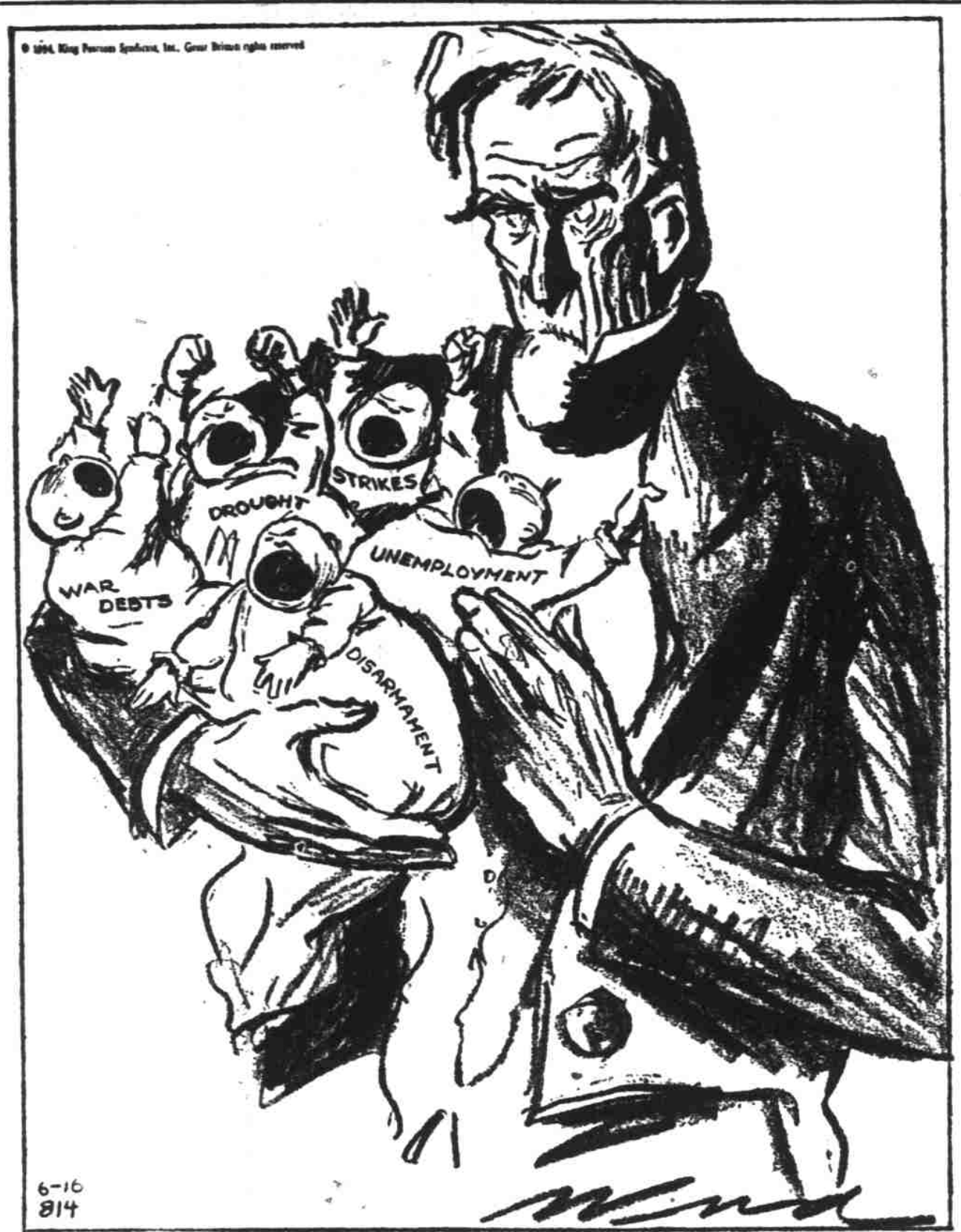


The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
 From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
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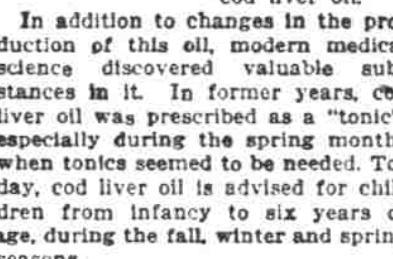
Quintuplets of His Own



Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

NO DOUBT you have heard many a person say: "Isn't it remarkable the way the children of today have their cod liver oil?" When I was a child, we were bribed to take the smelly tonic. Few realize the tremendous changes that have been made in the manufacture of cod liver oil. The oil now used is a pure product, without the offensive taste and smell of olden days. In fact, it is now possible to purchase a flavored cod liver oil.



In addition to changes in the production of this oil, modern medical science discovered valuable substances in it. In former years, cod liver oil was prescribed as a "tonic," especially during the spring months when tonics seemed to be needed. Today, cod liver oil is advised for children from infancy to six years of age, during the fall, winter and spring seasons.

Good for Infants
 Physicians of yesterday, would be surprised to hear the modern physician prescribe cod liver oil for the infant as early as the first week. As a rule, it is given to the child until he reaches his third year, and in many instances is continued for a longer period of time. Of course, it is also prescribed for older children and adults who show signs of certain constitutional disorders.

The value of cod liver oil was first recognized because of its beneficial action on children suffering from rickets. The cause of this disease is now known to be due to a lack of sunlight or of vitamin D in the diet. The disease has always prevailed among poor children living in tenement houses where fresh air and sunlight are scarce.

Today, we know that sunlight has the effect of vitamin A and D. These are essential to the development and growth of strong and sturdy bones. These very vitamins are found in cod liver oil. To give a child cod liver oil, is to assure him of an adequate supply of what sunshine gives. Of course, whenever possible, the beneficial rays of the sun should be enjoyed by everybody.

Increase Amounts Gradually
 As I have said, cod liver oil may be given to the young infant. Begin in the third or fourth week with half a teaspoon of plain pure cod liver oil. Give this amount twice a day. At six weeks give one teaspoon twice a day. Increase the quantity gradually until you give two teaspoons twice a day and this may be continued to the age of two years.

Overland mail to California from St. Louis was established in 1858, time 23 days and 4 hours. This indirectly benefited Oregon, though Oregon could still get letters only twice a month.

Before 1857 there was no line of passenger coaches anywhere in Oregon. One Concord coach owned by Charles Rae was the only stage in the Willamette valley from 1853 to 1855. A stage line from Portland to Salem was put on the road in 1857, making the journey in one day. In 1859 a mail and passenger coach ran once a week from Salem to Eugene, and from Eugene to Jacksonville. Weekly and semi-weekly mails had been carried to the towns on the west side, Hillsboro, Lafayette, Dallas and Corvallis, but the postoffice department in 1860 ordered this service to be reduced to a bi-monthly one, and that the mail should be carried but once a week to Jacksonville and the towns along the way.

"If Lane keeps on helping us," said the Oregon City Argus, "we shall soon have a monthly mail carried on foot or in a canoe." The people were clamoring for a daily mail from Portland to Jacksonville, with no prospect of getting it until the California Stage company interposed with an offer to the postal department to carry the mail overland daily to Oregon.

The company, formed in 1853, a consolidation of the various stage lines in California, began with a \$1,000,000 capital, had 750 horses and covered 450 miles of road. In June, 1860, the California company placed its stock on the

road as far as Oakland, Oregon, (of course "old Oakland," not the present Oakland), connecting there with Chase's line to Corvallis, which again connected with the Oregon Stage company's line to Portland. Came the great flood of '61-2, carrying away nearly all the bridges on the line. For many weeks no mails were carried. But, undaunted, business was resumed. The great overland stage days followed. There were several successive owners. Frank Stevens and Louis McLane bought the property in 1865, soon sold it to H. W. Corbett, E. Corbett, Wm. Hall, A. O. Thomas and Jesse D. Carr. It was operated under the name of H. W. Corbett & Co. until 1889, when Carr bought out his partners and operated the lines until 1870, when he sold to the California Oregon Coast Overland Mail company.

This company operated the lines until the early fall of 1885, when the last spike was driven in southern Oregon on the railroad connecting California with this state. The last stage for the south left Salem Dec. 7, 1870, taking all horses, wagons, hacks and stages. As the railroad was extended south, until the fall of 1872, successive removals following the front were made, stopping then at Roseburg for 10 years. The front began removals south in the fall of 1882, when the last one went out of Roseburg, accompanied by a brass band. The writer of these lines, being present in a newspaper capacity, wrote up that big news.

Following the admission of Oregon, an act extending the laws and judicial system of the United States over the new member of the sisterhood was passed March 3, 1859. It provided for a United States judge, at \$2500 a year. Late in 1859, Geo. H. Williams had been appointed chief justice of the territory, with R. P. Boise associate justice, and Walter Forward, Marion county, United States marshal. On May 20 the judges-elect (of the supreme and circuit courts) met at Salem to draw lots for their terms of office, R. P. Boise and R. E. Stratton getting the six years and A. E. Wait the four year term, which made Wait chief justice, as per the constitution. P. P. Prim of Jackson county got Deady's place. Joseph G. Wilson got the position of clerk of the supreme court.

To make the record clear, the reader must know that Matthew P. Deady had been appointed by the president to the office of United States judge of the new state — which he held until the end of his eventful life. Here comes a scrap of history little known, and by this time forgotten by most people who knew it at all.

Thomas A. Hendricks wanted the place which Judge Deady got. Says a note in Bancroft's history: "Grover says that Hendricks of Indiana, who was then commissioner of the general land office, and afterward was senator for six years, and a candidate for the vice presidency, was among the applicants for the place, and personally his preference, but that the Oregon people were opposed to imported officers, and hence he recommended Deady. It was said at the time that Lane made the recommendation to keep Deady out of his way in future elections. However that may be, the appointment was satisfactory, and Judge Deady has done much to support the dignity of the state, and to promote the GROWTH OF MOR-

"MA CINDERELLA" By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

CHAPTER XXXVII
 It was known, now—from the Wilderness Station agent — that Ann had taken her son and Nance Jordan to the city. That a stranger in an imposing automobile, with a man in uniform at the wheel, had twice visited the Haske! place was also known. And that was all. But about Jeff Todd and his activities the neighborhood seemed better informed, although the talk was mostly in cautious whispers, sly, half-humorous observations, and thinly veiled suggestions. Pappy Giles shook his head dubiously over some of the things which he heard at the store. And it was noticed that he treated certain loud-voiced, swaggering customers with grave and, as far as possible, silent respect. The old storekeeper was sometimes awakened at night by the sound of horses passing down the hogback. Certain men from other neighborhoods were seen about the Haske! place.

To Uncle Jimmie and a chosen few Pappy sometimes recalled the days when the night-riders of Swamp Valley terrorized the countryside. Once, when aggravated almost beyond his endurance by a visit from Jeff and his inseparable companion, Lem Wilkins, Pappy told Uncle Jimmie that "Jeff Todd war just like a bad dog what had broke loose an' war runnin' wild over the country. Couldn't nobody tell who he war likely to bite, nor when."
 "You done said hit," Uncle Jimmie agreed. "The only difference 'tween Jeff an' Lem is the difference 'tween a polecat an' a skunk—which ain't nothin' but a manner of speakin' 'n' anybody couldn't think nothin' 'bout one what wouldn't fit 'other jest as well."
 It was generally conceded—with more or less uneasiness—that "if Ann war to come back she'd sure find things changed a heap. Some even war so far as to say that Ann Haske! had done had her day, an' that if she knowed what war good for her she wouldn't never show up in these parts no more."
 Jeff Todd and Lem Wilkins were in the living-room of the Haske! house.

It was an hour, perhaps, after sundown. A meager fire burned in the neglected fireplace where the heaped-up ashes, spilling out over the hearth and the floor, mixed with a slovenly litter of burnt matches, discarded quids of tobacco, and other refuse. The table which formerly held John Herbert's books, papers, and writing materials had been dragged from its place in the book-corner and was burdened with a gallon jug of "white milk," several dirty glasses, a pile of greasy rags, a collection of flat pint and quart bottles, and an open box of leaf tobacco with an assortment of cob pipes. In place of the green-shaded student lamp, a grimy-smelling lantern shone with a murky, faint light, and a cloud of tobacco smoke and con-corn-roller fumes. The bookshelves were bare. The brown floor war over-tur-ned on the floor in the corner.

"Be an hour yet 'fore hit's time for us to go," offered Lem in the manner of one making polite conversation to pass the time. "All of that," returned Jeff. "Ain't no use for us us gettin' 'fore 'fore the boys. They wouldn't be a-artin' for dark."
 Lem spat meditatively into the feeble fire. "Tain't nigh so handy from here as 'twas on the head of Shady Creek."
 Jeff nodded. "Hit'll sure be mighty handy 'er old Ann Haske!, if she war ever to come back."
 The other laughed appreciatively. "I'd like to be a-hidin' in the brush to watch the old gal's face next time she drops in at the head of Shady to see if things air a-runnin' steady to her. What do you reckon she'll do, Jeff, if she comes back an' finds out what's happened?"
 "I'd answer her with a smarl-ing oath: 'Ann Haske!'s goin' to do jest what I say. I'm a-runnin' things now. If she's fool 'nough to come back here she'll listen to day or be pased signified an' she'll be a-leavin' these parts agin in a darned sight quicker'n she did before."
 "You done said hit," agreed Lem, admiringly. "I reckon you know your own mind an' what's best to do." He paused, listening intently. "Sounds like somethin' a-comin' down the hogback from the ridge."
 "Hit's an automobile," said Jeff,



under his breath. "What the heck! That ain't no call for anybody a-comin' this road since them Lodge folks left."
 They ran into John Herbert's room, where from the window they could see the lights of a car coming down the hill.
 "Mebbe hit's them fellers come fer a load of licker," murmured Lem.
 "No 'tain't. They wouldn't be a-comin' this early in the night. They wouldn't be a-comin' hear nohow—not now. I done said fer 'em to come to Morion's mill. Hit's jest some fool what's took the wrong turn off the Ridge Road like's not. If hit's re-venuers—"
 Swiftly the two men ran back through the living-room into the kitchen, and slipped quietly out of the kitchen door into the night. When the automobile stopped in front of the house they were lying on the ground behind a bush at the corner of the building, a position from which they could observe anyone leaving the car, and from which they could, if in their judgment it seemed best, retreat into the woods, with the house to cover their movements. It would be very dark in the woods, but in the clearing the stars gave a faint light.
 A solitary figure left the car and approached the front door.
 "Good!" murmured Lem. "Hit's a woman!"
 Silently they stole back into the kitchen.
 Ordering his companion to keep for a moment, Jeff went on into the living-room to answer the visitor's knock. He threw open the door, and in the light which streamed out recognized Diane Carrol.
 "Good evening," said Diane, hurriedly. "I came to see Mrs. Haske!"
 Jeff looked over her shoulder toward the car—a roaster—and his bad-dog face twisted into an evil grin.
 "Tell Mrs. Haske! that I am here, please," Diane commanded, sharply. "Say that it is important—that I must see her."
 "Sure. Come in, miss."
 He stepped aside.
 Diane crossed the threshold, and he closed the door behind her.
 "What be you a-wantin' of Ann?"
 "I'll explain to Mrs. Haske!. Go tell her I have no time to visit now."
 "Sure. That's all right. That ain't no call fer you to be in such a sweat! I can see. Sit down. You an' me ain't had a visit fer a right smart time here."
 The girl moved to put a greater distance between herself and the man who stood with his back to the closed door. She tried to speak calmly, but her voice trembled. "Please, I have no time to visit now. Mrs. Haske! is at home, isn't she?"
 "Ann an' Herb an' Nance done went to live in the city right after you left these parts. They ain't

never come back as I've heard tell. An' I'd sure 'n' knowed hit if they had."
 "But Ann and Nance must be here," cried Diane.
 "What makes you think that a way?"
 The girl answered, desperately: "Because they left their home in the city. Where else would they go but here? They left suddenly. There was a party. Ann received a message. She disappeared. It was all my fault. I must see her at once and explain. It is no use for you to say she isn't here. Tell her I have come to explain. Please let me see her."
 "Did Herb leave, too?"
 "No, no—just Ann and Nance. It was a little before midnight that Ann received the message. I saw the butler give it to her. Then she was gone. She must have taken the

Sun Baths

THE printer's devil in our shop has been going around this week with a "Don't tread on me" sign or something of the sort. Just a sunburned back and legs from too much exposure on the beach over the week-end. He will serve as the "horrid example" with which to introduce an extract from the bulletin of the state board of health on the sun bath fad. Fresh air and sunshine are the best of tonics; but the sunshine part needs to be taken in moderation. Here is what the health bulletin says on the subject:

"Sun baths will undoubtedly soon be popular as the season becomes more favorable. Although the sun's rays are extolled for their health virtue injudicious exposure may have unfortunate results and sunshine may become a menace to health when improperly used. Light sensitiveness is not an uncommon condition. Persons sensitive to light may develop a number of skin disorders as well as a general disturbance such as high fever, delirium and serious meningitis. Young children burn more quickly than adults and special care should be used to protect them. Sunlight and ultra violet irradiation may act as an exciting cause of certain summer skin disorders. Hematoporphyria is thought by some investigators to be the chemical that causes these skin eruptions. Sunlight causes the production of hematoporphyria which is a derivative of chlorophyll, the coloring matter found in plants. This substance has been found in the urine of patients suffering from light sensitiveness and this condition is known as porphyruria. Other investigators suggest the hematoporphyria is the result rather than the cause of light sensitiveness."

"Too much light and warmth are often just as detrimental to man as too little. Man can maintain his full vigor with very little sunlight, although sunlight is unquestionably one of the factors having to do with the sensation of bodily and mental well being. Take your sunbaths like any other form of recreation, in moderation and with common sense. All the value of sunlight can be obtained without going to the extreme burning of the skin. It can be harmful and can be avoided. Blondes and brunettes react differently, for the brunettes can withstand intensive exposure to light in contrast with the fair-skinned blonde who reacts more severely. Occasionally blondes tolerate light well and tan easily. Age must be considered, the very old and the very young demanding greater protection. In the beginning, graduated exposure to air should be made indoors with windows wide open. This is followed by a slowly increasing exposure of added parts of the body to graduated intensities of sunlight. Sun bathing is best when the air is relatively cool. Irritability, fatigue, headache, dizziness, lassitude and fever are evidences of over exposure."

Call for Assembly

A little over a quarter of a century ago progressives of that day fought for and obtained the direct primary system of nominating candidates for office. It was a thrust against the old machine which ruled caucuses and conventions. Then candidates were "hand-picked"; and popular resentment found expression in a change to the direct primary.

This year in Oregon the direct primary was used for the nomination of candidates. Each of the two big parties named a man who is worthy of elevation to the high position of governor, each of whom has served creditably in public office. General Charles H. Martin is entitled to the support of the members of the democratic party by virtue of his attainments, his character and his political creed. Joe E. Dunne is entitled to the support of the republicans. He is neither conservative nor radical; but a moderate in his political views. His character is clean, and his ability has been demonstrated in fields of business and politics. He is distinctly a man of the people, having risen from humble situation in life by dint of his own efforts.

Yet disaffected elements feel they must have a candidate of their own, and a call has gone out for a convention. This again will be a hand-picked convention, and the candidate is already hand-picked. Without doubt those who participate in the convention are registered as republicans or democrats. The one who gives word of the call for the convention is a candidate for the legislature on the republican ticket. Thus lightly do they regard party ties; and thus ruthlessly do they spurn the direct primary method of naming candidates.

Tourist Business Gains

OREGON tourist business is already proving better than last year. To date at Crater Lake the visitors have numbered 30,000 which shows an increase of 100% over the like period last year. There was a great difference in seasons of course, the park being open from January on this year. But the gain keeps up, each day showing increase over the date the year previous. This proves the increase is not just due to earlier park opening.

Ocean resorts are entering on a good season. Last week-end cabins on the Lincoln county beaches were well filled up; and those without reservations had to hunt for accommodations.

The Rose Festival at Portland was the biggest success in many years, and the crowds were the largest.

Another indication of more business on the roads is the gain in receipts from gas taxes. While much of this is no doubt due to increased local consumption, greater tourist travel is doubtless a factor also.

Oregon's great bid to fame must be for its scenic resources. Our people live with these beauties so much they often fail to appreciate their value in attracting people from the plains states or hot, dry California. It is the visitors who exclaim over the beauties they see here. Both legislative and public policy should be directed to attract tourists to Oregon and to make them comfortable while they are here.

"Time to Strike"

IT was something of a shock to read as heading of an editorial in the unusually conservative Albany Democrat-Herald, "Now is the time to strike." The country is nervous enough now over strikes and threats of strikes without having Editor Potwin egging on the strikers. However the striking which the editor proposes is not for union recognition of higher wages, but for getting federal aid in flood control in the Willamette valley. Approving the work done by the Willamette valley flood control association, and on the favor shown by Washington where Congressman Mott's bill for a survey passed congress, the D-H sagely remarks: "There is nothing like striking when the iron is hot."

True enough. The raging waters of the McKenzie, the Santiam, the Willamette, annually tear away many acres of valuable farm land, cut new channels or open old ones; so the farmers on lands bordering the river suffer heavy losses from the rampages. Perhaps the control of these mountain-fed streams will never be complete; but something should be done to lessen the chances of loss in the rich lands of the valley.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. H. W. Q.—My daughter is greatly troubled with canker sores and sore mouth. What can be done to correct a condition of this kind? A.—She should correct her diet and keep her system clear. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
 (Copyright, 1934, K. F. S., Inc.)

The director of the federal deposit insurance corporation told the Oregon bankers that deposit insurance would be permanent. Did you ever see a new board or bureau created which didn't take steps to make itself permanent? The democratic administration was elected on a platform to reduce the number of boards and commissions. See how fine a job it has done.

AL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

Thomas A. Hendricks was born in Ohio, became a lawyer; was in 1836 a member of the Pennsylvania legislature and of the state constitutional convention of that state. Was a member of congress, 1851-5. He was made commissioner of the general land office by President Pierce, holding that place until 1859, the time spoken of by L. F. Grover, as noted above. Grover then serving his 16 days as Oregon's first congressman. Thomas A. Hendricks was three times a candidate for vice president, and was elected to that office in 1884, when Grover Cleveland was the first time elected president. But he died after holding the office less than nine months; date of his death, Nov. 25, 1885.

Hendricks was U. S. senator from Indiana from 1863 to '69, and he was governor of his state from 1873 to 1877. During those years, he was bitterly accused of being a "copperhead," on account of his sympathy with his southern friends.

During the last days of his life, he became a great friend of Henry H. Gilroy, then reading clerk of the United States senate.
 (Continued tomorrow.)

The Safety Valve
 Letters from Statesmen Readers

TROUBLES RECOUNTED
 Editor The Statesman:
 A correspondent to The Statesman signing the initials E. F. D. has been closely observing the unusual actions of wild bird life and the peculiar gathering conditions. I would like to add the significance of the hot winds over the wide area which has destroyed so much wheat. My father lived in that country for many years and we never met with such a terrible wholesale destruction, also the great loss later by fire in the stockyards at Chicago. Only those of us who have seen these places can realize the vastness of all this calamity, wheat and meat; the very two commodities which were considered to be a surplus. Now we must pay more for these foods and be taxed extra to help those threatened by famine. The state is waiting for more funds to build bridges—gasoline is taxed and our homes are threatened with confiscation. The gas tax which brought in millions: Why isn't it paying for the roads and bridges the motorists use? Our recent paper tells us the state is all ready to take away our property, be it from one who has much of this world's goods, or a poor, crippled old man or widow or orphan. There are those, in all this getting more than their share, who are worldly smart they may be. One made the remark, which I especially noticed in the paper, "The sales tax shouldn't pass," he said; "if they set down hard on property there will be enough for the schools." These send their children from a distance on the school buses; they pay about one fifth the taxes we are compelled to pay

close in, thus we must educate their children—then at graduation, the same children grab a job taking it from the town dweller. The graduate's father is also being paid not to raise too many hogs or wheat. Is it any wonder taxes and rent in the cities are hard to collect? The country is also trying to persuade the city that it should help pay some of the two hundred dollars a month rent for the poor. A lot of Christians among others are profiting through the huge tax on beer and letting their weaker brothers help them by drinking this stuff. There was a time when God winked at all this, but the signs of the times are written on the desolate fields of the middle west and the smoldering ruins of the stock yards and in the awful tragedy at Corvallis where a child is a murderer through a drinking father. Isaiah 13:20—(Babylon, the once mighty capitol of a universal kingdom is now in ruins 1834.) It shall never be inhabited—neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there—but wild beasts of the desert shall lie there. All this has come to pass we know. If this has come then why not Jeremiah 23-35. Thus saith the Lord: Execute ye judgment and righteousness and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor: do ye no violence to the stranger the fatherless nor the widow—but if ye will not hear these words, I swear by myself saith the Lord, that this house shall become a desolation.
 MARGARET MAY.

LOGAN HARVEST ENDS
 NORTH HOWELL, June 20.—Loganberry picking will come to a close in this district this week as growers fill their contracts at local canneries.

US WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM INEXPENSIVE WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT GUM SATISFYING WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRESH GUM