

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Jimmy Walker and Tom Mooney

MAYOR JIMMY WALKER'S trip to California to intercede for Tom Mooney looks much like a publicity stunt for the New York mayor. Jimmy seems to be most anxious for excuses to keep out of the city he is supposed to govern. Part of the time he is at a desert resort in Southern California, part of the time he is in Europe for the baths. Now after reaching home he waits but a few weeks before grabbing his bags and starting out to California to tell Gov. Rolph what he ought to do.

What the California governor will do is up to that gentleman himself. But we would like to make his speech for him. We would suggest that the debonair Jimmy wash the shirts in New York city's politics before coming west to purge California. We'd ask him to explain how prominent officials are able to meagre salaries to bank hundreds of thousands of dollars. He might tell what Tammany hall is doing to aid (?) the efforts of Lawyer Seabury in investigating the corruption which is showing up in official circles in New York City.

What is Jimmy so nervous about himself? Why does he jump like a flea from Hollywood to Carlsbad? Why not stick to the job in Gotham and turn a hand at giving that city an honest administration?

Tom Mooney may deserve release from San Quentin. For our part if he is guilty he has suffered longer confinement than the average man who commits a murder; and since there is a widespread doubt of his guilt we think it would be all right to give him release through pardon. But we do not think that Jimmy Walker knew much of anything about the facts in the case, that his trip is chiefly a publicity stunt, and that he will simply rehearse arguments which have long before been related, without unfolding any "new angle."

International Visitation

PREMIER LAVAL is back home and counts his trip to America a success, evidently thinking he has impressed the French viewpoint on people on this side of the water. His speech in the chamber of deputies shows rather a relentless attitude toward Germany. He reiterates the theme-song of French post-war politics when he declaims no cut in reparations without corresponding cut in war debts. Not much hope there, chiefly because of the stiff-necked attitude.

Now Premier Grandi goes back to Italy, and counts his trip a success. What basis he has for optimism is not known for Pres. Hoover has been reticent about his conversations with each of his international visitors. Perhaps the parting statements are but the gracious expressions of those who have enjoyed our hospitality. We do not think any of these foreign premiers have gotten away with any of the White House plate, or the country's pledges.

The European situation, politically speaking, seems back about where it was after this visitation and conferences over the tea-cups. Meantime some of the economists and bankers have been working, and time has been working. And there have been some indications that the critical conditions of mid-summer have been partly ameliorated, so that when Feb. 1st comes round the German position so far as its short-term obligations are concerned will be strengthened.

The United States is glad to have the notables of Europe come over for tea and wafers. We are sociable. And we want to cooperate in easing up the strain of things. But the U. S. A. can't be the goat and bear all the losses of all the nations in the late war.

Just about the time the headlines iron out the troubles in Manchuria and the dove of peace seems about to settle there, the Japanese soldiers make a new tiger spring and another rip is torn in the coat of peace pacts.

As the war clouds lower in Manchuria with prospect of many nations becoming involved perhaps Hoover can run in 1932 on the slogan "He kept us out of war." It worked once.

Al Capone is trying to find a beauty preparation to wipe out his scars. Complete the job by giving him a new heart and a new conscience.

Note how the auto accidents increase with shorter days, rain, and darkness. Watch your step on dark and rainy nights; and if driving, be cautious. Save your own life and the other fellow's.

Some men are going down in a tube to look over the Lusitania. One of the relics they might return with is a "major cause of our getting in the world war."

The greatest football battles are never fought on a gridiron but at the coffee-klatch which is held the morning after.

This has been a great football year: the "weaker" teams have consistently won the big games.

Bobby Grayson, Jefferson high gridiron grayhound, will have an embarrassing eight months deciding what scholarships to accept.

Finland, the one desert in the European alcoholic oasis, will hold a referendum on prohibition Dec. 30th.

The Navy League fires lots of blanks; the coast should not be alarmed at its sound and fury.

OAK RIDGE PROGRAM INCLUDES 3 PLAYS

LABISH CENTER, Nov. 27

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hanes, Miss Irma Duval, Wilford Hornscheck, and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Klampe and family motored to Oak Ridge to attend the Thanksgiving program Tuesday night. The program included three plays, "The Day Before," "Come Back, Mr. Turkey," and "I'm An Old Diary"; readings by Dorothy Parton, Della Kleen, Doris May Kleen, Kathryn Ayler, Hilda Schults, Stanley Parton, Earl Kleen, and Richard Johnson; instrumental and vocal numbers by

Richard Johnson, Wallace Doerflinger, Stanley Parton; a duet by Grace and Frances Klampe, two numbers by a trio composed of Hilda Schults, Kathryn Taylor and Della Kleen, as well as four songs by the school. Miss Duval of this place presented two dramatic readings, and Willard Hornscheck a piano solo.

Miss Grace Klampe of this place is teacher of the school. Ernest Garbarino and Edward McClaughey are spending the holidays at these homes here, as is Nathan Kurth. Mr. Garbarino and Mr. McClaughey are students at the university, while Mr. Kurth is from Oregon State college.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Scholl of Portland were recent visitors at the home of Mrs. Scholl's sister, Mrs. E. G. Hornscheck.

HEALTH

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

The number of deaths from heart disease in this country has increased 50 per cent within the past 20 years.

When we use the term "heart disease" we refer to that condition in which the power of the heart is definitely impaired.

The most common form of heart disease is that due to infection. The infection travels through the body by way of the blood stream.

The heart is divided into four chambers: two upper and two lower chambers. The upper chambers are spoken of as "auricles."

Between the left auricle and the left ventricle is a valve called the "mitral valve."

When the mitral valve is involved, there is an interference with its normal working. In consequence, the blood is permitted to leak through.

When such a condition exists, it produces a "murmur." This may be heard by the physician who listens through a stethoscope applied to the heart.

In the advanced form, as a result of the changed function due to the impaired valve, the heart enlarges.

There are other valves, of course, that do its work as well. In a more pronounced case, when there are impaired valvular action, enlarged heart and weak muscle, there is a sluggish action, with the result that the blood is not passed on through the body as it should.

In such individuals there is usually a shortness of breath, the face is pale and the lips do not have the normal reddish color but often appear bluish.

Another form of heart disease where there is no defect of the valves, is spoken of as "myocarditis." The myocardium is the muscle of the heart.

Supplying the heart are numerous blood vessels which may become diseased, like any other blood vessels in the body. A common form of disease is hardening of the vessels, causing the condition known as "arterio-sclerosis" of the heart.

Unfortunately, most people become alarmed when they are told they have heart disease. Yet the records show that many people with heart disease live to a good old age.

Quiet life, abundant rest, and all right diet, are important. Periodic examinations by the doctor should be the rule. Where advised, rest in bed should not be considered an ordeal, but a way to health and long life.

(Copyright, 1931)

New Views

"How do you like these beautiful November days?" This was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

E. B. Millard, bank teller: "I've been in Oregon just long enough that I want my winter weather damp. Corn-shucking weather is all right in the region I came from back in Iowa. Minnesota and Wisconsin but it doesn't go here."

Mrs. Mary L. Fulkerson, county school superintendent: "I really don't rather have rainy weather than this frost. But I'm not complaining."

Mrs. E. V. Johns, 2150 Center street: "I think they are lovely! I was raised in Maine, and this is real Maine weather."

Ronald M. Hubbs, Silverton: "It's great weather. But it gets rather nippy at nights."

Cyril Suing, newspaper man: "Sure, I like these November days just so long as it does not rain."

Earl Rice, Warner Bros. manager: "Oh, I like this kind of weather. Think it is great."

Daily Thought

"One constant element of luck is genuine solid old Tuetonic Stick to your aim, the mongrel's hold will slip; But only crossbars lose the bulldog's grip. Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields. Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



BEER TO BURN!

By EDSON



IT FOR TAT—A MAN CAN GET LIT ON BEER. NOW DR. BORUFF AND BUSWELL OF ILLINOIS FIND THAT BEER CAN BE MADE INTO FUEL GAS WHICH HAS HIGH HEAT VALUE WHEN LIT

Sunday: "Emotions That Prolong Life"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Acres of diamonds:" The reader is no doubt familiar with the famous lecture of Russell Conwell, delivered thousands of times, the proceeds of which, running into hundreds of thousands, went to charitable and educational work.

The story was that of a man in South Africa who yearned for great wealth and was seeking to satisfy his ambition—and came back to the farm where he was born, poorer than when he left it.

Mr. Hanson has worked out unique methods and rules of his own, and has departed in numerous directions to test his original experimentation. He has developed a Leghorn strain that is bigger than the average, and that produces larger and more nearly 100 per cent white eggs.

He has raised the average weight of cockerels from five pounds to seven to seven and a half pounds, and to five and six pounds eggs. He has done this (which is distinctive) without crossing—a pure strain.

He has a 340-egg White Leghorn hen in shooting for the highest mark ever attained in Australia, 344, by an Australorp bird, known generally as a black Orpington. Mr. Hanson has only five to go, and he is on the way.

His plant runs 24 months in the year. It is a production of business lines, like the most modern factory. He has a large force of helpers, a bookkeeper, stenographer, etc., and he is one of the busiest men in Oregon.

He mixes his own feeds; is a large buyer of the market of grains, raising his own corn feed. He makes constant net profits; sells cockerels at \$25 to \$100 each, and pens proportionately. He is so careful to give high class customers what they desire.

By the reader has any doubt as to how valuable a flocks as a poultry breeding county, as recorded by the highest authorities in poultrydom, he it known to him that our fanciers are each year sending numerous full car lots of cockerels to breeding districts in other states, including such world centers as Petaluma, Calif.

So much for our "acres of diamonds." Books might be filled, without exhausting the subject. The Florida vineyards, less than three miles from Salem, might be cited—a business of magnitude and profit and promise on a home farm. Or the Joe Nibler place, near Woodburn, where is one of our parent filbert groves, and where a 17-acre farm has been paying over \$1,500 a year net, with diversified crops. Or the Skyline orchard, that only a few years ago was a tract of hilltop brush and timber not worth paying taxes on.

"Acres of Diamonds?" They are all about us, needing only skill and industry to develop them into properties the aggregate annual returns from which (and eventually will) far outshine "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

Mr. Hanson, for three straight years, has won first place in the 10 hen pen international laying contest at Storrs, Connecticut, with his White Leghorns. Last year, and this year, every individual hen delivered over 300 eggs. He won first place with a five hen pen at the same Kanawake, Ill., contest, his flock laying in the year over 1,500 eggs. For the past eight years, he has been making world records. At the last London Mail contest, four years ago, his laying pen won over every foreign competitor.

Mr. Hanson now keeps a flock of 3,000 to 3,500 hens; every bird trapped, and all fowls pedigreed. Each individual fowl has a place on a set of books. No chances are taken; nothing is done haphazard. Two years ago the Japanese government paid him \$2,000 for 30 birds; sent two more to receive and tend them on the voyage westward. They were intended for the government experiment station in the land of Nippon. Every outstanding country sends a request for breeding stock; and all the states of the union.

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"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

By FAITH BALDWIN

looked at him closely. He was altered. Not only his added weight but his expression. The small mustache made of course a difference.

"It isn't that, it's that I don't love you."

"You did," he reminded her, "until you found out."

"At her silence, he shrugged, flicked away his ashes. He went on, carefully."

"Let that pass. You can do something for me. I am staying . . . in the east. No one knows me here. Those who would have known Antonio Francesco do not know Cesare Gilli. Two can play at that game. I do not wish to identify myself with . . . eastern members of my own profession. I prefer a new—shall we call it? business. In that, you can help me, as I have said. Since I have been here I have lived quietly. I have read a good deal. I have been," he smiled, anticipating her amusement, "to school. I had originally, Fanchon, considerable education, of various sorts. But I had grown careless. Cesare Gilli is one to whom carelessness would not appeal."

"I confess, that until I found you, I did not know just how to establish this Gilli. Or in what branch of what profession. But then I did find you."

"She asked, sparring for time, 'But how? You have not told me how?'"

"Your photograph, in the papers. An excellent likeness. But," he said, "I had not intended to see you. I had intended to see your picture." Tony commented pleasantly.

Fanchon said, automatically: "It was absurd, of course. Yet Mrs. Carstairs wished me to have a formal introduction to—her friends."

"You were wearing pearls, in the picture," Tony commented pleasantly. Her fingers went up to her throat in an unconscious gesture. She let the betraying hand fall back in her lap. Tony went on.

"You were fortunate in your choice of a relative. I have had Mrs. Carstairs looked up. . . . It wasn't hard. For you are also a son!" he added, interrogatively.

Fanchon nodded. Had her life depended upon it she could not prevent the swift veiling of her eyes, the hot tide of color, rising.

"Ah!" said Tony and that was all. He continued, "I would like very much to meet Mrs. Carstairs. I understand that introductions from her—"

"Tony," she cried desperately, "what is it you wish me to do?"

"Very little," he assured her, "merely to permit Cesare Gilli to call upon you and your aunt—as a very old friend and as a son!" he added, interrogatively.

Fanchon nodded. Had her life depended upon it she could not prevent the swift veiling of her eyes, the hot tide of color, rising.

"Ah!" said Tony and that was all. He continued, "I would like very much to meet Mrs. Carstairs. I understand that introductions from her—"

"That is impossible," she told him, "to lend myself to such a deception is out of the question."

"There used to be an old saying," he remarked, "which I learned in school. A proverb perhaps. Or from the Bible. Something about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

"And if I refuse? Oh, don't sit there, smiling, and . . . quoting proverbs! Tell me, frankly, if I refuse?"

He answered amiably. "Then I shall be forced to intrude upon Mrs. Carstairs without an introduction and explain myself, to some extent, and explain you . . . quite fully."

"She said scornfully, 'You have no proof, or if you have, it is the sort of proof which might place you, yourself, in the hands of the police.'"

"I think," he told her, with a certain deadly courtesy, "that you don't mean that. Or haven't thought about it. For you are her niece, Mrs. Carstairs might be quite willing to keep my presence in New York from San Francisco headquarters."

Fanchon said, fighting for time. "But Evelyn—out there—in an institution?"

"She isn't out there," he told her gently, "she is here with me. I was permitted to bring her here."

She is perfectly harmless. I have a woman to take care of her. A perfectly responsible woman. As her—fiance, of course, I had every right to look after her. She is well treated. It would not rest easy on your conscience, would it, if she were—less well treated."

"Listen, Fanchon," he went on, as she grew cold and sick all over, "listen! If you will do as I ask—and what I ask of you is simply itself, I will say nothing. You may go on being Evelyn's steward for the rest of time as far as I am concerned. This girl upstairs with the child's mind, shall not suffer. If it becomes expedient for me to change the manner of my living and my household, I will put her in some home where she will be well cared for the rest of her life. No danger from her; for you. Of course," he went on, "if they should decide to operate . . ."

"What do you mean?" asked Fanchon, frantically.

"There is just a chance of her regaining her memory and her wits. A very faint chance. There is something at the base of the brain, I understand. In all events, some pressure. It is a dangerous operation, and when I first saw her her general health was, not good, her physical condition. It was out of the question to operate this. Build her health up," they told me. They also told me that the best brain specialist, in this part of the country, I have not consulted him. Perhaps I never shall."

Fanchon said, slowly: "You must, I must . . . It is one chance in a thousand. She might, she is very likely to, die under the operation. Better play the game my way. Let me send in Cesare Gilli's card to you. I ask nothing more."

"But what is your game?" she demanded, desolately.

"Of that," he smiled, "I am not so sure. But I am sure that unless you comply—Would you care to see Evelyn's surgeon?"

"Of course, strangers suddenly her . . . and it will be something of a shock to you . . ."

She said, desperately: "No . . . no . . . not that!" Then, pulling herself together, she thought, I must, I must go through with it. Part, I suppose, of my punishment. She said, aloud: "Yes, Tony . . ."

He looked at her and his dark eyes flickered. He shrugged and said: "No, I have changed my mind. Another time, perhaps."

She rose to her feet. It was justice to her. She must get back as soon as possible.

"Have you decided?" he asked her.

There was no way out. She said faintly: "Very well."

"There was a dark flash of triumph in the eyes holding her own. He smiled."

"Thank you," and bowed with a stilted, formal courtesy.

"When?" she asked, dimly.

"Let me see, I must," he looked down at his lounge suit, well cut and dark in color but a little worn. "I must prepare myself to do justice to your unexpected invitation. Shall we say, the day after tomorrow? If you are not at home," he added quickly, "I shall come again."

He took her to the door, opened it, leaned against it and watched her descend the steps. What she had walked away from the house he laughed shortly and turned indoors again.

Fanchon picked up a taxi at the corner. She directed the driver to take her to New York and to leave her at a corner some blocks below the apartment house. She was to be ready to meet her.

She had to reply to Mrs. Carstairs' affectionate greeting, had to hear from Collin, pacing the living room, that she should never come home, and had to buy the things she had bought at the shops? She hadn't, she told them, remembering, bought anything at all.

(To Be Continued.)

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ROBERT MEYE BUYS LAND OF SHIRMAN

NORTH HOWELL, Nov. 27—

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meye have recently purchased the land now owned by Louis Maye and the farm belonging to Shirman brothers. The Meye family is now building a garage and will erect a five room house among the oak trees.

Thanksgiving day passed quietly in this community with many family dinners and a general spirit of gratitude.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Holter Mikleson included Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart and Raymond Stewart of Yamhill, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Phillips of Gervais and Miss Dorothy Stewart of Pittsburg, Pa.

At the hospitable home of J. E. Wiltman a large crowd of relatives and friends enjoyed a family dinner. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wiltman and daughters, Lucille and Freda, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Mikleson and family of Silverton, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wiltman and daughter, Loretta.

Guests at the lovely country home of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wiesener were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wiesener and son, Daryl, of Salem.

Men in Rickey Area Seek Charity Gifts

RICKEY, Nov. 27—Fitzpatrick and J. Crab solicited food and clothing for the associated charities Wednesday. The members of the community responded liberally. Besides this the school children gathered food for a needy family for Thanksgiving dinner.

Enough food was secured to last the family for some time.

Fire partially destroyed the hotel at Williamina Wednesday night, the management of which A. E. La Branch of this place recently took over. The loss is partially covered.

FESTIVALS SEVERAL IN KEIZER DISTRICT

KEIZER, Nov. 27—Besides the usual family Thanksgiving dinners, several Keizer families either entertained for others or were invited out.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nelson had as their guests, Mr. Nelson's mother, Mrs. Mary Nelson and his sister, Mrs. Rita Eyre and sons, Robert and Ralph of Salem. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Jones entertained for Dr. and Mrs. Melville Jones and daughter, Betty, of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ruckel of Salem.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

"The Official System"

As Adopted by Leading Authorities

By E. V. SHEPARD

Opening Suit Bids of One.

A HAND worth an opening bid affords a golden opportunity to convey very definite information to partner at small risk. Almost every player loves to bid. If your partner is hopelessly weak, or the other way will outbid your own modest strength. There is less than one chance in twenty that any sound opening bid of one will be left in and defeated badly.

The minimum requirements for making an opening bid of one of any suit are: (1) Possession of from 2 to 2 1/2 trick tricks; (2) A biddable suit of not less than 4 cards; (3) Probable ability to fulfill contract in case dummy holds at least 3 small trumps and three probable tricks.

An opening bid of one denies possession of 7 probable tricks, a such strength would demand a higher bid. Therefore the bidder of one never seeks immediate support upon 3 probable tricks for an unmet yield a game. Assist your partner of one only in case you hold normal trump support, also better than the average dummy strength of 1 1/2 trick tricks or 3 probable tricks. Whether you should at once support partner