

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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The Oceanside Campground

A little group of Salem folk went to Oceanside Sunday to "enter on the land and possess it" in the name of the Salem Y.M.C.A., the tract being the one donated to the Y by Rosenberg Brothers of Tillamook for use as a summer camp for boys. All those who visited the camp grounds came away wildly enthusiastic about its possibilities. Here is a stretch of ocean frontage with everything to offer to make it a perfect campground. There are about twenty acres of ground, ideally situated, isolated from the crowd, with wonderful recreational facilities.

Here is a tract which an inland city would hold invaluable. Omaha, for instance, or Peoria, would give a million dollars to have such a spot within a hundred miles. Rare indeed on either Atlantic or Pacific coasts would you find as ideal a campground as this one. The gift is in perpetuity as long as the ground is devoted to this purpose. As time goes on this campground will become famous the country over. Its value will not be in its "advertising" but in its "earning power" as expressed in healthy, happy, vigorous, inspired young manhood.

The tract lies between two headlands, one on the south, Maxwell point with three great rocks just offshore, havens for sea lions and sea birds. The headland to the north is Cape Mears with the Mears light house on its point. These headlands protect the camp site in a degree from the sweep of ocean winds, and help to break also the long roll of the surf and prevent a tide rip, dangerous to swimming.

The campground is on top of the bluff a hundred feet high, up where there is good air, drainage and a glorious view of the ocean. Just in front of the campsite is a pillar of rock, accessible at low tide, which has already been named Chapel rock. On its ocean front is a ledge said to be an excellent place for fishing. There is a fine bathing beach with fine sand and gently shelving bottom. There is a whole world to explore: "Lost Boy cave", agate rocks, waterfalls, deep ravines, the lighthouse, the woods.

The first step toward improvement has been completed, the building of a bridge across a canyon to permit access to the campground. Needed this year are clearing the brush from the playground, building a cook-shack, putting in a simple water supply system, and about eight cabins for housing the boys. About \$500 is needed this season, not counting the cost of the cabins which are estimated at \$75 apiece. This camp has to be financed by itself, and the committee is making an appeal to friends of boys to assist in financing this simple budget for the camp. If two men at Tillamook would give this twenty acres whose value we will not attempt to estimate, surely all of Salem can raise this year the \$500 and there will be enough additional individuals willing to give \$75 apiece for a cabin.

The meeting Sunday was to dedicate the campsite. In a larger sense God Almighty had already dedicated this ground so perfectly it is adapted for the use it is now to be put to. All that we humans have to do is to put in the needed improvements to make it habitable in the summer time. If you have time drive over to Oceanside and then walk up to see the ground. If you haven't, take our word for it. At any rate, just call C. A. Kells at the Y and tell him how much you will do in getting the camp in shape for the coming season.

Butter Scoring

THE Portland Journal has perhaps the most competent market editor of coast papers, Hy Cohen. He knows his onions, wheat and head lettuce. In his Saturday article on the dairy products market he had the following paragraph: "The butter trade at this time is somewhat agitated as to what constitutes a 92 score, or, in fact, any other score. Butter passed as 92 by one inspector is very likely to be classed as 90 to 91 1/2 score by others. Personal taste has much to do with butter scoring and an inspector who may not feel so good will not have the best sort of taster to test by. The fact remains that there is much complaint against the testing of butter at this time. The public is given to understand that butter tests so and so at the time of testing, which means little or nothing when the butter comes to the table. Perhaps this is the reason why all sorts of scores of butter have recently sold at within a fraction of one another."

Now when Dairyman Dana, who is off rescuing souls on the Atlantic seaboard, reads that he will have Cohen tried for heresy, Dana, with his mane shaking, his voice pulling tremulous stops, plead with the last legislature to require all butter to be scored. Yet Cohen says that now when there are only a very few who are serving as inspectors and they are supposed to be specially qualified the count depends on the whim of the tester. The result has been the scores are given scant attention in fixing the price.

What will the situation be when every little creamery in the state will have to score its butter? The local creameries have no testers but their own butter-makers, and if they are trained in a two-weeks' course we will have as many standards as there are butter-makers.

The butter will all grade 90 to 92. California buyers will pay no attention to the score and buy to their own taste. But Dana will bask in the sunlight of a great victory while the local creameries put up with the nuisance of scoring their product, knowing their score is only a guess.

Death of Judge Rudkin

DEATH for the fourth time in recent months has removed one of the federal judges in this ninth circuit. Circuit Judge Frank H. Rudkin died Sunday in San Francisco, after 30 years of distinguished service on the state and federal bench. He was admitted to the bar at North Yakima, Washington, and became superior judge there in 1901. He went on the supreme court of his state in 1905 and made a brilliant record there which was continued when he went on the federal bench, first as district judge in 1911 and then as circuit judge in 1923.

Judge Rudkin is the third of the judges who heard the cross-state railroad case at Portland to pass away. Judge Dietrich of Boise died, and the case was retried. Then Judge R. S. Bean died before the decision after the second hearing. On the third hearing the decision was handed down. It was rendered very quickly after the hearing, being written by Judge McNary. Now Judge Rudkin is called. It is merely one of those singular coincidences which sometimes occur.

Seeing "Okaganon" once in an editorial in the Oregonian, we thought the proof-reader had added; but noting it farther on in the same column, it was evident the writer had been a bit hurried to misspell this old name of "Okaganon". That isn't as bad though as an Oregon school teacher who pronounced "Yakima" with a short "i" and accent on the second syllable.

Sleep

By C. C. DAUER
Marion County Dept. of Health
Regular habits of sleep are often very difficult to establish, but no amount of effort is too great to bestow on this important matter. Many children suffer one or two years of age do not get enough sleep. Often this is due to the fact that proper habits of sleeping are not started earlier in life.

No baby should be rocked to sleep; it is much better for his own health, also for the training of future habits of sound sleep, for him to go quietly to sleep alone. Whenever possible the baby should sleep in a room by himself—in a dark room.

Wild romping with a baby or even an older child just at bedtime is very unwise, as is often practiced by busy fathers who are away all day. Over-strenuous play at bedtime tends to produce broken sleep and to start a nervous instability. Play at this time should be quiet, never boisterous and exciting.

The exact number of hours of sleep for children varies with the individual. The high-strung, easily excited child needs more sleep than his more phlegmatic brother, yet the former is more apt to develop sleeping habits. In general it would be safe to say that all babies should be put to bed just as soon after the evening meal as possible until one and one-half or two years of age. Twelve hours of sleep at night is absolutely essential until the age of two, and "early to bed and early to rise" is preferred.

An afternoon nap is to be advised until the age of five. Many children after starting to school miss their afternoon naps and many medical authorities are of the opinion that many of these children would be better off by going to school in the morning only, allowing the afternoon for the rest as they had been in the habit of having.

Proper sleeping habits of early childhood will not be easily forgotten after school days begin and do much to make a happier, healthier school child.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion County Department of Health. The answer will appear in this column. Name should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 5, 1906
The new boat, A. D. Pettyjohn and Son, will start regular schedule May 7, between Salem and Independence, leaving Salem at 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.; fare 50 cents each way.

Earl H. Anderson and Charles Roth returned from a hunting trip near Tualatin. They killed a bear and also report catch of 300 trout.

Miss Minnie Richter, formerly a Salem resident, was here from Portland for the graduation exercises.

May 5, 1921
Some Salem growers declare Italian prunes have been hard hit through the unusual weather conditions; others declare the crop is all right.

Bishop Luther B. Wilson of New York will speak Sunday night at the First M. E. church.

After maintenance of convicts and reasonable support of their dependents has been cared for, it is legal for the state to use money from the prison betterment fund to apply to the payroll of the tax industry at the penitentiary, according to an opinion of Attorney General Van Winkle, in reply to query from Gov. Alcott.

Saturday, May 14, has been designated tag day for the home-land babies of the Albertina Kerr home.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "Do you think there is need in Salem of a residential building program, planned or otherwise?"

Louis Beckert, veteran real estate dealer, said: "I don't know definitely; but I do know two or three men who have built middle-priced new houses in Salem recently who have sold them before building was finished."

J. P. Ulrich, realtor, said: "I don't think so; I see no use of building more houses until the ones now for sale are taken up."

Paul Allen, United States National bank, said: "An organized building program of any value to the city, but one would have to be exercised that it did not entail needless expense. Properly organized and managed, such a program would be of great value to Salem."

Eric F. Hall, barber, said: "It's a good thing for any city. If Salem had more industries as some of the larger cities do, there would be a building program. One of Salem's troubles is that there are too many old and dilapidated houses that people won't rent—there are plenty of those that are empty."

CLEAN-UP PLANNED
HAYESVILLE, May 4.—May 20 will be clean-up day at the Hayesville cemetery. A basket lunch will be served at noon at the church.

HIS FIRST DRIVE ALONE



"MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

Mary Lou Thurston, a beautiful and vivacious girl of the "home" type, orphaned by the death of her parents, lives with her aunt and uncle, Clara and Howard Sanderson. Mary looks after Billy, the youngest, while they go to business. Larry Mitchell, energetic, young newspaper reporter, is Mary Lou's pal. Mary Lou is happy but restless and eager for adventure. Sanderson gets a wonderful chance to go to the Orient on an engineering project. Mary Lou urges the Sandersons to go although she will be stranded. Larry wants to marry Mary as a happy solution to the situation, but she convinces him they are merely good pals. The Sandersons and Mary Lou visit Sanderson's mother, who is to care for Billy during his parents' absence. Clara and Howard sail. Larry, trying to find position for Mary, is enthusiastic over an ad for a companion to a semi-invalid.

"Of course," cried Mary Lou, recovering herself. "It's perfect!—why don't you have to know anything!" she began when Larry interrupted with heavy sarcasm. "Nothing at all but French and a complete understanding of Bach, Beethoven, Victor Herbert and Gershwin!" he reminded her rapidly. "How about it? That's the only thing that worried me."

"Oh, I talk French pretty well, and read it even better," she said almost casually. "I spoke very well as a child and have tried to keep it up. As for music, I do play a little. Didn't you know that? That part's easy. That's what makes me think I might have been written right around me!" glowed Mary Lou.

Larry's long legs gave way under him and he sat right down in a low chair and stared at her with almost unseeing eyes. "Blushing violet," he addressed her, "how about this 'even disposition' business? That worried me, too." he went on, enjoying himself immensely. "Also what of this 'complete surrender to circumstances' and 'sense of humor'? And the pleasant voice? Is your voice pleasant, Mary Lou, and how well do you read aloud? Of course, it sounds like a swell break, but I came down here all primed to see how we could wrangle you out of these difficult requirements. But I need not have been anxious. I never knew you were such a modest little thing, Mary Lou." Larry concluded quite gravely.

But Mary Lou was not deceived. "You've listened to my voice for years," he informed her, "and so far you haven't had any trouble. As for my even disposition, I've tolerated you for some time, haven't I? And the sense of humor—I ask you, could any girl who had a sense of humor inflict herself with your company a couple of times a week? The surrender to circumstances," she went on, soberly enough, "well I guess I've proved that. I have had to be pretty adaptable."

Larry laughed. "You win. Joking aside, it's perfect and the job might have been made for you. I wonder what your invalid is like, though? Some queerous, highbrow old dame, I suppose. Heaven help you!"

"Maybe it's a young girl," Mary Lou said dreamily, "pale and pretty and unhappy."

"That being the case I'd think about applying for the job myself," Larry assured her. "No, it's probably some nervous breakdown author of text books. I can just see her, long and lean, like a squirrel of vichy, with grey-yellow hair and bilious eyes and a way of bursting into French, you know. Ooo-La! La!" cried Larry briskly. "Passez-moi le menu et touts de suite mappy, petite pouce. How's that?"

"You're an idiot," remarked Mary Lou, with absent-minded

affection, "and I hope she won't be anything like that. I'd die. It would be worse than Aunt Adelaide," she commented, lowering her voice, "anyway, I think she must be young-looking when it says about athletic and all!"

"How good are you at that, beyond wearing out Shore Road for the sake of your school girl complexion?"

"I've played golf with you often enough on the Dyker links," Mary Lou reminded him reproachfully. "So you have. Your stance is swell, you look like a steerable bank roll, your approach is wild, your drive is short and your puts are not so hot." Larry summed up her game for her mendaciously enough, for she almost always managed to beat him. "But aside from golf, can you turn hand-springs, swing on a trapeze with your teeth, or what have you?"

"I swim at the pool every year, and for five years almost I have managed evening gym or basketball. So don't be silly!"

"That's that, then. The Perfect Companion." He pulled a time table from his pocket. "Here you, you brisik right up town on the 8:22 tomorrow. I'll meet you at the station, and if it costs me my job. You can get a train to Westmill about six minutes after making a dash from Pennsylvania station to the beach. I'll be waiting. It's about an hour out. Very well place, very Greenwich. You get me? And if the Lorimer family is the one I've heard about they have so much money that no man should be let of you ask for it will be a mere flea bite."

He jumped up, pulled her to her feet, kissed her ear, released her, grabbed his hat and started for the door. "I'm off, the captain shouted, he reached the door. "Don't fall me. Keep your chin high and likewise your spirits up and don't forget that you are a Hines descendant of Henry the Eighth!"

Mary Lou spent the rest of the day sponging and pressing her best tweed suit with the perky little fur collar, for which she had saved so long and had bought a year ago. She even let the hem down a bit, having read in the fashion magazines that skirts were to be nearer the ground. She looked at her tweed beret, which was new and smart, and found that her gloves and shoes were new enough to pass muster. And she read the advertisement in between these homely duties and found her excitement mounting with her hopes. It all sounded too good to be true.

"She went out at last to round up Billy and give him supper and put him to bed after her evening job of reading Peter Bunny to him was completed. There was the usual struggle over bath and toothbrush and the usual final tuckling in the last good-night kiss, for Billy, manfully as possible during the daytime, a little scornful of embraces, always slipped a long way back to babyhood at night, and Mary Lou of her had to disentangle herself in a gentle force from the clutch of his strong little arms. He was drowsy and fell asleep as soon as his curly head touched the pillow and she stood looking down at him, his fat sprawling rosiness, his activities quieted, the round face, so young and so defenseless in dreams. And her eyes filled. She'd miss Billy."

Later she went downstairs to help Gram with supper dishes and to spend a long evening with her and Aunt Adelaide. Adelaide lay plump and prone on the couch as usual, Gram was knitting, sitting erect by the round table, her work held under the lamp, and so Mary Lou read the evening paper aloud to them, careful not to skip accidents, deaths and murders, for these choice items constituted one of Adelaide's dearest pleasures. She would listen, exclaiming "Isn't that too

pening!" and clicking a busy tongue against her upper plate. And then, the news and violence being exhausted, she would ask gently, "Will you read me the obituaries, dear?"

Tonight Mary Lou read them, wondering if her next invalid would have such strangely morbid tastes. The only time Aunt Adelaide ever left the little house was to go to a funeral. There were far too few for her in Oakland; it seemed a strangely, almost perversely healthy locality.

Mary Lou had told Gram and Aunt Adelaide about her possible position, had shown them the advertisement, while Adelaide speculated alertly on the probable cause of the invalid's ailments. She hoped, she said, that it wasn't tuberculosis—so catching and, as she had said, time and time again, Mary Lou's color wasn't a good sign, no matter what anybody else might think! And if paralysis, did Mary Lou believe herself strong enough to tug, haul and lift! And if—here her voice dropped to sepulchral depths—if insanity, wouldn't that be awful! Her nerves could never stand it, never in all the world!

It's a wonder Mary Lou's nerves stood this much. She found herself thinking that a course of Aunt Adelaide would be enough to prove anyone's disposition or severity. But finally Aunt Adelaide lapsed into a gloomy silence, sensitively pondering on the fact that this unwelcome shut-in might be a little worse off than herself. But she rallied soon and dismissed the unworthy thought.

The next morning Mary Lou regarded herself in the mirror. Hatted she was, warmly skirted and jacketed, with the new frilly hat she'd bought recently, succumbing to the sudden return to femininity, even with tweeds. And her shoes were shined and her stockings renewed, her gloves just the right shade of newness worn off—shabbiness not-set-in. Yes, she looked all right! Her cheeks were bright with color and her pert little nose well powdered. She touched the stopper of the perfume bottle Larry had given her last Christmas back in Brooklyn, New York. He was formerly a sailor. He left his vessel in California and came into this country nearly 10 years ago (it was 11 years ago), with all the possibilities of a depraved life.

"The cause of temperance first took him, and he was rescued from his cups. In a little while he took an Indian girl and lived with her as he pleased. His conscience troubled him, and he furnished this girl with blankets and sundry other articles and sent her, as he supposed, to her people."

"In the night, I am informed, he heard her at his door beseeching him to let her in, avowing her love for him and promising to be good to him if he would let her live with him; his purpose in part yielded; he let her in, and knowing it was wrong for them to live together as they had before done, he, in a short time, experienced religion, and is now a respectable man in the community, only he has a squaw for a wife. He is leading a religious life; their

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

HOW CAN YOU EAT THAT SPAGHETTI? IT ALWAYS UPSETS MY STOMACH

THAT'S EASY! ALWAYS EAT TUMS FOR MY TUMMY

Spaghetti (or some other food you like) may disagree with you, causing a distressing, gassy feeling, sour stomach or indigestion. For almost immediate relief, eat two or three Tums—often one Tum is enough. Delicious, sweetens the breath. Get a handy roll today at any drug store—only 10 cents.

TUMS for the Tummy
TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a Tummy that is Sour, Gassy, Bloating, or Has a Sour, Bitter, or Acidic Taste
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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The old mission cemetery: The Bits man received the following letter, dated April 19, 1930, from Mrs. William M. Collard, Route 5, Salem, honored early Oregon pioneer.

"I read in your statement yesterday that it was not known if the bodies of the children of Dr. and Mrs. White had ever been removed from the mission cemetery."

"I can say yes, they were. It had been the wish of the mother that what remained of the bodies might be brought to the Lone Tree cemetery, San Francisco, Calif."

"In 1862 their son came to Salem and with the help of an Indian woman, Mrs. Hoxteries, who was present when the children were buried, found the location of the graves. She said they were buried between two oak trees, one at the head and one at the foot; all that marked the graves. The woman came down with him to the cemetery and they found the place as she had described it. As there was snow on the ground, the son did not come to open the graves until the snow was gone."

"The Northwest boys (my brothers) helped Mr. White's search for the remains. Only two bones of the adopted son were found, and just the skull of the babe."

After receiving the above letter, the Bits man saw Mrs. Collard. She said she was not certain concerning the spelling of the Indian woman's name. The writer believes she was Mrs. Webley Hauxhurst.

Hauxhurst came to the Oregon country in 1834, with the Ewing Young and Hall J. Kelly party. Several historians say he built the first grist mill in the Willamette valley; at least one of them says "1834." The writer thinks it was perhaps a little later, and that it was built on the stream just north of the road leading down from the main road on the Marion county side to the Wheatland ferry; for at first (in 1834) the missionaries' ground: their grain for the flour for their bread in a coffee mill—and they landed at their building site late in 1834; that is, October 6th.

Webley Hauxhurst was converted to the Christian faith and was baptized by Jason Lee the day of the first wedding of white men and women in the Oregon country, July 16, 1837. He was a charlar member of the First Methodist church of Salem. Several historians say Hauxhurst was one of the 11 men who started in 1837 after the cattle in California. If he did, he must have turned back, or he must have arrived ahead of the main party with the cattle; for it is generally reported that the California cattle arrived in "fall" of 1837, and this conversion and baptism, as was stated above was July 16, 1837.

In the diary of Rev. George Gary, who came in 1844 to close up the Oregon Methodist missions, there is an entry made as of Sunday April 13, 1845, reading: "The funeral of Brother Hauxhurst's child was preached by Rev. David Leslie. (The child, a boy, three and a half years old, had been drowned in Mill creek a day or two before.) Brother Hauxhurst is more pleasing and agreeable than the ordinary class of men. He was born in Brooklyn, New York. He was formerly a sailor. He left his vessel in California and came into this country nearly 10 years ago (it was 11 years ago), with all the possibilities of a depraved life."

"The cause of temperance first took him, and he was rescued from his cups. In a little while he took an Indian girl and lived with her as he pleased. His conscience troubled him, and he furnished this girl with blankets and sundry other articles and sent her, as he supposed, to her people."

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STEP out tomorrow morning with the fresh buoyancy and briskness that comes from a clean intestinal tract. Syrup Pepsin—a doctor's prescription for the bowels—will help you do this. This compound of fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other pure ingredients will clean you out thoroughly—without griping, sickening or discomfort. Poisons absorbed into the system form souring waste in the bowels, causing dull, head-achy, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that, gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you. Dr. Caldwell studied bowel troubles for forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste commend it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is the most popular laxative druggists sell.

Moody's Composite Portfolio Rating "A"

CORPORATE TRUST SHARES bring the STRENGTH of America to your INVESTMENTS

The 28 common stocks joined in this premier fixed trust investment have accounted for distributions to holders of \$2.28 per Share in the 18 months ending June, 1930.

Present Price about \$5.75 per Share

Return This Coupon... HAWKINS & ROBERTS Oregon Bldg. Tel. 1637

oldest child is at school (no doubt at the Oregon Institute), and he takes a great interest in his children."

There is another entry in Rev. Gary's diary, under date of Sunday, April 19, 1845: "Next Sabbath preached to 40 in the Institute. (Oregon Institute chapel.) Baptized a child of Mr. Hauxhurst's. Last Sunday, funeral of one of his children; today giving another to the Divine Being in baptism."

An entry under June 19, 1845, reads "Took dinner at Mr. Hauxhurst's. We had an excellent dinner. Mrs. H. is a native. At our dinner we had new potatoes and good boiled cabbage of this season's growth; Oregon is indeed a goodly land."

"Pioneer Days in Oregon," second volume, page 454, by S. A. Clark, says: "Hauxhurst's son, at good age, on his farm near Salem, on Mill creek. He was an excellent man."

The Hauxhurst donation claim contained 217.3 acres. His land was mostly southwest of the "four corners" on the road past the penitentiary, the extension of State street. A little of it was southeast of the four corners. It extended to Mill creek; became the Fred Yanke farm, later the Catlin farm.

Webley Hauxhurst voted with the Americans at Old Champano, and his name is (properly) on the monument there.

No doubt Hauxhurst worked at first for the old mission, and it is likely that his wife was in and around the mission, and would therefore know all the burial places there.

Synopsis of the Annual Statement of the Comptroller General of the State of Oregon, for the year ending December 31, 1930.

Amount of capital stock paid up, \$1,500,000.00

INCOME
Net premiums received during the year, \$4,273,358.00
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year, \$242,601.00
Income from other sources received during the year, \$48,492.55
Total income, \$4,564,451.55

DISBURSEMENTS
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment and extension, \$98,500.00
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year, \$90,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year, \$1,756,348.87
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year, \$156,146.34
Amount of all other expenditures, \$600,975.58
Total expenditures, \$5,675,607.89

ASSETS
Value of real estate owned (market value), \$382,000.00
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value), \$2,207,358.00
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc., \$71,705.00
Cash in banks and on hand, \$145,456.70

LIABILITIES
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1930, \$214,456.70
Interest and rents due and accrued, \$57,381.59
Balance on 1929-30 Federal Tax Returns, \$27,456.34
Balance Receivable on Paid Losses, \$267,576.56
All Other Assets, \$146,702.99
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock, \$567,507.18

BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR
Net premiums received during the year, \$3,818.42
Losses incurred during the year, \$455.25
Name of Company, Commonwealth Casualty Company
Name of President, W. Freeland Kendrick
Name of Secretary, C. William Freed
Statutory resident attorney for service, Insurance Commissioner.

There May be Poison in YOUR Bowels!

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Dr. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative