

The Oregon Statesman
"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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Our Loss in MacDonald's Fall

IN two respects it is unfortunate for the world that the Labor government in Great Britain fell. The crisis in Britain's fiscal policy was acute, and the coalition "of all talents" was necessary.

In the first place if the Labor government is succeeded by the Conservatives, England will abandon her traditional free trade position to go on a tariff basis.

In the second place MacDonald's foreign policy looked for the cultivation of international goodwill. He came to this country for a friendly visit with Pres. Hoover.

If the Conservatives do not succeed in framing a government that will hold, the issue will go to the people in an election.

"Water, Water Everywhere"

"It is perfectly true that we are getting nowhere as long as we are merely squabbling. Nothing is gained by the Statesman and the Press disputing as to what the people of Salem want or will do."

The Press suffers from one illusion, and that is that others who do not agree with its program are fighting for the water company. Our sole concern is the welfare of the people of Salem, now and in the future.

The question which the Press proposes seems to be chiefly one of journalistic tactics, for it would be purely a referendum and would call for another election with teeth in it for the definite authorization of bonds.

Policy 1. A municipal water system using the Santiam river as a source of supply; and either buying or building a distributing system.

"The esteemed C-J, is announcing a beauty school by Mme. Eve Somebody. We let Sips try it first; if it works on him we'll risk a jar."

A Philomath man went off to commit suicide but walked around Mary's peak and decided not to. Every person planning suicide should walk around a mountain before blowing his brains out.

Charley Byrne, stand up and bow to the Astorian-Budget. Charley is head of the industrial journalism school at OSG, and the AB ran a picture of him—only the picture looked familiarly like the photo of a well-known handshaker of reform instead of round-faced, golf-prize winning Charley.

We knew this home products promotion would start a riot. Now the Medford, Mail-Tribune endorses "pear pie" and the Roseburg News-Review up with "prune pancakes." We are going to experiment now with hop croquettes.

Washington turned down a landscape gardener with the low bid in favor of a Washington resident. Gov. Meier, sponsor of trade-at-home to which Washington objects, goes to Washington for a purchasing agent and pays him \$2800 a year MORE.

Fire prevention week has been fixed for Oct. 4-11. China wonders when they will have a flood prevention week.

Rabies

By VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M.D.
Marion County Dept. of Health
One usually thinks of rabies or hydrophobia as a disease of summer time or hot weather. It is in fact more prevalent in cold weather.

Rabies exists practically in all parts of the world. In some countries where special measures for its control have been in force, it has been unknown for years.

The method of prevention of the rabies after the bite occurs consists of the use of Pasteur's treatment. This was first announced as an effective preventive measure in 1883.

From a public health standpoint the control of rabies means the eradication of the disease in animals by inoculation and muzzling of dogs.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, call on me for a free consultation and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion County Department of Health.

Yesterdays

August 30, 1906
The Christian Endeavor of the First Christian Church will enjoy an outing on Reservoir hill this evening. Car starts from Willamette hotel at 7 o'clock.

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Daily Thought

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MRS. WELLS VISITS
SILVERTON, Aug. 29.—Mrs. J. M. Wells of here left Portland Wednesday night for Minneapolis, Minn., where she will move her mother and then journey to her birthplace in Wassau, Wis. Her husband accompanied her as far as Portland.

HERE'S HOW



Tuesday: Sweet Lady!

BITS for BREAKFAST

When Salem had 20 families: "7th. Rode 16 miles, after fording the river, to the middle fork and preached to an interesting collection of people, some of whom rode from three to 25 miles to hear preaching."

"15th. Rode 14 miles, my way along the Yamhill bottom lands; soil luxuriantly rich and large fields of wheat of enormous growth were now waving their golden ears to the gentle breeze."

"18th. Visited Rev. Mr. Clark (Harvey Clark) in Tualatin Parish. Near his residence he, with the assistance of a few benevolent friends, sustains a school called the Oregon Orphan's Asylum. This school will probably become in some future day a literary institution for the Congregational denomination."

"20th. Walked 23 miles to Oregon City. Spent the remainder of the week in visiting in the city and vicinity and in preparing to go down the river. 23rd. Preached twice for Brother Johnson. 24th. Left Oregon City for Clatsop on board the launch of the unfortunate ship Peacock."

LAY SERMON

"Equity left charity without an occupation."—Edward Bellamy.
I have been reading again "Looking Backward" and Sir Thomas More's "Utopia". They are the literature of the perfect society. One might delve farther and read Plato's "Republic" and Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."

So each charts the path to a better order, and each describes the perfection which he imagines, Bellamy in the Boston of the year 2000 A. D. and More in Utopia, a word which has become the key-word of common speech for the unattainable ideal. In these days the callagans for more equity are a familiar thing for office editors wage journalistic campaigns for the "more equitable distribution of wealth."

By EDSON



Tuesday: Sweet Lady!

BITS for BREAKFAST

"18th. Rode 30 miles to Salem, and spent the night with Brother Matlock. 14th. Crossed the Willamette and rode about 30 miles over a rolling prairie and open country to the south fork of the Yamhill; visited two families... 15th. Rode 14 miles. My way along the Yamhill bottom lands; soil luxuriantly rich and large fields of wheat of enormous growth were now waving their golden ears to the gentle breeze."

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New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you favor a city manager for Salem?"
Don Morgan, visitor: "Seems like cities with city managers get along all right. I notice by tonight's paper there is a deficiency in Salem city finances. Maybe a city manager could have saved that situation; and maybe not."

James Preble, reporter: "I'm not so very hot for one myself. It just puts another dodge between the people and the ones who have the authority."

Mrs. F. A. Elliott, housewife: "If the city manager form of government would work as satisfactorily for Salem as it has for some towns, it would be a splendid thing—the plan is ideal and should work out very well."

Mrs. Fred Erixon, housewife: "I am highly in favor of the city manager form of government—I have lived in a town where it has been most satisfactory."

Dr. Max Moon, dentist: "It seems to be the coming thing. As an economic principal it's sound."

S. A. Hughes, cement contractor, councilman: "Taken right offhand, I would say I'm not in favor of it."

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

READ THIS FIRST
In a time of ancient glory the rubies belonged to a czarina. They were great and glowing red—red as blood, and through generations blood had been shed for them. Last to die was their owner, Prince Murinov who defied a revolutionary mob while his servant, Federoff, escaped from the burning castle and hid them in a cave.

Ten years have passed. Federoff returns and recovers the gems. With him is Frank Severn, who represents Prince Murinov's granddaughter, to whom the rubies now rightfully belong. Federoff undertakes to smuggle them out of Russia. He disappears and Severn secretly returns to his lonely country home in England, Beggar's Court. He urgently summons his friend, Jim Wynter, who meets Felix Sant, Severn's lawyer.

NOW GO ON
CHAPTER V
"Wish to heaven I knew. Severn came back secretly two nights ago and I met him at Victoria—wired me from Newhaven, which was my first intimation he was on his way home. I only saw him for half an hour, because as luck would have it I had to go up to Scotland that night. I'm just back, earlier than I planned, so as to run over to see Severn tonight."

"Then Severn told you nothing?"
"Not a thing. I suppose he felt there wasn't time to go into it there—or in so public a place as a grill room. But I can tell you the gist of Severn brought me a shock."

"What do you mean?"
A frowningly thoughtful look had crept into Sant's face.

"Wynter, he wasn't like the same man of ten months ago when I last saw him. All gone to pieces. A man on the rack of unswerving suspense, if those haunted eyes of his meant anything—a man living with fear at his elbow. Sober facts, Wynter, melodramatic as it may sound. Fear of what? God knows. I'm all in the dark, yet. Maybe Severn'll tell us tonight. But it's something big and serious—and I'm uneasy, Wynter—uneasy!"

Wynter's face was both startled and bewildered as he stared at the other man.

"All gone to pieces? But somehow I can't imagine that of Severn. Of course, I know he's had a lot of jolts, but it seems so unlikely. He's always so imperturbably cool with any amount of pluck and nerve—the sort of chap one would have said nothing could rattle."

Sant nodded.

"I know," but yet you find a different Severn tonight; that's the devil of it—that's what makes me so anxious. The older man said quietly. He had finished changing the wheel; he got back into his car. "Well, whatever the trouble is, Severn knows he can count on us to the limit."

"That goes without saying, of course," replied Wynter emphatically.

The haze was deepening as they made the last few miles to Beggar's Court, as if as they neared the coast they were running into U. S. S. Peacock of the Wilkes expedition, lost at the mouth of the Columbia, on Peacock spit, July 14, 1841. (This trip took four days of hard rowing, and three nights' lodging on the ground. Rev. Fisher found his family on Clatsop Plains in good health. A son had been born to them just before he left on the trip to the Willamette.)

In another letter, Rev. Fisher told of stopping on Mill creek, in his tour of the valley, about 10 miles out of Salem, with a Baptist family, and forming the nucleus of what became, Aug. 31, 1850, the Salem Baptist church of Turner. He wrote also of the need of a preacher to organize a Baptist church in Salem, and one to start a new church at the promising new town of Cincinnati, which later became Eola, and is now a fine station on the Pacific of the highway, which, he said "is in the bounds of the La Creole church, formerly called Rickreall. It has long since gone back to the corruption, the Rickreall. It should be changed back to La Creole, where it belongs, and left there."

Rev. Fisher wrote: "Two ministers thus located would always be near each other to counsel and give aid and at the same time would each have a wide range of field on each side of the river. (Meaning one at Cincinnati (Eola) and the other at Salem.)"

a fog blowing in from the sea. Under the white, drifting veil the flat country through which the road cut—stretches of marshy waste land veined with bubbling creeks from the estuary, from which flights of disturbed seabirds would rise wheeling with their harsh, mournful cries—seemed the last word in dreary desolation.

Jim Wynter thought of that unnerved figure Sant had pictured for him. Through Beggar's Court, set in this lonely, sparsely-populated corner of Essex, might offer desired hiding for a man with enemies—or was it the police?—to throw off the scent, it could hardly be the best place in its depressing isolation for one whose nerves had all gone to pieces.

If Sant were right—and he was the last person in the world one could call imaginative—the mysterious menacing that had sent Severn into hiding—a man, Wynter would have said confidently, who did not know the meaning of nerves or fear. Yet Sant had seen him two days ago. And there was the corroboration of that letter from Severn himself, its poignant appeal, "For God's sake come!" Wynter could not shake off a haunting sense of foreboding.

Two great iron gates set in a high wall proclaimed Beggar's Court at last. The lodge behind the gates was in disrepair, but was unoccupied even before its late owner's death. The two cars turned into the long drive. The odd, irregular house loomed out to their eyes, little more than a vague blur of shadow in the ragged mist, broken by the light from two or three windows streaming out into the night.

It was a picturesque house, as Wynter remembered it, at least, a couple of centuries old, that on a bright sunlit day might be attractive enough. But tonight the gloomy old place in its brooding loneliness and isolation seemed almost forbidding.

Sant jumped down from his car and ran up the steps to the massive hall door.

"After all, things may not be so bad as we fancy," he said suddenly to the younger man as he raised the heavy knocker. "And anyway I'm not going to believe that whatever his trouble, poor old Severn's so d.e.p. in it that you and I won't be able to fish him out."

Through the hushed stillness of the mist-wrapped night, as they waited, they could hear faintly the suck of the estuary between its high banks as the tide came racing in from the sea.

Sant knocked again and pulled the hanging iron bell by the side of the door.

No one in the house seemed in any hurry to answer the summons. The echoes of the bell died away. The seconds passed. Still no answering sound from within, not even the barking of a dog.

"Queer. What can have happened to ev'ryone?" Wynter said suddenly. "I should have thought there would be a dog on the premises. A lonely house like this."

"But there's a dog, an Alsatian," said Sant. His usual cheerful smile seemed to have fallen away, his voice had a sudden strained note. "Of course, one of the servants may have taken the animal for a run, still—"

He raised the knocker again and beat a heavy tattoo on the door, waking a troop of echoes within. "That should fetch someone."

The moments passed as they stood waiting. Still unbroken silence.

The strange, almost uncanny stillness, the oppressiveness of which each was conscious, as though this house, for all its lighted windows gleaming out into the mist, was utterly deserted and empty, made Jim Wynter suddenly give a little involuntary shiver.

An insistent feeling like a premonition, a deepening, disquieting sense of something amiss behind that closed door, as they stood waiting for the answer that was so long in coming, that perhaps would not come at all, was beginning to pluck at his nerves. In the misty dimness he and Sant exchanged glances.

"What does it mean?" Wynter broke out. "What are all the servants doing? Sant, I don't like the look of things!"

No more did Sant, if his face was any indication.

no one comes— He did not finish the sentence. His fingers went out to the bell handle again. The loud, jangling, metallic sound cut harshly through the frozen stillness within. No other sound.

A thought made Sant stoop and raise the flap of the letter-slit in the door. He peeped through into the lighted hall. Then an exclamation broke from him, and the metal flap snapped down again with a click as Sant turned a startled face towards the younger man.

"My God! Look, Wynter, look!" Wynter stooped to look through too, and caught his breath. In the hall the Alsatian lay, quite evidently dead, with froth about its jaws.

Poisoned! In a flash the significance of it had brought to a head all those vague, disquieting fears that had been waiting for them on the threshold of this silent house. It was no time for standing on ceremony. Wynter snatched up a stone and shivered the glass of the nearest window. Thrusting in his hand, he unfurled the catch, pushed the window open. He climbed through, followed by Sant.

In the wide hall, its silence touched now with a sinister breath of menace, they stood for a moment listening, with taunted nerves. Then Wynter called out loudly:

"Severn, Severn!"

But even as he cried out the name he knew he would get no answer. An instinct told him that except for themselves there was no living soul in all this lighted house.

That dog lying there poisoned—these empty echoing rooms—what dark thing lay behind this unnerving mystery of silence and desolation!

That fear Sant spoke of having seen in Severn's eyes—had it materialized suddenly without warning, found the fugitive out in his hiding place here? It was as though they stood on the edge of the dark, not knowing what secrets lay hidden in the shadows beyond the door of Severn's eyes.

"We've got to search the house, of course; but we shan't find any one here."

"Severn may have gone out to stretch his legs; he back any moment," suggested Sant uneasily. But evidently he had little faith in his own possible explanation.

But he expected there had sent that urgent message. And then, too, no servants," retorted Wynter. "How many servants are there?"

"Only three; more weren't necessary with Severn abroad. A man and his wife and one boy in his uncle's time, as well as a younger man who does odd jobs in the garden and house."

They made a systematic search of the whole of the great rambling old house; every room, every attic, every cupboard. Every suspicion was now definitively confirmed. Not a trace of Severn, or the servants.

Significant The two men were left helplessly bewildered and baffled. In the dining-room they had found a cold supper for two laid on the table.

"Evidently laid in readiness for you and Severn, Wynter," said Sant. "But why should it have been laid in advance unless the servants were going to be out? There's a possibility of that, of that, of course, that they'll turn up presently. But Severn himself, expecting you, wouldn't have left the house like this of his own accord. And that dog..." Sant drew a deep breath. "God knows what's been happening here—but we've come too late."

Except for an overturned chair in one of the rooms—a room where apparently Frank Severn had been sitting, for there were several cigar ends lying on the hearth where a fire still smoldered, and on a small table near stood an unfinished whiskey and soda—there was no sign of any struggle or violence. Only that poisoned dog in the hall...

(To be continued.)

OH, DEAR - DIDN'T THE BURGLARS LEAVE ANYTHING?
SURE, THEY LEFT US BROKE, I WISH HOMER H. SMITH INSURANCE AGENCY HAD INSURED US!
HOMER H. SMITH INSURANCE AGENCY Over Miller's Store Tel. 9181 Homer H. Smith Morrill D. Ohling