

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Dollar Devaluation Ahead

WHEN vast inflation powers were assigned the president, there was agreement by many commentators that monetary inflation was a club which would never be used. Mr. Roosevelt was a sound-money man by experience and by belief, it was argued, and once the threat of inflation had been effectively swung, the president would toss the club away.

Each day brings increasing confirmation that inflation is not to be psychological, "potential" inflation—it is to be real devaluation of the dollar. The first step was to refuse longer to export gold. Immediately the dollar fell in terms of gold currency abroad. That meant devaluation by indirection: To determine the devaluation one needed only to exchange dollars for francs and then to exchange francs for gold to realize how far the dollar had sunk.

The next step, according to word trickling from Washington, will be a "free market" on gold in the United States. This is a second step towards dollar devaluation. As far as internal prices are concerned, gold is still "pegged" in this country at \$20 an ounce, the present legally stated content of the American gold dollar. If gold is "freed" it will go on the markets like any other commodity and speculation will settle its value. At the existing depreciation in international markets, a free gold market in this country would approximate \$25 an ounce at the present time.

Having once established such a market, refusal to go the next step and introduce devaluation by decree would be fatal to any president for pulling gold back to \$20 an ounce would so reduce prices the administration would invite defeat.

Already one group in the United States advocates inflation to a point where gold is worth \$36 an ounce—a place where 1926 prices are supposed to obtain. There is much evidence from Washington that this price level—thus such a gold price—has presidential approval.

The Roosevelt inflationary program has held up any immediate accomplishment at London. Monday's message by the president told the conference that the United States was too busy with its monetary inflation to take immediate concern with international affairs and implied that other nations might well resort to the same internal stimulus.

It must be concluded that inflation is not a bogey man to die with dawn but inflation is here, real and inescapable. It apparently is to be accomplished by outright dollar devaluation, plus other sugar-coated palliatives like government works, and expanded federal reserve credit, inflationary steps which are puny compared with the upward surge of prices brought by dollar devaluation.

As for "sound money preserved at any cost" as Carter Glass wrote it in Chicago—that viewpoint to the Roosevelt administration is as dead as the 18th amendment. For the first time in its history the United States is off to a great experiment in regaining prosperity by shortening its monetary measuring stick. Whether one likes the new deal or not, it is well to know what is happening and to plan accordingly.

Let the Law Take Its Toll

A cold-blooded murder was that of Burrell M. Baucum, state police patrolman, who lost his life in pursuit of his duty at Sexton mountain, near Grants Pass, Saturday. Fortunately his killers were captured within two hours. They turned out to be John Barrier, 17, and Henry Bowles, 21, who were escaping from Los Angeles with a stolen car. Each youth was armed.

Now arises the question of punishment for these young bandits. The facts and the law are plain: both the actual killer of Baucum, young Barrier, and his partner, Bowles, are subject to first-degree murder convictions and to death by hanging. The manner in which Baucum, a trusted, courageous policeman, was killed offers no extenuating circumstances. The youths had so hidden their weapons, Baucum failed to find them in his search. The young men attacked him after ample opportunity to surrender and Barrier, news reports state, twice shot Baucum in the head after first wounding him.

There will be much maudlin sympathy for the youths, and it will increase as time interposes its anaesthetic to public indignation. But they should not be spared. Sooner or later every state in this nation must make up its mind who is to rule: young murderers with concealed, death-bringing weapons, or sacrificing officers who do their duty. The state police for two years have protected the lives and property of Oregon citizens as has no other law-enforcement body. When one of their numbers is needlessly sacrificed to banditry, the law should retaliate, swiftly, relentlessly, with the salutary effects which immediate punishment of criminals always brings.

Persons fleeing in market operations soon forget. Just now speculative fever has been whipped up throughout the nation and the tickers are being watched as they were in 1929. The same human mania to gamble is evident in the dog races at Portland. One large Portland institution has found its workers so enamored with dog betting, a rule forbidding it has been made for all employees.

The senate investigating committee has seriously considered a swing around the circle, investigating high finance in the major American cities. The idea is a capital one. Morgan for the center ring, a Mitchell, Charley Mitchell to do the high dive? Maxie Steuer for publicity man and the senators for clowns and the show would outdo Barnum.

Mehama citizens wish the eastern woodsmen would change their title to Chicken Conservation corps; so far the lads have excelled at nightly chicken house raiding.

King George III was a pretty good chap if he made the holiday yesterday possible. We do hold him a bit to blame for the sunburn.

The reason F. D. R. is having trouble with the London conference is because he has no patronage to distribute there.

This is the day of new deals and apparently Messrs. Fairbanks Jr. and Sr. wished to be included.

FALL PAINFUL

SILVERTON, July 4.—Mrs. C. B. Moffett, who recently fell on the kitchen floor and broke her hip is said to be suffering quite severely at the Silverton hospital where she is confined.

COUNCIL TO MEET

SILVERTON, July 4.—The city council of Silverton held an adjourned meeting Monday night and will hold its regular July meeting Wednesday night.

"Yankee Peeg!"



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

4th of July in Salem, 1846:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Bancroft's History also, same volume, page 583, tells of the Salem celebration in these words, after mentioning the one on the same day at Oregon City:

"At Salem the management of the celebration was placed in the hands of the NEWLY ORGANIZED military company, the Oregon Rangers. It was on this occasion that the company was presented with a flag made by Mrs. Horace Holden and Miss Looney. (Pauline Looney, the Bits man believes.) The oration was delivered by W. G. T. Vaut, after which a barbecue and public dinner was served, followed, NOT by a ball, but by a sermon, as was considered proper in a missionary town, delivered by Harvey Clark."

Says Bancroft in a note: "The ceremonies took place where the house of A. Bush now stands. (Kaiser's Narrative, MSS., 11-12.) (This was the manuscript narrative of Thomas D. Kaiser, supposedly on file with the Bancroft collection in the University of California, Berkeley.)

Thos. D. Kaiser came with the 1843 wagon train immigration, the first of its kind. He was born in Bunker county, N. C., where he married Miss Mary Gilley, by whom he had 10 children, five sons and five daughters. He moved to Giles county, Tenn., in 1828, and in 1833 to Van Buren county, Ark., whence he started to Oregon in 1842, but arriving too late to join the Dr. Elijah White party, came with the Applegate train the following year. He died in June, 1871, aged 78. His son, P. C. Kaiser, also furnished Bancroft with a manuscript on early Oregon history. Kaiser bottom, below Salem, was named for that family. Thos. D. served in the provisional government legislature of 1844. The descendants of that family, scattered

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 5, 1906

Scarcity of houses here last spring now being met by building boom; 200 houses under construction, estimated.

No accidents mar July 4 celebration here; every available lodging room in city taken by visitors.

Equal Suffrage association, meeting at residence of Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunaway, Portland, decides to renew campaign in 1910 to get vote for women.

July 5, 1908

SHELBURY, Mont. Dempsey wins decision over Tommy Gibbons, retaining heavyweight championship; Gibbons first man to finish 15 rounds on his feet against champ.

PORTLAND.—President Harding delivers July 4 address here, urging American participation in court of international justice.

Medford drivers win lion's share of July 4 auto races here; Floyd Brown of Salem, places second in 10-mile, third in 25-mile free for all.

SILVERTON.—Independence day celebration draws record crowd; Laura Austerlund rules as Goddess of Liberty; Trinity and Salem Cherrian bands play.

ed all over the coast, and farther, are numerous; many of them prominent in various ways.

On the same page Bancroft's History says, after describing conditions in Oregon at that time, when troubles with Mexico were expected, and the settlement of the international boundary anticipated, to be followed by the Oregon country becoming a territory: "There was always something to protract anxiety; yet the colonists continued the cultivation of their fields, building, and road making, with unceasing faith that their claims to land and improvements would be protected.

"In this spirit preparations were made for a 4th of July celebration."

(Continued on page 6)

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

LAUDS MATTHEWS

Willamette university did well to honor one of its most faithful alumni, Professor James T. Matthews, at its 89th annual commencement in conferring upon him the honorary degree of doctor of science. Professor Matthews is a graduate of the class of '89 and for forty consecutive years has been professor of mathematics at Willamette university.

He has shown a devotion to his duties and an interest in college work high unparalleled among instructors who know his subject and how to impart it to others, but as a friend of students, Professor Matthews has endeared himself to the broad that comes over new to Willamette year after year. For forty years in days of diversity and in periods of prosperity, he has given his best in the classroom of the historic institution. So Professor Matthews' loyalty to Willamette and to the cause of Christian education calls out more than mere felicitations at this happy commencement time, but expressions of gratitude from a long list of former pupils scattered all over the Pacific Northwest and beyond the seas.

NO CITY MANAGER FOR SALEM

The Salem city council rejected a proposal by their mayor to let the people vote on a change in the charter providing for creation of the office of city manager.

Perhaps it is just as well for while the idea for a municipality is just as sound in theory as it is in practice in private corporations it often fails to work in city affairs because of the human equation.

If you ask the average voter whether he wants an "efficient" government he will tell you yes, but actually that isn't what he wants most. He really wants a government that will give him special favors, "fix" his parking slips, lower his assessments if the city fixes assessments, and this and that. He also wants to feel that he is the proprietor of his government, that it is his servant.

This does not fit in with the idea of business efficiency. Hence an efficient city manager finds himself in hot water all the time and because the people do not elect him they are apt to resent his authority. This is particularly true if he draws a large salary. The same line of reasoning probably applies to county managers though we have not seen that system tried.

—Baker Democrat-Herald

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the editor:

I wonder if the small truck owner; and farmer, knows who is at the bottom of a good deal of their trouble about taxes, licenses, etc.? It is not the railroad, as some seem to believe, but the bus lines and big trucking companies sure have a finger in the pie. Have you noticed there has not been very many tears shed by the big truck companies over the new truck and bus law? Do you recall the loud wail and the misleading advertisement. Some of the truck lines to beat the West Truck and Bus bill? Too bad that bill did not pass, for it had protection for the farmer and the private car owner. The bill was beaten by ex-governor West himself. Had the bill been condensed into about two pages of simple language it would have been voted in. It was so full of "party of the first part, whereas, therefore, nevertheless, notwithstanding, but, but, but, etc." that no one could read it.

There is only one way to have a method of making a truck and bus law, and that is on a dimension basis. Put a good safe limit of length, width and height on any vehicle using the highway, with exceptions for farmers having hay-racks, etc. and let the middle states find the dimension basis very successful.

The highways were built for the use of the public, not for some corporation to haul a string of wobbly box cars and oil tanks over.

A.W.

Stayton, Ore.

To the Editor:

In the controversy over the new truck and bus law that went into effect on June 9, it might be of interest to know how this new law is going to effect private business as operators of industry who are trying to maintain a payroll.

It will prevent most of the contract carriers and independent haulers from earning their living by the use of their trucks, cause repossession of partially paid for trucks and prevent the sale of other trucks and throw men out of employment.

It will place truck transportation in the hands of large operators and by eliminating competition will increase rates.

It raises a serious question as to a farmer's right to transport wood, posts, ties, shaves and other timber products without first complying with the burdensome provisions of this law.

This bill will force truck operators to file with the public utilities commissioner a \$1000 good faith bond, public liability and property damage bond, \$5 permit fee, and \$5 per ton for each truck combined weight. It will cost from three-fourths of a mill to one mill per ton mile on maximum load of each and every truck, whether loaded or empty, or 6 per cent of gross revenues.

In applying this law to our business: First, we have a truck that we use to transport our lumber from our mill to the railroad and distributing yard. The license, necessary fees and insurance on this truck will cost \$201.60, as against \$82.60 under the old law. Second, we have a small one-ton truck that we use for light retail deliveries from our local yard on which we paid a license fee of \$24 last year, that will cost us \$91.70 before we drive it out after July 1. Third, we have a logging truck that operates only on one-quarter of a mile of county

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XII

"Really—an ideal couple!" old Mrs. Farley said, rubbing her hands. "So exactly suited to each other."

"And a real beauty," Mrs. Thompson purred. "Skin like the gardenias she wears so much, like velvet really. But Lyla, do you think she's well? She's so very pale."

"Frankly, I don't know," Lyla Barstow said anxiously. "I'm so afraid she's nervous. I've heard what her aunt said: Cornelia Van Fleet, the other sister is a wreck. Of course, Joan doesn't look anything like her... still I don't know... she has everything in the world to be happy for. I don't know where she would find a more like Lyla—so good and devoted."

"Yes, indeed... but there's no doubt about that Lyla. They're so in love... dear, dear. And it is a strain, Lyla, for a young girl. I remember when I was engaged, how upset I was! She sighed reminiscently. "Dear, dear... how time flies..."

How time flies... gray hairs so soon... Lyla Barstow was a girl again, getting ready for her wedding.

When Joan came in with Curtis after the ladies had gone she put her arms about her, kissed her gently. "Try to relax a little, Johnnie. Don't be so tense. Perhaps you can, and come to realize how glad I am that Curtis found you. I—I can't quite realize it, that's all. He was my boy, my little boy so long. But I'm glad he is going to marry you, Joan. Won't you believe me?"

It was her first real welcome. The first time she had said Johnnie. Her first word of love.

Joan held out her hands, blindly. Curtis found them still with their arms entwined. His face shown with happiness. The words he had come to say were forgotten. He tipped out, leaving the two women he loved together. The newspaper with its glaring headline was crumpled in his hand.

So it was the next day before Joan heard the news. Connie Howard was married. Elope with a certain Harrison Creeley—whoever that was. No one had ever heard of Harrison Creeley before.

"I hope she will be happy," Joan said.

Francine and the girls just laughed.

All the afternoon Joan sat at her work table trying to plan a masquerade costume for a plump politician's wife with three children, not making any progress at all because all her sketches turned out the same. Slim, supple girls with tragic eyes, and straight black hair. Connie Howard's.

"Oh I can't work!" she sighed, and put down her pencil.

"Never mind," Francine said, "to-morrow's plenty of time. Mrs. Barstow is out front anyway. She won't see you."

"It's about that apartment the Fullers are going to sub-lease. The new building on California street. Joan, as soon as I heard I rushed right over to tell you. It will be simply ideal for you and Curtis. I don't know what you'll want until you build. Do get your things and come—I have the car outside. I wanted you to see it before I told Curtis about it. I know you'll love it. Mrs. Barstow's cheeks were pink with excitement. "I can't wait for you to see it!"

"But it's so soon to think of an apartment," Joan protested, "when we aren't going to be married until June and—"

"Yes, I know, but you'll never see anything so lovely as this. Do come—I know you'll like it!" There was nothing to do but go, and anyway it was fun, going house-hunting with Mrs. Barstow so gracious and sweet. Like she used to be, before Joan knew her son "Slick" getting to be a man, she thought, and a warm breath of happiness touched her, gently, like a little wind.

"There—I knew you'd adore it!" Mrs. Barstow cooed, when the manager had let them in. "You'll never find anything better. See the sweet fireplace. Joan, just imagine how it will look with a fire, and a nice comfortable cheserfield before her feet. A small table about here..."

Curly, did you hear about Con-

"Brass andirons would be perfect. Oh, Mrs. Barstow—and one of those old-fashioned wing chairs. Curtis likes so much. And candles, fat, honey-colored ones—and a lamp here..."

"Yes, and a low hassock—" Mrs. Barstow stopped and sighed. "Joan, dear, I do envy you—starting in all now!"

Two pale green and white bedrooms, a canary colored kitchen, glistening with newness. Think of living here! Having a home of your own! Joan's color rose. She grew excited, eager. She could hardly wait to show it to Curtis... the place that might be their home... soon.

The time was rushing so fast. When she had said June it was nearly half a year away and now it was less than three months. Already Maizie's flat was crowded with things. The pale satin wedding gown lost in its blue paper cover in the hall closet. The rose that had been in the bouquet of Lyla's mother's, and smelling of mignonette. A trim blue suit, and a bright plaid topcoat for traveling. Piles of lace, silken underthings, foaming out of bureau drawers impossible not to be excited.

And Curtis so happy and thrilled...

In the evening they went back to the apartment together. Fun to get the key, to open the door, and come in together, alone in the cool, new-smelling place. Still scented with cedar shavings and a balmy, spicy smell... floor wax, or what?

"Do you like it?" she asked, smiling shyly.

"Do you?" He pulled her to him, loving her, forgetting why they had come. "Oh, but it's good to have you alone for a minute. I so seldom do. Darn all this war business and peace and I wish we could ditch the whole thing, and just walk out and get married. Johnnie... will you... now?"

She shook her head. "No, no—it wouldn't be fair to your mother—"

"I know, but it's so long to wait, and I love you so... Johnnie... will you?"

"No, Curtis, we couldn't. Think how she'd feel."

"Oh, I suppose so. Darn it," He smiled, and kissed her again, gently. It was quiet in the new building, quiet and peaceful. Her head rested on his arm. Quiet and peaceful and safe... Safe... Her mind began to race again. Back to Sausalito... the rose garden No, no—she mustn't think about that—not now.

"Aunt Evvie sent the best pearl bracelet!" she said breathlessly.

"Did she? Well, she's not such a bad old relic. But she doesn't think much of me, does she? She asked me if I didn't consider myself a fortune young man."

"Good-naturedly." Her tone wasn't very complimentary to your choice."

"But I agreed with her..."

Joan knew how she ever came to care for a plain, ordinary individual like me? You so shining, and white..."

"No, no, Curtis—just ordinary too—just ordinary."

"Hush! You're not ordinary. Everyone who meets you feels it. The difference, Joan. It touches me—makes me feel very humble, to have you, so unspoiled and sweet, so good..."

Her face was hidden on his sleeve, but the tears welled in her closed eyes, and in her throat, choking her.

He did not know. His voice went on, half whispering. "You don't know what that means to me. I think that is why I never really loved anyone else... I felt that... I never wanted to marry until I saw you, and when I saw you—I knew..."

She let him talk, because she could not trust her voice to stop him. And then she waited in the long silence, her face still hidden, waiting...

For there wasn't any more doubt. She knew what she must do. She looked up at last. Saw his dear face, so full of love, "I can't give him up—I can't—I can't..."

Perhaps, when he loved her so, he'd rather never know... it would be kinder... Hope again, one flickering star in the dark of her fears...

"Curtis, did you hear about Con-

nie Howard—getting married?" She spoke very fast, in a small, high-pitched voice.

"He didn't answer at first. She had to ask him again. "Did you hear about it, Curtis?"

"It was smeared all over the papers, I could hardly help it. Wonder who the Creeley person is? He must have just sprung from the North Pole, or the Fiji Islands if he didn't know any more about her than that."

"The idea amused him. He grinned. "Or maybe he's a half wit. Or deaf and dumb—and blind!"

"You mean," her voice was very low, a thread of pain, "that no one would have married her who knew?"

"Joan—will you let Connie Howard and all that there war real operation in his voice. "I'm getting tired of it... Oh, Johnnie dear—forgive me—I didn't mean to speak to you like that... After all, to give Connie credit, she wouldn't try to sneak it through. She's not that sort!"

He stroked her soft hair, penitent. He had spoken irritably to Joan.

"Forgive me?" She nodded her head. Through her tightly closed eyes the hot tears trickled slowly, wetting his hand.

"Why am I such a coward? Why didn't I tell you before? Why didn't I? When was that time?"

"Johnnie, dear, I didn't mean to hurt you. It's the darn delay—getting on my nerves. Please forgive me."

Curtis asked her to forgive him. Curtis whom she was going to marry. He shouldn't have asked her, it made it harder. This was no time to cry, she struggled desperately to hold them back, the tears that surged within her, so hurting choking torrent, blinding her, shaking her... "Connie wasn't that sort... she wouldn't have cheated... he had said that..."

"Curtis, I can't tell you—I can't—I can't!" Already she could see his face, his stricken, terrible face. Could feel his agony, his heart-break, his drawing back from her in loving horror. She wouldn't hurt him, shaking her... "Connie wasn't that sort... she wouldn't have cheated... he had said that..."

And through it all, through the tears that blinded her, and the sobs that shook her, she heard his crooning. "Don't, dear, don't, dear... poor little girl!" Curtis still loving her. Curtis whose love she was about to kill. Curtis wanting to comfort her, for whom there was no comfort for whom there would never be comfort again...

When the tears had stopped, as everything must stop at last, her face was swollen and distorted. The hands that had once been hers were a wet ball in her hands.

She brushed the disheveled hair from her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said, in almost her natural voice. "I had to cry, because it is the end of everything. I couldn't help it, but I've stopped now. I won't cry any more. I'll just tell you, and will you please know when I'm telling you that I didn't mean to cheat? I thought I was funny now, but I thought—"

"Joan—what are you saying? The end of everything—because I—because—Joan—what is it?"

She let him take her limp cold hands, and went on as if she had not heard—

"I thought that when you loved me you should have me. Even if I wasn't really worth having. You said please understand. I wouldn't have waited so long. I didn't mean to cheat—I didn't mean that—"

He began to tremble. She could feel his hands, that had always been strong and steady, shaking. "Joan, I don't understand—"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

United States senator from New York

Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

DURING the school year many children are kept at home because of minor physical ailments. The ailment may be mild and only last a few days, but it returns.

When the number of days absent from school is totaled, it is found to be surprisingly high.

Such defects as decayed teeth, poor vision, enlarged and diseased tonsils, enlarged glands, ear trouble, glandular disorders and other disturbances lead to poor attendance at school. The child's progress in his work is retarded and his health is always below par. The parent hesitates to take time to correct these disorders and too often postpones the needed medical attention until the summer vacation.

Correct Minor Defects

If