

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

**THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.**  
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**HEALTH**  
 By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

FOR MANY years the diagnosis and treatment of epilepsy have been pretty unsatisfactory undertakings. It is only recently that it has been possible to control the disease and in some instances to effect a cure.

Unfortunately, many parents believe it is "natural" for children to have certain diseases. They think these ailments are taking a few moments rest, the course of "events." I know of a case where the mother ignored the convulsions of her child, because in her own childhood the mother suffered from a similar affliction. On this account, she thought every youngster must have the same affliction.

**Confused With Convulsions**  
 Epilepsy is a serious disease and must never be neglected. It is a disturbance of the nervous system characterized by attacks of unconsciousness. These attacks may be associated with convulsions. When convulsions are present, it is known as "grand mal." An attack without a convulsion is known medically as "petit mal."

In children, epilepsy is often confused with simple convulsions. Convulsions are commonly seen in infants and children. They may be caused by the absorption of food or body poison. They may come from the intestinal tract, from disturbances of the kidneys or liver, or they may be associated with marked undernourishment. When the cause is determined and remedied the convulsions disappear.

**Real Cause Unknown**  
 Though the cause of real epilepsy has never been determined, certain factors are known. Careful diet, sufficient exercise, plenty of fresh air and sunlight, regular elimination, an abundance of sleep in a well ventilated room, are a few of the simple rules advised.

In certain cases, particularly where there is definite evidence of birth injury, surgery is beneficial. The operation is a serious one, but the results in many instances are gratifying. The best results are obtained when the operation is performed in childhood.

Every case of epilepsy requires constant medical attention. Careful observation and treatment diminish the number and severity of the attacks. Prolonged care is essential, but it is rewarded because in many cases complete recovery is assured. Undoubtedly further advances may be expected in the treatment and cure of this affliction.

**HEALTH BITS FOR BREAKFAST**  
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Spalding's Mission, 1842: Old letter tends to refute "Whitman saved Oregon" myth:

(Continuing from yesterday:)

"On Wednesday night my own strength entirely failed, having not slept a minute I believe for the 3 days & nights previous by reason of my own sickness and anxiety & care for my wife. That night about 3 o'clock I staggered from the bed-side of my dear wife leaving brother Littlejohn with her, to the room some 10 rods distant where sister Littlejohn was taking a few moments rest, & told her I could hold out no longer. I scarcely left my bed only as I was taken out for the next 13 days, expecting every time the door was opened to hear that my dear wife was no more. But I had accompanied her as near the Heavenly gates as I could, as it had been permitted mortals to go, & I could not wish her back again to encounter the toils & temptations of this world. I waited the message with calmness. Mr. Geiger who is in charge at Wallatpu arrived on Thursday 14 September a most timely relief to sister Littlejohn & to that time had had the whole responsibility of administering medicines, preparing

gruels &c &c & had hung over her apparently dying patient, often I think 20 hours out of 24, with a tender watchfulness & a quick anticipation of her every want, that perfectly astonished me, & I can not but see in it the kind hand of our Heavenly Father stretched out in almost a miraculous manner to sustain her through her indescribable labors & cares. Mr. Geiger has had some experience in medicine, is of uncommon good judgment, in what was of the most consequence at that time is the best nurse I ever saw for a man. Mr. Littlejohn had a look after the children & do the cooking &c, (we have no help) & sit up more or less every night. Mr. Walker arrived on Friday 15th with a man who took charge of the kitchen & who with himself watched with me till I began to mend. Mrs. B. & I were so almost constantly to watch over & attend upon her. I continued in my wretched & sinking state with some fever, pain in the heart, with times of severe palpitation till after Mr. Walker arrived who brought medicines that gave relief to myself as also to Mrs. B."

(Notes: What Spalding called Cimamakin was Tahimakin, the mission station of Elkaskan Walker and Cushing Wells, established in 1832, located in the present Stearns county, Washington. Wallatpu was the Whitman mission, founded in 1836, located six miles from the present Walla Walla, Washington. P. B. Littlejohn was an independent missionary; came to the Oregon country in 1840. William Geiger came to the Oregon country in 1839; was in charge of the Whitman mission during Dr. Whitman's absence on his famous trip east in 1842-3.)

**"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping**

**SYNOPSIS**

Dr. John Wolfe, young and capable assistant of the inefficient old Dr. Hentig, was shocked at the pollution he found everywhere in the little town of Navestock. The young doctor's greatest obstacle in trying to better conditions in the bitter resentment of the people themselves. The affable Thredgold appears more interested in honoring his patients and fattening his purse than he is in curing their ills. He cautions Wolfe against using necessary "expensive" medicines when the "ordinary" preparations will do. Wolfe would be tempted to give up if it were not for lovely, young Joan MacCall, whose sincerity and courageous outlook are an incentive to keep fighting. Filled with curiosity as to how Wolfe spends his time, Mrs. Thredgold searches his room and finds a map he has prepared showing Navestock's polluted areas. She informs her husband of what she calls Wolfe's "gross dissoluteness" and underhand "gruesome" suggestions that her husband either make him discontinue his researches or discharge him. Wolfe is summoned to a case of sunstroke in the "Parlons" field, the estate of the wealthy Brundsons.

**CHAPTER NINETEEN**

The summer man led Wolfe along a path beside the river. The ledge, shorn by the scythe, was a brownish yellow; and the scattered earth, ploughed up in lines and patches by the moles, a pale, dry brown. Westwards, "Pardons" rose as a great mound of green shadows, its twisted chimneys showing above the solemn spires of its cedars. The garden, sloping towards the river, was splashed here and there with "Pardons" was famous for its lawns, sleek, sun-struck stretches of grass speckled in long curves under the motionless canopies of its trees. The place astounded the eyes with its calm, cool splendor. Between the dark trunks of the cedars Wolfe saw the fink-pink glimmer, studded with the green leaves and the white-and-yellow cups of the water-lilies. Beyond the house spread the park, clasped by a red-brick wall, the trees and fall with the undulations of the ground. Dear herded there amid the bracken, and about the stumps of beech trees that were like great temples paved with bronze. Some of the old oaks were mere huge, gray shells stretching out a few twisted limbs like monsters defying time. Between the park and the garden ran yew hedges twenty feet high, black as midnight, and as solemn.

The field under the park wall was fringed with a row of red and sun-baked hay. Only half of it had been mown, the fresh swathes lying at the purple edge of the uncut grass. Men had thrown down their scythes, women their rakes and forks. They had huddled themselves in a group under the boughs of an oak that grew close to the park wall, the pink-and-white sun-bonnets of the women mixed with the hats of the men. A crowd never seems to think it is a mere amorphous mass, an amoeba-like thing that flows, and emits jelly-like protrusions when stimulated by curiosity, sympathy, and fear.

Wolfe pushed through.

"Get back, please, get back."

The circle enlarged itself like a smoke ring, with irregular undulations. At the foot of the tree they had laid a man on a couple of smocks and rolled up another under his head. His face was dead-white with a queer glistening whiteness, his body flaccid, his eyes closed. He was unconscious, a dead breathing very feebly. A woman in a blue-velvet bodice and a white apron was kneeling beside him, and mopping his face with a wet rag.

The haymakers stared at Wolfe, but Wolfe looked only at the man.

He bent down, and put a hand inside his shirt.

"When did it happen?"

The woman with the wet rag answered him through her blubbering.

"Not an hour past, doctor."

"After a meal, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any plenty of drink?"

She looked at him with humid eyes pleading pitifully in a wrinkled, ugly face.

"I be'n dying, doctor?"

Wolfe was silent, feeling the heat of the man's heart.

"Oh, don't say it be death, sir. He was such a lousy chap. He was laughing over 's beer."

"I'm sorry. But he's had."

The woman began to sob, the strings of her sunbonnet twitching upon her shoulders.

Wolfe was raising the man's lids when a voice came from somewhere, a deep, languid, mellow voice, and if colour can be ascribed to voices, the colour of gold under trees at twilight. The country folk moved aside. The woman in the blue bodice sat up and wiped her eyes with the wet rag.

"Who is it?"

"Tom Bett, ma'am."

"A sunstroke."

"Dr. Thredgold's man be here."

Wolfe, half turning, saw a woman in a white dress moving from the open sunlight into the shade of the oak. She seemed to glide rather than to walk in the cloud-like expanse of her crinoline. She was a very tall woman, and a mass of auburn hair surrounded a face that was white and smooth as ivory. This hair of hers was the colour of copper in certain lights; in others—all dusted over with reddish gold; and though her face was so smooth and white, the red mouth streaked it with a colour that was almost the colour of blood. Her eyes, dark and large, were filled with an expression so of inexplicable enmity that drew the light in them, and made them resemble the eyes of one who suffered.

Wolfe rose. He knew by instinct that this woman was the mistress of "Pardons," owner of a third of Navestock town, mother of that rough-riding youngster whom he had pulled up once in Bridge Street. Mrs. Brundson moved on again into grass under the shade of the oak. She was still young, not more than thirty, but her face lacked all animation, the proud, bored, dead face of a woman who no longer enjoyed anything. She looked at the unconscious man and the weeping woman

as though she were staring at some picture crowded amid a thousand others into the gallery of life. She had grown tired of looking at pictures. Her eyes said as much.

"Is it a bad case?"

"I am afraid so."

"Give any orders that you wish. He can be taken up to any of my cottages."

"Thank you."

Wolfe called some of the men and told them to fetch a hurdle or a door and a sheet wrung out in cold water. Happening to turn again towards Mrs. Brundson, he found her eyes fixed on him with a vague and careless curiosity.

Wolfe was struck by one of those flashes of surprise that strike across the clear calm of a strong man's consciousness. He felt suddenly and unaccountably embarrassed, like a raw youth in a drawing-room. He looked at her and realized that she was a woman to whom he had nothing at all to say.

His abrupt uneasiness betrayed itself in a certain brusqueness.

"I may send to the house for anything I want?"

"Please do."

"I suppose there is not such a thing as ice to be had?"

"No, I suppose not."

She turned away to speak to the woman in the blue bodice and white apron, and Wolfe bent over the unconscious man. Yet he could not prevent himself from listening to the beautifully casual voice of the woman in white. She spoke as a statue might be expected to speak, coldly, perfectly, yet without sympathy. Wolfe felt a strange mingling of repulsion and interest. He found himself wondering whether this woman who had so fair a face and body had always carried a face-dead soul.

When he rose again, Mrs. Brundson had moved away and her hair gleamed in the sunlight. The white figure showed up in isolation against the shorn grass. The sunlight seemed to fall away from it as though there was nothing that the golden arms could clasp.

The man came back with a hurdle covered with horse-cloths, and one of them carried a wet sheet. The summer day, that had stood motionless still in the presence of the great lady, moved on again into action. Wolfe drew a deep breath of relief. Here was something to fight for, the life of a man.

(To Be Continued)

**Expelling Barry**

If firing Dave Barry will result in giving the senate a clean bill of health, perhaps the sacrifice will be worth while. But the punishment seems extreme for what was chiefly an unfortunate wording in an article. Senators themselves have shown the integrity of their own colleagues. Senator R. M. LaFollette set the style a quarter century ago when he traversed Chataqua circuits assailing fellow-senators and charging them with being tools of corrupt interests. The progressive senators who have been most severe in their insinuations and charges were the ones who resented any slurs cast on the body by an employe.

Senator Glenn in his defense of the aged sergeant-at-arms, said:

"I cannot distinguish very materially between attacking a body of this kind, as has been done in the present instance, and the privilege which is exercised nearly every day in committee rooms of the senate, of browbeating a witness, accusing him, attacking him as he sits there called in response to a summons, abusing, condemning, blackening people's names and reputations, knowing that the next morning upon the front pages of the responsible newspapers of this country those charges, unadmitted, will be broadcast to the world."

Barry should have been disciplined. As an ex-newspaper man he should have had more skill in phrasing his thoughts than he showed; but for a body which has been ruthless in defamation of characters of other people who were quite defenseless themselves, the senate administered punishment which went beyond the magnitude of Barry's offense.

**The Safety Valve -**  
 Letters from Statesman Readers

To the editor:

Our 37th state legislature will soon have passed into history. The two major tasks being unemployment relief and more means of raising revenue.

The bill passed stipulates aid from the federal finance corporation to the extent of five million dollars.

Why not use it in the following way, and relieve something as it would be greatly enhanced?

Place the five millions into a number of Oregon state banks and leave it there.

Find some useful construction work (hydro-electric power development as the governor advocated early in his administration and before his election) or whatever.

Start work at once and send men from all counties in the state, one, two, three or four months, according to their bonafide needs, six days per week, six hours per day, at 50 cents per hour and more for skilled labor.

Use only Oregon state currency for paying all labor, both physical and mental, in connection with the project.

This currency with a guaranty value to the extent of the five million on deposit could be issued in like manner as the scrip now in use in the city of Salem in a small way.

This scrip issued for labor only creates a fund through voluntary tax during the course of the year of \$1.20 on each dollar of scrip issued. At the end of the year we will find that a fund has been created by labor and raised by voluntary tax during circulation through the various channels of trade through the state.

The scrip can be issued in \$1, \$5, \$10 or \$100 denominations, as the need may create.

Working on the basis of one dollar each currency has the date of issue stamped on face with space on the back for a two cent stamp every six days for each month, making 60 stamp dates for the year or \$1.20 in cash voluntary stamps during the year it is in circulation.

The five million would not only redeem itself during the year it is in circulation but raise an extra 20 cents on each dollar making actually six million dollars created by labor, raised by voluntary tax and the original five million dollars still in the bank of the state intact.

With this currency all manner of autos, state, county and local tax, groceries, clothing, wood, salaries and what not in the state could be paid and the effect on the sale of Oregon-made products would be marvelous.

A READER,  
 1258 N. Fifth St.,  
 Salem, Oregon.

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To the editor:

Resuming the text—the Spalding letter: "On the 25th September Doct. Whitman arrived having met a letter some 150 miles from this place, urging him if on his way to this country to come to our relief without delay. The letter was started from this place 10 days before. He left the company of emigrants of 1000 whom he was piloting to the coast, and fell with the undulations of the ground. Dear herded there amid the bracken, and about the stumps of beech trees that were like great temples paved with bronze. Some of the old oaks were mere huge, gray shells stretching out a few twisted limbs like monsters defying time. Between the park and the garden ran yew hedges twenty feet high, black as midnight, and as solemn.

**Utility Merchandising**

NATURALLY the newspapers do not relish the idea of prohibiting utility companies from handling appliances because the papers would lose a considerable volume of advertising. With the methods of handling the accounts the newspapers are not immediately concerned; and of course would take no part in contentions between groups of competitors. But the papers are having their struggles the same as all other lines of business. Gas and electric companies have been substantial advertisers of their services and commodities; and the advertising has been handled in an entirely legitimate manner. The papers need that business and do not want to see it legislated away from them.

General observation points to the truth of the assertion that independent dealers profit by the promotional advertising of the utility companies. In Kansas where a law similar to senate bill 122 was passed, now the state press association is fighting actively for its repeal; because they have been deprived of a large volume of business. From the standpoint of public policy it does not seem just to put the utilities out of the business of selling appliances which they need to sustain and to increase the demand for their services.

**Answers to Health Queries**

F. M. Q.—What causes Bright's disease? I am only nineteen and have been told that I have this trouble.

A.—This disturbance may be due to a number of causes; may be acute or chronic. Careful diet will often bring about relief and increased comfort. Your doctor will outline specific advice.

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**WAR DEBT PROBLEM**

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**DEVALUED VICTORY**

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**Yesterdays**  
 . . . Of Old Salem

**Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days**

February 9, 1908

Sheriff Culver returned from New York last evening having in custody Hans Hansen, who is charged with horse stealing. The sheriff reports not much snow in the east but temperatures 10 degrees below zero in many places.

John H. Hall has been found guilty of conspiring with the Butte Creek Land, Livestock & Lumber company in maintaining a fence enclosing public lands, when Hall was United States district attorney for Oregon. Sentence has not been passed.

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**Woman in Vocation Is Topic For Meet Of Monmouth Club**

MONMOUTH, Feb. 8.—The Business and Professional Women of Monmouth and Independence met Monday night at the home of Mrs. Velma Pierson. Four women contributed a diversified program of talks, each telling how a woman can succeed in a given vocation or profession.

Mrs. J. A. Churchill spoke on women school supervisors; Miss Aileen Dyer of the Normal school faculty on the profession of nursing; Mrs. Velma Pierson on women farmers, and Mrs. Elmer Pendell on library work as a profession.

A covered dish luncheon preceded the program. Its conclusion a humorous skit representing a day in school with Mrs. L. E. Forbes as teacher, Mrs. Pierson, Mrs. Frances Whiteaker and Miss Pauline Riley as pupils, proved highly entertaining.

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**Benefit Turkey Feed Looks Like Sell-Out**

SALEM EIGHTHS, Feb. 8.—The benefit turkey supper to be given at the community hall Friday, February 10, by the Salem

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