The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Will Seattle Fiddle?

EMPEROR NERO bears the reputation of having fiddled while Rome burned. In fact some have imputed to him the crime of arson claiming he ordered the burning of the city. The fiddling story and the tales of his cruelty to the early Christians have accompanied his name all through the centuries.

Now the city of Seattle, in some of its departments at any rate, is either burning up or freezing up. Its street car system, municipally owned, is about to cease operations because there is no money to pay the employes. The light department is unable to get bids for bonds to finance its expansion. The city hall continues to be gripped by politics.

Meantime a city election is coming on. And the man who is attracting the most attention in the mayoralty fight is an orchestra leader, Vic Meyers. With all the eclat of a professional politician Meyers has stolen the show in the primary campaign. He has wisecracked his way into prominence with such catch-phrases as:

"I think maybe a small saloon in Seattle would pay".
"A hostess on every street car".
"A piccolo player for chief of police".

Thus are the weighty problems of municipal government solved. Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Vic Meyers would blow the saxophone while Seattle froze up. The public, so intent on seeing a free show, will vote for Meyers in large numbers, thinking to forget their communal ills by pink pills of jazz music. Thousands will vote for Meyers to avoid grappling with their problems. He may not win, but from this distance would appear to have quite as good chance as the others.

An orchestra leader might promote "harmony", but Meyers offers nothing but entertainment. He will provide the circuses and let someone else look after furnishing bread. But the jazz will pall after a time. The colors will fade. Confetti is just dirty paper in strings on the morning after. Our guess is that Seattle, if it elects Meyers who is admittedly the best showman, will wake up with a headache before very long. That is not unusual for Seattle it is true, and will merely give it occasion for another recall.

Revolt of the Service Men

THE action of the service men in Salem last week in holding a mass meeting independent of any organization to petition for immediate payment of soldiers' compensation shows the strain that leaders of organizations are under. Unless the leaders fall in line, they may be unhorsed and others more radical in their demands will take their places.

It is recalled that at the Detroit convention of the American Legion that body at the personal request of Pres. Hoover, desisted from making further demands for payments at the present time, in view of the condition of the treasury. The action of the national body was acquiesced in for the most part, but more recently there have been signs of revolt from this decision. The Portland post adopted a resolution calling for immediate payment. Now the Salem group of ex-service men, regardless of organization, adopt similar resolutions.

The situation illustrates the difficulty which organization executives have in restraining the demands of members who are either more insistent or more impetuous. Outsiders are easily apt to criticize the leadership of the Legion for example without appreciating the fact that behind the leaders and executives are hundreds of thousands of virile and aggressive men, who when they have demands do not hesitate to voice them so the whole country may hear.

We see the senate finance committee has decided not to enact any general veterans aid legislation this session; so the mass meeting resolutions will be of no avail at the present time. The country may be sure however that the demands will be pressed and before many years pass, will be granted by congress.

Another Survey?

ONE provision of the new policy adopted by Commissioners Ainsworth and Hanley of the highway commission is the importation of some engineer from the federal bureau of roads to make a study of the administration of the Oregon highway department. It is hard to keep a straight face when we read this. Didn't the state import "exports" from the federal bureau of education to show us how to save money on our higher institutions? And didn't we get a bill for $38,000 and recommendations for spending a whole lot more money?

When one learns economy he does not go to school to federal bureaus. There the art of job-holding has been developed most highly; and with the barricade of civil service for protection administrative inefficiency becomes proverbial. If there is any surveying to be done, we would suggest sending one of our own executives back to Washing to teach a few lessons on management of bureaus there.

The state highway commission shrinks from its own job. It seems to us ludicrous to adopt a blind order for a 30% reduction without a most thorough-going analysis of present administration conditions. Such a survey is what we have been urging the commission to undertake on its own motion and carry forward by itself. It would have we feel sure the cooperation of the present staff; and the report would point the way to genuine economies.

And by the way, what became of the Dieck survey made a year ago? Wasn't that to enable the governor to effect reforms in the highway department?

We hear no more about the chance of Sen. McNary being appointed justice of the supreme court to succeed ex-Justice Holmes. It is not likely we will. Ralph Williams, vice-chairman of the republican national committee, is in Washington. It is hardly probable that he would do anything to advance the interests of McNary who is a non-reservation republican. And the fact that his successor in the senate would be a Meier appointee would be plenty to call up a Williams veto. With Hoover depending on the national committee to grease the machinery for his renomination, Williams' veto power would be almost absolute.

Lay Sermon

EXECUTING THE "WISE MEN"

"At this answer the king became so angry and so very furious that he gave orders to destroy all the wise men of Babylon."—Daniel II:12.

Change king to president; wise men to economic experts; and Babylon to New York and the time from 600 B. C. to 1928-1932 A. D. and the text would work just as well as it did back in Daniel's time.

The king referred to was Nebuchadnezzar, ruler of Babylon. He had had a dream which disturbed him a great deal. So he called in the wise men, the magicians, sorcerers, enchanters and asked them to interpret his dream.

Thereupon they replied: "O King, live forever. First tell us what your dream was."

But Nebuchadnezzar was a wise old king. He accused them of stalling for time because he had threatened to have them hewn limb from limb if they gave him the wrong interpretation. (That was before the days of Babson's charts). The king said:

"You have conspired together to speak false and deceitful words to me hoping that a change may come."

Nebuchadnezzar must have had experience with their soothsaying before. (Perhaps he had subscribed to Moody's or Brookmire's and gotten caught in the price slump on the Babylon bourse). He knew that these prophets and interpreters always wrote their prophecies and interpretations in two-faced language. They used enough "saving clauses" and conditional phrases to save their heads if their guesses were wrong. And now he refused to tell them his dream which he demanded that they should interpret. When they said that was beyond the power even of a magician (unless he had a drag with the gods), Nebuchadnezzar got mad and was going to slaughter them in droves when Daniel came in and volunteered to tell the king what he wanted to know. Daniel made good and so became the fair-haired youth in the royal court.

This country has been a bit cynical about wise men and experts ever since the balloon burst in 1929. A collection of the sage sayings of many of the leaders of politics and finance in those days of the "new era" has been published under the title of "Oh Yeah?" With what disillusioned eyes we now read these gilded promises and assurances. And like Nebuchadnezzar how furious do we become. Fain would we hew men "limb from limb" not because of their adroit duplicity but because of their bland confidence that all was well in A. D. 1928, 1929.

In the face of such royal fury, based on royal experience, Daniel must have had a lot of nerve to relate the dream and interpret it Prophets today show no such boldness. They have quit setting dates and prophesying the future. Probably Mr. Hoover feels like this old king, and wishes he could hit upon some brilliant young Daniel to give him the correct hunch on what's around the corner.

But we could take another study of the literature of 1927-1929 and compile a very different set of quotations. We could quote Paul Warburg, who has just died, who predicted disaster in Wall street. We could quote the "old Polonius" of the financial district, the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, whose editorials were laborious jeremiads against the speculative debauch. So after all, our trouble has not been with the experts altogether, but with ourselves. We read and followed the advice that sounded good to us.

That situation prevails all the time. Counsels are nearly always conflicting. What to do, what to do? Some say one thing, some another. One set of experts may have as good a reputation as another set. From the days of Nebuchadnezzar to those of Mr. Hoover the lesson of history is to analyze the advice which is offered, whether it comes from sorcerers, from politicians, from "experts." A man dare not be just a leaner on others for opinions. He must use his own brain if only to sort out what is correct in the conflict of advice which is tendered him.

Daniel used his head . . . and saved it.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tuesday: "Running Away From Its own Noise"

Generous With Ecstatics? Well How do You Like to Hear Them?

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

It is possible, I have found, to learn almost anything by asking. Trouble is it isn't always true.

Some individuals are extremely trying—simply will not give their affectionate associates an excuse for getting mad at them.

There is not much sense in devoting two or three hours of precious time to the accomplishment of a twenty-minute errand. However, we do it. Human nature in one of its phases. There is no pleasure in drifting around socially, pleasantly wasting time, except when we should be doing something else.

Chiz Chuzzle was rated as a respectable citizen, and he departed from Napville for a strange reason. "Can't stand it any longer," he said; "too deadly dull, too horribly law-abiding." But there were no automobiles in those days and the national prohibition law was yet to come.

Such a life! Mel Mippin, reduced almost to the bread-line, received an unexpected remittance from an old debtor. For a few days, considering himself to have had a narrow escape from starvation, he ate heartily—so heartily that he became ill, and the balance of the remittance was just sufficient to pay his hospital bill.

Come to think of it, I haven't seen a "Write it 1932" pleasantry this year. Great heavens! do you reckon this depression thing has destroyed our sense of humor?

D. H. TALMADGE

Suppose Charles Lamb had not chosen "Elia" as his literary pseudonym. The world would have rolled along pretty much the same as ever, but the makers of crossroad puzzles a hundred years later would have been considerably inconvenienced. We simply cannot guess the consequences of even our most trivial actions.

The uncertainty of life—goodness knows that is certain enough. And it gives life a flavor, not invariably unpleasant, say what you will.

And there are so many things, usually small things, that are difficult to understand, aren't there? How, I wonder, did a man who rather attractively resembles a bear get the notion into his head that in order to please the buying public he must bleat like a sheep?

My attention has been called to a movie star whose facial expression is said to be "soulful," and I have taken a look at him. Another disappointment. The said facial expression suggests nothing more soulful to me than that of a dying duck.

Two people, each in an average condition of health, will sometimes differ utterly in their response to a "How are you?" One is "very well" and the other is "aw'fly miserable", and the inquirer must judge for himself as to the real condition in each case. It is little short of astonishin' how different folks who are alike are from one another.

We should accept life seriously. "Let us then be up and doing," as Mr. Longfellow says. This may be accomplished quite successfully at times by eating two pieces of loganberry pie and drinking a large glass of buttermilk at bedtime.

I have cut out out the ecstatics pretty much. I say "gosh" now and then, and occasionally I explode an "O boy", but this is about the extent of it. I don't much fancy being at the receiving end of a line of ecstactics, and it seems only fair that I should go easy at the megaphone end, so to speak.

Ecstatics and outbursts of emotion accomplish little of benefit, anyway, and in some instances years are required to live them down.

Murder is looked upon with horror by the common run of folks. Of course, and it should be. But the book market is flooded with murder stories, and the pictures are plentifully spotted with murder, and the news columns—O well, it isn't that we do not shudder thrillingly at the very suggestion of murder, but that we rather enjoy shuddering thrillingly. Murder is horrible, but so long as we have murder why deprive ourselves of the thrilling shudder? That's the idea, y'know. It may not be very creditable to us. It probably isn't. But that is the way we are.

Not everything is as it seems.

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Bob Harkness, one of the most respected ranchers on the Mexican border, is "El Coyote," the masked bandit, who has avenged the wrongs inflicted upon the peons by Paco Morales. Ted Radcliffe, the son of Bob's dead friend, Ann Reed, an entertainer at a disreputable resort, and Dr. Price are the only ones who know "El Coyote's" identity. Morales would pay well for this information and, not knowing that Ann loves "El Coyote" and is his spy, asks her to secure it. He also employs her to entangle Ted and kill his beautiful niece, Adela's, love for the American. Ann goes to warn Bob and brings Ted the news that a large tract of land controlled by Morales rightfully belongs to him. Back in her room, as Ann informs Ted of Morales' proposed trap for him, the door opens and the Spaniard enters with Adela. His purpose accomplished, he apologizes and leaves with his disillusioned niece. Downstairs, Ted receives an insinuating message from Jito, Morales' ward, who is insanely jealous of him. The inevitable clash has come and the two men battle for life or death.

And still, head down, eyes closed, sweat pouring over bloody skin, they struggled on.

CHAPTER XLV

They were motionless now, those two grotesque, hulking bodies, beneath the glare of the lights. Their clothing hung in tattered shreds. Their breathing came in agonized sobs, and already one of Jito's eyes had closed. Ted's own face was haggard, his jaw had dropped, and the blue veins on his forehead stood out like cords beneath his wet hair. Yet in this last supreme effort his aching muscles knotted as he forced Jito's captive hand still higher, still nearer the breaking point. Once more a low groan was wrung from the Mexican's lips as Ted forced his arm upward inch by inch in that killing hold. Jito's shoulder was on fire. Flinging his head back, he tried to batter the man's face with his great skull, and once his head crashed on the point of Ted's chin with a sharp crack. For an instant the American's hold weakened, then, with a last effort, strengthened, and again the merciless hammerlock tightened. Already the Mexican's great sinews were cracking with the agony and strain of it. His neck had swollen. The great head lolled from side to side in a very ecstasy of pain, but still the dark giant fought on. One gripping hand had caught Ted by the shoulder, and in a last frantic effort tore the skin with clenched nails. No sound. It might have been a place of death except for the sobbing breath of those two forms, horrible now to look at, savage, beyond all thought and all sensation except for the blood lust that rioted in both their brains. They were no longer men. They were two primeval forces of the world, symbols of clashing destinies. They were hate incarnate.

And still, head down, eyes closed, sweat pouring over bloody skin, they struggled on.

"Mother of God," one murmured hoarsely from the crowd, "never before have men fought as these men fight. They are wolves, these two, mad wolves. Look, in God's name! Now the Americano strangles him!"

For, still holding Jito's wrist in his left hand, Ted had wound his right arm closer about the Mexican's neck and little by little was tightening his hold. Jito's eyes bulged. Once a stifled gurgle rose from his torn lips. Shifting his weight to his left foot he whipped suddenly about with all the force of his right leg, in a frantic attempt to maim Ted, but he was too close. Like a dying man his free arm rose high in the air, his fingers opened and clutched horribly The man's life was being forced from his very body by this merciless antagonist.

Once among those silent spectators a form moved. One of Jito's vaqueros whipped a knife from his belt and stepped forward, but the click of a cocked automatic sounded unmistakably loud in the silent room. He looked up to see the gray eyes of Don Bob watching warily. Bob said no word, but the heavy Colt had shifted ever so little toward the Mexican who held the knife. Quickly the man dropped back into the crowd.

Then, suddenly, it was ended.

Once again the great fist of Jito raised impotently into the air, but the jerking, mighty fingers clutched nothingness, and now his knees bent and his head fell limply forward. It was over. The giant of the border was down. One last moan of agony rose from those tortured lips, and his eyes closed. As he slid to the floor, Ted threw his arms about him, raised him and carried that great, unconscious form across the room. On the bar he laid his fallen adversary and stood for a long moment watching him while his own heart pounded wildly in his breast. For a moment the room swayed. His chest rose and fell, gasping for air. Then he raised his head toward Bob and tried to smile.

The older man had turned toward the watchful little knot of vaqueros. "This man," Bob said to them in Spanish, "gives you back your chief. If he had chosen he might have killed him. We go now, but let none of you move until we are away."

Once more Ted looked at the crumpled hulk lying so strangely quiet across the bar. All hatred, all bitterness had gone out of him—he felt only a great weariness, a desire for sleep. Don Bob threw his coat over Radcliffe's shoulders and led him out into the night.

Next morning Ann Reed sat in her room smoking a late after-breakfast cigarett.. Downstairs Mendoza's was still afire with the tale of last night's encounter Through the desert ranches and toward the foothills men were spreading the tale as they rode out in the early dawn. Twice already Mendoza had thrust his dark face into the singer's room to repeat to her some word of that night's memorable battle, but now, as she looked up from beside the sunny window, Mendoza had different news.

"A señorita asks to come up." There was a quaver of excitement in his voice. "It is the Señorita Morales." For a moment the little man was silent. "It must be about that fight of those two mad giants. Qué va? All the border will know of this by night. And then what will those swaggering vaqueros of Paco Morales say?"

The long lashes of the girl lifted. She smiled and dropped the cigarette into a bowl before her. "Ask Señorita Morales to come up."

And she was still smiling when the door opened and Adela Morales stood in the doorway.

Their eyes held each other with a long, questioning look. To the older woman Adela seemed enviably young and splendidly alive as she stood there hesitant in the doorway. A shaft of light from the window touched the coppery hair curling beneath the broad-brimmed Panama. The flush of desert winds was in her cheeks. She entered and softly closed the door.

"You know who I am," she said.

Ann Reed nodded. "And I know, too, why you came. Please sit down."

As Adela pulled off her driving gloves the singer saw her lips quiver, and knew that tears were not far from her eyes. A sudden wave of sympathy for the girl caught her. She broke the silence. "You were taken in last night by what you saw here, weren't you? Just for a moment?"

Adela nodded, her eyes still bright with tears.

"Your uncle is stupid. But all men are stupid, so why complain?" The singer lighted a cigarette. "And yet that was a dangerously cruel thing to do. You know, I had to hold back that big giant of yours, or he might have made Paco Morales very sorry for himself. But you don't need me to tell you who this gringo giant of yours really loves, do you? Of course you don't. You only came to me to make sure. It was a courageous thing. I wonder if any man is worth it?"

Then slowly, dispassionately, but with relentless accuracy, Ann Reed told of Morales' earlier visit and of the offer he had made.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

NOT so long ago the word "colitis" was used by many persons without understanding its meaning. Whenever the symptoms of some intestinal disorder were vague and uncertain the term colitis was was used to describe it. Just as happened in the early days of appendicitis, colitis became a fad.

Dr. Copeland

I do not mean to say there is no such thing as colitis, nor do I deny that many suffer from this ailment; but I do wish to warn you that real colitis is not common.

This inflammation is caused by an infection. Many bacteria normally invade the colon and other parts of the large intestine. If for any reason there is a lowering in the resistance of the walls of the intestine, germs will enter and infection take place.

In colitis, usually spoken of as "mucus" colitis," the victim becomes alarmed over the mucus stools. The attacks may come on in paroxysms, and often the pain is severe and colicky in nature.

Worry, emotional excitement or faulty diet may bring on an attack. Constipation is a frequent factor. As a rule, however, there is severe diarrhea.

In treating this condition, drugs are of little value. The most important thing is attention to the diet. The food should be of a type to leave a large residue in the intestine. I refer to diet that contains a great deal of roughage. It is best that the diet be a meatless one for a short while, and particularly without much animal fat.

In addition to regulation of the diet, the colon should be cleansed daily by hot or warm irrigations. The temperature of the water should be between 110 and 115 degrees. Enough of the fluid should be used to thoroughly cleanse the colon.

Colitis is confused with a simple inflammation of the intestine known to doctors as "catarrhal enteritis." In this the chief symptom is diarrhea, and it may be caused by a variety of things.

In children, particularly, the chief cause is the use of improper food. It may follow overeating, or the taking of unripe fruit.

Many suffer from this condition because they are extremely sensitive to certain foods. The food is good, but some peculiarity of the system makes it unwelcome.

Poisons formed by the decomposition of milk and other foods may cause intestinal irritation and severe diarrhea.

A sudden change in the weather may be followed by diarrhea, and disturbances of this kind in children are common during the excessive heat of Summer.

The pain in these enteritis cases differs from that in colitis. It is less severe and is not spasmodic. Colitis is usually a chronic affair, and does not subside as quickly as the simple cases of diarrhea.

Very often change of diet and surroundings will relieve the trouble. Rest and fresh air may be enough to overcome the vague and discomforting pains of colitis.

Answers to Health Queries

M. L. L. Q.—What should a girl of 14, 5 ft. 5 in. tall weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 115 pounds, this would be about average for her age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons.

* * *

B. C. J. Q.—What do you advise for small lumps on the face?

A.—This condition is probably due to acne. Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

J. R. Q.—I am a boy 17 years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall, what should I weigh?

A.—You should weigh about 130 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of your age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons.

* * *

A. A. A. Q.—What do you advise for perspiring feet?

A.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

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Automobiles are no more numerous at the street crossings during a shower of rain than during a shower of sunshine.

The yearly weather forecasts in the almanacs are always interesting, poke fun at 'em as you will. And they are more generally interesting, human nature being what it is, when they are wrong than when they are right. The prophetic instinct is inherent in the race. It is as natural for a man to forecast events and conditions (most of which never come to pass) as it is for a baby to blow bubbles.

The most successful forecasters I have ever known were folks who explained themselves (clearly enough, too) by saying "I felt it in my bones." Such folks are, I believe, rated as boneheads by the scientific fraternity.

The bright side—humph! Gil Billick, in commenting on the horrifying mortality resulting from automobile accidents, says, "Well, it's grand for the hospitals and the undertakers and the cemetery associations." If there is any brightness in that side of the matter my old black overcoat is pink as a June sunset, that's all I've got to say.

Ken Ritt happened over from Yamhill county the other day having become weary, he said, of keeping one eye on the clock and the other on the calendar, and we went to a show together. We had no special show in mind—just dropped in at the first cinema palace we came to, and luck wasn't with us. The picture was one of the several now prevailing in which the beautiful heroine loses her head and other things in which Ken and I are not much interested, after which the long-suffering handsome hero sweeps up her moral remains, so to speak, and carries 'em off to live with happily ever after, or something like that. Ken said he didn't consider it much of a "drayma". Personally, I thought it worse than drayma—it was truck.

BROOCHES BELOW SHOULDER

NEW YORK (AP)—Brooches pinned below the shoulder on the left side of a bown are novelties in cosume accessories.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Children of the forest:
Tenas tillicums copa stick!

* * *

T. W. Davenport, in his "Recollections of an Indian Agent," in the Oregon Historical society Quarterly for September, 1907, commented on the Chinook language, familiar to all Oregon pioneers, and used very generally in talking with members of all the Indian tribes. He wrote:

* * *

"There are only a few hundred words of Chinook, but after one has experienced inability to communicate by speech with human beings, he will prize highly even such a poor and rudimentary language as the Chinook, which was the language of the tribe of that name that inhabited the lower Columbia valley (on the north side), and at the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition, in the years 1804 and 1805 (and 1806), was the most numerous and powerful of the coast tribes . . . . Commercial intercourse did for them what it does for all people, increase their knowledge and added to their stock of words.

* * *

"They came in contact with civilized men, saw and purchased

(Continued on page 7)

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "What are you looking forward to in February?"

John Heltzel, attorney: "Better business."

Harlan Judd, county clerk's office: "Saturday night: that's pinochle night."

John Nelson, advertising salesman: "Pay days."

Robert Culbertson, university student: "Fraternity initiation."

Daily Thought

"You will succeed best when you put the restless, anxious side of affairs out of mind, and allow the restful side to live in your thoughts."—Margaret Stowe.

Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 31, 1907

For driving animals on the walks of small towns, or using profane language, Representative Barrett of Umatilla county would fine the offender from $5 to $50 for each offense. His bill passed the house yesterday.

The Salem Taxpayers' league met last night and passed a resolution threatening suit if the Marion county court decides to carry out its plan of making improvements to the courthouse. Taxes already are rising too fast, they maintained.

Willamette university students have decided to give a reception soon for Professor W. C. Hawley, who has been elected a congressional representative.

January 31, 1922

Eighty years ago tomorrow the missionary pioneers of Oregon met at the old Mission, on what is now the La Follette farm on the river a few miles north of Salem, to found Willamette university.

The corner is turned and the general business prospect for the country is cheerful, Henry Clews writes in a New York financial letter.

January has been a chilly month. During 11 nights the mercury fell below the freezing point and during six, below 20 degrees. The lowest minimum was 15 degrees, on January 19. Rainfall during the month amounted to 3.10 inches.