

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Insull in Athens

HISTORY has given us the picture of Napoleon Bonaparte standing on the rock of St. Helena, his hands clasped behind his back, gazing out upon a vacant, silent sea: "mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream." Napoleon, who had made and unmade emperors, the nod of whose head had extended or denied favor, at whose word nations had leaped to arms, had become a spent force. His throne was gone, his kingdom had been wrested from his hands, the magic spell which his name had cast over Europe for two decades was broken. Not only was Napoleon crushed, the Napoleonism, Caesarism had received its deathblow. True, Kaiser Wilhelm attempted its revival a century later; but the effort failed, sealing forever, the world hopes, the individual lust for power based upon armed conquest.

Napoleon at St. Helena finds a counterpart in Samuel Insull who wanders in self-imposed exile in the distant and alien city of Athens. Even as Napoleon had sought and attained power by force of arms, so Samuel Insull had wrought success in the field of modern imperialism: business and finance; and like Napoleon he overreached himself and the castle of his dreams fell in dust about him.

Here is a man whose name held thousands in its spell, who had waved a magic wand and conjured wealth in regal manner, who had nominated politics of a great city and state, had extended the domain of his power empire until it covered a vast section of the nation. It was Insull who defended almost as divinely ordained the organization popularly known as the power trust, who initiated the campaign of propaganda designed to anesthetize the public. Electricity, gas, transportation—these were the fields in which his genius for organization flowered. Insull was patron of the arts, and many shared the bounty of his hand.

In a sense Insull was caught in the maelstrom of economic forces. When the upsurge came he was in the van. His past success apparently deluded him; he saw no limit to his power. The higher the bid in the game he played, the higher the stakes he posted. When the crash came he was still undaunted and sought wider fields for conquest. When the swirling current of business reversals grew swifter Insull in desperation made false moves as have many in similar predicaments. Now the heavy hand of the law reaches out to bring him back for trial like a common felon.

There is nothing much that may happen to Insull now. We fancy that it matters little, save to his pride, whether he lives in Athens or in Joliet. He is broken. And with him and Ivar Kreuger and men of such type may we say that the epoch of Caesarism in business has come to an end?

As though the scales had fallen from our eyes we may now see how we have worshipped big business men just as the benighted peoples of past centuries venerated their military heroes. Harold J. Laski put it well in an article in the October "Foreign Affairs":

"The successful business man became the representative type of civilization. He subordinated all the complex of social institutions to his purposes. Finance, coal, oil, steel became empires of which the sovereignty was unchallenged as that of Macedonia or Rome."

This distortion of values was peculiarly the disease of Americans. We scoffed at excellence in the arts and professions. Education was chained to the chariot of commerce. Religion was made innocuous through the bounty of the wealthy. The administration of government was dominated by the idea of fostering business. The motive of acquisitiveness here energized the whole people, and resulted in exploitation of domestic resources both natural and human.

The problem of the day therefore is not one merely to restore a condition which existed in 1929, but to stabilize a condition of wholesome well-being of the whole population, in which there may be a healthy balance of material prosperity, intellectual interests and moral idealism. This, it may be said in passing, is not a mere matter of politics, of voting for one group or another. It is part of the "zeitgeist", the spirit of the age, which is determined by all the mingled forces which go to make up the general culture of an epoch.

A Sober Question

HARD TIMES have made the people irritated. They voice their discontent on any and all occasions. In recent elections they have vented their feelings by swatting the "ins". There is danger that they will similarly express themselves against President Hoover.

Suppose Gov. Roosevelt is chosen president. Between November and March there will be a period of grave uncertainty. Congress would be called in extra session after March 4th. It will immediately become a forum of discontent in which radical and unsound measures of the most extreme kind will be launched. With such men as Huey Long, Burton Wheeler, C. C. Dill posing as spokesmen of the administration legislation almost of revolutionary character may be agitated.

When a patient is convalescing it is a poor time to change medicine and to change doctors. Assuredly American business is in no shape to suffer experimental major operations of the kind that Huey Long will propose. Recent recessions in business give support to the thought that it is fear of Roosevelt success which is causing present unsettlement.

We do not believe that Roosevelt has any desire to injure business recovery, that he has even any genuine hostility to business as typified by Wall Street; but that the fear and doubt as to what his policies are, coupled with the belief that he may not have stamina enough to restrain the radical agitators of his own party may do as much damage as positive action on the president's part.

Voters should consider the matter in all soberness. Times have been and are hard. Will the nation fight its way to recovery more quickly under the definite and conservative policies of Pres. Hoover; or under the indefinite and uncertain program which Roosevelt may propose? That is the real issue the voters have to face in November.

Endeavors Looking Ahead to State Meet

TURNER, Oct. 12. — A lively discussion of prohibition featured the Sunday night meeting of the First Christian Church Endeavor meeting, which was attended by about 30 youths. Reports on the county convention held last week in Salem were also heard. The Endeavor is already making plans to send a large delegation to the state convention at Eugene next spring.

DAMAGE Averted

MARION, Oct. 12. — A fire broke out at the John Scott farm in the hills west of Marion Tuesday afternoon and but for the speedy response of some 25 or 30 men in the vicinity the buildings on the Thomas Winn farm would have been burned.

Cocktail Time in Cuba



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 18, 1907

Thomas Scott, after whom Scott's Mills was named, died at his home at Scott's Mills October 11. He was one of the oldest residents of eastern Marion county.

Considerable stir has arisen in Marion county over practices of hop-contractors. Legislation to stop dealing in futures and short selling is being planned.

DETROIT — The Chicago National League baseball team yesterday won the world's championship by defeating the Detroit American League team by a score of 2 to 0. It was the fourth successive victory for Chicago.

October 18, 1923

DALLAS — Philip Warren, Grand Ronde Indian, is not guilty of the murder of Grover Todd, Woodburn prohibition officer, the circuit court jury decided yesterday after 19 hours' deliberation. Judge H. H. Belt presided at the trial.

SAN FRANCISCO — A swiftly blazing fire on the steamship City of Honolulu drove a ship's company of 217 into small boats 676 miles off the California coast yesterday. All were rescued. The vessel is apparently a total loss.

NEW YORK — On the eve of the date set for enforcement of the federal ruling prohibiting passengers, both American and foreign, from bringing liquor under seal into American ports, enforcement authorities yesterday were faced with two test suits. Among protesting companies are the Cunard, Anchor and French lines.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

DURING the last few months an unusual number of cases of typhoid fever has been reported. These outbreaks have been traced to bathing in prohibited waters, to drinking contaminated water, or to the purchase of food from unhygienic quarters along the public highways.

An outbreak of this nature is a new phenomenon because typhoid fever has been a rare control for many years, whereas it used to be very common. Prior to 1880 typhoid fever was a greatly dreaded disease that afflicted thousands of people and took a heavy toll of lives every year. In that year the typhoid germ was discovered. The germ is present in contaminated milk, water and food.

Typhoid Carriers
Within a short time rigid measures were taken to enforce supervision of the water supply of every large city. In addition, the department of health of all communities required that milk be pasteurized, and all dairy products were placed under the supervision of the official authorities. In this way the disease was controlled.

With purification of the water supply and general pasteurization of milk, the number of persons who contracted typhoid fever was greatly reduced. Within the past few years, comparatively few deaths have resulted from typhoid fever.

There is one danger, however, which still exists. I refer to the menace of typhoid carriers—persons who carry the germs, while not suffering themselves from typhoid fever. The typhoid carrier is host to the germs of this disease and is capable of infecting others. Such persons are a constant menace, not only to their immediate families, but to the general public.

It is difficult to detect them, but as there are typhoid carriers the disease is sure to appear at times. Perhaps the recent increase in the number of cases reported will be traced to typhoid carriers who are handling or selling food.

Taking Precautions
All food handlers in public establishments are required by law to be examined at regular intervals. Typhoid carriers, when they are discovered, are not permitted to handle food. They are placed under careful supervision. It is necessary that they be isolated to do away with the danger of infecting others.

Persons who have been at unhygienic camps, or who have been abroad, where the infection is more prevalent, are another source of danger. Their infection may explain the recent outbreaks. They bring the disease back home and quickly spread it to others.

The danger of typhoid can be avoided by careful supervision of water and milk supplies and by refusing food that is handled under unsanitary conditions. Never drink any water or milk unless you are sure of its purity. When in doubt, it is safer to boil the fluid before using it.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Chinook wind:

(Continuing from yesterday:) "Mr. Scott penned this editorial out of the abundance of his knowledge and experience. He was familiar with the climate and with certain previous contributions to the Oregonian of the subject in 1890 (by F. W. Gillette and A. B. McKean) and with the explanation (impossible as far as the region east of the Cascade range is concerned) by Elias B. Smith, a well known resident of Clatsop county, Oregon, in 1899, printed in Proceedings of the Oregon Historical Society, 1899. It is not necessary to repeat those utterances here, as Mr. Scott has clearly summarized and adjudicated the case. He described the term as a primitive one of the Oregon pioneers. He was writing in particular of the influence of such a wind in the Willamette Valley. (At the present time in the Chehalis-Tacoma region the name is applied to a wind from the south and southwest when it blows in late winter and early spring at time of the winter break-up. On Whidbey Island, north of Seattle, a similar wind is recognized and so named.) In that connection it may be remarked that there seems to be an absence of men-

tion of any Chinook wind by the press of Astoria, Portland and Salem later than 1870, and in the literature of the missionary and fur trade periods.

"We now turn to a region quite distant and distinct from the habitat of the Chinookian family and not mentioned by Mr. Scott in his extensive field of survey. The following data comes from a man well known in meteorological circles, C. P. Tallman, librarian at the headquarters of the United States weather bureau, Washington, D. C., in a communication to the writer dated August 31, 1931, as follows: 'The earliest example of the term Chinook applied to a wind, with which I am acquainted, is found in a paper by G. M. Dawson, published in the Report of Progress, 1879-80, of the Geological and Natural History Survey of Canada (Montreal, 1881) page 76 B. He is speaking of the warm dry winds of the Peace River region, which he correctly identifies as foehn, and says that 'further south these southwesterly winds are known as Chinook winds.'"

"G. M. Dawson was an engineer of high standing in Canada, personally connected with the geological surveys of the Rocky mountain region. His observations would have covered the country now embraced within Alberta and Montana, and antedated the building of the transcontinental railway, when merchandise and food-stuffs were freighted in large quantities from Fort Benton on the Missouri river north to Alberta. Within our own country Montana may be cited as the real home of the Chinook or foehn wind. In Montana the weather bureau at Havre is quoted as being the most freakish station in the United States. The town of Chinook near Havre was so named by a man connected with the construction of the Great Northern railway because of the prevalence of this wind there. Montana has been pointed at by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, as the country where one needs to wear heavier undergarments than within the Arctic circle. There are many remarkable records of the influence of this wind (which blows from the west and southwest) in that region. One in particular reports a change in temperature of more than 40 degrees in January within a period of 30 minutes. Warm winds in winter are now called 'Chinooks' even as far east as Minneapolis."

"When was the name first used in that region east of the Rocky mountains? Trading posts of the American fur trading companies existed many years along the Missouri, Fort Union and others; also United States military posts. It is possible that literature of that period of our history may yet reveal some data. General Isaac I. Stevens, the first governor of Washington Territory, was commissioned in 1853, when coming west to assume office, to make a preliminary reconnaissance for a northern route for a railroad to the coast. He left parties of surveyors in Montana for the winter of 1853-54, but as yet examination of their reports shows no mention of that name, although one of those reports does give a very clear description of the wind. Mining first drew population to Montana in any numbers, beginning with 1862-63. There was considerable movement into the territory then, and merchandise and supplies were 'packed' from Columbia river points. A number of well known and successful business men from the Walla Walla country moved into and obtained their commercial start in Montana during those years. The inference is more than plausible that the name Chinook was imported at that time."

Oscar D. Olson, florist: "Just fine."

E. F. Roberts, railway passenger agent: "Keen, isn't it?"

John A. Wright, postal clerk: "Oh, it suits me fine. We needed it on account of the forest fires and for the farmers. I was out in the country the other day and the soil was so dry and dusty your feet sank in it."

H. C. Bushnell, city building inspector: "Just right."

P. A. Preston, University apartments: "We needed some all right, and it came at last. I like it fine."

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A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS

T. Wynne leaves his position in the Bellport steel mills to work his way through Old Dominion college. He is a brilliant student and shows promise in football. Barney Mack, the coach, makes Ted a quarterback. Tom Stone, another student, and Ted are rivals for the love of wealthy Barb Roth. When Barb breaks a date with Ted in favor of Tom, Ted ignores her. In the fall, New Dominion wins all its games and Barney is pleased with Ted's playing. Rosalie Dornan, a student at Weyrick College, is another admirer of Ted's. Rosalie, the independent, good-fellow type, is the direct opposite of the haughty Barb. In the game against Army, Ted is hurt while tackling Cagle. Stone says he is stalling because he missed. Ted refuses to leave the game. With Army leading in the first half, Ted gambles for a pass and misses. Between halves Barney approves of Ted's play and tells him to use his own discretion when in a similar spot.

CHAPTER XIV

An official thrust his head in the door and announced: "Three minutes."

Barney talked: "Shoot the works. Nothing to hold back for. They'll hang onto that lead if they can; it's up to us to go out now and score."

"Don't go in there to die gamely—fight to win. We don't want to tie; we want to win."

"You know the situation. You have a chance to finish with an unbeaten season; you can do it—just a bad break or we'd have had that touchdown; and if we get one, we'll get two."

"Charge, you linemen—charge—charge—charge."

"You're the better team; go on out now—show them you can beat the Army and the breaks too."

"Fight to win."

Barney was fighting, too. Steadily Harry Paden drove his team yard by yard into Cadet territory; grudgingly Army gave ground, staged a Fabian retreat which took its toll; stood on its goal line and pushed New Dominion's most terrific charges straight into the air.

Back Paden drove again; slicing off tackle; cutting back through center; inside the Cadet twenty-yard line where Cagle intercepted a pass and zigzagged back to mid-field. Army drove then, relentlessly—until Harry Paden caught a punt on his ten-yard line and snatched fifty yards until Wilson brought him down from behind with a clear field ahead.

Barney threw in fresh men to strengthen the attack; Bill Jones answered the challenge with his resolute play.

On the bench Ted sat huddled in his blanket—a most massive shawl draped over him, which he kept on his mind than any which crept on the field as the brilliant fire of the game flickered in the twilight.

The chanting of the gray Cadet Corps, imploring their team to hold, provided sombre music for a Grecian scene of tragic value—an unexpected requiem for the hopes of New Dominion.

Ted Wynne's decision on the pass that failed became the fulcrum of the afternoon. It had squandered the one scoring chance of his team.

The Times reporter in the stands was writing his lead: "Ted Wynne, second-string quarterback of the Comets, was the goat of the game. Early in the game he missed a tackle, a single who went on to make the only score of the 7-0 Army victory."

That region. One in particular reports a change in temperature of more than 40 degrees in January within a period of 30 minutes. Warm winds in winter are now called "Chinooks" even as far east as Minneapolis.

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Later in the same period, after driving his team into scoring territory, he called a pass on first down and muffed the only real opportunity his team had all day.

"Hold that until the whistle," he said to his operator, "this guy Wynne may make a bum out of me yet."

Ted went in to play the last few minutes—Paden was staggering from exhaustion.

Ted threw passes—completed two and had the ball on the Cadet seventeen-yard line.

But it was one of those days when everything goes wrong. This time it was the crack of the gun that ended the game.

Ted stood still for a half-minute—then trudged with the rest to the dressing room.

Black and hopeless as a death house.

Not a word. A few alumni treading quietly, looking sad. Pidge crying openly. Harry Paden sitting, half-clothed, while the trainer patched him up. Other regulars dressing, tiptoeing in and out of the shower room.

Running water in there made the only noise.

Ted's fault. Too cocky. The guy who outthought the Army! Stone sneering; Stone had gotten something out of it all. The fire in Ted's breast grew wilder.

But these other boys—whom he had cheated out of the gold footballs reading "national champions"—said nothing.

Barney came in; he had cheated Barney, too; fallen down on the student body; betrayed all the friends of New Dominion everywhere.

Barney was talking. "No alibi; nobody's fault; they scored and we couldn't. The way we turned out, Ted, that was just the only chance we had to score against them today—the way you tried it."

"All right, season's over. You showed 'em how to win—now show 'em how to take one on the chin and shake it off. I don't want any alibis and I don't want any whining. And don't try to drink the town dry; although I don't suppose the alumni will want to see us now."

Decent of Barney.

Ted sat, facing a locker, where he had a key.

Harry Paden touched him on the back: "Back up, kid. That's part of a quarterback's job. You got a bad break; it wasn't your fault—and if you hadn't brought 'em up there would have been no play to decide on. You've got two years to show them, kid—you'll make them forget me."

Decent of Harry, too. It wasn't Ted's fault; he had out-thought the Army—but they pay off on results a difference of a quarter inch was the difference between a hero and a bum. Just keep still about it. . . . Take it.

Pidge sat by him. "Forget it, Ted. Come on, get dressed. We'll go down town and get tight."

Ted began to take off his shoes. Stone was talking to Sheets. The room was almost deserted—only the four of them left.

"So long, Pidge," Stone said pointedly, starting out. "Don't take it too hard."

"Nuts to you," Pidge shot back. "Maybe next year we'll have a quarterback." Stone laughed.

Pidge looked at Ted; the latter moved quickly to the door blocking the path.

"Get to hell out of my way," Stone cried.

"You're going to fight, Stone?" "Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"All right, Lily White." He began to strip off his coat, collar, vest and shirt. Ted slipped off his football suit.

"And somebody," Ted said, "is going to quit."

Ted was burning up inside; anger, resentment, disappointment, hurt pride—whatever it might be—had become a hot thing, inflaming his nerves like gas in a torch. It had to come out; and the animal in him insisted that this animal feeling be spent upon what it considered its proper object—and in an animal fashion.

Some people might be reasoned with; he and Stone were so wide apart in their views and practices that there was only one bridge upon which they might come together.

Stone was crouching, swinging sweeping blows, attempting to get in close where his shorter arms and bulkier barrel might do their best work. Ted knew but one thing; did it instinctively—held his opponent off with left jabs and held his right ready to shoot it straight to Stone's face.

Ted was in a suspended state of attention—fear, nervousness, indecision were gone; it was too late for these; Stone, the fellow he hated, was before him; this was the meeting that had been inevitable. This was the time to do—and his brain, nerves and muscles had snapped to admirable attention.

No reaction from being hit; none from hitting—no time for reaction. Ted knew he had been hit in the eye—knew he was popping Stone's nose regularly with his left; he smiled as Tom tried his body—those weeks in the mill had given him a wall of cement around his ribs.

Ted was hit on the eye again; it angered him and he bore in, swinging. He caught Stone on the chin with a straight right cross and staggered him. Confident, Ted began swinging both hands.

Stone was coming back; got inside Ted's left jab; lifted an uppercut—Ted felt a rain of blows on his face—nothing gentle about this rain; his knees were heavy; his arms didn't want to move—he knew they should be moving; he wanted to move them—he must get them up around his face.

So Stone was licking him, after all.

He was bleeding; he could taste it; some of it was getting to his stomach; made him sick.

Stone licking him—Stone with his sneer; it would finish him with Barb; it would get around school; he couldn't endure the place if Stone licked him—Stone wouldn't let him live.

Stone's eyes were ravenous—his lips were curled back in a snarl now; he was puffing and grunting—

Stone was coming in for the kill. Yeah? Well I'm still on my feet after all this; he looks tired—he's puffing. Pidge looking worried. If I go out now they'll carry me out—I can't let this guy lick me; hang on. Fight to win.

Rosalie.

"Quit!" Stone panted.

Stone's voice woke him up. Stone was tired, too, Stone had had his chance and couldn't finish the job. Ted felt better; his head was clearing; his wind was coming back. He popped his left into Stone's face—a feeble jab but it checked his rival.

That was it; that's where he had made his mistake—keep popping him.

The wind was coming back; he could see clearly now; his arms got back on their piston movement; his knees were strong.

(To Be Continued)

ACCUSED



Herbert Mayne, 48, manager of the Monterey branch of the California Mutual Building & Loan Association, disappeared recently, a day before a warrant was issued charging him with embezzlement. Police started a wide-scale search for him.

INDEPENDENCE, Oct. 12. — John Palmer of West Salem was brought to justice court Saturday night on a charge of possession of intoxicating liquor. He was let out on bail of \$25