

The Oregon Statesman
"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Troubles Again in China
WORD has come out of China that red rioting has occurred in inland provinces, that Chang has given up his place of power as head of the Nanking government, that Northern leaders were scheming to end the sway of Nanking and restore Peiping (Peking) as the seat of government. And the news reports are accompanied by the usual tales of execution of Chinese citizens by invading bands, of danger to Americans and some of the few missionaries remaining in the interior, and the effort of our government to extend its protection through the gunboats it operates in Chinese waters.

Since 1924 China has been in turmoil. The failure of the new republic established when the Manchurian dynasty was overthrown in 1912, to function successfully led to internal revolts starting in Canton in the southern provinces and led by the great reformer Sun Yat Sen. His death on the march to Peking robbed the revolutionists of their great, sincere leader. Eventually under Chang Kai-Shek the northern marshals were overthrown and the Nanking government set up. But the disorders and banditry and warfare continued. In China fighting is something of a business.

When the coolies starve they become either bandits or soldiers, living off the country, making levies of foods and money on the merchants of the towns.

We think of China as a land of peace, but our mental picture of its people is distorted. China is a land where contention and strife are in progress in some portions at all times. That fighting is a natural instinct of the Chinese is brought out by Pearl S. Buck, in a recent article in Pacific Affairs. She points out that our picture of China, derived from the "ice-pure pages of her wisdom literature," is one-sided; and that in Chinese fiction one gets a clearer view of the real life of the ignorant 90% of the people of that country.

Thus she finds in Chinese fiction a different people from those studying the pure philosophy of Confucius and Mencius, but a people with a lust for combat. Chinese fiction she says,

"Tells of wars and feuds without end, not only now in these troubled modern times, but always. Periods of peace have been brief and restive. Theoretically the soldier has been placed lowest in the social scale because there is where he ought to be, the sages said. The mirror of Chinese fiction says: 'The hero is the fighting man, a professional soldier, skilled with weapons, eager to quarrel, loving to look upon blood.'"

Perhaps the fiction mirror is more accurate than the high ethics of the Chinese classics; and Chinese warfare continues not just because of the lack of a powerful central government as we had supposed, but because of the instinctive desire for strife.

What is to be the end of things in China? It seems to be passing into dissolution almost, becoming an amorphous mass of four hundred millions of people. The three dread horsemen of War, Famine and Flood ride the plateaus or the valleys with dread regularity. Will China become a mere geographic expression? Will some Stalin or Mussolini step into power and rule with hand of might? Will the jealous powers attempt some trusteeship from without? Or will the Chinese people continue to muddle along treating rebellions and bandit raids like storms and epidemics, things to expect and to endure?

Changes in Power Generation
OREGON needs to go rather slow on the proposals to invest millions of dollars in great power plants on the Columbia river in the hopes of saving a few cents on the monthly light bill. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that in a few years great hydro dams on the Columbia could not successfully produce power in competition with other generating plants. Mechanical invention is changing the picture very rapidly in power development. Hydro plants still have considerable edge on steam plants, but only where they are favorably located and where the capital investment per horse power is not too great. New fuels, new methods, new devices on the other hand make steam generating plants far more efficient and their product steadily less costly than in former years.

"Business Week," a leading business periodical, commenting on the hardships of the water power plants in the region east of the Rocky Mountains, which are similar to those of Tacoma and Seattle last fall, goes on to say:

"Generation of electrical energy by water power, already decreasing, finds a further setback in the widespread drought that hangs over most of the country east of the Rocky Mountains. Utilities depend more and more on auxiliary steam plants in the emergency."

"Records just compiled by the U. S. Weather Bureau show that over a considerable area including much of Ohio, West Virginia, the western portion of Virginia, Kentucky, southern Indiana and Illinois, and southeastern Missouri, there has been only one-third to one-half of the normal precipitation for the last 5 months. Sections adjoining this area, including Maryland, parts of Virginia, Tennessee, and the northern Ohio valley from Missouri southward, have fared slightly better with 50% to 70% of normal rainfall.

"These conditions are forcing power companies to the conclusion that ample steam reserves must be provided, even for the more favorably situated hydro systems; are causing hydro costs, already trending upward, to increase sharply; are increasing the use of fuels—oil, natural gas and coal.

"Use of natural gas and fuel oil in the power field increased more than 40% each last year; is increasing to an even greater degree this year. The ratio of hydro to fuel power output was 40:60 in 1928; dropped to 36:64 in 1929. Expenditures for hydro developments have fallen from 112 millions in 1928 to 95 millions this year, while those for steam plants increased from 192 millions in 1928 to 196 millions this year. In the Pacific states, hydro strength held the percentage of power produced by hydro dropped from 68% in 1928 to 74% last year while fuel-generated output increased from 14% to 26%.

"Speaking for the Pacific Coast area, A. H. Markwart, vice-president, Pacific Gas & Electric, says: 'Because of the cheapness of steam-electric power, few hydro-electric projects are economically justified. It is apparent that the whole economic trend is toward 100% steam for new installations unless some very favorable hydro presents itself.' Economy of steam plants has increased 25% in the last 10 years, he asserts.

"Mr. Markwart's statement gains further weight from the fact that an analysis of rainfall over a 52-year period for a certain region in the Pacific Northwest makes even the normal for 1929 only 69% of that at the beginning of the period.

"Meanwhile, engineers speculate on what may happen during the life of present-day water-power engineering structures."

Governor Reed was defeated in the Kansas primaries. We will withhold our comments until the Kansas editors whose best showing of intelligence was in moving to Oregon to tell us all about it.

Before the May primaries we heard frequently that George Joseph was the real brains of Meier and Frank. So we are quite prepared now to hear the same people tell us how Julius Meier is the greatest business man on the coast.

HEALTH

Today's Talk
By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

"Oral hygiene" is a term used to describe the care of the teeth, tongue, gums and tissues of the mouth.



DR. COPELAND

The increase in knowledge of this branch of health is remarkable. It will do so much to prevent disease and promote health of the human race as almost any other health movement.

It is not so many years ago that persons consulted the dentist only when there was toothache, or a broken tooth to repair. Even today much ignorance exists as to the effect unhealthy conditions in the mouth may have upon the general health.

There are many cases for this undesirable state of affairs, but neglect of the teeth is the most usual one. Decayed teeth, diseased tonsils, abscesses in the mouth may cause rheumatism, a heart condition, anemia and many other disturbances. It is not unreasonable to say that even ulcer of the stomach may be the result of trouble which had its start in a neglected mouth.

The first thing to do to prevent trouble from the mouth is to use the toothbrush often. Select a brush with bristles stiff enough to clean between the teeth, but not harsh enough to bruise the gums. Care must be exercised not to injure the gums. Brush the teeth from the gums to the cutting edge, not across the teeth.

There are many good tooth pastes and powders on the market. Be sure to select one which does not leave a deposit on the teeth. Some dentists think a powder is preferable, especially if there is a stain or deposit on the teeth.

Consult your dentist about every six months. He will give you thorough examination and repair.

Much assistance has been given in the last few years through the prophylactic work being done in the schools by young women who are especially trained. They remove tartar, clean and polish the teeth. They also instruct the children in the care of the mouth, as well as in general hygiene.

Many awkward children have been given equality with normal children by the correction of mouth defects. There cannot be clear thinking if the body is being poisoned.

Answers to Health Queries
P. S. J. Q.—What do you advise for piles?
A.—Eat simple food and avoid constipation. For further particulars send self-addressed envelope.

R. L. Q.—What do you advise for Bright's disease?
A.—Anyone troubled with Bright's disease should be under the care of a doctor. For further particulars send self-addressed envelope and restate your question.

"A Questioner." Q.—When should peroxide and lemon juice be applied as a bleach for freckles?
A.—At night before retiring.

THANK YOU. Q.—What can I do for poor pores?
A.—I would suggest that you apply hot and cold compresses alternately for ten minutes night and morning.

H. A. T. Q.—What causes a tender spot on the right side of the chest, would it be a tumor or cancer?
A.—Have a careful medical examination.

J. D. Q.—What effect has asparagus on the system?
A.—Asparagus may increase quantity of urine excreted. It also appears to make the urine slightly irritating.

MRS. M. Q.—What causes a 22-months old baby to vomit?
A.—Probably due to some fault in the diet. Have your doctor prescribe treatment.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

City Jail, Salem, Ore., Aug. 7, '30
Editor Oregon Statesman,
Dear Mr. Editor:
I read your editorial of Aug. 5th, '30. You are mistaken when you think I am doing this solely to boost my candidacy. This isn't the first time I have had trouble over "Freedom of Speech." I realize that old-fashioned Americanism is at a low ebb now, but I think it is time to revive it. I find the people are about as your editorial expresses they don't seem to care. The average voter has about given up hope and that is dangerous for the welfare of a republic. I will speak in Salem, cor. Liberty and State, Sunday, Aug. 10, 8 p. m.
Sincerely,
H. H. STALLARD.

A Problem For You For Today

If a tree 7.5 feet high will cast a shadow 12.5 ft. long, how long a shadow will be cast at the same time by a chimney 42.5 ft. high?

Answer to Yesterday's Problem: \$127.50. Explanation: Multiply 100 by 1 1/2, add 8 1/2, divide by 26-32 and subtract 25-34.

A WAY TO OCCUPY HIS TIME



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 5

"I don't come into it at all," Peter said hastily. Though he had questioned many sheriffs, Peter had never before been the object of their questioning. This turning of the tables was somewhat disconcerting. "I'm a newspaper reporter."

"Well, you must be a good one if you always get this quick on the job," the sheriff mused. "Got any identification papers on you?"

"I'm on my vacation. Do you think I travel around with a pass port?" Peter began indignantly. Who did this fellow think he was, to doubt the word of Peter Piper of the Herald?

Then his tightened lips relaxed in a grin. After all, the man didn't know him from Adam, and Peter, the skeptical questioner, was only getting some of his own medicine.

"Get your press badge?" "Sure," Peter bit mechanically under his coat. "Why, no—as a matter of fact, I haven't."

To Peter's intense annoyance, he felt himself twist uneasily under Simpson's gaze. With inward curses, he remembered flinging his press badge into the desk drawer on his last day at the office, in a gesture of repudiation of the Herald and all its works.

"So that's how it is," the sheriff's voice was non-committal. "Well, folks, we better be going. Everett, I'll have to take both you and Mr. Everett till we get this thing straightened out. I guess Julio's sort of a material witness, so he'd better come along. He'll be as comfortable in jail as anywhere else, and we want him where we can lay our hands on him."

"And you too, young feller," he added turning to Peter. "We will just hold you on an open charge until we find out something more about you."

"See here, you can't do that!" Peter protested hotly. "You can't go around clapping reporters in jail."

"Can't, eh?" The sheriff was unimpressed by Peter's indignation. "As between a reporter and the sheriff of this county, I guess the sheriff has the say-so. Maybe it's different down below."

For the first time, Peter began to take the situation seriously. His cockiness wavered. It was ridiculous, but the lanky sheriff had somehow obtained the upper hand.

"But I have a perfect alibi!" he announced in a sudden triumph. "I was sitting on the veranda with the hotel keeper when Mrs. Cook came and told us about the murder."

"That ain't an alibi for the time of the murder—it's only an alibi for the time of the discovery of the murder, which is something different," the sheriff added coldly. "Where had you been the rest of the afternoon?"

"I was out painting gold," Peter said with a trace of defiance. "There ain't no gold left around here worth panning."

The sheriff stared with calm finality. "I was only doing it for fun."

"It ain't what I'd call fun—a lot of hard work for nothing. And, I suppose you was having this fun all by yourself?"

"Well—yes," a matter of fact, was Peter clutched at his rapidly waning self assurance. "But see here! You don't mean to say you're going to round up everybody in the whole countryside who spent the afternoon without witnesses?"

"I ain't talking about the whole countryside. I'm just talking about you. And all I'm saying about you is that you're a suspicious character. I find you reporting a murder that barely had time to happen—and without credentials. Maybe you never saw Mrs. Everett before, just like you say. But you turned Peter out, so you could talk things over with

her before anybody else came. Anyhow, if everything's the way you say it is, you needn't be so scared of going to jail. You've got nothing to be afraid of."

"But I haven't time to go to jail! I've got to beat up a type writer in the godforsaken town and then hit the telegraph office the quickest thing you know, and get this story on the wire. You can't go and clap me in jail just when a story breaks, you blitherers!"

Simpson listened quite unmoved to Peter's mingled plea and tirade.

"That's all right—it is all right," he said calmly. "I guess the story'll be right here waiting for you, if what you say is true—and mind you, I don't say it ain't."

"My God!" Peter breathed with awe. "You know one golden-darned thing about newspapers? Don't you know that there never was a story in the world that would wait while one single blessed reporter within forty miles sat around in jail?"

"Maybe you're right," the sheriff conceded. But you see, I ain't running any newspapers. I'm running the sheriff's office—along with the recorder's office and the auditor's office and the county clerkship. Right now I'm the sheriff.

"The nearest telegraph office is in the next town, and how do I know, if you got started, you wouldn't keep right on going? I don't know much about newspapers, but it seems mighty funny a reporter'd be smart enough to get on the scene of a murder just about as soon as there was any murder."

"You can write out your telegram if you want to, and I'll take it over for you, the first thing in the morning."

"Can't you telephone? I'll pay the charges. But for the love of Mike, tell Jimmy Sears I've got a story. He'd be mad as a hatter to be hauled out of bed just to get me out of jail," Peter pleaded.

"The telephone office don't keep open at night. I guess you will just have to wait. And we'd better be getting started."

For the first time in his life, Peter, who had slapped police chiefs on the back, "fixed" traffic tags and gaily banged open the door of offices in the city hall marked "strictly private," found himself helplessly under the thumb of authority. He knew when he was beaten, and he was contrived to bestow on the sheriff a weak imitation of his usual booming grin.

"When this gets straightened out," he said, "you'll jolly well owe me all the breaks of the story."

"If I've got anything to apologize for, I won't forget it," the sheriff agreed. "I ain't got any ill will, but till I know something about you, backed up by a little evidence, it pays to be careful."

Seated on a thin mattress on a cot in a cell smelling of white wash, Peter scribbled his message to Jimmy while Simpson waited outside the iron-grated door.

But he did not see the rare smile transform the sheriff's pale eyes into sunny gray pools as he thrust in the clutch of his mud-stained car and drove ten miles through the night to the next town in order to send Peter's telegram without delay.

Still smiling, he unfolded the slip of paper in his hand and read Peter's call for succor—a call which he observed Peter had thrifflily marked "selfless."

"Big story mystery under new appeal great stuff stop will see opening story tomorrow exclusive stop rush camera man and time to happen—and without credentials. Maybe you never saw Mrs. Everett before, just like you say. But you turned Peter out, so you could talk things over with

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICES

The end of the trail:

The party from Fort Clatsop, under Captain Clark, with 12 men and two canoes, and accompanied by Sacajawea, were leaving on the expedition to see the whale, on the morning of Monday, January 6, 1896. The journal reads on:

"He proceeded down the Netul (Indian name for the stream that is now called the Lewis and Clark river) into Meriwether bay (now called Young's bay) intending to go to the Clatsop town, and there procure a guide. It was through the creeks, which were reason to believe communicated not only with the bay, but with a small river running towards the sea, near where our saltmakers were encamped. Before, however, he could reach the Clatsop village, the high wind from the northwest compelled him to put into a small creek. He therefore resolved to attempt the passage without a guide, and proceeded up the creek three miles, to some high open land where he found a road. He therefore left the canoes, and followed the path over three deep marshes to a pond about a mile long, and 200 yards wide. He kept on the left of this pond, and at length came to the creek which he had crossed on a raft when he had visited Cuscalah's village on the 9th of December. (Cuscalah was a Clatsop chief.) He proceeded down it, till he found a small canoe, fit to hold three persons, in which the whole party crossed the creek."

"Here they saw a herd of elk, and the men were divided into small parties, and hunted them till after dark, when they met again at the forks of the river. Three of the elk were wounded, but night prevented their taking more than one, which was brought to the camp, and cooked with some sticks of pine which had drifted down the creeks. The weather was beautiful, the sky clear, the moon shone brightly, a circumstance the more agreeable as this is THE FIRST FAIR EVENING we have enjoyed for two months. (It rained at the mouth of the Columbia 124 years ago, the same as it does now.)"

"Tuesday, 11th. There was a frost this morning. We rose early, and taking eight pounds of flesh, which were all the remains of the elk, proceeded up the south fork of the creek. At the distance of two miles we found a pine tree, which had been felled by one of our saltmakers, and on which we crossed the deepest part of the creek, and waded through the rest. We then went over an open ridge prairie, three quarters of a mile to the sea beach; after following which for three miles we came to the mouth of a beautiful river, with a bold, rapid current, 35 yards wide, and three feet deep, in its shallowest crossings. On its northeast side are the remains of an old village of Clatsops, inhabited by only a single family, who appeared miserably poor and dirty. We gave a man two fish hooks to ferry the party over the river, which, from the tribe on its banks, we called Clatsop river. The creek, which we had passed on a tree, approaches this river within about a 100 yards, and, by means of a portage, supplies a communication with the villages near Point Adams. (It is still called Point Adams.)"

"After going on for two miles, we found the saltmakers encamped near four houses of Clatsops and Killamucks, who, though poor, dirty, and covered with fleas, seemed kind and well disposed. We persuaded a young Indian, by a present of a file, and a comb of some other articles, to guide us to the spot where the whale lay."

"He led us for two and a half miles over the round, slippery stones at the foot of a high hill projecting into the sea, and then suddenly stopping, and uttering the word 'pushack' or 'bad,' explained by signs that we could no longer follow the coast, but must cross the mountain. This promised to be a most laborious undertaking, for the side is nearly perpendicular, and the top lost in clouds."

"He, however, followed an Indian path which wound along as much as possible, but still the ascent was so steep that at one place we drew ourselves about 100 feet by means of bushes and roots. At length, after two hours' labor, we reached the top of the mountain, where we looked down in astonishment on the prodigious height of 1200 feet, which we had ascended."

"Immediately below us, in the face of this precipice, is a stratum of white earth, used, as our guide informed us, as a paint by the neighboring Indians. It obviously contains argill, and resembles the earth of which the French porcelaine is made, though whether it contains silica or magnesia, or in what proportion, we could not observe."

"We were here met by 14 Indians, loaded with oil and blubber, the spoils of the whale, which they were carrying in very heavy burdens over this rough mountain. On leaving them, we proceeded over a bad road till night, when we encamped on a small run: we were all much fatigued, but the weather was pleasant, and, FOR THE FIRST TIME since our arrival here (on the lower Columbia), an entire day was passed without rain."

"In the morning, Wednesday, the 8th, we set out early and proceeded to the top of the mountain, the highest point of which is an open spot facing the ocean. It is situated about 30 miles southeast of Cape Disappointment (on the Washington side of the mouth of the Columbia), and projects two and a half miles into the sea."

"Here one of the most delightful views in nature presents itself. Immediately in front is the ocean, which breaks with fury on the coast, from the rocks of Cape Disappointment as far as the eye can discern to the north-west, and against the highlands and irregular piles of rock which diversify the shore to the south-east."

"To this boisterous scene, the Columbia, with its tributary waters, widening into bays as it approaches the ocean, and studied on both sides with the Clatsop and Clatsop villages, forms a charming contrast; while inland, (Continued on page 7)



Salem...hub of the Willamette Valley

Wide, smooth, hard-surfaced and paved highways and well-kept market roads radiate in all directions from Salem—chief of which is the Pacific Highway extending to the Canadian boundary on the north and the Mexican line on the south.

Transportation, therefore, to and from Salem to all points in the Willamette valley is quick and economical.

In the building and maintenance of these strategically located travel arteries the entire Willamette Valley experiences wide-spread benefits—time-saving, prompt delivery of perishable products, minimum transportation costs.

Comparable with the benefits derived from these modern thoroughfares is the banking service afforded, here at the United States National to the people and concerns located in this progressive territory.

The United States National Bank

Salem, Oregon

Member: UNITED STATES NATIONAL GROUP OF BANKS