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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Let Him Fish

FORMER President Hoover has declined to go to Detroit to testify in the bank investigation in progress there. He says he is not unwilling to go, but his information is limited and is second-hand at best. It was Sen. Couzens who suggested calling him.

Mr. Hoover should be spared the summons. The bank situation in Detroit has been well aired, Mr. Couzens himself uncovering plenty of alleged high finance. Hoover's role was merely that of trying to save a situation after the crisis had been reached. He was not responsible for the stock juggling and pyramiding in Detroit. Such information as he had probably came from subordinate officials in the treasury or the RFC. Nothing would be gained by subjecting him to an inquisition.

Later on historians will have access to all the papers, will have advantage of diaries and memoirs, and the history of the depression can be written in better perspective. It is to be hoped that Hoover himself writes memoirs both of his war-time service and of his term as president. Now he has retired gracefully from political scenes. The strenuous days in which he labored almost single-handed to fight a tidal wave, have passed. He is keeping appropriate silence with respect to the new administration and its policies, many of which are merely adaptations of his own. He should be permitted to live his life in peace. Just now he seems to get most pleasure out of frequent fishing trips. Let him fish without fear of a common process-server,—unless perchance he should be catching more than the limit.

Trouble on the Border

NOT many months back Austria and Germany were anxious for a wedding. They wanted to affiliate under one customs union, which might have proved as the Zollverein did for the unification of Germany, a means to the union of the two countries. The plan was frustrated by the opposition of France and England. Now the two countries are at swords' points because Germany has a fascist and Austria a socialist government. There is a fascist party in Austria which has sought to gain power so that Hitler might dominate affairs in Vienna. The socialist premier has expelled these fascists; but they are fomenting trouble across the border in Germany.

The chief support for the present Austrian government is not internal but external. England and France, especially the latter, are bolstering the present regime as a foil to Hitler. It is even proposed to allow Austria to augment the army allowed her in the treaty of St. Germain. Austria is putting additional guards at the border to ward off raids and possible invasion by nazi sympathizers.

The European situation is boiling; but the prospect is that once more the disturbance will be confined to coffeepot dimensions. Eager as Hitler is to fight he hasn't the equipment or the resources in money, credit and materials.

Street Funds and NRA

TO provide funds to increase wages of city employes without exceeding the city budget, it is proposed to transfer money from the special levy for street repairs. This is an improper diversion of funds, even though the council may have legal authority to make it. The special levy was approved by popular vote with the understanding the funds would be used for keeping up the streets. If not used for that purpose, the levy should be reduced.

Certainly it is not in the spirit of NRA to take these street repair funds and use them for upping salaries of regular employes. If this street repair money is used for the purpose levied it would provide more jobs for more people, particularly for common labor. Mayor McKay was right in protesting taking funds designed to be spent for labor in street work, to increase salaries of men in other departments of the city government. The first objective of NRA is to provide more jobs.

The street repair special levy should be used, as it is needed, for the purposes of the levy. There should be no waste; and in view of the tax delinquency no more should be spent than is received or than is actually needed for street work.

A Futile Hope

IF the sales tax obtrudes as the only formula to provide relief funds Gov. Meier made a mistake when he made the guest list for his conference Tuesday. Why did he not invite in Ray Gill, master of the state grange, Ben Osborne, secretary of the state labor federation, and B. F. Irvine, editor of the Portland Journal, and reciter of the "My lords" speech of Lord Pitt? These were the antagonists of the sales tax. Why not call them in and lay the problem before them; then step out of the room while they used their pencils to figure it out?

It seems futile to call a legislature and ask it to pass a sales tax. With all the pressure that could be mustered at the last session the tax bill barely passed the senate. The crushing defeat at the polls will make legislators afraid to pass another one.

Perhaps we are traveling in a circle; and after making the rounds of all possibilities wind up at the disliked sales tax. But the propaganda against it has been spread so widely and so effectively that it will take a long time before the people will approve of a sales tax even to put bread in mouths of the destitute.

This is an age of living by initials. There's NRA; then there's AAA (agricultural adjustment administration,) and now we are seeing TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority). AAA might also stand for alcoholic auto accident. That would be a type-saver; and quickly understood.

Some one has risen to remark that the churches have not come under NRA. Never mind; they will later. Hasn't Hitler started in to run the churches in Germany? Making God goosestep.

Storekeepers will get clipped at both ends. Called on to boost their expenses they are about to be clubbed to keep prices down. What a life!

The summer hangs on; but we'll keep on hopin'. Butte reported a half-inch of snow the other day.

It takes a session of the legislature for us to get to see our state officials.

The City's "Old Swimmin' Hole"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Vagrant jackass led
to richest Idaho mine:

* * *

(Continuing from yesterday:) "When a passing resident of Spokane, 25 years ago, I heard it (the story of the finding of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine) told a number of times by a man who had played a leading part in it.

* * *

"Among those who flocked to the Coeur 'd'Alene district of northern Idaho, when rich galena veins were discovered there, was Noah S. Kellogg, a man in his sixties, who had been a miner and lumberman in turns, but had never found the right road to fortune.

"Coming from southern California, he reached Eagle City in May, 1884, with a suit of ragged clothes, a roll of blankets and $5 in cash, and went thence to Murray, where he labored for a year as carpenter and mill hand.

* * *

"In August, 1885, however, Kellogg found himself without employment and decided, as a last resort, to turn prospector. Accordingly, he applied for a grubstake to O. O. Peck, a small contractor by whom he had been employed the previous year, and to Dr. J. T. Cooper, who, in earlier years, had been a surgeon in the British navy and was then practicing his profession in Murray. Peck, who hailed from Vermont, was a tall, gaunt, lantern-jawed man in his sixties, a typical New Englander. Cooper, also verging on old age, was a burly, dogmatic Scotchman possessing the thrift of his race. The pair listened without enthusiasm to Kellogg's plea for help.

"As he talked a distant bray echoed down the canyon. It came from an ownerless jackass which had been voted a nuisance by the citizens og Murray.

* * *

"'There goes that damned ass again,' the Scotch doctor remarked in disgust.

"'Some one ought to take a shot at him,' added Peck.

"Here was Kellogg's opportunity and he was clever enough to make quick use of it. 'Put a grubstake on his back,' he bagged, 'and I'll take him into the hills.'

* * *

"After further argument this proposition was agreed to, and Peck and Cooper, thriftily counting the cost, provided Kellogg with an outfit of a value less than $20, which, they figured, would keep him in the field for a period of six weeks. The same afternoon Kellogg led the jackass out of Murray, up Pritchard creek, thence over the sky line, and down into the Beaver creek watershed, where he camped for the night.

"Next day he climbed another ridge and late in the afternoon reached the South Fork near the present town of Osburn. The following morning he moved down the South Fork until he reached a deep gulch which cut into the ridge north of the river. This he named Milo gulch, and, following its course for three miles, halted and made camp. Tethering his jackass near by, he cooked his evening meal over a camp fire in the gulch, then made a bed of fir boughs and slept through the long night hours the dreamless sleep of a weary man.

* * *

"The sun was high above the ridges when Kellogg woke next morning to discover that the jackass had slipped his tether and taken his departure. A long search for him proved a fruitless one, but, as the lone prospector made his way back to camp a bray broke the mountain stillness, and glancing rearward, he discovered his missing companion far up on a steep slope behind him.

"It was a hot day and Kellogg was an aging man, but the latter knew that without the braying beast he could not continue his quest. Accordingly, after he had prepared and eaten a hasty breakfast, he set out up the ridge. The chase was a long and hard one and it was not until late in the afternoon that he came upon the jackass contentedly grazing in a patch of meadow, and at peace with the world.

* * *

"Kellogg slipped the halter over his head, cursing him with profane vigor, and then sat down upon a ledge to rest. While he pulled at his pipe and wiped the sweat from his face, his eye was attracted to a bit of loose rock in a great dike which crossed the mountain from east to west and at right angles to Milo gulch.

"Picking it up, beneath it he found galena in place and under that yet more galena. Kellogg knew enough of mining geology to be aware that this came from the outcrop of a silver lead vein. Knocking the ashes from his pipe, a close study of the base of the ledge, then a few blows of his pick, disclosed a practically pure vein of galena of extraordinary size. By this time the day was ending, and, pushing and prodding the jackass before him, Kellogg returned to camp.

* * *

"Early the following morning, leaving the jackass securely tethered, the prospector returned to the ledge and in the hours that followed traced a continuous body of galena down the mountainside, across the gulch and up the opposite wall.

"Thus, on an August day in 1885 was discovered what is known as the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine, which in the scant half century that has since elapsed has produced more than a quarter of a billion dollars in metals, has made two score men millionaires, and in its 50 miles of drifts and underground tunnels still has ore actually in sight that cannot be worked out in half a century of intensive mining operation. A jackass, through its vagrant ways, led to the discovery of the greatest of galena lodes.

"Kellogg located two claims on the dike, naming one the Bunker Hill and the other the Kellogg, and posted in a conspicuous place a notice signed: 'N. S. Kellogg, ½; J. T. Cooper, ¼; O. O. Peck, ¼.' Then, with the jackass that had brought him good fortune and many samples of his find, Kellogg set out for Murray, blazing as he went a path along Milo gulch in order to assure return to his locations.

"He had, from the first, keenly resented the niggardly manner in which Peck and Cooper had outfitted him, and he was now troubled with the thought that the same miserly spirit might hopelessly delay development of the claims and keep him still a poor man.

"The course he finally decided upon has become one of the enduring legends of Idaho. Reaching Murray late at night, he avoided Peck and Cooper, but instead sought out Jacob (Dutch Jake) Goetz, a gambler who was always prompt to back his judgment with his dollars in any promising venture.

* * *

"Dutch Jake studied the samples Kellogg had brought with him, and then the two hunted up one Phil O'Rourke, a giant Irishman whose brogue, never failing good humor and gift of ready speech had made him a marked figure in Murray. A plan of action was quickly decided upon, and, before sunrise next morning, Kellogg, O'Rourke, and two other miners, C. M. Sullivan and Alec Monk, by name, were well on their way to Milo gulch with saddle and pack horses and an outfit of variety and abundance calulated to put to shame the one Peck and Cooper had grudgingly provided a few weeks before."

(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

A RECENT NEWSPAPER article tells of seventy-five workmen who were treated for severe ptomaine poisoning. They had eaten box lunches served to them while at work. Perhaps the food had been prepared under hygienic conditions, but it is probable proper precautions were not taken to prevent its spoilage.

Dr. Copeland

Food poisoning, or "ptomaine poisoning," as it is more commonly called, is traceable to food that is allowed to spoil. Food that is improperly prepared or carelessly preserved easily spoils and speedily deteriorates. When this occurs, toxins or poisons are formed by the action of germs or parasites. These organisms multiply rapidly and may be so numerous as seriously to poison the system.

In former times ptomaine poisoning was an exceedingly common disorder. In fact, most digestive disturbances were believed to be due to this ailment. As a result of the improvements in refrigeration, preservation of foods and better means of transportation, cases of ptomaine poisoning are far less common. But in spite of these splendid methods of shipping and other modern facilities intended to keep foods fresh, there is always the danger of spoilage because of individual carelessness.

Certain foods are more liable to spoil than others. For example, frozen foods and cold storage foods, improperly cared for meat, shell fish, and other fish carelessly handled, spoil quickly after removal from refrigeration. Foods that contain gelatine, as well as cream soups and sauces, cream filled desserts, unless properly looked after, quickly spoil and are capable of producing symptoms of ptomaine poisoning.

Symptoms of Food Poisoning

The sufferer from ptomaine poisoning complains of nausea and headache. In a more severe case, vomiting, abdominal pain, and complete prostration are alarming symptoms met in this condition. In an extreme case the progress of the disease is so rapid that death may occur within twenty-four hours.

Not by any means do nausea and headache invariably indicate food poisoning. These may be the result of some other digestive disturbance, or they may be symptoms of inflammation in the gall bladder, stomach or intestine. Persistent nausea, headache and vomiting must never be neglected. They may be the forerunners of some serious disturbance and should always be called to the personal attention of your physician.

Every case of this sort should be reported to the local health authorities, so that they may trace the source of the trouble. This action on your part may prevent a serious outbreak of food poisoning. When the source of contamination is determined and the food confiscated, much unnecessary suffering will be avoided.

Answers to Health Queries

S. C. D. Q.—I am 24 years old, 6 feet tall, what should I weigh?

A.—You should weigh about 161 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of your age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance.

I. S. M. Q.—What causes shortness of breath after meals?

A.—This is probably due to indigestion.

A Constant Reader. Q.—What do you advise for hiccoughs?

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

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Technician

Lieutenant Calvin M. Bolster, U.S.N., who is technical officer of the United States Navy dirigible Macon.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Cavanaugh suddenly was standing on the balls of his feet like a prize fighter.

"Keep away, Mulrooney!" Cavanaugh said with a strange quiet in his voice. "You'll never put those things on me!"

Mulrooney with the handcuffs dangling and glistening stepped forward.

A square, white stone was flung through the air—only it wasn't a stone—it was Lucky Cavanaugh's compact fist, heavy and swift. Its full velocity smashed with a sharp crack squarely upon the broadness of Mulrooney's chin. The whole weight of Cavanaugh's body was behind it. When it landed the shock ran through his arm clear to the shoulder.

For a moment the detective remained standing opposite him with a glassy expression in his eyes. Then his knees began to melt and he fell to the thick pile of the heavy carpet, pitching forward face downward. One of his legs was kicking spasmodically like a knocked-out pugilist trying to regain his feet.

The man on the carpet made no sound. The kicking leg quieted down. In such a condition it would be a matter of minutes, rather of seconds, before consciousness came back.

Leni Luneska made no outcry, no exclamation of excitement.

"Tell me what you want to do now," she said in a muffled voice, devoid of fear.

Cavanaugh took one deep breath. The same hand that had felled Mulrooney patted Leni consolingly on the back.

"Take care of him when he comes to. Say as little as possible. Tell him I went out the back way. And don't worry."

Leni gave an understanding nod. "I'll wait and I won't worry," she said out of the depths of her courage.

She did not move from where she was standing until Cavanaugh had vanished into the hallway. Only when he had definitely become a fugitive did she bend over Mulrooney.

The detective was breathing jerkily as his lungs labored for air. She found a pillow, rolled him over and put it under his head.

Mulrooney lay as though in sleep. He was unconscious, knocked out, but he was in no pain and in no danger. Some instinct told Leni that he was all right because his breathing was improving.

There was an encouraging flutter of his eye lids. In a minute or two he would awaken. The longer he stayed unconscious, the more time remained for Cavanaugh to get away.

That was a terribly foolish thing for Lucky to do, thought Leni. It is all my fault. He cannot come near me without getting into trouble. I am mad about him and I know he is mad about me. We are both sinking in an ocean of trouble yet my heart sings as a lark above a meadow. I am either a very good woman or a very wicked woman. I do not know which. . . .

Looking at Mulrooney's face which had been pale and was now beginning to darken, Leni wondered what Mrs. Mulrooney would think if she could see her husband stretched out in this fashion. Poor woman! Perhaps she lived in constant terror because of her husband's business.

The Mulrooneys, Leni decided, were not bad people. Even as much as she loved Lucky, she could not find it in her heart to think ill of the middle-aged man stretched out upon her expensive carpet. It was a hard life he lived and his salary, probably, was very small. Sometime I am going to send Mrs. Mulrooney a nice present, she thought, and something for the four children, too.

Then, suddenly, Mulrooney opened his eyes and knew where he was.

It took him a few seconds longer to remember what had happened. Without any assistance from Leni, he got to his feet. At the knees, however, he had a rubbery sensation.

"Where did he go?" were his first words, slightly blurred.

It occurred to Leni that she should delay him as long as possible.

"Sit down, please," she said eagerly. "There was an accident. Let me get you something—a drink of water!"

Mulrooney shook his head vigorously to clear it and moved with uncertain steps toward the door.

"Which way did he go?" he demanded.

The handcuffs lay forgotten on the carpet.

Mulrooney stalked from the room, baited, dazed, furious. Leni, shrugging her shoulders, made no effort to stop him. What was the good? Her instinct — Cavanaugh would have called it her hunch—told her Mulrooney was not going to have luck.

Mulrooney's head was still addled as he went into the hall and from there out of doors. His car was still standing at the curb. He looked up and down the street. No one was in sight except a colored nursemaid with two children.

The detective was not certain how long he had been unconscious. There had been sufficient time, no doubt, for Cavanaugh to have turned a corner and gone in either direction. Perhaps he had cut out at the back and disappeared into the next street.

Leni, standing in the doorway, waited for Mulrooney to return. It was curious, but she felt no regret at what was going to happen to her personally. She had done her best, but it had not been sufficient.

Perhaps Mulrooney would arrest her and take her to headquarters.

That, of course, would be the definite end to all of the motion picture business — the final fade-out. What did it matter? She had been through so much that life had lost its reality and was becoming a wavering, uncontrolled dream. Yet, somewhere, mysteriously, there was that lark note of happiness deeply hidden in her secret self.

Mulrooney came back to her with his dazed and troubled eyes. In a minor way, she couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

"You better let me fix you something, really," she said, standing aside to let him enter the house.

He walked straight into the living room without answering. He found his hat on a chair, and picked up his glistening handcuffs. Leni was behind him discreetly. At last he was brought to look at her.

"It's a shame," he said in an amazingly calm voice, "for your sake, I mean. Too bad you're in love with that bird."

She was able, without effort, to match his calmness.

"On the contrary, it's the nicest thing I can imagine," she replied.

"Nobody can put the lug on me like that and get away with it," Mulrooney told her, stowing the handcuffs away under his coat at the rear. "We'll get him within twenty-four hours and heaven help him then!"

There was no use arguing with the man now. Whatever she would ask him, would be more out of curiosity than anything else.

"About myself—am I under arrest? For complicity?"

"No—not yet anyway," said Mulrooney. "I'm going to get Cavanaugh first."

"I don't believe I'd do that," remarked Leni quietly.

He ignored her words. "Where's your telephone?"

"Why?"

"Why? Inside of two minutes I'll have every radio police car in the city on the look-out for your handsome friend. We'll get him, don't worry."

"I'm not worrying," said Leni smoothly. "But I think you are. None of this would have happened if you had listened to me—do you realize that?"

Mulrooney looked at her with sullen and heavy eyes.

"If I listen to any more of your advice I'll wind up pounding a beat," he said. "Whose idea was it to bring Cavanaugh out here anyway?"

Leni's shoulders in their cloth of gold jacket shrugged with a small foreign air.

"As you please, Mr. Mulrooney. I think you are making a mistake though. As long as Lucky is at liberty, you can depend upon it, he'll do his best to catch the man you're after."

"Oh, he will, will he?"

"He said he would — and that's quite good enough for me. I have an idea, too, that he'll succeed. Of course, if you put him in jail, that ends it. Are you going to let it be known generally that he escaped from your hands? I should think it would be rather a humiliating confession for an officer of your reputation to make——"

Leni found it astonishing to herself that she was able under these circumstances to banter Mulrooney. Perhaps it was because she had relaxed and was no longer trying to accomplish anything in particular.

"Where is that telephone?"

Leni conducted him to it. There was not the faintest use in combatting his angry obstinacy.

She would not even stay to listen to Mulrooney's conversation with headquarters. It is out of my hands, she thought. There is nothing but to meet the result decently. I would like to have my own way about all this—but there is no longer any point in arguing with an angry policeman.

She yawned a little because, in truth, she was somewhat short of sleep. I'll go upstairs, she decided, and lie down. Mulrooney can leave whenever he pleases. I've been rowing the boat upstream all these years. Now I'm going to put down the oars and let it drift.

(To Be Continued)

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CLUB SOCIAL FRIDAY

FAIRFIELD, Aug. 23. — The Woman's Home Economics club of Fairfield grange is preparing a program for the social meeting Friday night, August 25.

500 Hawkeyes at Annual Gathering In Champoeg Park

DAYTON, Aug. 23—Rev. C. T. Cook and daughter Miss Geraldine Cook, Mrs. Joe Ketchum, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Nichols and family, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Nichols, Donald Marcy, Allan Nichols, A. N. Sheldon, Miss Janet Matthews and Miss Esther Nichols attended the Iowa picnic held Sunday at Champoeg park.

More than 500 former residents of the famous corn state were present.

Claude Swartley of Corvallis, a friend of Rev. Cook and the Nichols family, was stricken with a heart attack while preparing to attend the picnic.

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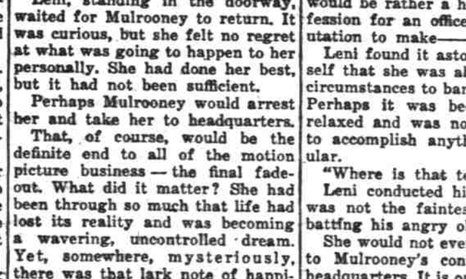

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