

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 25, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager  
SHELTON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press  
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:  
Arthur W. Hayes, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.  
San Francisco, Union Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parron-Stecher, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.;  
Chicago, 369 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance: Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.15; 1 Year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

## Quarreling Over Water

ONLY one thing can equal the Rogue river fishing as a fertile cause for controversy and that is rights to irrigation water. Over in Washington state the director of agriculture is making bad faces at the federal commissioner of the reclamation bureau, Elwood Mead because the latter insists on unconditional power rights in connection with further improvements in the Yakima project. The Washington official is all burned up too because as he claims the money to be spent on the Cle Elum project McNary and Borah got away from them and spent on Owyhee dam in Oregon and Deadwood dam in Idaho.

We don't know anything about the merits of the dispute between Washington and the federal bureau. The Yakima Republic thinks its state director is talking out of turn and should get out of the way and let the government spend some more money in the valley so the farmers can get real water. We do know that Yakima is one project which has succeeded. The government hasn't had to wash out the debts of the settlers and furnish them the water for virtually nothing. The irrigationists there have succeeded, have paid the government, and have built up one of the most prosperous sections of the northwest.

More water to them, with or without power.

## Day of Profits Past?

A government report has been issued which accurately describes the pains and pangs of the present distressful situation. It reads as follows:

"The nations of the world have overstocked themselves with machinery and manufacturing plants far in excess of the wants of production.

"On all sides one sees the accomplished results of the labor of half a century. What is strictly necessary has been done oftentimes to superfluity.

"This full supply of economic tools to meet the wants of nearly all branches of commerce and industry is the most important factor in the present industrial depression.

"It is true that discovery of new processes of manufacture will undoubtedly continue and this will act as an ameliorating influence, but it will not leave room for marked extension such as has been witnessed during the last fifty years, or afford employment to the vast amount of capital which has been created during that period—the day of large profits is probably past."

Now, friends, this report of the U. S. commissioner of labor for the year 1886. Forty-five years ago there was excess plant capacity, and the commissioner dolefully declared that the date of large profits was probably past. It is altogether reasonable to expect that the next forty-five years will see as astounding business expansion as the last 45.

Law after all is a tool in case of a strike. One side wants it where it fits its purpose, but daren't break the law if it interferes. Thus we see some demented blocking the road and spilling other people's milk, yet insisting on the letter of the law regarding inspection and bottle capping. Or putting it the other way, the distributors invoke the law to protect their supplies, but as reported in Portland fall to comply with the city ordinance in the milk they do send out. A strike is a form of warfare, and peace-time laws get badly bent in any form of warfare.

Asland has had to limit lawn irrigation to four hours every other day. It is because of the "drouth". The trouble with many western Oregon cities dependent on small mountain streams for their water supplies is that these drouths are quite normal in the summer time. It rarely rains here from the first of July to the first of September, and that calls for considerable storage reserve or else a large stream to draw upon.

Cooklebur Bill, horse pistol governor of Oklahoma, has declared martial law in the state to close 2106 oil wells, because the price didn't go to a dollar a barrel for crude as he ordered. The shut-down will help the oil statistics but why such autocratic methods? The governor's gesture will last for a day or two, but it gives him more cheap publicity.

Salem friends of James W. Crawford will tender congratulations on his appointment to the position of circuit judge in Multnomah county. Crawford is a former Salem resident, where his father was attorney general. The appointment is an excellent one with this added merit that Crawford is a young man with many years of active service ahead.

A news editor has a puzzle every night to figure out just what prominence to give the news stories that come in. Just what importance for example was the story of three Chicago negroes being killed? We doubt if it excited much interest out here, but it was the big excitement in Chicago's black belt no doubt.

Johann Kelly writes that the federal government is going to have a man operate as a business forecaster, warning of squalls ahead in the business world. If the public follows his advice the same as the wheat-growers have counsel to cut production panics will be bigger and better than ever.

Now Germany will get a chance to laugh. Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York has gone to the German spas to take the baths. Maybe he can get the burghers to laugh off their troubles.

Having consumed a crate or so of these tasteless gourds which are picked green and shipped long distances we are eager for home-grown cantaloupes to appear on the market.

An old friend dropped in to see us the other day. Hadn't seen him for 25 years. He had been to Reno for the cure. You never can tell.

A Pennsylvania woman observed her 105th birthday Tuesday without endorsing Duffy's whisky or condemning the jax age.

Hill McAdoo is writing his autobiography. He must have given up hopes of getting the democratic nomination for president.

The Cornelius Vanderbilts, junior, had a property settlement before their divorce was granted. Divided the liabilities perhaps.

King Carol says his divorce is final. And we hope the news about his marital affairs is final too.

The best whistles we know of are railroad engines, factories and steamboats. More steam to them.

Apparently the way to avoid hard times in the future is to get used to those in the present.

Spain starts on the gold. Another proof the popular revolution has been successful!

The Hillsboro farmers are doing no crying over split milk.

## Aspirin

By C. C. DAUER, M. D.,  
Marion Co. Dept. of Health  
The former high price of quinine caused chemists quite a number of years ago to look about for cheaper efficient substitutes. It was also attempted to make quinine from chemical salts. This was unsuccessful but it did bring to light a very large number of substitutes. In some respects even more valuable than quinine. These substances, derivatives of coal-tar, are many and the most important of which are: phenol (carbolic acid), anilin dyes, acetanilid, cresol, lysol, saccharin, benzoic acid, picric acid and aspirin.

Aspirin is a trade name for the chemical compound acetylsalicylic acid. It is one of a number of similar compounds which are used primarily to lower body temperature in fevers and to relieve pain. Aspirin was introduced because it was thought that it would give rise to less disturbance in the stomach as the other members of the salicylate family were apt to do. This did not prove to be true, however, but its use has continued.

Not Harmful to Heart  
Aspirin is used most commonly and most extensively in treatment of colds, influenza and other fevers. Like some of the other salicylates, aspirin has almost a specific action on the rise in temperature resulting from acute rheumatic fever. The drug is also extensively used in neuralgias, headaches, and other pains.

There is no reason for the belief that aspirin has a deleterious action on the heart. Such a belief has no doubt arisen because people have mistaken the resulting disturbance of the stomach from taking too much aspirin for what they are supposed to be a bad effect on the heart.

Occasional single doses perhaps are not harmful, but when it is necessary to take aspirin repeatedly it should only be on a physician's order. Self medication as a rule is not best nor is it always safe.

Several years ago before the patent or trade mark was void, aspirin was sold under a certain name. The manufacturer claimed his product was superior to all others. This was not true yet the statement was enough, due to fact that he had the usual trade mark, to get exorbitant prices for his product.

What health problems have you? If the above articles give you any questions in your mind, write that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Stateswoman, or to the health answer will appear in this column. Names should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

## New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was "Do you think Mrs. Lindbergh should have accompanied her husband on his long, dangerous trip, leaving Baby Lindbergh behind?"

Avis Ryer, waitress: "Of course she should. She should care as much for her husband as her baby. She's left a good nurse with her baby. If she'd stayed home and sent the nurse—well, she might have lost her husband."

E. H. McDonald, retired farmer: "I wouldn't criticize her for going. Few women are like her. It's alright; she's leaving her parents. The baby will be in good care."

Laura Rokos, stenographer: "No, I don't."

Stanley Bacon, new member of Pacific Telephone and Telegraph: "Quite health facilities and best of care and medical attention, the Lindberghs are justified in leaving the small son at home enjoying their present vacation trip."

Mrs. L. E. Blinckhorn: "Since every precaution has been made for both their safety and the welfare of the child in question, I believe the Lindberghs made the correct decision."

## Daily Thought

"Sin has many tools but a He is a handle which fits them all."  
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## Traffic Held Up As Flax Tumbles Into Roadside

AUBURN, August 5—Traffic was slowed down for a while Tuesday morning, while a load of flax was reloaded, having slid from a truck in front of the home of Lute Savage, there being no deep ditch cars were able to go around the load which had landed in the middle of the road.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Griffith honored their two sons, Duane and Ben, with a birthday dinner Sunday. Present were Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Griffith, Vada Grace, Duane and Wilbert of Auburn, Lola of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Griffith of Atrita, and John Wolf of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Messing of Detroit, Oregon, were guests at the Ben Hawkins home Tuesday evening. Mr. Messing is employed on the Santiam road work.

MANY AT FRAZIER BRICK SCOTTS MILLS, August 5—A large crowd from here attended the funeral of Swain Frazier in Salem Tuesday morning. Mr. Frazier passed away at the home of his son Leroy Frazier at Scotts Mills, Saturday morning.

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

## HE STUMBLED OVER TEN BILLION DOLLARS!



Tomorrow: "Liquid Gas Rifles."

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Deaf and dumb school."

There are many historic spots in and near Salem that deserve to be marked or in other ways to be permanently fixed for reference for the information of coming generations.

For instance, the first dwelling, still standing at 960 Broadway—that was the headquarters of the Jason Lee mission, the territorial treasury, the second postoffice; the first postoffice after Oregon became a territory; the place where the first white girl was born; where the preliminary meeting looking to the founding of Willamette university was held, etc., etc.

The house on Highland avenue, still standing, which was the home of President Hoover from the time he was 11 until he was 18. Oh, and dozens and scores of others.

How many readers know how many homes the Oregon state school for the deaf has had? Probably not five living persons. In the Salem directory for 1872, under the heading, "Deaf and Dumb school," there appears an article from which the following words are excerpted:

"During the session of the state legislature of 1870, Mr. Wm. S. Smith, a graduate of a New York college, proposed that if they would appropriate \$2000 a year, he would start a school to educate this unfortunate class of people. That amount was appropriated as an experiment, and at the same time as a nucleus for the 'state deaf and dumb school.' This appropriation was put under the control of the state school land commissioners, consisting of Governor L. F. Grover, S. F. Chadwick, secretary of state, and Louis Wolschey, state treasurer, termed the state board of education."

Henry H. Giffy, private secretary of the governor, was made secretary. The board then leased a large and commodious house with garden of J. B. McClane, Esq., for \$250 per year, and employed a matron to take care of the boarders for \$250 per year. Mr. W. S. Smith was appointed principal at a salary of \$400 per annum for himself and wife. The school has been in operation one year and four months, at a cost to the state of \$2,646.25."

(The "commodious house with garden" that was the first home of the "deaf and dumb school" was the famous (and later infamous) Island House of pioneer days—a long, rambling structure commencing on the third lot from the southwest corner of Belmont and Broadway streets, and running south along Broadway, which was the old stage road and is now an extension of North Liberty street. Franklin M. Gooley, whose home is at 1514 North Fifth street, corner Shipping, a few blocks away, and who was employed at the pioneer Willamette woolen mills, near by, remembers very well when the "deaf and dumb school" was started and conducted in the Island House, and he knew intimately "Dummy" W. S. Smith, the first principal. The writer believes Smith was a printer, and afterwards worked in Salem and Portland newspaper offices. For many years the Island House was a famous and at first the town's principal hotel. In its last and degenerate days it was a saloon and brothel of the lowest type. It finally, in the nineties or early years of the present century, was destroyed by fire. Remains of its foundation are still there.)

There were 12 "scholars, four males and eight females," in the "deaf and dumb school" in 1872. In 1863, the Christian church and the Masonic fraternity constructed a building at the northeast corner of Church and Chemeketa streets. About the time it was fairly enclosed, a strong wind blew it down, with a damage of about \$1000. It was speedily rebuilt, and occupied by the different Masonic societies, and for church purposes, for several years. The Academy of the Sacred Heart afterwards occupied that building as its first home. Later it was the second home of the "deaf and dumb school," when Rev. P. S. Knight was superintendent. He was long pastor of the First Congregational church of Salem and at one time editor of The Statesman.

Later, Dr. J. A. Richardson, once mayor of Salem, built his home there, corner of Church and Chemeketa streets. In the backyard of that home was started the loganberry industry of Oregon. Dr. Richardson has in g brought the first plants from California. He planted in front, on the Chemeketa street side, the only cedar of Lebanon in Salem, outside of Willson avenue—now a large and splendid reminder of the tree growth that furnished the timbers for Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. Dr. Richardson sold the home of Dr. B. L. Steeves of Salem, a later mayor of the city and it is now the Kappa Gamma Row fraternity house. Dr. Steeves was also lieutenant governor of Idaho.

R. P. Boise of Salem remembers that Rev. Knight had a hand in the starting of the "deaf and dumb school" and that he was its guiding genius through all its early years, even naming its board of trustees, of whom Werner Broyman was one. In the early eighties, the Oregon state school for the deaf became a purely commonwealth institution, and Rev. Knight was continued as its superintendent for a long time, with its location where the present state school for the blind is located. That was its third home.

Its fourth home, after the middle nineties, was where the Oregon state tuberculosis hospital now is. It was thought best to make its permanent location far enough away to avoid the distractions of city life, and near enough to have its conveniences. It was found that in following this idea the thing was slightly overdone. So the present site, the fifth

## 'The Mystery of Geraldine' By Anthony ABBOT

Geraldine Foster was hacked to death in a house on Peckler's Road, leased by her employer, Dr. Maskell, and her nude body buried in a grave filled with tannic acid. Two women were seen leaving the doctor's office carrying bottles similar to those found near the grave. Mrs. Morgan, a neighbor, substantiates the doctor's statement that he was with her daughter, Doris, the day of the disappearance. Maskell claims there was a strange woman outside his office when he returned. Other suspects are Harry Armstrong, Geraldine's former fiancé and her brother Bruce, who will receive her inheritance. Bruce is an adopted son whose father was a murderer. Dr. Maskell reports to Police Commissioner Thatcher that Geraldine phoned him on January 6, ten days after her disappearance requesting that he meet her, but failed to appear. The autopsy shows she was killed on December 24, and her body preserved by the acid to make it appear that death occurred within 48 hours. Maskell, accused, sticks to his story. His brother and sister-in-law, George and Natalie Maskell, call to see him; but are turned away.

### CHAPTER XXVI

"Now," said Thatcher Colt, suddenly breaking the silence, "my dear doctor, I have taken the liberty of making some arrangements for our morning."

"Yes, certainly," said Doctor Maskell, turning from the window with a deep sigh.

"There is another car downstairs, in which you will find some of your friends. We are going on a journey."

"Without breakfast?" asked the physician.

"I am afraid so," replied the commissioner, while Dougherty laughed, shook hands with my chief and promised to see him later in the day. Then he and Hogan departed, leaving the next stage of the investigation in our hands.

"If you think that extra little torment will help in breaking my nerves," said the doctor, "let me disabuse your mind. I have eaten no breakfast, except hot water, in 20 years, and, as a doctor, staying up all night is no great strain on me."

home, was acquired. The property of the old polytechnic institute, founded by the Friends (Quakers), while President Hoover was the most noteworthy youthful member, and Dr. McIntosh, his uncle, with whom he lived, was the outstanding senior member—this property was acquired by the state of Oregon, additional buildings constructed, and the Oregon state school for the deaf was moved to its present location, just outside the city limits on the north, in 1910. The old wooden building of the polytechnic school was torn down several years ago, additional land was acquired from the estate of Judge B. F. Bonham, father of Raphael Bonham, now U. S. commissioner of immigration for the northwest, and the institution has, with a number of newly constructed buildings, a splendid plant.

R. P. Boise of Salem remembers that Rev. Knight had a hand in the starting of the "deaf and dumb school" and that he was its guiding genius through all its early years, even naming its board of trustees, of whom Werner Broyman was one. In the early eighties, the Oregon state school for the deaf became a purely commonwealth institution, and Rev. Knight was continued as its superintendent for a long time, with its location where the present state school for the blind is located. That was its third home.

Its fourth home, after the middle nineties, was where the Oregon state tuberculosis hospital now is. It was thought best to make its permanent location far enough away to avoid the distractions of city life, and near enough to have its conveniences. It was found that in following this idea the thing was slightly overdone. So the present site, the fifth

We descended into the fresh air of the young morning. At dawn there had been a sun, but already banks of rain-clouds were massed in the heavens; the air was damp and cold; it was the beginning, after an hour's interlude, of another spell of dismal and cheerless weather.

In front of 248 Centre street a maroon-colored Auburn car was drawn up at the curb, with that strange little fellow Checkles sitting at the wheel.

My chief explained to me, in an aside, that the inspector and some of the men had been talking with Checkles. The best they could get out of him was that he was with the doctor all through Christmas Eve afternoon. Besides Checkles in the car, smiling a little wanly, and as pale as a moon at dawn, Doctor Maskell took his place. Then he looked back and in the rear seat, he saw a woman and a child. The mother, I recognized at Felice Morgan, and the little girl was Doris Morgan, the child companion of Doctor Maskell, his living alibi. She was smiling pretty. Later I learned that she was ten years old. Her golden hair and large blue eyes and colorful dress and hat gave her a rather spoiled and starchy air—one would expect her to grow up into a cinema star. But what interested me most was the love and tenderness in Doctor Maskell's eyes when he looked at little Doris. I think the sight of her quite unmanned him. He caught her to him as she rose with a squeal of joy at sight of him, and she kissed him in lively, intimate and trusting fashion.

"Hello, Doris! Hello, Checkles," called the commissioner, taking his place beside the child and motioning me to a folding seat in front of him.

"Good mornings and good nights and good fellows and good gods," said Checkles. His head bent over the wheel of the car, and he pushed the horn button in the middle of the wheel with his long, peaked nose, so that the car cried out as if in fright at his behavior.

Doris laughed.

"Isn't Checkles too funny for words?" she asked, with a grown-up glance at Thatcher Colt. "He always blows the horn with his nose."

The commissioner nodded, as he drew a slip of paper from his pocket, and read off the names and addresses of the patients of Doctor Maskell, to whom, so the suspect declared, he and Doris and Checkles had delivered the presents.

"All correct," said Maskell.

Then we further delayed our start while the commissioner talked earnestly with Doris. He told her she was a very important person, and that she could help the great city of New York, and she must try to remember everything she could. She promised with the most grown-up and gracious smile imaginable.

"You were with the doctor every part of the time on Christmas Eve?" asked Commissioner Colt.

"Yes, sir; every part," said Doris Morgan firmly.

"Now," continued Thatcher Colt, "according to my memorandum, you went first to an address on Patchin Place. Is that right?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the doctor in a hoarse voice. Colt gave Checkles his orders and immediately we started zigzagging across town, in the direction of Greenwich Village. When over it was necessary to blow the horn, I noticed, with extreme distaste, that Checkles bent forward and pushed the round black button with his nose. There was no conversation during that journey, until we reached the narrow impasse behind the Jefferson Market Court, where, for many years, artists and goofs have lived in the little red brick houses, rejoicing in the tiny trees, the narrow sidewalks, and the general air of another century that hovers over the place.

"Doris," said Thatcher Colt, "do you remember anything about your last visit here?"

"Oh, yes," said the child. "We brought a parcel, done up in paper and ribbon, to an old lady who lives in that third house over there."

"Who delivered the package?"

"The doctor went to the door and rang the bell and the click came to the little door and he sent me up to deliver it."

"How long did that take?"

"Oh, not more than a second or so. The doctor told me I must not loiter, because we had so many places to go. I was awful tired by the time we got home."

As we started off again, Thatcher Colt began to question Mrs. Morgan.

"You were an intimate friend of Geraldine Foster?"

"Oh, no. Our apartment is over the doctor's office. Doris and Geraldine met in the hall. They became friendly. The doctor took a fancy to Doris and soon we all got to know each other."

We fully understood the weariness of little Doris before we had finished that twisting and trafficking of the itinerary. In and out of the crowded New York streets we drove, while Checkles pushed the horn button with his nose, and heaped maledictions on taxi drivers and pedestrians who tempted death under our wheels. From house to house we drove from a broker in East Twelfth street, to an actor at the Chelsea hotel. Further north we were slowly creeping on our journey, which was confined largely to the west side, but by the time we had stopped in front of the Sherman Square hotel, Doctor Maskell reminded us that it was just three o'clock on Christmas Eve afternoon that he had been there before. He knew by the fact that he had inquired the time of the doorman, wondering if he would be able to complete the rest of his trips before it was time for Doris to be back in her home. The doorman knew the doctor, who often called to visit one patient, a retired merchant tailor who lived on the eighth floor of the hotel. When questioned, the doorman perfectly recalled Doctor Maskell asking the time and he further recollected it was three o'clock.

As we drove past the barrow (Continued on page 9)

## MORTGAGES - INVESTMENTS - INSURANCE

### Put some of your investment eggs in this good basket--

The investor who doesn't diversify his holdings with some prime first mortgages — isn't properly balancing his investments.

We'd like to explain the many advantages of MORTGAGE investment to you and explain how we can take care of your requirements.

If you cannot call, phone 4109.

## HAWKINS & ROBERTS, Inc.

SECOND FLOOR, OREGON BUILDING—SALEM

### An Old Time Camp Meeting At Beautiful Quinaby Park August 6-16

Six miles North of Salem on River Road

Marion County Holiness Association

For information call Rev. Fletcher Galloway Dr. C. C. Foiling Rev. R. C. Stewart Rev. E. F. Glass or Rev. E. I. Harrington Woodburn