

The Oregon Statesman

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

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A Day in Spokane

THE city of Spokane has a distinctive character which charms even the occasional visitor. Striding a canyon whose waters are supercharged with racing energy long since harnessed to man's use, the city has reared itself in the waste of black lava rock whose rugged projections give evidence of comparatively recent angry vulcanism. In 1910 when the writer first saw Spokane those defiant masses of hard rock on the vacant lots seemed to give the city a sort of trademark. But the steady gnawing of drills and the blasting of powder have levelled off most of those protrusions and replaced them with the structures which house for business and for residence the people of one of the finest of the cities of the Pacific slope.

Before coming to Oregon the writer was a frequent visitor in Spokane. The first of this week we had the pleasure of visiting it again, the first time, save for a few hours on one occasion, in six years.

The most striking thing which one sees among Spokane's new things is the new cathedral which is being built by the Protestant Episcopal church on one of the heights of the city. The nave is completed. The choir and transepts are of temporary construction so the edifice may be used. The completed portion of conventional cathedral architecture, of gray sandstone, with great windows of stained glass, impresses one both with the solidity and conservatism which is characteristic of the church, and with the aspiration which all Gothic structures suggest. Below the eminence lies the city, to the east stretches the Spokane valley, while in the distance are the mountains, blue, streaked with the white of snow.

Spokane is getting a new theatre too,—the first in 17 years, but not far enough along to make a showing. Not very long ago the Spokesman-Review and Chronicle built a new building and filled it full of the finest presses and machinery known to the printing trades. Then of course Spokane, like all other cities has had a fair quota of new business buildings,—of the tower design, sans cornices.

Business ought to be had in Spokane by the rules of the game. It has had some business and banking failures which led deep wounds. But still the city conducts a vast volume of trade, and sustains itself as the capital of a rich empire. There is one thing about Spokane and that is the diversity of its resources. It is the center of the rich mining industry of northern Idaho and northeastern Washington. It is the financial capital for the extensive lumbering activities in the pine timber belts of Idaho and Washington. The center too for a vast agricultural empire—the Palouse and Big Bend wheat countries, the live stock country and smaller irrigated valleys. Add to these abundant and cheap hydro-electric power; the nexus of transportation with five transcontinental railroads serving the city; well developed wholesale and retail trade for the great area from the Cascades to the Rockies; and a fair showing in manufacturing and you have a city whose future would seem guaranteed.

The northwest is something of a unit. The prosperity of one section is usually accompanied by similar prosperity in other sections; and depression affects not one community alone but throws a wet blanket over the whole region. Likewise the growth of a city is usually limited by the expansion in wealth and population of the surrounding country. As citizens of the northwest it is a good thing to get out occasionally and see what progress other parts are making. So we found a lot of pleasure in revising "sunny old Spokane," and making note of its progress.

Longworth and Politics

THERE seemed little color about the personality of Nicholas Longworth. Those who came in personal contact with him seemed to have sincere regard for him. But with the general public his name aroused little enthusiasm. Perhaps it was because he didn't "newspaper" well, gave the reporters little to write about. Perhaps it was because "princess Alice" had so caught the public fancy in her days in the White House that Longworth's glory was dimmed beside hers. He was indeed a gallant fellow to become the husband of so vivid a lady as Alice Roosevelt.

But there must have been substance to Longworth, for he had capacity to wear well. In fact he grew in favor with a public which had never been especially cordial to him. He was regularly returned to Congress, won the speakership on his personal merit, and was an actual and not a titular leader of that body. His political opponents had high regard for him, and the encomiums which have come from members of the house minority party ring with genuineness. Longworth made scant contribution to American political development. As a house member and as speaker, he served well his generation, but his service was marked by little other than the tending of fires. He waved no fresh torch; he championed no new ideas; he seemed cold to anything new. The triumvirate of Longworth-Tilson and Snell has preserved the house as an organized body instead of a mob; but the organization has been reactionary, and strangely blind to the shifts of business and politics. Under this leadership the house has become moribund. If the senate is wild and erratic, the house is obstructionist and impotent. Its membership is a directory of mediocrity.

The prospect is that the succession will go to Tilson or Snell who are ranking in the leadership. Neither of these has the personal following of Longworth. But the margin of control in the house is so narrow that there will be scant opportunity for any show of autocracy on the part of the speaker. The coming congress is but an interlude. The issue will be fought out in 1932. Then either the democrats will come into power, or the republicans will get a sufficient majority to make their organization effective.

The death of Longworth is regrettable indeed from the human and personal standpoint. It is not however a national calamity. It does serve to focus attention upon the house of representatives and its decadency.

Now the Copco company is going to spend its four million dollars on the Klamath river in California. Having been battered around in the recent legislature, it sees no possibility of investing its money in Oregon. So California will get the plant on the tax rolls, the labor to be employed on the construction, Oregon's course keeps its political virtue. Without cost to the taxpayers seems not to cover "without loss to the taxpayers." Meantime the Columbia still flows unobscured to the sea.

Nino Pecoraro who claims to have won Conan Doyle over to spiritualism, now admits he is a fakir, and that his communications from the dead were bogus. It is doubtful if his confession will make much difference. The public loves to believe; and if it can't believe, it invents beliefs. Man's credulity seems to have no limits.

Scabies

By DR. VERNON A. DOUGLAS
County Health Officer
Scabies, a word which is suggestive in itself is also known as "the itch." It is a type of disease which is not a disgrace to have but is a disgrace to keep. In years past, at some time or other, nearly all school children have had the disease some time repeatedly. As a rule the disease is not serious to itself and is entirely local in nature. It is Dr. V. A. Douglas is not a blood disease. The intense itching, however, especially at night is indirectly harmful to the health and at times due to scratching, the skin may become infected with pus forming organisms causing abscesses and other complications.

The causative factor of scabies is a small parasite called the scabies mite which is transferred from one individual to another by direct contact or intermediate objects. The female in this case is more deadly than the male. It is just visible to the naked eye; the male is smaller. It burrows in the skin, especially at night, where she deposits the eggs. These begin to hatch out in from four to eight days and new larvae and acari are formed. The disease occurs in all grades of society though poor hygiene and filth are factors in public practice. The intimate contact of children in school and play together with their sensitive skins probably accounts for the more rapid dissemination of the disease than is the case with adult life.

In schools where a daily morning inspection of all school children is given the condition is often located early and its spread can be prevented. Teachers and nurses can also often discover cases due to the scratching which accompanies the intense itching. It is not always recognized at home until several members of the family have developed symptoms.

The preventive treatment consists largely in cleanliness and as the disease most often starts on the hands in the case of the fingers it is most important that the hands be washed often. The disease is not as a rule difficult to cure, the failures being due largely to not carrying out special instructions of the physician. The whole family should be treated simultaneously in order that no re-infections occur.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon
Town Talks From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

April 11, 1906
Rewards of merit for the annual rifle practice for the 1905 members of company M. O. N. G. here this evening by Gov. George E. Chamberlain and Adjutant General W. E. Finzer of Portland.

A special committee of the Y. M. C. A. is starting a canvas for funds to construct a swimming pool and addition to the building to house it. The total needed is \$2,650, about half of which has been subscribed. H. B. Thielsen is chairman.

Mark S. Skiff, candidate for representative, returned from a circuit in the north end of the county.

Willamette university has received a gift of \$2,000, donor of which prefers to remain unknown. Half of the sum is to provide a loan fund for needy students.

LYONS, April 10—Harvey Ransom of the Ransom and Ransom grocery store at Lyons, was taken suddenly ill the last night of the week. He was taken to the home of his brother, John Ransom at Shelburn where he is being cared for. He was reported some better Wednesday. Friends from Lyons, went to see him Tuesday evening.

No. 99
Synopsis of Annual Statement of the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association of Seattle, to the State of Washington, on the thirty-first day of December, 1930, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

CAPITAL	
Amount of capital stock paid up	\$5,303,530.22
INCOME	
Net premiums received during the year	\$1,913,373.82
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	\$15,529.20
Income from other sources received during the year	\$2,500,638.31
Total income	\$9,727,542.33
DISBURSEMENTS	
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses	\$2,035,738.17
Dividends paid during the year to policyholders	\$1,409,599.53
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	\$96,945.08
Amount of all other expenditures	\$489,792.36
Total expenditures	\$5,978,047.47
Value of real estate owned (market value)	\$2,145,415.18
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	\$3,070,192.80
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	\$632,883.31
Cash in banks and on hand	\$469,041.06
Premiums in course of collection within since September 30, 1930	\$674,322.24
Interest and rents due and accrued	\$3,214,617.82
Due from reinsuring companies, etc.	\$28,375.72
Total assets	\$5,016,672.86
LIABILITIES	
Gross claims for losses unpaid	\$469,086.67
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	\$2,145,415.18
Due for commission and brokerage	\$47,160.12
Other liabilities	\$247,222.40
Total liabilities exclusive of capital stock	\$2,868,864.37
Business in Oregon for the year	\$1,913,373.82
Net premiums received during the year	\$1,913,373.82
Losses incurred during the year	\$2,035,738.17
Losses incurred during the year	\$2,035,738.17
Name of Company, Northwestern Mutual Fire Association	
Name of President, M. D. L. Rhodes	
Name of Secretary, D. E. Brill	
Statutory resident attorney for service	

THE FASCINATION OF BAD EXAMPLES



"A Knight Comes Flying" By Eustace L. Adams

CHAPTER XXII
"Let's have the flashlight, Talbot," he said, coming to a halt. "This place is dark as a cow's stomach."
"Why—er—I forgot to bring it," said Talbot, lamely.
"Aren't you the little help?" sighed Dave. "I've got a good mind to take you both home and come back here alone."
"Come here, Talbot," said Gerry, ominously, "and kiss papa."
Talbot promptly moved out of reach. Gerry's stealthy footsteps could be heard pursuing him through the blackness.
"Listen, you birds!" whispered Dave, tensely. "There's something going on outside."
The three stood silent. From the open door behind them came the sound of a popping engine, the grinding of gears. Dave blundered through the gloom, entering one of the great rooms which faced the house nearest the landing field.
"Come here, fellows," he called guardedly. "It's Mueller's truck coming through the road in the jungle."
Talbot, eluding Gerry's groping arms, hurried to the window, followed by the other, who seemed wholeheartedly as he crashed into the door jamb. They stood at the empty frame of the French window, watching the headlights circle the liquor-filled dwelling that the boys had so recently examined. Two men suddenly appeared in front of the lights and disappeared into the darkness of the patio. The truck came to a stop, its twin cones of incandescence pointed directly at the breach in the wall and enclosure. Two more black figures dashed across the strip of light and followed the others into the house.
"From where I stand," Talbot muttered unhappily, "this strip of Cathy looks crowded. Turn on the lights and it'll seem as if boom times had struck it again. I'll bet there'll be a real estate office open here in the morning. But I won't be here to see it. Those babies over there have been eating red meat. We'd better go."
"Count 'em for me, Talbot," requested Gerry. "If there aren't any more than I think there are over there, I can lick 'em all."
"I've got a good mind to throw you out of the window and let you try it," whispered Dave, savagely.
"A twentieth century Daniel in the lion's den," muttered Talbot. "If Daniel had had a couple of swallows of Mueller's liquor," retorted Gerry, thickly, "he'd have wrung the lions' necks and gotten himself elected mayor of Rome. Or was it Rome? Maybe it was Athens. I never could remember my . . ."
"Ready to Strike?" "Shut up, you arrulous souse!" snapped Dave. Then, turning to Talbot, "Tell you what we'll do. We'll all beat it back to Gerry's car. You fellows drive on to Joan's and drop me off half-way. I'll duck through the groves, cut around behind Mueller's men and have another look at the hangar. Chances are that it is still unguarded. They all seem to be milling around here."
"I'm going to smack Mueller," announced Gerry, stubbornly. "Let me finish," urged Dave. "I'll try to get the plane according to our plan. You and Gerry had better stay right on at Joan's until I drive back from St. Pete. They won't be safe there with Mueller on the loose."
"I was talking to Sally about coming back to St. Pete with us," confided Talbot. "She wants to come. Perhaps she can persuade her cousin."
"Fast work, Talbot," hiccupped Gerry. "You don't think I see things, but I do. I could see you getting all limp every time little Black Eyes looked at you."
Dave stared sharply at Talbot. "She's a wonderful girl," said Talbot, defensively. "She makes the girls in our crowd seem like dumb Doras."
Gerry threw an uncertain leg over the chair and ducked into Talbot's room. "I'm going to lick Mueller," he declared. "I can lick anybody who lives around here."
Dave grabbed his shoulder and jerked him back into the room. "You'll have to get out of here, Talbot," he said, "before this idiot ruins everything. Come on, Gerry. When I come back from St. Pete, we'll take on the whole gang for a battle royal."
Gerry seemed slightly mollified. He made no reply, but leaned against the wall, trying to focus his eyes upon the vivid scene at the other house.
More men were now milling about in the beam of the headlights. The dwelling, which but a few minutes before, had been dead, deserted thing, was now alive with dancing flashlights, echoing with shouting voices.
Holding tight to Gerry's arm, Dave turned away from the window. The room was doubly dark to eyes accustomed to the bright headlights outside. The three groped their way across the wide floor, listening to the hollow echoes which bounced back from one blank wall to another.
"Give me your shotgun, Talbot," said Dave. "You'll be dropping it, or firing it by accident, or . . ."
"What shotgun?" asked Talbot.
"The one we took away from that guard!" retorted Dave. "How many have you?"
Talbot's heavy body could be heard moving away in the darkness.
"Er—I must have left it in the first house," he said apologetically.
"If it takes me all evening," declared Gerry, hoarsely, "I'm going to find that blimp and loop him all over the place."
"Go away, Gerry!" came Talbot's agitated voice. "Go away or I'll tell Dave what's in your hip pocket."
"Shsh!" warned Dave. "I think I hear something. Be quiet!"
The others became still and followed Dave through the room

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Whitman in the valley:
The writer has not found in any of the books of Oregon history written in late years reference to the fact that Dr. Marcus Whitman ever visited the Willamette valley.

But in the "Ten Years in Oregon of the Presbyterian (and wife), published in 1848, a book that is now very rare and long out of print, there is such a reference. One finds it at page 116, chapter 14, as follows:

"I had nearly forgotten to notice an adventure of Mr. Daniel Lee's, similar to one related in a former chapter. While he was at The Dalles (then called Wasco-pam), it became necessary for him to return to headquarters (the old mission in September, 1838).

"In endeavoring to follow a trail, made long before by the Hudson's Bay company (around Mount Hood), which had not been traveled of late, and was nearly obliterated, he strayed from it, and a journey which had been made in four days now occupied 15. This occasioned much anxiety and alarm, and a suitable party had collected to explore the wilderness in search of their lost friend when he appeared among them, sufficiently wasted and haggard to warrant them in believing the tale he told of having subsisted on horse flesh. (John A. Sutter of Sutter's Fort fame, with a party of men in 1834, had been overtaken and passed Lee and his Indian guides on this trip, and had reached the old mission in six days after leaving Wasco-pam; good time for those days.)

"About this time Dr. and Mrs. White received several visits from their friends, and among the first was one from Mr. and Mrs. Beaver. They were Rev. Herbert Beaver and wife of Fort Vancouver. Rev. Beaver had been sent there by the London directors of the Hudson's Bay company to fill the office of chaplain. He was of the fashionable type of English clergyman. He had undoubtedly been sent to offset the influence of the Methodist and American board missionaries. The Beavers came in 1834, and was a factor. Beaver did not last long, because he was in the habit of turning up his nose over the things he found in this benighted land; especially the relations of gentlemen at the fort with the Indian women they had taken as their wives.

"They came to Champoeg in canoes, and from there on horseback; and, as they rode up to the door, the writer could not help admiring Mr. Beaver's horse and his handsome accoutrements. Their attendants were English and there were several exhibitions during their stay. They had been in the house but a short time when Mrs. White, if you have occasion for the services of another woman in domestic matters, just call John; and if he does not obey you immediately, hit him a 'knock'; that's the way I do." This was in the servant's presence, and Mrs. White felt somewhat ashamed, for he was a man of at least 90 years of age, and much more than common stature. But she soon saw there was no cause for embarrassment, for, seemingly, he did not notice his mistress's language, and she could not avoid wondering how an American domestic would have borne it.

"They were much pleased with everything around them, especially the indoor arrangements, as might be inferred from the lady's exclamation on first entering the house. 'Why Mrs. White,' she said, 'how nice this is! It looks as though a white woman's hands had been here. This is the first white woman's house I have been in since my arrival in this country.' They were highly intellectual people, and their stay was truly a feast of reason and a flow of love.

There was a terrific thud as a heavy body struck the floor. A shrill shriek split the air.
"Miss Joan, Miss Joan! Where is you? Day's a man g' me!" (To be continued)

American Biographies in Miniature
Charles Steinmetz (1865-1923)
1. THIS NOTED INVENTOR WAS BORN IN GERMANY APRIL 4, 1865. HE WAS EDUCATED IN THAT COUNTRY SPECIALIZING IN CHEMISTRY, ENGINEERING AND ELECTRICITY.
2. HE CAME TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1889, AND IN 1893 WAS MADE CONSULTING ENGINEER OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

3. HE WAS RAPIDLY PROMOTED FOR HIS INVENTIONS ONE OF THE MOST NOTED OF WHICH IS HIS "MAN MADE LIGHTNING."
4. SMALL IN STATURE HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS WERE GREAT, AND HE WAS RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING GENIUSES.

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