

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Ave
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing-Ed.

The Santiam Roads

ROAD work in progress and in prospect in the eastern portion of Linn county will open up a very interesting and historic country and establish road connections of great importance in the development of Oregon.

At present a detour of about 14 miles must be made on the North Santiam, from about Marion forks to Big Meadows. This detour is a forest road up the mountain ridge between the Marjion and North Santiam rivers.

These roads will open a new tourist paradise: the upper waters of the forks of the Santiam and of the McKenzie, which heads at Clear lake.

The correct name for the pass, which is crossed by the new Santiam highway is Santiam pass. The name Hogg pass has been applied because Col. Hogg was building his railroad planned to use this pass.

The old Santiam road crosses the summit about three miles south of the new road, and goes south of Hayrick butte, touching the north point of Big lake.

The new Santiam highways will open up not only the wilderness on the west side of the range, but will open up very interesting recreational areas on the other side: the Metolius river and the Deschutes, Suttle lake, the lakes southeast of Bend.

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The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Perturbed Politics

IF THE confidence of Mr. Roosevelt in his reelection is to be measured by the extraordinary steps he is taking to strengthen his political fences, it hardly justifies the use of that adjective.

THE fact is there seem to be things about the situation which would put him into actions, to put it mildly, unusual in a Presidential candidate occupying the White House.

ALSO, it would appear unnecessary action for a man sure of his ground or sure of himself. Hardly a week passes but news is had of something more or less sensational the President has done to promote himself politically.

NEVERTHELESS, these things have happened: A few weeks before the Philadelphia convention, Mr. Roosevelt appointed two Federal judges in New York.

THE convention, however, a series of things have been done, politically by Mr. Roosevelt which fill his supporters with enthusiasm.

SINCE THE convention, however, a series of things have been done, politically by Mr. Roosevelt which fill his supporters with enthusiasm.

THEN THERE is the announcement gleefully made by the press boys that the forthcoming Progressive conference in Wisconsin dominated by La Follette brothers, will endorse the Roosevelt candidacy.

THE MOST recent Roosevelt step was the effort to influence the American Federation of Labor to knuckle under in the fight between it and John L. Lewis, with whom the President has an extraordinary alliance.

ON THE contrary, they rather indicate an inner perturbation that forces him to do things which a confident man would not do at all.

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

James M. Bates was most versatile of Lee Mission family; erected the first house of whites in Jefferson:

"My first school days were in the ell of the institute which is now the postoffice.

"I recall that Mr. Mattoon had some novel ways of punishing pupils such as tying them to the stove pipe and by making boys and girls sit together.

"Mr. Taylor (who succeeded Mattoon) taught 60 pupils with the assistance of some of his oldest pupils, as was the custom in those days.

"The Institute was noted as a good school—pupils coming from French Prairie and other parts of the valley.

"The Institute was kept up for many years and then finally, in the '90s, was turned over to the public schools.

"(C. M. Mattoon was prominent in the early education and church history of Oregon. He wrote a book, 'Baptist Annals of Oregon,' and he was the author of a school text book, 'Mattoon's Arithmetic.'

"The early history of Jefferson is so closely linked with that of Santiam City that I could hardly write about Jefferson without telling a little of the early history of Santiam City.

"The little town was located on Sam Miller's donation claim a mile below Jefferson on the east bank of the Santiam river in Marion county.

"Thomas Holt and Jacob Conser built a sawmill there in 1847.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

STATISTICS CONTINUE to show that heart disease ranks first among the causes of death. On this account everybody should be familiar with the warning signs of this trouble, but at the same time we should be sensible about it.

IT is important to know the first symptoms of heart disease because complete recovery is largely dependent upon early diagnosis and treatment. As a rule persons die of this disease because it progresses for many years, unrecognized and untreated.

Dr. Thomas Lewis in his recent book, 'Diseases of the Heart,' states that healthy habits are prime essentials in the treatment of any form of heart disease.

Live Moderately

"Very prudent people live quietly and moderately, do their work steadily, daily routine of work and pastime, enlivened by occasional excursions and entertainment, social gatherings and visits to and from their friends.

IT is indeed sound advice for everybody, whether the heart is all right or not. But heart disease is only serious if it is neglected. My advice to every sufferer from this condition is to place himself in the hands of a competent physician. The doctor will advise as to diet, medication, and all the things necessary for the relief of discomfort and pain.

THE chief cause of heart disease is chronic infections of the tonsils, nasal sinuses, teeth and other organs of the body, lead to a lowered resistance with increased susceptibility to pneumonia and other acute diseases.

LET me say once more that diet, overwork, emotional strain, fear, anxiety, obesity and acute infections, are factors of trouble that can be overlooked. Avoid the use of any medicine unless it has been prescribed for you by your physician.

Do not jump at the conclusion that you are a victim of heart disease merely because you have certain discomforts. Let your doctor determine what is your actual state of health.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

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but the town was in existence before this time; the first houses being built of logs, but after this a good many lumber houses were erected.

"In the late '50s it was a prosperous village of at least 100 inhabitants. The first store was run by Moore and Miller.

"Later Uncle Charley Miller, L. C. Dickey, Elie Lamb and other C. Miller stores. Sam Miller had a large hotel, and later others were built.

"The town also boasted a harness shop, blacksmith shop and a ferry—it being on the old stage road—in fact they had most everything but a church and school house.

"The people held 4th of July celebrations and had big community dinners in the grove—even put on 'home-talent' shows.

"On account of the river overflowing the people were gradually moving away.

"During one big flood the headwaters washed out west of where our old house stood, working havoc with Santiam City. A good many moved to the present site of Jefferson.

"For a good many years after the Jefferson Institute was built, there was no store in Jefferson and we did our shopping at Santiam City.

"When I was about 10 or 12 years old we heard one day that a supply of new bonnets had been received at the store, so I with several other girls got permission from the teacher to go down there one afternoon to purchase one or two new bonnets.

"I was married to Eli Vaughan November 25, 1855, by Rev. B. N. Logsworth at the Longworth home. We made our home at Jefferson.

"My husband was born in Parkersville, W. Va., Jan. 3, 1840. His father's name was Benjamin Vaughan; his mother's name was Clark.

"When about 12 years old he started across the plains with his father and step-mother, arriving in Salem October 10th, 1852, after being on the road five months and 10 days.

"He attended school near Aumsville. His first teacher was the Uncle Billy Porter. He became a good mathematician. He also studied surveying under Sam Newsome and practiced a year.

"But now, she had to return to the north. Even though she might find something to do to earn her living in the southern city, there was no possibility now. Reclining in a deck chair under the bright sun, she watched Dot taking aim at the bullseye on the target.

"The reader will recall that the article thus opened with a written about nine years ago.

Also, that Mrs. Vaughan will celebrate her 83rd birthday next month, August 28.

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"Maybe I'd Better pay last month's bill"



"KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

CHAPTER XVII

The carnival was over, but that was not the end of Lynn's holiday. Every hour of his remaining days was filled with some delightful pleasure, even though they were a trifle more subdued than the days of celebration.

On one afternoon, a dozen of Dot's friends boarded a yacht and sailed the entire expanse of Lake Michigan's sullen and angry moods with the icy wind blowing a hurricane into shore, laden with stinging snow.

But now, she had to return to the north. Even though she might find something to do to earn her living in the southern city, there was no possibility now. Reclining in a deck chair under the bright sun, she watched Dot taking aim at the bullseye on the target.

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cliques, had created a false illusion about the glamour of love and romance. It was not surprising, after all. The very atmosphere fostered it; and the men who really were the gallants, promoted it.

Lynn toured the French quarter and visited all the famous landmarks of pirate dens and haunted houses. She looked upon the heavy rusting chains and the torture devices in the vaulted attic of Mme. Lalaur's house with a shiver of horror.

The Creoles declare that the ghosts of murdered slaves haunt the place, Jack explained, and that in the night they can hear the sound of clanking chains and shrieks of agony that once were real.

But why should anyone want to do such things? Lynn gazed in amazement at the man who was suffering, I suppose. She was a refined and cultured woman, but severe somewhere, no doubt.

The entire week was such a contrast of horror and beauty, old and new, ancient and modern, legend and reality. No wonder Lynn was fascinated. She crunched the inflexible praline of Louisiana molasses and pecans, breathed the scent of orange blossoms and jasmine until she could no longer remember the acrid odor of smoke and foggy air.

She drove through parks with tropical foliage and fountains were visions of Paradise. Always, she was with Dot and Jack, and Dewey and others of their crowd.

One evening, they dined at Antienne's, where Dewey's epicurean fancy commanded an astonishing menu. He inquired for the head chef, who came bowing and massaging his fat palms together, his smile stretched the width of his flowing moustaches.

"Make the lady one of your special potato biscuits, Pierre, and one of those fried chickens that look like butterfies. Anything else you can think of. We'll all have the same, with plenty of champagne."

The chief's smile deepened; it could not broaden—and his gestures grew more valuable as his suave French phrases tumbled over halting syllables of English.

While they danced and awaited the more elaborate courses, cysters were served that had been baked in the shell on a bed of rock salt in piping hot granite pans. Thereafter, waters bowed and flourished like a mechanical contraption, cysters like the mechanical conveyors of an assembly plant. The potato baskets were works of art: the potato strings woven into graceful and symmetrical shapes and fried in deep fat, then filled with puffed potato wedges. There were the whole chickens, spread flat like golden butterflies on the plates, flaky white sections of grilled panpans, Rogues' fort and Edam cheese and French pastries on which Pierre had outdone his own skill with his flourishing pastry tubes.

Lynn had discovered by this time that Dewey's sole problem in life was the gratification of his own desires: food, drink, pleasure, comfort. His interest in his father's business was merely a gesture, not a genuine concern for its progressive development as Jack was interested in the welfare of Merchon & Thorpe. The annual trips to Hon-

age state or municipal affairs. HENRY MILTON. Salem, July 11, 1936.

Twenty Years Ago July 14, 1916 A school for army officers has opened at the army.

Armed hunters in motor boats are gunning for sharks off the New York and New Jersey coasts. Four swimmers have been killed by the man-eaters.

Samuel Gimble died at the age of 70 years. He left his estate to

his mother who survives him in Germany.

Ten Years Ago July 14, 1926 "Grass," an epic of the old east, is showing at the Oregon.

A front page article accuses the late of laxity prosecution of drunken drivers.

The new Y.M.C.A. swimming tank opens tonight.

Make Return SILVERTON, July 13.—Mr.

durans offered their advantages for change and adventure and certain personal whims which could not be indulged too freely at home.

"It's just as well we're leaving for the day," Dot observed one morning as they lingered over their breakfast trays together. "It's a great day for the colored people, so there won't be much service around here."

"Another celebration?" Lynn inquired with amusement. "Seems to me all any of you do down here is celebrate."

"This happens to be a funeral, but that is what the negroes really enjoy more than anything."

"A funeral?" Lynn's eyes were wide with astonishment. "Sure, it's about the only occasion when they all get together and shout and moan to their hearts' content. A negro funeral is no simple occasion."

"Come down to the kitchen with me. I want you to see Mattie, and she yearns to see you. She has insisted upon makin' all her special dishes for your pleasure, because she knew and loved your mother, although she hasn't been doing much of the cookin' for years. She is very old."

"I'd be delighted," Lynn agreed. "I've wanted to see her and thank her."

She was surprised to find that the kitchen was not in the house at all, but a separate building connected with the main house by a covered passage, like an old covered bridge.

"This is one of the largest and best preserved in the state. It was designed and built by our great grandfather, who later became a major in the War Between the States."

"We never call it that down here," Dot replied ironically, and her bright red lips drew together grimly. Lynn had noted that one little attitude of resentment which was so contradictory to their usual amiability, several times before, and said no more.

They entered a low cottage that was abode heavily with honey-suckle vines. A quaint and grained old woman, very black, arose from an antiquated rocking chair at the same time a man arose from a table where his back had been turned to the door. His close-curling hair was sprinkled with white, like soft snowflakes on black wool, and he wore a rusty black swallow-tail coat.

"Mohn'n, Miss Dot," he bowed solemnly, and old Mattie's delight was evinced by a grin that once would have revealed a row of white teeth. Now there were ugly omissions. Every eye bulged in a peculiar frightened expression.

"Oh deah, if'n taint Miss Mah'sin here's' come 't' life," her old widened hands clasped in adoration before Lynn. The black eyes glistened with an emotional mist.

"Chile, yoh she's lak yoh mothah, de Lawd rest hah soul."

Lynn was moved and bewildered to speechless reverence and fear. But Dot filled the void. "Lynn wanted to see you and thank you for the delicious things you've been cookin' for her."

"Oh reckon hit's been a pleasuh foh me, honey chile."

(To Be Continued) Copyright, 1936, Elsie Patterson Brundage, Inc.

Leave for Conclave SILVERTON, July 13.—Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Johnson left this week-end for San Francisco to attend the national dentist convention July 17-19. Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Wilson also left Friday by auto for the same destination to attend the meeting.

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