The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Owyhee Dam

THERE is a noticeable lack of enthusiasm over the completion of the Owyhee river dam in eastern Oregon. There is no such thrill as would have been experienced say a decade ago. One does not have to search far to find a reason for the popular indifference. The history of irrigation districts in Oregon has been so painful that people do not like to talk irrigation any more. The present overproduction of farm products is well known and the prospect of large new areas coming into cultivation to increase the surplus is viewed with alarm in many quarters.

But irrigation is fundamental for the development of the west. One has only to go to the Rogue river valley or to the Yakima and Wenatchee valleys in eastern Washington to see how the desert area is transformed through application of water to the soil.

While many irrigation enterprises have failed financially most of them continue to supply water to thirsty acres. The wealth which is turned off each year makes the investment profitable from the standpoint of the country as a whole. And the thousands of farm homes which are maintained over the districts are testimony to the permanent value of irrigation in the west.

When fully developed Owyhee will irrigate some 123,000 acres of land in eastern Oregon and western Idaho. But this will not come into production all at once. It will take years and years to build the supply lines and laterals. It will take years to reclaim the land and bring it under cultivation. Eventually we should see in Malheur county what we now see in many thickly populated valleys of the west where water makes the soil to produce wonderful crops.

While the public and the farmers may shudder to think of adding even a hundred thousand acres to cultivated lands, a brief survey of our past history should show that expansion of acreage has always been necessary. If they thought about it at all the inhabitants of Ohio and Indiana might have objected to the opening of Iowa in 1836 on the ground that there was "overproduction," and the panic of 1837 sent farm prices in a bad tailspin which probably was accounted for by "overproduction". But the country kept growing and did not stop with Iowa. Kansas and Nebraska were opened up, then the Dakotas and Oklahoma and Texas. While acreage increase has been slight for many years, application of power to farming has permitted increases in production to take care of food demands of a growing population.

For some years agriculture has been in distress; but conditions may change and prosperity return to the farm. In any event the farm offers a home and a living; and if we look at the opening of new tracts like that in Malheur county in terms of making possible new and comfortable American homes supporting decently thousands of American citizens we get a better picture of what the Owyhee dam will mean for this state and country.

Dustless Highway to Yakima

WITHIN a month, we are told there will be a dustless highway from Vancouver, Washington to Yakima. This means the completion of a modern road from Portland to Yakima via Vancouver and the north bank of the Columbia.

How slow Washington has been in building roads outside the Puget Sound area. Here in Oregon we have highways, mostly dustless all over the state. There are numerous crossings over the mountains and numerous roads to the sea. And we have been enjoying them for years. In Washington it has only been a very few years since the road over Snoqualmie pass was made dustless, and the new road between Ellensburg and Yakima has finally been completed only this summer. There is yet no finished road from Vancouver to the Washington beaches, though such a road will soon be completed.

Yet up in the Sound country there are magnificent highways, wide concrete stretches, often with several parallel routes, especially between Tacoma, Seattle and Everett. True, that is where the chief volume of traffic is. But one wonders if it would not have been wiser to finish the primary system linking together most sections of the state with good oiled roads, and then to concentrate construction in the heavily populated areas.

Oregon went into debt for her roads and now we are finding it painful to pay off the bonds. Washington adopted the policy of "pay as you go" and now can pour into highway building millions of dollars each year. Washington has benefited from experience too, and her later highways are wide and on good grades, while Oregon will have to do a vast amount of rebuilding in the next quarter century.

Organizing for Self-Help

THERE is forming here and at other cities in Oregon an organization of men out of jobs which looks to self-help. Ordinarily there is no substitute for individual enterprise in lining up work to satisfy the physical needs of the body. But in a mechanized society such as we have when a breakdown comes so many are thrown out of work that no amount of individual effort will induct them at once into employment.

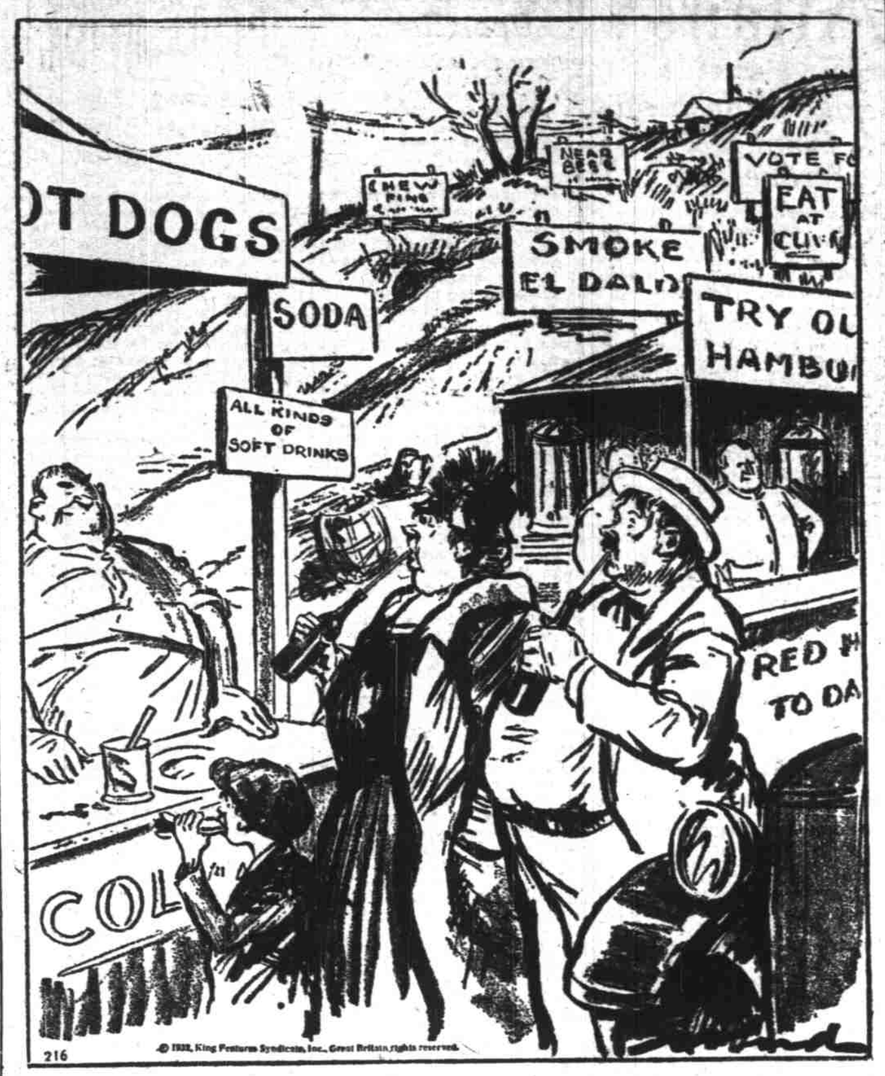
It also becomes true that in such circumstances in many cities the relief organization supported either by private charity or public taxation breaks down under the load. That has proven virtually the case in many industrial cities, though happily not so in the smaller places, especially those in agricultural districts.

Thus it may become necessary for the unemployed to organize for mutual help, relying largely on barter in exchange of services for commodities. Such a program has been carried out in Seattle with considerable success. It is not a rival for existing charity organizations but an agency to relieve them of their burden through self-help.

With such objectives and under sane direction the organization being formed here may be instrumental in accomplishing a whole lot of good; and so is deserving of support and encouragement.

Sen. Woodward is running for mayor of Portland on a platform of lower telephone rates, lower electric rates, lower street car rates and of course lower taxes. But the senator was a member of the last legislature which presumably obtained all of those for the city of Portland. Why doesn't he run for mayor on a platform of "see how much the last legislature saved you in power rates, phone rates and tax rates?"

"Thy Woods and Templed Hills"



BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Hauxhursts in Tillamook:

(Continuing from Sunday:) Webley Hauxhurst and family went to the Tillamook country in the late sixties. They located on the upper (south) part of the sand spit, between the waters of the Pacific and Tillamook bay. The spit is now called Bayocean, so named by the writer and associates. It contains the Bayocean resort.

When, in the eighties, the government located the Cape Meares lighthouse site, the Hauxhurst place was used as the starting point or base of supplies for carrying by horse and mule back the materials for the construction of the buildings and plant. The Hauxhurst house was built near where the high point on which the lighthouse stands beigins its rapid rise. The land that belongs to the Salem Y. M. C. A., on which is located the Oceanside summer camp for boys of the central Willamette valley, joins the Cape Meares lighthouse government reservation on the south.

The difficult task of getting the construction materials to the high point overlooking the wide expanse of the Pacific served by that beacon for men who go down to the sea in ships was over and the station ready to be established and put on the marine maps in 1890.

Besides the boy drowned in infancy, and Nelson, who had gone to South America, there were five sons and three daughters in the Hauxhurst family when the move was made to Tillamook county. Ezra was the first. He was a home boy; was affectionate to his mother and helped her in her household and other duties. Her fame as a wonderful cook was general there, as it had been around Salem, and her kitchen was spotlessly clean, as well as other rooms of her house, however uninviting may have been the general outside surroundings, and Ezra was nearly as expert as his mother in the culinary art. The other sons and daughters, whatever their faults, were always kind to their mother, and her maternal affection was notable, up to the last, after her hair was snow white and her eyes sightless.

The next son was Sumner, from which name one may reckon his birth as in the early sixties. He was well educated and looked up to by the fishermen, which craft he followed, as did all the sons. In a strike of the fishermen, he composed poetry, one effusion, long remembered, referring to the Scribes and Pharisees.

Benjamin, the next son, was a wonderful sailor. In a late November night of 1897, the schooner Harrison, belonging to the Sam Elmore people of Astoria (the Pacific Navigation company), with her crew and 13 passengers, was in trouble near the Tillamook bar. Walter W. Ridehalgh, now superintendent of transportation for the state of Oregon, then in charge of the Elmore operations on Tillamook bay, with headquarters at their Garibaldi cannery, sought a boat crew to go with him to the rescue. Ben Hauxhurst volunteered as one of the crew of four, with Ridehalgh himself steering. It was one of the cannery fish boats, a frail craft for such a sea in such a night. But, with Ben, the half-breed, one of the stoutest, most expert and most daring of the four, turbulent Tillamook bay was crossed, a landing made on the sand spit near the channel inside the bar—and the passengers and crew were rescued from what was thought to be imminent death. Afterward the Harrison drifted in over the Tillamook bar, safe and sound. She was later wrecked on the Alsea bar. No crew could at the present time, outside of professional life savors properly equipped, be found to venture on such a dangerous undertaking. Such an exploit would now draw scare heads in the newspapers. Then it was all in the day's work. Ben Hauxhurst was afterward drowned in Tillamook bay.

The next son was Joseph. He was alive two years ago, though for a generation following a fisherman's life in all kinds of water and weather.

Next of the sons was Edward, "Eddie." He was a "wild Indian," and had the appearance of one. But he was a fine fisherman and a most expert boatman. Another fisherman, called "Texas," in a quarrel in a boat on the bay, killed him with a knife. Texas was tried, spent some six months in jail, and received no further punishment.

Lucretia, eldest of the girls, who had attended Willamette university, was married to Albert Biggs of the Tillamook country. The next girl was married to Frank Elliott, there, and is not now living. A third daughter was married to another Tillamook bay fisherman.

Mr. Ridehalgh spent many years on Tillamook bay. Elmore built the cannery there in 1886, and Mr. Ridehalgh, then not long from his boyhood home in England, went there and took charge in 1887. Fishing was the great industry there for many years, and the cannery the leading business enterprise. Finally, after a long time in the service of the Elmore people, Mr. Ridehalgh himself owned and operated a cannery there. The Hauxhursts were seldom called by that name by the Tillamookers, or around the cannery. They were known as Hoxie, or the Hoxies, and their pay checks read that way, and those issued for their catches of salmon.

Mr. Ridehalgh says he can remember, even as though it were yesterday, the cannery sailing (fishing) boat, painted green, as it was handled by Eddie "Hoxie." Though he himself was rather a hard "looker," the way Eddie made the boat behave on the water was a sight to treasured in memory.

Like most women of her race, Mary Hauxhurst was loyal and faithful to her mate, the truth of which pioneer traditions amply verify. This column a long time ago carried the story of Joel Turnham, desperate character who imposed on the hospitality of the Hauxhursts, at their place near the penitentiary site. Turnham rushed at Hauxhurst with a long knife—and Mary, with a club, knocked him cold, saving the life of her husband. Turnham armed himself and returned, breathing vengeance on the woman, saying it was "not against the law to kill an Indian." In attempting to fulfill his threat, John Edmonds, deputized as a constable by L. H. Judson, shot and killed Turnham. That settled that. This was in 1844.

In a most rare little book on the life of Cyrus Shepard, few copies of which exist, with no more to be had, one copy being in the collection of A. N. Bush of Salem, there is recorded the conversion, "at the close of the year 1837," of "Mary Hoxherst" at the old mission, brought about under the labors of Cyrus Shepard. This information was given the author of the little book by the widow of Shepard, who had been Susan Downing, married to him at the first wedding of white men and women in the old Oregon country on the preceding July 16.

The boys now at the Y. M. C. A. Oceanside summer camp would profit by looking up the career of the former British gob, John Meares, for whom the light they see each night was named. They will find, among other interesting things, that, Sept. 20, 1788, Meares launched at Nootka the first sea going vessel built in northwest America, that he was our first lumberman, first exporter of lumber, first employer of Chinese cheap labor, etc., though he sailed by the mouth of the Columbia and barely missed the discovery of that river, which was left for Robert Gray, who witnessed the launching of the ship Meares had built.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

SOME delicate children have sensitive nervous systems, with a tendency to catarrhal conditions, and they are the ones who are liable to contract croup.

The disease is seldom found in babies younger than six months, and is most common between the ages of six months and three years. False croup, as the doctor calls it, is a spasm of the larnyx, the upper part of the windpipe, and is accompanied by difficult breathing.

Dr. Copeland

The disease is thought by many to be due to an infection, but this has not been definitely proved. The fact that exposure to cold and dampness often bring on an attack would seem to be against this theory.

When a child apparently in good health develops a hoarse barking cough this is always regarded by parents as a "croupy" cough. The child should be kept in a room of even temperature because the cough usually grows worse as the coolness of night approaches. The child may go to sleep as usual, but some time during the night awaken with a cry of distress, and clutch its throat in an effort to get its breath. Breathing is done with a loud whistling sound, and the child's face is congested and has a look of acute distress.

The severity of the seizure subsides gradually and disappears in from one to three hours, and then the child sleeps quietly. In the morning it may awaken seemingly little the worse for the croup, but there may be another attack the next night, or even on a third night. This is very apt to be the case if the child is not treated to relieve the congestion of the larynx.

Before the Doctor Arrives.

Every mother should know what to do until the doctor comes. Hot applications applied to the throat and chest, and steam inhalations, often give relief. A drink of hot milk, if the child can be induced to swallow, is excellent.

Between attacks a nourishing diet should be given, building up the general health. If the child is of an irritable, nervous temperament, he should lead as quiet a life as possible. A physician should always be consulted in regard to the condition of the throat, as the tonsils and adenoids may require attention.

Answers to Health Queries

S. A. B. Q.—What causes my hand to be numb. My feet and ankles are usually cold?

A.—This may be due to poor circulation. Build up the general health and your circulation will improve.

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The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carewe, "The Night Club Lady", and her guest, Christine Quires, are mysteriously murdered in the former's apartment. Scorpions were the instruments of death. The police suspect Guy Everett, the last person to see Christine alive. Lola had blackmailed Everett. He, however, claims that Christine discovered a plot to kill Lola and feared for her own life because of her knowledge. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt learns that a young Paris bank clerk, named Basil Boucher, loved Lola. After robbing a bank to buy her a ruby, Basil disappeared. His parents sold medical laboratory specimens. Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, became hysterical at the mention of Basil, calling her daughter a beast and saying Lola never loved him. Edgar Quires, Christine's brother, left his Rochester home for New York following the receipt of a telegram the day of the murders. Christine was to have inherited wealth shortly. Suspicion also points to Dr. Hugh Baldwin when it is disclosed that he purchased scorpions. He had stated heart failure caused the deaths. Colt, calling to question Baldwin, finds him dead — from a scorpion bite! Mrs. Baldwin reveals that she knew her husband was involved with Lola.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

A MOMENT later she was gone. Instantly Colt turned to Marshall.

"You have been tailing Doctor Baldwin?"

"Yes, Mr. Commissioner."

"What have you got to report?"

"Very little, sir. Lieutenant Fallon put me on the job when the doctor left here last night. He got down the elevator in front of me and I was afraid I'd missed him but the elevator operator told me he had got off at the second floor where his office was. So I come back to the second floor and prowled around a bit. There was a light in the office. I could see it through the glass pane, so I pretended to be a drunk and rapped on the door. And I asked the doc if he could give me something to straighten me out before I went home to the wife. When he come to the door, he looked awful mad. He had a wild look in his eyes and his hands were shaking. And he told me to get the hell out of here. So I thought that was all right.

"I beat it downstairs with Deems, that's my partner, and I put him on the servants' entrance. There is only the two ways you can get out of this joint, the front door or the servants' entrance. So then I went over and saw the superintendent of the house across the street and he fixed me up with this uniform. So I stands there all morning and about ten o'clock the doc came out. I blew the whistle — Baldwin thought I was calling a cab but my partner knew it was a signal, so Deems come and he began to tail the doc. Pretty soon I see Deems bringing the doc back, and I asks him where he went.

"Well, he has a pretty funny story to tell. The doc went to the corner and got in a cab and Deems in another cab right after him. They drove across town, through the transverse, under Central Park and over to West End Avenue to an apartment house on the corner of Seventy-second Street. But Baldwin didn't go in. He got out of the cab, and meets a man, a little dark-complexioned fellow. The man gave him a box and the doc gave him some money. Then he gets back into the cab and drives back to the corner of Third Avenue where he gets out of the cab and walks over here."

"You can get out of that uniform now," said Colt, when the detective came to a full pause.

Marshall clicked his heels together.

"Don't you need me any further, chief?"

"Need you any further? You made a mess of your job, Marshall. If you had stuck with Deems, one of you could have followed the little dark man and the other kept after Baldwin. You both should be demoted to patrolmen and sent to Staten Island for this. Now get out of that uniform and report back at your station house. No wonder the newspapers say the police don't know their business."

When the crestfallen Marshall had left the apartment, Colt went to the telephone and called Plaza 3-73625, the apartment of Lola Carewe. While he was waiting, he remarked to me that the small dark man was undoubtedly the Spanish dealer who had sold Baldwin the insects. A moment later he was talking to Inspector Flynn, who had told Colt he would meet him there.

In a few brisk sentences, Colt broke the news to the Inspector. Even though I was unable to listen in, I could hear the grunt of surprise from the Assistant Chief Inspector when he learned of the third tragedy. He promised to put a call through to Headquarters at once for Multooler and the other department agencies. But to this Colt demurred.

"Get Multooler," he sanctioned, "but keep the rest away for a while—until we know what we are looking for."

"Okay, chief. Do you want me down there?"

Colt reflected for a moment and then delayed his answer as he asked: "Is Mrs. Carewe awake?"

"Not yet."

"You are sure she is perfectly all right?"

"Sleeping sound as a dollar, sir, so are they all, the maid and the butler, each in a separate room, snoring in a different key."

Colt's brows were still furrowed.

"It sounds silly, I suppose," he reflected aloud, "but I am afraid to let you out of that house, Flynn. We've had three sudden deaths since we came into this case—we've got to see that Mrs. Carewe is protected."

"I'll stick on the job until I hear from you."

"All right."

As he hung up the receiver, Colt turned again to the private office where lay the body of Doctor Baldwin. Then he began his slow, meticulous search. At first glance, he found nothing extraordinary. The office was like the ordinary consultation room of any successful physician in a modern building. There was neither taste nor distinction in its equipment. It was all as utilitarian and efficient as any unimaginative office suply firm could make it, with sectional bookcases, steel waste basket, and a steel desk.

The only incongruous note in all the dull, twentieth-century streamline atmosphere of the place was the distorted question mark of a body twisted and dead on the floor.

What had happened to Baldwin? The manner of his taking off would not give me any rest. Again and again the riddle broke across my mind like dark waves spilling on a beach.

Marshall had said that Doctor Baldwin was alone in the office, when the detective, playing drunk, had walked in. In spite of his faults, Marshall was a faithful and accurate observer, yet even with faithful and accurate observation, could we believe his report? Had not Colt himself faithfully and accurately observed all the possible hiding-places in Lola's pent-house? Yet with guards at all the entrances, Death had got by unseen, had swept through unnoticed and left its beautiful victims contorted on the floor. And the agent, the instrumentality of Death, had got away too, under the noses of all of our observation and accuracy. Only in Baldwin's case had we found the dead scorpion. Was it not possible, then, that unknown to Marshall and unknown to Doctor Baldwin, someone had hidden in these rooms also, waiting to turn Death loose—loose out of its box—out of that container which Colt had said must have been used?

Or was it the box which the small dark man had given to Baldwin? Had it concealed the scorpion? Had Baldwin been the victim of an accident or of a trick? Or had he deliberately let it loose?

These and a dozen other questions filled my mind as I watched Thatcher Colt begin his investigation into the third death of this baffling series. Perhaps the same questions filled the chief's mind too but if so, he did not, at that time, act upon them. His interests were following a different path altogether,—some unknown path the chart to which he kept to himself. I stood, my back against the closed door, while Thatcher Colt knelt again beside the body.

First he began a deliberate search of the pockets. The doctor was still in his dinner jacket and only a hasty search was necessary. As a result, Thatcher Colt turned over to me a silver cigarette case engraved with the initials, "H. B.," a box of matches, theater ticket stubs from the Hudson Theater, seats J 1 and 3, right, some loose silver, a ring of keys and a small leather pocketbook containing $300, in bank notes.

I took charge of all of this miscellany with the exception of the set of keys, which Colt examined with curiosity. Most of them were not difficult to identify—keys for the ignition and door of an automobile, keys to a safety deposit box, a flat brass key, evidently to the front door of an apartment and larger ones of the same pattern which Colt demonstrated belonged to the office. There remained one key which Colt isolated from the others, and held aloft between his thumb and forefinger, studying the irregular pattern of its shank with intensified interest. A grim smile fluttered over his strong lips and vanished, as he said:

"I'll keep this myself, Tony. You can have it later."

Then thrusting the ring jinglingly into his own pocket he resumed his search, beginning methodically with the top of the desk, and working down the right-hand stack of drawers and up the left.

Here again we started on what seemed a dreary unpromising search. With that worship of the fashion so characteristic of business and professional Americans, the top of Doctor Baldwin's desk was scrupulously bare. All the tools for using a desk were there: pen and ink-well, prescription pad and blotter, but that was all. The desk's vast expanse of leather over steel stretched away from the empty chair like a desert.

In the top drawer at the right, there was the same neatness. A drinking glass, a towel, a piece of soap in a box, and a supply of clean handkerchiefs. The second drawer was entirely empty. The third was a much deeper drawer, with a false front that would make one believe there were two instead of one. It contained three unopened boxes of cigars,—no doubt Christmas presents from grateful patients.

As I made an inventory in my notebook, I asked myself if anything less personal could be imagined. A man's desk is his most intimate article of furniture, closer to him than a cradle to a baby. Yet Doctor Baldwin had seemed to leave not the slightest trace of his individuality upon his magnificent desk.

(To Be Continued)

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PROGRAM OF BAND CONCERT IS GIVEN

SILVERTON, July 18. — Hal Campbell and his Silverton school band will present the second concert at Coolidge and McClaine park Wednesday at 8 p. m. The program follows:

America
March—
Silverton School Band March ..... Campbell
Overture—
The Enchantress .....Keifer
Trumpet Solo—
Bride of the Waves.....Clarke
Bandsman W. Kleeb
The Unfinished Symphony (first movement) .....Schubert
Concert March—
Coronation .....Ellenburg
Intermission
Songs of the South.....Bendix
Trombone Solo—
Sublime Evening Star ...Wagner
Bandsman M. Winters
Chimes of Normandy...Arr. Lake
Comedy Overture—
The Band Goes on Strike .....Arr. H. L. C.
March—
Lights Out .....McCoy
Star Spangled Banner.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "Have you made it a point to study the relief measures in the legislation just passed by congress? How helpful will these be, in your opinion?"

W. A. Delzell, democrat: "I haven't been reading the papers regularly so I hardly know what the bill contains. I suppose it contains more billions for big corporations; what was it Dawes' bank got? 80 billions?"

C. Jackson, laborer: "I've read a bit about it, but whether or not it will actually be helpful I believe it is too early to say. On the face of them, such measures should help. I'm open minded until otherwise is proved."

Leland Johns, teacher: "These relief measures are a question mark, I think. Look at the wheat one, which was going to be such a success."

Three in Hospital Here After Upset On Highway North

HUBBARD, July 18.—A light coupe, unable to make the turn in the road a mile east of Hubbard, went into the ditch Saturday night and turned upside down. There were six in the car, all returning from a dance at Needy. Avon Jesse, his sister, Mrs. George Beller and their niece, Harriet Kinzer, are all in Salem General hospital. Harriet Kinzer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kinzer of Salem.

A gri who has been staying at the E. O. Erickson home was sent by ambulance to the Oregon City hospital and is not expected to live. The young men were uninjured.

Curtis Deitz and Tava Morgan came along and took the injured ones to the doctor at Woodburn and to the Salem hospital.

Sweet potatoes in Cuthbert's Garden Make Good Growth

INDEPENDENCE, July 18. — Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Cuthbert have transplanted 50 sweet potato plants, which appear to be adapting themselves to their new locality. Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert are old hands at growing sweet potatoes. In Oklahoma they raised large acreages of them.

On their small farm near the city park here they have a large variety of vegetables and small fruits and are usually the first on the market for garden products as the season approaches for each variety. Mrs. Cuthbert gathered sweet corn Sunday.

Daily Thought

"Man is the merriest species of all creation; all above or below him are serious."
—Addison

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