The Oregon Statesman

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

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The Journal and the Sales Tax

THE Portland Journal calls the roll of senators and representatives who voted on the sales tax, making in effect a roll of dishonor for those who voted for the sales tax, now overwhelmingly repudiated. As the Journal says:

"Doubtless the overwhelming repudiation of the tax by the people will be a lesson to some legislators."

This is an altogether unfair inference. For the legislature voted the sales tax with the distinct proviso that it be submitted to the people for approval for adoption or rejection. This was not undemocratic or an attempt to override the wish of the people. The defeat of the measure does not make any less conscientious the long labor of the committees on assessment and taxation which wrestled with taxation problems through the special and regular sessions.

The Statesman was very lukewarm toward the sales tax, finally approving it solely as a measure of relief chiefly to farm property. Yet we do not feel that the legislature which submitted the measure should be subjected to severe criticism. At the time the body was in session things were at the darkest; and government faced bankruptcy through non-payment of taxes. Many units still do for that matter. Despite the crushing vote of the people against the sales tax that in itself does not prove that our tax problems have been solved. As we have previously remarked, if times get better people can pay their taxes and all will be lovely. If they do not, then there will be more work for the next legislature.

The Portland Journal licks its chops in public over the defeat of the sales tax, thus:

"And there is a pleasing contemplation for the citizens. The defeat of the odious tax is reminder to them that in their governmental system in Oregon, their rights are protected, their power to direct is complete and unalterable if they unite and—vote.

"Ours is a wonderful state, a wonderful people."

The Journal waged a bitter fight against the tax and is entitled to all the glory it may derive out of its victory. But we wish sometimes the Journal would be constructive and propose definite solutions for difficult problems of public finance. It is as eager to spend the public money as any one; but is very hazy when it comes to practical methods of paying the bills.

Some one who keeps the score on aviation fatalities should be able to tell us the percentage which army and navy fliers show. Our general impression is that there are more fatalities proportionally with military and naval aircraft than civilian. The loss of seven men in the crash of a giant bomber is the worst calamity since the loss of the Akron. These catastrophes seem hard to explain. The government gets the best of equipment and has plenty of men to keep equipment in condition. Its fliers are carefully trained. They are not called on to do their flying under adverse conditions, such as often beset commercial pilots. Yet the loss of life has been heavy in the government air services. The country is shocked at the disasters which would seem to have been preventable.

Strikes seem perfectly foolish. A few months ago lumber workers were eager to get in a few days' work a week, but the mills were shut down almost completely. Now when they begin starting up, the first crack is for the workers to strike, and that at a time when every pressure is being put for boosting wages. Strikes are a frequent accompaniment of better times, because workers are eager to share in return of prosperity, and justly so. There may be this advantage now however that strikes will pare down production which has been feverish in recent weeks.

"We do our part" is a good slogan. But what about the thousands of concerns that have been doing their part for four years in an effort to sustain payrolls, keep men and women employed? They get no honorable mention, while concerns that have been ruthless may jump in and by raising wages 10 per cent that previously were cut 50, get cheap publicity and the privilege of flying the banner "We do our part."

It is too bad Marshall Dana did not get the position he wanted on the federal power commission. He has been chief advocate of Columbia river development and publicity developed power plants and a place on the commission would seem appropriate recompense. As it is he is put in as regional administrator on the public works program. It will provide him with a job; but hardly one he was so well fitted for as the power commission berth.

It is SILVER FALLS, not Silver Creek Falls. All c. of c. publicity now refers to the falls of east Marion county as Silver Falls. This is a better designation, briefer, less of a mouthful. "Creek" sounds diminutive, implies little importance. We hope the public and other newspapers of the state will adopt the shorter designation: Silver Falls.

The new deal is at least helping the telegraph companies, with all the industrialists rushing wires to the white house in order to get their names on the honor roll.

Aimee is staging a pretty show of affection for her big baritone. Dave knows; he's through; but the suckers at Angelus temple must still be kept deluded.

Business seems to be laying aside the chisel and picking up a crowbar.

Ex-Willamette Co-ed Will Edit Police Gazette

A former Willamette university student — Mrs. Merle Williams Hersey of New York city — is to revive and edit the now defunct Police Gazette, it was learned here recently. Mrs. Hersey has attained an eastern reputation as a magazine editor and her husband has handled several successful periodicals. Mrs. Hersey, who was Miss Williams when she attended Willamette, was in Salem from 1906 to 1908. Her credits were transferred here from Technical high school, Washington, D. C.

MISS HOGATE BETTER

DALLAS July 26. — Gretchen Hogate is recovering nicely from her recent accident and was able to be brought home from the hospital Thursday. Miss Hogate has been in the Salem General hospital the past two months suffering from a compound skull fracture and numerous cuts and bruises following an automobile accident on the Silverton highway two months ago.

Sam: "It Can't be Done"

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 27, 1908

F. C. Smithson, of Multnomah Athletic club, Portland, takes first place in 110-meter hurdle race at Olympic games in London, England; United Kingdom victor in games, United States second.

Promoters promise to connect Salem and Dallas by rail within 15 months; backers include C. K. Spaulding, Henry L. Pittock, F. W. Leadbetter and L. Gerlinger.

MONMOUTH—President E. D. Ressler of Monmouth Normal school files report with board of regents showing 146 students registered, with 37 taking primary grades methods, 27 grammar grades methods and 105 general course.

July 27, 1923

President Harding to pass through Salem on presidential train at 6 a. m. tomorrow! no welcome planned; chamber of commerce to let executive slumber.

County tax supervising and conservation commissions for 33 Oregon counties announced by Governor Pierce, seeking equitable distribution of tax burden; E. W. Powers, Seymour Jones and J. J. McDonald on Marion county commission; Frank H. Funk, Stacy Staats and C. H. Irvine on Polk commission.

NEW YORK—United States retrieves featherweigt world boxing championship when Johnny Dundee defeats Eugene Crique in 15-round bout.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Lockley finds a trump in a Pugh:

Fred Lockley and his wife have been traipsing in their tin Lizzie around California, the while gathering material for his column in the Portland Journal. He ran across a member of the pioneer Oregon Pugh family, in Sacramento, with interesting results, shown in his column of last Friday, reading:

"So you are from Portland?" said Robert D. Pugh when I dropped in to see him recently at the Hobby Shop at Sacramento, Cal. "Do you ever see my old tillicum George Hall? He and I worked together at Tull & Gibbs' furniture store in Portland 20 years or more ago. I was an interior decorator when I lived in Portland. From Portland I moved here to Sacramento, and made good money when I first came here, but the financial crash of 1929 put an abrupt halt on the spending of money for fine furniture and expensive rugs; so the first thing I knew I was laid off till times changed. They changed, all right, but they changed for the worse. A friend of mine, realizing that I was up against it, said, 'I don't really need you, but I will make a place for you, for I realize you have a wife and children to care for.' I went home that night undecided what to do. I had exactly one dollar to my name. The more I thought of it the less I liked the idea of having someone who didn't need my services make a place for me. I spent a sleepless night, and when I got up next morning I had decided to make a place for myself and be my own boss.

"My oldest boy needed 50 cents for some high school activity; so I gave him half a dollar. My wife had to buy some things for breakfast; so I gave her part of my remaining 50 cents. When I started downtown to make a job for myself I had exactly 10 cents. That was a year ago, and that dime has grown to a stock of goods worth over $5000 and I am out of debt. How did I do it? That's a story along your line. This huge building is on a side street, yet it is near the business center of the city. It was a livery barn before the day of the horseless carriage. The windows are small; so no merchant wanted to rent it. Merchants want large windows, to display their goods. The owner did not feel like spending money on reconstructing and modernizing the building. I went to the owner and said, 'This building is a white elephant to you. You can neither sell it nor rent it, without spending a lot of money on it. I am prepared to lease it for 10 years if you will make me a very low rental.' The owner had nothing to lose and everything to gain; so I secured a lease on it.

"I went to an acquaintance—for I hated to confess to my friends that I was up against it and was going to start a second-hand store—and he said, 'Sure, I will loan you $30, and be glad to do it.' I bought at a bargain a lot of second-hand goods for $25. The owner had to raise immediate cash. I hurried back to the man who had promised to loan me the $30 and he said, 'After you left, an old friend who was up against it came to me and I let him have every cent I could spare. Some other time I will be glad to help tide you over when you need a few dollars.'

"I put my pride in my pocket, went to a friend, put all my cards on the table, and secured a loan of $30. The man I hired to haul my goods said, 'If you are going to start a second-hand store I'll sell you 40 boxes of old books that I have in storage. The owner can't pay the storage charges and I need the room.' I shook my head. He said, 'Will you give me $1 a box for them?' Again I shook my head. He said, 'I dare you to make an offer.' I had exactly $3 left after paying for the second-hand goods and $2 for drayage, so I said, 'I'll take that dare. I'll give you $2.50 for the 40 boxes of books.' He said, 'Sold! Give me the money; the books are yours.'

"I hated to break the news to my wife that I was starting a second-hand store, but she was a brick. She came down and helped me arrange my stock. I opened up the 40 cases of books and called in a local book store man to look them over. He selected about 100 books that he could handle and paid me $7 for them. I was going to call in a second-hand book store man and take whatever he offered for the rest of them, but my wife said, 'If he can sell them, so can you.' So I began sorting them over to put on some shelves I had put up. I put a lot of sheet music and old song books to one side to send out to the dump. Next morning, when I opened the store for the first time, an old lady came in and said, 'I see you are opening a second-hand store. Have you any old music? I said, 'I have just opened up a big shipment of it. Look it over.' She spent a couple of hours sorting it over and finally said, 'I can't pay you any fancy prices for it. I will give you $5 for what I have selected.' I considered the matter and took the $5, but I didn't tell her she could have had the whole lot for 50 cents if she had offered it.

"I bought a remarkable collection of old flintlock and matchlock guns and pistols for almost a song. I have picked up collections of all kinds from people who are moving away and can not take their libraries, or their collections of Indian curios, hunting trophies and such things with them. By calling my place the Hobby Shop it brings collectors here and frequently I sell a single article for more than I have paid for the whole collection. I have picked up autograph collections, rare first editions of books, coins, stamps, Indian curios, old glassware and all sorts of such things for a few dollars, and today dealers and collectors come here regularly to add to their stock or their collections.

"You thought you had picked up a bargain when you bought that old book for $1.25, yet I made a profit of a dollar on the deal; so we were both satisfied. Buying right is the secret of making this kind of business go; for if you buy good stuff at low prices you can more than double your money and still be offering your goods at real bargains. Best of all, there is the thrill that comes occasionally when you pick up a real treasure for a trifle. There is also the satisfaction of being your own boss and knowing that no one is going to lay you off or cut your wages."

(The Bits man will be over his great rush by tomorrow, when a number of accumulated matters will get attention.)

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

"RABIES," OR "hydrophobia," is a disease caused by the bite of a mad dog. If you have ever observed the intense suffering of one of its victims, you can truly appreciate the horror of this accident.

Dr. Copeland

Every year thousands of persons are bitten by dogs. If the dog has the germ of rabies in its saliva this will transmit the disease to the human. Though the number of cases of rabies has greatly decreased, a recent report shows that the number of dog bites has increased within the past few years. The decrease in hydrophobia can only be attributed to our modern methods of treating it.

This improvement has followed the administration of a preparation called "anti-rabic" vaccine. It is given every day for from fourteen to twenty-eight days. The vaccine is of no value if given after the germs have entered the nervous system of the victim.

Every dog bite must be considered serious. The wound should be treated immediately with fuming nitric acid, if it can be had. This is painful, but it will prevent future suffering. Cauterization is beneficial, but not enough to prevent rabies.

It is not necessary to kill the suspected dog. But it should be kept under close observation. If the animal shows signs of rabies, immediate injection of the anti-rabic vaccine is advised for the one who has been bitten. Delay is dangerous.

Bite Never Harmless

Too often a dog bite is neglected. The damaged skin is accepted as "all in play". This accident is common among children who play with dogs. It is true that many a dog, when teased, will snap at a child. This does not mean it is a mad dog, but if the germs are present in the saliva it will transmit the disease to the unsuspecting victim. A dog bite must never be considered as harmless.

Hydrophobia can be prevented by proper precaution. I refer particularly to the enforcement of laws regarding muzzles and leashes and the impounding of stray and homeless dogs. No one will deny the benefits of such legal restrictions. In communities where this law is enforced, cases of rabies are rarely, if ever, encountered.

Children should never be allowed to play with strange dogs. In the cities dogs should not be permitted to go without a leash and if running around free should be properly muzzled. If the public insists upon these measures being taken, it will save a great deal of the alarm and apprehension that result from dog bites.

Answers to Health Queries

E. K. B. Q.—What do you advise for pimples?

A.—Diet and elimination are important in the correction of this disorder. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

N. A. R. Q.—What do you advise for eczema?

A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

Leni Luneska, beautiful motion picture star, is embarrassed at the premiere of her latest picture when her husband, Karl Kruger, whom she thought in prison, arrives and threatens to reveal his identity unless she talks with him. Lucky Cavanaugh, a gambler, prevents Kruger from making a scene and has him placed in a private office to await Leni after the show. In the next office, thieves are burglarizing the safe. Leni goes to Kruger. He demands recognition as her husband. She refuses but he says he will wait for her to reconsider. Cavanaugh, fascinated by Leni's beauty, follows her into the box. Finding her in tears he tries to comfort her and Leni is strangely strengthened by his hand-clasp. He takes her out for some air. Forced to confide in someone, she relates her past life: slaving in a Vienna factory . . . marriage to Kruger when only fourteen . . . beatings . . . Kruger's arrest . . . America . . . and her romantic rise to stardom. Unable to resist, Cavanaugh takes Leni in his arms and, in an unguarded moment, she allows him to kiss her. Suddenly regaining her composure, she asks him to take her back and forget about it.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Leni's complete change swept through Cavanaugh's warm mood like a rush of cold air. Her smile dazzled him, but, suddenly, she seemed as remote and unattainable as her own moving photograph on a silvered screen.

He knew women as men of his type inevitably know the other sex, but there was a fathomless quality in this golden creature that filled him with a school boy's sense of awkwardness. If he persisted he had the uncomfortable conviction that she would begin laughing at him and end with scorning. Already he had had more from Leni Luneska than he had any right to expect.

The devil of it was that she had lit a flame that he could not quench with the water of common sense.

She sat in the box again beside Douglas Gates, straight and immobile as though a steel skeleton within her flesh held her body in place.

On the screen the plot of the photoplay flitted past her vision like scraps of paper blown by the wind. It was all utterly meaningless now.

Where her heart belonged was a motionless lump of cold and heavy lead.

"This is the end of everything for me," Leni Luneska told herself,—"the end of everything."

The audience sitting enthralled by the picture were merely so many living corpses. Tomorrow Karl Kruger would reach with his clutching hands and strip her of all fame, all respect, all everything. With her mind's eye she saw what would happen — the cancellation of her contract, the burning publicity, the mock sympathy as she stood outside the barred studio doors.

Douglas Gates leaned close to her.

"A great picture, dear," he whispered. "There is no one like you on the screen. You are supreme."

She did not answer him. What did it matter? Tomorrow it would be all over. Her taste of glory had been so very brief before the cup had been dashed from her lips. Douglas Gates, with his eyes on the screen had not noticed her pale and set face.

Tomorrow would be the end. As quietly as possible she would slip out of Hollywood and return to the obscurity from which she had risen.

There was not even the consolation of wealth. Like most new stars her debts were evenly balanced against her possessions.

Life, like a gigantic sponge, was wiping her off a slate and leaving a blank and black future.

Remotely she remembered a man upstairs named Lucky Cavanaugh but the recollection brought no warmth to the lump of lead in her breast. It was all over — Gates, Cavanaugh, Karl Kruger. Her mind was made up. Kruger could tell his story wherever he pleased. She would not be present in Hollywood when the mud began to spatter.

* * *

For a man of his height and weight, Lucky Cavanaugh moved with a singularly light and elastic step. In the carpeted corridor behind the balcony he encountered a grim sentinel in an usher's uniform.

"Is Slug around?"

The man's face was as expressionless as a death mask.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Cavanaugh."

Cavanaugh stepped closer and extracted a short length of iron from his inside coat pocket.

"When you see Slug, give this back to him and thank him. He lent it to me a little while ago."

"Okay," said the other. The jimmy disappeared adroitly into his clothes.

Without haste Cavanaugh walked to the door behind which Karl Kruger was waiting. His instinct told him that the eyes of the watching man in usher's uniform were following him. It did not matter. Cavanaugh's business was not in conflict with that of the grimly determined men in disguise.

Just for an instant Cavanaugh hesitated before he twisted the knob and stalked into the room. His profile, dimly revealed in the faint light behind the last row of seats, had the sharp outline of a portrait stamped on bronze. There was time yet for him to turn back from this projection of self into the affairs of other people.

Leni Luneska had virtually told him to keep his hands off.

A remnant of that quality called common sense urged him to forget the whole business. It was not a pleasant thing to get mixed up in. Nevertheless, the knob turned under his sinewy hand and Lucky Cavanaugh stepped into the room and closed the door behind him.

Karl Kruger stared at him belligerently from the depths of an oversized leather chair. In this room of soft lights and theatrical luxury the murky-looking man glowered silent defiance.

"Get up," said Cavanaugh harshly, "and bring that filthy hat along with you. You're leaving here!"

Two hectic spots began to burn in Kruger's cheeks. His claw-like fingers clutched the fat arms of the chair.

"Oh, no," he cried with a soiled voice. "I'm not to be gotten rid of so easy! You might be one of those big rich friends of Leni Luneska's but you don't get rid of Karl Kruger. A man like me has his rights and I'm going to stay right here till I get them. I'm not afraid of you—I'm not afraid of anybody! You can beat me but you cannot silence me unless you kill me."

Cavanaugh's eyes were steel. What Karl Kruger had said was the exact truth. Only murder would guarantee his silence. Deliberate murder was something that Cavanaugh was not prepared to administer.

"It's your own life you're gambling with, Kruger," he said evenly. "Nobody has said anything about murdering you, but you're not going to stay around here and humiliate Miss Luneska. Furthermore, you're not going to spill your rotten story about her to anybody. You can be silenced so quickly it would make your head swim."

Kruger's narrow lips drew back over yellow teeth. Perhaps the grimace was meant for a smile. The flanges of his thin nostrils widened as he drew in breath with a weedy whistling sound.

"You smell like the perfume she had on," he said derisively. "You've been close to her tonight—maybe you're one of her sweethearts. That means nothing to me. You do not bluff me, mister, because there is nothing left for me to be afraid of. You are dealing with a desperate man I tell you—a very desperate man, mister. It will do no good to beat me and kick me. You do not know how to combat such a person as I am. I am very much your superior in spite of your fine clothes and fine airs. In my own way I am absolute!"

For a moment Cavanaugh had the idea that he was dealing with a drug addict but this thought was obliterated by the logic Kruger was employing. His philosophy — from his own view point—was perfectly reasoned out.

"Exactly what is it," demanded Cavanaugh, "that you want?"

"I want money — I want Leni Luneska and everything that goes with her!" was the brazen answer. "If you represent her, I do not mind in the least telling you exactly what she is. She is a plain common——"

The sentence was never finished. Lucky Cavanaugh's fist, hard and solid as a rock, smashed against Kruger's teeth. It was not a hard blow, yet the man collapsed under the impact and sprawled shapelessly on the floor.

Slowly he began to pull himself up into a sitting position. One hand grasped the edge of the table. Without any haste he attained his feet by degrees. For an instant his right hand was hidden from Cavanaugh's gaze. When it reappeared it held the glittering shape of a cheap revolver.

Cavanaugh's eyes moved slowly from the menacing revolver to Kruger's face. Curiously enough he did not read his fate in the burning eyes of the other but in the twisted lips drawn back over saffron teeth. It was a mouth reeking with murderous hate.

For a moment neither man spoke. It was significant that the armed man was trembling while the empty-handed Cavanaugh stood motionless as a statue.

At the same instant in the adjoining office, three men crouched around the black bulk of the theater safe. One of them held a small, feeble flash light. For what they were about to do not much light was required.

The safe was prepared with technical perfection for its explosion. They were so silent they could hear their watch ticking off the few remaining seconds. The forehead and hair of one was wet with sweat. The other two, who were older, breathed evenly with only a slight acceleration of their pulses. Kruger's voice from the next room was faintly audible.

"What we gonna do about them guys next door?" whispered the sweating one.

"Shut up!"

"It ain't so good having people next door," insisted the worried voice that rustled like a dry leaf. "Maybe they're coppers waiting to swarm in on us. How do we know?"

"If you don't shut up I'll brain you!"

"Okay—but I don't like it. . . ."

(To Be Continued)

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SWAM RAPIDS

Without knowledge of the danger, William Kondret (above) of Chatham, N. J., attempted to swim from Niagara Falls, N. Y., to Canada, and was carried into the whirlpool rapids of the lower river. He swam the entire length of the rapids and went through the whirlpool safely, a feat never before accomplished.

OUTING TO REQUIRE MORE REGISTRANTS

Several registrations for the annual outing of the Chemeketans at Lost Lake have been made; but additional numbers will be required to make up a sufficient number to justify holding the camp, it was announced yesterday. The camp is from Aug. 6th to 20th; but persons may remain for one week is they do not desire to stay the full time. The rates this year are lower than any previous year.

Lost Lake is one of the beauty gems of the northwest. It is off the beaten road, nestling in a wooded groove of the hills on the north side of Mt. Hood. The chief event of the outing will be the climb of Mt. Hood on the 12th, from the north side, led by Hood River crag rats.

The encampment is open to any persons who are in good health and lovers of the outdoors. Persons interested are urged to get in touch with W. M. Hamilton, Dr. G. A. Downs, E. M. Hoffnell or C. A. Sprague.

Foreclosure Asked In Suit by Felger

DALLAS, July 26.—B. F. Felger filed a complaint here Tuesday against Abraham G. Rempel and others, in which he seeks to collect $3,200 with interest from December 19, 1931. He asks a mortgage foreclosure. Louise Brow Quistad filed a suit for divorce against Carl M. Quistad in which she asks to have the marriage dissolved and secure the custody of three minor children. She asks $30 alimony.

IN JAIL

With her husband and three other Americans, Mrs. Clinton B. Lockwood (above) of West Springfield, Mass., spent more than forty days in jail at Palma, Island of Mallorca, awaiting trial charged with interfering with a military officer. Our State Department asked the Spanish Government for prompt action in the case.