

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Protecting Security Owners

A group of state business executives met in Portland last week to organize a division for the protection of the interests of holders of securities. The meeting was an outgrowth of the stir raised in Oregon's last election which gave invested capital a chill it hasn't recovered from. Wall street felt it and sent inquiries out here to find out if Oregon really meant what it voted, and was hostile to capital investment from the east. Robert E. Smith sent out inquiries and from his replies made up a rather rosy summary which he no doubt furnished his eastern questioners. Now this group is organized to see that holders of bonds and stocks in railroads, utilities, industries are not made the subject of organized or disorganized banditry.

Oregon has not gone yet over to confiscation of property, but we see little to encourage any eastern investor to put his money into any railroad or utility enterprise in this state at the present time. Apparently it is not wanted. The cry of "Wall street" is raised, and those who have investments in such enterprises here see a certain attrition of their values, notably in railroad stocks and bonds.

We might ask this group about the situation in Portland, in view of the temper of the people there. Is Portland willing to let the street railway operate and earn even half of a "fair return" on the value of its property? Or will it insist on five or seven cent fares regardless of the effect on the company? Will Portland grant a new franchise to the telephone company without requiring a sharp reduction in phone rates?

We are not here defending these utilities. But in view of the oft-manifest temper of the electorate which takes special delight in swatting utilities, there is nothing to encourage the holder of their securities. This fact is reflected in the lower prices of their bonds and preferred stocks. It is doubtful if the security-owners can do much, because if one confesses he holds any securities he becomes identified as a capitalist and hence is "suspect". The qualification for influence at the present time is poverty and a loud voice.

Oregon Can Care for Her Own

THE state grange executive committee thinks a special session of the legislature is needed to provide agencies for relief, and recommends a luxury tax or a one-cent tax on gasoline to provide funds for employing idle men. There is a grave doubt as to the constitutionality of such legislation under our six per cent amendment, which freezes the tax-leaving powers of the state.

The Statesman has the conviction that this state can and will take care of its own without calling on the legislature or the national congress. The springs of human sympathy are not dried up here; and the resources have not really been tapped. Oregon will not let her people suffer.

Already the state highway department is planning work for the winter months on a wider scale than previously. Portland and Multnomah county have arranged through bond issues to carry unemployed through for many months yet. Salem is wealthy enough and humane enough to see that families and even transients are provided with the necessities of life.

If the Gifford committee will launch a nation-wide relief fund to be raised through voluntary contributions much after the manner of the Red Cross drives of war-times we believe that this state would easily raise enough money to handle its own needs.

Of course if these measures failed then the legislature would need to meet and take what steps it could under the constitution to meet the needs of the people. If the legislature did meet it would face a barrage of crazy legislative proposals like Bennett's state currency or cheap money through bond issues. It might even wind up its session by making matters worse instead of better.

The New Game Program

THERE is greater public confidence in the state game commission than has been felt for many years. The membership of the commission embraces men of a high stamp of good citizenship. The whole organization which used to be a seething caldron of politics with more than a suspicion of extravagance or even graft is permeated now with a much finer conception of responsibility to the public. Instead of regarding the game fund as something to spend as freely as possible with as generous personal expense accounts as possible, there is a different attitude. The change is welcome, and the public will respond more willingly to the appeals made by the game commission and their staff.

The above is preliminary to comment upon the wild life program which the game commission has recently announced. A comprehensive plan has been worked out "to raise streams, lakes, fields and forests to the ideal for fishing and hunting as rapidly as humanly possible." Surveys on streams and lakes for fish-planting and on fields and woods for game management have been launched. A brochure has been published outlining the whole program with the catchy slogan "To Make Oregon Famous for Fun".

The figures quoted show an annual income value of \$20,000,000 from Oregon's wild life, or an asset value of \$100,000,000. As the fame of Oregon's fish and game resources spreads there will be increasing realization on this asset through the visits here of tourists from other states.

All that is required now is real co-operation among the sportsmen with the commission. If the contention and private vendetta and wire-pulling are suppressed for a time the commission will perform a fine piece of work for the state.

Geer Sisters Visit With Relatives in Portland for Week

WALDO HILLS, Sept. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Geer and daughters, Vesper and Reba, motored to Portland Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Geer returned that evening but the girls remained for a long visit with their aunt, Miss Myrtle Moore. They will return in time to begin high school at Silverton.

Labor day visitors at the Frank Egan home were Mr. and Mrs. William Greenburg and daughter, Bertha Jane, all of Portland. Mrs. E. J. Morley and sons, Lloyd and Everett of Stayton.

Mrs. E. A. Finley and children Teddy and Norma are home from a week's visit in Condon.

Max Scriber and Victor Rice who are in Juneau, Alaska, tell of the boys' enjoyment of the country and their new friends. The boys both of whom are employed, have decided to stay there another year.

Decay

By ESTILL L. BRUNK, M. D.
Marion County Department of Health

Decay in the teeth is usually detected by a sharp pain when eating something sweet, allowing the tooth to come in contact with cold air. Ache in the tooth is nearly always preceded by decay. Unless decay has advanced to the stage where the nerve is involved it may readily be filled with the proper materials to restore normal function. If the tooth is not given immediate care the decay will eventually involve the nerve which usually results in the loss of the tooth impairing function and esthetics.

Frequently, decayed teeth will become abscessed. This is usually preceded by severe pain, soreness of the surrounding tissues, swelling and general discomfort. An abscess usually manifests itself by a feeling of fullness around the tooth, involvement of a small eruption on the side of the jaw commonly referred to as a "gum boil".

Heart May Be Affected
Abscesses are usually classed as "chronic" and "acute". A chronic abscess is usually of long standing and is not usually accompanied by discomfort or pain. An acute abscess is accompanied by swelling, redness of the gum tissues, pain and a general discomfort. If permitted to remain it usually breaks open and the side of the tooth is involved. The pus drains out into the mouth and into the blood stream.

Abscesses may cause serious heart lesions, headaches, eye and ear trouble and general run down condition. It is false economy to permit a tooth to ache before visiting the dentist. It is much easier to fill a tooth when the cavity is small. Less discomfort and expense is incurred and frequently the cost is much less. Have your teeth examined regularly. Your teeth are priceless, protect and guard them well.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any questions in your mind, write that question out and mail it to the Marion County Department of Health. The answer will appear in this column. Name and address required, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

September 11, 1906
A bloody tragedy, the outcome of a drunken brawl on the part of a crew of tough hoppers at St. Paul, resulted in death to the town marshal, J. A. Krechler; mortal wounds to a stranger whose identity could not be learned, pistol shot wounds to three others, including Albert Lambert. Several others were severely beaten in the encounter which happened in the saloon of William Murphy.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11—The Call tomorrow will say: "The Southern Pacific company has decided to build a coast line to Portland at once. It will run direct from Corvallis to Coos Bay and from Coos Bay to Eureka. It is generally believed in railroad circles that the Southern Pacific is trying to head a hostile movement on the part of the builders of the Western Pacific who are looking with eager eyes upon the Oregon country."

One of the prominent exhibitors of horses at the fair this week is A. C. Ruby of Pendleton, who has 12 head on display.

September 11, 1921
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10—Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, motion picture actor, was booked at the city prison on a murder charge late tonight in connection with the death Friday of Miss Virginia Rappe, film actress, following a party in Arbuckle's suite at a hotel here last Monday.

The extension of electric service to that fine farming district just east of Salem known as Four Corners, is one of the early probabilities. It is understood that 23 homes in that district would be willing to take electric service from the Portland Railway, Light and Power company. If arrangements can be made to extend the wires.

Judge John McCourt of Portland, who recently was appointed by Governor Olcott to be a member of the supreme court to succeed Justice Charles A. Johns, has purchased the Thomas C. Campbell property at North Fourteenth and Court streets.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you feel there is any chance for Moyle and Allen, trans-Pacific fliers?"

N. Christensen, soap manufacturer, 547 Market street: "I believe they will come in by foot. I don't fear for them."

Phil Hansen, student: "Sure, a whole oceanful of chance—for them not to come back."

Mrs. Mason Bishop, home maker: "I feel rather anxious about them. The ocean is awfully wide!"

Martha Sprague, student: "They have turned up so I suppose they are lost."

Mrs. R. C. Hunter, home maker: "The chances are against even."

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



HOME DOCTORING DOESN'T CHASE ANYTHING AWAY FROM YOU. It's a NEWLY DISCOVERED SERUM INCREASES A COW'S MILK SUPPLY. THE SERUM IS INJECTED INTO THE COW'S BLOOD.

Tomorrow—Skating on Hypo Ice!

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Kincald's reminiscences:

(Continuing from yesterday.)
"Returning to my home, I arrived at the family home, in the hills about three miles southeast of Eugene, about the last week in December, in the year 1857, having been away a little more than 31 months, tramping and working wherever I could find employment, in southern Oregon and California, usually on ranches at about \$25 a month. During my absence my father had purchased six acres of land in the southern part of Eugene, at the south end of Olive street, now in almost the center of town, and had the deed made to me."

"In October, 1856, I started east, intending to visit a world's fair to be held in Paris, France, the next year. I went with my friend Congressman J. H. D. Henderson, to Washington, D. C., to spend the winter there and witness the proceedings of congress and the scenes at the national capital, and then intended to go on to France the next summer. I went to Portland and from Portland to San Francisco by steamer. At San Francisco he engaged the same stateroom for both of us on the new steamer Montana, which had just been sent around Cape Horn."

"At Aspinwall, or Colon, we were put on board an old steamer called the Ocean Queen. When in sight of Cuba the boat caught fire and the officers expected it would be destroyed. They got the life boats ready, and we all expected to be drowned or drowned, unless we could escape in the life boats to Cuba, which was about eight miles north. But after great efforts the fire was put out. One engine was disabled, and the steamer ran to New York with one engine. We were 21 days making the trip, about 7000 miles, from San Francisco to New York. We ran down a tug in the Hudson river and sank it just before landing at the wharf."

"We remained a day or two in New York at the old Astor House. I put in the time sight seeing. I climbed to the top of Trinity church, walked from the Battery to Central Park, and saw more of New York City in one day than many people born and raised there had seen in a life time. On the cars, going from Jersey City to Washington, Mr. Henderson introduced me to Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, the famous champion of freedom."

"The first day in Washington I visited the dome of the capitol, the Smithsonian institute, the patent office and many of the public buildings, and saw more of the city than many who had resided there all their lives. Before congress assembled Mr. Henderson and I went to Richmond and Petersburg, Va., to see the famous battlefield of Petersburg where the last great battle was fought between the Union and Confederate armies before Lee surrendered to Grant."

"As my position in Washington was a pleasant one, and I was promoted from time to time, I remained there about 14 years, during the sessions of congress,

the very best fliers, and apparently from what one gathers these two men attempted a hard feat before they were properly prepared."

C. K. Logan, reporter: "I suppose the crabs have them by now."

Eva Roberts, county assessor's office: "I suppose they are in the ocean and gone."

John W. Ritchie, Oregon Electric agent: "Hard to tell."

W. G. Kresger, real estate agent: "I think they will show up."

Daily Thought

"Habit is a cable: we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we can not break it."—Horace Mann.

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

READ THIS FIRST

Katharine Faring is the rightful owner of the Czarina rubies, hidden when her grandfather, Prince Murinov, was slain by a revolutionary mob. Her friend, Frank Severn, goes to Russia, finds them and entrusts them to Paul Federoff, who reaches England; only to be slain at a country place called Monksilver.

Severn returns and hides himself at his own country home, Beggars Court, and calls upon his friend Jim Wynter for help. However, he is kidnaped before Wynter can reach him.

Katharine, once a successful violinist, has given up her career because of an injury to her wrist. She is poor. Jim Wynter rescues her from the unwelcome attentions of Lester Mallin, who has fallen but no back from Severn tells her of Severn's kidnaping and she suggests that the unfortunate man may be held prisoner at Monkilver, where she believes the rubies are hidden. Wynter resolves to go there immediately. En route, Wynter is attacked by a gang of passing in another car driven by Creyke, his servant.

NOW GO ON:

Chapter XV
Not far down the road Jim Wynter came upon the house. In the dim obscurity he saw that Monkilver was not his eyes in faded gilt lettering from a pair of tall oak gates. Behind them an uncare-d-for, weed-grown drive ran through a neglected wilderness of garden to the house. The house lay so far back from the road, so shut in by trees that little more than stray strays of it were obtainable through the yellowing Autumn leaves.

Eagerly Wynter twisted the great iron handle before he realized that the gates were fast. They were chained up and padlocked, as though the house was shut up and not even inhabited now by a caretaker.

This unexpected rebuff brought a sudden anxious frown to his face. Had he been mistaken after all in believing that it could only be Monkilver that Creyke was driving?

Jim Wynter stood staring with puzzled eyes at the chained-up gates. Surely if a car had driven to this house within the last ten minutes a car that presumably would be leaving again, he would hardly have found the gates locked like this.

He peered down the dim, shadowy drive towards the house behind the screen of trees, its windows, so far as he could see, all in darkness. Had he been tantalized by that fleeting glimpse of the missing man only to lose the trail again?

Then a quick eager exclamation broke from Wynter.

A light had suddenly glomed out through the trees from one of the windows of the dark house. The gates might be locked; but Monkilver at least was not deserted!

"Good enough," Jim Wynter said to himself, "but what ceremony he climbed over that padlocked gate."

The light had vanished now from that upper window as he made his way down the long drive, avoiding the gravel in the rank grass that grew at the side. He did not want the sound of his footsteps through the quiet night to give warning of his approach. He did not know yet who was responsible for that light. Possibly it was the caretaker, or possibly still on the other hand, it might not be a caretaker, but an enemy; and in this house of dark memories and secrets it might be well to walk warily.

The long, winding avenue



Creyke was dead, with a knife wound above his heart to show how he had died.

brought him out into an open, gravelled space in front of the great house. The night was almost moonless, but in the dim starlight Monkilver stood but vaguely defined, the front in unbroken darkness again. Not even a gleam of light showed through the faint light above the hall door.

Wynter stopped suddenly dead. He had not seen it at first, hidden in the deep obscurity—but there before him was the car that had passed him on the road! Its lights had been extinguished, and it had been run off the gravelled sweep into the shadow of the trees that overhung the open space; but as Wynter took a quick step nearer he recognized it almost beyond question as the same car. Not a fruitless journey after all.

The driver was still sitting in the car; in the dimness Wynter's eyes could just make out the vague figure of the chauffeur, who did not even turn his head, as if still unaware of the silent approach of the newcomer.

Nor did he turn as Wynter strode quickly up to the car emptied now of its passenger, as a glance told him. Frank Severn, after being driven here, must have been taken into the house—and Creyke was going to explain why, Wynter promised himself grimly.

"Well, Creyke, my man," he said suddenly, his voice, though not raised, sounded curiously loud in the hushed stillness of the night, "so it seems you could have told us, after all, about Mr. Severn's disappearance."

Silence.

He was surprised that the man from that upper window as he approached, still more surprised that Creyke did not turn now with a start at the sudden challenge. But the man in the driver's seat neither moved or spoke, his half-averted face a vague white blur in the shadow.

Impatiently Wynter thrust in a hand through the window of the car to grip Creyke's arm. With the mere touch of his hand the man inside fell forward queerly, stiffly, like some marionette. And Wynter caught his breath, a little cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

Faintly through the breathless night a sound reached him, as Wynter stood hesitating, a sound that seemed to come from the upper room where that light was—a long, shuddering moan. Was it from Frank Severn? Throwing all restraining prudence to the winds, Jim Wynter stole on tiptoe across the gravelled opened space to the front door.

And unexpectedly the door was ajar! He paused listening for a second, then softly pushed the door a little way back, it opened on a broad, dark hall. On its threshold that moaning sound reached him again.

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

COUNT BALKS AT AIR DUEL



Maybe you thought duels were past—like the street car you just missed. Well for that matter, the particular proposed encounter on the "field of honor" that we're talking about is all over. And the reason is so modern that it gives the whole affair an unmistakable touch of comedy. It all started when Count Anton Coeran, an Austrian nobleman, is said to have stared at the striking picture of Hilde Zimmerman, German beauty, and fiancée of Captain Charles L. Lincoln, English actor and former Royal Air Force officer, in a Carlisle hotel. Capt. Lincoln, objecting to the Count's alleged rudeness took him to task to the extent of knocking him down. Coeran countered with a challenge to a duel, the Captain to pick the weapons. But when the former flier selected a duel in the air with machine guns, the Count hastily retreated and diplomatically forgot all about his challenge.

China Prepares For War After Month of Peace

SHANGHAI, Sept. 10.—(AP)—Only one month of peace has elapsed since the ill-timed rebellion of General Shih Yu-Sha was crushed in the north, but China today was girding herself for another civil war.

Five Killed as Safety Mining Plant Burns up

BENTON, Ill., Sept. 10.—(AP)—Five men were killed and one seriously injured Wed. when powder used in the manufacture of cordox shells in one of the buildings of the Safety Mining company plant here ignited, trapping six men in a blazing inferno. Four others at work in the building escaped with minor burns.