

The Oregon Statesman

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

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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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

At Capone is trying to find a beauty preparation to wipe out his scariness. 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-kitchen 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.

Richard Johnson, Wallace Doerflinger, Stanley Parton; a duet by Grace and Frances Klampe, two numbers by a trio composed of Hilda Schuts, 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. As it increases in size, it cannot do its work as well.

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.

There are other valves, of course, but 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.

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, rather than a restrictive, periodic examination 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.

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 Saing, 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."

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

BEER TO BURN!



TIT 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.

He ranged the world and searched the pages of history for the high points of his appealing and glamorous story. He might have extended his illustrations indefinitely. The Mayo brothers in Rochester, Minn., have built a city on their father's farm; now the world center for medical research.

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

Now it is or ought to be common knowledge that we breed here the highly productive and vigorous form known as high poultrydom, and that in over-head costs we are far below the mean level of competition; in a distinctive class.

J. A. Hanson was a student at the Oregon Agricultural college. He worked with the famous Prof. James Dryden, in charge of the poultry department there—the first man in the world to produce a 300-egg hen; a White Leghorn.

About 15 years ago, Mr. Hanson commenced poultry breeding "on his own," having secured a four acre tract about a mile west of Corvallis. He has now 30 acres in his home tract, with 120 acres for range, with an elegant home and many fine buildings consisting of one of the best equipped poultry plants on earth—and he is the greatest breeder of all time in his specialty. He has developed his "acres of diamonds" until he has now a business that is world wide.

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 Kanakee, 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 men to receive and tend them on the voyage westward. They were intended for the government experiment station in the land of Nippon.

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."

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 Mrs. J. B. Ruckel of Salem.

"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

SYNOPSIS

Lovely Fanchon Meredith is wanted by the San Francisco police in connection with a murder committed by her sweetheart, "Tony." Fanchon did not know he was a gunman. She escaped by airplane under the name of "Smith." Aboard is Evelyn Howard, whom Fanchon had met on a voyage from Hawaii. Evelyn is going to New York to live with her aunt, the wealthy Mrs. Carstairs, whom she has never seen.

"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," she 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," she said, "I have not told me how?"

"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 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 of mine. It is to do. You met me," he reminded her, "let us say, in Hawaii. Or, if you like, further back in your interesting past."

"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."

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. Waltman a large crowd of relatives and friends enjoyed a family dinner. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lester Waltman and daughters, Lucille and Freda, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Mikleson and family of Silverton, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Waltman 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.

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

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 hopefully weak, one or the other 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 hidden 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 need of one only in case an opening bid of one is made.

Enough food was secured to last the family for some time. Fire partially destroyed the hotel at Willametta Wednesday night, the management of which A. E. La Branch of this place recently took over. The loss is partially covered.

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