

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Columbia Development

A COMMITTEE of the senate met in Portland and was urged to proceed "immediately" with the improvement of the Columbia river at a cost of some \$400,000,000 for navigation, power and irrigation.

The river is now open for navigation and little used. A few tons of wheat are coming down the river now, but there is virtually no use made of existing facilities. Trucks and railroads are at each other's throats for what traffic there is.

So far as irrigation is concerned existing projects are in dire straits. Their bonds are in default, many farmers are abandoning or have abandoned their lands. There is assuredly no call for opening more lands right now for agricultural production.

About power: there is now a surplus of generating capacity in the northwest. The Rock Island dam on the Columbia and the Ariel dam on the Lewis river add large stores of power. In addition undeveloped power sites on the Deschutes offer an abundance of very cheap power in more practical quantities than a low-head dam across the Columbia would produce. The strides being made in improving efficiency of steam generation of electric power, if continued, may make such large scale investment as contemplated on the Columbia unwise.

It is unsound to build the power plants merely in anticipation of attracting industries. In the "Commonwealth Review" for July there is a study on "Will Cheap Power Attract Industry?" by Emerson P. Schmidt, formerly of the University of Oregon, now of Minnesota. His study shows that "fuel and power costs are of much less significance than is commonly assumed."

The total cost of fuel and power used in manufacturing in this country in 1927 amounted to only 3.03% of the value of the product and in 1929 to 2.78%. Some industries use a far higher percentage it is true, but in any case the amount is small compared with other costs like raw materials, labor, etc. As Prof. Schmidt says:

"Yet it is universally recognized that for some reason or other industry does not follow power resources to any considerable extent. In the aluminum industry it is true that the raw materials may be hauled hundreds of miles to reach electric power sources. But in many other industries including brick, tile, cement, pulp, wood and paper, the raw materials are moved as little as possible; rather the power is brought to the source of raw materials. Even in the wood working industries the lumber is hauled thousands of miles close to the consuming markets and there transformed into sash, doors, furniture, and the like. "Whether or not industries will move to a particular state depends on a combination of factors. Included in these are (a) availability and cost of raw materials, (b) transportation cost of raw materials v. transportation costs of finished products, (c) labor supply and costs, (d) proximity to markets, and (e) power and fuel."

We are as eager as anyone else to see this state move forward in industrial lines. But we must be realists and not try to delude ourselves as well as the federal government. There is now no immediate justification for spending \$400,000,000 of the country's money in developing the Columbia river. And wasn't this to come without cost to the taxpayers?

## Suicide in the Land of Make-Believe

HOLLYWOOD is the world of make-believe: but sometimes its realities outdistance in mystery the product of its imagination. It must be a sort of shadow world, where the actors and actresses are forever pinching themselves to see if they are alive. It is a world of dreams, in which those who move about breathe some strange air.

So when Jean Harlow, "platinum blonde" bride of a few weeks, a star now in the heyday of public favor, is suddenly widowed, it must seem to her and to the colony as though the castle of dreams had suddenly tumbled to earth; as though the scene filmed, the "set" was sent crashing down.

Now there is a great mystery and prying detectives and more curious reporters invade mansions and sickrooms, lay bare private relationships, and expose to a world insatiate of sensation whatever may be dug up. The case was evidently one of suicide. Paul Bern, the husband, decided to end it all, no matter what the "it" was. Nervously overwrought perhaps, or suddenly stricken with melancholia, he took a leap in the dark. And Hollywood's teeth are set on edge!

The bedsheet acts as the shroud to cover the form of one whose spirit has passed on. In this case the sheet may well cover the body of the one whose chief claim to fame was that for a few weeks he was the husband of a popular movie actress; and cover too whatever inner impulse may have prompted him to release the fatal trigger.

## Craze for "Liquidity"

THE word which has come into popular usage in late years is "liquidity". Being liquid is the condition in which property may readily be converted into cash. Banks have a craze for "liquidity", partly because their depositors are under an equal craze to draw their money out and look at it to see if it is real. Stores are busy converting inventories into cash. Manufacturers are worried sick over maintaining a "liquid position".

This craze for liquidity works a real hardship. No one is willing to loan money on a house, or on a farm. He wants government bonds or other gilt edge securities of short term. Yet how silly it all is. People are still going to live in houses, are still going to farm lands. Factories are still going to operate fabricating the goods which people are forever consuming.

This rush to get their money out of long-term investments has depressed prices and caused a panic. But these very enterprises and industries are essential for economic life, and when the panic is over they will be found still operating and supplying public needs. Perhaps now that the fear psychosis is passing people will again be disposed to loan money on the security of real property, which is always about the best security there can be.

September seems a funny month for a flood in Texas. That's the time of year the Rio Grande ought to be about sucked under in the hot sands.

Summer is far spent; the kiddies are beginning to talk about school.

Now they are robbing safe deposit vaults in the east. The only safe place for your valuables is not having any.

## There the Embattled Farmer Stood



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## New Views

"How does the selection of Dr. Kerr as university chancellor strike you?" is the question asked by Statesman reporters yesterday.

George Pontius, grand juror: "I think that was a good selection if they were going to elect anyone. I think he is a fine man and that it was much better to choose an Oregon man than to go east for a chancellor."

Elmer Brown, laborer: "Suits me as well as anyone. I don't know a great deal about the matter."

Dr. W. C. Kantner, retired minister: "Very well, I'm very much pleased with him. I've been acquainted with the state college since it was a branch of the Southern Methodist college and I've known Dr. Kerr in a way."

R. W. Tavener, assistant high school principal: "I'm very much pleased to see it settled. I think he's a good man."

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Willamette valley in 1841: (Continuing from yesterday.) In connection with the foregoing it is of interest that there is a movement on foot in Portland to construct a replica of the William Johnson cabin, to stand on the same spot as the original, which was the first dwelling of a white man on the west side of the Willamette river in what is now the proud metropolis of Oregon.

William Luther Higgins visited the cabin in 1843 and many years later made a crude drawing of it, which has been preserved. The Daughters of 1812 propose to bear the expense of erecting the proposed replica of the old cabin, in case the site be made a park. It is in Caruthers' addition, and the property is in the hands of the city, having been taken for taxes. So it seems likely that the arrangements can be carried out.

Wallace S. Wharton, writing in a recent number of the Portland Sunday Journal about the project of restoring the cabin, said: "Later Johnson made use of his nautical experience in piloting ships up the Columbia and Willamette rivers, to Oregon City, Milwaukie and other trading centers of the Oregon country," etc.

Wharton also wrote: "It was in the spring of 1842, just after the May 2 meeting at Champeog, that Johnson decided to build his cabin on what is now Block 137, Caruthers' addition. This does not tally with the words of Barry, who is more than likely the better historian. Barry thinks Johnson was already at work in the forest that became Portland, and that he was not present at the Champeog meeting at all.

The inference is that Wharton, knowing the name of Johnson is on the Champeog monument, and assuming that it is rightly there, put the time of his decision to move to his new location in order to make "fit" with the idea that he must have been present and must have voted with the majority.

All men familiar with American history know what a great part former Lieutenant Wilkes played in the war of the Rebellion. He was in 1861 placed in command of the sloop of war San Jacinto. His duty was the pursuit of the Confederate war vessel Sumter. A high place in the history of the period was his encounter with the British mail steamer Trent, on November 8, 1861, and his capture of the Confederate commissioners John Silldell of Louisiana and James M. Mason of Virginia, with their secretaries, on that vessel, for which exploit he was honored in Washington, New York, Boston, and throughout the north.

The affair brought an international controversy that stirred the world. Wilkes was commissioned commodore July 16, 1862, and was placed in command of the flotilla which shelled City Point to protect our commerce in those waters. He was commissioned rear admiral on the retired list July 25, 1860. His services as an explorer of this region and others was recognized by the Royal Geographical society by the presentation of a gold medal, a fact which shows that the English people did not bear malice against him on account of the "Trent affair."

Rev. D. F. Gilstrap, retired minister, now living at San Luis Obispo, California, is the only brother of Prof. W. H. Gilstrap, mentioned in this series, who was one of the leading historians of Washington, and who was largely responsible for the creation of the very creditable history of our neighboring state.

Prof. Gilstrap is survived by two sons, Frank, an architect of wide ability and experience, and Ray, who follows well drilling in Washington.

Rev. E. J. Gilstrap, pastor of the Turner Christian church, is a son of Rev. D. F. Gilstrap, and a nephew of the Washington historian, and the Oregon companion of the family has been recognized.

## Answers to Health Queries

Mr. F. H. Q.—How can I reduce? A.—Eat very sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. Get regular systematic exercise. A gradual reduction in the amount of food consumed, with the regular exercise will work wonders in most cases.

E. L. T. Q.—What causes a pain near the heart, is it a sign of diphtheria trouble? E.—What do you advise to promote the growth of the hair? A.—This may be due to indigestion, and not necessarily a heart condition. 2.—Brush the hair vigorously twice daily and use a good tonic. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

# HEART STRINGS

By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

### SYNOPSIS

Young and pretty Patricia Braithwaite becomes engaged to wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine to relieve her father's financial situation. She hopes in vain that handsome Jack Lawrence, whom she met once—and the only man who ever wanted to kiss her—will rescue her from Blaine. In despair, she turns to Jimmie Warren, her Aunt Pamela's husband. He becomes infatuated. Aunt Pamela blames herself for leading Pat to believe she no longer loved her husband. The fear of losing him makes Pamela realize how much she really cares. Finally, Jack arrives. Pat learns he is the son of wealthy Senator Lawrence, who was kidnapped a few years ago when he went to Mexico to investigate his father's property. Pat tells him he is too late as she loves Jimmie but Jack refuses to acknowledge defeat and a bitter rivalry develops between the two men. For days Jimmie avoids Pat. Unable to stand the strain, she determines to have an understanding with him and asks him to dance with her. Overcome with emotion, Pat takes Jimmie's arms. He is conscious of everyone's stare. As they leave the dance floor, Jack relieves the embarrassing situation by joining them. Pamela is grateful to Jack. She wires Mr. Braithwaite to come and get Pat. Pat confides in Jack that her shattered ideals of love and marriage caused her to fall in love with Jimmie.

### CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

He hesitated, then went on. "I'd be lying to you, Pat, if I told you that what you felt was love. It wasn't. It was passion. Given a chance, I believe it would have developed into love. I know that by the fact that you're in my arms now."

She made a move as if to draw away. But he held her close. "By the fact," he went on, "that though you've known me but a little over three weeks, you regard me as your closest friend after your father. Outside of the realm of passion, you'd rather be with me than any man you know—wouldn't you?"

"Yes—excepting Jimmie." "I think you'd rather be with me than with him in many ways." He waited her confirmation. "I like to play with you, Jack. More. You're more—well, younger. And I don't feel foolish and young with you. And you like to do the same things I do—and things like that."

"Exactly. I'm more of a mate for you. But he happened to stir your emotions, and you're making the mistake so many young people make—thinking it's love."

Again she tried to draw away. This time a little fiercely. "Cold logic with his heart on fire. But she had a mind. He must tell her the truth even though he lost her entirely. "I'm your friend, telling you some truths. You aren't afraid of truth, are you, merely because it isn't pretty?"

"No. But you're telling me lies. I love Jimmie."

"I loved a girl when I was about sixteen in the same way you love Warren. I thought I'd die if I didn't get her. If I had, I'd be so sick of her by now that I'd want to shoot myself. I saw her recently. If you get Warren—you'll be sick of him in exactly the time it takes for your infatuation to wear off. You'll be sick of him long before he will of

you. Because your youth and fire will hold him. You'll be a pretty play-child to him, and you have a mind, too. But the point is, he hasn't the youth to play with you or think with you. And you'll get bored. He has a brilliant mind, but you'll want a companion, not a mind. A friend and playmate, as well as a lover."

"Jack, let me go," she said in a tight little voice. "You are trying to make my feeling for Jimmie out of something—filthy," she added. Instantly he opened his arms. "No, it isn't filthy, but it's dangerous, unless it is accompanied by qualities of the spirit." He did not look at her. He was afraid he could not go on to the end.

She laughed cynically. "And since all this is true, how do you know that what you feel isn't the same?" "Some of it is. But the qualities of the spirit are there too." He kept his eyes determinedly on the sea.

"And I suppose they were there that first day when you wanted to kiss me."

"Yes. If they hadn't been I'd have kissed you—or tried to. But I didn't just want to kiss you and pass on—as a chap so often does—I wanted to take care of you, to have you with me always. The kiss wasn't the important thing; though it seemed mighty important at the moment." He paused. Then turned to her. "You see,—" His eyes faltered a little. "I've liked girls—often— But I never felt for any of them as I did for you that day. It came over me all of a sudden when you stepped into my tent. I can't explain it. As if you belonged in that tent with me. It was a feeling of possession. I wanted to take you in my arms, not because you were there—alone with me, but because you belonged there. I wanted to kiss you, not just because you were sweet; but because you were sweet and—well—mine."

He was leaning toward her now, smiling a little as if to apologize for the earnestness in the level grey eyes.

"There was something fierce in it. I felt I had to kiss you. That nothing on earth could stop me. At the same time I knew I had to stop myself. I was afraid. I couldn't take a chance of frightening you, or making you angry and losing you for the sake of a kiss, which as I wanted it." His words came with an intense eagerness, stopping sharply, dejectedly. "And I lost you through my fear. He said heavily—"as one always does who fears. And yet it was that very fear that made me know it was not ephemeral."

Her eyes turned drearily away, all her anger gone. . . . Probably it's all true, what he's telling me. I'm so young. How am I to know—if older people have been deceived. Maybe that's why so many get over it. Maybe that's why Aunt Pam got over it. She was deceived. Terribly deceived. Gave up a title and everything for him. And now—Oh, well, how is one to know?"

"I suppose I was a brute to tell you," she said. "But I had to tell somebody. And in a way I owe it to you, too. I don't know how it will all come out. I suppose Aunt Pam will divorce Jimmie, and we will be married and maybe I'll find out afterward, as she did."

"Perhaps," he said quietly. "But what if—well, a wife doesn't just quietly step out because some other woman wants her husband. Aren't you taking her boredom over-con-

sciously? Married boredom is a fed. Besides, if a man divorces a woman he once loved for another woman he now loves, what assurance has the second that he won't stop loving her and love still another?"

"Oh—"

"And always in such a case the second woman pays a high price in criticism, scandal, humiliation and heartburnings, for him. Then when she's got him she has no guarantee that she can hold him. You see, she's bought a caving land, and there's no way for her to save herself."

She sprang up. "How dare you throw that up to me?" she cried furiously.

He rose. "Throw what up to you?"

"About Dadama." "I wasn't thinking of your father. I'm a river man myself. I happen to know the heartbreak of caving land. Besides, since your father didn't sell—"

"I'm going."

They rode home in silence. He thought, well, I've played every card I held, played hard—to save her. Heaven knows I could give her up even to him for her happiness. But—his wife loves him or I'm a fool. She's hiding behind a monumental pride. And he probably loves her—Perhaps he has no idea of marrying Pat. Anyway she won't forget the truths I've told her. She may never speak to me again. But she'll remember and think. Not that thinking is much good where emotion speaks. But she's not satisfied in her own mind, and it was a chance.

She meanwhile stole furtive glances at his set face. He thinks I'm low. . . . That's why he won't speak to me. . . . Maybe nobody will. . . . Suppose Aunt Pam shouldn't divorce Jimmie. . . . I don't care. . . . He loves me and I'll have him. . . . I'll not think of such things. . . . But oh, if I should find out what Jack said is true. . . . It isn't true. . . . He is jealous and wants me himself. . . . Poor Jack, Dadama would have loved him for a son. . . . Why is everything all wrong?"

As they entered the hotel grounds, she looked up at him. "Jack, aren't your friends—any more?" she ventured.

Hearing the wistful note in her voice, his face lighted. "What a baby you are. Of course, we're friends. Little Pat, I'm standing by till you tell me to get out, and prove you mean it."

"But I never will. Only if—things should turn out—that Daddy and I should go to Paris—"

"I'll go too," he said quickly. "Dad wants me to take a year off and travel. Think I need a rest after two years in duress vile, as somebody called it. And I'd like to spend a year of further study of European architecture before I settle down to business."

"But if we shouldn't go—couldn't you study in New York part of the time?"

"Why should I?" "Why, I thought—" she broke off, flushing.

"That I'd made up my mind to study in Paris because you'd be there? Right. But it would be different if you decided to stay in New York."

"Why?" He looked at her in amazement. "For a modern girl in a dress—"

## Yesterdays

Of Old Salem  
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

September 8, 1907  
Running 10 hours a day and turning out 225 cases, or about 5450 cans a day, the Salem Mutual Canning company plant is unable to keep up with the pear crop. The company has about 12,000 bushels of pears stored and they are still coming in.

Through the influence of the Oregon Railroad commission the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company have voluntarily agreed to reduce the tariff upon liquor demijohns in bulk shipments from the east.

ALBANY—At one of the most important meetings ever held in this city, the county last night declared the Albany Street railway company's franchise forfeit and laid the way for granting a franchise to the Welch electric railway, which recently entered Salem. Albany's street car system is an eyefore to civilization.

September 8, 1922  
E. S. Tillinghast, for the past 17 1/2 years superintendent of the Oregon state school for the deaf, has accepted the superintendency of the Missouri school for the deaf and will leave for that state on October 1. He will receive \$2000 a year, double his salary here.

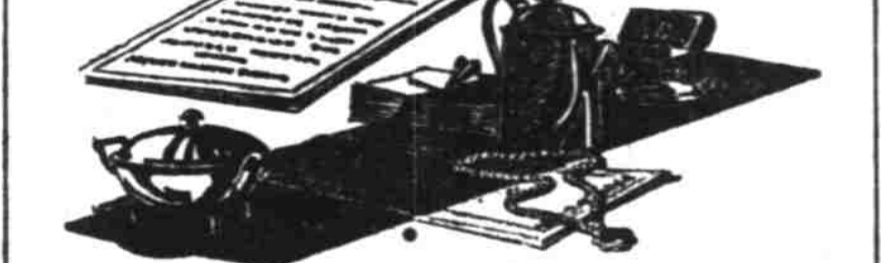
place in the work of his denunciation, for Turner was made a center of activities for that church by the help of the Turner family, of whom the late Mrs. Cornelia Ann Davis was an outstanding member.

Hon. R. L. McCormick, president of the Washington State Historical society and of the Ferry museum in Tacoma, presiding at the dedication of the monument commemorative of the first Fourth of July celebration west of the Rockies in introducing Prof. Gilstrap, said in part:

"He is best known to the general public as curator of the Ferry museum of Tacoma, where as its custodian he finds the local atmosphere of an art institution working in harmony with Indian and pioneer curios and mementoes replete with historic significance. His record has been recognized. (Continued on page 7)

Two thousand heads bowed in silent tribute in the little cemetery at Woodburn yesterday when the body of Grover C. Todd, murdered federal prohibition agent, was buried. Philip Warren, the Grande Ronde Indian bootlegger who killed Todd and Glenn H. Price is in the Polk county jail.

"Farmers never riot. The minds of men who stick close to nature don't turn toward destruction."—Toledo Blade.



## Does Your Insurance Provide FULL COVERAGE?

PROBABLY NOT. You undoubtedly have possessions which are highly treasured . . . and yet in themselves have no intrinsic value which is insurable. Keepsakes, heirlooms, valuable papers . . . these are just a few of the items in this classification omitted from your insurance policies. But they deserve adequate protection. For these we recommend our safety deposit vault. Here is the maximum in protection for only a cent or two a day. Boxes are available in all sizes to meet your needs. Select the size you desire.

RENTAL \$3 YEAR AND UP  
Member Federal Reserve System  
Established in 1885  
The NATIONAL BANK in Salem, Oregon