

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
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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. The head of the family is a landowner in South Dakota but three years of grasshoppers caused him to turn his eyes westward. He got literature on the Willamette valley from the Portland and Salem chamber of commerce, and "here they are". Now he is looking for a farm, intending to make this his permanent home.

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 do so safely because their prophecy is quickly forgotten. And nature observers often cite the unusual thrif of a squirrel as proof of prolonged cold weather. This time our Hayesville correspondent says that "wooly worms" are making signs to indicate the winter will be mild. We do not know the "wooly worm", nor what its means of weather forecasting are. Perhaps it grows short wool for mild winters and long wool for cold winters. At any rate we shall see how reliable the "wooly worm" is as a long term barometer.

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. For them the state fair revolves around the Four-H club building. They will find Harry Seymour here; and the youngsters have brought along their pigs and calves and canned fruit and ears of corn to compete for prizes. Liberty district south of Salem, is one of the most progressive communities of the county; so it isn't surprising to read Liberty is sending in a Four-H club team. They are alternates to Silverton and Mt. Angel in stock judging. Being from Liberty, we'd think they ought to be set to pruning-judging instead.

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. The farmers protested and asked for \$10. The price stiffened, finally a \$12 quotation was reported. At any rate Sunnyside, famed prune district, reports that growers there may leave off drying to take the "green" price.

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. It's a fine country; and the man from South Dakota will soon wonder why he beckoned him all the time.

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. Mahatma Gandhi, whom we of the western world have treated with mingled praise and contempt and ridicule, proves himself one of the greatest of a long line of philosophers who have made India famous for long centuries. We Christians, so-called, who rely on force and bluff and intrigue, may see in Gandhi a Hindu who "out-Christians" us. Though we know little of the intricacies of the problems of India, we cannot fail to recognize in this singular character probably the greatest spiritual force in the world today. Here is one who by pure pacifism, and chiefly by his moral leadership is steadily wresting from Britain's grip self-government for India.

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. The Round Table conference in London broke up without any agreement among the Indian delegates as to the basis of representation in the new government, so the British worked out a system of "communal awards", and allocated representation by separate groups to minorities including Moslems, Sikhs, Indian Christians, Anglo-Indians, Europeans, and women.

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. The imperial government headed by Ramsay MacDonald, which fixed the "communal awards" in lieu of local agreement has had no wish to be responsible for the starvation of the mahatma, and so readily consented to the agreement of the Indian castes. It is by no means clear whether other divisive questions on the new government have been settled; but Gandhi has stopped his fast.

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
BITS for BREAKFAST - By R. J. HENDRICKS

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.

Although the Vandette theatre has a large and profitable patronage on Sunday afternoons, the management has decided to close on that afternoon hereafter, giving exhibitions on Sunday evening as usual.

Canada's new pure food law went into effect this week. Both the Canadian law and the new British law are direct results of the packing-house exposures in this country last year and congress' meat inspection law.

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.

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 53 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.

John Mix Stanley, Indian painter: (Continuing from Sunday): The next year, 1854, he was in Washington, where he remained till 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. Five of the more important ones had been removed from the art gallery to another part of the building and thus escaped damage. These are now in the United States national museum, and are excellent examples of the artist's work. (The five pictures saved are the Council at Talequah, Korakookus, Osage Scalp Dance, Buffalo Hunt, the Apache Chief, Black Knife. They are reproduced in Smithsonian Institution, Annual Report, 1924.)

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." This project was never carried out, though there has recently come to light evidence that some chapters were put in type. In 1929, the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, received from G. M. Melchers, the well known painter, a collection of ethnological specimens that had been gathered by Stanley. In the collection were found eight press-proof sheets of text. There is internal evidence that these were written in 1858 or 1859, and by some one other than Stanley, but they were evidently meant to accompany a portfolio of his drawings made from his field sketches. Stanley believed that the Indian race was doomed to ultimate extinction, and it was his desire to publish a work in which its customs, habits and dress would be preserved. The text mentioned comprises three pages of a Preface; two pages entitled "Prairie Indian Encampment"; two pages, "Chinook Burial Grounds"; and one page, "Buffalo Hunt. The Preface gives a good deal of biographical information and an account of the painter's various trips to the west and a list of tribes visited. If this work had been completed it would have been a most valuable contribution to ethnological history. Stanley died at Detroit April 10, 1872.

The following list of paintings made in the Oregon country is taken from the Smithsonian catalogue: Umpquas: Enah-te, or Wolf (1845); Klamath: To-to-ka-nim and Enish-nim, his wife (1848); Calapoosias: Yelsto (1848); Chinooks: Stomacha, principal chief of the Chinooks (1848); Tel-al-tek, Chinook squaw (1848); Willamette Falls Indians: Washagmus, principal chief (1847); Mary and Achata, squaws (1847); Kilkittas: Casino (Casenove) (1848); Walla Walla's: Peo-peo-mux-mux, or Yellow Serpent (1847); Cayuses: To-lo-kikt, or Crawfish Walking Forward, Shum-ah-pe.

Okanagan: Wah-puxe, Koman-kan, or Long Hair, Sin-pah-sok-tin, squaw. Besides these portraits of Indians the catalogue includes paintings of Dr. John McLoughlin, Peter Skene Ogden, Oregon City, Willamette Falls, all painted in 1845; Massacre of Dr. Whitman's Family; Abduction of Miss Bowley from Dr. Whitman's Mission; Cascades of the Columbia River; Salmon Fishery on the Headwaters of the Columbia; Mount Hood; View on the Pelouse River; Pelouse Falls; View in the Cascade Mountains; View on the Columbia (two pictures); The Artist Travelling in Northern Oregon in the Month of November; View of Mount Hood; Cascade of the Columbia; The Great Dalles Basin, and View of Mount Hood; View on the Spokane River.

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Thus ends the story of Miss Pipes. The work of Stanley has high historic value. The To-lo-kikt or Crawfish Walking Forward of Stanley was Chief Tiloukalkit of the Cayuses, who was the arch murderer in the Whitman massacre, hanged with four others at Oregon City for the crime. It was Tiloukalkit who gave the alias to the Whitman mission at Walla Walla, and who, as

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

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

"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. Jimmie was not 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—if I lose 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 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."

However, Patricia had not the comfortable faculty of being able to appease her conscience with self-deception. . . . Oh, I can lie to myself till I'm black, but I know I've been an absolute little rotter. I've broken up Aunt Pam's home. She may have locked him out over Mrs. Brownley; but it was I who prepared the way for Mrs. Brownley. And now I think I'm a heroine because I'm ready to step out like a gallant lady and let Mrs. Brownley have him. . . . What I've actually done is take Aunt Pam's husband away from her, then turned him over to another woman.

In reality, I'm trying to railroad him into marrying Mrs. Brownley. . . . that is, I'm helping her to do it. I wonder if that woman doesn't see how she's bound Jimmie up? And if she didn't see it, would she when she told me all that? Maybe she knew I am just the sort of little fool who would make just the sort of heroic gesture I have made.

Oh, poor Aunt Pam! She was crying over the phone. . . . I could tell by the way Dadums talked to her. And for Aunt Pam to break down. . . .

She jumped up suddenly, went to the mirror and stared furiously into it. "Patricia Braithwait," she said, "you are a darned little rotter. But if there's a single truthful bone in your vile little body I want you to answer one question. A re you so big and broad and kind and sympathetic that you'd quietly step out of another woman's life if you actually wanted a man you loved? You know darn well you wouldn't. You know the reason you liked the woman in the first place was because you didn't want him any more, and you didn't have the gall to say to him, 'sorry, old dear, that I've upset your affairs, but count me out of the mess. I've changed my mind.' It hurt your vanity abominably that he hadn't spent the last year mooning over you; but outside of that you were relieved, and grabbed at the woman as a life saver. . . .

"Now you know the truth! And it serves you damn right that you've lost the man you did want."

She walked over to the easel and stared at the deserted scene. . . . That's what I've done to myself. Maybe done to Aunt Pam and Jimmie. . . . Well, the least I can do is try to get them out of the mess. I'm going to see Aunt Pam this very night and tell her just what Jimmie told me. And I'm going to have a talk with Myra Brownley right now. . . .

She went to the phone. Mrs. Brownley was just getting up. Was almost dressed. She would be delighted to have lunch with Patricia. It would be her breakfast. She'd be over in twenty minutes.

Patricia charged about the room, calling herself every vile name she could think of. And also doing some real thinking.

(To Be Continued)
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hic-cie, or Painted Shirt (1847), Tum-ah-see. Nes Perces: Tin-tin-metze, a chief (1847).

Pelouses: Keek-soes-tee (1847). Spokane: Se-lim-coom-clu-look, or Raven Chief (1847). Kwi-to-co-ko—a man (1847). Kai-mish-ko, or Marked Head, Kai-me-te-kin, or Marked Back, Pa-se-liz, squaw; Tin-tin-malik, or Strong Brest.

Stony Island Indians: Hi-up-ekan, Las-kies-tum, squaw, So-ha-pe. Okanagan: Wah-puxe, Koman-kan, or Long Hair, Sin-pah-sok-tin, squaw.

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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 Peopeomoxmox—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 Peopeomoxmox as peculiarly yellow, treacherous and unsportsmanlike, even judged by (Continued on Page 9)

The Peo-peo-mux-mux or Yellow Serpent of Stanley was Chief Peopeomoxmox, chief of the Walla Walla, whose name was written large across the pages of early Oregon history. He was killed near Walla Walla, at the time when Capt. Chas. Bennett of Salem lost his life—the discoverer of gold in California, along with Jim Marshall and Stephen-Staats, also of the Salem district; though Marshall got the main part of the credit; in fact, all of it, among

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.

The considerate attention to even the smallest detail is a characteristic of Rigdon Service. From start to finish it is a satisfactory service, regardless of cost.

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