

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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End of the Bonuseers

THE bonus army has been viewed by different individuals and newspapers in different lights. Some regarded it with alarm and thought it was the germ of a revolution. Others viewed it with flippancy. Cynicism or mirth were stimulated by the various aspects of this suddenly evolved "cause". It has seemed to us an occasion rather for pity than for censure or for ridicule. Even though the whole idea was a futile gesture based on a wrong conception of government, the spectacle of thousands of men, unemployed, with only one objective of getting some two or three hundred dollars which would last them but a few months is one to excite sympathy rather than fear or disgust.

Now as we read of the army disbanding at Johnstown and being transported by rail to be dropped off at way stations the country over, while there is a feeling of relief that the strain is over, there is also the knowledge that these men are still without objective and still without support. Such situations are the occurrences in times of industrial crisis, but that does not ease the lot of those who go hungry to bed.

1894 had its Pullman strike and Haymarket riots; let us hope nothing more serious than the bonus revolt may mark the present depression. At this distance it still seems as though the "army" could have been handled without bloodshed. We do not like to see a picture of policemen wrestling a flag from the hands of those who have followed it honorably in war.

Senators, et al., have followed conventional lines in blaming the riot on the communists. Undoubtedly some reds were there; it was virgin field for their sowing. But the remarkable thing is that the bonuseers restrained radicalism as successfully as they did. The country will breathe easier now that the straggling army is being scattered about the country. But the major problem remains of social and economic organization which avoids such catastrophes as that which caused the bonus revolt to bubble up. It is out of such materials as vast maladjustment that genuine revolutions do arise; and the political order is not secure when the economic order has broken down. The responsibility of leadership now is toward reconstruction, and not merely that of cajoling the country that times will be good by and by.

Salem and the Holy Land

CHARLIE WILSON, secretary of the chamber of commerce, must be quite a bible student. His last bulletin contains comparisons on the geography of "two famous valleys"—the Willamette and the holy land. We are not able to see how he rates the hill country of Judea as a valley; but since the holy land and the Willamette valley are the two greatest places on earth we ought to know all about both spots.

Here are the statistics which Charlie has dug up:
Dan to Beersheba, 140 miles; Portland to Cottage Grove, 145 miles.
Sea of Galilee, length, 12 miles; Salem to Gervais, 14 miles.
Jerusalem to Jericho, 14 miles; Salem to Silverton, 15 miles.
Jerusalem to Bethlehem, south, 5 miles; Salem to Liberty, south, 5 miles.
Jerusalem to Shiloh, north, 21 miles; Salem to Hubbard, north, 20 miles.

How many people had any idea the sea of Galilee was 13 miles long? We thought it was just a little bigger than a frog pond.

It is only a mile farther from here to Silverton than from Jerusalem to Jericho; and you may make the trip by motor car without any danger of falling among thieves, though if you did there are more good samaritans than levites living along the highway.

The thought that Liberty might be Bethlehem, so far as distance is concerned, is also new. One thing is true, Jesus himself could well be proud to claim Liberty as his birthplace.

There is one omission on Charlie's chart and that is the distance from Jerusalem to Salem No. 1. But maybe the Jerusalem chamber of commerce in Joshua's day didn't have any "Trail 'em to Salem" folders on file.

Not a Universal Bank

FROM the way applications are proposed for loans from the R. F. C. the people must think that organization is just a grab bag without any bottom. They are due for a rude awakening. Your Uncle Sam isn't a Santa Claus and he isn't a sucker. Before he loans out this money entrusted to him he wants to see the color of the security back of the loan, and the enterprise the money is supposed to finance. The R. F. C. has been quite hardboiled on loans. Banks have had to pawn their shirts to get a grant of aid from the R. F. C.

Salem is one of the applicants for a loan. Very properly its application should be closely scrutinized both as to the credit rating of Salem and the feasibility of the self-liquidating project the money is designed to finance. This city would welcome the most careful investigation of it. In fact The Statesman has recommended that if the loan is granted, the Baar and Cunningham studies be reviewed by independent engineers so the city may be confident of success of whatever project it adopts.

New life seems to be stirring in the dried veins of business. If that continues to flow the R. F. C. itself will be "self-liquidated." It is essentially a temporary instrument. Meanwhile the R. F. C. will make loans under the terms of the laws creating it; but the public must understand that it is not a universal bank. Our hope is that it can be run competently and honestly and with fair division of its benefits. Otherwise it may become another scandal like wartime shipbuilding and the federal farm board.

4-L Group Would Aid Non-Member Plant Employees

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Aug. 5.—(AP)—Twenty-one employees delegates representing 10,000 4-L workers in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and California met here Thursday and resolved to start a

Daily Thought

"Reason is the life of the law."

—Coke.

campaign to raise the working standards in non-member plants. The convention deplored price cutting, wage reduction and wanted materials. W. C. Ruegnitz, Portland, was named president.

Same Old Helmet!



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 6, 1907

Worried of waiting for the coming of the oil, ordered as long ago, Mayor Rodgers and Alderman Stols made arrangements yesterday for the sprinkling of the city's streets with water. The waterwagon will be kept going day and night.

The first party to navigate Crater lake in a gasoline launch made the trip around the lake last Sunday. Three hours were consumed in making the trip. Several small eaves were found.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. King, John H. Lewis, J. R. Linn, J. J. Dalrymple and A. Hackett have been named Salem delegates to the National Irrigation congress session to be held at Sacramento in September.

August 6, 1923

A man of unknown identity stole \$146 out of the till at the Oregon Electric ticket office, in the Oregon building, yesterday afternoon. The ticket agent was called out of the office for a moment and during that time the office till was rifled.

Production for 124 mills, reporting to the West Coast Lumbermen's association for the week ending July 29, was four per cent above normal. The lumbermen manufactured \$3,511,335 feet of lumber, sold 78,639,026

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

FAILURE of elimination is one of the most common of all human complaints, and within recent years has become an increasing physical evil. It is believed that our modern methods of living are responsible for it.

There are various types of constipation. The form met in young children is different from the faulty elimination of elderly individuals. In the young the disorder results from faulty habits and improper diet, and only rarely can be traced to an abnormal intestinal condition. There are other causes in the adult, among them lack of exercise, high pressure living and poor posture, while of course faulty eating is an important factor.

Health articles and the home magazines periodically publish advice about this disorder and give rules for its correction, but after all it is not easy to overcome it. It is true that diet, exercise and correct habits aid greatly in promoting elimination, but in spite of these many cases of constipation persist. There is need of a thorough overhauling to determine the cause, yet many sufferers from obstinate constipation have never received the thorough physical examination by a physician that is necessary to find what is really wrong. This is of vital importance.

Many a case is caused by some definite disorder of the intestine, stomach, gallbladder or appendix, and can be cured only when such underlying cause has been removed. If the examination reveals no physical abnormality, the trouble may be classified as what the doctors call "spastic" or "atonic" constipation, the former frequently seen in children and the latter in adults.

In the atonic type of constipation diet is important. Usually there has been too little "roughage" in the diet, and benefit comes when lettuce, celery, spinach, carrots, beets, string-beans, wheat, raisins and cooked fruits, prunes particularly, are added to the menu. All food should be slowly and carefully chewed, and meals eaten at definite and regular hours.

All constipated persons should drink six to eight glasses of water daily. Exercise is of value, its exact form to depend on the directions of the doctor. When exercise is not permissible, the abdominal wall should be massaged in the proper manner for ten minutes each morning.

Laxatives and cathartics are of no value in the cure of constipation. Their use leads to an undesirable habit, and to take them habitually is harmful and prevents actual cure.

An enema should be taken whenever necessary, with only a pint of cool water, larger amounts of water, especially if warm, may promote rather than help to overcome constipation. A teaspoonful of table salt or baking soda may be added to the water.

To cure this trouble requires persistent efforts and patience on the part of the afflicted person.

Answers to Health Queries

"A Reader." Q.—What causes red spots on the face?

A.—This may be due to acne. Diet and elimination are important in the correction of this disorder. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

A. B. C. Q.—What causes a breaking out over the body like mosquito bites?

A.—This may be due to hives. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Homer would protest:

Homer wrote and drew cartoons of his father, T. W. Davenport, in the book being quoted. There was deep paternal and filial love between them. The father was a leading man of early Oregon; surveyor, farmer, man of affairs.

He was among the organizers of the republican party in this state; became a great friend and staunch supporter of Col. M. D. Baker, and aided in his election to the United States senate. He was Marion county surveyor, member of the legislature, state land agent, Indian agent, etc. His wife and Homer's mother was Flora Geer, daughter of R. C. Geer, the Willamette valley's first nurseryman, etc., etc. Thus Homer was a cousin of T. T. Geer, governor of Oregon.

When, after a checkered youthful career, with many ups and downs, and more downs than ups, Homer had decided to go to San Francisco and tempt fortune in the big world, his father went with him to Woodburn, where the son was to take the through train. That was the journey that led to

feet, and shipped 75,496,800.

Billy Gardeau of Boise, Idaho, will arrive here tonight to wind up training for his 10-round battle with "Dubs" Mulkey, of Monmouth, at the armory next Friday night, at Company "F's" first boxing show of the season.

his securing a place as cartoonist of the San Francisco Chronicle, which brought him to the notice of W. R. Hearst, then preening his wings for the flight into nationwide journalism that followed.

Hearst then had his first newspaper, the San Francisco Examiner, which his father, Senator Hearst, mining millionaire, had bought for him soon after his graduation from college. W. R. Hearst had high ideals then; he at first employed only university trained men as writers. But he detected the genius in the country boy from Oregon and hired him away from the Chronicle. When Hearst acquired his first eastern newspaper, the New York Journal, he took Davenport to the metropolis, leading to his greatest career as the highest paid cartoonist of his time.

Father and son, at the Woodburn depot, had waited long for the coming of the San Francisco bound train. Davenport wrote in his book of the closing scene, as with him to Woodburn, where the son was to take the through train. That was the journey that led to

"Homer, I feel like the old farmer, and I guess you do, who was on his deathbed, when they sent for the minister. The old farmer hadn't been a church member in his day, hadn't given much thought to religion or the hereafter. When the preacher asked him as the family stood close around, if he wouldn't like to make his peace with God, he said, 'No, I don't see as there is any use, we ain't never had any fuss.'"

"So, as the grip of our hands grew stronger, he said, 'Homer, we've never had any fuss, so we can part peacefully.'"

Born in 1847, Homer Davenport died at 45, in 1912. He went to New York in 1895. Many of his cartoons became famous. The writer visited him at his work room in the New York Journal right after the close of the Spanish-American war. Homer was anxious to talk of his Oregon home folks. He showed the writer some of the original drawings of his then famous cartoons. The one depicting Uncle Sam bound around from head to foot with red tape is remembered. It made a page in the newspapers; cartooned the "embalmed beef" episode of the war that had just ended; represented Uncle Sam as unable to furnish his fighting men with good meat, because he was so bound around with red tape. That cartoon brought results. The red tape rules were broken, and there was no more spoiled beef supplied to the fighting forces.

Homer Davenport drew the only picture of the old sailor of Turkey that was ever made. The country boy made his way into the presence of rulers. He was at home in palaces as much as in tents of Arabian sheiks or on the streets of his old home town.

R. B. Fleming of Salem used to have a cartoon made by Homer Davenport that he prized highly, and kept for years, but which in some manner was by accident misplaced some time ago. The drawing of the cartoon came about in this way:

As was their wont, a party of Salem people were spending a vacation period at Willits Springs. Mr. Fleming was among the number, also Jake Rosenberg, then a Salem merchant, one of the owners of "The Old White Corner," Commercial and Court streets.

The ladies of the party proposed a candy pull, with what materials they could muster for the making of the necessary candy.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

I SHOULD have known better than to bedevil myself with such questions. I have been with Thatcher Colt too many years not to know better. The man never does anything without some basis in sound reason.

Colt had seen something in that photograph which had escaped me—had escaped us all.

What could it be?

I confess I looked with new interest at the framed portrait which Captain Henry presently brought into the room. There was the same smiling, youthful face. But what else looked out at us from within the borders of the chased silver frame?

Still I could find nothing whatever.

Thatcher Colt received the photograph from Captain Henry and with a smile sent the old fellow back to Center Street. I am sure he wished to remain. Without waiting for the door to close, the Commissioner went back to his argument.

"The final proof, gentlemen, is just now in my hands. The case has come to an end. The facts are complete. It remains only to place them before you, and to arrest the guilty person."

We looked at him like freshmen, absorbed in a lecture we found glamorous. There was a tenseness, like electricity, trembling in the air. What revelation would be uttered here in the next five minutes?

Colt held up the photograph.

"As some of you know," he went on quietly, "I was drawn to this photograph from the moment I saw it. It seemed to be the face of someone I had seen before. The features evoked a recollection in my mind. Yet for a long time I could not identify them."

"But logic settled that question, within two hours, I made a mental breakdown of that photograph. Whose eyes did it suggest? Whose mouth? Whose nose? Whose ears? I got a little way with that—but I needed proof. Then I unfurled this portrait and got the name of the French photographer. By the telephone process I sent that picture to Paris and asked the chief of police to investigate."

"Meanwhile I was making other researches by cable. To my infinite surprise I learned that Lola Carewe had lived alone in London and in Paris. Who, then, was the charming old gentlewoman she had introduced to us here as her mother? Was she a stage mother, family front for nobodies, as I have heard is an old Hollywood custom?

"Then, by a quirk of fancy, my mind went back to a moment last

night in the Crystal Room of the Ritz. Two girls—cleans performers—in blue, and a dowager mother were presented. I learned that the dowager was not really the girl's mother. She was hired by the motion picture company to give the girl a family background. Such things were done. Lola Carewe had been in the movies and was thinking of going back again. Perhaps she had a hired mother, too, then, and perhaps after her marriage she found it impossible to get rid of her."

"A cable to London soon settled that. Lola's mother died immediately after Lola's birth. These reports confirmed my suspicion. Lola had entered the United States alone."

"I thus reasoned—and correctly—that the old lady we knew as Mrs. Carewe was a fake. She was an actress, hired to play the part. What was her hold on Lola? Perhaps she had blackmailed Lola—the blackmail, blackmailed—and thus held on to her job. But being a sentimentalist she insisted on having a plain room, such as she had always known."

"The two of them must have known a lot about each other!"

Colt's voice was now very clear and distinct. He had told "Mrs. Carewe" to keep her door open. I had no doubt that she could hear distinctly every word that was said. But there was no outburst, not even the sound of crying. Apparently, the old woman was taking it with the immobility of a stone.

"This altered the situation," Colt went on, his voice resonant and clear. "Even the most hardened policeman hesitates to accuse a mother of murdering her own child. But we were being more and more forced to that conclusion. There are no miracles. There were no secret doors. From the very first Dougherty had said it was an inside job—and from the very first I have believed him. Moreover, I had put my hand on the old woman's head—and found that her hair was wet!"

"It was then that the information was received that gave me what I might call the impelling clue."

"M. Dupont stated in his wire that the father and mother of Basil Boucher had been in the business of supplying hospitals with specimens!"

"There was the connection established over what had seemed to me an abyss in my reasoning. How could an old woman, hired to play a part of mother, know anything about scorpions from a remote region of Mexico?

"There seemed to be no answer to that question. But now! The skies cleared in my head. I saw the likeness—of course it was clear!

They festooned the fresh made candy on the fence over night to acquire the proper consistency for pulling. A bear came in the darkness and ate the candy."

Undaunted, Rosenberg and Fleming went the next morning to gather wood for a fire, to make another batch of candy. Rosenberg's dog went along. The dog got into a yellow jacket's nest, and came running and twisting and scratching to his master in futile attempts to get rid of the pests. The dog brought the swarm of yellow jackets with him, and there was a scramble that was amusing as well as painful.

Homer Davenport was also at Willits, and the scene became the subject of the prized cartoon. That was before Homer had gone to San Francisco. He was not yet famous. But Mr. Fleming declares that the cartoon of Rosenberg, the dog and the yellow jackets showed as much action, and was as true to life, as anything he did in after years that drew the attention of millions.

In one of the last years of Davenport's life, on a visit to Salem, he was invited to dinner at the home of Col. M. Hofer, along with a few cronies. The conversation lasted until 4 o'clock the next morning. Homer was in reminiscence mood, and his stories ranging over the wide earth took up most of the time. The writer, who was one of the guests, has never regretted his loss of sleep that night.

Davenport sagas, with local flavor, might be continued to cover many newspaper pages. This series will conclude tomorrow, with a few additional ones.

(Note: The Bits can now answer the phoned questions concerning the Riekey family.)

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "Do you favor the issuance of bonds or the other borrowing of money by the state for highway relief work this winter?"

F. J. Rønnings, commercial artist: "Well, that's a hard one. It seems to me it's just a case like Louis XV's. After me the deluge—let her go."

Honey Phillips, salesman: "I don't think the state should borrow a bit more money than is necessary now. There seems to be a difference of opinion on the winter road work done to help the unemployed."

John Sturdevant, salesman: "I think there are too many bonds already."

F. O. Lutz, nurseryman: "I think other means are better than bonds. I think they've got too many bonds now."

ANOTHER BOY; IN SEVENTH EAST WOODBURN, Aug. 5 — Mr. and Mrs. John Beyer are being congratulated upon the arrival of their seventh child, a boy. He was born July 29 at their home. It looks as though the father will have all the help in the future as there are no girls in this family.

NOT ON STARBUCK FARM ORCHARD HEIGHTS, Aug. 5 — A request has been received that a correction be made in the account of the Starbuck family reunion published in Thursday's Statesman to the effect that "Mrs. Marie Southwick is not now living on a part of the former Starbuck farm."



Three Women in Love WITH A MARRIED MAN!

EDWINA MACDONALD demonstrates in this exciting new serial that she has a genius for creating new situations. Around Jimmie Warren, attractive young husband, she has woven a drama of conflict involving three women: his wife, who thinks their romance has ended; her closest friend, who is irresistibly drawn to him; and a self-centered little parasite who sponged on his generosity. It is an enthralling situation that Miss MacDonald unfolds in

HEART=STRINGS

Read about Warren; his wife, Pamela; Patricia Braithwaite; unscrupulous Myra Brownley—and how their HEARTSTRINGS are unstrung.

Begins Sunday in

The Oregon Statesman