

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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ADVERTISING

Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$2.00; 3 Mo. \$5.00; 6 Mo. \$9.00; 1 Year \$16.00. Elsewhere: 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Congress and the President

SENATOR FRED STEIWER made a stirring speech when he attacked the president's economy bill. Reprints of the speech entitled "The Transfer of Legislative Functions to the Executive," have been received and are worth reading. Steiwer's principal point is that it was properly the job of the congress to write the terms of the economy bill and not to delegate the authority to unknown bureau chiefs. He inquires:

"Would it not be more sensible and more patriotic for this body, in the performance of its legislative duties, to take the responsibility to write a proper, just and patriotic law, and to do so by the legislative processes which we perform under the constitution?"

Yes, but could or would congress enact any law reducing appropriations by half a billion, a large portion of which should come out of grants to veterans? Steiwer says that with a cohesive democratic majority in both houses the congress could function, although he admits "there was a time when congress was impotent." Undoubtedly he has in mind the maceration of the economy budget submitted by Pres. Hoover in the long session of the last congress when his proposed economies were torn to shreds by politically-minded representatives. Even the Roosevelt bill had a tough time in the democratic caucus of the lower house and the intention to apply the unit rule was abandoned when the caucus adopted an amendment reducing veteran's cuts to 25%, and republican aid was solicited to pass the bill without the amendment.

Congress can function, but for years it has been functioning almost solely as a talking body, an inquisitorial body and failing as a legislative body. The present congress is merely acting as a rubber stamp, passing bills sometimes before they are printed and again before their content and intent are fully known, solely on executive endorsement.

As time passes the congress will probably regret its grant of power to limit expenditures into the hands of the executive. This is a prerogative American legislatures have clung to zealously: the right to appropriate money and to define how it shall be spent. Walter Lippman however hails the congressional action as "a great reform." The American system of having the legislatures initiate the spending, making it usually mandatory, Lippman says is a vicious system "which has been abolished in all advanced democracies." He says in a recent contribution:

"The root of the evil is in the power of the legislator to compel the government to spend money. Because he has that power, he is beset by lobbyists who naturally insist that he use it. If he is a weak man, he will scramble for all the money he can get. If he is a man of principle he will be harassed and probably defeated. The good men who can survive in this system are relatively few."

"The only cure is to divest the representative of that power here as he has been divested of it in all countries where representative government works effectively. To do that is not merely to curtail extravagance. It is to restore representative government."

Sen. Steiwer seems to have been one of the few to see the gravity of the step congress was taking, and he did not hesitate to denounce it as a step toward dictatorship. To quote him again:

"This is a day of dictatorship. Italy is under dictatorship; Russia is under dictatorship; Germany is under dictatorship; and those who are here pressing this legislation are seeking to put the United States of America under a dictatorship just as rapidly as they can possibly bring about that result. There is no way to control a dictatorship once power is conferred. There is no way by which we may guarantee in the days to come that the extraordinary powers delegated under this bill are to be wisely used."

President Roosevelt's assumption of supreme authority has indeed been dazzling. The frank prediction of his inaugural has come true, and congress has moved with surprising swiftness to vest him with authority. True, he has not gone as far as Oliver Cromwell who dissolved parliament, saying: "Your hour has come; the Lord hath done with you! . . . I will put an end to your prating;" and "Take away this bauble," referring to the mace, the symbol of authority in the house of commons.

Parliaments and congresses are notoriously slow, and to the man of action their debates seem futile. The public pressure is for "action," while the very purpose of the congress is deliberation.

Are we headed for a dictatorship? In the Hitler and Mussolini sense, no, so far as our present observation goes. They rule autocratically with no acknowledgment of responsibility. President Roosevelt is very sensitive not only to public opinion but to public welfare. He rests his demands for more authority on the nature of the emergency whose existence is universally recognized. He is not a fascist after the type envisioned by social reactionaries of whom we have not a few in this country.

If dictatorship is no immediate bogey, there are however two pressing questions whose answer is by no means clear: First, is it desirable or necessary to augment so enormously the power of the executive? Second, will the president with all his powers accomplish the results which the people want and he hopes for? At present we would not answer either query in the affirmative. But we may be sure of this that if the schemes do not work, the reaction will be swift and decisive.

There is a danger that the congress will abdicate its responsibility too easily. It can lightly "pass the buck," sure of an "out" either way things come out. Though there is an emergency, congress must function. It should examine the proposals of the Roosevelt brain trust. It has a duty to perform no less oath-bound than that of the chief executive himself. While we may criticize Steiwer for not working for economy even to the point of drastic reductions in veterans' relief, and while we may ridicule his fears of a Rooseveltian dictatorship, nevertheless we commend him to task of being a senator and not a rubber stamp; and urge him to manifest the qualities of statesmanship which a senator should possess, not charting his course chiefly by political weather vane. In these parts "off shore winds" may whip quickly into a gale.

They are proposing a national blue sky law in order to keep the sucker from losing his money. It's no use. He will find some way of speculating and losing in spite of the laws. A fool and his money . . .

Roosevelt has ordered all gold over \$100 held by individuals to be turned over to the federal reserve. The state will get the rest when the new income tax rates go into effect.

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 7, 1908
Four indictments against saloon keepers for selling liquor without a license and other infractions of the liquor laws were filed in circuit court yesterday. Three of the offenders are in the northern part of the county and the fourth in the southern part.

WASHINGTON—The army bill, carrying an appropriation of almost one hundred million dollars, was passed by the senate yesterday, while in the house Mr. Hobson of Alabama declared that the national defense of the nation on the seas was in precarious condition and urged construction of two 25,000-ton battleships.

DES MOINES—Upon her 41st wedding anniversary, Aunt Becky Young, the first woman to offer herself as a nurse when the civil war broke out, and famous as a leader of nurses, died here yesterday at the age of 76 years.

April 7, 1928
"Jazz is beginning to die out in America," Prof. John R. Sikes told the club members yesterday. "Back east they say the jazz music is actually finding almost no market any more. It is profanity in music; it ought to die."

P. D. Quisenberry was reelected president of the Twilight Baseball league here yesterday. The opening game will be May 7.

ATLANTA, Ga. — A petition seeking reversion for the Ku Klux Klan was filed here yesterday by an attorney representing Harry B. Terrell and other leaders of the so-called "insurgent faction."

New Views

"Do you favor continuation of the state fair this year?" Answers to this question, put by Statesman reporters yesterday, were:

E. T. Prescott, barber, apartment owner: "I surely do. The state fair has always been considered educational and I think it's still educational. At that time of year we need education and diversion and it's still that. There are lots of reasons for having the fair."

Miss Nean West, visitor: "Yes, certainly I want a state fair if racing will form a part of the program."

Anna Hammond, housekeeper: "I think it would be a mistake not to hold the fair, even if things have to be conducted on a lesser scale. I'd like to see the horse show come back."

Mrs. A. Laurence, Former Resident Woodburn, Called

WOODBURN, April 6.—Word was passed here by friends of the death of Mrs. A. Laurence in Portland, April 4, at the age of 75 years. Mrs. Laurence was the wife of La Fayette Laurence, mother of Raymond of Oakland, California, Mrs. C. E. Corwin, of Los Angeles, Mrs. M. H. Brown, of Portland, and Mrs. Brown of Everett. She was a member of the Eastern Star No. 41, order of Eastern Star of Woodburn, having resided here several years. The funeral was held in Portland Thursday with interment at Belle Pass cemetery Woodburn.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

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United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health,
New York City

DURING RECENT months an unusual number of cases of "Milk fever" has been reported. These outbreaks have been traced to a germ called "brucella abortus." This ailment is identical with "Mediterranean fever," "Undulant fever" is another name given to this disease.

The germ responsible for Milk fever attacks cattle, sheep, goats and pigs. It is transmitted to human beings who care for these animals or who engage in slaughtering them. In most instances the disease may follow the drinking of infected goat's milk or cow's milk. It is only recently that other causes have been determined.

At one time undulant fever was a common disease along the Mediterranean coast, the Rio Grande river in the United States, and particularly in those sections where goat's milk was used exclusively. The disease is no longer confined to these districts, but may be encountered in other parts of North America.

Mistaken for Typhoid

The early symptoms of this disease closely resemble those of typhoid fever. Indeed, in many cases it is mistaken for typhoid fever. The affected person suffers profuse sweating, fever, pain and swelling of the joints. It may resemble a simple cold or grippe, but for the fever rises daily and the trouble persists for a long time.

Undulant fever is not now a particularly serious disease. It is annoying, of course, and may become chronic. It interferes with general health and nutrition of the sufferer. At one time it was much more serious than it is now, especially in localities of the world where hygiene and sanitary measures were neglected. It was always a menace to the health of the farmer and of the

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The court house clock:
History of installation

(Continuing from yesterday):
The writer believes the man most responsible for carrying out the project of giving to Salem her town clock was Orlan J. Carr.

The 1873 Salem Directory lists him: "Carr, O. J., deputy county clerk, residence corner Fir and Commercial." The house still stands, removed a little west of its original location. Fir is the street last on the south side of North Mill creek; a short one connecting Commercial with Front street. Mr. Carr was a lover of beauty and kept up fine flower plants fronting nicely arranged kitchen garden plots.

A. B. Cosper was at that time Marion county clerk. The two of them kept the old records in good shape, these all then of course being written in long hand. They introduced some improvements that make them more easy of access to searching eyes of the present or the future; better practices than were employed before they came into office.

The tradition is that Mr. Carr drew up the subscription paper to raise the fund for the purchase of the clock—the amount, as indicated in this column yesterday, \$1500; and sufficient to cover an apparently good profit to J. Henry Haas; though freight rates were high in those days. It may be, too, that the Salem town clock is a better clock than the one on the fire house at Stockton, California.

There is a tradition in Salem that the fund for the purchase of the clock was almost complete, when the town and country having been thoroughly canvassed, the remaining amount needed seemed likely to fall of being secured—but some man deemed amply able to contribute had pledged nothing.

So it was agreed by the men in charge of the subscription paper to "strong arm" them; to shame them into a more liberal attitude. The story goes that these early day boosters camped in front of the places of business of the recalcitrant ones and announced to all comers or passers their tightwad attitude; their lack of public spirit, etc.

It is said that one of the canvassing committeemen posted himself in front of a prominent store and announced that he intended to fight it out on that line if it took all summer, taking his case to the famous utterance of General Grant. The sequel, it is said, was the signing of the merchant on the dotted line, though this result required a good deal of time and was the talk of the town and countryside, giving the tardy citizen a lot of advertising in the reverse.

Ossian J. Shirley went from Salem to Seattle and became prominent in the affairs of the Puget sound metropolis. He died there in the last days of August, 1912. There has come to the desk of the writer a clipping from a Seattle newspaper of September 1 of that year, preserved by the late Mrs. M. N. Chapman of Salem. The clipping is an article of Clarence Bagley on the passing of Ossian J. Carr. Excerpts follow:

"Mr. Carr was for more than 20 years one of the foremost citizens of Seattle. His life and avocations have been an epitome of pioneer conditions on the Pacific coast and in this city and were similar to those of thousands of other

young and ambitious men like him who came across the continent half a century or more ago and who helped to build up the Pacific states."

"In those days the man who fitted himself for a profession did not sit in an office and starve while waiting for clients who never came. He worked at whatever promised him a living, whether it was farming, mining, prospecting or something else totally foreign to what he had been trained for."

"At the close of his college days, Mr. Carr became a telegraph operator in the offices of the House system that used a type-printing method and was in a few years driven out by the Morse system. (The reader will perhaps recall that the Morse system as originally used, with dots and dashes on a tape, was driven out by the hearing Morse system—and that now the whole thing is becoming obsolete through the new typewriter instrument, which is itself bound for the boneyard through new inventions and others in the offing.)

"He and Lucile L. Whipple were married in 1886 and in 1888 decided to come to Oregon. When they reached there they were penniless, but they had good friends, good health and a dauntless spirit. Jefferson was then an ambitious Oregon town. Its citizens had put up a school building large enough to accommodate 200 pupils and called it an 'institute.' Mr. and Mrs. Carr were employed as instructors in class rooms and as much space in the big rooms upstairs as they needed to live in, and were far more comfortable than most of the families of the pupils who had come from near by farms and lived in log cabins.

The writer (Clarence Bagley) went to school and lived with them the first winter."

"After a struggle against adverse conditions for about a year, the school was closed and they went to Salem to live, where they taught in the district schools for a while. In 1891 they came to Seattle and he worked on the university (state university) until it was completed, and during the winter of 1891-2 Mrs. Carr taught school in one of the rooms."

"In 1892 they returned to Salem, here, for about 15 years, he was school teacher, county assessor or clerk (should be deputy clerk), hotel keeper and farmer, in turn, enjoying a good income and attaching to himself friends on all sides. . . . Mr. Carr and two or three others . . . put up a large fruit drying factory at much expense. . . . The cost of production and restricted market, were their undoing. . . . They could not compete with eastern manufacturers."

Mr. Carr became the 10th postmaster of Seattle. His service was about four years as deputy assessor or clerk (should be deputy clerk), hotel keeper and farmer, in turn, enjoying a good income and attaching to himself friends on all sides. . . . Mr. Carr and two or three others . . . put up a large fruit drying factory at much expense. . . . The cost of production and restricted market, were their undoing. . . . They could not compete with eastern manufacturers."

There are a number of Salem residents who knew O. J. Carr very well, along with Mrs. Carr, and remember them as high class, useful citizens, generous, kind and neighborly. The work of Mr. Carr, securing the town clock was a sample of his public spirited activities.

(Clarence B. Bagley, Seattle, who wrote the article quoted above, is one of the contributing editors of the Washington Historical Quarterly. He is one of the leading men of the Puget Sound country.)

It was during Mr. Carr's incumbency that the Seattle postoffice was made independent—that is, not connected with some business concern. It was still in a rented building while under his charge.

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MRS. TRASK HONOR GUEST ON BIRTHDAY

LYONS, April 6.—Several friends of Mrs. Lawrence Trask called at her home Tuesday afternoon in honor of her birthday. Mrs. Trask received a lovely quilt as a gift.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner and Mrs. Ruby Winters, all of Gates were calling on Lyons friends Wednesday of this week.

The "Happy Times Club" met for an evening of cards at the L. O. O. F. hall, with 14 tables of "500" in play. High scores went to Mrs. Dick Brown and Harvey Shelton. Mrs. Clyde Bressler and George Hubbard were consolationists.

Mrs. Eulalia Lyons was hostess to several of the younger girls in honor of her daughter's 13th birthday. She was assisted by Mrs. Penny Hiatt. Those present were Virginia Shelton of Stayton, Constance Bodecker, Helen Hiatt, Helen Pruett, Joan Crabtree, Lucile and Beulah Lewis, Zola Surry, Ruth and Esther Lyons and Glenda and Wava Lyons.

New Construction For Water System Said Discontinued

SILVERTON, April 6.—At the recent meeting of the Silverton water commission a motion was carried to discontinue all new construction work for the present so that a lower water rate could be offered during the summer irrigating months. Thus water over the minimum of 150 cubic feet will be paid for at the rate of 4 cents a hundred cubic feet instead of at the regular 8 cents. This covers the period from April 1 to October 1.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Faith, young and comely orphan, is secretary to Mark Nesbit, wealthy young business man. She informs Mark that she is leaving her position to marry Kimberley Farrell, handsome, young lawyer, to whom she has been engaged for some time. Invited to Kim's house for dinner, Mary Faith is greeted coldly by his mother. Later, Kim starts Mary Faith by breaking his engagement and asking for the ring. The next morning, Mary Faith informs her co-workers that she is not to be married. She asks them to take back their presents. After working late, Mark Nesbit takes Mary Faith to dinner and home to her boarding house in his car. Slowly Mary Faith learns to live her life without Kim. When Mark Nesbit injures his ankle, Mary Faith is driven to his country home to take dictation.

CHAPTER IX

The car stopped and Loftus opened the door for Mary Faith with a flourish.

"Here we is, Miss Fenton!" he said. "I got you here just in time for lunch."

Within, the Nesbit house fulfilled its outward promise of warmth and comfort and beauty. A wood fire, crackling to pink embers, glowed in the fireplace in the long, white-paneled hall. On the mantelshelf stood a jar of roses that made Mary Faith think of Halmnorth Park in June, and the carpet under her feet was springy and soft like gray-green moss.

"Mr. Mark says for Miss Fenton to come right upstairs to his study, please, ma'am," said the colored houseman who had opened the door to her and taken her typewriter from Loftus.

He led the way up the stairs and Mary Faith followed him.

Mark Nesbit was waiting for Mary Faith in his study at the head of the stairs. He was stretched out in a long chair before the fireplace. A steamer rug was tucked around him and he had a magazine in his hands. But he was not reading it. His eyes were fixed on the doorway when Mary Faith stepped into it. He looked somehow as if he had been lying just that way, watching for her, for a long time.

"Well, here you are," he grinned at her in welcome. "You were such a long time on the way that I was beginning to think you'd gone into the ditch the way I did."

He seemed to be very cheerful about his accident. And it struck Mary Faith that he looked younger than usual with his dark hair rumpled and his soft collar turned in at the neck above his house coat. "Loftus had to drive very slowly," she said. "The roads are like glass and the wind tried to blow us into the ditch once or twice."

It was hard to believe, in the pleasant warmth of this quiet room, that a wild December gale was blowing outside and that there was ice on the roads and snow in the fence corners.

Azaleas in Dutch pots were in bloom on the window sills and there was a bowl of roses on the white-covered table that was drawn up beside Mark Nesbit's chair.

"We're going to have lunch up here on this table, Mary Faith," he said. And then, without taking his eyes from her face, he spoke to the houseman: "Will you please tell Mrs. Nesbit that Miss Fenton is here, Silas? You can bring lunch up as soon as it's ready."

He took the letters Mary Faith had brought to him and tucked them into a pocket of his long white chair.

"Those can wait until we've had something to eat. Move that chair closer to the fire, Mary Faith. I'm sorry I can't do it for you but I



"You and I have known each other for four years," he said.

can't move out of this chair. It took Loftus and Silas to get me into it."

"Why don't you send in to town for a wheel chair? Then you wouldn't have to stay in this one room for the next week or two?" asked Mary Faith. "Not that it's an unpleasant place to be. . . . It's a lovely, comfortable room. It's like a stage-setting."

From the depths of a Sleepy Hollow chair beside the grate she looked round at his study. It was a typical man's room—brown leather couch, flat-topped desk, book shelves, fishing rods and golf sticks in a corner, photographs of mountain scenery on the walls. But it had a cozy look, as if a woman's hand had passed over it, leaving the flowers on the windowsill and the brown velvet cushions on the couch.

The door opened and Mr. Nesbit's mother came in. Mary Faith had seen her a dozen times before during the years she had worked at Nesbit's. She was a tall pretty woman with white hair that she wore in a pompadour, bright brown eyes and naturally pink cheeks. Mary Faith had always liked her look, her soft southern voice and the air of dash with which she wore her plain well-made clothes. She had on a white linen dress now, and she was stripping a pair of white cotton gardening gloves from her hands.

"How do you do, Miss Fenton? I was listening for you." She shook hands with Mary Faith. "But I didn't hear you come in. I was in my little greenhouse at the very back of the house, taking care of my poor roses. The wind blew a pane of glass out during the night and this morning I found five of my bushes frozen."

"Have you ever tried covering them with five or six thicknesses of newspaper on cold nights?" asked Mary Faith shyly. "My mother used to have some plants in our dining room when I was a little girl. And I remember that on winter nights she used to let me help her wrap them up in newspaper."

The door of the room opened once more, and Silas came in on his felt soles, carrying a large silver tray. The meal he set out upon the table was simple and very good.

(To Be Continued)

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"Where do you want this put?"

