

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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"Intellectuals" and Communism

A group of "intellectuals" have endorsed the communist candidates for president. Among them are Lincoln Steffens, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and other authors and artists. Their revolt is against the present economic system and against the present major parties which they rate as hopelessly corrupt.

The issue is primarily one of economics; yet we do not see in the published list the name of a single economist. Most of them are literary persons who have found a ready market for their wares in the capitalist countries. And their wares have been the literature of rebellion. Dreiser who is typical of the lot is something of a literary bum. There is scant art in his writing, nor is he particularly profound in his thinking. As "intellectuals" the group is not marked by any great show of learning, and their work is transient in character both as art and as philosophy.

Things are going badly in capitalist countries; but the prolonged tailspin no longer threatens to end in a crash. Meantime the world may wait to determine the success of the Russian experiment. Conditions in Russia will probably be the worst this year of any since the famine year of 1921. Even the foreigners are now reported on short food rations. Food prices have leaped,—eggs up 250%, meat prices about 100%. There were plenty of green vegetables this summer because the peasants were permitted again to peddle them in private trade.

The collectives, which Stalin depended on to produce an abundance of grain for home consumption and for export to obtain the foreign credits needed to pay for heavy machinery, are not working according to plan. Machine farming has been breaking down and it is reported that near Odessa 30% of the tractors were disabled. Workers on the collective farms have been on strike because of the failure of the state to ship in enough goods to satisfy them. An effort has been made to satisfy the collectives by permitting them to engage in local trade, but the peasants are still unwilling to work and toil and then have their grain removed while the villages go hungry as they did last winter.

Conditions may be bad in America, but we think a few Americans and none of the "intellectuals" signing the communist endorsement are willing to exchange residence here for Russia. When pronounced emigration from the United States and England and Germany and France to Russia starts in, then we may have reason to think communism might be a better system.

A Word for Charlie Dawes

WHEN Charles G. Dawes resigned in a hurry from the R. F. C. and went back to his bank in Chicago he arrived too late to get its affairs in order without outside help. The R. F. C., federal reserve and Chicago and New York banks came to his aid chiefly because the failure of his big bank in the Chicago loop district might have made such a rent in the dyke that the whole banking structure of the city would have gone down. Because of his big loan Dawes has been criticized and the R. F. C. has been criticized. It is now reported that Dawes will pay off the depositors in his Central Republic bank and will organize a new bank with new capital and make a fresh start.

Instead of criticism of Dawes we believe when the full story is written that he will prove worthy of praise. Most of the years since 1917 Dawes has devoted himself to the public service. As a general in the army, as director of the budget when it was first organized, as vice president, as ambassador to London, as member of the Dawes commission in Europe, as head of the Reconstruction Finance corporation, Dawes gave freely of his abundant energies and of his private means for the service of his country. In Chicago, when one of the big banks was in trouble, the Dawes bank absorbed it and paid depositors in full. If the Central Republic is liquidated we make the prediction that not only its depositors will not lose a cent, and the banks and government agencies which advanced the loan will not lose a cent, but that Charles Dawes and his brothers will put their private fortune in the bank to make good any losses which the very nature of the times has caused even for most cautious banks.

It is something heroic to see Dawes at 67 battling in Chicago to make good his stewardship of other people's funds and preparing, if report be true, to seek once more to rebuild his fortune through new adventure. Such fidelity to trust deserves praise and not censure; and it is by the way, typical of the sacrifice which is being made by many men of affairs who esteem a good name above great riches.

Greta Garbo is said to be maintaining her rule of silence in her native Sweden. She rarely appears in public and is quite uncommunicative. She may carry through her role in her homeland because she must keep up the character which the public associates with her. Coolidge as president was known as the silent man. His intimates say he is actually glib in strictly private conversation. So with Garbo: the private life of an actress being of such public interest, it can she sustain the air of mystery she is much more apt to remain in the public attention.

The appointment of Dr. Arnold Bennett Hall to the directorship of the Brookings Institute for governmental research is one which should challenge the best endeavors of Dr. Hall. He has been strong for research and devoted much of his time as president of the university to making it an institution of research. Then Dr. Hall is trained in the social sciences, so this post will give him an opportunity he must have longed for: to conduct research in a field of his major interests. He can work too, free from the controversies of politico-public education.

Portland is all bedecked with bunting and festoons of cedar for the greeting of the American Legion convention. We hope the crowds crowd up to her expectations, because the people of Portland have exerted themselves tremendously to make the convention a great success. Every civic organization and most every citizen have given a hand in the preliminary work; and blessed with good weather the week should prove a full round of noteworthy events and spectacles.

The new Manchurian government fixes a minimum age for marrying at 18 for females and 20 for males, the order carrying a statement of its purpose that Manchukuo (the new state) "shall have strong and healthy children." That is a great step in the progress of Asia where early marriages and prolific breeding have caused heavy overpopulation.

Like old times to see special trains rolling by in sections. The Southern Pacific had six sections northbound Sunday night, carrying legionnaires and their families to Portland.

Come, Come! The Eclipse is Over!



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days.

September 13, 1907

Field Manager W. H. DeVarney, of the Home Telephone company, made the drive from Dallas to Salem yesterday afternoon, in his 30-horsepower Knox touring car, in 37 minutes flat. This lowers the record of 38 minutes claimed by the driver of the Salem-Dallas automobile stage.

Mr. DeVarney says that he never took the speed lever out of the high gear clutch during the trip and at times attained a speed of 45 miles per hour and averaged over 30, and met several teams but was fortunate in not meeting a horse that shied.

There is a merry war on over the State street "China shack" controversy and it gives promise of winding up in a lawsuit over the validity of the city nuisance ordinance. A man working on the building housing the Orientals has been arrested, since the structure has been condemned.

September 13, 1922

Miss Lilia Ruby, graduate from Willamette university last June, will be married to Ernest Quisenberry tonight at the family home on Baseline road.

A number of physicians and interested clubs are expected to

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer gold money.

Leslie M. Scott, in the Oregon Historical Quarterly for March, has a thorough review of the "beaver money," \$5 and \$10 gold pieces, coined in 1849, at Oregon City. This article will appear in full in this column, beginning:

"Beaver money, \$5 and \$10 gold pieces, coined in 1849 by a company of pioneers, was in circulation several years, until coins of the United States mint at San Francisco came into use in 1854.

"Called 'beaver' because the coins bore the stamp of that fur-bearing animal in imitation, by the way, of an emblem on the fur trade tokens of the North West company and the seal of the territorial government of 1849-59, this money was the product of pioneer necessity and ingenuity, at a time when the new settlement was using, as media of exchange, beaver skins, wheat, bills, drafts and orders, gold dust and silver coins of Mexico and Peru, all of changing value.

take vigorous action to the end of securing support for the county court, which says it will do so if the people vote for it.

The acceptance of Charles Hall as an independent candidate for governor against Ben W. Olcott, republican, and Walter M. Pierce, democrat, was received by the secretary of state yesterday.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

WITHIN recent years a great deal of scientific research has been devoted to discovering the cause and prevention of cataract. As yet, the cause is unknown. Most authorities believe that the disease is brought about by some chemical change within the body.

It is usually associated with advancing years. As we grow older, deposits of opaque material may occur in the crystalline lens of the eye. This condition produces a haziness of the vision in the afflicted eye.

Cataract is most commonly seen in old age, although it may occur in the young, at birth even. It is often seen accompanying certain general diseases. It is exceedingly common in elderly people suffering from diabetes.

It may follow the taking of certain poisons, such as ergot and naphthalin. They interfere somehow in the nutrition of the lens of the eye. The accumulated poisons attack this delicate structure.

Cataract may occur as the result of a blow or other injury to the eye. This is called "traumatic cataract." In this type the haziness is due to a rupture of the capsule of the eye. This break permits the watery fluid within the eyeball to enter the crystalline lens, producing cloudiness. Immediate medical attention is necessary in an accident of this sort.

Unfortunately, many a victim of cataract goes on for years, not knowing he can be helped. He may not go to his physician for relief until both eyes are involved. By a simple operation he may be kept from years of partial blindness.

The symptoms of this condition appear so gradually that the true cause may be overlooked. As a rule, there is a gradual decrease of vision without pain or inflammation of the eyes.

Contrary to a common belief, cataract cannot be cured by medicines, salves, drops or other forms of treatment. Surgery is the only means of cure. While there are on the market many alleged cures for cataract, none has been scientifically proved of real value. If a member of the family has a cataract, consult with your physician. He will advise you and recommend an eye surgeon. The operation is advised while vision of the other eye continues to be good.

Sometimes certain reasons exist for the delay of the operation. This can only be determined by the physician after a thorough examination of both eyes. Diabetic patients should receive careful general medical attention before undergoing the cataract operation. If necessary insulin should be given.

The operation itself is a simple one and need cause no fear. If surgery has been advised, do not delay. By proper care of the eyes, many of its ailments may be escaped. If you need glasses get them. Never permit foolish pride to cause you to spurn glasses. Not only will you see better by having them, but they will help to prevent blindness, even cataract perhaps.

Answers to Health Queries

C. E. B. Q. Q.—What causes pleurisy to rise in the throat? 2.—Would cataract cause a bad breath? A.—This may be due to nasal cataract. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question. 2.—Yes.

Q.—What causes numbness in the legs? A.—This may be due to poor circulation. Build up the general health and your circulation will improve. Copyright, 1933, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

"The mint was operated by the Oregon Exchange company, a voluntary association, not incorporated. The company made little or no profit. The members were W. K. Kilborne, Theophilus Magruder, James Taylor, George Abernethy, W. H. Willson, William H. Rector, John O. Hamilton and Noves Smith. The initial of each man's last name was stamped on the coins; on the \$5 tokens, thus: K.M.T.A.W.R.G.(C.S.); also: Oregon Exchange Company 139 G (grains) Native Gold 5 D (dollars) T O (Territory of Oregon). The letter G should have been O (for Campbell). The \$10 coins, made later, omitted the letters A (Abernethy) and W (Willson), and changed G to C (Campbell) and T O to O T (Oregon Territory)."

"J. G. Campbell wrote a letter in 1865 to Samuel E. May, secretary of the state of Oregon, saying 'the design of the dies was drawn by myself,' and adding that the dies were made by W. H. Rector and John O. Hamilton. But other evidence indicates that Hamilton Campbell made the \$5 die, and Victor M. Wallace the \$10 die; that Thomas Powell, a Salem blacksmith, forged the rolls and Rector and Wallace did the lathe work for the press. Rector's narrative is as follows: 'The

provisional legislature of 1849 had passed a law authorizing the coining of money in the name of the provisional government. The gold dust was not a convenient currency, and, besides that, there was but little else. There had been several attempts made to coin the gold, but all proved a failure. As soon as I was landed at Oregon City, I was employed to get something that would put the gold in a convenient shape for use as money. With the aid of a good blacksmith and a gauge rest for turning iron, I got up an original contrivance for coining money. One of the mission miners did the engraving. The money did not elegant up to the times, but equally as good as the English coin of George III's reign. I was well paid for this work and continued to work at it until about September 1, 1849, when I determined to go to the mines again. They did not coin any more gold after I left.' (Lockley, History of the Columbia River Valley, 1880-81.)"

"The pure gold quality of the coins made them 8 or 10 per cent more valuable than gold coins of governmental mintage, which contain some 10 per cent alloy. In consequence the beaver coins soon disappeared from circulation; were melted into bullion; were taken to the mint at San Francisco and re-coined. The premium on the \$5 beaver coin was 50 cents, and on the \$10 coin, \$1. The reason for the pure gold quality is thus stated by George H. Himes in a letter to James Steel, state bank examiner (1897): 'The state bank company made the beaver coins of pure gold so that there could be no question about their redemption, as soon as the regular coinage of United States money was put into circulation.'"

"James Henry Brown, in Political History of Oregon, page 456, says of the minting tools: Thomas Powell was employed to do the forging at \$1 per pound for iron used. They had considerable difficulty in obtaining the iron, but by using old wagon tires as crucibles as could be found, they

"Mrs. William F. Garajohet, housewife: "President Hoover. I couldn't tell you just why."

M. T. Hamer, farmer: "I don't take much interest in politics. If I were voting, I think I'd vote for Hoover. He has tried to do what he could to help conditions, not that he has done everything, of course. I think he's able and honest, has done all that anybody could."

HEAR STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Laurence stood still, making no effort to search for Patricia. He had seen her come out with Warren and knew she must be hidden within the branches of the hibiscus. If so, she could not slip around to the other side without coming into the open walk. He had not followed them to spy on them; but to walk the gossip of those who might see her coming in from the grounds with Warren. He had left the hotel by the back way, circling around them, so Warren could make no charge.

After a moment she came out. "Oh," she half sobbed, "he lied. Then went away and left me. He meant for me to sneak around to the other side and get away, then let you find me."

"No, he didn't. He decided it would be better for you to walk back with me. That's why he told me you were here, and left you."

"Why did he push me into that bush anyway, as if we were doing something sneaky; then lie about it? If you'd been with me and he'd come out, you wouldn't have pushed me out of sight as if you were ashamed of me; then lied, and left me to sneak off like a criminal."

"No, I wouldn't have had to. I'm not a married man," said Jack quietly. "You see, Pat, dear, this is just the beginning of what a girl must expect who lets herself in for an affair with a married man. This sort of thing can't be done without lies and sneaking and humiliating incidents, except by the so-called bohemians who have nothing to lose. Like Socialists who believe in poverty till they get rich, bohemians grow circumspect when they manage to acquire something they want to keep. I don't believe you could endure that situation." He was drawing her along the walk toward the hotel.

"No, I know I couldn't. Sneaking is wrong. But Jack—why should Jimmie—"

Her voice was lost to the heart-sick warbler. Unmindful of who might be passing and see her, she came out on the walk.

A slim figure darted out of the shadows. "You see, Mrs. Warren," hissed Arthur. "Now will you do something to stop them?"

"You contemptible little sneak," Pamela cried, her suppressed hurt and rage flaring up to vent itself on him. "Bragging around the hotel about the gun you were carrying, then crawling out here to spy. I did feel sorry for you. Now I'd like to stop on you, you little worm."

He began to blubber. "You didn't want me to kill him, did you? I thought you loved him. It was for your sake—I wanted to—"

"Liar! You came out to do something and lost your nerve."

"Well, Jack Laurence followed them, too. He was on the veranda when they came out. I saw him go through the lobby toward the back as I followed them out the front way. He must have meant to do something too. But he didn't."

"He did enough. All he came out to do. Take her back. And he didn't follow them under everybody's eyes either, as you did. He came out the back way. And he didn't spy. He let them know he was coming."

"He sneaked around and came up from the other way."

"To keep from making a scene. Oh, I hope he saw you following them openly, advertising them, and that he gives you the trouncing I'd like to give you."

She turned away to the hotel, entering the rear. Stark, for the first

time in her life, in primitive emotions, she cared not for the whisper, the shrugs, the smiles that he continued a bessece from the bathroom would occasion, following, as it did, upon the exit of her husband and Pat.

She tore herself out of her gown; jerking, ripping the fragile thing apart in the fury that possessed her. With fingers that shook she got into her nightgown and taking down her hair, tried to braid it, her maid being down stairs. Her fingers shook so that they tangled themselves in her hair, tore it. She gave up and lay down, but sat up immediately. Oh, the cruelty of youth! Having heard the gossip that Arthur Savage was carrying a gun—(for whom, being deleted for her cars)—and watching his face from time to time during the evening she had trembled inwardly when she saw him follow Jimmie and Pat onto the veranda. That a scandal was imminent, whether Arthur tried to use the gun or not, she was convinced. She had run out into the yard in sheer panic to watch from the darkness what took place on that veranda. It had not occurred to her that Jimmie would leave it in the face of the rocking chair brigade.

Patricia's malicious little speech to hurt Jimmie, in which she had repeated Jack Laurence's summary of the situation, had revealed to Pamela not only how all had come about; but also Patricia's blamelessness.

Her face burned with shame for Jimmie. A baby like Pat! A little inexperienced girl who had never wanted to be kissed till that day. . . . Oh, it was inconceivable! It undermined all her confidence in Jimmie—not as her husband—but as a man.

And he had said he would not go on the cruise if Pat were going to New York. . . .

Then, what? Divorce. . . . She, Pamela, would be asked to step out. To take a trip to Paris and buy a nice respectable divorce.

What a poor thing marriage was if any little school girl with fresh lips and surprised eyes could step into it and—Excuse me, will you step over to Paris and get yourself a divorce? I'd like to try your husband for awhile. . . . If I don't like him. . . . Oh, well, those things can be arranged."

Pacing the floor, mulling over every word of their conversation, analyzing, sifting, Pamela decided that whatever Jimmie might think of his feeling for Pat, the girl did not love him. It was so amazingly clear that but for his psychological appearance, holding out both sympathy, and escape from Jimmie as his bait, Pat would never have thought of him in the light of a lover. Her response to Jack had been of a different order, spontaneous and natural. No confusion of emotions there. Clean young desire for a man who was a suitable mate for her. Without doubt she would have loved him had she not been blinded by the passion Jimmie had aroused in her. . . .

"Well, it can't be arranged, Jimmie Warren," Pamela stormed. "If she were a woman, and I knew you no longer loved me—I'd get out of your way. But not for a child who would tire of you and throw you out as you'd deserve. I'm not going to give up my position to make ducks and drakes of all our lives. I may leave you later. But not now. Not until she has come to her senses, at any rate."

She heard the key turn in Warren's door. She stood still, thinking. Presently she crossed to the mirror,

peered at her face, applied powder carefully, touched up her lips and slipped into her negligee and slippers.

She tapped on his door. "May I come in, Jimmie?"

"Yes, come in, dear," he called heartily.

She paused, bracing herself against the wave of fury that swept her at his cordial tone and "dear." As she entered and saw him standing by a window from which he had turned at her knock, quite suddenly all her woman fury was swallowed in the motherhood of a childless woman to whom he had become more and more her child as ardor waned between them.

Absurd though it was for a man of his experience, there could be no doubt that he was infatuated with Pat. And because of it he was suffering, even as Pamela was suffering.

She stood hesitantly in the doorway, almost startling in her beauty, a neglige of silver tissue over rose, black hair streaming, all the repressed motherhood of her sterile years shining in her dark eyes.

His glance shifted as if he found there something he could not face. And now that she had come, she did not know what to say. He broke the silence.

"I noticed you had left. I wondered—" Still he did not look at her.

"I had a headache," she said. "I came up and went to bed. I heard you come in, and—"

She saw a look of concern in his eyes. He started toward her. Her eyes drifted from his face. Her own hurt and anger returned. How dare he pretend concern because her head ached, when he had given her this terrible agony of the heart?

"It's better. I wasn't sleepy and I thought I'd come in and have a chat with you."

"Good," he said cheerfully. He made her comfortable in a big chair. Looking down at her white face upturned to the light, her long lids lowered, it occurred to him, as it had a thousand times before, that surely God could produce nothing more beautiful. He bent to kiss her. She turned her cheek.

Giving her the merest touch of his lips he drew away, chilled, and sitting down clipped the end of a cigar.

"Jimmie," she began in her soft drawing voice, "I'd like to ask a favor of you."

His face lighted. "You don't often." Adding in the boyish way she had so loved. "There's nothing I like better than playing fairy godfather to a lovely woman, especially when she happens to be my wife. I hope it's a big favor. Something hard to do."

Oh, how could he speak like that. . . . "I is. And it may be." She was trying to make smoke rings.

"Shoot!"

"I'd like to ask you to make a business trip to Miami that will cover about four days."

His face grew serious. "For you?"

"Well, I'm interested. But mostly for Pat. And yourself. Cousin John will be here in about that time, and I think it would be more decent. Arthur Savage is making a good deal of talk—keeping liquor up and saying things that mean nothing—but causing unpleasant comment. That is, unpleasant for me, and for Cousin John. You and Pat may not care, but—"

She appeared almost casual.

(To Be Continued)

Contracts for road construction amounting to \$2,147,000 were let by the Georgia highway commission as an initial move for unemployment relief.

30 Years Ago MUSSOLINI TEACHES SCHOOL IN ITALY



From the Nation's News Files Guialteri, Italy, Sept. 12, 1902

Years of Experience have taught Rigidon Directors to attend each detail with consistent conscientious care. The modern, completely equipped mortuary is part of the Rigidon Service.

W. T. RIGIDON & SON INC. FUNERALS SINCE 1891 SALEM OREGON

Daily Thought

"I wish that I could say I knew Woodrow Wilson. I have met anyone who makes that claim and who at the same time validates it in any mind but his own." —Henry L. Stoddard.