

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Sweets for Children

By G. C. DAUER, M. D.
Marion County Dept. of Health

The problem of sweets or candy for children is often encountered. Children acquire a taste for sweets whether it be candy or sweet foods so that it becomes difficult to get them to eat sufficient quantities of other foods to insure good growth. The final result is an underweight child with a poor finicky appetite, badly decayed teeth

Dr. G. C. Dauer and poor resistance against infections.

It is a fact that our diet is predominantly made up of carbohydrate foods such as cereals, breadstuffs, potatoes, fruits, desserts of various kinds, etc. This being true it is easy to understand why an must guard against giving additional amounts of sugary substances like candy. Many of our carbohydrate foods have in addition certain other substances, the vitamins, hence there is less harm in relying on them for a great part of our nourishment.

Habit Starts Early

The habit of eating too much candy or other sweets usually starts in early childhood and has an insidious onset. Oftentimes a small child is offered candy because a fond relative thinks it is the polite thing to do. Small children who have never tasted candy never miss it if it is not offered to them. The longer one withholds candy from a child the better it will be for the child.

We are often asked if it is safe to give babies candy or ice cream. So far as the baby's digestive apparatus is concerned there probably would be little harm done if good wholesome products are given. However, to give candy or ice cream at an early age may start a vicious habit. Children get to coaxing for these sweet foods and it becomes exceedingly difficult for parents to refuse or withhold them.

Sweets Follow Meal

When candy or ice cream is given it should always be immediately after the regular meal. It is not wise either to bribe the child to eat his regular food in order for him to get his quota of sweets, as this will often lead to a bad habit.

Pure milk chocolate is the best kind of candy to give a child when it is given at all as it contains a fairly large amount of protein and fat. Ice cream should be made of pasteurized milk and cream, otherwise it might carry disease germs. It is not unusual to hear of the spread of certain diseases by means of ice cream that had become contaminated.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON



Tomorrow: Eat Salt to Prevent Dyspepsia.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

When Applegate averted war: Students of Oregon history know that a third war with Great Britain was probably averted by a meeting between Jesse Applegate and Dr. John McLoughlin one day in August, 1845; 86 years ago.

"The Oregon Trail," newly issued book of Maude Applegate Rucker, giving the saga of the historic Applegate families in Oregon, contains a copy of a letter written by Jesse Applegate to his brother, Judge Jesse Applegate, who resided in Missouri when in 1843 his three brothers and their families left with their covered wagons for the Oregon country. The book has several such letters. The one referred to here was dated "Oregon country, Oregon Territory, February 15, 1846. Quotations from and a digest of the letter follow:

"Your letter and a bundle of newspapers by M. Locke and Burch came safely to hand for which accept my sincere thanks. Both of the gentlemen are at my house, Mr. Burch teaching school and Mr. Locke keeping out of the rain.

"News from the U. S. is eagerly sought for in this country. We are in a feverish state of excitement in regard to the adjustment of the boundary between the United States and Great Britain, and the final passage of the Oregon bill. If the people here were to decide the question every day would be a day of rejoicing. Some of the Americans got within the bounds which the Hudson's Bay company had set apart for themselves, and war commenced.

"As is usual with civilized nations, the company first set the line of the Columbia, those north of the Columbia were by this act deprived of the protection of their friends of the south; their claims to land were not secured to them and they were given over to the tender mercies of the enemy. Very soon they were in collision. Some of the Americans got within the bounds which the Hudson's Bay company had set apart for themselves, and war commenced.

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Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from the Statesman of Earlier Days

August 21, 1906

The revolution in western Cuba has practically reached its maximum. The promptness of the government in arresting the susciters, leaders and plotters in Havana and elsewhere had excellent effects in strengthening the public confidence and overawing the sympathizers with the movement on the other hand.

The right to appropriate water from manufacturing purposes in the Willamette valley was held to take precedence over the right to drain swamp land and reduce it to agricultural possibility. In an opinion rendered by Justice F. A. Moore of the supreme court yesterday.

The opening of the circus season is announced for today. The combined shows will give two exhibitions this afternoon and evening.

August 21, 1921

All operators of the United States shipping board in the Pacific northwest yesterday were ordered to discontinue booking lumber cargoes to the orient, local shipping men interpreted the order as likely to throw the lumber trade to the orient to foreign ships.

Prize fight motion pictures may be more inspiring and desirable than some of the sex appeal pictures, Mrs. Cullen J. Vaninger, Upland, Ind., a national director of the Women's Christian Temperance union.

J. S. Landers, who is now serving at the head of the training department of the Las Vegas, N. Mex., state normal school, has been elected president of Oregon Normal school at Monmouth to succeed J. H. Ackerman.

Daily Thought

"The only road, the sure road — to unquestioned credit and a sound financial condition is the exact and punctual fulfillment of every pecuniary obligation, public and private, according to its letter and spirit."—Rutherford B. Hayes.

"Such was the state of things when our emigration of '43 arrived, almost doubling the population—and as there were many of us who would sell the bubble reputation even in the cannon's breach the legislature contained many aspiring spirits. Of course the crazy fabric under

which they met did not suit gentlemen of such high political pretensions. Without examining the tattered bits of paper which they had sworn to support or consulting the people went to work upon a constitution to suit themselves. They made a governor, judges, clerk, treasurers, etc., levied a tax the nonpayment of which worked corruption of blood and disfranchisement equal to an interdict of the Pope. The unfortunate delinquent could not hold any office, be heard in any court, or vote at any election. Any poor negro so unfortunate as to be compelled to come here by his master was to be whipped every six months, still doubling the punishment in geometrical progression until he ran away or died under his infliction."

"After the refusal of the Hudson's Bay company to become a party to this new government the legislature by an act limited the Oregon government to the south of the Columbia river in order. I suppose, to avoid a war with the great monopoly which they feared was too strong for them. But the wisdom of the measure was soon tested. The Americans claim the right to settle north as well as south of the Columbia. Those north of the Columbia were by this act deprived of the protection of their friends of the south; their claims to land were not secured to them and they were given over to the tender mercies of the enemy. Very soon they were in collision. Some of the Americans got within the bounds which the Hudson's Bay company had set apart for themselves, and war commenced.

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Group Lands Fair Trout Catch From Deschutes River

BRUSH CREEK, Aug. 20—L. H. Myer and A. Jensen of Brush Creek, E. Overlund of Bethany and L. Larson of Silverton, made up a party which left Sunday morning for a fishing trip to the Deschutes river. They returned Tuesday night with a fair catch of trout.

The pleasure of the trip was marred by the loss of the way over, by the loss, on the way over, of a fishing basket which contained reel, lines, hooks and several other articles.

NEW LUNCH ROOM SILVERTON, Aug. 20—Plans are being made for the opening of a quick-lunch and confectionery in the quarters recently left vacant by the P. C. Berry Electrical company in the postoffice building. The new business will be opened September 1 by L. D. Nichol of this city. Nichol was formerly in the confectionery business in California.

'The Mystery of Geraldine' By Anthony ABBOT

"Now, Warren," he said, "before I went inside the house that other day, you told me a wild story about a ghost without any clothes in the murder house."

"Yes, sir."

"What made you say that?"

"I saw it."

"You saw the naked ghost?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Inside the house."

"Where were you?"

"I was inside the house, too."

"When was that?"

"Christmas Eve."

"What were you doing up there?"

The boy turned first red and then white and hung his head.

"You don't remember," said Mrs. Planzen, who was distrustful of police honor.

"It's all right, the commissioner told him. I am not going to harass you."

"I broke in the house," confessed the boy. "But I didn't mean to steal anything. I was just playing robber's cave."

"Anybody with you?"

"No, sir."

"Did you break the window?"

"No, sir. That was broken a long time ago."

"Did anybody find you in there?"

"No sir—no right off. It was awful quiet. I was pretty cold. I stayed in the kitchen for awhile trying to get up the nerve to light the gas stove. Then I heard a noise and I got awful scared, and I was ashamed of that, and finally just to prove to myself that I wasn't scared at all, I sneaked up the back stairs. It was getting dark and I could hardly see my way, and I walked on my toes. When I got upstairs I was still more scared—I don't know why, but I was sure there was somebody up there—I was afraid to go upstairs or down, either—so I flumped to the window in the hall and climbed out on the window sill. I let myself down by my hands when I saw it coming down the hall."



The woman had come to his shop and taken the locksmith up the hill to the house on Peddler's Road.

Chapter XXXIX

"Saw what?"

"The ghost."

"What was it like?"

"I didn't have any clothes on and it was all covered with blood."

"Warren, was it a man or a woman?"

"It was a lady," answered the boy, beginning to whimper.

"Fine lady," said his mother, "even if she was murdered."

"What did you do then?"

"I ran home."

"Did you tell your mother?"

"Not a word," said Mrs. Planzen bitterly. And the ill-favored look she gave Warren boded ill for the presidential namesake's peace after our departure.

"Is that all you know about the case?" persisted Thatcher Colt.

"Did you see anything else up there?"

"No, sir. I went back the next day, but I didn't see anything. I was afraid to go in any more. But I liked to hang around—that is why you found me the day you came up there."

When he emerged from the house, Thatcher Colt was very thoughtful. At the corner, he stopped and chatted with the patrolman stationed there—a youthful policeman, almost inarticulate on finding himself face to face with the commissioner.

"Is there a man near here?" Thatcher Colt asked him.

"Yes—right there," the patrolman replied, pointing to a basement shop across the street. A light was still burning in its tiny window.

The Key was a thin, weasened old man with dark glasses.

"Ever see that before?" asked Thatcher Colt, throwing down the old-fashioned key with the blue ribbon.

"I made it."

"For whom?"

"A lady. I don't know her name."

The description given by the locksmith differed slightly from the one furnished by the barber, in coloring, size and general impression. But the method of obtaining the key, as the man narrated it, seemed greatly to interest the commissioner. The woman had come to his shop and taken the locksmith up the hill and to the house on Peddler's Road. The door was standing open. It was fitted with an old-fashioned lock, and the woman enough to be a forget. Probably she obtained a sample of Geraldine's writing as Geraldine's mysterious correspondent, wanting genealogical information. And she planted those torn papers on the second visit. Then she went down to Doctor Mackell's suite—and I wonder what happened there?"

I left Thatcher Colt at his home and went to my own bachelor quarters for some needed sleep. The next day Thatcher Colt occupied himself with affairs that were an enigma to me.

Early in the morning, he sent for Chesleek, his favorite among the chemists attached to the de-

partment, and had a long consultation with him. But I knew nothing of the business of that interview until midnight. I did notice, however, that when Chesleek left the commissioner's office he carried with him a sealed envelope, that in his hand was a small red object, trimmed with gold, and that he promised to see the perfumers.

But I had no time to speculate. There were stacks of neglected department work on my desk; the Foster case had taken much of my time, while I served as aide-de-camp to the commissioner. Yet now it was hard for me to concentrate. All my interest lay in the new developments in the murder mystery. Nor did it lessen my curiosity when Thatcher Colt paused by my desk later in the afternoon, and rested a hand confidentially on my shoulder.

Light At Last

"I am beginning to see, daylight at last," Tony, he divined. "There is only one thing left to bother me."

He patted his hands together and walked out of the room, his sombre brown eyes fixed in a stare like that of a medium in a trance. Sometimes, when Thatcher Colt was thus moody and silent, it seemed to me that he drew upon some intangible power of inspiration or illumination to light up the dark corners of verging crime. But he stoutly scouts the possibility of such phenomena. Logic and observing exact the logic explains all that Thatcher explain it all, he declares.

Nevertheless, I do not believe logic explains all that Thatcher Colt discovered as he grappled with that invisible antagonist who had, apparently, sought in the murder of Geraldine Foster to perpetrate the perfect crime—and had very nearly succeeded.

I was deep in my work when suddenly Thatcher Colt returned and again touched me on the shoulder.

"Tony," he said, "stop your work."

I looked up and he smiled whimsically.

"I have the honor to report," he said, "that I have finally solved the Geraldine Foster murder case."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Blue eyes and blond hair! To whom was this leading us? "Can you remember the woman more accurately?"

"Well, she was about as tall as your friend there."

"I am about five feet nine inches tall."

"I didn't get a good look at her face," said the operator. She kept her coat muffled up about her face both times she was here.

"Oh, she was here twice?"

"Yes. The first time she came about two or three weeks before Christmas. The girls were not at home, but I showed her around."

"Did you leave her alone in the apartment?"

"You are not supposed to, but you did. Is that right?"

"Yes."

Thatcher Colt turned to me with an amused smile.

"You see," he said, "that was the time the lady had the opportunity to steal the pen and some of the paper."

"Nothing was ever reported missing," protested the boy, but Thatcher Colt waved that aside.

"When did she come again?"

"About two o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas eve. She said she thought she would take the apartment, but she wanted another chance to look at it."

"The apartment being vacant was a stroke of luck for the lady we are after," muttered the commissioner. "This time she brought back the torn piece of the note she had forged. You see, Tony, we have to reckon with the fact that this woman was clever enough to be a forget. Probably she obtained a sample of Geraldine's writing as Geraldine's mysterious correspondent, wanting genealogical information. And she planted those torn papers on the second visit. Then she went down to Doctor Mackell's suite—and I wonder what happened there?"

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A thought to keep in mind

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The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon

New Views

"Who will be president of the United States after the next election?" Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question.

Dallas McCarrall, Kane's constituency store: "I believe Mr. Hoover will be. I think most thinking people are for Mr. Hoover."

Frank Meyers, The Spa: "I think Hoover is terrible. I voted for him in 1928 but I'll not vote for him again. I'm not the only one. A traveling man here the other day told me a lot about

In Hospital

SILVERTON, Aug. 20—Mrs. Pearl McCleary is a patient at the Silverton hospital, undergoing medical treatment. It is not known as yet whether an operation will be necessary. She entered the hospital Sunday.

Outing at Coast

BRUSH CREEK, Aug. 20—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Krug and son Lyle, and Milo Grace went to Newport last Friday for a few days of fishing. They returned the first part of the weekend reported having had a successful trip.