

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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Notes From Over the County
A family has just located in Stayton, coming to Oregon from South Dakota, so the Statesman correspondent in Stayton reports.

A new weather prophet appears from Hayesville. This is the season to expect reports on what the Indians say. Usually they predict a long, hard winter, and so safely because their prophecy is quickly forgotten.

This is a big week for the rural communities of the valley. In hundreds of homes the boys and girls are off to Salem to attend the state fair.

Funny how things change. A few weeks ago the packers insisted that \$5 a ton was the best the market could afford for green prunes.

These are busy days in the country. Summer work is tapering off; but fall work presses. Schools have started again, community organizations, clubs, granges, churches, are picking up activities after the summer recess.

The Mahatma Triumphs
A frail 93-pound man, slowly starving on his cot under a mango tree in an Indian jailyard, has by sheer force of will brought to agreement high and low caste among the Hindus and forced to his terms the distant government of a great empire.

The present problem is one of representation in the provincial and central legislatures. Since 1919, instead of majority rule in general elections, representatives have been chosen by groups, the Hindus getting a certain number and Moslems a certain number.

Gandhi's recent effort has been toward increasing the representation of the "untouchables", the lowest caste Hindus. His "strike" of refusing to partake of food brought the high-caste and low-caste leaders into agreement, increasing the representation of the "untouchables" from 71 to 148 seats.

Practical westerners have scoffed at this half-naked little brown man, with his simple weaving, his goat's milk and his day of silence. But even the western world can measure results. And when we see 60,000 political prisoners in India suffering in silence, when we see a seething empire in quiet revolt without resort to arms, and when we see high castes and low castes signing a common sheet of paper at the bedside of the mahatma, and all this the accomplishment of one man, Gandhi, we are forced into respect for a man who can wield such vast influence over the divided millions of India.

"Sausage put under law" is one thing we read. This is the time of year when if it's good country sausage we like to put it under the belt.

The Oregonian refers to the "sheer poetry" of Ben Hur Lampman's prose. Most other editors indulge in "shear poetry".



Yesterdays
Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

September 27, 1907
That the Salem and Marion county officers did splendid work in keeping down the criminal element and maintaining good order, both in the city and at the fair grounds during the state fair week, is a matter of general comment.

September 27, 1922
Jackson county, with peaches and peaches that look like the painted splendors of Michael Angelo and Rembrandt, and with other agricultural and floral marvels, romped off with the first place in the big county exhibit contest at the state fair.

The supreme court today announced the names of 68 men and women who passed the state bar examination in July and who will be admitted to practice law in Oregon. Seventeen applicants failed to pass the examination.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

John Mix Stanley, Indian painter: (Continuing from Sunday): The next year, 1864, he was in Washington, where he remained until 1863. In 1864 he went to Buffalo and began painting his most important work, the Trial of Red Jacket, now in the Buffalo Historical society.

Before joining the railroad survey in 1853 Stanley had deposited 151 pictures in the Smithsonian Institution. Efforts were made to have the government purchase the collection, but without success. On January 24, 1865, the Smithsonian Institution was damaged by fire and nearly all the Stanley pictures were burnt.

President Harding has again given evidence of his determination to fulfill party pledges to the country by calling a special November session of congress to consider the ship subsidy bill.

When Edwin Bryant saw Stanley in San Francisco in 1846 the painter told him that he was preparing a work on the savage tribes of North America and the islands of the Pacific, which when completed "will be the most comprehensive and descriptive of the subject of any that has been published."

The following list of paintings made in the Oregon country is taken from the Smithsonian catalogue: Umpquas: Enah-te, or Wolf (1848); Klamath: To-to-ka-nim and Enish-nim, his wife (1848); Calapoos: Yelsto (1848); Chinooks: Stomaqua, principal chief of the Chinooks (1848); Tel-al-tek, Chinook squaw (1848); Willamette Falls Indians: Was-shagum, principal chief (1847); Mary and Achata, squaws (1847); Klickitate: Casino (Casenove) (1848); Walla Walla's: Peo-peo-mux-mux, or Yellow Serpent (1847); Cayuses: Te-lo-kikt, or Crawfish Walking Forward, Shum-ah-ah (1847); Nes Perces: Tin-tin-metze, a chief (1847); Pelouoses: Keek-soes-tee (1847); Spokane: Se-lim-coom-clu-look, or Raven Chief (1847); Koot-ai-coo-a-u-m (1847); Kai-mish-kon, or Marked Head, Kai-me-te-kin, or Marked Back, Pa-se-liz, squaw; Tin-tin-mal-kin, or Strong Breast; Stony Island Indians: Hi-up-ek-an, Las-kies-tum, squaw, So-ha-pe; Okanagans: Wah-puxe, Ko-mal-mok, or Long Hair, Sin-pah-sok-tin, squaw.

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

"You said one day, you thought Jimmie loved his wife," observed Mrs. Brownley as Patricia allowed some tomatoes. "Why do you think he loves her? They haven't lived together in a year."

"No, and that's the reason for you," said Patricia brutally. "The only reason. It's also the reason for me," she added. "They were living together when I came on the scene. But they were at one of those impasses that married folks seem to reach at one time or another; successful toward each other, proud, avoiding explanation that might have brought understanding, and generally discontented."

"But he told me," gasped Mrs. Brownley, "that there was nothing between you and him." "There wasn't. And because there wasn't he probably imagines he still wants me. It's an awful muddle."

Mrs. Brownley made pictures on the tablecloth with her fork. "You really are rather bitter. Have you ceased to care for him?" "No. And I'm not bitter toward him. I couldn't be. I can see his side of it too clearly. I feel more sorry for him—a great deal more than I do for myself. And I feel sorry for you. And for Aunt Pam. I don't know which of you is the more to be pitied."

"Well, of course, I'm in the worst fix. She has an independent fortune of her own, and he'll settle a large sum on her. I have nothing but the dividends he makes for me on the stock market. And naturally if we break up, that would stop. And I won't trust my little principal in anybody else's hands."

In a flash, Patricia saw the answer to several things that had pricked at her mind. For all that Mrs. Brownley talked of having so little, she had lived two months at the Edouard VII, at seven dollars a day; and though she said she didn't care for clothes and had only one or two good things, Patricia had discovered she had a great many good things.

That Jimmie must be furnishing the money seemed certain; yet Mrs. Brownley was not the type to take money from a man. Jimmie had gotten around this difficulty simply by taking her small capital and pretending to gamble with it in Wall Street, thus enabling him to give her lavish "dividends."

Patricia wondered that the woman never thought of this herself. Perhaps it had been she who had thought of it first, and put the idea in Jimmie's mind, thus saving her from lowering herself in his esteem, and at the same time accepting all he could give her—Oh, no—I must have made a mistake. Patricia was his idea, of course—and she's exactly the type who would never give it a thought.

"In the circumstances," said Patricia, "maybe Jimmie could win some money for you." "I don't want him to win it for me, unless—" she choked, went on, "unless he is mine. I thought he was. Now I see he isn't—and I don't know what to do about my life. You're lucky in every way. You have your work—something to look forward to if you don't want to marry. And if you do want to marry, you have Jack, young, good looking, rich. For me a blank—I, I love Jimmie." She blinked back the tears and smiled. "Don't bother about me. I don't often do this. Sometimes it gets the best of me though, when I think of the future."

"I haven't Jack," said Patricia. "He's gone." "Why don't you get him back?"

"I doubt if I could." "Everybody says he's crazy about you. He's a peach. I met him the day you left Palm Beach—we got to talking. Then I saw him a few times in New York. Really, I could love him if I weren't so in love with Jimmie."

Patricia pondered this. Strange Jack had never told her about meeting Mrs. Brownley. Of course her name had never come up. . . . But there was something very disagreeable about the idea that the woman had met both Jack and Jimmie in Palm Beach, and had seen both in New York. Of course people talked at resorts; but unless they were friends they so rarely met again.

"I must run," she said. "I'll be late for my lesson. Be back about four. You can stick around and read or do whatever you like if you don't feel like getting out."

She ran out, her mind troubled by the problems of the woman she should have hated; but somehow liked. Something in the softness, the very helplessness of Myra Brownley appealed to the sturdiness of Patricia. . . . I can see why Jimmie cares for her. . . . And I can see too, why men loved women of the olden times more easily and tenderly than they love us. . . . She really is in an awful fix. . . . And so is he. Well, I'm the one to get out.

Having settled this question, a sense of youthful heroism swept over her. She felt she was doing a rather fine thing in stepping out for another woman when she knew the winning cards were in her hands. For the first time in a year, her conduct impressed her. She had loved Jimmie so long; waited so patiently; yet she was deliberately determined to give him up for another woman; because that other needed him more.

She sent off a wire to Jimmie, in care of his London bankers, saying: "Mrs. B. needs you. I don't. Goodbye." Maybe I'll back out, she kept thinking that night as she fell asleep. I'm feeling great now, but when I cool off I'm going to suffer horribly.

The following day her heroic world collapsed. It began around eleven o'clock when Mr. Braithwait received a phone call from Pamela. She had arrived the previous evening and wanted him to have lunch with her. She inquired about Patricia, but did not ask her to come along, nor to the phone. Pamela wanted his advice about something. Mr. Braithwait didn't know what Patricia felt as if she had received a blow.

Accepting at first Pamela's word for it that she was disillusioned and bored, Patricia had in the beginning dismissed all thought of Pamela's reaction or feeling in the matter between herself and Jimmie. But Jimmie had revealed many things. First, that he loved his wife. . . . A thing that had not once occurred to Patricia. His fancy for her she had taken for love. She now saw, as she had told Mrs. Brownley, that love includes something more than that. She had been greatly shocked by his entanglement with "another woman" while he supposedly loved her—and also she saw that, loving Aunt Pam, but slightly estranged from her, it was quite within the possibilities that she herself had represented but an entanglement with "another woman."

What he had told her about the closed, but unlocked door, showed that Aunt Pam had not looked upon the closing of that door as final; but had merely retired behind it in her hurt and humiliation, waiting for Jimmie to come to his senses and sue for pardon. He himself said he now knew this was all it had meant. When he had turned to another woman instead of back to Pamela, she had decided that the matter was graver than the mere infatuation of a man in the thirties for a fresh young face. And she had—locked the door. From the moment Jimmie had told her all about this, Patricia had realized the enormity of what she had done. She had said to herself, "But I didn't know. I didn't know. She lied to me. She has nobody to blame but herself."

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

LOSS of hair is one of the most common of human experiences. A great deal has been written about this trouble. Much of it must be taken with a grain of salt.

Some authorities believe baldness is due to an impairment of the cells of the hair. Others claim that it is caused by a disease or abnormality of the scalp.

Through out life there is always more or less loss of hair, but few have occasion to worry about this because constant replacements are made in most cases.

There are cases in which the exact cause of loss of hair cannot be determined, but generally it can be definitely attributed to some disturbance of health.

Causes of Hair Loss
"Congenital alopecia" is a condition in which a child is born without hair. The cause of this condition is not known, but it is believed to be hereditary, for it certainly appears to run in families. These children grow to maturity without hair and are bald-headed throughout life.

"Alopecia areata," or loss of hair in patches, has been known for many centuries, and was first described by Celsus, a Greek physician, in the year 58 B. C. Little has been contributed since that time toward the understanding or treatment of this disorder, in which there are patches varying in size and shape that contain no hair whatsoever. Often there is a regrowth of hair in these patches, but the hairs that come in are usually white. No doubt many of my readers have observed this condition. It is not limited to the scalp, but may occur in the beard, or the eyebrows.

Infection is the most common cause of loss of hair and usually it is caused by a parasite. It may be associated with ringworm. It is almost exclusively a disease of childhood.

"Tinea capitis" is the technical term used for infections of the hairs of the scalp. The modern treatment of tinea capitis is removal of all the hair by carefully measured X-ray treatment. When proper precautions are taken and there is no reinfection, the new hairs that grow will be free from infection.

Another disease caused by a germ, which is seen in adult life as well as in childhood, is called "tinea favus." In this, a yellow crust forms on the scalp, and there is marked loss of hair. This disease has favorably responded to modern forms of treatment.

Of "seborrhea," the familiar trouble universally called "dandruff," the cause is not definitely known. It is most common in adults, and unless properly treated leads to loss of hair. Unfortunately, most persons neglect dandruff. Poor manner of living, unhygienic care of the scalp and carelessness in the use of hairbrushes and combs are a few of the many factors responsible for dandruff. Keep your brush and comb clean, and do not permit others to use them.

Consult Your Physician
There are various forms of alopecia, or loss of hair, which is usually a symptom of some local disease of the scalp. It may occur almost from any cause, accompanied by fever, such as influenza, typhoid and pneumonia.

As we grow older our hair naturally becomes thin. Baldness occurs in both men and women, but is more pronounced in men. Some become bald at an early age; others, after diseases that are treated with the scalp, consult with your physician. Proper and immediate care is an important step in preserving your hair.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "What is your favorite amusement? Why?" The answers:

Alex Jones, merchant: "Taking care of our three and one-half months old daughter. She's taking most of our time now."

L. N. Doty, Jefferson: "Hunting and fishing. I can forget my troubles best there."

Jim Burdette, law student: "Hunting and fishing I believe. I like to be outdoors, and they're a complete diversion from the usual routine."

Master Buddy Bynon, 2nd A student: "Going out to my daddy's farm. I like the horses out there."

Daily Thought

"No North, no South, no East, no West. But one great nation Heaven blest."—Charles B. Thompson.

most Californians, who erected a monument to his memory.
The Salem company headed by Capt. Bennett had the chief part in the skirmish that resulted in the killing of Peo-peo-mux-mux—to say nothing of the inglorious reputation this was attached to the skinning of the old chief after his death. But those men had suffered much, along with their families, at the hands of Indians; and they regarded Peo-peo-mux as peculiarly yellow, treacherous and unspornantlike, even judged by (Continued on Page 9)

36 Years Ago KLONDIKE STAMPEDE STARTS



From the Nation's News Files, Port Townsend, Wash., Sept. 26, 1906
The arrival of a ship from the Klondike has started a stampede to the Alaskan Goldfields.

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