

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Suicides and Failures

ONE of the saddest things to note in times of business reversal is the number of suicides. In Portland the county coroner reported twelve suicides in September, out of 50 deaths which came under his jurisdiction. The reasons for the suicides were not listed, but it is safe to say that business conditions were primarily responsible. Men who thought they were in comfortable financial situation suddenly find themselves almost destitute. The world which fawned at their success, grows cold at their failure. There are no jobs. Others whom they may have helped attain positions of power now withhold a helping hand. They get plenty of sympathy perhaps, but no tangible assistance, not even a chance to begin again from a humble footing.

So it is that the spirit is broken; and a man is a weak fighter who fights with a broken spirit. We can remember men who were wiped out in the panic of 1893. Some of them had retrieved their fortunes and regained success; others fought on bravely but never recovered their former position. So it will be with 1930-1931. Some have "gone broke" and of them many will never forge fresh success for themselves. Their age may be against them, or lack of credit, or they may have lost confidence in themselves which is quite indispensable.

On the other hand the foundations of many fortunes are now being laid. Men with ready money are sorting out the bargains. They will profit by the panic of others who throw overboard their possessions in a frantic scramble for perfect security.

We set too much store by property in this country. The man who fails in business feels keenly a "disgrace". The feeling is wrong; and there certainly is no disgrace to be engulfed in a financial current which has swept under some of the most powerful individuals and institutions in the country. The world has other riches than commercial success. The man for example, who raises a fine family deserves higher praise than he who gouges his way to a millionaire rating.

## Neuner Has the Itch

GEORGE NEUNER, U. S. district attorney of Portland, has been down in southern Oregon, smelling around, as his custom is, concerning his chances for annexing some new office. It is remembered that Neuner blew hot and cold for many months over the governorship of the state; finally concluding that one pay warrant from Uncle Sam was worth more than two from the state which he had no chance of getting. This time George is going without his hat to see if the senatorial bee can't sting him. The Ashland Tidings, reporting his visit in that fair city, makes notes that Mr. Neuner "is being prominently mentioned for the republican nomination for the U. S. senate."

George is, oh so coy, when this "prominent mentioning" is brought up. He blushes and makes "no definite announcement"; but lest the public drift away he hastens to add that he is "considering seriously" seeking the nomination, adding the usual language of the self-starter politicians; "in view of the insistence of my many friends throughout the state."

We quote the rest of the Tidings news story: "Questioned as to what platform he would seek the nomination on, should he decide to be a candidate, Mr. Neuner said that his policies were well known throughout Oregon. He is a dirt farmer and is not in complete accord with the administration farm policies, but believes that more efficient methods of relieving the agricultural depression may be evolved.

Mr. Neuner's prominence in dry circles in the state leave no doubt as to his stand on prohibition. "However," Mr. Neuner says, "I believe in representative government and should Oregon as a state vote for the modification of the repeal of prohibition I could but act accordingly. However, I hope that no such action will undo the work of the last 10 years."

Now we know just what platform George will run on, if, when and as he runs: "dirt farmer", facing both ways in farm relief, and "what have you" on prohibition. And this is the material with which our dear, beloved country must be saved!

The state college reports a surplus of about \$200,000 at the close of the fiscal year; whereupon a member of the state board of higher education brands the bookkeeping system at the college as "archaic". It seems the modern bookkeeping system in use in nearly all governments including foreign countries, the U. S. A., and the state of Oregon, is one which shows a deficit.

Millinery styles must be about to change. Eugene hats have reached the five-and-tens at 95c.

With November, 1932 a bit over a year off the republicans continue to figure on a miracle or civil war among the democrats.

## Yesterdays

October 8, 1906  
Registration of 97 voters at the city recorder's office shows 52 republicans, 13 democrats and two independents.

Educators from over the state, meeting here yesterday, advocated larger salaries for county school superintendents, union of county districts for institutes and organization of one board of control for all the normal schools.

The city's calm was broken at midnight last night by the noise of breaking glass, overturning chairs and other unusual sounds at No. 167 in High street's Chinatown. A general rough-house was being indulged in by the Celestials.

October 8, 1921  
The 1922 convention of the Oregon State Federation of Labor will be held in Salem as the result of action taken by the state federation at Portland yesterday.

For the purpose of law enforcement, especially relative to violations of the prohibition code, an additional deputy is to be appointed by Sheriff Oscar Bower.

### TEACHERS ATTEND ANNUAL INSTITUTE

WEST STATTON, Oct. 7.—Mrs. Fred Denham, primary teacher at the Annville school, Miss Mildred Nickerson, and Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McClendon, teachers at the West Statton school spent Monday and Tuesday in Salem attending the teachers institute. J. Stewart, pastor of the Pleasant Grove church spent Monday visiting in this community. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Robins and family of Marion visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. Condit Sunday night. Ed. Denham of Vancouver, Wash., was a Sunday visitor here at the home of his brother, Fred.

## New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "What is your favorite season of the year? Why?"  
"Fall. The rains freshen the air, flowers are in bloom again and everything is so green."  
"Spring. Everything is just fresh and nice."  
"Mrs. A. K. Tarter, housewife."  
"Spring, Everything is just fresh and nice."  
"J. W. Baxter, Beacon bulb burner: "From September to the middle of November. Because there are so many beautiful flowers then. Especially the dahlias and gladioli."  
"W. C. Polka, carpenter and builder: "The springtime. Then everything is showing new life; we look forward from that period for the year."  
"Mrs. W. F. Fargo, D. A. R. regent: "When I go on a trip into the country in the fall time I am convinced that the fall is the best time of year. Such gorgeous coloring and everything so beautiful."  
"Mrs. P. Smith, home-maker: "The spring is the best time of year. I like to watch things begin to grow."

## Daily Thought

"Snobbery is the pride of those who are not sure of their position."—Berton Braley.

## HERE'S HOW



Colo. Gen. Command in Remounted Tank, Says This Engineer's Car 10 Miles for 1 Cent.

All J.P. Morgan's men work at the bank here in South Street, Room 1000. Please Close to Each Other.

Tomorrow: "The war Will Never end for Them"

## "The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

CHAPTER XXXVIII  
Jim Wynter had listened to these "explanations" with a flicker of ironical humor in his smile. It was a glib story, plausible-sounding enough to be believed by an outsider. But Wynter remembered the cold deliberation of the man who had overheard from Martin when these men had believed their quarry had escaped them: "What does this interfering fool, Wynter, suspect, to bring him nosing about here? We've got to stop him, before he can find out anything to make him dangerous."  
Damnably conclusive enough that!  
These men must have seen him in the crowd, recognized him perhaps at the moment when, as he remembered now, he had paused near the ruins to light a cigarette—and hurried back to the house for that weapon, planning deliberate murder!  
"Well, let us hope you'll be able to persuade the police!" Jim Wynter said lightly. "But if you really wanted to scare off trespassers, why use a silencer? Doesn't that fact rather weaken an otherwise quite good story when the report of a shot would have been so much more effective for that purpose? By the way, Frome, I wonder if you have a police permit to carry a firearm?"  
"You may have only fired to scare off some supposed trespasser, but nearly shot a friend of mine!" cried Sant. "And if you land in prison over this, you'll get no sympathy from me. Clear out of this, Frome, and don't show your face here again. As for you, Martin, mind you've cleared out from Beggar's Court by ten tomorrow!"  
Dejection  
Martin seemed on the point of further protest, but Sant turned on his heel. A very dejected Martin, shivering in his wet clothes, made his way back to the house, while Frome flung himself off across the grounds.  
"My dear chap, I can't say how this has disturbed me," cried Sant to Jim, as they walked to the house. "It must have been an unnerving experience to you."  
"Me? I was scared stiff!" laughed Jim.  
"But I thought you'd driven back to London. I was amazed to find you here."  
"Oh, we had to come back to the village unexpectedly after Bill Grayson had interviewed the house agent about Manorways," Jim said vaguely, "and we breezed along to Beggar's Court on the chance you hadn't gone yet. Bill was detained, and I came on first, and strolled across the grounds till he turned up."  
Perhaps not a very convincing story—but he could hardly tell Sant the exact reasons that had brought them back unexpectedly to Beggar's Court—or the use for which that flash powder had been designed.  
That plan that had brought them secretly back was out of the question now, of course. But it had been far from a wasted journey, Jim felt. He had learned a good deal tonight.  
So those hidden enemies had begun to be afraid of him, afraid he was finding out too much. Accordingly they had planned that he should disappear, as Creyke had disappeared, as Severn had disappeared.  
Jim Wynter gave a sudden shiver at the thought of how nearly their plan had succeeded.  
"Well, you'll come in and have a drink?" said Sant hospitably.  
"That makes Bill's face grow wistful! And I confess it sounds good to me after a somewhat hectic half-hour," Jim responded.  
Sant led the way into the library, where a cheerful fire blazed on the hearth. Jim dropped into a deep chair and took a cigarette from Bill's case.  
Apology  
"You know I'm horribly distressed about this unfortunate affair, my dear fellow," Sant said again. "You certainly ought to make it a police affair; a salutary lesson to those two blundering fools. At the same time—it's no excuse, of course—I know that Martin has been worried lately by figures he's seen more than once in the grounds at night. Just trespassers after the rabbits, I expect—but it's got on his nerves in this lonely place, especially after what's happened here."

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS  
Why was a pioneer?  
(Continuing from yesterday.)  
The Belshaws took their cattle across the Columbia river to the north side, perhaps at a point near the Cascades, and drove them over the trail on that side to a point near where Washouli now is, and had them ferried back to the south side, near the mouth of the Sandy. This was an entry in the diary for September 27.  
"I drove the stock down to the ferry boat, about two miles, and got them all safe across. Had to pay 25 cents per head. I got to the wagon, where my family was, about noon. We then drove out a little ways to good grass on the Columbia bottom and camped. This is on the Willamette valley, Oregon. This ends our travels across the plains and mountains from Indians to Oregon in the Willamette valley in the year 1852, leaving the Missouri river May 15, and arriving in Oregon in the Willamette valley September 24 and 27, 1852."  
Following is copy of a letter from the Belshaws, addressed to a former neighbor in Lake county, Indiana:  
"Eugene City, August 20, 1855. Dear Sir: I emigrated to the Pacific coast for better health and the pleasantness of its climate. Both these we have enjoyed. We have had no sickness worth mentioning, and of course no doctor's bills to pay. We have had an increase in our family of two, a boy and a girl, which makes the number five, three boys and two girls. But this pleasant climate, is not all that I have gained by coming. We have also gained in wealth and property, although I have not worked half as hard as I did in the states. I have bought piece of land after piece, until I have now in one solid body 880 acres of as good land as any in the country, four miles from the county seat. We have also 100 head of cattle, besides a number of good horses. I sold two colts last spring for \$400 each. I have a sucking colt from the large sorrel mare that I brought across, that is worth \$200. That mare that I got of you came across the plains first rate. She was the best to swim the rivers of any I had. She would stretch her long neck and bulge into the stream the first one, and the rest would follow. When crossing the Cascade mountains she leapt down to a bench of rock about 10 feet. I have drawn several thousand rails with her and my big mare, across the Willamette river. They made a very good team; worked on the tongue across the plains together. I sold her to Charles (his brother) for \$200. I have been offered \$500 for her."  
The handwriting was quite unfamiliar to Jim Wynter. "Script" handwriting—rather like a woman's it struck him.  
"What's biting you, Jim?" Bill Grayson was looking across at him questionably.  
Jim glanced quickly towards the door to make sure that Sant in going out had closed it behind him. He passed the envelope across to Bill.  
"I've just found this," he said in a guarded voice. "In the waste paper basket. And it's the first I've seen of it or know of it."  
Search  
Jim Wynter was on his feet, rapidly searching the waste paper basket, all the while with a watchful eye on the door, for the letter the envelope had contained. That letter addressed to him which someone must have opened within the last few hours—had opened and intended to suppress. Some one? Sant, of course. Who else but Sant?  
No sign of the letter in the waste paper basket. Hurdled Jim strode over to the big writing table in one corner of the library. Various papers were lying on its leather-covered top, as though Sant had been busy there recently. Sant, as he knew, was in the habit of using this table on his frequent visits to Beggar's Court. With rapid fingers Jim hunted through every paper there. He thought to find that letter, if in this room—and find it before Sant came back.  
The letter was not on the table. Bill Grayson had crossed over to the door, to listen for the first warning of returning footsteps across the hall.  
The drawer of the writing table was not locked; in impatient haste Jim dragged it open. Full of business documents. To search through another man's private

may be something like they were in San Francisco in 1850. They have already found some gold not more than 20 miles from here, and of the gold mines north of us you have heard by the time. But I must close, as the paper is full. With our best respects to you and your wife. G. B. and C. Belshaw."

Eugene was a candidate for the capital in the elections of 1856, 1862 and 1864. The newspapers in Oregon at the time were: Portland, Oregonian, Oregon Weekly Times, Pacific Christian Advocate, Democratic Standard, Oregon Farmer, Oregon City, Oregon Argus, Salem, Oregon Statesman; Corvallis, Occidental Messenger; Eugene, People's Press; Jacksonville, Herald and Oregon Sentinel. There is no record of a paper at the time at Postburg or Albany. The Eugene townsite was platted in 1852; established as county seat the next year.  
"Why was a pioneer?" The Belshaws came to this Pacific country, as they said, "for better health and the pleasantness of its climate." The great thing dared the dangers, endured the toils and suffered the hardships of the long journey for many seasons. But above all, they followed: the age old urge towards the setting sun that began in the ancient Orient—the tireless trek westward, and they were headed to the ultimate west. This still goes on—westward the star of empire yet takes its way—and it will continue until the lands on this side of the world's greatest ocean are more densely peopled than the teeming territories on its other side.

### ANKENY GRANGERS HOLD NOMINATION

SIDNEY-TALBOT, Oct. 7.—Members of Ankeny grange No. 540 met Saturday night for the regular grange meeting. About 40 members were present. The forthcoming state officers were nominated: Master Ray Bill of Portland; lecturer, Mrs. Marie Fline McCall of Salem; secretary, Miss Bertha J. Beck of Albany. At the next regular meeting a Halloween program will be given under the direction of the following committee: C. F. Johnston, Mr. Turner and Jake Gilmore. During the lecturer's hour the following program was enjoyed by all: vocal solos, Roswell Wright; reading, C. F. Johnston; piano solo, Roswell Wright; vocal duet, Mina and Margaret Turner; an interesting report on the Farmers union was given by Mrs. Rose Gilmore. Kitchen committee appointed for next meeting was Mr. and Mrs. William Wilderke and Mr. and Mrs. Jake Gilmore.

### Keizer Community Club Meets Friday

KEIZER, Oct. 7.—The first fall meeting of the Keizer community club will be held Friday night at 8 o'clock at the schoolhouse. A program for the winter's work will be outlined at this time. Ray Betzer is president and Myrtle McClay is secretary.

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### Convenient Sailing Dates:

Dec. 5—S. S. Montclare to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool.  
Dec. 11—S. S. Duchess of Bedford to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool.  
Dec. 12—S. S. Montrose to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp.  
Dec. 16—S. S. Duchess of Richmond to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool.

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