

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager  
SHELTON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

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Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parsons-Stuber, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.;  
Chicago, 268 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: Oregon: Daily and Sunday 1 Mo. \$1.25; 3 Mo. \$3.25; 1 Year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 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-that-Jack-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 south 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 capstan 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 dinning 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 WISECRACK

Never mind the burial of Old Man Gloom. Keep on getting better acquainted with Mr. Boom.—Hubbard Enterprises.  
Let's get far away RIGHT NOW from Old Man Depression and go BUY BUY NOW.—Hubbard Enterprises.

### 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 jack-rabbits 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 Tennessean 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 tamales.

## 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.

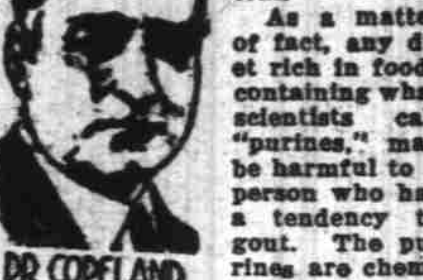
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lofly and family motored up in the hills beyond Gaston to spend a pleasant Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. Let-

ley's sister, Mrs. Myrtle Finnally and children.  
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Tompkins are parents of a seven and one-half pound boy born at Salem hospital, November 24.  
Miss Rosa Penrose 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 Umbanhour spent a very happy Thanksgiving day with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Massey of Astoria.

# 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 over-eating in general.



DR. COPELAND

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, present in tea and coffee, and theobromine found in tea and cocoa 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 excruciating enough for the bad disposition of a saint.

Treatment  
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 cardinal points, 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. Strapping 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 those 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.

Overeating has been the curse of every age. One of the penalties of prosperity is the danger 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.

## Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

### STICK TO ELECTION

To fill vacancies in the legislature, an inexpensive election can be held, so the senator or representative elected will represent the people—not the governor, not the county court, not the chamber of commerce and not the party committee. We had enough party committee last spring to 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 these 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. No 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.—Oregon Voter.

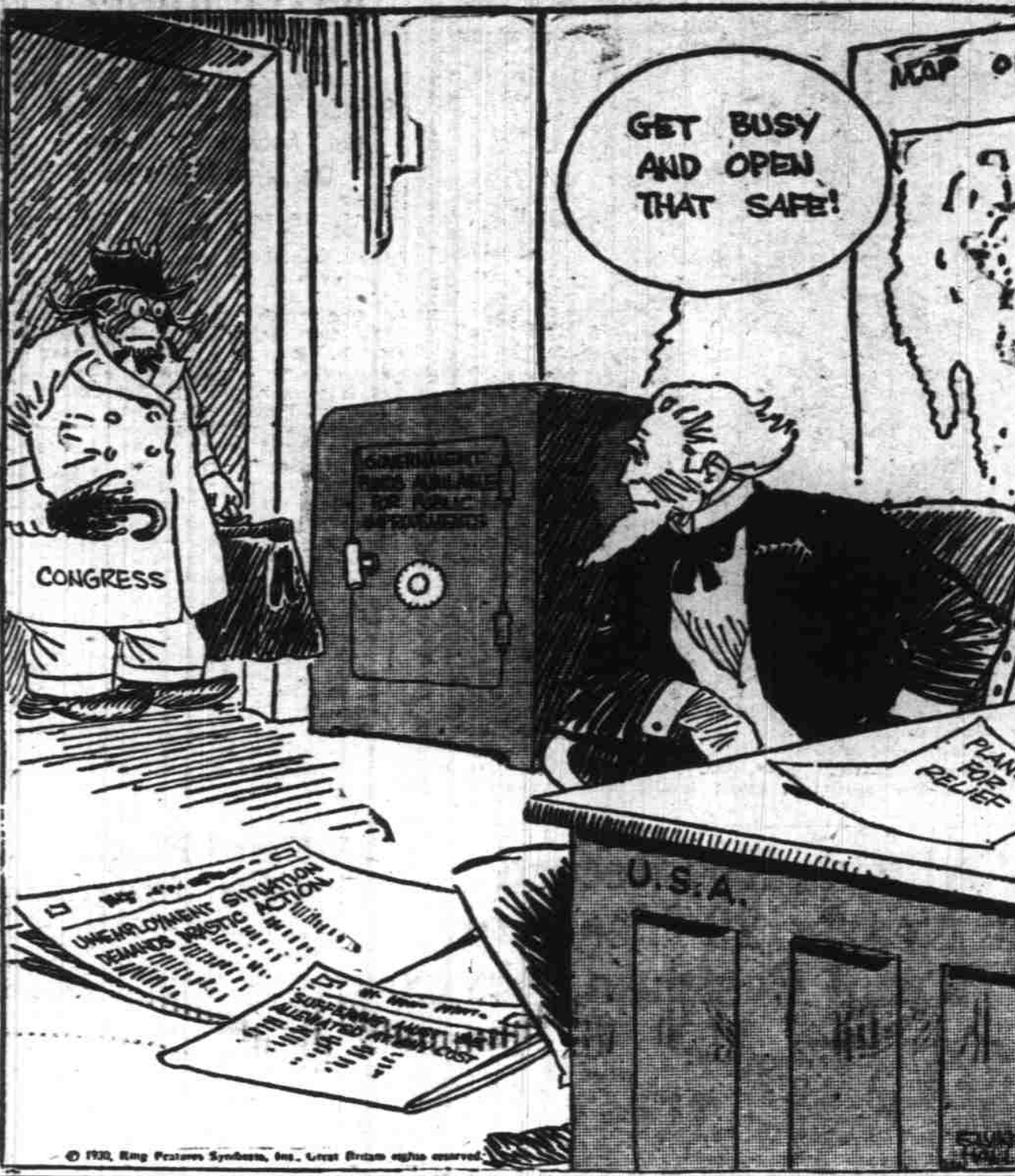
## TODAY'S PROBLEM

A steel ingot is 16 in. square, and 8 ft. long. How long a steel bar will it make, 4 in. thick and 6 in. wide? Today's answer to-morrow, Yesterday's answer: 3 3/5 acres.

## Clear Lake

CLEAR LAKE, Nov. 29.—Mrs. James O'Neil spent the afternoon visiting Miss Christina Harold in Salem one day last week.  
Miss Anna Englebrecht went to Portland Sunday, to visit her sister-in-law and brother and expect to be gone a month or six weeks.

# HIS FIRST TASK



## "FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

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 build-up, with the river swirling swiftly below them and the stars flicked, glimmering darkly overhead. And sometimes the sound of the "dancing came down to them, and once the tinkle of far-away laughter and someone calling "Nancy-Nancy."

They both stared at that. Mat Tully's mouth tightened. "Nancy is awfully popular, isn't she?" "Yes, she's always been popular."

"I've hardly seen her since we came up here."  
"It's because they've 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 counted 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, darn him. 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. "I hate him, fat old thing, thinking he's making a hit with her when it's just because she's too good to waste time on him down!" She fairly spat it out.

"Oh, say, he isn't fat! A little overweight maybe, but not so much." Mat's spirits rose by leaps and bounds. A pleasant, warm smile crept up his face. He took a look at this discerning girl. Her first time, really seeing her for the first time. In the dim, bluish starlight she seemed suddenly almost beautiful. She was so tall, so slender, so white and quiet—and so full. He slipped a brotherly arm about her. "Why, you're cold. Your arm feels like ice. Why didn't you say something! Come on, we'd

better get back to the house—wait, let me give you my coat."  
"No—no, no." Her heart was beating suffocatingly. But she let him lead her, docilely, back over the path, soft and fragrant underfoot, thick with the pine needles of many summers.

"I ought to go back and find Nancy," she was thinking guiltily, every step taking her farther away. But her head ached and she was tired. It was sweet to feel his arm about her, to walk for once as other girls walked, as Nancy . . . listening, his little whistling intaking of breath that told her. She knew before she lifted her eyes and saw them, half-shut against a spangled sky.

Two figures, lost in each other's arms, oblivious of them, oblivious of everything but each other. The man's back was partly turned. A broad, powerful back, bent to lift the slender, rooping girl. The girl's face was raised. As the two on the path watched, too startled to move or cry out, Jack Beamer kissed Nancy Hollenbeck on the mouth, the eyes, the cheek.

It was late when Nancy crept up the stairs, softly. Except for a lamp in the living room and a dim light in the upper hall the house was in darkness; everyone had gone to bed. She had left Beamer, a little self-consciously, downstairs.

Everything had happened so much quieter than she had dreamed it could. "He's certainly a fast worker!" she smiled to herself in the darkness, but it was an apprehensive smile, and she was a little sick, sick in the pit of her stomach. Suppose someone found out . . . Mrs. Craig . . . mama—but how could they? And besides they hadn't been so wicked . . . what are a few kisses? And he wasn't living with his wife, hadn't been for over a year—it wasn't as if he were really, truly married.

Downstairs a door closed cautiously . . . Jack, on his way out to the sleeping porch where the men slept. With a little fluttering sigh she sat down on the top step to pull herself together before going into the room she shared with Lou . . . just like Lou to be wide awake, waiting for her.

Ding, ding, ding. The clock struck, severely, three o'clock. Three o'clock! It couldn't be that late! He wouldn't be in, he was so quiet. "In about five hours

each day at the head of an editorial column. This is a relic of the days when reading a daily bible verse was rated as a sort of amulet to ward off disaster. It regards the bible as a sort of bad-tasting medicine, to be administered in single verge dosages each day.

Paul wrote that Timothy knew the score of writings from his infancy. The surest way to teach the bible so that its language and its truths stick through the years is in the home and in the church. The bible is not some reservoir of truth to be looked in some cold storage place and opened only on rare occasion. Neither is it some merchantable commodity to be hawked about like branded merchandise. It is rich in literary and religious values. It deserves frequent reading and continued study with mind and heart open. It is a library of the sacred writings of a profoundly religious people, the subject of popular idolatry in itself.

One of the great essentials of a religion is reverence. Reverence lost, the religion soon loses its force and influence. The loose or cheap use of biblical quotations destroys reverence and injures the very cause of those who seek by wrong methods to extend the influence of their faith.

# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More county agents: Or men the Bits man is pleased to say are doing the work of county agents. There is the great new operation here of the Hoid Murdoch company.

This concern, with its "Monarch" brand, is essentially an experimenting one. Looking constantly for quality products. This first year, they developed a "pie plant," or rhubarb quality product that promises great things for our farmers in supplying the raw materials.

They experimented with a quality canned bean pack. They have in the offering, if not nearer, a pea canning line that may bring world wide consumer demand, with the primary money in the pockets of our growers. This concern operates in a way similar to the best sugar factory companies, with extra offerings for high yields and high percentages of sucrose (sugar) content.

Their field men will be found to be high class county agents, in special lines, working among the farmers. It will mean better farming, larger profits, more employment for labor.

The primary capital of Marion county, and the rest of the valley counties, is in soil, sunshine and showers, a combination that, taken advantage of, will sustain 10,000,000 people between the Coast range and the Cascades.

The capital is here, in the land, supplied in the beginning by the generous hand of God. The labor and ingenuity of man is all that is wanting. There is capital enough in the land of the central valley, within 50 miles of Salem, to build up a flax and linen industry bringing \$100,000,000 a year from far and near places, supporting 1,000,000 people.

It needs organizing. The capital of the federal government, at low rates, may be tapped by organization. Many thousands could thus be set to work soon, building the foundations of a gigantic industry.

In last Sunday's Portland Journal, Fred Lockley, former Salem boy and man, had the following which is worth either reading or rereading: "When I lived at Salem there were two Chautauqua circles there. Mrs. William Ladue was president of one and Robert Whitaker, pastor of the Baptist church, was president of the other. The McNary girls, whose brother, Charlie, is now United States senator from Oregon; Jack Winstanley, who has later written a number of books on ecology, with myself and some others, used to meet at the Baptist parsonage each week and wrestle with English literature and other subjects. For many years Robert Whitaker has lived in California. I believe he lives at Los Gatos. Robert Whitaker is a man of intense convictions and when he read in his Bible that we were sons of God he believed that if this was the fact then men are brothers. Try as he would, he could not find any place in the Bible that said that the Germans were stepsons of God; consequently, before this country declared war against Germany and the central powers, with voice and pen he proclaimed the futility and the wickedness of war. When our country went to war against Germany he still maintained that the Germans were human beings and that when we got to heaven, if we did, we would find Germans there as well as Americans. He was arrested and thrown into jail for his beliefs, and his friends went by on the other side of the street. He is still preaching and teaching that it is as wicked to kill men in a wholesale way with liquid fire, poison gas and machine guns—particularly men whom you never say and against whom you have no personal enmities as it is to kill a private individual in private feud in the heat of anger. Instead of glorifying the generals who, to enhance their reputation, sent thousands of men to slaughter, he thinks they should be held up to obloquy in

by telling me that they're only playing around with me, and I can be made of honor or some other darn thing when they marry girls with money."

"But, Nan, it's true. Look at Gill now, next thing to engaged to May Belle."  
(To be continued)

place of being given medals and having statues erected to them. He is the author of numerous books. I have a number of his books. I have a Tubman I books. Here is a poem of his that appeared in a recent number of the Overland Monthly. The title is "To an Argonaut at Eighty":

NAY, but it seems not half a score of years Since the clock tolled for three score and ten; That golden day comes winging back again Swifter than light-steeds course between the spheres, And all our memories of toll and tears Were but as phantoms which the curious ken Or the weird wonders of some poet's pen, As light as morning weights a dreamer's fears.

But for their absence who shared that far feast, And with us wondered how the year should be, Thinking the chance of life perhaps the least, Yet since they also kept this day for thee, We greet it gladly, trusting life is one, And always good—on either side the sun.

The Rogue River Fishermen's Union and the Lower Rogue Grange wish to thank the voters of the state for their fairness in voting to keep the Rogue river open to commercial fishing.

We believe that the LEGISLATIVE INTERIM COMMITTEES now at work, will recommend a proper revision of the fighting laws, which will eliminate poaching and provide full opportunities both to sportsmen and commercial fishermen.

We invite any voter to write us for any information desired on this subject.

LOWER ROGUE GRANGE, By C. H. Bally, Master. By James M. Pool, Secretary. ROGUE RIVER FISHERMEN'S UNION, By Geo. D. Chenoweth, Pres.

The Salem steam laundry has added a stone racer bosom machine to its equipment.

The Citizen's Light and Traction company is building a new coal house on the south side of Trade street.

The Statesman is offering a \$5 cash prize for the boy or girl in the Salem schools who writes the best Santa Claus letter.

The young people of the First Congregational church are preparing to hold a literary and musical entertainment shortly.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 28.—(AP)—Halted by a robber's bullet in his plan to go west to seek his fortune, Forrest L. Albritton, 15 year old Kansas City high school boy, lay critically wounded to-night at General hospital.

## RADIO SERVICE

SETS on all makes PARTS Radio Headquarters "Just Radio" Phone 1161 178 S. High St.

## Christmas shopping is great fun

Do it now—And have it done! Only 21 shopping days to Christmas