

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Storm Signal Against Bond Issues

The prices of government bonds have been slipping,—not just the bonds of obscure provinces in some South American state, but the bonds of the United States of America, strongest country in the world, and now the storehouse of nearly half the world's gold. The sales do not mean that the security back of the bond is impaired or that people are "afraid" they will not be redeemed. Instead they show that the government bond market is pretty well saturated at least with the low interest bonds.

This may serve as an answer to those who look complacently on the government's financial dilemma and think it easy to balance the budget by emissions of government bonds. That is the road which many nations have followed, landing them in the quagmire of national insolvency.

The only sound ways of balancing our budget are to spend less and tax more. Both cures will doubtless be needed. Pres. Hoover is pressing hard for economies in the ordinary expenditures of the government, and with real success. There is danger that under the guise of "employment relief" many interests and communities will rush to congress, hat-in-hand, seeking large government appropriations for public works of doubtful value. This would quickly more than sap up the minor savings in administrative costs.

We can increase the taxes, soaking the men with big incomes, the "higher brackets" as they are commonly called. In 1929 there were 26 who had incomes of over \$5,000,000. They surely can afford to pay heavy taxes. However if all the 26 gave all their incomes to the government that wouldn't balance the budget. Tax increases will have to reach farther down the line than just the top crust,—and 1931 isn't 1929 even for the business coons.

Small Colleges Gain

EARLY reports indicate that the enrollments at the university and state college are either about the same as last year or somewhat under the figures previously attained. It is always difficult to make exact comparisons until the students are all registered. The smaller colleges of the state, so far as reported, show increased registrations. This is true of Willamette, which has the largest registration in its history, of Albany college, of Pacific university. The shift is not surprising. The state schools were the subject of much adverse publicity last spring and summer. Their budgets were trimmed, their courses were long uncertain. Moreover they didn't advertise, issued their catalogs very late. Apparently no effort was made to get students other than football players.

Well, it will not hurt to fill up some of the small colleges of the state. Their work is of a higher quality than the larger schools, the cost of living at the small college is usually less, and they provide an atmosphere of culture in the cities where they are located which serves to diffuse greatly the benefits of these institutions of higher education.

The small college has had a hard struggle since the states began pouring money into universities. But they have come through well. Their prospects now seem brighter than before, because they have demonstrated their value and have thriven in face of the competition from state schools.

Returning Legionnaires report that the convention at Detroit was notably free from hoodlumism and rowdiness. This is a good report. We hope other observers endorse this comment. In previous conventions, particularly Kansas City and Boston, the city during the convention week was given over to riotous revelry. The reports made a serious reflection on the organization, and made the conventions appear nothing but a debauch. It is only to be expected that as the men who fought in 1917-18 grow older with families of their own, that the hot fires of youth cool a bit, that the men grow more serene, and realize more and more their responsibilities as individuals and as an organization, not only to the laws of the land but to the sense of propriety which after all is the best control of conduct. The state will plan all year to support Portland as hosts of the legion convention of next year, and will do so with greater enthusiasm in view of the reports from the Detroit convention of this year.

The city of Portland got no bidders on \$200,000 of bonds offered with a 4% interest coupon. Buyers were not interested. This point of local significance is that the Bear and Cunningham report setting up a financing plan for "mountain" water was computed on a basis of issuing \$1,500,000 city bonds at 4% per cent. Experienced bond men expressed the opinion that there would have been no takers of such an issue. When the proposed amendment was offered in the city council the rate was moved up to five percent. But one-half per cent on two and a half millions amounts to \$12,500, no inconsiderable sum in a business no larger than the local water plant. The more the "mountain" water plan is studied the more fantastic it becomes, whether from the standpoint of financing or of getting "pure mountain water."

Congressman Albert Johnson goes back to Washington with a farewell address favoring "an absolute embargo on all foreign lumber, oil and other commodities." We know of no quicker method of making the business paralysis permanent. The trouble with our mark hanna republicans of today is that they do not comprehend the meaning of our change from a debtor to a creditor nation.

Yesterdays

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

October 2, 1906
Engineers of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company are getting out plans and specifications on contracts for the electrical construction and equipment of a new trolley line between Salem and Chemawa, along the east side of the right of way of the Southern Pacific railway.

Local wholesale markets:
Wheat \$7; local wheat 65c; Flour \$1 per sack; clover hay \$6.00 per ton; eggs 26c; hens 11c; wool 20c; potatoes, new, 65c per cwt.; hops 15c; new steers; Italian prunes 3 1/2 to 4c; heavy steers 3c; hogs 6 to 6 1/2c.

The total number of casualties to persons on the railways for the year ending June 30, 1930, was 26,711, of which 2793 represented the number of persons killed, and 23,918 the number injured.

Daily Thought

"It is the cause and not the death which makes the martyr."
—Napoleon.

A redwood tree in the Dyerville district of northern California, recently measured, is 364 feet tall and was declared to be the world's tallest known tree.

Acid Foods

By VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M. D. Marion County Dept. of Health
When speaking of acid foods, most people have in mind foods which have an acid, or some sharp taste. Such foods as brussels sprouts, lemons, apples, and most fruits would then come under the classification of acid foods.

It is true that in many of the fruits there are small amounts of free acid which give them their sharp taste. In the process of oxidation in the body, however, the free acid is either destroyed or is neutralized completely by the alkaline ash which remains, and this the fruit is spoken of by nutritionists as an alkaline ash food. Certain fruits help replenish the alkaline reserve of the body, while acid-ash foods use it up. The body tissues are normally slightly alkaline in reaction and we would therefore not eat too many foods which leave an acid ash.

Briefly the acid foods are eggs, meats, including fish and poultry; foods made of grains, such as wheat, corn, barley and rice; and all fats, such as cream, butter, and suet, especially when not properly combined with carbohydrates. Fats hydrates provide the fuel which the body burns. When there is not enough "fuel" the fats "smolder" and an acid condition results. Whole grains as a rule are more acid than refined flour, since most of the acid substances are contained in the outer layers.

Acid Foods Have Vitamins
While many experiments have shown that animals, including the human, subsist best on diets which are largely alkaline in ash residue, there are other substances found in acid-ash foods which are absolutely essential to normal growth and activity. Some of the important growth-proteins are found in meats and cereals, both of which are acid foods. Vitamins A and D are found commonly in butter, fat, eggs, glandular organs, and cod liver oil, all of which are acid foods. Vitamin B is found in the germs of seeds. Some of the acid foods supply minerals, such as phosphorus and iron.

There is in the United States, according to McCollum and others, an over-consumption of acid-ash foods, particularly cereals and meats. This appears to account for at least part of the increase in heart, kidney, and blood vessel diseases which has occurred since modern milling of cereals became such a fine art and advertising and rapid transportation began stimulating the over-consumption of cereals as well as meats.

Food fads are born of too great attention to the strong points of some particular line of advice. A national consideration of the subject of foods soon brings out the fact that there is no one adequate or complete food produced in nature for child and adult. Each food must supplement another.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question up and send it with this column to the Marion county department of health. Names should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "What do you think about reductions in teachers' wages?"

Hugh McGilvra, editor: "I'm not in favor of cutting them. They are low enough to begin with."

F. K. Power, physician: "I do not favor reductions in teachers' salaries in Salem. In Portland, if other things come down teachers' salaries will have to go down as other things go down."

Mrs. Agnes Reid, court-house: "I favor no reduction in Salem or Marion county where salaries are now low. Perhaps in Portland, salaries will have to go down as other things go down."

Winfield C. Hesse, liegman: "No, I absolutely do not favor reductions in teachers' salaries."

Mrs. W. Connel Drer, home maker: "I do not. For the amount of time they spend in getting their own education, and the money it costs, and taking into consideration the length of time they work I think they are not paid enough. It is the poorest paid profession as it is, and certainly their wages should not be made less. Salem teachers are even paid less than any other place in the state."

Mrs. Frank Spears, home maker: "No, I don't think so. They spend a lot of time and effort on our children and I think they earn all they are paid."

Prof. Revises His Statement Upon Whistling

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—(AP)—Greeted by a noisy class of whistling students and a barrage of protesting letters, Professor Chase Gray Shaw of New York university decided to modify his statement that all whistlers are morons.
"There are two kinds of whistlers," his latest pronouncement said, "those who whistle from the lips and those who whistle from the throat. The ones who merely use the lips in whistling are the morons. The others are musicians."
"It is the aimless whistling of the 'lip whistlers' to which I object. I still insist that they're morons."

HERE'S HOW WATCH YOUR WEIGHT!



TOMORROW: Where Jail is a Pleasure

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Our fig Burbank:
B. R. Amend, of the Willamette Fig Gardens, Inc., is back again this year at the state fair, in his usual place, the northeast corner of the big pavilion.

Mr. Amend is the Burbank of the fig industry of Oregon and the other states of the Pacific northwest. And he is himself largely a Marion county exhibit; matter of pride to residents of this county.

Isaac Amend, his father, had a farm four miles southeast of Salem. Though B. R. was born at Gallon, 15 miles north of Cincinnati, Ohio, he spent his boyhood days on his father's Marion county farm. Mrs. Amend was Hattie Kirkpatrick of Aumsville.

When B. R. was 17 he went with his brother and they engaged in running saw mills; two years at West Stayton and three years above Stayton.

Then B. R. Amend went to Centralia, Wash., and worked in shingle mills there. While thus engaged he lost an arm. Notwithstanding this handicap, in 1903 he entered the employ of the Kilham Printing and Stationery company at Portland, and remained with that firm until 1923, in charge of their credit department.

But he was during the latter part of this period constantly experimenting with things in the horticultural field—and so he drifted into his specialty, fig growing. This was a field that required infinite patience. When Mr. Amend began in this line, no fig trees were grown in this section that were sure bearers. In the first place, figs in their native countries will not bear without the presence of fig wasps to sting their blossoms. The fig wasp cannot live here; it must have a warmer climate.

So varieties had to be developed by experimentation that would bear without the fig wasp sting. A rather large order. Then, too, varieties must be produced that would be more or less cold resistant. Another large order.

But Mr. Amend found the quest interesting. He soon saw that fig was making progress. He was filled with the enthusiasm that thrilled Luther Burbank, the plant wizard. Mr. Amend has come to see his fig dreams come true. Through he is by no means through, after thousands of experiments.

The mother garden occupies a quarter of a block in the city of Portland, at 355 Willamette boulevard. Trial gardens have been conducted from Seattle, Wash., to Medford, Oregon. One of the singularly successful plants was at Silverton. This one has been sold.

The operations are now under the company name and direction, the Willamette Fig Gardens, Inc., organized in 1926, with \$25,000 capital. Mr. Amend is president, J. S. Brooks of the Kilham printing concern is secretary and treasurer, and Barney Mays, secretary for Bushong & Co., printers, Portland, is vice president.

They have their nursery and orchard in one of the Portland suburbs, covering six acres, and two acres near Newberg; the latter planting being most favorably located. The fig will adjust itself to more locations than water fruits, having acid content. But the fig needs a south exposure, to get the sun. And it needs a well drained soil, and a place not in frost belts. It needs especially to be in a place free from cold northwest winds. It should have good air drainage, but not freezing winds.

Mr. Amend's company has all the business it can handle, both present nursery stock and orchard trees; more, in fact, in some lines. The candied figs are put up by regular candy factories, and they would take more than the present supply. The same with some of the preserved and other specialty products.

It is estimated that about 10-million women in the United States are employed in gainful occupations.

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

CHAPTER XXXIII
Bill Grayson glanced round from the seat in front as the country road merged into the straggling village street.
"We shall want a spot of petrol before we go much further. Know of any filling station hereabouts, Jim?"
"Yes; just around the corner beyond the Cross Keys."

The night was very still and as Milly drove by, from an upper window of the inn a sound floated down to them in passing—a sound that in a flash carried Jim Wynter's mind starkly back to Monkilver, where in the blind night of that empty house he had come upon mystery, terror and death.

Just some one, invisible behind the curtains of that half-open window, whistling the air of a song from a fever running at one of the theatres—but enough to bring a startled gleam of remembrance to Jim's eyes.

The same air that he had heard an unseen man whistle that night at Monkilver—that man whose face would still be that of the veriest stranger, though he had heard and would know the voice again, with whom he had fought in the darkness of that perilous house.

The car shot past and round the corner, to draw up for petrol outside the lighted row of pumps of a garage there. On a sudden impulse Jim got out whilst the car's tank was being replenished, and with a word to the others strode back to where the lights of the Cross Keys gleamed out in the dark.

He wanted to see the face of the man who had whistled that air.

Not that Jim Wynter had really could muster strength enough to move, I had mustered strength enough to hook my spurs. He trotted over the gravel to a spot where he could crawl up the bank and out. A few days later I sold him to a man who wanted a "good, safe pony for a little girl to ride to school." But here is a trick the doctor failed to name. That horse traded ends. Instead of looking up that steep hill and wondering how far he was going, I suddenly began looking down at the spot where the ride started. Now I saw daylight, for it is quite another matter to ride a bucking horse down hill. I saw that spot of ground through a cloud, yet it was a clear day, I saw a blacksmith's anvil, it turned into a block of pavement. "I thosed" to light on it, but found it to be the hardest thing I ever met. When I looked up I saw a black horse with a scull on, but no rider, he was coming towards me, out of the clouds—I saw the frogs on his front feet—I felt the air on both ears as his feet hits the ground. Someone brought me a drink. I asked how high that horse threw me. "About a mile." Now if anyone doubts the mile let them go up, as I did, and measure the distance down, rather than stand on the ground and try to estimate the possibility of a man living after a large horse jumps on him, just let him lie down on the ground and try it. Whether he believes or not afterwards, it is immaterial. He won't doubt my word, anyway.

Now why wasn't I out there at the arena while the rodeo was on? Well, I can explain that to my own satisfaction anyway, if not to others. I was about 30 years old the last time I "forked a bronc." That was about 30 years ago—and if I live to have my way about it, it will be about 30 years more before I "fork" another. After that I'll let the boys do their own ridin'.

Now solely in the interest of truth let me further explain, that an outlaw is usually a fine horse that some boy has been riding to school; the boy teaches the horse to jump by throwing the spurs into him; the horse learns to jump higher and further, 'till he loses his rider; next the boy comes some afoot leading his pony. A few days later some cowboy-hand tries to ride the gentle pony and gets a nice spill; others try it with the same result, until the horse builds up a reputation for throwing all that dare to try him. His education is complete after he kills a couple or three men, and he becomes known as an outlaw.

One term the doctor may be pardoned for failure to mention—tapaderos. They were much in vogue in an earlier day, long leather covers over the stirrups, sometimes reaching nearly to the ground. They were worn to protect the rider's feet from mud, slush, and also to keep the horse from biting the rider's toes.

Doctor Lytle's dictionary is the most complete authority I have ever met, and it won't be hurt by a few additions and corrections.

HERB E. SHARP
P. S. The word "tapadero" is complete without a krolle. This institution was round, or square, or rectangular, but it had a snubbing post in the center. Lots of people would call it a corral—but never in the cattle country.



The man himself was invisible from the road below, but his shadow brought a swift whispered name to Jim's lips: "Martell!"

any expectation that that man behind the upper window could be that unknown antagonist of Monkilver... no doubt so popular an air was being whistled all over England. And yet—

And yet those events at Monkilver, Severa's capture and Creyke's death, were so closely associated with a house less than a mile from the Cross Keys. As he stood looking up at that window, the whistling broke off abruptly. Faintly he heard the hum of voices in the room, in the deserted village street. Jim picked up a pebble and threw it up at the window. It struck the glass with a sharp tinkle.

Within the room the hum of voices stopped dead. Then one of the curtains was pulled back and the dark swarthy face of a man perhaps 35, peering out suspiciously. Jim had drawn back the shadow outside the radius of light from the window. And his face had suddenly gone very startled.

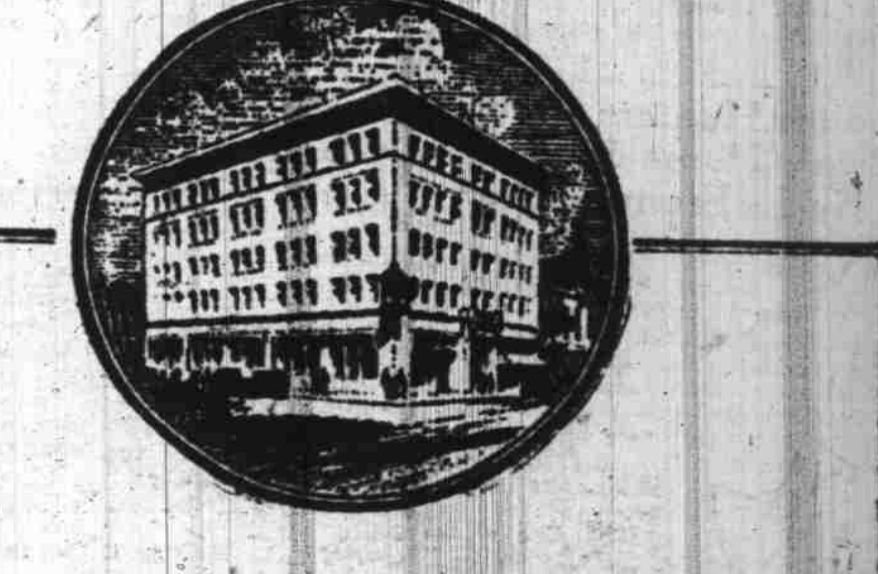
On the sloping ceiling the table lamp flung the shadow of a second person in that upper room. The man himself was invisible from the road below, hidden by the half-drawn curtain—but his shadow, monstrous and distorted on that white background, brought a swift whispered name to Jim's lips: "Martell!"

Daylight
Almost as surely as though he had seen, not merely the fantastically distorted shadow, but the man himself, Jim Wynter, with his startled eyes held by that all-hooped profile on the sloping ceiling, knew that it was Dr. Martell's.

And if Martell, then of course that figure he had caught sight of for a second at Beggar's Court had been Martell, too—and the only question that remained was why Martell had lied with such glib smoothness to hide the fact.

Wynter nodded to himself. He was beginning to see daylight. For a moment or two the man at the window stared down into the darkness with puzzled, half suspicious eyes. Then, evidently without discerning that watching figure in the gloom below, he pulled the curtains together across the window again, blotting

(To be Continued Tomorrow)



Visit Oregon's State Fair

No matter how often in previous years you have attended the State Fair it will be to your benefit to visit it again this year.

The 70th Oregon State Fair opened here in Salem September 28 and will close October 8.

See this year's State Fair. We here at the United States National believe it is an event of unusual interest—entertaining, instructive, and of immense value in the development of the agricultural activities of this commonwealth.

United States National Bank
Salem, Oregon