

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## The Vice Presidency

THERE is a strong movement in Chicago to nominate some one other than Charlie Curtis for vice president. Mrs. Dolly Gann came to Chicago to prevent such a move and says her brother deserves renomination and "everyone admits it". So far as presiding competently over the senate is concerned Vice President Curtis has "made good". Assuredly he has made good socially, with the aid of the redoubtable Mrs. Gann; and in normal times possession of the social graces is a prime requisite in a vice president.

But the vice president is the next in succession to the presidency. Numerous times in our past history the vice president has advanced to the headship of the nation. Sometimes they have been men who have risen splendidly to the responsibilities thrust upon them. Other times they have been mediocrities. So Curtis should be appraised in the light of this possibility.

Curtis is 72 years old now. If reelected he will be 73 when he is sworn in again. He would be 77 at the end of the term. Now 77 is not too old for a vice president if he preserves his physical and mental vigor. But that is quite aged for one to assume the cares of the presidency if that is thrust upon him.

It would seem that Curtis should step aside for some younger man; but he is not likely to do that and Mrs. Gann who loves the social privileges which come as the vice president's hostess, will not let him relinquish his position. As Mrs. Gann is a hard scrapper for her privileges it may be predicted that she will fight through and obtain the renomination.

## Convention Absentees

THE leading distinction of the republican national convention now in session, aside from its lack of widespread interest, is the list of absentees. Here is one convention about which it will never be alleged that the senatorial junta picked the nominees. On the contrary the senators are absent. The biggest gap is the absence of Borah, who is always a "hot spot" in any political gathering. This is the first convention Borah has missed for some time. He remained away evidently because of disagreement with the administration over the prohibition plank.

Other absentees are the senate radicals like Norris, LaFollette and Brookhart. LaFollette is a delegate but we have not read of his appearance at Chicago. Brookhart was put on the sidewalk at the last primaries, and nothing has been heard from him since. Norris will not support Hoover this year; he didn't four years ago.

These senate insurgents have shown a liking to Gov. Roosevelt. Whether it will stick or not if Roosevelt is the democratic nominee remains to be seen. Third party ventures have proven hopeless in this country; so it does not seem probable that Norris would head an independent ticket. It is quite inconceivable that this element which is usually so vocal, will remain silent in a year of political upheaval as this has been a year of social distress. Will they skulk in their tents? Or will they bolt to the democrats or to Norman Thomas, socialist, who does offer a positive antidote for the conservatism of the old parties?

## A Sour Note

THE only sour note on the proposal of The Statesman to finance waterworks construction work here by means of a loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation comes from the Capital-Journal because of the amount of debt involved. The indebtedness is heavy; but the people have already voted to incur it. If the charter amendment is sustained then we may expect the full \$2,500,000 to be spent as soon as the bonds could be sold to the public. By that time construction costs would be higher. The plan proposed by the Statesman takes the stinger of heavy debt out of the original proposition. We proposed issuance of not to exceed \$2,000,000 at a low rate of interest. If this is possible then it may be possible for the city water plant to carry the load without increase of taxes or of water rates.

The Statesman interprets the sentiment of the city as favorable to "mountain water" even if it costs \$2,500,000. Our plan if worked out as outlined would provide that at less than two million dollars by taking advantage of present low costs. In addition we would provide men with jobs at a time when most needed.

The trouble with the Capital-Journal is that it sticks to obstruction and is not ready to cooperate to bring about water system improvements which the people voted for.

Ray W. Gill is the newly elected master of the state grange. Gill is a business man, a farmer and a legislator. He is a high type man, and the work of the grange is almost religion with him. He believes in it thoroughly. Gill is quite level-headed, too. The grange is probably the most important political factor in the state at the present time and in choosing Gill for master it is picking one of its very strongest members, a man, too, who is able to cooperate with other groups.

Tusko proceeds on its non-triumphal march through Washington. Perhaps the federal government will have to deport him as an undesirable alien.

## New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "What do you think of the republican convention thus far?"  
G. A. Bentson, accountant: "Oh it's just a convention. Just a waste of time."  
N. F. Wicker, salesman, democrat: "I haven't read much about it. My interest is democratic. I think many of the republicans favor repeal. I do."  
A. E. Robins, bookkeeper: "I can't say, because I've really been too busy the last three days to read the dailies."  
Mrs. B. Clark, housewife: "For the beginning day, things seem to be well organized and will no doubt accomplish some real work."  
Mrs. C. P. Bishop, housewife: "With things in the early stages,

## Daily Thought

"Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, Swept all my pride away and trembling, I forgave!"  
—Whittier.



## Yesterdays

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

June 16, 1907

Salem's magnificent display of fireworks for July 4 will be shot off from the gravel bar near the county bridge. Not only has provision been made for the fireworks in the evening but some 40 pieces of Japanese fireworks have been secured for the afternoon program.

With Prof. T. S. Roberts playing the organ processionals, nine students marched from the portals of Willamette university yesterday, graduates at the 63rd commencement exercises. They are: James Hall, Lena Schindler, Alma Evelyn Hales and Edward Jones Winans of Salem, John Arthur Elliott of Vancouver, Wash., William Monteville Sanders of Silverton, Vera Maude Bartlett of Pullman, Wash., Lloyd Gilbert Whipple of Vancouver, Wash., and Charles Hood McKnight of Louisville, Ill.

At its regular meeting Monday night, the city council will be asked to take action compelling all local sporting houses to close at midnight and remained closed until 5 o'clock in the morning.

June 16, 1922  
A number of local radio receiving sets picked up a program given by local musicians from the Oregonian Radio tower last night. On the program were Hilda Angler, C. R. Munston and Leon First.

The Oregon history silver trophy will become the permanent possession of Salem high school. Marjorie Mellinger this year won the cup for the third time in as many years in the "Know Oregon First" essay contest.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

MOST individuals dread the words "consumption" and "tuberculosis" fearing tuberculosis might afflict them, yet these same persons neglect and abuse their health without realizing that they are lowering their resistance to this disease.

Tremendous strides have been made in our understanding of tuberculosis, and it is now possible to check its spread, as well as to treat effectively the individual case.

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus—the germ of consumption. Since that time important discoveries, the means of recognition and treatment of tuberculosis have undergone complete revision.

Yet in spite of these great advances, this dreaded disease continues to be the leading cause of death in both men and women up to the age of thirty-five. I believe this is not because tuberculosis is more virulent, but because young people neglect their health.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Ona and Sandy:  
A prehistoric love story:  
(Continuing from yesterday.)  
One of these was a disreputable character, who was even by them considered a savage. One saw him stop where a third body was overlaid with wreckage; she noted a movement that she thought indicated life, and observed with wonder that it belonged to a man who seemed to her a model of beauty; for the face was white and the clustering hair of head and beard was red—something new and strange to the mind of Ona.

As she watched, the ruffian stooped to pick up a piece of wreckage, and lifted it with the purpose of beating out the remaining life in the victim of the raging elements. Quick as a flash, Jennison, trio; Miss Ruth Bedford, pianist; Miss Minnie Schellard Dickman, soprano, and Miss Myrtle Knowland.

The Cherrians will go to Portland to march in the rose festival parade next week. Leo Gilbert and Harry Love are in charge of arrangements.

June 16, 1922  
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This stranger who spent his remaining days with this family—left no name or sign of nationality, but what is known indicates that he was of Scotch origin. Stranger of all, he never learned the Indian language; all his conversation was by signs, with which he soon made himself understood. Sandy was one of the silent ones who waste no words but are potent in action.

Previous to his coming, a brother of the chief of the Tillamook had aspired to possess Ona. As only child, she occupied a place daughters seldom attained among the Indians. She was blessed with so winsome a nature that her parents were in no haste to part with her. Whatever chance the young Tillamook might have had, the coming of Sandy seemed to leave him no hope.

When Ona saw that Sandy appreciated the fact that she had saved his life, it made a deep impression on her warm nature—and he seemed her personal property. It was pleasure to witness his return to life; see his blue eyes open to look at her, close again as if to dispel some vision, then open to find it still there. She cared for him—and, indeed, he was a manly fellow and won regards of both mother and daughter by a considerate kindness no Indian woman of that period expected of any man.

He also won the respect of the father by a brave propensity to hold his own, when necessary. It was natural that he should remain with them, and, as a matter of course, the rest of their little world commenced to talk of him and of them. There is harmony or the want of it, in all human nature, so the Indian village had to undergo the same gossip and jealousy that civilized communities are sure to experience.

The young Tillamook lover had supposed that his hold on Ona and her family was permanent, so it was distasteful to him that a red bearded, white faced,

blue eyed interloper should be so entirely at home in the secluded lodge near the ocean shore. That Ona, herself, was bound up in him was the worst of all. The girl had a romantic nature and this man's story went to her heart. She was used to seeing women treated as mere beasts of burden, and here comes this Scot, with his canny ways, neglecting no opportunity to do kindness and show courteous attention. They had loved his life and Ona had fought for him; and it would have been no true Scot that would not have been kindly to them.

It was easy to win the regards of mother and daughter, but Nehala was made of sterner stuff; yet, in time, he also was won, for he discovered that Sandy was willing to tackle the fierce brown bear and expert in hunting deer and elk, even in welding the padlocks to skin the broody sows and spear the ocean dwellers; so the stalwart sire gave him his good will also.

But all this while the Tillamook lover was raging with jealousy and mad with schemes for vengeance. The wild savage knows no degrees between love and hate. If crossed in love there is left only the deadly recourse of revenge. It was a welcome sight one day when he saw Sandy shoulder his rifle and take the trail to the mountains on a hunt for elk. He had learned the habits of the antlered mountains and knew that meat was always in demand, so with full assurance he strode off to the hunt.

Wena and Ona knew of the feeling in the Tillamook brave's heart, of which Sandy had no inkling, and they felt apprehension that increased when Ona saw the jealous Tillamook brave and a friend of his start with bows and full quivers to make a detour, as he sensed, to waylay Sandy to his death. Then the brave girl took her own quiver and covertly followed their trail. She overtook Sandy as he was stalking an elk and tried to telegraph him in sign language that he was in danger; but he nodded as if to say he understood and was not afraid.

# The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

At 11:30 on New Year's Eve, Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt arrives at the exclusive Mayfair Club in response to a mysterious summons from District Attorney Merie Dougherty. The latter informs Colt he believes Lola Carewe, known as the Night-Club Lady, was the victim of Gaylord Gifford, the cotton millionaire in the "higher-up" responsible for numerous jewel robberies perpetrated recently which baffles the police. Though her husband died practically penniless, Lola lives in luxury. She arrives at the Mayfair accompanied by Vincent Rowland, an attorney. At Lola's urgent request, Colt joins her party. She voices the fear that she will not leave Mayfair alive.

CHAPTER FOUR  
"WHAT Miss Carewe says is not an exaggeration," declared old Rowland, with smooth authority. "I consider that she is in urgent need of police advice and protection."  
"A practical joke?" he suggested. She looked at him searchingly. "Mr. Colt, would you consider it a practical joke, if you had a dog that you had loved for years, and someone killed him?"  
"I have been warned of what will happen to me!"  
"Personally?"  
"The warning was clear enough—for me!"  
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Five minutes later I was talking to Headquarters from a telephone booth under the staircase outside the Crystal Room. At the other end of the wire was Inspector Flynn. I was transmitting Colt's orders. "The chief wants detectives and one woman operative sent at once to the apartment house at Number 700 East Fifty-eighth Street. Tell them to meet us in the hallway on the twenty-second floor. Fix it with the apartment house manager. And the chief says to stop on it."  
"O and also K," growled Inspector Flynn as he hung up. Emerging from the telephone booth, I found Detective Flynn, H. Harris, of the Fifth Avenue Squad, waiting for us. Harris was assigned to Mayfair every Saturday night. He was a first-grade detective, promoted as are all the New York detectives from the uniformed ranks—a dark-haired man with a soulful expression, whose popularity with the opposite sex gained the Police Department many valuable tips. Colt had directed Harris to assist me.  
"Everything set," Harris told me. "The Commissioner's car is now in front of the Forty-sixth Street entrance. Three motorcycle patrolmen are standing by. Would you mind telling me what all this is about?"  
I pretended not to hear him as I reclaimed hat, stick, and overcoat and led the way up the red-carpeted stairs. Through the glass of the revolving doors, I saw the chief's car and the round, moon-like face of the chauffeur, Neil McMahon, impassive as a Buddha above the steering wheel. The air was filled with whirling snowflakes, and the wind made a harsh sound. I was suddenly overpowered by a sense of unreality. This New Year's Eve adventure seemed remote, bizarre, incredible. The three patrolmen were huddled together like blue night-birds in the storm. The shields on their breasts gleamed brightly. One of them coughed. These men, Colt's car, the storm—all were real—but Lola Carewe's death-threat . . .  
When our party left the Rita Carlton Hotel that night, Lola was under strict and adequate police guard. Quickly she entered the Commissioner's car, and sat in the middle of the rear seat. Colt rode at her left, and I at her right. Dougherty and Rowland occupied the folding seats in front of us, and Detective Harris sat beside the chauffeur in front. At a word from Colt, we started off at break-neck speed through the slithering ice of the winter streets, followed by three chugging motorcycles.  
"The glass of these windows is bullet-proof," Dougherty explained. For an apparent reason, Vincent Rowland laughed softly.  
"Am I to take it that we are now impregnable from attack?" he queried.  
The District Attorney did not reply. The car stopped before the marquee of an apartment house, a thin, tall tower on the brink of the East River. Except for the three uniformed motorcycle officers, the sidewalk seemed deserted. Shivering in the dismal cold, we hurried into the lobby. With an unnatural sense of apprehension, I looked around me. So definite and so defiant had been the threat against this woman's life and Thatcher Colt had taken it so seriously, that I was prepared to see an assassin in every dark corner.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)  
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## Pratum Young People Enjoy Picnic at Falls

PRATUM, June 15.—A group of Pratum young people enjoyed a trip to Silver Creek Falls Sunday. Three cars conveyed them to their destination. Those enjoying the trip were Florence McGerig, Martha Gerig, Vallette Res, Carmen Roth, Elsie Roth, Alfred Gibben, Hazel Emerson, Emma McCilgen, Ray McCilgen, Harry McCilgen, Junior Roth and Mr. Widmer, Paul Widmer, Vernon and Mrs. Roth. A picnic lunch was enjoyed by the group.

## TIME SCHEDULE

Salem City Service  
This is the time that all buses leave State and Commercial. First bus leaves daily except Sundays and holidays at 6:10 a. m., then every 20 minutes, or on the 10, 30 and 50 minutes past each hour up to 8:00.  
After 8:00 P. M.  
North Commercial and Chemeketa buses will leave on the 5 and 35 minutes past each hour. Last bus 11:35 p. m.  
12th Street and South Commercial will leave on the 15 and 45 minutes past each hour. Last bus 11:45 p. m.  
State and 17th will leave on the 25 and 55 minutes past each hour. Last bus 11:35 p. m.  
Sunday and National Holidays  
North Commercial will leave on the 5 and 35 minutes past each hour. Last bus 11:35 p. m.  
12th Street and South Commercial—First bus leaves 8:15 a. m. then on the 15 and 45 minutes past each hour. Last bus 11:45 p. m.  
State Street, 17th Street—First bus leaves 7:55 a. m. then on the 25 and 55 minutes past each hour. Last bus 11:25 p. m.  
Ask Driver for Time Schedule.  
For information Phone 5744  
Oregon Motor Stages

## NEW PRINCIPAL ON TRIP OVER ISLAND

GRAND ISLAND, June 15.—Professor Arnold, the new principal of the Amity high school, accompanied by Fred Vincent, the bus driver, spent a day in the island district making his acquaintance with the students who are attending Amity high.  
The Uniferales Evangelical Sunday school presented its children's day program Sunday night before a fair sized and appreciative audience. The program consisted of songs, recitations, exercises and tableaux, and was under the direction of the superintendent, Mrs. D. E. Bartruff.  
Jake Tompkins, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tompkins, went to Corvallis Sunday afternoon to attend the two weeks' session of the 4-H club summer school held on the college campus. Jake won his trip last fall at the state fair by being a member of the Yamhill county 4-H club stock judging team which won first place and will have all of his expenses paid. Today Jake appeared before the state grange convention at Silverton in the interests of F. F. A. work.  
A group of 24 children and adults gathered Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tompkins on the banks of the Willamette river for an enjoyable picnic time. All of the adults are friends of the club. Those participating in the picnic were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Finnicum and two little