a bad white man, who himself deserved death. Yellow Serpent, who had come with a party of his warriors more than 100 miles to talk with Lee, departed with his retinue to counsel peace as he knew—and all the people then in Oregon believed Lee's talk with Peuppeumoxox averted an Indian raid, that might have meant disaster to the scattered and feeble settlements.

As before stated, Jason Lee found his work at The Dalles done and was ready for the return journey February 14, 1843. The snow was two feet deep, but the raging Columbia was open and after three days of danger and toll he was again at Fort Vancouver, with his canoe and Indian boatmen. Did Narcissa Whitman come to the Willamette on that canoe? She may have been one of the party. There is one clew against that theory. She wrote a letter to her father that was dated at Wascopam March 4, 1843. The Hudson's Bay company people were constantly going and coming that way, and she knew them all, and she may have come

(Continued on page 3)

## TODAY'S PROBLEM . . .

A man once said, when asked his age: "If to my age, there added be, its half, its third, and three times three, six score and ten, the sum will be, what is my age? Pray show it me." Today's answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer 353.44 sq. ft.



## Salem . . . boyhood home of President Hoover

Salem shares with one other city in Oregon the distinction of having been for several years the boyhood home of the nation's President. The house in which Herbert Hoover lived with his uncle, Dr. Minthorne, in Salem was in the Highland addition. Dr. Minthorne and his next-door neighbor, Ben Cook, operated the Oregon Land Company and this firm was one of the early employers of America's present chief executive. The United States National takes pleasure in bringing to the attention of the people of this community the fact that America's President—and one of the world's greatest organizers in humanitarian activities—lived, was educated and worked in Salem.

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