The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Government Terms Indefinite

A STUDY of the draft of the act for emergency unemployment relief indicates that the terms of the law are general, leaving the drawing up of rules to the reconstruction finance corporation. This is of particular interest to Salem inasmuch as Salem has applied for a loan for waterworks construction. It was feared that it might be necessary to submit some enabling act to the people for ratification before a loan could be negotiated. There is nothing in the terms of the law which fail to dovetail with the charter amendment voted by the city, but the regulations of the directors of the R. F. C. have not been announced.

There is nothing in the language of the act barring the R. F. C. from making a loan a portion of which may be used to purchase existing facilities. While the purpose of the act is to promote employment, the language authorizing loans to municipalities is not limited, the purpose being set forth as "to aid in financing projects . . . which are self-liquidating in character." A waterworks plant complies with the definition of a self-liquidating project provided the project itself is feasible.

The most of the loans authorized are for short terms with privilege of renewal, but for loans to municipalities for this purpose a specific exception is made which enables the R. F. C. to purchase bonds having a maturity of more than 10 years, with no limit of time set.

The interest rate is not fixed. As the government is borrowing its money at around three per cent it is reasonable to suppose that municipalities could obtain their loans at around four or four and a half per cent. The possibility of getting a low interest rate is one of the vital factors in the success of the plan formulated by The Statesman for proceeding with a gravity line project. A high interest rate (5% and over) coupled with high construction costs, would make the gravity project too expensive to be practicable.

There is one limitation with respect to employment, and that is, that no convict labor shall be employed and that (except in executive, administrative, and supervisory positions), so far as practicable, no individual directly employed on such project shall be permitted to work more than 30 hours in any one week, and that in the employment of labor in connection with any such project preference shall be given, where they are qualified, to ex-service men with dependents." In its outline of the proposal for Salem, The Statesman urged rotation of work.

The opportunity is here for a large service to the community, one which will provide needed employment and at the same time give Salem a much needed water system at a cost within its reach. United effort by the community is needed to put over an enterprise of this kind, and Salem should be persistent in securing the necessary approval of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Resurrection?

PRES. F. T. GRIFFITH of Portland General Electric, is back from the east and expresses the hope that receivership for Central Public Service can be avoided. He hopes that when business revives the breath of life will be breathed back into the securities of CPS. Certainly no one can wish more ardently for such a consummation than the hundreds of anguished holders of CPS preferred stock who obtained it in exchange for stock in the Portland concern on the representation that it was not only just as good, but better, or who purchased it with the understanding that the financial agents maintained a resale market for the stock. The stopping of dividends on this stock and melting away of its value have been disastrous to hundreds of people who had confidence in the old Pepco.

It is difficult to share Pres. Griffith's hopes however, because ahead of the stocks of the holding company are its bank loans against which securities (the only assets of the holding company) are pledged, debentures, intermediate holding companies with debentures and preferred stocks, and finally the operating companies with bonds, notes, etc. The trouble has not been a falling off in utility earnings, because they have been well sustained, but the revelation to the investing public that the valuations were purely speculative and that the equities behind stocks of holding companies are very thin.

The crazy-quilt of holding company financing and operating set-up of properties widely separated and unrelated such as the CPS attempted has been one of the excesses to which the present depression is the natural sequence. The people are in ugly mood toward the utilities now, not so much because of rates as because of the methods of their bankers in flim-flam financing.

While the railroads were fighting for higher grain rates at a hearing in Seattle, the business in the Klickitat country was slipping away from them to trucks and boats. A new rule in rate-making has appeared, besides the old one of "all the traffic will bear" and the more recent one of government regulation. The new rule is competition, and the roads, which are bound by regulatory red tape, are quite helpless against competition subsidized by the government, such as trucks and boats operating on government-maintained rights-of-way. The people will have to wake up and devise some system of co-ordinated transportation. The country cannot go on piling taxes on railroads and then starving them to death as it is doing now. Taxgatherers have a bigger stake in the railroads than the stockholders at present; and before we know it the railroads may be turned over to the government for operation—with resulting deficits and lowered efficiency.

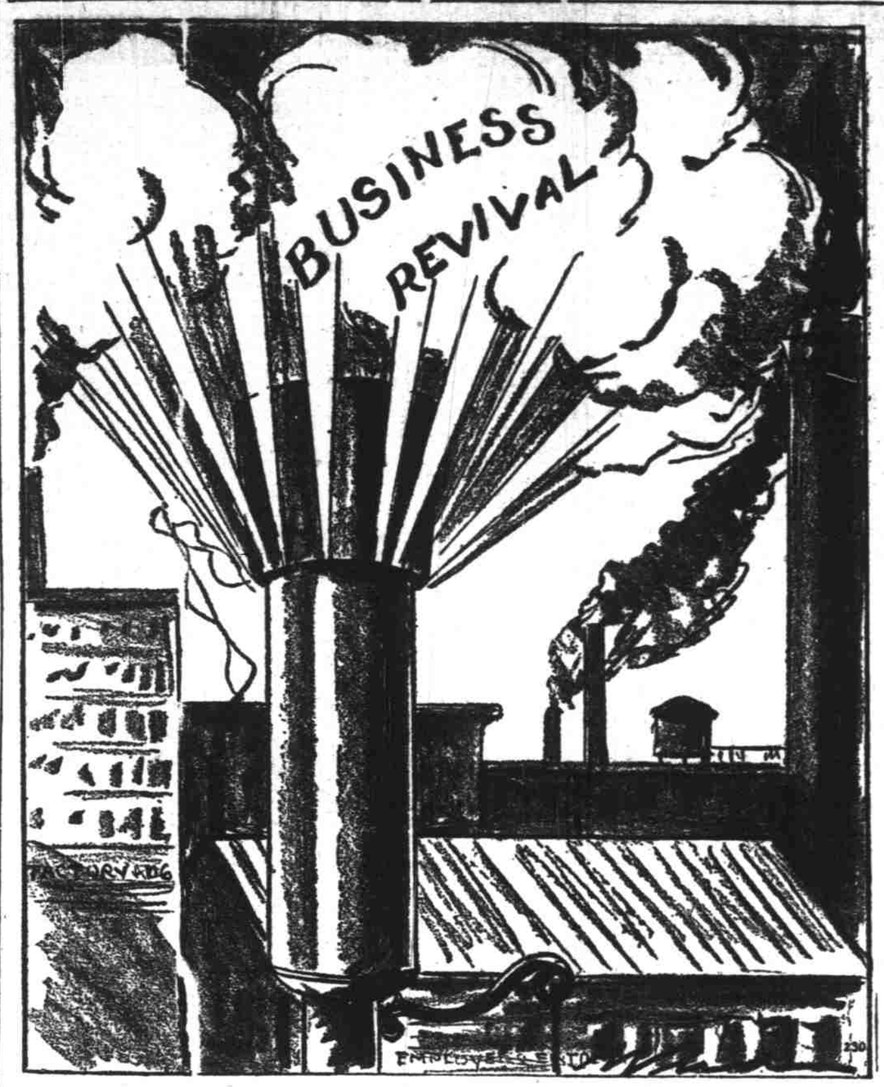
Gov. Roosevelt is spending his time consolidating his own forces. Having made overtures to all the Al Smith crowd except Al himself and secured their allegiance, he hopes a united front will bring him victory. It is noticeable however that he hasn't made any moves toward reconciling Bishop Cannon.

The inventors are showing a gadget to keep the bottle in baby's mouth. Must have been designed by a bachelor. Mother nature took care of that need a long while ago with two stout chubby hands which act on the principle of a pair of pincers.

The Oregonian points to the woes of Germany as a warning against the multiplicity of parties. It is right. In this country we used to have two, but now the country seems to get along without any.

Johnstown is undergoing another flood, this time the flood of ragged members of the bonus army, who accepted the mayor's invitation to sojourn in their midst. The easy-going citizens of the town seem to be fearful of the flood of publicity they are getting.

"Whistle and Blow Your Blues Away"



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

How Homer would protest!

(Continued from yesterday:)

"'I thought they were joshing me about capturing the nicest girl in town, but when everybody we met along Main street stopped, turned, stared, and guffawed, I grew hot. 'I'll come back and make you laugh out of the other side of your mouths,' I said to myself.

"'I left Cornelia at her door and drove back along a side street—same result. Everybody I met doubled over with laughter and howled something after me, and then, to put the climax on the whole affair, dad went off into splutter. Pointing at the back of my carriage, he said, 'See what you've fetched away with you.' I got out and went around to look—and there on the hind axle sat two white hens! They had been roosting there when I pulled the buggy out of the shed and they had slept there all the way out and all the way back. No wonder the neighbors laughed—I laughed myself. But right there I decided to emigrate—this town is no place for me! I started for the east the very next day.'

"Although I accepted this bit of biography with some reservation, I was certain that it was based on a very momentous incident; for of such tragic experiences, the far-reaching resolutions of youth are often born. To an awkward, sensitive boy, such 'joshing' as this is intolerable. Whether it really started Homer on his career or not did not matter to me. I rejoiced in his humor.

"He was the life of Seaman's party, and all of us were content to listen to his talk of Indians and wild animals. Another of his stories dealt with a horse race in which the red jockeys got the better of the whites by entering a cleverly disguised famous bright bay racer as a spotted brown pony with a roached mane. 'They just about broke the town,' laughed Homer. 'They walked away with all the money in the bank.' It was Bret Hart's 'Heathen Chinee' all over again.

"Davenport was a great personality, but as he made no books he is already forgotten. He left no enduring record but his political cartoons, which are no longer of general interest. Although we never met again I felt that I knew him, and when he died a few years later, I joined his friends in saying, 'Homer was just beginning to live.'"

A letter has gone from Salem to Hamlin Garland, care of his publishers, calling his attention to his grave error in placing Homer Davenport as a son of Idaho, instead of his beloved native state, Oregon, and his adored county of Marion and its revered Waldo hills, and his to him and by him sainted and world celebrated little city of Silverton, where he first dreamed and drew and developed and drank in the homely philosophy and absorbed the turdy and home-spun ideals that made him the greatest cartoonist of the short period of his active years. Greatest not because of any finished and stereotyped artistic touch; greatest because of direct and ready appeal to the heart and understanding of men and women in all walks of life everywhere.

Mr. Garland will no doubt regret his unintended slight to the pride of Oregon, and perhaps make amends in any way possible.

The author probably knows that Mark Hanna, while he felt the sting of Homer's brush, and Mrs. Hanna felt it more bitterly, was not moved by feelings of hatred toward the cartoonist. He understood that it was all a part of the brutal game of political warfare. And when Mark and Homer came together they met as friends. The master cartoonist came to admire the master political manager, who gave the United States McKinley for president at a time when his peculiar abilities were most needed.

Frank Seaman, at whose home Davenport and Garland foregathered, was a man of literary genius. Many readers will remember Homer Davenport's exhibition of his Arabian horses at the Lewis & Clark fair of 1905 in Portland. It was remarkable because the animals were of his own selection in the desert places of Arabia where they were bred from strains running back through the ages.

Homer Davenport did write several books, among them one in 1910, found in libraries all over the world. It is especially appreciated in Oregon, where its scenes were laid. The title is "The Country Boy; the Story of His Own Early Life." He himself told the story of the girl and the chickens, in his book. For comparison, if for no other reason, perhaps some readers who have not seen the book will appreciate his own story, which follows:

"Silverton was a queer place socially; while the townspeople were all of one set and there was little of any class hatred, the rich seldom ever lined up against the poor. Still if a very beautiful girl came to town all of us boys sort of took it for granted that she would turn us down if we did attempt to take her any place, so no one ever gave her any opportunity. We admired her and talked of her at the swimming holes and in fact everywhere we met, but no one ever had the nerve to approach her with a proposal of a 'Let's go to the dance, or the party or the entertainment.' We started to several times, but every time we got close enough to smell the beautiful odor of perfumery our nerve always went back on us, and as a result she wasn't kept out nights much. For a long time the girls in town had been about the same in looks

(Continued on Page 7)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

CHRONIC bronchitis is common, and too often neglected. In many cases the true nature of the trouble may be overlooked. Today I want to tell you about a condition called "bronchiectasis," which is often confused with bronchitis.

Dr. Copeland

Bronchiectasis is a stretching of the bronchial tube, and it is more common than is suspected. It follows any injury to the lining of the bronchial tubes and, because of the persistent cough and profuse secretion which accompanies it, is often mistaken for chronic bronchitis.

The cough in bronchiectasis is spoken of as chronic and productive cough. The afflicted person brings up large amounts of thick sputum, often having a disagreeable odor and occasionally containing blood. The cough is spasmodic. Pain is rarely present, but the afflicted individual complains of shortness of breath.

While an X-ray examination readily reveals the stretched condition of the bronchial tubes, it is often difficult to make a diagnosis of this disease without the X-ray picture.

Bronchiectasis may be found in children, or in adults at any age, but it most frequently occurs between the ages of thirty and forty. It usually follows repeated colds or persistent under-nourishment, and sometimes appears after one of the acute diseases of childhood.

Occupation plays a role in this disease. Continued exposure to irritating dust or chemical vapor, producing a chronic irritation and inflammation of the lining of the bronchial tubes, may result in bronchiectasis. Persistent and neglected cases of bronchitis also may lead to bronchiectasis.

The disease can be successfully treated only when recognized in its early stages. Predisposing causes such as focal infections, chronic colds, faulty diet and unhygienic surroundings, must be corrected before any success in treatment can be expected. Change of climate is beneficial in most cases, but is not always necessary.

Some persons are born with a tendency toward this disease, which then is spoken of as "congenital bronchiectasis." In these cases extreme care and attention must be given to building up and developing the body. Plenty of fresh air, sunlight and nourishing foods and prevention of nose and throat infections are necessary for the welfare of such individuals.

Answers to Health Queries

E. F. Q.—Is it harmful to drink milk in tea?

A.—No.

W. C. C. Q.—Please tell me what to do so that I can sleep I think my nerves are at fault.

A.—For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self addressed envelope.

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New Views

"Are you planning to take an August vacation? If so, where and how?" These questions were asked by Statesman reporters yesterday.

Rose Newton, office assistant: "I'm not among the lucky August vacationers. Wish I were; today looks as though it might be a warm month. I'd go to the beach if I were going on a vacation."

Dwight Adams, Y. M. C. A. boy secretary: "Yes, I'll leave tomorrow evening at 6 o'clock. I may spend a few days with the folks at the coast. Otherwise, I don't know what."

Lawrence Yarnes, university student: "If hitch-hiking is good, I may go to Oregon City to visit friends."

Claude Cook, student: "No, not this month."

C. N. Inman, attorney: "We shall probably go to the coast later in the month. I rather favor the mountains where one can rough it more; a white-collar vacation is not to my liking."

Daily Thought

"You cannot force the growth of human life and civilization, any more than you can force these slow-growing trees."—Gaynor.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

"DOUGHERTY!" remonstrated Thatcher Colt. "Could you wait to question Mr. Everett—"

"I'm sorry, Thatcher," rumbled Dougherty, his face a brick-red shade. "But the whole thing is getting clearer to me every second. Go ahead!"

Thatcher Colt was deliberately filling his pipe.

"I am sorry to take issue with you there, Dougherty. At this point, everything gets very dark to me. I do not know what happened. All that I can safely say that I know is that Christine Quires was murdered. Somewhere in this apartment—which was not guarded at that time—an assassin was concealed. Now was the time. Christine was killed. It is impossible at this stage to attempt to visualize the scene.

"We have to guess here. But from other facts that we know, let us assume that we have the right to lay down a hypothesis. Then let us try to fill in the gaps and see if it all aids us.

"Let us begin by accepting the fact that someone had a deep and malicious reason for murdering Lola. But that mysterious someone—probably among us here—played so deep a game that Lola was herself taken into the scheme. That is to say, the plotter told Lola that two of Lola's enemies should be killed, to avoid an exposé. Lola was not averse to any counsel, for her own safety; she was demonstrably a person of little scruple. Lola was tempted to commit murder herself—and Lola told Baldwin to order the scorpions.

"Sheer guess-work, most of that. But follow the notion and see where it leads us. Suppose that Christine had overheard this bloodthirsty temptation? She is terrified. She does not know whether to tell or not. She sends for her brother. She makes vague hints to Everett. She comes home. She finds the killer here—and the accusation is out. In the argument that follows, the killer denies everything. Christine's back is turned; the killer approaches with a box of death held high; the lid is opened and the scorpion springs upon the nearest victim. The death bite was in Christine's ear.

"So much I have to guess at—but all that follows is based on factual evidence which buttresses the rest of the story to a most convincing degree.

"At least, the box was thrown out of the window. But in the magic mirror of reconstruction the scene of what followed is too faint. We cannot make out the features of the killer. But from this moment on, certain other facts become much clearer. A part of the secret is being given up to us, by virtue of the most common and ordinary virtues of everyday police work. By diligence and careful scrutiny we find definite indications. Mark you! When we found the body of Christine Quires, her clothes were soaking wet. Here was a clue which we could not overlook. There was no mistaking its importance. For some hours the dead body of Christine Quires had been exposed to last night's storm. Yet how was that possible? Remember that trained police operatives searched this apartment—and the terrace. Later we flooded the terrace with searchlights. Yet we found not the slightest trace. If the body of Christine had been lying out on the terrace we would have found it during our first search. But suppose even that we blundered and overlooked it. In our subsequent search we would have found in the sleet such traces of the body itself and the footsteps of those who dragged it there that we could not have overlooked them if we wanted to—especially with our blaze of searchlights. No such traces were there. The body was not concealed in this apartment. It was not on the terrace and it was not on the roof. Now where was it?"

I found one window in Lola Carewe's room that told its own story.

Colt's tanned, eager face was flushed and eager as he stared from the white, attentive faces of Edgar Quires and his large wife, to Guy Everett, Mrs. Baldwin, and at last to the feline little Vincent Rowland.

"Where was the body all those hours?" repeated the Commissioner. It was as if he were working the case out logically in his mind; as if, indeed, his thoughts had been wired for sound.

"A very simple bit of detective work has made it possible to answer that question. You will recall that certain strange marks were found on the throat of Christine Quires. They were brutal markings. The medical examiner definitely established that there was a constriction of the throat muscles, sufficent to have caused death by strangulation.

"But death was not caused by strangulation. It was caused by the bite of the scorpion! The strangling of the throat had been done after death!

"Why should any murderer choke the throat of a body, once it is dead? It is a waste of time, if nothing else.

"You will further recall the finding of a strap of leather, which under microscopic examination disclosed tiny particles of human skin. There then remained no further doubt in my mind that the neck of the dead girl had been encircled with a strap, tightly buckled. Why?

"There could be but one answer to that awful question.

"The body was to be suspended in some position where it could not be seen!

"Logically and inevitably then came the question—where was the body put up, to hang by its neck?

"The clue lay in the condition of the body. It was soaking wet. It had been hanging out in the storm. Not on the terrace; not on the roof—yet still out in the storm. Where could the hiding-place be?

"When I found a hair of Christine, wet, on the floor of a room where she did not belong, the answer forced itself upon my mind. It was a horrible and ghastly answer—but inevitable.

"The body must have been hanging from one of the windows that open upon a sheer drop of twenty-three stories to the street.

"Once this solution was clear, confirmation was easy. One had only to look at the windows that did not open on the terrace. I found one window in Lola Carewe's room that told its own story. There was a support there for a flag pole, and through that the strap had been thrust and buckled. There were strands of wet hair from Christine's head caught in the iron stanchion, like that I had found on the floor.

"That much of the mystery was at least sufficiently clear.

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Ore., July 30.

To the Editor:

Under popular rules of procedure and habits of thought the position of the bonus veterans is pronounced all wrong, to be sure.

But occurrences of this kind never proceed under popular rules of procedure or habits of thought. They are revolutionary. Except as revolt against popular procedure they would never occur.

Note the ready register of parroted sentiments in behalf of the prevailing forces. But had the revolutionists been successful these brave commentators would have been mute or timid panderers to the favor of the new authority. To think of their temerity by comparison to that of the bonus veterans is to blush.

How easy it is to think and talk as we are supposed to think and talk. How serene, safe and satiating it is to line up with popular mentors in most issues where it is easy to stand forth against more or less prevailing opinion.

Bluffers may bluster where it is an even or better bet that their blustering will pay—that it can be done with impunity—where it involves little penetration as to causes and comparative justice. But deliberately to choose the unpopular side when it may mean death is the prerogative of patriots to higher principles.

The veterans were not entitled to the bonus by any past understanding—that may be true. But what of the financial favors so generously extended to others amply fed and protected?

This question has been asked a thousand times and is treated with contempt. That fact is more violent in its possibilities than the assembling of the bonus army, and it will keep on assembling armies—and it should keep on until the question is justly answered or everyone responsible is annihilated.

The country was in trouble. It asked for and received or compelled the response of these veterans, not merely with their money, but also with their lives. It took them at an age when young men's lives are molded for all their remaining years.

These veterans are now in distress. They are unemployed and threatened with starvation. Their wives and babies, and in some cases their fathers and mothers, appeal to them for food. They ask merely for a few dollars from the surpluses of some of the fat hogs who coined money while they fought for "democracy," "liberty" and "justice." What filthy, lying slobber such terms have turned out to be.

Unless the American people have lost their fighting spirit this affair will vastly increase the feeling of outraged justice and potential revolution as time passes — however unavoidable some such outcome may have been.

It was a difficult situation, truly. It merited from the start the most painstaking condescension and consideration by the president and all concerned. The gracious granting of the veterans' demands would have been simple justice in view of what was flaunted in their faces by way of favors to less deserving interests. Contrary to being a sign of capitulation and a signal for multiplied demands from other sources, it would have been a most happy indication that this great country still had an ear for the sort of people who first gave it life.

These veteran protestants are called disturbers and rioters. So were the fathers of '76. To the English authorities they were everything as vile as these veterans to our money-bloated president. To the authorities he opposed Washington was a rebel. Jesus Christ suffered the death of the lowest of criminals as the estimate of his deserts by the Hoovers of his time.

It is a sign of hope to the human race that a few such patriots are still in evidence.

The world is far safer for democracy and everything else worth striving for while the spirit of revolution still lives.

Nature never made such ungodly discrepancies as exist among men today through their assumption of infallible authority which to question is a crime and to disobey is treason. A martyr's grave is an ever-potent rebuke to the liberty of cowards and slaves.

R. A. HARRIS.

Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 3, 1907

PARIS—The French and Spanish governments are acting in concert to meet the situation that has arisen in Morrocco. A warship of each of these powers is now in the harbor of Casa Blanca and others are on the way there.

SEATTLE — The management of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909, proposes to reproduce at the exposition several of the famous mines of the north that made dozens of millionaires during 1898 and 1900.

While riding in an automobile near Wheatland last evening, H. S. Gile and W. T. Jenks of this city suffered serious injuries when their car became uncontrollable and ran over the Willamette river bank, landing on the gravel below.

August 3, 1922

Sydney, N. S.—Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, died yesterday morning at his estate near Baddeck. Bell lived to see experiments which he began with a dead man's ear less than 50 years ago result in a means of communication for millions of long distance telephone conversations daily in all parts of the world.

MEDFORD — Indications tonight were that indictments against prominent members of the Medford realm of the Ku Klux Klan will be returned by the special grand jury now in session some time today. It is generally believed the jury will indict between seven and 10 persons.

Charges of fraud in the primary gubernatorial election, made by Charles Hall, proved in error, a recount of contested Marion county precincts revealed yesterday. Olcott, on the contrary, received five more votes than given on the initial count. One hundred and thirty-three ballot boxes from Multnomah county remain to be checked over.