

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Shows Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Why the Fifty-Two?

JAMES W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, has listed 64 men as the real rulers of the United States. There is not a politician among them, there are fifty-two big business men in the group. What a penetrating observation on the accent of modern life! Fifty-two industrialists, bankers, power magnates, manufacturers, out of the 64 who rule the country! Written of old, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" and so America proceeds to delete God. We are monotheists truly, when 52 out of 64 rate because of their economic power.

Gerard omits all politicians with the observation that statesmen are shorn of their power when they retire from office, and the further comment that these busy big business men through their influence dictate who shall hold public office, further emphasizing the power of industrialists.

But why the 52? If money is king then the list may be shortened considerably. Many omissions could be made without jeopardizing the power of men in strategic economic position. Thus J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Samuel Insull, Henry Ford, Andrew Mellon, Albert H. Wiggin, Pierre S. DuPont and Owen D. Young are without doubt the eight who hold the greatest economic power in the United States at the present time. Others in the Gerard list are important, but they chiefly buttress the thrones of these industrial imperialists.

The Gerard catalog of the rulers of America provokes controversy and counter-selection. Like President Eliot's five-foot book-shelf or Theodore Roosevelt's pigskin library, it prompts others to prepare competing lists and support their choices with argument. For ourselves we can think of men whose influence we believe would easily exceed that of many of the group chosen. We cannot omit among those with wide influence in America a man like H. L. Mencken for instance, whose literary criticism has profoundly affected not only letters but life. F. Scott Mc-Bride as head of the anti-saloon league we would say has vaster influence than any William Loeb, mining executive; and Al Capone, in his sinister way, has a firmer rule over more people than any of the Fisher brothers individually.

William Green, president of the American federation of labor, ought to be listed among those who rule, just as much as the president of the American Tobacco company. Nor do we agree with the brushing aside of politicians because their power ends with their term of office. The same would be true of many of those named, executives of great corporations and powerful only so long as they hold their places. Senator Norris and Senator Borah are men who wield a tremendous influence in American politics, and Governor Roosevelt or Al Smith.

Search through we may, how few editors wield national power. Gerard lists six newspaper men, but all of them "publishers," which means men who hire editors to do the writing they want done. Arthur Brisbane has a national audience, but his writing is chiefly in proverb style. His fragments of wisdom do not synthesize into a great editorial policy moving the minds of his readers. Of writers there seems none since Sinclair Lewis rather faded out and Upton Sinclair's fame receded. In journalism, David Lawrence and Mark Sullivan take more the part of reporters than molders of opinion. Walter Lippman, however, and Oscar Garrison Villard would qualify among a limited group of rulers of the country. Their editorial influence is national-wide.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, most distinguished preacher of the age, would seem to deserve a place; and perhaps Clarence Darrow, the brilliant lawyer and anti-religionist of Chicago.

Sorting out the great is a game that anyone may indulge in. There are no entry qualifications and no one to grade the lists that are submitted. Sifting the men of power down to sixty in number is a diverting occupation, more engaging than a crossword puzzle, and more profitable than the alphabet game folk play as they tour along the highways and pick letters from roadside signs.

Campaign Reaches Feud Stage

UPSTATE is getting some enjoyment out of Portland's Own Fight. The Oregonian has come down off the ladder of lofty aloofness, thrown off its coat and set about doing a man's job in the gubernatorial campaign. The Telegram still uses the great organ with its bellows for its chief advertiser. The Journal is playing slide trombone in the Meier orchestra, chiefly slide. The prettiest piece of crawling seen in a long time was the Journal's feeble attempt to answer the direct editorial challenge of the Oregonian. The latter loaded both barrels with buckshot and pulled both triggers. The Journal did nothing but grovel with a perfectly inept story about a Chinese laundryman. Silence would have been more convincing than its pitiful rejoinder. The News comes in with the pot and kettle drums to tom-tom for its big advertiser.

The issues of the campaign and the personalities of the candidates are quite obscured by the redomontade of the Portland press. As if the dailies were proving inadequate for the task, the scintillating weeklies like the Oregon Voter and the Spectator devote liberal space to the asperities of the campaign.

It is distinctly Portland's Own Fight. The rejuvenated Telegram seeks its place in the sun and the jealous Journal throws its political traditions overboard in order to hold circulation by appeals to the mob mind. The Oregonian stung to action swings up its heavy artillery as well as machine gun platoons to enfilade the ranks of its evening competitors. There is real entertainment in all this for the upstate audience, which shouts with enthusiasm: "Lay on, MacDuff, and damn'd be he who first cries, Hold, enough!"

The republican candidate, Phil Metschan, seems quite forgotten in the journalistic joustings; and as for Bailey, he might as well be running for constable for all his appearance in the news.

The campaign, there seems little hope of a campaign. It is unmitigated guerilla warfare and unlimited privateering. It is not a political campaign we are having, but a politico-newspaper feud.

Everybody ought to be happy after Governor Norblad's benediction in the game row. Everybody's "integrity" is vouchsafed, and Clifford and Clark have the governor's letter to present in applying for a new job. The state will rejoice at a brief rest until the knife-whetting starts over appointing new men for the vacancies.

HEALTH

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

There are many disturbances which act like indigestion, and yet have no connection with the stomach. One of these is jaundice.

Jaundice is a yellow discoloration of the skin due to the deposit of bile pigment in the tissues. It is really only a symptom of some obstruction to the normal flow of bile.

When the bile cannot escape into the intestines in the usual way, it is absorbed by the blood. Then it becomes deposited in the various tissues. This condition, as I have said, is due to some obstruction, such as swelling of mucous membrane lining the tubes which carry away the bile substance.

The swelling may come on after a chill or from eating some irritating or indigestible food. The obstruction may be due to gall stones, or even to pressure from some abdominal growth.

The yellow discoloration is the first symptom to attract notice. In severe cases this may become pronounced, causing a bronze or deep olive color. With it is disturbance of the digestion. The tongue is coated, the appetite falls and there is a feeling of nausea, aggravated especially by eating fats.

Of course, the first thing to do is to find the cause of the obstruction. X-ray examinations will determine whether gall stones are present.

In treating jaundice first consideration is given the diet. Fats, pastries, highly seasoned foods, and sweets should be avoided. Buttermilk, richly and lemonade may be given, as well as plenty of water.

The patient should be as quiet as possible. If the attack is at all severe he should be kept in bed. See that the intestinal tract is kept free. Your doctor will prescribe the necessary medication when the source of the trouble has been determined.

For the itching which usually accompanies jaundice, hypodermic of soda, three tablespoonfuls to a quart of water, will be soothing when applied to the skin. It is worth while to remember this because the itching is likely to be intense.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. R. M. L. Q.—How much should a girl 15 years old, 5 ft. 4 inches tall weigh?
2.—How much should a girl 20 years old, 5 ft. 2 1/2 inches tall weigh?
3.—How much should a girl 16 years old, 5 ft. 4 inches tall weigh?

A.—130 pounds.
B.—124 pounds.
C.—121 pounds.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

VERBAL MARLINSPIKERS
What strange associates politics has brought together in the bolter-independent campaign whose purpose is to make the issue of poverty bring out-of-pocket politicians into power! Dan Kalaher, fire-eating radical of many a city and legislative battle, cheek by jowl with Bruce Dennis, whose whole journalistic and legislative record is identified with special interests and machine politics. Fred Brady, brick-pavement agent, in the bandwagon of the dear people, upholding in close harmony with Klansman Gifford! Rufus Holman, once branded by the Telegram as the hallois of local politics in loving embrace with his sometime newspaper editor!

And Jay Bowerman, shouting for popular rule and the downfall of party politics! Jay Bowerman, whose bootless experience as Oregon's only assembly candidate for governor qualified him to show the malcontents how to pre-arrange the more recent bolter assembly down to the nomination and the minutest word in every speech! Jay Bowerman, past master throughout his career in the ways of machine politics and representation of special interests in his professional practice! The Telegram, owned by a multi-millionaire who amassed his wealth through power exploitation! Klansman Gifford, for years employe of a power company in Portland! Bruce Dennis, who answered an inquiry as to whether his newspaper purchase had been financed by power magnates by predicting that the Oregonian would lose its present campaign! Blacktop Brady, so up to his neck in machine politics that Governor Norblad's recent primary campaign bogged down under weight of Brady's declared support! Add to this list the names of such politicians as Clarence Hotchkiss, sore at being priced loose from a fat office which he had held for eight years, and those of sundry other politicians such as Mr. Clyde, who have never had great success in convincing the electorate of their claims, and you get the roster of Meier campaign leaders. Power? Yes, it is a campaign for power all right—in this way: Out-of-power politicians are trying to get into power.—Portland Oregonian.

Profits in Cantaloupes
HEPPEBABA, Ga.—(AP).—As part of his diversified farming program Robert Lansdell raised cantaloupes. Three acres brought \$700 this year.

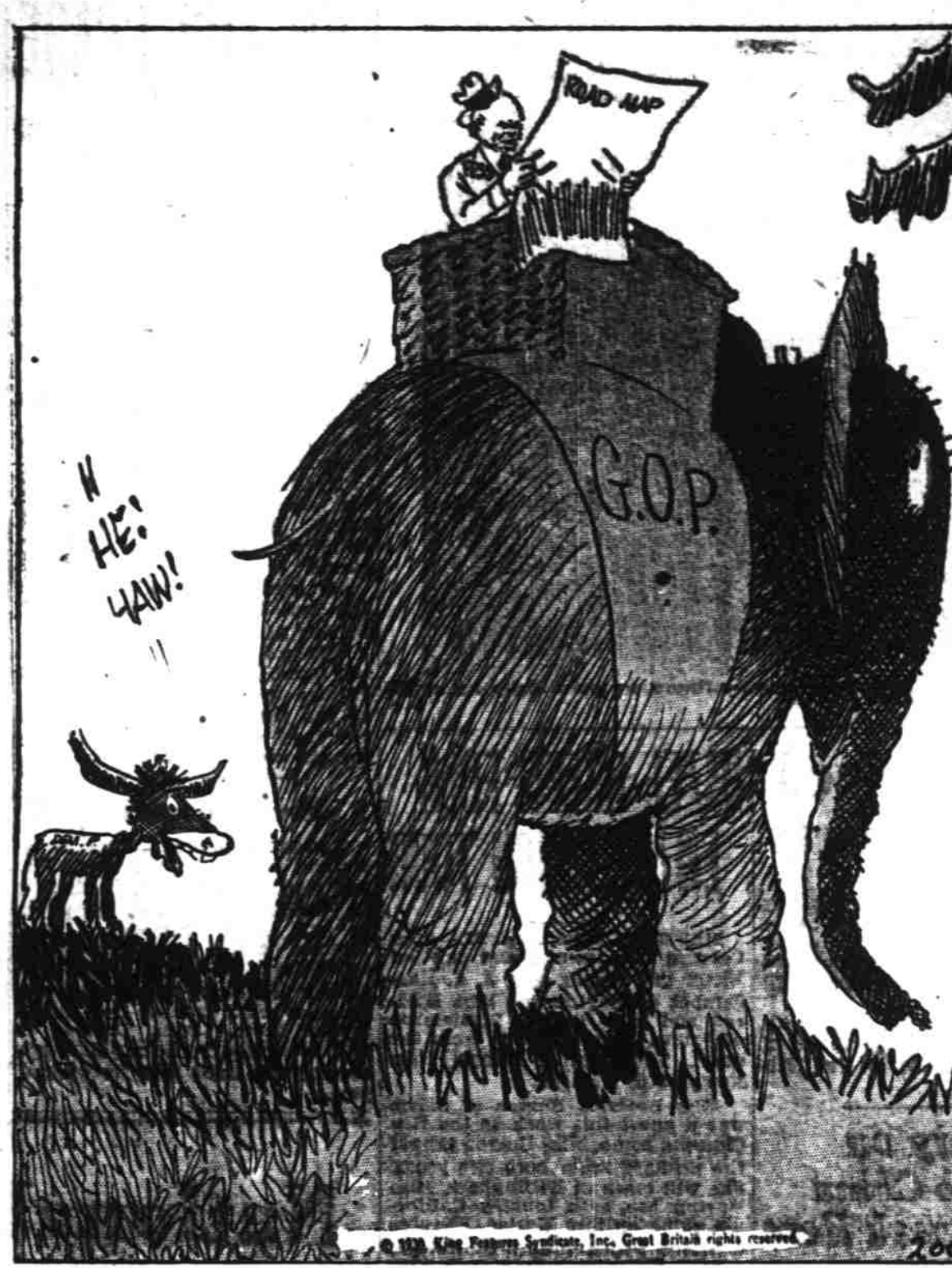
The annual market value of 4-H club members' products is more than \$15,000,000.

"Mr. Piper's observation of the peculiar stiffness of the body of Mortison led me to apply the lactic acid test. The reaction was positive. The physical characteristics of immediate stiffening of the body, supported by chemical analysis, thus led to the conclusion that the deceased was not shot while sitting quietly at his desk, but had been engaged in violent exercise, such as running."

"We are here concerned with two shots from two different weapons. In this connection two questions arise, which shot was fired first, and which shot was responsible for the death of the deceased? Comparison of the bullets shows that of the two shots, one through the jugular vein and one through the lung, only the lung-shot was fired from the pistol in evidence as that fired by Mrs. Everett."

"Neither shot might have proved fatal—but the shot through the jugular vein would bring death almost immediately. The shot through the lung, on the other hand, while it might have been a mortal wound, would not cause immediate death, although it would certainly suspend any violent activity on the part of the victim. After such a shot, Mortison would certainly have been incapable of vigorous exercise. Yet the blood analysis shows that death occurred immediately after extreme physical activity."

FINDING HIS BEARINGS



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 21
The district attorney's small, wiry figure jerked forward as if he were a mechanical toy whose spring had been violently released.

"I object to any such statement being made as if it were a fact," he rasped. "With all due respect to the learned professor, the tone of the words conveyed a scarcely concealed sneer—'there is such a thing as common sense. Unless the eminent Dr. Kurtner was even more prompt than Mr. Piper and arrived at the scene of the murder before it was committed, he couldn't possibly know that a man sitting dead at his desk had been shading himself around the house and then sat down to get himself shot. He's foisting his hare-brained opinions on this jury, attempting to befuddle them with high sounding technicalities! I object to this line of testimony as sheer opinion and far-fetched opinion at that."

"Now, Mr. Linforth," the judge said soothingly, "you know as well as I do that a witness qualified as an expert is not restricted to questions of fact but is allowed to express his opinion." He surveyed the frate district attorney with kindly severity, as if he were trying to quiet a child in a tantrum.

Kurtner looked down upon the tumult with frigid detachment. He cast a single bleak glance at Linforth from behind his glittering eye glasses. They were polished until they shone like clear ice, and his voice, when he turned to the judge, was sharp and pointed.

"I am not concerned with opinions, if your honor please," he said. "I am stating a demonstrable and in this case an ascertained fact."

"Do you mean to say, that unlike the rest of humanity, it is impossible for you to make a mistake?" Linforth clutched at scorn as a covering for his uneasiness. "Human fallibility has nothing to do with it," Kurtner said coldly. "I am willing to say that a mistake is impossible—because chemistry makes no mistakes."

Travis had listened with the restrained triumph of a bridge-player who is about to make a nine-spot re-entry good in the dummy. But the jury would not relish being told that chemistry makes no mistakes—especially as they knew nothing about chemistry. His keen face tightened imperceptibly as he turned to Linforth.

"I don't believe I have yet told the district attorney that the direct examination of this witness is closed," he said with stinging politeness. "You will have the opportunity of cross-examining him later—if you care to." He hoped the jury had caught the implication that cross-examination of Kurtner would be a dangerous and futile proceeding. "Will you just tell the jury the method of arriving at the conclusion which you have stated, Dr. Kurtner?"

"I first extracted sufficient blood from the handkerchief to enable me to make a test of its chemical constituents. It is a well known fact, familiar to all students of modern bio-chemistry, that the metal cation of hgr bar was slowly binding under her clenched fingers."

"There are no alternatives to fact," Kurtner said. He was unaware of the strained attention focused upon him. He spoke with his customary air of academic authority, as if he were discussing a theorem in Euclid, unconcerned with human lives. "When we speak of choosing among probabilities, we are merely admitting our ignorance of certain factors in the problem."

"In reality, there are no probabilities—only certainties. It can be shown that only one thing could have happened, then that thing happened, as surely as—or rather far more surely than—if we saw it with our eyes. When a given set of facts can be accounted for in one way and no other, there is no more choice open to us than if, given two sides of a triangle, we are asked to draw the third. The path is clearly marked out for us, and there is only one line to follow."

"In the case before us, Mortison ran to the cottage with an entry which implies flight from pursuit, and had reached his desk when he was overtaken and killed. Let us suppose for a moment that he had caught sight of Mrs. Everett and was fleeing from her. But even assuming that, though physically much stronger than the woman, he would not have turned and wrenched the pistol from her instead of running, and further assuming that both she and Mrs. Everett were at the ranch house and not at the lodge when the chase began, there is still not sufficient distance between the two buildings to account for the degree of physical exhaustion indicated by the blood analysis."

"Now let us assume that Mrs. Everett fired two shots, the second lodging in Mortison's lung, the course of the bullet being almost directly from front to back, and that some unknown person later fired another bullet into his jugular vein. In that case the body would not have been found bent forward over the table. While sitting in the chair, the arms and back prevented it from falling sidewise when struck by the bullet in the neck. But if it was no longer supported by the chair structure, but was lying across the table where it fell after the shot through the lung, the force of the bullet from the side would have toppled the body at an angle to the table towards the left."

"Mrs. Everett also noted, without catching the significance of the circumstance, that Mortison did not move or look up between her first and second shots. Mrs. Everett's statement on this point may be accepted, first because she did not emphasize it as noteworthy, but only noticed it as curious and puzzling, and second because she herself admitted that she 'killed' Mortison. At that time she was not in possession of all the facts, and was guilty of the fallacy of post hoc ergo propter hoc. She reasoned that she had shot Mortison; Mortison was dead; therefore she killed him."

Kurtner restored the pocket lens within its tortoise-shell cover and deftly fastened the straps of the brief case on his lap. He leaned back in the witness chair and his voice dropped with a last hammer stroke of finality.

"Only one conclusion is possible," he said. "The defendant did not kill Mortison—because at the time she fired upon him he was already dead!"
(To be continued)

BITS for BREAKFAST

Salem's oldest resident:
By R. J. HENDRICKS

July 26 of last year this column had a short biographical sketch of Joseph A. Baker, 1491 South Commercial street, saying he had celebrated his 90th birthday three days before.

He had another birthday last month. He was born near Henry, Putnam county, Illinois, July 22, 1839. He is "going on" 92. That does not necessarily qualify him as the oldest person living in Salem, but he has certainly lived in this city longer than any other man or woman.

And he does not look or feel a day older than he did a year ago. The Bits man missed mention of his birthday this year, by an oversight. On Tuesday of this week, when the writer called on him, Mr. Baker was asked what he had been doing all the time in the past year. His answer was that he had been mostly eating and sleeping, and calling up in retrospect old days. He has the appetite of a youngster, and he sleeps like a top.

But the Bits man knew better. Several weeks ago, when the writer called on him, he was found repairing his garage. He wears no spectacles. His eyesight is good, and his hearing very fair. Mr. Baker was cautioned that, while he was yet a youngster, he must not wear spectacles, should be very careful to not work over hard, for it might tell on him if he grew to be an old man—say around 150, like the ancient Turk now in this country, who claims to be over 150, and has had 11 wives.

"Leave that to me," answered Mr. Baker. His intimation was that he had always been careful about over working. Mr. Baker has a good many things to make him thankful. He is proud of his two sons, Ed, Baker, bookkeeper for the Meier store, and Clair, who is employed at the penitentiary annex, which was the old state reform school. His sons are a satisfaction to him. And he has a good wife, the companion of his youth. They were married in Salem March 2, 1865. That was over 65 years ago. Over five years ago they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary.

The immigration train that brought the Baker family was one of the 1847 covered wagon caravans, the total passengers which ran for 400 miles to about 6000 doubling the population of Oregon. The Bakers just missed stopping at the Whitman mission that fall, for the winter—thus escaping the massacre.

They went first to Clackamas county, near the present Molalla, but in 1848 the father joined the California gold rush, but came back to where Salem now stands in 1849, and bought a squatter's right to 400 acres of the eastern part of the present city, on the Garden road. Salem was not yet named; was not called Salem 'till 1850. It was first Chameketa, the Indian name; then The Mills, for the Methodist mission mill, and when the Bakers came it was The Institute, for the Oregon Institute, which became Willamette university. The Bakers settled at The Institute, to get the benefit of educational facilities. The boy Joe, commenced at the Oregon Institute in 1849 when he was 12, and his schooling lasted 'till 1861.

Mrs. Baker was Emma Lamb. She was one of the first passengers over the Panama railroad across the isthmus, in 1853. She came to Oregon from California for her health, with the family of Mr. Strong, who was building the first telegraph line into Oregon, being the contractor. She evidently has enjoyed good health in Oregon, for she still does her housework with what little help she is given by Joe. He will admit that it is not much.

Mr. Baker was one of the early day Salem policemen. He remembers the haunted house that was on Church and State streets—where the Wm. Brown residence now stands. This first house was the one that preceded the Keller home, that was rebuilt. A large tree stood there, the limbs of which made a spooky sound when the wind blew hard, rubbing against the limbs of another tree. A man had been killed, in a fight over a boy's troubles, on that corner, and so no one wanted to live in the "haunted" house. Joe Carter, one of the earliest pioneers, and his wife, had been one of the missionaries coming on the Lausanne, lived in that house for a time. So did Joe

Holman, grandfather of Joseph H. Albert, whose wife was also one of the Lausanne passengers. The property then belonged to Willie Chapman, who had been captured by one of the covered wagon trains across the plains. He was one of the early day contractors of Salem. He had charge of the construction of the first Marion county court house, that stood near where the present one stands, and was afterwards moved diagonally across Court street, corner of High street, and was an office building for a time, then a livery stable. Mr. Chapman was the grandfather of Mrs. Henry W. Meyers.

While Mr. Baker was a policeman, he saw the "ghost." He was passing near the "haunted" house, and he noted ahead of him, on a moonlight night, the shape of a man. He could see through the shape in the moonlight—and that proved to him that the apparition was not a man, but a ghost. So he made for it—and found it was a small cloud of dust whirled up from the roadway by a baby cyclone! That was the first and last ghost Mr. Baker has ever seen, in a long and eventful life.

He was afterwards sheriff. He remembers that he and John Giesy of the Aurora colony were good friends. He was running for sheriff, in 1878, and Mr. Giesy was running for county commissioner—the present court house was built under his administration. The quality of their close friendship was tested by the fact that Joe carried all the votes in the Aurora precinct and John got all the ballots in Joe's Salem precinct. Friendship in the pioneer days were apt to be close and cordial.

Mrs. Baker helped in the logging operations for the mission saw mill, soon after he arrived at The Institute. The logs came from the fir forest down near the Willamette river, where the Marion county poor farm is located. They were hauled to the mill by oxen.

Mr. Baker has seen Salem grow from a few straggling houses, located helter-skelter in the timber and the clearings, before any streets were platted, to the present magnificent and growing city. And he has been a part of all this growth, for he has always been and is still alert and active, taking an interest and a pride in his city.

PORTLAND, Aug. 27.—(AP).—Wholesale egg prices held steady today with a fair demand, especially on top grade.

Though butter trading opened slow prices were held up to ranges of the day before on strength of light receipts. Much storage butter was being used, due to difference in price.

Of the fruit and vegetable trade the U. S. A. market news service reported: Market for Yakima cantaloupes is practically demoralized by heavy receipts, brokers' track sales bringing barely freight charges in some instances.

Watermelons are weaker, demand light, even at lower prices of \$1.50-1.75 per cwt. to retailers.

Peaches, green corn and tomatoes enjoy firm demand at steady prices.

Green peas are starting to move from the new Marshfield district where 290 acres are in bearing with quality and yields reported only fair.

New Yakima potatoes are fairly active at team truck prices of \$1.50-1.65 per cwt.

Sixty-three per cent of the imports of the Philippine Islands in 1929 came from the United States.

About half a million yards of athletic field tarpaulins are in use in the United States.

MOTHERS now learn value of MAGNESIA
Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about Phillips Milk of Magnesia. This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as sour-belching, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds, children's diseases.

A teaspoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia—does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds. Its many uses for mother and child are fully explained in the interesting book "Useful Information." It will be sent you, FREE. Write The Phillips Chemical Co., 119 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

In buying, be sure to get genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Doctors have prescribed it for over 50 years.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the standard remedy for Mark of The Phillips Chemical Co., and its predecessor, Chas. H. Phillips, since 1876.—adv.

SOURCE OF MANY ILLS

Colon and Rectal conditions cause a great percentage of the world's suffering.

Constipation, Colic, Hemorrhoids and other evidences of Rectal and Colon disorders may be looked to as the cause of most nervous diseases, rheumatism, stomach troubles, acidity, neuritis, etc. Only such direct, speeded treatment as the Deas Chloric Acid can bring permanent relief. Our FREE booklet explains our famous non-surgical method of treatment and remarkable CURETY.

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LOS ANGELES

A Problem

For You For Today

A reservoir can be filled by 9 pipes in 3.5 hours. If two of the pipes were closed, how long would it take for the others to fill it?

Answer to Yesterday's Problem: 75 cents. Explanation: Divide 7500 by 10,240.

North Carolina's 1930 corn crop is estimated at 54,200,000 bushels, the largest in many years.