

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Boreas Hearings

REPRESENTATIVE Manning announced he is "fed up on hearings." All the people do is to bring in "objections" to pending measures, he said with reference to the power bills. It is true that the hearings are a bore, that they become stages for the windy harangues of those who want to bask in the limelight. The hearings drag on interminably, and issues are befogged by a lot of political speech-making.

But with particular reference to the power bills, the measures have not had airing enough. The one commissioner bill is particularly objectionable. It is opposed by those who are still sane and genuinely interested in sound methods of regulating utilities; and is more or less openly damned by leaders of the Josephites. The bill represents purely a Meier straddle, an attempt to give the people what was promised them, but at the same time framing the measure to withhold any real change. The one commissioner bill is a political hermaphrodite with its optional home rule and its silly attempt to load on a single man the whole task of regulating the diversified utilities of the state.

The hydro-electric commission with its new amendment represents scant gain over the present law. The amendment empowers the commission to waive practically all the conditions of the act save the term of years of the license.

This legislation has not been thoroughly and carefully considered. Committeemen themselves must admit that. Col. Clark is reputed to be an able lawyer, but his practice is general. He has attempted to frame legislation which is highly technical, without the special training and background of experience which ought to be regarded as requisite for such a task. His assistant has been John Veatch, another able lawyer, also without special qualifications for this task.

The net result is setting up more expensive machinery for control without very much actual gain in the way of tightening of control over the private utilities. It will probably be rated as a great reform; but before many years have passed we predict the people will realize they have gotten badly gypped.

Liquor at College

NOT a very pretty picture from Ann Arbor with five frats of national renown raided and 79 college men arrested on liquor charges. This is striking right at the heart of the law violations which it has become common practice to overlook. We have no doubt the fathers of these glided youth will tear their hair and rave over the arrests, and hot foot it down to Ann Arbor and berate the police officers who made the raids.

It would not be surprising if these well-born students were not perfectly familiar with liquor lockers and wine cellars in their dad's homes and thought themselves similarly immune from any prosecution. These are the chappies who loudly declaim the failure of prohibition.

Perhaps there will be some hasty caching of contraband in frat houses of other universities, but what is needed is a more wholesome respect for the law and a realization of obligation to society which supports these schools of learning.

"Cimarron" is wonderfully successful in making drama out of the dead days of the '90's. Most of us in adult life recall the years very well. They are pale and drab, until the brief glow of the Spanish war. Democratic hard times, Bill Bryan's panaceas, bishop elevens—nothing much to look back on with enthusiasm. Edna Fisher has caught one segment and clarified it with drama and romance, both of which those who actually participated for the most part never noted. There were the days of the land rush and the overnight booms of towns on the southwest prairies. But there make a living on the lands or eked out an existence in the towns. was far more of dullness than of stirring action as men sought to the picture itself is a splendid production, well worth seeing, and the acting is strong; but as a whole the colors have been rather highly touched by author and producer—but that is quite within the scope of artistic license.

We note that the bean growers on the West Stayton project are having some difficulty in contracting their bean crop for next year. Here is an opportunity for the agricultural committee of the chamber of commerce to help the grower. Irrigation has been highly successful in "bringing back" into production hundreds of acres on the Santiam bottom. The best crop has been string beans. The Stayton cannery has packed and sold them up to its capacity and will continue to do so. One Stayton cannery which has packed them in quantity so far refuses to make any contracts for the 1931 crop. Perhaps the committee can extend a helping hand either in securing renewals of contracts or getting other canneries to handle the crop. It would be a serious blow to that district if its bean acreage would have to be abandoned.

"Time is the essence of the contract." That conventional phrase has real significance to Salem industries, particularly the canneries which face a canning season without ample assurance of plenty of good water for their canning. The filter beds on the island were only temporary affairs and with low water in the river there is the menace of the dreaded vegetable growths which the gravel beds might not strain out. This is one of the important problems which the city council must give prompt consideration to. Its solution is not an easy one; but there is real danger in ignoring it.

The Safety Valve

Letters from
Statesman Readers

MALCOLM FURNAL SERMON
IN SALEM

Statesman: When the news of President Lincoln's death reached Salem, loyal citizens made preparation to have an address delivered to honor this wonderful, humane man's memory.

Why I do not know, yet the man chosen was Rev. John Sellwood of the Episcopal church, a "rank seceder," a phrase used for a southerner at that time—the meeting was held in the Congregational church, where many of the old prominent pioneers attended and were loyal "northerners."

deliver his sermon his first remark was: "If Lincoln is in heaven," my mother, Mrs. S. A. Clarke was there and before he got any farther she arose, took my older sister's hand and walked out. In the aisle she met Mr. E. N. Cook, Hal Patton's grandfather, one of the "grand old men" of Oregon; he asked her, "where is my wife?" and she was not far behind my mother—also a colored man who belonged to the church named Johnson and fine type of his race said: "I will just fetch my wife but," from that on the church was nearly empty and Rev. Sellwood had few listeners.

I have often heard my mother tell this and it may add a bit to the early day history of Salem.

MRS. S. C. DYER.

INDEPENDENCE, Feb. 12.—Justice of Peace J. G. McIntosh is moving his office into one of the office rooms in the Odd Fellows building on C street. This will provide more room, with better lighting.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

We have made great progress against disease. This is shown by the cutting in half of the nation's death rate since 1900.



DR. COPELAND

Much of this decrease, of course, has been among infants. It is believed, however, there can be made a further great decrease in the present general death rate. Too many people have not as yet availed themselves of what is called "preventive medicine."

Many diseases of infants, children and adults, can and should be prevented. The future of medicine and the future of the nation as a whole, lies, not in the curing of diseases, but in the prevention of diseases.

To a remarkable degree, public health can be bought. Unfortunately, there are too many communities that neglect to do the things that prevent disease. There are too many individuals who will not take advantage of their opportunities.

Since the discovery of the toxin-anti-toxin control of diphtheria, the death rate of this disease has been reduced 95 per cent. If all parents would take their children to physicians for injection against this disease, there would be no diphtheria.

With care in the cleanliness in the homes and city streets, with proper supervision of the water and milk supplies, and protection against flies, typhoid fever, at one time a very common disease, is now comparatively rare. There is now available a vaccine that protects against this disease.

Wherever typhoid fever does exist, it may be said to be due to carelessness. This carelessness is either the fault of the individual or of the community. Ignorance in these matters is almost criminal.

We look forward to the day when preventive medicine and care of the public health will become a national affair. War must be declared on all diseases that can be prevented and which still cripple the nation. It is true that the health of the people of the United States and Canada is far better today than it was in 1900, but there still remains much to be done.

This is a subject which should be taught in the schools. It should be discussed in the home. The press, the pulpit, the radio—these agents for good should be enlisted to overcome the forces that are spreading health knowledge.

Answers to Health Queries

ARTIE—Q.—What do you advise for psoriasis?

A.—First attention must be given digestion. Constipation is an important factor, and, even though the bowels move daily, there may be sluggishness.

MRS. E. L. C.—Q.—I am irritable, thin, pale and worn from nursing my husband through a long siege of illness. What can I do to build up my general health?

A.—In order to gain weight and build up your general health, I would suggest that you eat nourishing foods and have plenty of sleep and rest.

MRS. D. A.—Q.—Is mineral oil fattening?

A.—No, it is merely lubricating.

E. R. T.—Q.—What do you advise for arthritis?

A.—This disease is often stubborn in yielding to treatment. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and request your question.

Gale Damon, the genial motor-man for the local electric company, has returned from Newport where he spent a few months' vacation.

Gen. W. H. Byars has gone to Gardiner to survey and lay out the townsite for Reedsport across the Umpqua from Gardiner. This town was originally laid out 16 years ago, but is being revived now upon building of the new railroad from Drain to Coos Bay.

The Y. M. C. A. intermediate quintet will engage with Oak Grove tonight. Little Wilfred Whinnas, the start guard, plays the game like an old warrior and is expected to make quite a showing tonight.

FORMER RESIDENT VISITS

BRUSH CREEK, Feb. 12.—Tom Thompson of Seattle, Mr. Mrs. Herbert Thompson of Portland, Mrs. Hans Thompson and Mrs. Iver Splide of Salem were callers at the home of Mrs. Anna Thompson Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Thompson formerly made her home at Silverton and at that time was a frequent visitor in the Brush Creek district. For the present she will remain with her daughter, Mrs. Splide, and then go to Portland where she will visit at her son Herbert's home for a time.

GUEST AT GERVAIS

GERVAIS, Feb. 12.—Louis Gratiot, who is attending Albany college, spent the weekend at the home of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Gratiot. Mr. and Mrs. Gratiot gave a dinner Saturday evening for him on the occasion of his birthday. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gutzforth, Miss Artie Appleton of Astoria and Edwin Harper.

ENGLAND'S NIGHTMARE



"Murder at Eagle's Nest" By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXI

As they loitered under the trees of River Road on the way home after the show Carl slipped his arm about her waist. She felt her cheeks grow hot in the darkness and was a little angry, a little dismayed, realizing that she liked it. She would, however, have stopped away from him with a curt protest had she not felt that this would make too much of a gesture which he evidently considered negligible.

Accordingly Bim ignored his arm.

Still when Carey stood close to her on the vine-shadowed veranda where Walter always kissed her good-night as a matter of course, she stepped back quickly, refusing his kiss. He looked puzzled for a moment and then amused.

"Miss Eighteen-twenty," he said teasingly. "Old-fashioned child. Didn't know there were any more. Sweet baby."

"Thanks, big boy. You're sort of nice yourself."

"That makes it unanimous. But why all the stand-offishness?"

"It's just a habit."

"Bad things, habits. How's for breaking this one? Your uncle Carl is the best ill old habit breaker. You'd be surprised."

"None."

"Too bad, but a good reporter never gives up. See you tomorrow, baby."

Bim dreamed of Carl Carey that night—only in the dream she was in his arms while Walter Vance kept shouting angrily from some where "The Spanish Shawl!"

She awakened with a vision of the shawl as it had looked wrapped about the baroness with the dark stain running over ivory silk and bright flowers. Why, Bim wondered, had the baroness been wearing the shawl when she was slain? Why had Laura Allan denied putting it on earlier in the evening? Why had Mary Frost been so reticent about it?

Perhaps, as Walter seemed to believe, the shawl figured in the murder mystery merely because it had happened to be easily accessible to anyone strolling through Eagle's Nest on the way to the garden.

Nevertheless, it was because of the shawl that at least two pieces of information now were in the hands of the police; first, that Mary Frost had remained at Eagle's Nest after the other guests had gone and after everyone excepting the maid, Imogene had thought her gone as well; second, that Laura Allan had paid a clandestine visit to the garden. Furthermore, the prominence of the shawl in the case had given rise to the question of whether the baroness von Wiese was slain in mistake for someone else.

explained patiently. "He's really awfully clever."

"I noticed you thought so," Walter growled. "Like the movies, did you?"

She understood then that he was jealous and gave a little laugh in which there was the merest suggestion of gratified vanity. "And you such a sweet thing and all! Why the grousing, Mr. Chief?"

"Bim, I wish you'd cut this racket. A murder's no kind of a thing for a girl like you to mix herself up in. Let it go, sweet-heart. After this—well, you heard what Reynolds said yesterday and he knows pretty well all that's going on. Been out Franklin street lately? They're just finishing that little new cottage on the corner of Sixth. We could move in this time next month."

Bim laughed again, though not quite so freely. She had seen the cottage on Franklin street and it appealed to her. A week ago, perhaps, she might have thought several times before she shrugged a slim shoulder and shook a pale head. But now . . . well, she had a taste of her first big argument. Also she had met Mr. Carl Carey. Not, of course, that Carey made any difference. Only he was interesting. And romantic. And she always had wanted to know someone she thought romantic.

"Sweet thing," said Bim. "Let us talk about clues. Let's talk a bit about clues this morning for I've a feeling we're going to need plenty of clues before we get through."

Walter gave up with a sigh and got out his notebook and pen. Bim made a little list as they ran

through the pages.

"There's the two sets of foot-prints back of the summer house," he began. "Fred Burke's been working on that, measuring the shoes of everybody around Pine Hill. The man's prints don't mean anything—they were too blurred. But the woman's were better; a narrow shoe with sharp heels. We thought they were the baroness's at first but they turned out to be Mrs. Hardy's shoes."

"Em Hardy! But she couldn't have been there."

"Probably not. Probably someone borrowed her shoes for the occasion."

"Oh! It was all planned, then. A woman . . . Someone spled on the baroness and whoever she went to meet and then sneaked around to the other side of the summer house and shot her."

"Maybe. Or maybe the woman just spied. Curiosity, you know. One of the servants, perhaps, with an urge to see how a baroness made love. I don't feel satisfied about this; someone has been holding out on us."

"Then there's the laundry mark on the sheet. Funny about that, too. We've canvassed laundries within a radius of 30 miles of Kingcliffe and none of them know it. They seem to think it's an old mark. Of course, the sheet might have been brought from a distance."

"And we haven't found the other part of the note—the one the baroness wrote and gave to the butler. Probably never will."

"If something has anything to hide."

"Not a chance; we're watching. By the way, what did Mrs. Frost say about going home alone?"

Bim flushed guiltily, thinking of the evening she had spent at the movies with Carey. "I'll go up to Pine Hill right now and bring her story back with me."

"See that you come back," growled Walter.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem's first store:

(Continuing from yesterday:) "We traveled several days up the Platte. The last morning before we crossed the river we were detained over two hours to allow a tremendous herd of buffaloes to pass across the road about a quarter of a mile ahead of us. There were at least 500,000 head of these animals, and the thundering noise they made as they galloped could be distinctly heard at our camp."

"The reason that Bradshaw did not allow us to proceed was that there was often great danger of losing our live stock. When the herd passed we went ahead and arrived at the ford of the Platte and immediately proceeded to cross. We were compelled to keep the teams constantly moving, as it was quicksand at bottom, and the water so muddy that it was impossible for us to see into it an inch. As my father's team had gone about half way across the stream, the leaders turned back and came near turning over the wagon containing our family. Mr. Bradshaw was compelled to jump out into the stream, waist deep and very cold, and wade across alongside of the team. He caught cold, and that night had a chill, which was followed by an attack of 'mountain fever' from which he never fully recovered."

A few days thereafter we went through a prairie dogs' town of at least two miles in length. I copy the following description from a naturalist in the Scientific American: "The prairie dogs (Cynomys ludovicianus) of the Missouri region and westward and southward, belongs to a genus of American rodents intermediate between the marmot and prairie squirrel. The animal is about 12 inches long, with a tail four inches more; the color above is reddish or cinnamon brown, with light to the hairs, and a few black ones intermixed; beneath, brownish white. The cheek pouches are rudimentary, and the ears are short. They live in burrows in great numbers, accompanied by rattlesnakes and ground owls."

"The dogs generally stand near their holes on their hind legs, and utter a sound resembling like a small puppy barking; but when approached they dart with wonderful agility into their holes, uttering a defiant bark. Our company succeeded in killing several buffaloes as we traveled through their range, but none was allowed to be wasted, as it was 'jerked,' that is, dried on sticks over a fire and carried along, making excellent food."

"The night that we camped on Black Hawk creek, a company (known as the 'Blue Wagon Train' for the reason that their wagon covers were made of blue colored material) which was camped about eight miles above and ahead of us, and a stamped with dangerous results. The company had corralled their stock and the guards were preparing to take their stations, when one of them commenced exploding caps on an Albin revolver preparatory to loading, when one of the oxen standing near gave a jump and belched, and the whole herd became panic stricken, making a general rush for the opposite side of the circle of wagons or alone."

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"See that you come back," growled Walter.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

corral, entirely going over the same, and it was said some of the animals actually went over the wagons, crushing everything beneath them. All the stock, horses, cattle and sheep became alike stampeded. One child was killed and several other persons more or less injured; wagons broken considerably, while about a dozen sheep were killed outright, and other larger animals crippled. The stampeded herd happened to take the road that led towards our camp, and the first indications we had was some of them appearing among us and apparently as wild as any buffalo that lived upon the surrounding plains. Mr. Bradshaw immediately took in the situation and ordered out all the men to guard and quiet our stock, which began to grow very uneasy, but we quelled the excitement. In due time some of the men came from the other train in pursuit, and gave an exciting account of their misfortune and asked assistance, which was readily granted. They succeeded in recovering quite a number before moving. The next day we passed their camp and saw the effect of the stampede. We learned afterward that the company did not succeed in recovering all their stock, as most probably they became mixed in some herd of buffaloes."

"About a week after this another train stampeded, as we were informed, as the train was about to start after a short halt at noon. Our informant stated that a boy was in the act of mounting a horse, when the saddle turned, throwing the boy and causing the animal to run away and attempted to pass between the wagon and the wheel yoke, and of course were left behind. The women and children jumped or were thrown out, and some of them were severely injured. The frightened oxen did considerable damage to the wagons, and delayed the train for several days. It was astonishing with what speed a team of four yoked oxen can run. Some men asserted that they ran as fast as a team of eight horses could have done, and carried as much destruction."

"The next object of interest that we saw on this long and tedious road was what is known as Chimney Rock, which we had seen for two or three days before we reached it. This is a sharp pointed rock somewhat resembling a chimney as it stands alone on the plains and can be seen for 30 to 40 miles. The next place of interest is Scott's Bluff, a good history of which is given in Palmer's Guide."

"We arrived at Fort Laramie about June 15, 1847, and remained one day, where we witnessed the first war dance. There were about 5000 Sioux Indians who were forming an expedition against their hereditary enemy the Pawnee nation. The evening of July 3rd we arrived at Independence Rock. This is a solitary granite rock rising out of the level plains about 80 feet high and 800 yards long, and half as wide. The rock has hundreds of names upon it, some cut in its hard surface, but mostly of paint or tar. As we camped there and celebrated the 4th of July, 1847, our company also added their names, with date, etc. We have read the names that had been placed there for years before ours. The morning of the 5th we started on and passed the Devil's Gate, a narrow gap in the mountains. (Continued on page 9)

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