

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Has the Tide Turned?

HERE are some signs that the business depression has passed its extreme ebb. First, the security markets. Stocks resisted quite well the bad news from Germany of ten days ago and the recent cutting of dividends of steel companies. The volume of stock sales was low, has been running greatly below figures for a year ago, an indication that the market is pretty well "sold out."

Second, and most important, the firming of commodity prices. Hides, wool, cotton, corn, silk have been noticeably firmer or advancing in price. Third, activity of sales of "consumption goods". Heavy sales are reported in shoes, tires, woolen goods, and good sales are reported by retail stores of apparel, etc. This usually marks the end of a long period of curtailed buying; when prices reach a low enough point, the pent-up demand finally expresses itself.

There have been so many predictions of better times, and so many assurances that business has turned the corner, that a repetition of the claim is apt to be laughed at. Just as one can never tell by watching the shore line what is the exact moment of the low or the high tide, so it is impossible to tell the moment of a change in the business tide. The calendar tells us that compared with similar previous periods, enough time has elapsed for recovery to start; and it seems a safe venture that unless some unforeseen catastrophe now strikes, autumn should see a more than seasonal resumption of trading.

We might quote the following from the generally very conservative monthly letter of Guaranty Trust company of New York:

"On the whole, the month's developments are rather indeterminate, as far as the business future is concerned. While the European crisis is, of course, an unfavorable factor, the reaction of American markets has been encouraging. Recent events have, however, made it appear more probable than ever that the United States will be among the first countries to show signs of business recovery and that such improvement as may be shown here in the early future will contribute in a very important degree to revival abroad."

"Without much tangible evidence in fact or figure to support the conclusion, there is a definite feeling that the second quarter of this year may have marked the low point of the depression and that the turn upward has come and will continue slowly, barring untoward developments in Europe. The mere existence and expression of this feeling is of constructive value."

That Hunting Preserve

WE FIND the Astorian-Budget and the Oregon City Enterprise sobbing at the wailing wall because a bunch of high-powered sportsmen in this and other states are planning to establish a hunting preserve of some thirty or forty thousand acres on the Umpqua, where they may hunt and fish at their own pleasure. The Astoria paper joins in this a restoration of feudalism, and the Enterprise joins in the wail of protest over the loss of the privileges of the people.

"Fer cryin' out loud." Here is Oregon with EIGHTY MILLION acres of land and a few men with more money than they know what to do with want to develop a hunting and fishing tract of forty thousand acres; and the papers start jumping on them. The state would be better off financially to let them do it for it would bring to the state men with real money instead of a last year's grouch. We need more men who are good spenders in this state. That is what has built up southern California. Native Oregonians think too much in terms of a contribution for missions when it comes to parting with their money.

Our Astoria and Oregon City contemporaries forget that the interests of the masses are well safeguarded in this state where over fifty per cent of the area, or approximately FORTY MILLION acres of land is in forest reserves and unappropriated public lands and thus open to all comers, and this embraces the choicest hunting areas in the state. That ought to provide plenty of room.

It beats all how people here do hate to see anyone come in and turn loose some money. We prefer to let our rivers idle to the sea, our mountainous areas go unleased and unsold rather than see someone come in to develop and use them and pay for the privilege.

No Bargaining With the Court

THERE was a steel-like glint in the eyes of Judge Wilkerson of Chicago when he told Al Capone's attorneys that there could be no bargaining with the federal court. He referred to the newspaper stories which intimated that by a deal between the government and defense attorneys the Chicago gangster could plead guilty and get off with a light sentence. Judge Wilkerson plainly told both sides that he would be party to no such bargain. It was wholesome doctrine from a high official.

The public had come to the belief that the notorious racketeer would escape with a light sentence through connivance with the court, and the belief had made them cynical of the justice administered in our courts. Judge Wilkerson's refusal is a genuine tonic which will brace up public confidence in the integrity of the federal judiciary. The remarks of Judge Wilkerson should be reprinted widely, for the gangster tottered from his throne when these words fell from the judge's lips:

"But we cannot start a hearing in which there is an understanding that the court is bound as to the judgment it will impose upon the recommendations of the district attorney," said Judge Wilkerson.

"There have been some unfortunate things in connection with this case. There have been some publications which were contemptuous in character and tending to bring the administration of justice in the federal courts into disrepute. They have even gone so far as to announce in advance what the period of punishment would be."

"It is time for somebody to impress upon this defendant that it is utterly impossible to bargain with a federal court."

M. A. Lynch is making a good highway commissioner. He is a man of standing in eastern Oregon, and is striving hard to render the best service possible to that great area and to the state at large. He is level-headed, attentive, clear-cut in his ideas. We hope reports of his resignation either voluntary or called for, prove false, because he impresses us as a fine type of public servant. It is a mistake to keep changing the personnel of the commission frequently. Engaged as it is in the expenditure of vast sums, it needs to plan its program for years ahead. That can be done best with a commission and a staff personnel firmly seated in office, clothed with confidence in its authority.

Quinine

By C. C. DAUER, M.D.
Marion County Health Dept.
Quinine is derived from the bark of the cinchona tree and the bark is sometimes called Peruvian bark. The trees are native to the mountainous districts of the Andes in South America. The natives were probably acquainted with the medicinal value of the bark of tree before Columbus discovered America.

The bark was introduced into Europe by the early Spanish explorers. It received its name, cinchona from the Countess Chinchon who was one of the first Europeans to receive its benefits in 1638. At present practically all the barks of commerce are from cultivated trees, the original forests having been largely depleted.

Quinine exerts a very selective action on malarial parasites, and is provided sufficiently large doses are given, it acts as a specific against this disease. It is also a fairly effective remedy to reduce the temperature in other fevers. In a certain chemical compound it is also used as a local anesthetic. It is also used in tonics because of its bitter qualities.

In malaria the person affected has rises of temperature at definite intervals. If the quinine is given in large doses before the expected rise, it usually is efficacious. Anyone living in the tropics must have quinine unless extremely careful precautions are taken to prevent being bitten by the malaria mosquito.

Rise is Not Harmful
Quinine is commonly used to reduce fevers in colds and other common infections. Frequently it causes considerable ringing in the ears, but this indicates that the body has been thoroughly saturated with the drug. More of the drug would then lead to considerable discomfort, however, no harm would be done unless an excessively large dose was taken. Like many other drugs or remedies, quinine should not be taken regularly unless prescribed by a physician.

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

Daily Thought

"Let us all be happy and live within our means, even if we have to borrow money to do it with."
Artemus Ward.

New Views

"Do you make it a point to pay cash or do you get bills each month and try to pay them by the 10th?" This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporter.

Frederick Harris, newspaper agent: "I pay cash."

Frank E. Looser, proprietor Capital City Tanning company: "In our business, of course, we have to pay our bills on a monthly basis, but I believe in personal buying it will come to be all cash."

Mrs. H. J. Lecate, housewife: "We always pay cash. It saves trouble and we believe that we spend less if we pay as we go."

Mrs. E. Woods, housewife: "Bills such as groceries, meat, and household expenses we pay every 30 days. Other purchases are always cash."

Mrs. Lillian Cadwell, bookkeeper: "One thing I never do is run bills. I either pay cash or do without."

George W. Hug, Supt. of Schools: "Sometimes I pay cash but not often. Most of my bills are paid by the tenth of every month. I never let them run over because I like to keep my credit good."

Rev. H. C. Stover, church pastor: "We pay cash for all we buy."

Homing Pigeons May be Used to Christen Akron

WASHINGTON, July 31.—(AP)—Flying white as the spray from the traditional champagne bottles, a flock of homing pigeons, released by Mrs. Herbert Hoover, probably will be used to christen the navy's new giant dirigible, the Akron.

The christening is to be in Akron August 3. If she follows the precedent of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, when she christened the navy dirigible Los Angeles, Mrs. Hoover will pull red, white and blue ribbons which open the doors of the pigeon cages.

Prince of Wales In Car Smashup But is Not Hurt

LONDON, July 31.—(AP)—The Prince of Wales, returning from a game of golf at the Sunningdale club late Thursday, was badly shaken when his car collided with another machine in which three women occupants suffered minor bruises and one young woman lost several teeth. The injured women were taken to the hospital in one of the prince's cars, which he summoned immediately, and he himself departed in another car.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

HOW DID THAT MOSQUITO GET IN?

THE SCREENS ARE UP, BUT THE MOSQUITOES COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY, ACCORDING TO THE PHOENIX OF U.S. HEALTH DOCTORS. "THE REMEDY—HANG A BAK OF MOSQUITOES AT THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY."



Sunday: "Chorus Girls are not so Dumb!"

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

A deleted text: pure water:

C. B. Woodworth, now in the postal building, Third and Washington streets, Portland, but in his boyhood and early manhood a prominent resident of Salem, and known to his familiar then (and yet) as Cy, writes to the Bits man under date of July 30th as follows:

"Al Crossman has an office connected with mine and we talk over old times from morning until night. He told me a story yesterday that is timely in connection with the agitation for a new water system."

"In the early days the water works (of Salem) were owned by Mr. Allen of Martin and Allen, grocers located on Commercial street. (They were David Allen and J. M. Martin, and associated with them were W. F. Boothby and H. H. Thompson, and others. The reservoir was located on lot 3, block 53, on Front street between Court and State streets.)"

"Al Crossman was operating the well known clothing store of Murphy & Crossman, close to Martin & Allen. He was also chief of the fire department. It was a summer day. The street was dusty and dirty. It was the habit of the merchants along the street to sprinkle it during the day to keep down the dust."

"But Al wanted to do it on a large scale. He ordered out the hose cart, hitched it to a hydrant and began to water the street as far as the hose would reach."

"Allen spied him and at once ordered him to stop wasting the water. Allen replied that he was chief of the fire department and was having a drill. Allen picked up some water, got a club and made for Crossman, who defended himself by turning the hose on Allen. He did a good job. Allen was rolled over and over with the force of the stream and finally retired, defeated."

"It must be remembered that the water was taken from Mill creek, which was not much better than a sewer. It was stored in a water tower near the river."

"The next day an article appeared in The Statesman, which announced that 'Brother Allen, having been duly immersed,' would 'preach a sermon from the top of the water works,' and had chosen his text from Isaiah, 36th chapter, 12th verse."

"As the Bible is not censored, this story can be told without being liable."

Mr. Woodworth adds a memo: "To save you the trouble of looking up the text, which you might have trouble in finding, I will quote it."

While it is true that the Bible is not censored, and the inference that the Bits man might have trouble in looking up the words is a jesting one, the reader will be left to his own device in finding the verse for reasons which the average person will agree are justified.

Mr. Woodworth goes on to say: "I sometimes wonder how we ever lived after drinking that water, and this was over 50 years ago, and the water is not much better now."

"With so many sources for a good water supply, Salem should have the very best of water. It would be a mistake to take it from the river. No matter how well the filter may be constructed, it will never be safe."

"I always thought the Santiam afforded a fine stream for the supply, but perhaps that would not be sufficient, and it would upset the power plants lower down. But no matter what the cost, Salem should have a good, pure water supply."

The Bits man would add that in the first years of the operation of the Salem water works, with the high tower on Front street between Court and State, and the supply coming from the main stream of the Willamette river, the old timers thought they were getting excellent water. And they did have a supply of very fair quality, because sewers had not been built then, emptying into the river.

quality, because sewers had not been built then, emptying into the stream, the contamination was small, and a thousand causes of pollution that are present now did not then exist.

But the supply comes now from under the gravel on Minto's island, and the water being pumped from what are comparable to great wells, into which it flows through a filtering system that may be likened to an underground source, coming from the mountains. And it is treated; chlorinated, making it free from germ contamination. No one has for many years been infected with typhoid fever or other water borne diseases by the Salem water supply.

As pure supply can be had from modern processes of filtering and treating as may be had if brought through pipes from the mountains. In fact, such cities as Portland, Tacoma, and others, having mountain supplies through pipes, chlorinate the water, to render the users of it immune from water borne diseases.

This would be required of any mountain supply which Salem might tap with pipes.

There are other arguments, however, for a mountain water supply. First, prejudices persist. They run through generations. A mountain water supply would therefore be a good advertisement.

Second, a mountain supply might be found to be cheaper than the one now being pumped, for the future Salem. The cost of pumping would be saved. Then the hydroelectric energy of the water on the way from the mountain source to the city might be used for power and lighting purposes.

It is conceivable that, for the future Salem, such a supply would be the cheapest; that, in fact, in time, it might be made from a sinking fund to pay original capital costs, and to finally render great good in lower rates for both water and power, and even it might result in eliminating direct city taxes.

Flying Officer Killed in Fall

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 31.—(AP)—Lieut. T. G. Fisher, commanding officer of VF-6 squadron, was killed Thursday morning about 11 o'clock when the plane he was flying broke up during a power dive bombing exercise of the U. S. S. Stoddert, it was revealed here tonight by naval authorities.

Parachute Fails, Death is Result

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 31.—(AP)—Ray Forrest, 30, of Weatherford, Conn., a parachute jumper, was killed in an exhibition jump over the ocean at the end of the steel pier.

He jumped from a plane at an altitude of 1,000 feet and his parachute failed to open.

Cannery Force Goes on Strike

SAN JOSE, Cal., July 31.—(AP)—Two men were arrested, three carried away, and a fourth held with half their normal force of workers, and several minor disturbances occurred on picketing lines as some 800 cannery workers went on strike for higher wages here Thursday.

HAND INJURED
JEFFERSON, July 31.—Kenneth Selp and Peter Harper have been busy cutting cordwood in the west, on the Haver place south of Jefferson. Thursday morning as Kenneth was splitting cordwood the sledge hammer slipped off the wedge, striking his left hand, smashing the index and middle finger. The boys came home, and the local physician dressed Kenneth's wounds. He is now carrying his arm in a sling, and will be laid up for a couple of weeks.

'The Mystery of Geraldine' By Anthony ABBOT

The nude, hatched body of Geraldine Foster is found buried a short distance from the Peddler's Road house. The grave is filled with a pine-wooded fluid, and nearby are two bottles similar to that found in the office of Dr. Humphrey Maskell, Geraldine's employer. Two women were seen leaving the doctor's office carrying similar bottles. Colt picks up a blond hair at the scene of the crime. Mrs. Morgan, a neighbor, corroborates the doctor's statement that he was with her daughter the day of the disappearance. He claims a strange woman was waiting outside his office when he returned. Other suspects are Geraldine's brother, Bruce, who is to inherit her estate, and Harry Armstrong, the victim's former fiancée. Armstrong states he phoned Geraldine from Hartford, the night before she disappeared, to suggest they elope, but she refused. Colt learns that Bruce Foster is an adopted child, whose father was hung for murder. It is believed, however, that Mr. Foster is the boy's real father. Mrs. Habern, owner of the Peddler's Road house, identifies Dr. Maskell as her tenant "Mr. Bigbee." Maskell tells of receiving a phone call from Geraldine on January 5, 10 days after her disappearance, saying she was in trouble and requesting him to meet her. She asked to keep the appointment. The doctor denies taking her to Peddler's Road.

CHAPTER XXII
"Doctor," suddenly barked the commissioner, "do you realize that you are in a nasty fix right about now?"
Maskell drew himself up with dignity.
"Will you tell me what my property on Peddler's Road has to do with all this?"
"Did you keep an axe on that place?"

LOCAL RED CROSS CHAPTERS TO AID

Question is up to Them is Headquarters' Word; May Refuse Funds

WASHINGTON, July 31.—(AP)—Local Red Cross chapters may cooperate extensively with other agencies in unemployment relief this winter.

This prospect appeared Thursday when it became known that requests for the attitude of national headquarters toward such participation had been received and that officials regard the decision as one for the local chapters to make.

National headquarters is barred under its charter from participating in unemployment relief. Heretofore, most local chapters have adopted the attitude of the central organizations, although few have done general relief work for a number of years.

The queries, however, are from chapters which previously had viewed the situation from the standpoint of headquarters. Ban Doesn't Extend To Local Chapters

Judge John Barton Payne, national chairman, announced the ban on assisting in unemployment relief was not regarded as extending to cooperation in such work by local chapters.

He added, however, that consultations with local chapters were still going on and that officials would insist that the organization in any way.

"If they should cooperate in local relief programs and finding their resources exhausted, should ask us for funds," he said, "they would probably be denied. They are making no hard and fast rule, however."

He emphasized that the work local chapters may do does not mean a change in viewpoint on the part of headquarters.

Federal sanction having been given, the transmontain highway in Glacier National park, Montana, is to be completed at a cost of \$300,000.

"An axe?"
"Yes—a short handled axe, with a double blade."
"Why, yes, certainly, yes, I did."
"What did you use the axe for, Doctor Maskell?"
"For firewood."
"Nothing else?"
"What else?"
"Someone used it for something else, Doctor."
"I am not good at enigmas."
"Doctor Maskell, this is a fact—Geraldine Foster was murdered, hatched to pieces and the crime was done in your house and with your axe."

Circumstantial Evidence—Doctor Maskell leaped to hit feet. If he was acting it was magnificent.
"This is a trick," he shouted.
"You are trying to scare me."
For reply, Thatcher Colt thrust near the man's face a photograph still wet, and showing the girl's nude body stiff in the grave.
All laughter was wiped away from the doctor's broad mouth as he glared at the print lying flat on his palms.
"Poor Geraldine," he muttered.
His voice grew stronger, his face crimson, as he turned on the commissioner. "Who was the monster that would commit a crime like that—and on my property, my little house?"
"Never mind all that," snapped Thatcher Colt. "You must realize now that you have a lot to explain."

"When was she killed?" gasped Doctor Maskell, looking strangely around the room.
"I am asking the questions, Doctor."
"It does not matter. I shall prove my innocence."
"If you can do that, fine—in the face of what we can bring against you."
"Nevertheless," cried Doctor Maskell, "you will be unable to bring a single witness to place me on the scene of the murder. And surely some one will come forward to bear me out that I waited at the entrance to Bronx Park for a girl I believed to be alive? I am not afraid!"

As he was speaking, the door was opening and a patrolman stamped in with a sheet of notes. Colt received them with unconcealed eagerness.

The Autopsy
"Just a moment," he murmured. "These are the reports from the eight autopsies."

"Eight!" exclaimed Dougherty. "What do you mean—eight?"

"Eight autopsies," explained Colt. "Ah, and here is Doctor Multooler himself."

The assistant medical examiner nodded wearily as he stood just within the door and wiped his glasses.

"How long had those pigeons been dead, Multooler?"

"At least ten days, sir," replied the assistant medical examiner.

"The girl was supposed to be dead two days but the pigeons were dead ten days, eh?"

"Well, sir, don't suppose that any more."

"The autopsy changed your opinion?"

"Yes, it did," replied the examiner. "Somebody tried to fool us. The girl had also been killed about ten days ago."

Thatcher Colt's face was very serious then, and he did not look at Doctor Maskell.

"Was there any food in her stomach?"

"Yes, sir."

"What food?"

"Sausages."

"About how far digested?"

"Not more than five hours."

Thatcher Colt glanced around in brief accusatory triumph.

"Then Geraldine Foster unquestionably met her death about five o'clock on the afternoon of December 24," he declared feelingly.

"Yes, sir."

"Thanks, Multooler."

"Yes—Sir!"

"Now what did the chemist find in that bottle of water we took from the grave?"

"Tannic acid, sir. The body had been soaked in it and a quart of it forced down the throat after death—the stomach was full of it."

"Tannic acid! Of course! Made from the bark of pine trees! Used in tanning leather. Dougherty, tannic acid—that's what preserved the body. A clumsy trick! And an old one! It was used in the David S. Paul case."

out in Tabernacle, New Jersey, but the police solved it in 24 hours. Why should this killer try that trick again?"

The commissioner closed his eyes and remained silent. But Dougherty could seldom remain silent, and this was not one of the times.

"Colt," he exploded, in exasperation, "what in the name of Jesse James and the Seven Sutherland Sisters are you talking about? Gosh, doesn't the district attorney amount to anything around here?"

With a grateful smile, Thatcher Colt dismissed Multooler. "It is very simple," he explained to the district attorney. "Geraldine Foster was killed. Then she was put into a bath-tub filled with water loaded with tannic acid and that preserved the body."

"But why preserve the body?" "It seems obvious enough. She was killed ten days ago, but she was buried in the last 48 hours." "I see!" cried Dougherty suddenly and loudly. Pushing back his chair, he stood up, pounding his red fist into his palm and striding back and forth. "It was a slick alibi!"

"Dougherty, you're marvelous!" chuckled Thatcher Colt.

Not for a moment did the district attorney discern the sarcasm of his friend. His brain was rapidly sketching out to him the wonderful possibilities now just made clear to him.

"Why it would be a perfect alibi," he repeated, glaring at Doctor Maskell. "We are supposed to believe the murder took place during the last 48 hours. And, of course, the murderer hoped to account for his movements—I think he's been stringing us here anyway. He thought he would never be asking back where he was when the murder was really committed. Well, this is the crime of a genius, Doctor Maskell—I'll leave it to you, only it didn't work."

"You're undoubtedly right, Mr. Dougherty," said Doctor Maskell.

"Bunk!" snorted Doctor Maskell. The commissioner laughed softly. It was like Dougherty, the hot-spur, to take another man's theory and in two minutes come to believe it was his very own.

"My dear Mr. Dougherty," said Doctor Maskell boldly, "don't you see that only a feeble-minded person would think of such a scheme as that?"

"Feeble-minded? I think you consider yourself a master mind," cried the district attorney. "Our next job is to find out who has bought a quantity of tannic acid recently."

Maskell ignored the last thrust. "The alibi would be no good for the murderer for the last 48 hours, unless he had an accomplice," he asserted. "Don't you realize somebody had to go up there and bury the body?"

"Well?"

"Well, that's as serious as if he did the murder. He was on the scene. It would take as much time to bury the body as it did to kill it—maybe more. So such an alibi would be worthless to me or anyone else."

Without Proof
But Dougherty was not to be outwitted by the calm reasoning of this baffling physician.

"Who would know about tannic acid, except you, a doctor? Who bought the muffer we found in the house? You—the doctor. By God, you're guilty," shouted Dougherty, leaping frantically to his feet. "Of course you are guilty!" you're guilty!"

"You can't prove it," replied the doctor with determined calm. "On Christmas Eve I was distributing gifts to my patients. I was accompanied by my chauffeur and Little Doris Morgan, who lives upstairs. For Christmas Eve I have a perfect alibi."

"Good!" said Thatcher Colt emphatically. "You have the rest of the night to prove it."

A haggard look crept across the face of Maskell.

"The third degree for me, eh?" he exclaimed, his eyes searching our faces. Hogan nodded, Dougherty nodded. Maskell forced a chuckle that seemed compounded of defiance, confidence or else great malevolence. I could not tell whether he was supremely brave or supremely cocksure of himself.