

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Edison Ends His Labors

THOMAS A. EDISON harnessed science. Some have said that he had no rating as a scientist. Perhaps not, so far as "pure" science goes. But Edison took the facts of science and gave them useful application. He was essentially the inventor, the "wizard" whose ceaseless experimenting contrived new devices to lighten the burden of human labor, to shorten time required in performing tasks, and to make life more convenient. If he made no explorations into the field of the unknown and developed no new scientific theories or discovered new laws of physics and chemistry he did utilize the facts of "pure" science and set them to work for humanity.

Edison came to the laboratory through a native curiosity, not through school or college studies. His fooling with phosphorus while a news butcher on a Grant Trunk train cost him his job and impaired his hearing when the irate conductor fired him and cuffed him. Fortunately for the world this rough treatment did not stifle that inner urge for making substances do tricks, particularly this new stuff of electricity whose chief practical use in Edison's boyhood was in telegraphy.

So Edison became the patron saint of all boys who like to work with their hands, make radio sets, fly kites, make toy engines that will go. His life was a long edition of "Popular Mechanics" and he has been the inspiration of thousands of lads for two generations.

What a contrast there is in the world of our own day with that civil war days when Edison, a mere lad, started out for himself. And how much of that transformation is due to his mechanical genius! He was born in the steam age and died in the electrical age.

Edison took the crude telegraph on which he clicked out messages and invented the automatic telegraph. He improved the transmitter of telephones. He built the first electric railway and the trolley replaced the horse car. He found a world dimly lit at night with oil lamps and gas lights. He invented the incandescent light which has changed night to day. The dictaphone, the phonograph are others on the long list of his inventions or of his improvements of existing crude devices.

To Edison were allotted 84 years of life, and his mature years were devoted to labor unceasingly. He slept but a few hours each night, and spent the remainder of his time in his laboratory carrying forward his experiments. Yet he was thoroughly human, enjoying the friendship of John Burroughs, Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone. Contacts with Ford and Firestone gave him the idea for the problem he was working on at the time of his death—the extraction of rubber from some domestic plant, so as to make America free from need for rubber imports.

It is not surprising that one so objectively minded was not a "believer" in the common meaning of the term. He dealt with facts, with things. If he was a dreamer, his dreams were with matters material not with speculations of religion or philosophy. He was not an atheist, and he revered a supreme intelligence; but he formulated no creed of his own and accepted none of the historic creeds. In his last illness, when asked about his belief in immortality he said: "No one knows"; "If there is life hereafter or if there is none, it does not matter". Edison at least was one who needed no promise of heavenly reward or threat of eternal punishment to keep him working and laboring and devising things for the service of humanity. Whether to Edison's soul or body be vouchsafed immortality, we do not know; but his name and his inventions have won for his name a permanence beyond our present measure.

Correct This Sentence

DR. FRANK H. VIZETELLY, noted grammarian and lexicographer, the Detroit Free Press and the Portland Oregonian have been debating the correctness of the following sentence by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university:

"Save the ancient Roman empire and Great Britain, no people in history has ever been so closely intertwined with the whole civilized world as are the American people today."

Their debate is whether Dr. Butler should have said "no other people in history", Dr. Vizetelly asserting that the word "other" should have been used. The Detroit paper added and abetted by the Oregonian points out that "other" is not required, the phrase beginning with the word "save" operating in fact as a "saving clause". They recast the sentence thus:

"No people in history, save the ancient Roman empire and Great Britain, has ever been so closely intertwined with the whole civilized world as are the American people today."

What seems queer to us is that all parties have overlooked the bad grammar of a change in number of the verb form with the same word "people" for subject, thus: "no people in history has ever been"; and "the American people are". In the former clause people is considered collectively and the singular form of the verb is used; and there should be no change in construction for the second clause.

When Pres. Elliot of Harvard died, the story was given an "inside" position in many papers, while Rudolph Valentino, movie star, who died at the same time, got the front page break. The papers didn't make the same "mistake" again. Sunday The Statesman had Al Capone conviction and Edison's death, and although the Edison story did not come in till 12:40 a. m. the front page was remade and the report of the death of the great inventor given the most prominence. The Statesman was the only paper in the state with the full news. The death of Edison and his biography in its full Sunday edition. Portland papers arriving here did not have even a bulletin of his death. In order to make the country points the Portland papers have to close their forms about two hours earlier than The Statesman, which gives this paper a considerable advantage in reporting happenings of well past midnight.

The Register-Guard of Eugene is getting raised by OSC friends for its comments on the audit report of OSC finances. The R-G is not wholly to blame; for the board of higher education thought they had "uncovered" something when the audit showed more money on hand than was anticipated June 30th. The board immediately put a lien on the money for redistribution, so they gave the newspaper reporters who were present the idea that there was \$199,000 of a "fund". The trouble was not that the board was ignorant of affairs but that they did not take time to study the audit report and compare it with previous estimates and with previous allocation of funds.

Anyway Hoover's done as good a job with depression as Wilson did in keeping us out of war.

Cleanliness

By C. C. DAUER, M. D. Marion County Dept., of Health. Most people prefer to be clean because it gives them a sense of personal satisfaction. Lack of cleanliness is apt to lay one open to adverse criticism: people usually do not care to associate with those who are not clean. A filthy clerk in a grocery store or meat market does not bring a store any prestige or new business. Employers in Dr. C. C. Dauer many places do not want an unclean employee unless the work they do is such that soiled clothing should be worn. A clean skin is as important as clean clothes, from the standpoint of health as well as aesthetics. A dirty finger when cut will become infected more easily than a clean one. Lepetis develops among unclean children more commonly than among clean ones. It has been demonstrated that a clean skin will ward off disease germs more easily than a dirty skin.

Dirty Breeds Bacteria. Dirty skins are covered not only by dirt but also by oil and sweat from the tiny glands of the skin. Bacteria will survive longer on such skin and often penetrate the other layers. When they have once penetrated this protective covering, disease of some nature may develop, boils and pus infections more commonly. On the other hand, bacteria on a clean skin cause trouble less often; in fact they will live for a short time, while on the unclean skin they may survive for long periods of time. Cleanliness of a city or community not only means a more attractive place but also a healthier place. Filth provides means for disease producing germs. Flies and other insects which may carry disease find filthy locations excellent places in which to breed. Clean people usually will not tolerate filthy surroundings, so a dirty community usually indicates a careless, unclean people.

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

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "What is your belief about the place of Thomas Edison in history?"

O. P. West, Boy Scout executive: "He was one of the most outstanding men of the country, or the world, for that matter. Why, he did more than George Washington did."

J. C. Nelson, head of the high school history department: "As near representative of this industrial age in this country of any one we've produced. This is a machine, an industrial age. If you have to pick any man to represent it, I think Edison is the nearest."

W. A. Dezell, democrat leader: "Edison was a wonderful man, one of the world's greatest. One notes that he cared little for money; he always thought in terms of humanity's welfare."

Al Adolph, Warner Bros. theater: "Edison made it possible for the marvelous sound pictures with which the public is being presented today. His place in history will be hard to measure."

Marian Morange, Willamette university instructor: "I am not

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

"THIS BABY NEEDS A RATTLE"



BALLYSCANLON, ENGLISH RACEHORSE, WINS RACES ONLY WHEN A TIN CAN, FILLED WITH STONES, IS TIED TO ITS SADDLE. THE HORSE WON'T RUN WITHOUT ITS RATTLE!



Tomorrow: "She Shakes a Wicked Hoof!"

BITS for BREAKFAST By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Following the Flag:" The little book with the above title was briefly reviewed in Sunday's issue. It is a diary of a soldier's wife, well and pleasantly written by Alice Applegate Sargent, daughter of Lindsay and niece of Jesse Applegate, noted Oregon pioneers. Her soldier husband was Col. Herbert H. Sargent, brave fighter, able commander, and author of the best book on our campaign in Cuba, according to President Roosevelt.

"My Answer" Sleep well, beloved dead who lie in Flanders fields; The soft winds bend the poppies' heads, They shed slow tears above your beds, Sleep well, we have kept faith with you, And still fight on. The great guns boom, the deadly missiles fly; The torch you gave we still lift high. To light brave men to victory, Sleep well, oh valiant dead, where larks sing low! And all the brilliant poppies bloom and glow in Flanders fields. "Washington, D. C., Oct. 29, 1918.

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS" By John McCrae In Flanders fields the poppies grow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place, and in the sky The larks, still bravely singing, fly, Scarce heard among the guns below. We are the dead; short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie in Flanders fields. Take up our quarrel with the foe!

an authority on science, but it seems to me that Edison did more to make scientific inventions useful to the world at large than any other scientist of history."

MORROW'S HUMAN QUALITY MADE HIM POPULAR



AT LONDON NAVAL CONFERENCE



AS MORROW SARGENTED

Recent Photo of Dwight W. Morrow. With Mrs. Morrow. With Mrs. Callas of Mexico.

Dwight W. Morrow is mourned by not only millions of his fellow countrymen, but by a host of people in other lands whose friendship and confidence he had won by his sincerity and understanding of their human problems. Despite his association with the financial House of Morgan, Morrow always had time to serve his country and represented it at the London Naval Conference as well as in the Allied Maritime Council, for which he was honored by all the participating nations. A classmate of ex-President Calvin Coolidge at Amherst, Morrow was called in by the then Chief Executive and sent as Ambassador to Mexico at a time when relations between that country and the United States were strained almost to breaking point. After a series of informal talks with President Callas of Mexico, Morrow's charm of personality and understanding won the day and cleared away the clouds of doubt and distrust. Dwight Morrow was elected to the U. S. Senate just a year ago by a majority that testified to his popularity in New Jersey and it was a certainty that he would have played an important role in the 1932 Republican presidential campaign if he had lived.

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

Chapter XLVIII "A shame to startle you like that, my dear!" Martell laughed, like one who has played a boyish practical joke. "But I couldn't resist making you jump!"

But that had not been his real reason, Jim Wynter knew. And what Helen Blair had been so sure to say that this listening man, of whose presence behind the curtains she had dreamed, must have suspected and had deliberately arrested before those further whispered words could be spoken?

"How are you, Mr. Wynter?" Martell added with apparent cordiality, holding out his hand—a hand that Jim had to take. "I hope I didn't intrude tactlessly on any private conversation!" he added with a bland smiling smoothness.

"No, nothing private," the girl forced herself to say. "I had the feeling that she was wondering desperately how much Martell had overheard. Perhaps she guessed she must have overheard those last words and felt she must attempt to explain them away, for she went on:—"

"I was only going to warn Mr. Wynter—him? But what on earth should you have to warn Mr. Wynter about, Helen?" her stepfather said suavely. A hard man. The bearded un-English face was smiling with a glint of white teeth. But there was no sincerity in the smile, Jim, as he watched the cruel month of the mustache only partly hid, wondered how he could ever have been deceived for a moment into thinking of this man as a kindly, good Samaritan. Ruthless, deadly. As dangerous as a beast of prey in the shadows of a jungle.

Helen forced a laugh. The pitiful ghost of a laugh, Jim knew that she was shaking with fear. She could not keep that fear out of her eyes—and behind her fear was a gleam of desperate hatred of this smooth smiling man.

"Oh, just a playful warning," she said, trying to make her tones sound light. "Mr. Sant has been talking about the collapse of a wall soon after Mr. Wynter's in jest, but anything else I was going to warn him not to run further risks there."

Her explanation was a makeshift, of course; Jim knew that. He was so lame and halting an explanation that Martell had been exploring the ruins of Jim's jest, but anything else I was going to warn him not to run further risks there."

"My Answer" Sleep well, beloved dead who lie in Flanders fields; The soft winds bend the poppies' heads, They shed slow tears above your beds, Sleep well, we have kept faith with you, And still fight on. The great guns boom, the deadly missiles fly; The torch you gave we still lift high. To light brave men to victory, Sleep well, oh valiant dead, where larks sing low! And all the brilliant poppies bloom and glow in Flanders fields. "Washington, D. C., Oct. 29, 1918.

"My years with the army convinced me of the necessity of preparedness; preparedness as advocated by George Washington, by Theodore Roosevelt, and by the leading officers of our army and navy. To be so well prepared that no other nation shall dare molest or make us afraid.

"Nobility wants war, least of all those who have had it to face; we want peace, but in order to have peace we must be prepared to fight. For our country and our fires, For the green graves of our sires, God and our native land."

"At two o'clock on morning I heard the newboys in Dupont circle crying, 'Extra, extra!' They carried the message that brought joy to the world, the signing of the armistice."

"Soon after the close of the war my husband was relieved from active service; for over two years he had been in Italy. We left Washington on Thanksgiving day, and I cannot express the joy I felt when our train pulled out for the west, and the rails seemed to click this refrain: 'The war is over; the war is over; we are going home; we are going home!'

"This ends my little narrative. I am proud and thankful to have been for so many years of my life with the army of the United States, the army that has never known defeat."

Col. Sargent died several years ago. Mrs. Sargent occupies "Casa Grande," the home in historic old Jacksonville, Oregon. She is the aunt of Lillian G. Chesapeake, 1283 Chesapeake street, Salem, daughter of two prominent Oregon pioneer families.

The Sargents missed service across the sea in the World war, which they yearned for after the United States had declared war. Although recommended for command of a brigade by former President Roosevelt and 24 general officers of the U. S. army, Col. Sargent was not named, giving him the most bitter disappointment of his life. Mrs. Sargent, hoping with her husband to follow the flag in that conflict, continued in the hospital work in which she had been a helper in so many campaigns; an addition she made to the service by taking both courses in first aid. She received her certificate and was registered in Washington as a "cadet" or nurse's helper—only to learn later that the age limit for cadets was 35 years; so she was too old to serve.

She wrote in her book of her meeting in Washington with Madame Maria Bochkareva, commander of the Russian women's "battalion of death," the members of which were nearly all killed or wounded. When she had sufficiently recovered from severe wounds for travel, she came to America hoping to secure help for her people.

The Bits man has found the Alice Applegate Sargent book a very human story, and intensely interesting.

Jim's mind. These anonymous letters, addressed in what looked like a disguised woman's hand; had Helen Blair been the writer? The postmark of the first had been Trayne—and she had been staying at Trayne. Who else but she could have written them? Martell's laugh cut across those swiftly crowding thoughts.

"I should think Mr. Wynter hardly needs your warning—but a very kindly thought, my dear!" And Jim would have liked to strike the speaker's mouth with the faint sneer behind his smooth smile. "It has been very interesting to me to see Beggars' Court," Mr. Wynter, Martell added, crossing toward the other two men and shaking hands with Bill. "These old houses make a strong appeal to me. And, of course, it's a great pleasure to meet you again, Mr. Wynter, on my first visit here. For you, as a friend of Mr. Beggars' Court, I'm afraid, with this grim inexplicable mystery hanging over it."

He paused, turning to Sant. "By the way, I was very near Beggars' Court two night ago," he added. Sant looked at Martell with admirably simulated surprise. "As you know, I'm staying with a brother medic at Trayne," Martell went on, "and I drove over with him to see a patient in the village here, the wife of the landlord of the inn—I forget its name."

"The Cross Keys," suggested Sant. "I fancy it was some such name."

Jim smiled inwardly. He realized perfectly that a little comedy was being played for his benefit. These two rogues suspected that it was he who had rung up Martell at the Cross Keys, giving his name as Martell, and Martell's words now were an attempt, a very unconvincing attempt, at a disarming explanation.

It was rather an odd situation, Jim felt, that appealed a little grimly to one's sense of humor. To be sitting here as if in friendly intimacy with the very man who had engineered that treacherous conspiracy against Frank Severn and who had not shrunk from the further cold-blooded crime of murder.

From across the room the violin music still drifted through their talk, the strains of "Chantrelle," that Katharine once played with such exquisite feeling, to draw Jim's thoughts intermittently away from that dark web of mystery that had fallen over Beggars' Court like an evil withering blight.

Jim's eyes wandered across to Helen Blair as she sat almost silent and unremoved. What was it she had begun to warn him of? He was touched by a measureless pity. It was plain how this girl's spirit had been dominated and crushed by the stepfather she so evidently feared. Feared—yet perhaps how desperately she might long to be free of his domination, could not or dared not seek that freedom.

Well, it might be that freedom was coming for her sooner than she could have hoped for and in a way she little dreamed.

"It won't be our fault, and Haste's if it doesn't, pretty soon!" Jim said to himself now.

Impassioned Helen's name was in itself a good omen. "By the way, Sant," Martell was saying, "I don't think there's much the matter with your man servant Martin. Just a slight chill. I've told him what to do for it."

"You were speaking of the Cross Keys just now. That's where Martell has a cronny, eh?" drawled Bill Grayson from the depths of his easy chair. "A couple of nice bright lads, Martin and Frome. Between them they nearly got your medical friend another patient, Dr. Martell, on the night you speak of."

Martell frowned. "Sant was telling me about that. This man—Frome—I think you said his name was—firing at random to scare off supposed trespassers, by rights, of course, he ought to be have been locked up. Such reckless stupidity is criminal."

Martell stopped dead in the middle of his words, his head turned in a sudden listening attitude. The sound of footsteps running excitedly across the hall had broken in upon them.

There came a hurried tap at the door and swiftly upon it the door

was flung open with an unbecoming lack of ceremony on the part of the man of whom they had just spoken.

Martin's face at the open doorway was white and incredibly startled, as if from some shock. He was breathing like a man who had been running hard. His scared eyes seemed to be starting out of his head.

"Good Lord, Martin—" began Sant in frowning displeasure. "Mr. Sant! Mr. Sant!" broke out the man. "Can I speak to you at once?" With the first sight of his white unnerfed face Sant had started up. He went quickly out into the hall, shutting the door after him. Through the closed door those within the room could hear low excited voices, and then suddenly one of the voices, Martin's voice, went furiously unuttered in his strangely excited mood.

The raised shaking voice floated into the room audible to every one there above the dying strains of the gramophone: "I tell you I saw him! Escaped! Who had escaped? A startled gleam had crept into Jim Wynter's eyes as the odd phrase reached him. Who had escaped—and what had happened? The atmosphere had suddenly become electric. Jim glanced suddenly across at Martell. He could see that the other man was no less startled, on tenterhooks of suspense. "Escaped!" Martell had started up from his chair, as if his first unguarded impulse had been to run out after went into the hall to learn the news. Martell had brought—news no doubt that meant as much to him as to Sant.

And just then came a sudden sharp tap on one of the curtained windows. Just for a moment as though everyone present was too much taken by surprise, no one moved.

Again the sound, tap-tap! Bill went on their feet. Wynter and Martell crossed to the window. Jim was nearest, reached it first. He dragged aside the curtains. From the misty night outside, thrown up vividly in the light from the room, a face was staring in at them. A face, haggard, desperate. A cry broke from Jim, "My God! Frank!"

(To be continued)

Tapping

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(To be continued)

The Safety Valve - Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman: A news item appears in your issue of October 15, mentioning the possibilities of another of those unsightly, hick town wooden bridges being built on south about the only wooden bridge of its kind left in town.

I am not posted on the financial situation but if I were a member of the city council I believe I would do about as the old farmer of the horse and buggy days did as he was driving into his buggy shed. The cracker to his buggy caught in the wheel. He hired man to watch the whip bend as he drove in but did not stop and save the whip. The old farmer replied: "Hell, man, do you suppose I would stop when I was so near in? I would have gone on if Hell had cracked."

We have finished our concrete bridge program. Let's make a fill at both ends and it necessary wait for a time until we can finance a bridge in harmony with the others and our beautiful city. Let's finish it if Hell cracks. EUGENE T. PRESOTT, 1964 Oak St.

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

October 20, 1906 Citizens of North Salem, stating that they were taken into the city limits against their will, declare that they will make themselves felt in the coming municipal election, demanding that they receive police protection, street-light and water service of which they now have none.

Upward in the price of hops are coming frequently. Hops were selling in New York yesterday for 25 cents, meaning a good profit for growers.

CHICAGO—Repeal of the 15th amendment to the constitution will be sought by Governor Fardeman of Mississippi if he is elected United States senator, it was announced today. He declares a crisis exists in the south on the matter of white supremacy or negro domination.

October 20, 1921 ROSEBURG—A circuit jury last night brought in a verdict of guilty of first degree murder in the case of Dr. Richard M. Brunst, field charged with the slaying on July 13 of Dennis Russell, a farmer.

More than 3,000 people joined last night at the armory in the greatest community sing ever held in the northwest. Governor Olcott, Mayor George L. Baker of Portland and Mayor Halvorsen of Salem were present.

PARIS—A bomb, sent labeled as a gift of perfume, exploded in the apartment of American Ambassador Myron T. Herrick here yesterday morning. No one was injured.

ESCAPES



Vanessa Belle Patterson (above), 17, kin of Mrs. Carrie Simmons, on trial at Lebanon, Ind., for the poison murder of one of her young daughters, stopped eating the picnic sandwich she was enjoying when she bit into and discovered a capsule, which later was found to contain strychnine, according to authorities. Miss Patterson was used by the prosecution as a witness against Mrs. Simmons.

Daily Thought

"Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution of all the powers of the soul; and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But, we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and dampen our spirits, with transient, unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life."—Addison.