

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Bogus Tax Reduction

ONE of the proposals of the governor's tax committee is to reduce automobile license fees one-third and increase the gasoline tax by one cent a gallon, making the gas tax five cents. This is bogus reduction of taxes. You pay less out of the right pocket and more out of the left pocket. It is computed that there would be a saving to the public of some \$391,000 by the change, but this is doubtful for the reason that the gas tax receipts have increased more rapidly in proportion than the auto license fees. People use their cars for greater mileage than formerly.

Why not make a real reduction in the burdensome auto license fees, but wait on the next legislature to do it? Our construction and road debt service are now right at the peak. Next year the debt service requirement is less, and the new construction item should be much less because of the completion of the Oregon coast and other highways. Commencing with 1933 there can be a great reduction in auto license fees and no call for any addition to the gas tax. While we could not safely go to a \$3.00 a year flat license, we could go somewhere around a ten dollar license.

So long as the state continues to pour millions into the highway fund, the department will find plenty of places to spend the money, even though some of it is spent unwisely. The way to reduce this cost is to reduce the amount paid in, and that can be done by cutting the license fees drastically.

It is sham "reduction" to transfer the tax from motor registration to gas tax. A four cent tax is high enough, it is now over 20% of the local retail price of the product. Whoever heard of a 20% sales-tax on any other commodity? The fact that the people do not squeal is simply because they do not realize what tax it is they are paying.

The proposed change in license rates would not take place till 1932. There is every probability the people will be better able to buy their licenses at present rates next year than they would this year. The whole matter may safely go over until the next session of the legislature or else submitted to the people by an initiative in 1932. There is no justification either in this auto license situation nor in the local tax situation to warrant calling a special session of the legislature. Even the Oregonian, with its customary circumlocutory reasoning, has finally arrived at the conclusion that a special session of the legislature is unwise. Senator Burke of Yamhill county, who swallowed most all the Meier program at the last legislature, had courage to denounce the proposal to turn counties, towns and school districts over to the mercies of some state bureau, and asked to be dropped from the committee because of his divergent views.

What'll You Have?

NOW it is proposed for Salem to step up to the election bar and turn its order for drinks for the next 35 years. "What'll you have" is what the "Beer-tender" engineers inquire. "River water or mountain water?" The price of the drinks varies. One the city may get for a million and three-quarters, the other for two and a half millions, with 35 years to pay. The quality of one would be the same as the other, the difference being that the charge would be to satisfy public "psychology," which means stopping gagging when they think of Willamette water.

One thing is apparent and that is the city should "do something." It cannot safely let its water problem go indefinitely. All authorities agree that the present filter beds on the island are no permanent solution to the problem of supplying the city with good water.

What are the possibilities? The city may do one of several things.

1st. The city could conclude to do nothing itself and let the present owners complete their partially completed filter plant and intake. This would mean that the city would virtually give up the idea of acquiring the water system of the city and operating it, depending instead on private ownership.

2nd. The city could take over the plant as it is and then decide what it should do in the way of improvements.

3rd. The city could take the Bear and Cunningham program using the river above the city as a source of supply, authorizing a bond issue of around \$1,700,000 which would buy the present distribution system (or build a new one), provide proper intake, filtration and reservoir of five million gallons capacity.

4th. The city could take the alternate proposal of Bear and Cunningham and go above Mehama and pipe down Santiam water. This cost is estimated with distribution system and reservoirs at \$2,500,000.

It is up to the people to ponder these propositions. For our part we reject the first out-of-hand, because we believe the city should own its own water plant and accept for itself the responsibility of furnishing water. We are not prepared to give a definite opinion on the alternate proposals of Bear and Cunningham because the estimate for the river system plant is so much higher than was contemplated and for mountain water so much lower than previous estimates that the proposals and estimates need to be studied more critically, particularly the estimates of operating expenses to see whether the plant could carry the load of indebtedness.

The opportunity opens for setting the water problem. It needs to be studied very carefully, and enough time allowed for such studies to be made and given to the people. The city cannot afford to make any mistake in its moves now.

A former American football star knocked down a photographer who was taking picture of the ex-star and his bride; but the photographer thought that on his back got a snap of the bride as she arrived smoking a cigarette. There is only one way to get rid of a photographer and that is to "look pleasant please." A photographer, like a cat, has nine lives.

They are talking of recalling Mayor Fowler of L. A., charging him with "failure to carry out his pledges and promises." Oh, oh, that would put most elective officials in the ranks of the six million.

A former Dallas youth left a \$46 a week job in Chicago to come back and serve a prison sentence. That man reformed without going to jail. He ought to get an early parole to keep him straight.

Why an Indiana plan? Why not an Oregon plan? This state gave the world the gas-tax plan of financing road improvements. Why can't it give the world a reasonable plan of tax control?

A steamboat sank in the Columbia just below The Dalles, but not from a collision with other craft.

Chocolate

By G. C. DAUER, M. D.
Marion Co. Dept. of Health
The chocolate and cocoa of the commerce are prepared from the seeds of the cacao tree, which, because of its name, is often confused with the coco palm which gives us the large hard-shelled coconut. Further confusion is furnished by the coco tree, the leaves of which are sent to market from the east slopes of the Andes in Peru and Bolivia for the Dr. G. C. Dauer preparation of the drug cocaine.

The word cocoa here refers to the dried bean of the theobroma tree and from these beans we make chocolate of cocoa. While chocolate contains the stimulating element common to tea or coffee it differs from them in carrying large amounts of nutrition. The bean in its native form is nearly 50 percent fat, which remains in chocolate, but most of which is removed in the manufacture of the powder we call cocoa. Most cacao is grown in South America.

Seeds Ferment
The valuable seeds or beans are produced to the number of 20 to 50 to a greenish or reddish pod. When these pods have been gathered, they are cut open, and the seeds which are covered with a slimy pulp are put in piles to ferment, a process which in the course of a week disposes of the pulpy covering of the seeds and cures them ready for drying and shipping. When carefully fermented the seeds are twice as valuable as when carelessly done.

Products Require Milk
All processes of cocoa manufacture merely involve grinding up the beans which we eat as chocolate. Breakfast cocoa, made by removing the nutritious fat of the bean, is far more people more easily digestible, the fat removed is known as cocoa-butter. Chocolate is several times as nutritious as eggs and about two-thirds as nutritious as beef. The need of milk in making chocolate products makes it necessary for chocolate or candy factories to be near dairy centers, as in eastern United States and Switzerland. The manufacture of chocolate is one of the ways in which Switzerland utilizes her mountain pastures through her dairy industry to the fullest extent.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it to the Statesman or the Marion county Department of Health. The answer will appear in this column. Name should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked the following question: "Do you favor the calling of a special session to be held here next month?"

J. B. Rucker, salesman: "Yes, if it will do any good."
Charles Barham, florist: "I don't think they should call a special session."

George W. Averett, Spaulding Logging Co.: "No, it will be too expensive but of course if the governor pays the bills I will not complain."

Millie E. Hayden, Justice of the Peace: "I do not know. We have been so busy around this office that we don't have time to think about legislatures."

John Porter, county commissioner: "I guess it's all right. What are they going to do? Nothing."

Charles Nunn, editor Southwestern Oregon News, Marshfield: "I haven't had time to give the matter very much consideration. What do you think? I don't think it really will pay. It will be more political than anything else."

Mrs. W. F. Fargo, regent D. A. R.: "If they can really work out anything helpful it will be splendid, but legislative sessions generally are not in the habit of helping the tax situation. We will know much when it is all over with—if a session is held."

Prof. R. Hans Solts: "I think it would be a very good thing—especially if the Governor pays for it. There are some questions which he wishes settled and does not wish to take the responsibility for."

Daily Thought

"Doing easily what others find difficult is talent; doing what is impossible for talent is genius."—Amiel.

GUESTS AT TURNER

TURNER, July 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Mayro McKinny had for their house guests last week Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elkins of Prineville. The visit was especially enjoyable to Mrs. McKinny and Mrs. Elkins who were classmates at Willamette university a number of years ago. One day was spent in Salem in meeting old friends and seeing the city. Mr. and Mrs. Elkins were delighted with the Willamette valley and its cities as this is their first visit from the interior for several years.

AT CHATEAU LAKE

INDEPENDENCE, July 20.—Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Williams accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Williams, are spending a few days on an outing to Crater Lake and other points. They went by Medford and will return through central Oregon to The Dalles, where they will be guests at the C. E. Tallent home.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

CHAPERONES
\$4 PER
EVENING!



NEW YORK'S VARIETY SET
APPEARANCE BY MISS DANCE...

Tomorrow: Exploring Costs Skyrocket

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

No vindictive justice!

"Laws for the punishment of crime shall be founded on the principles of reformation, and not of vindictive justice."

That is the way section 18 of the bill of rights of the Oregon constitution reads. It was section 13 of the original draft, brought in by L. P. Grover, chairman, attorney general, governor, United States senator, etc. He represented Marion county in the constitutional convention that held its sessions in the old wood-frame Marion county court house from August 17 to September 18, 1857.

The other six members of the standing committee were on bill of rights were Frederick Waymire of Polk, John H. Reed of Jackson, S. J. McCormick of Multnomah, John W. Crooks of Linn, Solomon Fitzhugh of Douglas, and Nicholas Shrum of Marion county. An able committee. There are some records which indicate that Judge R. P. Boise gave the idea and the wording for this section.

There were many and long debates on the various sections of the bill of rights, and numerous amendments were offered, mostly in committee of the whole. When that committee finally reported, it was proposed to strike out this section. Evidently there were reactionaries among the membership of the convention; or men who did not understand the import of the section.

The final action on the bill of rights came on Friday, Sept. 11, in open session, beginning at 8 a. m., on report of the committee of the whole. The first amendment to be considered was to section 8 of the bill of rights, to better set out the sanctity of religious belief, without interference by any court. It took a against the lex talionis, or law of retaliation, in the field of psychology. Their words sound like those from the mouths of the most up to date students in that field.

"Laws for the punishment of crime shall be founded on the principles of reformation," they wrote, "and not of vindictive justice." But little has so far been done of our fundamental laws. Every reader knows what the word reformation means, but how many can give an exact and full definition of "vindictive justice?" What did the fathers of our constitution mean when they used the two words?

They meant to get away from the ancient principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Webster defines vindictive as "disposal to revenge; characterized by revenge; retaliatory; as a vindictive spirit, punishment, man." And he defines retaliation as "return of evil for evil." To retaliate, he says, is "to return like for like, to return evil for evil."

The delegates making the draft of our fundamental laws were among the most able and forward-looking of our pioneers. They had vision, beyond the average of their time. They set the face of the new state towards the high road of progress; and may vote, with 31 for and 15 against the amendment.

Second came up the amendment striking out the article heading about the right of free speech and a free press. It was stricken out without any call for a record vote. Evidently it was unanimous.

Third came a minor matter, that was quickly granted as without a record vote. Fourth was brought up the recommendation to strike out the paragraph quoted above; which was No. 15 of the revised draft. The official record reads simply: "The fourth amendment was stricken out."

This means that the constitutional convention took a viva voce vote, and it was unanimous in favor of retaining the clause, or so nearly unanimous that no one thought of calling for a record or yes and nay vote. And so it stood, and stands, it is in the

done in Oregon in living up to the rules thus laid down. The people of Oregon are largely, like those of other states and other countries, harking back in their thinking to the dark and bloody past; in their thinking in the field of penology—the treatment of men convicted of crime.

They think in terms of one year or two or 10 year sentences for men convicted of crimes—like the quack doctor who knows how to cure fits, and nothing else. So he throw all his patients into fits, and cured them of their fits.

The average person reads a great deal and thinks a great deal of men charged with crimes and convicted of infractions of the laws, and little or nothing of the same men when they are hidden away behind gray prison walls when they are in the after having supposedly expiated their offenses against the laws of society.

The average person overlooks the fact that men daily came out of prison; as many, less a small fraction, as go to the prison when the men who come out? How well are they fortified against going back, perhaps for greater crimes?

There is one prison in the United States that returns to society 85 per cent of the criminals to it in as good or better condition to play the game of life than before. Only one. That is the Minnesota state penitentiary at Stillwater. No other prison in this country, whether called a penitentiary or a reformatory, does anything like as well. Not many of them do half as well.

Oregon is so situated, fortunately, that it might do as well. In the long run, likely, better. What if the birds and follow-up industries making the institution self supporting, and able to pay a small wage to each inmate worker, and something over constantly for the destitute families of the inmates on the outside—the innocent who suffer with the guilty, and more than the guilty.

These things, fundamentally, it will require, with many others that would be easy when these fundamentals are assured and made assuredly permanent conditions.

SILVERTON CUTS SCHOOL BUDGET

SILVERTON, July 20.—The annual school budget for the three Silverton schools will be \$4571.50 less than it was for the past year. The total, as compiled by the directors of school district No. 4, is \$97,959. Last year it totaled \$103,959. The budget will be presented to the residents of this district at a meeting called for August 5 at 8 o'clock in the Eugene Field auditorium. It will not be voted upon, however. The new item of free textbooks which the directors had to contend with prevented an even larger reduction in school costs, the directors state. The books have so far cost the taxpayers \$102,550 and several hundred additional items will be necessary to install shelving, care for additional clerk hire for caring for the books.

An actual saving in taxes of \$2702.50, or 5.10 per cent over last year, is figured. Without the additional textbook expense the saving in the tax levy would have been \$2505.89, or 7.31 per cent, said Dr. R. E. Kleinsorge, chairman of the school board. The board recently issued a refunding bond of \$50,000 at 5 per cent, paying off \$10,000 of an original \$60,000 bond, and saving the difference between 5 per cent and a 6 per cent interest on the larger amount.

IS RECOVERING
PERRYDALE, July 20.—D. L. Keit is somewhat improved after a serious siege of pneumonia and heart trouble. Mrs. Ole Wait of Salem and Mrs. Lena Fendal of Phoenix, Ariz., his daughters, are helping to care for him.

'The Mystery of Geraldine' By Anthony ABBOT

Geraldine Foster, pretty young clerk in the office of Dr. Horner Maskell disappeared on Saturday. Three days later her roommate, Betty Canfield, notified Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt. Harry Armstrong, the missing girl's fiancé, had not heard from her since Friday. Dr. Maskell says he returned to his office Saturday afternoon to find Geraldine gone. At the Foster apartment Colt learns from Betty that Geraldine had quarreled with the doctor. The Commissioner finds an old-fashioned key in the pocket of Geraldine's coat and part of a blackmail note, presumably in her handwriting, in the desk. Different ink than that in the apartment was used. It is learned that Betty quarreled with Geraldine and that she was once engaged to Geraldine's brother, Bruce. Hasting Dr. Maskell's home, Colt meets Maskell's chauffeur, muttering, "Get me to talk! Never. But Geraldine was good to me." The doctor says there was a strange woman outside his door when he returned Saturday. After looking around his office she rushed out, crying it was too late. Colt finds a coat and purse which the doctor readily admits Geraldine wore the day she disappeared. Maskell claims he quarreled with her because she had broken her engagement. Colt calls on Mrs. Morgan, Maskell's neighbor, who corroborates the doctor's statement that her daughter, Dora, had distributed gifts with him. Two women were seen leaving the doctor's house carrying two bottles similar to that found in Maskell's office. Dr. Maskell leaves town. Geraldine's note, breaking her engagement, is found. The mysterious Ephraim Foster, of Willoughby, Kansas, who had written Geraldine, is a woman. A clue in the second half of the blackmail note sends the police to a deserted house on Peddler's Road. Outside the house, they find seven dead pigeons, their breasts blood-stained.

CHAPTER XII.
Then I told myself that my mind was making up horror tales. Yet the feeling persisted and it was with deep misgivings I left the birds and followed Betty to the front of the house, and without another word rapped on the door. There was no answer, although I knocked repeatedly. Fantastic fears filled my mind—but I told myself they were probably unwarranted. Why should the sight of those dead pigeons so stir up my imagination? Again and again I knocked upon the door but without result, and finally I impatiently tried the knob. To my surprise it yielded and the door opened at a slight push of my hand.

Grossome Spectacle
I stopped inside and then stood, arrested and appalled, rooted at the threshold. My first glance around the living room into which I had walked told me that a horrible crime had been committed there. Everything seemed bedaubed with blood. I had never seen such a spectacle of fury let loose within four walls. Tables, chairs, book-cases, all were flung around, topsy-turvy and helter-skelter, as if overturned in some life and death struggle. Even in the shadows, I could see that blood was smeared everywhere, staining the drapes, spotting the walls and slopped and clotted in dried patches on the floor.

"For God's sake don't come in here, Betty," I called.
I glanced over my shoulder and got a glimpse of fury let loose and frightened face. She had seen, and now she stood there in the winter sunlight with her gloved hands lifted against her cheeks and her eyes closing with fear. Then I turned back to the room. My hand was groping for an electric switch-button when I suddenly stopped. I heard a noise—the sound of a footstep on the stairs. Only a slight and inconspicuous sound it was, merely the scraping of a shoe. It was the sound of something moving and alive in this house where murder, fell, barbarous and hideous, had recently been committed.

Had I been mistaken? Was the noise only the delusion of an overwrought imagination? But no—the sound came again. There were certainly footsteps descending a staircase into this very room.
I drew my revolver and waited. Then, suddenly I heard a well-remembered voice, yet sharpened with an unfamiliar color.
"Put down your gun," said the voice, "it is a fancy weapon, I see, a Smith & Wesson, .35 calibre, blue steel and four-inch barrel. And I suppose you took it from a pocket holster with the fastest draw and surest lock. All very impressive to the young lady. But you won't shoot. You're no cop—you're too busy taking girls to lunch to be a policeman."
I put down the gun and stood, shame-faced and guilty as Thatcher Colt walked into the room. As the Police Commissioner pressed a button, the lights in the wall bracket lamps glowed softly over the shocking confusion of the room. But I had no eyes, then, for these evidences of ferocity. Instead, I looked at Thatcher Colt, wondering how and why he was here.

"Tony," he said, "I caught an accidental glimpse of you and your lady friend at luncheon. While you were chatting over a table with a girl, I came up here and made the discovery that could have been yours—and would have made you a reputation."
"I'm sorry, Chief, I—"
He waved aside my contrition. "The girl we have been looking for was most probably murdered in this room. You remember that I carried away from her apartment a sample of her hair? Well, in this room I have found other samples—soaked with blood, true, but from the same head, I feel convinced. I found them clinging to the blade of this—"
From the shadows of a corner behind him there, Thatcher Colt lifted an ugly implement—an axe with a short handle, a double-bit affair that gleamed in the light. On the steel blade were dark human stains. You will find that axe today, exposed in a glass case, in the Crime Museum that is on the sixth floor of the Police police headquarters in what was once the Loft candy factory. There, between the exhibits in the Snyder-Gray room, and the affair of the assassinated physician, repose the relics in the Geraldine Foster mystery—among them a pillow case, a half-finished note of green paper, pieced together with tissue paper, three envelopes of human hair, and this axe. On its blade the blood of the victim is still thick and crusty, just as when Thatcher Colt found it that dreary winter's afternoon.

"Good God!" I said involuntarily, as Thatcher Colt swung the axe above his head until it whistled through the air.
"Geraldine Foster has been hacked to death," he said solemnly. "Somewhere near this house we shall find her body—buried, because I found a garden spade in the kitchen, apparently used quite lately. The murderer wore silk gloves, leaving thumb and finger prints on the handle of both the axe and the spade, but no loops, no whorls, no real identification. Moreover, the person who committed this crime was five feet, eleven inches tall, exceptionally strong."
I gazed at my chief, amazed. "That is clear to me because once the axe blade in a particularly vicious swing struck the wall—the mark over there is plain—we can at least guess at the height from that."
As he talked, he kept nodding his head and looking from one corner to another.
"Moreover," he said, "the lock on the front door has recently been repaired, the kitchen window broken, and the house buried."
(Continued on page 7)

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