

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
 SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

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Eastern Advertising Representatives:
 Ford-Parsons-Sticher, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.
 Chicago, 369 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, published every morning except Monday, business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$4.00; 3 Mo. \$11.25; 6 Mo. \$21.00; 1 Year \$40.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
 By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Over Here!



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Yesterdays

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

August 18, 1907
 A civic improvement "reform" movement is sweeping through West Salem as well as a spirit in building activities. Carl Spitzbart, the merchant, is erecting a fine residence and W. S. Platts, the fisherman, is adding a story to his residence.

Frank Evans, a well-known farmer of Brooks, and brother of Dr. John Evans, physician at the asylum farm, was in Salem yesterday making arrangements for marketing of his latest invention in hop balers. The new baler is a small one for small operators, with 175 pounds daily capacity.

August 18, 1923
 The last load of hot stuff was dumped onto the Salem-Dallas highway yesterday and the road is now open to traffic. It will be one of the best paved highways in the state.

"Six cents or bust" is in effect the slogan of the Liberty loganberry growers, as expressed at a great mass meeting of the growers held in Liberty hall last night. A proposition will be submitted at a later meeting for organization of the growers into districts to hold for the higher price. Last year they were paid as low as 2 1/4 cents.

Fire which broke out in the business district of Stayton around 3 o'clock yesterday morning did damage estimated at \$46,000. Damage was done to the following buildings: Gardner and Kieckler stores, Commercial hotel, Gem confectionery and Kramer bakery.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Another hunt for the Dorion Woman's grave:
 God behind them with a bundle of rods to whip them. Whip him, or if not we will put you in his place and whip you. Mr. Spalding obeyed, whipped the Indian, and received from him the horse that he had wanted.

(Continuing from yesterday):
 "When at the rendezvous, their horses' feet began to fall. Ellis then observed to his companions that they could not continue the journey, their horses being unable to stand the trip, and that they would die on the road. Then he and the Blue Cloak turned back, while the Hat went on with Mr. Gray. Ellis and the Blue Cloak arrived in the fall at the mission of Mr. Spalding, who got very angry when he saw them back, and said that they had caused a great damage to the whole nation, and that they deserved severe punishment. He then condemned each of them to receive 50 lashes, and to give him a good horse. He could not take Ellis, who had too strong a party; but the Blue Cloak having come one evening with the others to prayer, Mr. Spalding saw him; and as no one would come to the Liberty loganberry growers, as expressed at a great mass meeting of the growers held in Liberty hall last night. A proposition will be submitted at a later meeting for organization of the growers into districts to hold for the higher price. Last year they were paid as low as 2 1/4 cents.

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Robert Pinkerton, head of the detective agency, died at sea Monday on the steamer Bremen.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

HEART disease continues to be the leading cause of disability in middle age. Many cases of heart disease could have been prevented if proper precautions had been taken. The often the sufferer goes to a physician too late, when little help can be given.

The heart pumps blood through the body. By this action the blood, rich in oxygen from the lungs and nutritive elements from the food, is distributed to the organs and tissues of the body. This means that the heart has to do a great deal of work. The heart is made up of many muscles and if these are weakened, either as a result of infection or disease, their efficiency is decreased and less work should be demanded of the heart.

It is here that a great mistake is made. Few realize that the heart, like any other muscle in the body, requires rest when fatigued. If the heart muscle is allowed to rest and is given proper care, it becomes refreshed and strengthened, able to resume the normal demands made upon it.

Excessive calls for work must never be placed upon a damaged and diseased heart. Severe and exciting labor must be avoided. Enough hours of sleep and sufficient rest should be given.

Answers to Health Queries
 X. X. X. Q.—What do you advise for dandruff?
 A.—Brushing the hair several times a day and using a good tonic will prove helpful. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

HEART STRINGS

By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

Life to lovely Patricia Braithwait was a series of parties, trips abroad and now—Palm Beach. Her castles crumble when her Aunt Pamela informs her that Mr. Braithwait's fortune is depleted and suggests that Pat marry the wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine to insure her own and her father's future, warning her that love fades. Aunt Pam's marriage with Jimmie Warren—handsome, young lawyer—was beginning to pall in spite of the ardent love they had had for each other. They still cared but the routine of married life had made them "less lovers and more friends". Stunned by her aunt's revelations, Pat is secretly considering Blaine to save the father she adores, when she meets a fascinating young camper, who only reveals his first name, Jack. Despite their instant attraction for one another, Pat discourages future meetings. Later, Pam cautions Blaine to be matter-of-fact and not sentimental in trying to win Pat, stressing the point that his one advantage is the fact that Pat is desperately lonely and worships her father, who lives for Pat alone. His financial predicament is largely due to the gradual caving in of his plantation. His honesty prevented him from taking advantage of an opportunity to sell the property. Braithwait tries to belittle his difficulties to Pat, but she realizes he is just trying to shield her and that Aunt Pam was right. She accepts Blaine's proposal. That night, Pat longs for Jack and hopes he will come to see her.

CHAPTER TEN
 Presently Pamela became aware of a new note in Patricia's gaiety. Chaffing her father and Warren, the lateness of the hour had all at once impinged upon Patricia's consciousness.

"Come, Jimmie, let's dance," she said, jumping up and grasping Warren's arm. "You and Dad can sit as long as you please over your ice. I hear my savage ancestors calling me to the ballroom."

Warren followed her, his heart throbbing painfully. He felt that he would like to bring Blaine's black-garbed neck, then beat his horse-like face to a pulp.

His arm went around her as soon as they reached the ballroom floor, and he drew her fiercely against him.

She looked up at him, her eyes closed, the gently parted lips, hearing that little sigh and feeling the complete surrender of her young body, forgot all the fine resolves he had made earlier in the evening to "cut off both arms" before he would attempt to defile her either by playing his love against the inflammable emotions of youth, or by the furtive game of gratitude. In an agony of ecstasy, he drew her to him, pressing his face down against hers.

She stared for him! She cared! His storming senses sang. He could and would save her from that villain who had nothing but wealth to offer her.

"Oh, little Pat," he breathed. With a start she opened her eyes, drawing her face away from him. Jimmie, not Jack, smiled at her. "Jimmie, I—" She began in confusion. "I—" But before she could offer her ashamed explanation of what seemed to her, her outrageous conduct, she was snatched away, still clinging strangely.

Nor did her excitement abate as the hours marched on. Jimmie did not get in again, for which she was grateful. She didn't understand her amazing reaction to his advances, and felt she had made a fool of herself in his eyes.

Mr. Blaine, who had watched her gleefully all evening from the embers of a window, now made up his mind to "cut in" on her.

Patricia almost swooned when she looked into the pale repellent face of her future husband. But without a moment's hesitation she slid into his arms.

The mincing steps of him as if he were afraid of breaking his legs if he let go... the deep breathing... and he talked while he danced... He didn't dance. He merely took hold of her arms and conversed and walked... She thought she must surely scream...

Fortunately Bob Perry rescued her. "I was getting a breath of air... hot as hades... feel how wet I am... clean through my coat..."

and would have been killed long since.

"Two Catholic missionaries passed by Walla Walla in 1838 on their way from Canada to Fort Vancouver. In the years 1839 and 1840, one of them, Mr. Demers, came to Walla Walla for a short time each year, and gave instructions to the Indians, which a great part of the Cayuse came to hear. Some time after, Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding, being alarmed at seeing so many Indians abandoning them to go and hear the priest, came to Fort Walla Walla and reproved Mr. Pombrun for having allowed the priest to teach the Indians in his fort. I was near the gate of the fort, when the Doctor had hardly dismounted from his horse before he said, a little excited, to Mr. Pombrun: 'I thought, sir, that you had promised me you would not allow that priest the liberty of speaking to the Indians in your fort. If that man has the liberty of coming among the Indians, we shall have to abandon them; we shall be unable to do anything more among them.'

"TWO YEARS AGO, 1846, a Cayuse came to my house, in the Willamet Settlement, and stopped with me over two weeks. During that time he often spoke to me of Dr. Whitman, complaining that he possessed the lands of the Indians on which he was raising a great deal of wheat which he was selling to the Americans without giving them any thing; that he had a mill upon their lands, and they had to pay him for grinding their wheat, a big horse, for 25 sacks. He said they told him to leave, but he would not listen to them; that they had been much enlightened by the Americans; before, they had no wit, but the Americans had given them some. They had told them that their missionaries were stealing their lands; that they were receiving great benefit from them and that they were living among them for the purpose of enriching themselves."

One gets from the above that John Toupin (or Tourpin) left the service of the Hudson's Bay company as interpreter in 1841. It is evident that he and his common law wife, the Dorion Woman, came at once to the Willamette valley, for their church marriage was performed by Father F. N. Blanchet July 19 of that year, at St. Paul.

One gleams, also, that in 1846 John Toupin had a house "in the Willamet Settlement." Together with the decree mentioned in this notice, this makes conclusive evidence that the house was the one on the donation claim in the mid-dlegrove district northeast of Salem; or what in 1850 was named Salem, in the filing of the town plats. They may or may not have lived there from the first; but

"How can they get any place? I could get them up to \$10, but who would buy it?"

"Beastful Workman—" "No, I don't think it will do them any good in just one section as they are. It is all over the country, it might work. Never mind, you don't need my name."

Harold V. Warden, Insurance Agent—"It's been my experience around the farm that it is better to get your produce on the market and get your money out of it. Of course, they are within their rights in holding, say, wheat for \$1 a bushel. But I think they'd be better off getting what money they can and paying off on their mortgages. They can never stop delivery of all produce to a city like Chicago, or even Sioux City."

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So give them the flowers now! LEIGH M. HODGES.



His arm went around her as soon as they reached the ballroom floor, and he drew her fiercely against him.

but I know you didn't want to walk around with that old rooster. . . .

It was after twelve, and Jack had not come. With a last sick fantastic hope Patricia fled down the dark tree lane toward the waiting beach. Perhaps he was out there with his boat, not knowing who to call for, waiting for her to come out to him. Oh, why had she not thought of that before!

The disturbing sweetness of innumerable flowers assailed her like a potent drug, threatening to overpower her. The glare of music from the hotel, the laughter and movement pursued her into the still clear night.

The moon hung like an enormous silver bell in the pale riven deeps. A few stars blinked wistfully in the blanching sky, repeating themselves in the bright dark mirror beneath. Aching, she scanned the long stretch of sand.

Miles on miles of silver sand. Running on and on into infinity, still and carved as death. Giving no sign. Paying no heed to the hot young eyes that scanned it.

Something hard caught her pounding heart, arm in hand, stilling it, concealing it in bitterness and pain that could not melt into tears. She turned slowly away. Away from that empty loveliness.

"Well, that's that," she said aloud. She laughed miserably. Her mind had a fashion of locking things away for a space, then suddenly exploding them in a single revealing flash. She did not think things out by the slow painful process of building block upon block; but rather she arrived in brilliant leaps at the stark truth of her own pretenses. She now put her brave martyrdom into words of self-mockery. "I expected a tall knight to come riding out of the moon to rescue me. I'm not brave. I'm not made of the stuff of martyrs. I can't dramatize my death. I can't even think it is right. It is death. It is. And oh! I'm so young to die! And it will be such a long death. In a little while Dad will leave me, and my death will go on and on. Maybe into old age."

(To Be Continued)

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1841. The judge who wrote the decree, B. F. Bonham, decided that John Toupin had lived there from the year 1846; but there is no inference from this that he had not settled there before that year; or that he had.

One may read a great deal between the lines of the John Toupin statement, with regard to the conditions in the upper country brought about by the work of the missionaries among the Indians; and the cause that led up to the Whitman massacre. The little

(Continued on Page 7)



MONEY ALREADY EARNED
 Grows Every Time
 The Clock Goes 'Round

YOU may look upon yesterday's earnings as good as spent. But did you ever stop to think that a certain sum, however small, REGULARLY put into a savings account continues to work for you day after day.

THE NATIONAL BANK
 in Salem, Oregon