PAGE FOUR

The OREGON STATESMAN, Salem, Oregon, Sunday Morning, August 2, 1931



the great legends of the sea, legends that now are forgotten, legends that passed with the sailing ships. Some of the terms survive, like "Davy Jones Locker". But few even of the able bodied seamen of today know the lore of the old forecastle days when sailors worked out their own legends of what happened to ships and men that sank in the sea. months of age, and older, would drink one pint daily and a balf

Wetjen not only served as a sailor himself, but comes of seafaring family. In fact he was born into the old atmosphere of the sea. His grandfather and uncles were men of the sea and their visits to his home impressed his childhood mories with the old tales of the sea. As he puts in the initial "Explanation" which is by the way one of the best written portions of the book:

'And so, in fragments, I first heard of Fiddler's Green and the Great Ship; of Mother Carey and Midnight Leadsman; of the bad luck which comes from killing a new-born whale, and of St. Elmo's fire which plans greenly of nights about the mastheads and yards and foretells disaster. And much more, very much more 'Sitting on the edge of a chair and listening to it all, with popping eyes and bated breath. Until I was sent to bed."

Tommy Lawn, whose trip to the bowels of the ocean meals, and if taught from infancy affords the adventures the author recounts, was second mate it is not a difficult thing to carry on a ship, the Bramcar which was struck by a broken iceberg. It sank; and down went Tommy until Ben the Bosun took him in tow, and so he went off to see Fiddler's Green, Davy Jones Locker, Casey Jones and his Glory Hole under-neath the North Pole. And what unique characters did he see, the very ones which Swiveltongue Saunders had told him berg. It sank; and down went Tommy until Ben the Bosun about : the Old Man of the Sea himself, Jimmylers with his flapping sidesword and mug of grog, the Man Who Flogged the Dolphin, together with Steward, Passenger and the host of lesser characters who people the waters of the sailors' eternity Wetjen, who is one of Oregon's younger writers, came to Oreson after the war and after many strange experiences on land and sea. He is well known in Salem where he formerly resided. Now he makes his home in Portland. His work is fast gaining recognition, and his stories find ready too much difference between the acceptance in leading magazines. Fiddlers' Green is written price that I am paying for milk in flowing Style, yet with no sign of "forced writing" or ex- and the price that the farmer is aggeration. It's a good book for summer reading, so very, very dif- farmer would get his share." ferent from the customary "summer fiction" of lawn swing or beach umbrella variety.

ernoon lunches. Normal children as a rule need nothing between

out.

or whole pint used in cooked

foods it would be much better. Cooking reduces the water con-

ent but the solids are retained.

Piecing Is Error

children is the practice of piec

ng or eating between meals. The

question of mid-morning school

A good rule to follow is: if the

mid-morning lunch spoils the

child's appetite for the noonday

meal, it should, by all means, be

stopped. This also applies to aft-

may fail into this class of errors. coming.

Another grave error with some

Looking more and more like an orchid, Yetta stood the real one, the blood mounting to her cheeks, and waited for the storm to pass, "I'm not going to talk about this strike," she said when she could make herself heard. "It's over. I want to tell you about the next one-and the next. I wish very much I could make you underunches for underweight children stand about the strikes that are

S 6. S

"Perhaps there's some of you never thought much about strikes till now. Well. There's been strikes all the time. I don't believe there's ever been a year New York. When we began, the their sorrows; shirt-finishers was out. They lost

5 5 5

5 5 5

bound by the swinging sonorous cadence. She stopped abruptly.

S S S "It's Hebrew," she explained, "It's what my father taught me when I was a little girl. It's about the promised land-I can't say it in good English-I-

5 5 S "Unless I've forgotten my Hebrew," the reverend chairman said, stopping forward, "Miss Rayetsky has been repeating God's words to Moses, the lawgiver, as

ecorded in the third chapter of Exodus. I think it's the seventh verse; 'And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of when there wasn't dozens here in their taskmasters; for I know

"'And I am come down to detheir strike. They went hungry liver them out of the hand of the jaw," said Hogan, who just the way be did, but nobody Egyptians and to bring them up had endured this exchange of com- break down a denial in my experi-out of that land unto a good land pliments as long as he could. liver them out of the hand of the helped them. And they're worse out of that land unto a good land pliments as long as he could. now than ever. There ain't no and a large, unto a land flowing He seized the doctor he the

The nude, tacked hody of Ger-aldine Foster is found buried a short distance from the Peddler's Road house. The grave is filled with a pine-sconted fluid, and measing are two bottles almilar to that found in the office of Dr. Humphrey Maskell, Geraldine's new ing the doctor's office earry, ing similar bottles. Colt picks up a blond hair at the scene of the corroborates the doctor's state-ment that he was with her daugh-ter the day of the disappearance. He claims a strange woman was Armstrong, the victim's former fiance. Armstrong states he phoned Geraldine from Hartford, the night before she disappeared to suggest they elope, but she refus-ed. 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. Haberhorn, owner of the Peddler's Road house, itentifies Dr. Maskell' as her tenant, "Mr. Bigsbee." Maskell tells of receiving of phone call from Geraldine on January 5th, ten days after her disappearand requesting him to meet her. She failed to keep the appoint-ment. The doctor denies taking her to Peddler's Road. 'An autopsy shows the girl had been dead ten days and her body preserved in tannic acid to make it appear she was dead only 48 hours-

Balancing his weight from one foot to another, smiling, with his head turned to one side and his hands in his pockets, he erated joined them, they had got nowith strange and vital gusto;

break this man's iron nerve, Maskell had answered all their quesfessions exorted by the French tions over and over again and methods-the Parisian third degree. In fact, I have seen innonot once had they tripped him. Often he smiled at them in his ircent men, at the Paris Surete, colritatingly superior manner. True, lapse into confession in the room that is called the Chamber of he was possessed of a higher de-Spontaneous Avowals. The spongree of mentality than most of his taneity of the avowals is accelerquestioners, but they had the strength of numbers, of reserve ated by beating the soles of the feet of the unfortunate suspects force, brutally marshalled against him. First, one detective would with long staves. This is called the bastinado. Very well. The question him for fifteen minutes, New York equivalent is probably a flat on the jaw. Nevertheless, gin, while the wirst checked up on any doubtful information the docyou will get nothing from me. I have an alibi. I did not kill Geraldine Foster." "Alibi or no Alibi-just tell the truth. Mind?" asked Thatcher.

Colt.

"And if I do that I will have nothing to fear ?"-mockingly. 'Except just what you said- a

ABBOT

* By Anthony

such treatment is reserved for woman, his dianer later in a res-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 over, the results from such man- ergy was equal to Thatcher Colt's handling are no longer so effec- restless vitality. Finally Doughtive in court. A prisoner roughly erty stepped to the fore, whisper-treated in the third degree can ed into the ear of Thatcher Colt, call his lawyer the next day, exhi- and the commissioner nodded in bit his bruises, have them photo- skentical acquiescence,

graphed, and the pictures of the "Now Doctor," proposed Doughwounds will be shown at the trial orty. "I want you to come with to discredit his enforced revela-

tions. The chief value lies in get-Thus it was that in the dark ting a confession that can be subhours of that morning, Dougherty, stantlated by confirming details followed by Colt and myself mosubsequently checked up upon. tored Humphrey Maskell to the With men of the stamp of Docmorgue at Bellevue hospital, tor Maskell, the police have more 26th street and East River. He subtle methods; before the night walked into the building like a walked into the building like a ance, saying she was in trouble was over Dector Maskell was sure man led into an ambuscade. to wish that physical violence was There he was confronted with all he had to face. There body. At this dreadful sight. the body. At this dreadful sight, Hogan led the suspect down-Boctor Maskell could not remain stairs to a brightly lighted office, unmoved. He betrayed signs of where a battalion of questioners nervousness and repulsion. But who could say they were indicaawaited him. The attack upon tion of fear or guilt? Finally, the police brought him back to the him began at once, launched by three . of the most experienced men examination room, with no adin the department, But the dark mission drawn from his stern hours passed and a calm man, lips. They were weary, all of with ready answers, still faced the them, with the night's inquisionslaught of hard and snarling tion, but secretly they marvelled investigators. At 3 a.m., when at the strength, the energy, the Thatcher Colt, Dougherty and I undaunted vitality of their priswhere. They could not seem to oner.

Undaunted Vitality

Meanwhile, detectives checking up on all the stories that he told. It was, at this time that Thatcher Colt had a long and whispered conference with Merle Dougherty, and a messenger was dispatched to the building in which the doctor maintain-ed his offices.

But Thatcher Colt was not ready to give up. He knew that when all seemed lost, victory might be within a hand's reach. Again ar, still again, he made Doctor Maskell re-tell his story. tor had given him. During the and one of the most effective de-He was resorting to the oldest night at least a dozen detectives vices known to the operating pofrom the Deputy Inspector down, lice of the world-the trapping builled and harassed the man with trick questions. At 5 o'clock, pect tell the same story often enwhen they gave Maskell a glass of ough, in harrying repetition, unmilk and a sandwich, his story til he is sick of the very lies that was still unbroken. It was one of he is telling, and eventually, oft-

Spreading the Poison

WITH his customary gangrene toward Congressman Hawley the editor of the Capital Journal drains his Hawley the editor of the Capitol Journal drains his bile in accusing the congressman of double crossing his home ers, if they're only getting two or city in the matter of the visit of Gen. Hines to Oregon to

view possible locations for the veterans' home. He says: "From Portland the board members notified the local chamber of commerce that they would arrive in Salem Friday morning and inspect proferred sites. Instead they came in late the evening before and left at 6 o'clock next morning, having seen no one but Congressman Hawley who had promised to no-tify the chamber officials of their arrival but did not. Instead he saw to it that the general and admiral got out of the city without having seen what Salem had to offer. Mr. Hawley's inerest lies in Roseburg, not Salem."

All of which is utterly false. The hospital board members did not notify the local chamber officials from Portland or any where else. The secretary tried to get in touch with them all day but failed. In the afternoon Major Robertson advised that the party would probably arrive late Thursday evening and leave early Friday morning. Congressman Hawley did not promise to notify chamber officials when the party would arrive, and was not asked to notify them, and ripen."-Epictetus. was not contacted by them.

The editor of this paper learned through the chamber that the party was expected Thursday night, and the manthat the party was expected Thursday night, and the man-aging editor found Gen. Hines and Admiral Riggs and interviewed them in the evening.

Congressman Hawley did not see to it that the general and admiral got away without seeing Salem. Instead these men drove over Salem and saw what they desired to see. They left at six in the morning on their own initiative, without waiting for the chamber officials who planned to confer with them.

There is disappointment all along the line at the hurried nature of the inspection, which appears to have been quite cursory. But to use it as a weapon to slug the congressman with is both untrue and unfair.

A few weeks ago the C-J was panning Hawley for not getting the hospital for Roseburg, now it is panning him for seemingly getting it there. He can hardly be accused of disoyalty to his home city when Salem's chamber of commerce had definitely gone on record as supporting Roseburg, and asking consideration only in the event that that city was rejected.

Thomas M. Howell is the name of the man who put corner in a corner on the board of trade in July. The shorts paid through the nose when the price jumped 15 cents in a few days. Some day the wheat bears will be stripped of their shortles too.

Just like an army man, Gen. Hines looked at Eugene through sine just to take an airplane at Portland. What-a-sight!

Slips says we're finding Hoover's feet are of clay. You het, big est too, and firm on the ground. Another thing about Hoover's feet, -he can walk with them:

difference between one strike and another. Perhaps they are striking for more pay or recognition or he Daper. closed shops. But the next strike'll



"The chairman said perhaps I'd Yesterday Statesman reporters tell you about my experience. asked this question: "Is your sym-There ain't nothing to tell except pathy with the producers or the everybody has been awful kind to distributors in the milk war?" me. It's fine to have people so

kind to me. But I'd rather if they'd try to understand what this E. V. Geer, janitor-"There is workers-this strike we've won receiving. I should like to see the and the ones that are coming. "I come out of the workhouse

Charles E. Lebold, auto sales man: "I'm always in sympathy with the producer because he's nearly starved to death trying to make a living."

L. L. Fairweather, motor sales: "It doesn't look fair to the farm-

Mrs. Hannah Martin, attorney: "I am not sufficiently informed in the matter to be able to say where my sympathies are. I feel different. that the situation is such a serious one that only a complete knowledge of the facts would entitle

one to give an opinion." Daily Thought

"No great thing is created auddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig. I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then



never married.

m. Saturday.

GUESTS AT TURNER

be a lady. I guess the kind prin-STAYTON, August 1-James cess couldn't understand why like hands, like eyelids, like the Hayes died at the home of Miss Moses wanted to be a poor Jew in- rows of the upper and lower teeth. Elia Williams on Thursday. His stead of a rich Egyptian. But-if To act against one other then is death was due to hemorrhage of you can understand, if you can the stomach. He was a half-brother of Miss Williams and with my own people, you'll under-came here about a year and a stand all I've been trying to say.

half ago from Beaverton to make 5 5 S his home with her. "We're a people in bondage. At that time he was in a bad There's lots of people who's kind condition due to having had his to us. I guess the princess wasn't feet frozen. He underwent an the only Egyptian lady that was

operation on them at the Stayton kind to the Jews. But kindness hospital and in spite of the fact ain't what people want, who are that only stubs remained and he in bondage. Kindness won't newas 70 years old, he was able to ver make us free. And God don't

walk in a few months. He was send any more prophets nowa- WillJ. days. We've got to escape all by He is survived by Milton, By-ron, Amos and Miss Ella Wil- the papers that there's a strike-

Hams of Stayton and Miss Lou it don't matter whether it's street-Williams of Porjiand. The funer-al was held at the residence at 3 whether it's Eyetalians or Polacks

with milk and honey." 555

"Yes. That's it," Yetta said. Well, that's what strikes mean. be just like ours. It'll be people striking so they won't be so much

Yetta thought life was war, and tail, just after the operation, since would always be. George D. Her- Huncheon. Might I have a sandron put the matter differently, as follows: "We have talked much of the brotherhood to come; but of the brotherhood to come; but "No," growled Hogan. "Step brotherhood has always been the lively. There's a gang waiting for fact of our life, long before it bestrike business means to all of us came modern and insipid sentiment. Only we have been broth-

ers in slavery and torment, brothers in ignorance and its perdition. brothers in disease and war and

today, and they tell me a lady wants to give me money to study, of us sooner or later happens to she wants to have me go to college all; we have always been unescap- sioner." like I was a rich girl. It's very kind. I want to study. I ain't ably involved in a common des-been to school none since I was to the level of the downmost man have your breakfast," promised fifteen. I guess I can't even talk to the level of the downmost man Thatcher Colt, his face inscruta-English very good. I'd like to go in it; and that downmost man is ble. to college. And I used to see pic-tures in the papers of heautiful close to his bosom, dragging it his prisoner and led him hurriedly rich women, and of course . it down to his death. You do not down an inner cortidor. would be fine to have clothes like think so, but it is true, and it think so, but it is true, and it "A hundred to one that fellow breaks before morning," said that. But being in a strike, seethat. But being in a strike, seen all were some way by which some of Dougherty. ng all the people suffer, seeing all us could get free apart from oth- But That the cruelty-it makes things look ers, if there were some way by

which some of us could have heav-"The chairman told you somewere some way by which part of Headquarters, the world could escape some form oo-perhaps it isn't in your Bible of blight and peril and misery of -about Moses and his people in disinherited labor, then indeed

Egypt. He'd been brought up by would our world be lost and rich Egyptian lady-a princess damned; but since men have never been able to separate themselves -just like he was her son. But from one another's woes and wrongs, since history is fairly as long as he tried to be an Egyp-tian he wasn't no good. And God speke to him one day out of a stricken with the lesson that we bush on fire. I don't remember can not escape brotherhood of just the words of the story, but some kind, since the whole of life God said: 'Moses, you're a Jew. is teaching us that weare hourly You ain't got no business with the choosing between brotherhood in is teaching us that weare hourly Egyptians. Take off those fine suffering and brotherhood in good, it remains for us to choose the brotherhood of a cooperative clothes and go back to your own people and help them escape from bondage.' Well, of course, I ain't world with all its fruits thereof-

like Moses, and God has never the fruits of love and liberty." talked to me. But it seems to me Charles Steinmets said: "Cosort as if-during this strike-I'd seen a blasing bush. Anyhow I've operation is not a sentimer seen my people in bondage. And is an enonomic necessity." operation is not a sentiment-it.

I don't want to go to college and . Marcus Aurelius said: "We are made for cooperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the

contrary to nature, and it is acting against one another to be vexed

and turn away." Said William C. Fitch: "Cooperation and not competition is the

life of trade."

it don't matter whother it's street ear conductors or lace-makers, whether it's Eyetalians or Polacks or Jews of Americans, whether it's here or in Chicago — it's my people—the people in bondage who are starting out for the

seized the doctor by the address Thatcher Colt.

Victim of Circumstances We're fighting, fighting, for the old promises."—From "Comrad Yetta," by Albert Edwards. "I was called away from a ing "Seven-up" and making side bets on the result. When we led Doctor Maskell out of the office (To be continued tomorrow) partaken of nothing but the salt-

wich before Hogan and his friends begin to entertain me?"

you in a room downstairs, and it's been a long time since they had any exercise.

At the threshold, the doctor glanced back at the three of us. "It's terrible, what can happen want, brothers in prostitution and fo a man through force of circumhypocrisy. What happens to one stances," he remarked. "However, I don't mind, Mr. Commis-

Doctor Maskell was subjected to the ordeal of a third degree

A Battle of Wits

burn.

She was an active member of many fraternal organizations and took great interest in the work. She belonged to the Rebekahs, Relief Corps, and United Arti-sans. Mrs. Harrington was also a member of the Woodburn Methodist church.



WOODBURN, Aug. 1-Funeral services for James Wesley Clark, who died at his home about two miles east of Saint Paul, Oregon. Sunday night, July 26, will be held at Hall's mortuary Thurs-

day afternoon at 2 o'clock. Clark, who was born 48 years ago in Goldendal., Washington, died of dropsy. He was a painter by trade, and has lived in the Willamette valley for over 20 years. He leaves a wife, three children and three brothers

WOODBURN, Aug. 1 - After having suffered several months church will officiate. Interment will be at the Belle Passi come

SAXS OIL GETS THEM STATTON, Aug. 1 - An easy d successful way of capturing

the door of the examination room detail which, seized arm. But the latter continued to two newspaper men had dragged a followed up, may break his story table from the Criminal Identifi- altogether. That was what Thatcation bureau and sat there, play- cher Colt was hoping to do with

LAY SERMON

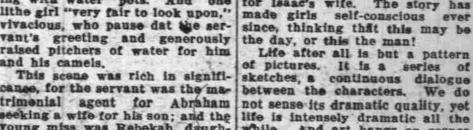
AN ORIENTAL SKETCH

well just outside the old town of were with him."

vivacious, who pause dat the ser-vant's greeting and generously the day, or this the man!

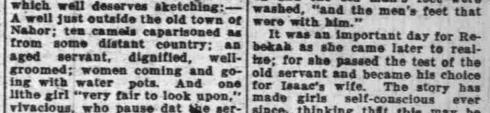
of pictures. It is a series of This scene was rich in signifi- sketches, a continuous dialogue cance, for the servant was the ma- between the characters. We do trimonial agent for Abraham not sense its dramatic quality, yet seeking a wife for his son; and the young miss was Rebekah, daugh-ten of Bethuel. Willing was she such as this: a girl pouring water to carry her pitchers of water for thirsty camels, a fisherman from the well to the camel's mending his gear, a merchant trough, and with the true hospi- haggling with a customer,.

tality of the orient assured the in-When we realize the drama quiring sermant that her home had even of life's routine, its color, its straw for beast and food for man, vividness, its variety, then we get new interest in life. Its dullness, and room for him to lodge. True, Rebekah was sure of her its routine drop away. Instead of ruest. She was taking in no com- rising from bed with senses dull-Mrs. Harrington was a native mon hitch-hiker of the desert. The ed and hopes mute, we might





"She said messover unto him, We have on bracelets? No wonder she in-both straw and provender enough, and room to ledge in." Genesis XXIV:25. hold where the camele hold where the camels were tend-Here is an oriental picture ed and the old man's feet were which well deserves aketching:--- washed, "and the men's feet that



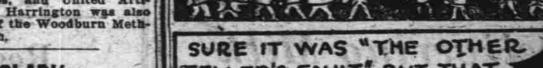
and his camels.

But Thatcher Colt only smiled.

en while others had hell, if there that is still considered a classic in

He was not under arrest, al-

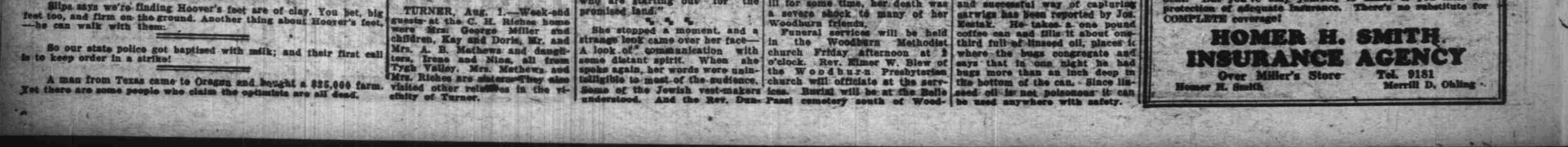
Oregonian. She was born in Al-bany, Oregon, April 21, 1866, or 64 years ago. Mrs. Harrington leaves only her husband, John.



FELLER'S FAULT"-BUT THAT WOULDN'T HAVE HELPED MUCH IF WE HADN'T BOTH LAID TO REST



ral to i It's COMPLETE covers



thing-out of the Christian Bible. Well, we Jews have got a story