

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

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

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsner-Sherer, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 350 N. Michigan Ave.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$1.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere, 1 Mo. \$1.50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$1.25; 1 year \$4.00. Pay by City Order, 1 Mo. \$1.50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$1.25; 1 year \$4.00. Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

"We Bank on the South."

"WE bank on the south," was the slogan used in the advertisements of Caldwell and company, investment bankers of Nashville, Tenn. Evidently they banked too much on the south, or the south banked too much on them, because Caldwell and company have failed and dragged with them a score of banks, some of them leading financial institutions.

The rise of Caldwell and company was one of the skyrocket variety in the late age of house-built financing. They extended their interest into multiple lines of activity: chain banks, insurance companies, newspapers, as well as real estate mortgages and government bonds. Caldwell and company was the apex of the inverted pyramid representing over six hundred millions of resources. When the drought hit the south, and panic hit the prices of securities, the center of gravity fell outside the base of support with the same result as in physics: the structure toppled with a resounding crash.

The south is now busy digging out from under the ruins. The Bancokentucky, a chain fostered by Caldwell and company, had its key bank, the National Bank of Kentucky, the largest in that state, go under, as well as smaller banking institutions that were affiliated. The Bank of Tennessee at Nashville, another Caldwell bank, failed. The result is a financial paralysis all over the southland.

The failure of Caldwell and company is not due to fraud, nor to unprincipled promotion like the Foshay failure of a year ago; but rather to a lack of conservatism in the development of its business. The business slump caught the concern unduly extended with obligations it could not meet, and its failure dragged the whole structure to ruins.

The significance of this failure is the blow it gives to chain or group banking. The great advantage of group banking, it was claimed, was that it gave experienced management, diversified the resources, and strengthened the individual bank. Here is a case where the whole chain sank when the captain pulled out. This situation may be used, however, as an argument for genuine branch banking where the banking system is run by commercial bankers and not made the tail of a kite for investment bankers and promoters and speculators.

We are willing to bank on the south whose marvelous resources will quickly bring it back to financial health; but it is amazing what wreckage can be strewn over the country by the failure of a concern whose financial ramifications are so extensive. Better a little more independence than such a concentration of control of capital which means widespread disaster if the control proves either faithless or unwise.

Give the Merchants a Break

THE shopping public is invited to do its Christmas shopping early. This is an oft-repeated admonition; but the continued dimming has been having its effect. Who does not recall the strenuous days just before Christmas, say twenty-five years ago when Christmas shopping was crowded into the last week? Now the buying is spread out better through the month of December to the great advantage of the shoppers, the clerks and the merchants.

We do not like this rushing of Christmas with Santa Claus coming to the stores early in November; it takes all the spirit out of the event, but after Thanksgiving, that time belongs to Christmas. Using the whole of the month for shopping and sending Christmas gifts, the task is one of pleasure and the lengthened time often gives profit to the more discriminating purchaser.

Stores have stocked their Christmas wares, buying the best the markets afford. They are prepared now for the visitation of the buyers. Salem people would do well to respond and to follow the injunction of the Lions club and start their trading during this week.

PROSPERITY VIA WISERACK

Never mind the burial of Old Man Gloom. Keep on getting better acquainted with Mr. Boom—Hubbard Enterprise.

Let's get far away RIGHT NOW from Old Man Depression and GO BUY BUY NOW—Hubbard Enterprise.

QUITE A MIX-UP

A woman named Mix shot her ex-husband named Mix. Evidently they didn't mix.

Up in Washington a man was mistaken for a jackrabbit and shot. Don't conclude the man was small; you don't know the jackrabbits they raise up in that country.

The Oregonian refers in its news columns to "ex-senator" Bennett. Bad break. Bennett is the most active member, already proposing three important bills for the coming session.

Newspapers in Chile are to reduce space given crime news. We've a notion to subscribe.

We have heard of many doing business on a shoestring but it remained for a Tennessee to end his life with one.

A local ad says: "Just say, Honey Bread". But be careful not to get confused and say "honey girl".

The owner caught the bear that got loose near Portland. They need him in Wall street.

West Virginia, Drake, Villanova, Dartmouth—come on you Notre Dame.

Between robbers and rumors, bankers have a strenuous time these days.

Some one ought to initiate a "Love your own wife" week.

These are good oyster stew days, or hot tamale.

Grand Island

GRAND ISLAND, Nov. 29.—Miss Sorella Will, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Will, is home from school during the Thanksgiving vacation. Sorella is making her home with her grandmother Will this winter while attending the Oregon City high school.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Umbenhauer spent a very happy Thanksgiving day with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mansfield of Amity.

HEALTH

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

In some form, gout is almost as common today in America as it used to be in England. It is due, not so much to excessive beef-eating, as it is to overeating in general.

As a matter of fact, any diet rich in foods containing what scientists call "purines" may be harmful to a person who has a tendency to gout. The purines are chemical compounds found in the tissues of plants and animals.

Uric acid is an example. Caffeine occurs in tea and coffee, and theobromine found in tea and cocoas are other forms. Beef extract, liver, sweetbreads, brain and kidneys are rich in purines. Beef contains less than half as large a percentage of purines as liver.

Gout is a disease familiar to everybody. From the beginning of time jokes have been made about the poor victim of gout. But it is no laughing matter for the one who has the ailment. Certainly the pain and discomfort from gout are excuse enough for the bad disposition of a saint.

In the acute attack of gout the patient should be put to bed and kept quiet. The foot with the inflamed joint should be elevated and kept warm.

Simple diet, rest and quiet are the particular things which will give relief. A doctor should have oversight of the sufferer.

There are certain kidney troubles which are traced to gout. Skin and eye troubles are among its complications.

Certain mineral waters have long been considered useful. Electricity, light and heat, when rightly employed, help a good deal. Stopping an inflamed joint with adhesive does much to ease the pain.

The victim should take warning from the least touch of gout. He should begin at once to avoid foods which are too rich in purines. Milk and all milk products are good. Eggs, bread, cereals, fruits and vegetables make a foundation diet which contains no purines.

Temperance in all things is good for everybody. Temperance in eating and drinking is essential in gout. Alcohol should be omitted in all cases.

Overtaking has been the curse of every age. One of the penalties of prosperity is the desire of indulging the palate. Moderate eating should be the rule for everybody.

It is not gout alone that follows excesses. All the organs and tissues of the body suffer. Good sense demands moderation.

The victim should take warning from the least touch of gout. He should begin at once to avoid foods which are too rich in purines.

With a quick movement, he pulled Louise down beside him and lit a cigarette. "Have one?"

She shook her head impatiently. Just like a man, stopping to smoke, with Nancy off somewhere in the dark with that Beamer.

So they sat there, side by side on a bould'r, with the river swirling swiftly below them and the star-flecked sky glimmering darkly overhead. And sometimes the sound of the dancing came down to them, and once the tinny or far-away laughter and someone calling "Nancy—Nancy."

They both stared at that. Mat Tully's mouth tightened. "Nancy's mouth tightened. "Nancy's mouth was popular, isn't she?"

"Yes, she's always been popular."

"I've hardly seen her since we came up here."

"It's because they're all known her so long—they just run away with her," Louise lied. As if anyone could run away with an unwilling Nancy!

She felt him brightening. "I kind of figured that way myself. I count on seeing her, you know. Matter of fact, that's the only reason I came up here; not knowing anyone else very well, I mean. But that Jack Beamer is monopolizing her, dark hem. They're around here in the woods somewhere now. I saw them go out."

"Did you?" Louise's head began to ache. She knew all along that he had just come out to look for Nancy, but it was worse, somehow—hearing him say it. Her eyes smarted. Not even a handkerchief in her pocket. "She's fat old thing, thinking he's going to hit with it when it's just because she's too good natured to turn him down!" She fairly spat it out.

"Did you?" Louise's head began to ache. She knew all along that he had just come out to look for Nancy, but it was worse, somehow—hearing him say it. Her eyes smarted. Not even a handkerchief in her pocket. "She's fat old thing, thinking he's going to hit with it when it's just because she's too good natured to turn him down!" She fairly spat it out.

"Oh, say, he isn't fat! A little overweight maybe, but not so much." Mat's spirit rose by leaps and bounds. A pleasant warmth stole over him. He took a look at this discerning girl. Nancy's sister, really seeing her for the first time. In the dim, bluish starlight she seemed stately, almost beautiful. She was so tall, so slender, so white and queenly and royal. He slipped a brotherly arm about her. "Why, you're cool. Your arms feel like ice! Why didn't you say something? Come on, we'd last us a long time."

In any legislative district, not even excepting Multnomah county, it is possible to hold an inexpensive election. Not more than one judge and one clerk will be needed, as there would be only one office to fill and only a few candidates for that office. It would not be necessary to have the polls open 12 hours—six hours will answer the purpose. Separate counting board is needed; it wouldn't take the one judge and clerk more than a half hour to count the ballots and make the records. Only a few polling places would be needed, and they could be placed in central places.

Under the constitutional amendment just adopted, in anticipation of exactly the kind of a situation that now has arisen from the lamented departure of Senator Reynolds, the legislature can provide a method for filling vacancies. Nothing less than a real election by the people themselves—even though it is not a costly election—will satisfy the people. Common sense and a little detail work is equal to the task of devising an election method through which legislative emergency vacancies may be filled at little cost to the taxpayer.

Stores have stocked their Christmas wares, buying the best the markets afford. They are prepared now for the visitation of the buyers. Salem people would do well to respond and to follow the injunction of the Lions club and start their trading during this week.

Never mind the burial of Old Man Gloom. Keep on getting better acquainted with Mr. Boom—Hubbard Enterprise.

Let's get far away RIGHT NOW from Old Man Depression and GO BUY BUY NOW—Hubbard Enterprise.

QUITE A MIX-UP

A woman named Mix shot her ex-husband named Mix. Evidently they didn't mix.

Up in Washington a man was mistaken for a jackrabbit and shot. Don't conclude the man was small; you don't know the jackrabbits they raise up in that country.

The Oregonian refers in its news columns to "ex-senator" Bennett. Bad break. Bennett is the most active member, already proposing three important bills for the coming session.

Newspapers in Chile are to reduce space given crime news. We've a notion to subscribe.

We have heard of many doing business on a shoestring but it remained for a Tennessee to end his life with one.

A local ad says: "Just say, Honey Bread". But be careful not to get confused and say "honey girl".

The owner caught the bear that got loose near Portland. They need him in Wall street.

West Virginia, Drake, Villanova, Dartmouth—come on you Notre Dame.

Between robbers and rumors, bankers have a strenuous time these days.

Some one ought to initiate a "Love your own wife" week.

These are good oyster stew days, or hot tamale.

Grand Island

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Tompkins are parents of a seven and one-half pound boy born at Salem hospital, November 24.

Miss Reva Parson who is attending the Oregon State college at Corvallis is spending Thanksgiving vacation at the home of her mother, Mrs. Arka Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Umbenhauer spent a very happy Thanksgiving day with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mansfield of Amity.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Loftus and family motored up in the hills beyond Gaston to spend a pleasant Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. Loftus' sister, Mrs. Myrtle Finnsley and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Umbenhauer spent a very happy Thanksgiving day with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mansfield of Amity.

HIS FIRST TASK



CHAPTER VI

"What's this, a marathon?" Tully laughed, sinking on a stone a few minutes later, pretending to gasp for breath.

With a quick movement, he pulled Louise down beside him and lit a cigarette. "Have one?" She shook her head impatiently. Just like a man, stopping to smoke, with Nancy off somewhere in the dark with that Beamer.

So they sat there, side by side on a bould'r, with the river swirling swiftly below them and the star-flecked sky glimmering darkly overhead. And sometimes the sound of the dancing came down to them, and once the tinny or far-away laughter and someone calling "Nancy—Nancy."

They both stared at that. Mat Tully's mouth tightened. "Nancy's mouth tightened. "Nancy's mouth was popular, isn't she?"

"Yes, she's always been popular."

"I've hardly seen her since we came up here."

"It's because they're all known her so long—they just run away with her," Louise lied. As if anyone could run away with an unwilling Nancy!

She felt him brightening. "I kind of figured that way myself. I count on seeing her, you know. Matter of fact, that's the only reason I came up here; not knowing anyone else very well, I mean. But that Jack Beamer is monopolizing her, dark hem. They're around here in the woods somewhere now. I saw them go out."

"Did you?" Louise's head began to ache. She knew all along that he had just come out to look for Nancy, but it was worse, somehow—hearing him say it. Her eyes smarted. Not even a handkerchief in her pocket. "She's fat old thing, thinking he's going to hit with it when it's just because she's too good natured to turn him down!" She fairly spat it out.

"Did you?" Louise's head began to ache. She knew all along that he had just come out to look for Nancy, but it was worse, somehow—hearing him say it. Her eyes smarted. Not even a handkerchief in her pocket. "She's fat old thing, thinking he's going to hit with it when it's just because she's too good natured to turn him down!" She fairly spat it out.

"Oh, say, he isn't fat! A little overweight maybe, but not so much." Mat's spirit rose by leaps and bounds. A pleasant warmth stole over him. He took a look at this discerning girl. Nancy's sister, really seeing her for the first time. In the dim, bluish starlight she seemed stately, almost beautiful. She was so tall, so slender, so white and queenly and royal. He slipped a brotherly arm about her. "Louie Hollenbeck, you spied on me!" Nancy cried, and turned a tear-stained face to Louie. "I didn't—I just happened to be there." And then Louise saw her sister's face, streaked and swollen with weeping. Her heart seemed to stop beating. "He's not that dumb, thank you." Louise began to laugh then. Weakly. Wiping her eyes on the nearest thing, which happened to be the dress she'd just taken off. "I can't help it. You look so funny, worrying that J-Jack doesn't mean right by our little Nell. You're a laugh. Don't you think I can take care of myself? You make me sick. I—I can't help laughing." But her laugh was half tears.

Nancy sat bolt upright in bed, passing judgment, and the culprit paced the floor, back and forth, back and forth, a slim, lovely figure, with tousled, disheveled hair, and damp eyelashes stuck together in absurd babyish points.

"I'm glad you think it's funny. His wife won't if she finds out. Neither will mama and Mrs. Craig. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Reassured, Louise was indignant. "Besides, you WHERE letting that Beamer kiss you . . . ugh! I don't see how you could!"

Louise sat bolt upright in bed, passing judgment, and the culprit paced the floor, back and