

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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WORRY... AND RELIGION
 "Worry means always and invariably inhibition of associations and loss of effective power. Of course, the overripe cure for worry is religious faith. . . . The turbulent billows of the fretful surface leave the deep parts of the ocean undisturbed, and to him who has a hold on vaster and more permanent realities the hourly vicissitudes of his personal destiny seem relatively insignificant."
 WILLIAM JAMES.

Liberty in Healing
 THE Statesman is in receipt of two letters which endorse the healing arts amendment, from persons who relate how their children have been cured through drugless healing. As the letters are personal testimonials to the extent of classifying as advertising they will not be published.

However we believe one point needs to be clear in the public mind. The existing laws of Oregon, including the basic science law which was enacted at the last legislature, in no way interfere with the practice of drugless healing, either now or in the future. Those who desire a chiropractor may call him if they want to; those who desire a medical doctor may call him. There is no infringement on personal liberty now in this respect.

All the basic science law requires is that applicants for licenses either as medical doctors or as drugless doctors pass examinations in the elemental sciences like physiology, anatomy, pathology, hygiene and chemistry as well as the special examinations of the particular art they wish to practice. It simply protects the public, partially, from letting people practice on them who are ignorant of some of these essentials. The basic science examinations are not given by medical men; there is no discrimination against drugless healers. The examiners are chosen from the college and university faculties in Oregon, which insures an impartial and competent examination.

This healing arts amendment should be defeated for two reasons: first, it wipes out this gain in health protection; and second, it is presented as a long constitutional amendment which is the wrong way to legislate on matters of this kind, purely regulatory in character.

Support the New Deal?
GENERAL MARTIN is running for governor of Oregon on a platform of support the "new deal." President of his campaign committee and principal money-rustler on behalf of General Martin is Henry B. Van Duzer, former member of the state highway commission. Mr. Van Duzer is also general manager of the Inman-Poulsen company, whose name heads the list in a legal attack on the price-fixing provisions of the lumber code, one of the great "achievements" of NRA, which is the very heart of the "new deal."

Carl Donaghy, U. S. district attorney, an ardent "new dealer" and democratic politician, filed suit against Inman-Poulsen citing a long list of violations of the code, and alleging that Inman-Poulsen refused to let code enforcement authorities examine its books and records; but the lumber companies got out a restraining order.

Thus at a critical stage of the political campaign we have Congressman Martin standing, as sponsor for the "new deal", urging his defeat would be interpreted as repudiation of Pres. Roosevelt, while Henry B. Van Duzer, his chief financial aide and one of the group which has sponsored his candidacy from the beginning, now attacking provisions of the lumber code which is supposed to govern his industry under NRA.

Courts and Sentiment
DOOLEY, the great humorist, once said the supreme court followed the election returns. If it keeps close to the pulse of public sentiment, a lot of the new deal legislation will be declared unconstitutional. Even though the voters return democratic candidates in the next election, that will not mean an endorsement of the new deal. It will mean rather that they will give Roosevelt another chance in working out recovery methods.

That the time is running out on NRA has long been apparent. General Johnson has gone with his wicker blue eagle. Donald Richberg, appointed "receiver" for NRA, hasn't yet made a new report of assets and liabilities; and is busy trying to figure a way out. Meantime when government attorneys started to "crack down" such a revolt started among such rugged individuals as the lumbermen that even the courts called a halt.

This swing in sentiment will doubtless give the supreme court of the United States more courage; and help to preserve the fundamental law as embodied in the constitution.

Tax Limitation Bill
SEN. H. C. Wheeler, who as chairman of the senate committee on ways and means has an intimate knowledge of the financing of government in this state, in an address in Eugene last week, had this to say on the 20-mill limitation bill:

"Not only does the 20-mill limitation fix a maximum millage for all taxing units but divides this rate in fixed and unvarying proportions among state, county, city and school district. To attempt to legislate in the constitution maximum rates of taxation for some 36 counties, 192 cities, and more than 2000 school districts regardless of changing local conditions seems very much like an unscientific approach to budgets and tax problems."

The public is waking up to the menace of this 20-mill bill which would demoralize public finance, would cripple revenues without either showing what activities to curtail or other sources of income. The bill should be defeated and some more sensible solution found for our fiscal problems.

Looks like fast footwork in Washington. Apparently the democratic administration was disposed to back Sinclair until the polls indicated he was going to be defeated. Then they ran out on him. Farley repudiated a letter he had written; and George Creel repudiated Sinclair's EPIC. If the Sinclair ship is to sink evidently the party heads do not want to be aboard.

In Russia they really do crack down on violators of their "codes". Six men were condemned to death, forty imprisoned "for dishonesty and inefficiency in handling grain crops and for failure to make grain deliveries to the government according to program."

Lyons Methodists to Serve Election Dinner Next Week
 LYONS, Oct. 31.—The women of the Methodist church will serve dinner at the Lyons' hall election day, November 6, proceeds to benefit the local church.

A 8th Parker program will be given at Lyons Saturday night, November 3, for the benefit of the community church.

"I Think I'll Take That Job at the Grocery Store"

FEDERAL BLACKLIST

AL CAPONE

MACHINE GUN KELLY

CLYDE BARROWS

JOHN DILLINGER

PRETTY BOY FLOYD

11-1 932

Bits for Breakfast
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Giants in those days, and giants in these, too:

(Continuing from yesterday): These words appear in the diary entry for April 13, 1857: "There is no time in the year when the grass is not green. . . . The valleys are now covered with beautiful flowers, golden yellow predominating, though all colors are well represented. . . . The strawberry has been in bloom for more than a month. Great abundance of this delicious fruit is anticipated."

"The Indians on the reservation near here have had another little difficulty among themselves. In consequence of so many deaths among the upper Rogue River they recently held a council to determine who it was that had been causing them to die. . . . They have resolved on causing to be killed various doctors, who have been bewitching them. As a commencement, they this morning shot an Umpqua doctor, who just before dying, wounded his murderer, Sambo, in the leg. . . . Whether the matter will end without further bloodshed remains to be seen."

In the entry of April 20: "The Yaquina bay, about 20 miles from the Siletz, and at the middle of the coast line of the reservation, is found to be a good and safe entrance for small vessels. The Indian department have already landed a schooner load of provisions there for the Indians. . . . Lieut. Wm. B. Hazen, Fourth Infantry, being ordered to join his regiment in Texas, bade us farewell this morning." (Afterward General Hazen of the Civil War, and chief of the U. S. signal service for a very long term, as told me long since in his column. He was the original officer in charge at Fort Yamhill, succeeded Second Lieut. P. H. Sheridan.)

Entry for June 15, 1857: "On the requisition of Capt. Augur, commanding at Fort Hoskins, Capt. E. J. Smith, was dispatched to the Siletz yesterday morning. It is reported that some of the Indians at that point are getting troublesome, and supposed to be on the eve of leaving the reservation."

July 4, 1857, Dr. Gilman wrote: "Philip H. Sheridan of the 4th Infantry, with a detachment of 33 men from H company 4th Infantry and D company 3d artillery arrived here June 25, and relieved company C 1st dragoons, which, with its officers, Brev. Capt. O. H. P. Taylor and Lieut. James Wheeler left Fort Walla Walla on June 29."

"Lieut. Sheridan and myself

are now the only commissioned officers at this post (Fort Yamhill). "In honor of the day we fired a salute of 31 guns at noon, as a shell. The sergeant in charge was in the act of putting the latter in the howitzer with the fuse reversed. The mistake was seen and corrected by Lieut. Sheridan, otherwise an explosion of the howitzer might have been the result."

(The "31 guns" were for the 31 states of the union at that date: California, admitted in 1850, being the 31st. Phil Sheridan probably saved lives by noting the incident of the reversed fuse.)

(As noted several paragraphs back, the arrival at Fort Yamhill of Phil Sheridan on June 25, 1857, was by no means his first arrival there. It was two months to a day before, on April 25, and he had been very busy, as noted, at Fort Hoskins and at the western outposts of the reservation.)

Entry for Aug. 6, 1857: "For the past three months I have been kept very much engaged in making professional visits through the neighborhood. The country north and east of the post (Fort Yamhill) is pretty thickly settled, and I have all the difficult cases to attend within 30 miles of this place. They never send for physicians in ordinary cases." (Evidently the army doctor eked out his slim government salary with a private practice. "There were 'ordinary cases' during the period of the family of the Biss man's mother and father, within half the distance of the 30 mile circuit; but Dr. Gilman was assumedly not called, for they were only the births of the several older brothers of the Biss man, in the Cooper Hollow home, midway between Dallas and what became Mouth.)

Dr. Gilman spoke in the same paragraph of a little vacation trip which he permitted himself the manifestly needed relaxation to indulge. He said he went to Fort Vancouver to participate in the wedding festivities "gotten up to celebrate the marriage of Lieut. Wm. T. Welcker, of the ordnance department, to Miss Katy Adair, daughter of General Adair of Astoria (John Adair, first U. S. collector of customs at Astoria). "There were three parties given: one by the officers' mess in garrison; another on board the U. S. steamship Active, lying off Fort Vancouver in the Columbia river, and the last and most brilliant of all, by Capt. Rufus Ingle, assistant quartermaster U. S. Army."

The following are some of the most prominent persons present

Joe Dunne for Governor
 (Ashland Daily Tidings)

EARLY in the present state political campaign, the Ashland Tidings determined not to be stamped into the corral of any one of the candidates until we had time to thoroughly study and analyze the policies and qualifications of the various candidates, without regard to party or other affiliations.

We believe now that sufficient time has elapsed for a decision; we think that the candidates have been "put on the spot" sufficiently to reveal their character, their policies and their ability to handle the job of being governor of the state of Oregon, which is not a pinkie affair nor a mere shell of an honor, but a real task for a real man who can and will put real work into the job, based on experience and a thorough knowledge of conditions in Oregon and the needs of Oregon.

Last night we carefully studied a great mass of material that we had collected during the last few months of the campaign and made a comprehensive comparison of the three leading candidates—their experience, their knowledge of our state, their habits, their background, their activities in the business life of Oregon, their viewpoints, their expressions and many other characteristics.

We feel positive, after this most careful consideration, that Joe E. Dunne is more ably qualified to give Oregon maximum results in this job.

There are two other candidates who will figure prominently in

GIRL IN THE FAMILY By BEATRICE BURTON

CHAPTER XXXI
 Downstairs the doorbell rang shrilly through the house.

"You'll have to answer that, too, Susan," she added, looking down at her backache and her slippers. "You go and tell Edna to get into bed."

It was Wallace who had rung the doorbell. He stood on the rubber mat on the front porch, holding the door and a gray washboard against the box. As Susan stared at him he stepped up into the vestibule and kicked off his rubbers. Then he came into the hall and hung his overcoat on the hat tree.

"You can't keep a good man down, you see, Susan!" he said humorously. He was smiling, plainly pleased with himself for taking her by storm in this fashion. There was about him the swagger of the conquering male as he walked up to her and handed her the box. "Peace offering," he explained and tried to put an arm around her.

Susan laid the box on the marble-topped table. "Wallace," she said, "you can't stay. Uncle Worthy's terribly sick. He's just had a stroke of some kind and I've got to go back upstairs and sit with him. The doctor's just ready to leave—Dr. Kendall."

As she spoke Dr. Kendall's name it flashed across her mind that Dr. Kendall would have been Wallace's father-in-law. She remembered the diamond and sapphire ring. She wondered if Wallace were thinking it too.

"Is that so, Susan?" His good looking face was all sympathy. "Gosh, but I'm sorry for you! There must be something I can do to help. I'll just wait until he comes downstairs and see if there's anything. You don't mind, do you?"

"There isn't anything you can do. Wallace. The drugstore is just down the street and we can telephone for anything we need. I know you'd rather not stay."

"I hope you don't think that it embarrasses me to meet Doc Kendall," he said. "No, indeed! I've hardly thought of Kendall since I met you. That whole affair is so far away that it's something that never happened, as far as I'm concerned—and you've got to forget it, too."

He walked into the parlor and stood looking down at the pink coals that glowed in the grate, drumming his fingers on the mantel shelf.

"Come here a minute, and let me talk sense to you," he called softly to Susan after a minute or two. In the midst of sickness and trouble he was not taking his mind from the thing that was uppermost in it. That was why he was always so alone in the world, though Susan dully. He was a man of one idea at a time, and he stuck to that one idea through thick and thin—and then when he had carried it through the finish, he went on to something else. Just as he had put Eleanor Kendall out of his mind and had put Susan Broderick into the place left empty by her.

Susan looked at him through the doorway and slowly shook her head. Then suddenly she turned her face toward the door at the back of the hall. From the back of the house came the sound of a key turning in a lock, the sound of a door swinging on hinges that squeaked, and Allen came into the front hall, carrying his two empty suitcases. He gave Susan a quick searching glance and came close to her, dropping his cases on the bottom step of the stairs.

"What's the matter with you?" He put his hand under her chin, turning her face to the light. "You been crying?"

"No."

"Well, you look as if you had—Listen to me, Susan! What's the use of all this misery? I'm getting out of here and get married tonight! You can come back here tomorrow and take care of these people until they're well. But let's settle everything now."

Susan took his hand away from her face. Holding it tightly in both of hers, she told him in an undertone what had happened to Uncle Worthy; and all the time she was feeling as she could see Wallace's face, a pale blur, turned toward her from the shadows of the front parlor. If only, only he would stay there!

Before she had finished her story

Wallace came walking out into the hall slowly and deliberately, his hands in his pockets, very much at home, thoroughly at ease. He halted at the table and began to untie the gray gauze around his box of flowers.

"Better put these in water before they wilt, Susan," he said, lifting up the table and began to untie the gray gauze around his box of flowers.

"How do you do? I'm Wallace Stuen," he said, smiling, pleasantly, to Allen when Susan made no effort to introduce them but simply stood with the flowers in her hands looking down at them as if she were blind to everything else around her.

"How do you do, Mr. Stuen?" he asked. He stopped, picked up his dropped suitcases and went upstairs Wallace watched him until he rounded the turn at the landing.

"So that's the guy," he said, as he went informing himself of the fact. "Who is he?"

"You must have seen him before. He's been rooming here," Susan replied. Her lips so tight, it was really very lucky to lose me, wouldn't be a bit surprised if my husband had to keep all the Brodericks in this house."

Wallace said angrily that he was thinking about money but about her. Then he added that he knew all about the family's affairs anyhow—more than Susan knew, in all probability. "The house and the mortgage on both the house and The Broderick Arms, and Uncle Worthy had tried to make a large loan over the bank before."

Susan shook her head and said that she didn't know anything about their affairs really, beyond the fact that they seemed to be dreadfully poor these days. And when Wallace had put on his things, exclaiming, "In love with the roomer! Gosh, that's good!" and had left the house, she discovered that she was so tired that she could hardly drag herself up the stairs.

The door of Allen's room stood open and he was kneeling on the floor fitting his law books into one of the bags. She stood in the hall outside and spoke to him.

"You couldn't possibly think that I asked Wallace here tonight?—because I didn't," she said. "He just popped in."

He snapped his suitcase shut and got up. "You call me up tomorrow," he said shortly. His eyes were not on her but on the flowers that she had forgotten to lay down on the hall table.

He went out of the room and out of the house.

All night long Susan sat in her uncle's room in an armchair covered with wine-colored wrap. She had put on a sweater and a fur coat, and she had her feet on a stool, but she was so cold and so frightened that she could not sleep. Uncle Worthy's broad figure, outlined by the candle-wick bedspread, never moved. The hoarse bubbling sound of his breath stopped.

At eight in the morning when Aunt Edna came limping in to take her place, Susan was so stiff and aching with fatigue that pain ran through her as she stepped on a dagger when she moved. She went into her own room and slept until noon as if she had been drugged.

There was thick white frost on the lower panes of her windows when she awoke over her knees, her own breath on the cold air of the bedroom. Evidently Lottie and Aunt Edna had let the furnace go out.

She looked in at her uncle on her way downstairs. He was lying just as she had lain the night before in the middle of his big bed with his pineapple-topped posters. His breathing was still terrifyingly loud and his flushed face was greatly swollen. No one was with him.

Lottie's bed had not been made up, Susan saw as she passed her doorway, and in the downstairs hall the gray cardboard box and the piece of gauze still lay on the marble-topped table.

There was a coal fire in the par-

VOTE NO AGAINST the Grange Power Bill

★ Uncle Sam is doing the power job in Oregon. Why set up a new state commission to plunge us deeper into debt?

Vote 301 X No!

ASSOCIATION TO PRESERVE OREGON'S CREDIT
 Harry Dorman, Secretary
 Westway Building, Portland
 (Old box)

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