

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Gag Rule

IN adopting a rule which prevents any amendment from the floor on appropriations bills submitted to the house of representatives that body takes a long step backwards. It is a further abdication of its legislative responsibility, a further confession that it will not function according to its constitutional and historical character. The rule was forced through at the behest of the administration, although many democrats revolted and the amendment carried by a majority of only five.

The growth of parliamentarism has been largely conditioned on its insistence on control of the purse. This battle was historic in the middle of the 17th century when the independents in parliament sought to curtail the money-raising demands of Charles Stuart. By this amendment the president becomes the appropriating authority through control of the committee on appropriations. Thus he seems to be carrying out what he intimated in his presidential message, the coalescence of the executive and legislative departments of government. It was this which prompted Sen. McNary to declare his message was "the finest repeal of the constitution he had ever heard."

The cause of human liberty is jeopardized when power is centralized in the hands of one man or a small group of men. There is no necessity in this emergency for congress to abdicate. The president has the veto power over legislation which should be sufficient without reaching out to impose gag rule in the chambers which are considering pending measures. Were such an amendment to be proposed in a republican congress the so-called friends of the people, the congressional progressives and the demagogue newspapers like the Portland Journal would wail loud and long over the suggestion. But now never a complaint is heard from these self-styled friends of liberty.

Accept or Acquiesce?

THE arbitrary action of the legislature in passing another sales tax, says the Oregon Grange Bulletin, "after the people had spoken in no uncertain terms against this system of extracting pennies from the poor, leads to the thought that if democracy is to work, the results of elections must be accepted alike by those who win and those who lose."

A question arises over what is meant by "accepting". In the case of the sales tax of last summer, which was rejected by the people, every party acquiesced in the verdict and no sales tax was ever levied or collected. Does "accept" mean however that the question may not be resubmitted? If that is the meaning, how may the grange advance the argument? For the grange was long active for an income tax, presenting it time and again after it was rejected by the people. And the grange did not "accept" defeat on power bill legislation which it endorsed and which the people rejected at the polls.

The pending sales tax should be examined on its merits, and not discarded because the people voted against a sales tax, somewhat different in character, some months ago.

In a popular government minorities must always acquiesce in the decision of the majorities, but that by no means should require them to surrender honest convictions or to continue to work for legislative changes they deem advisable. Out of long experience the grange must realize that minorities often wind up as majorities.

Just an Echo!

"Looks like coming government ownership of railroads. Next it may be a tryout of single tax in every state. In Oregon this Henry George idea was tried and failed two or three times. By the way, where is W. S. U'Ren, or was his heart not fully in it and he was merely working only for the money there was in it? What a glorious opportunity there would now be to win! Everything is being tried and, with the consent of Portland, single tax might be resurrected and put through."—H. L. Gill in Woodburn Independent.

Yes, there was once a movement to put all the taxation on land. But the pendulum has swung in the other direction, and now the cry is universal for relief of real property from taxation. The income tax was designed to afford such relief, and it does to the extent of its collections. The sales tax is another effort to relieve real property. Single tax puts all the burden on the land, relieving personal property, incomes, sales, and improvements on real property. We think the state outside of Portland has enough sense not to attempt a single tax, which is certainly not adapted to modern forms of wealth creation and transfer.

The liquor commission promises that every county in the state will soon have a rum store. Not that there has been any deficiency that was noticeable, especially since repeal; but so the state may be getting revenues from sale. It will be interesting to observe whether the patrons will stick to their bootlegger when the state stores come in. Price will no doubt be a factor; plus perhaps a better guarantee of quality by the state stores. At least the brands should be honest.

Mae West was afraid the bandit who asked for her "poke" of money would smash her nose if she resisted. Mae was wise to hand over the money. She saved her face anyway; and that seems to be the chief aim in life.

The republicans won an election, in Vermont, sending a senator and a representative to congress. Vermont keeps the faith of Calvin Coolidge. When the pendulum swings she will have company.

It begins to look as though Carter Glass is the only republican left in the senate, just as we have said before. Gen. Martin seems to be the only republican in the Oregon delegation in congress.

What chance will the two ex-married M'Divans have before a jury, ten of whom are middle-aged married women? Well, maybe they will have a good chance if they start to ogle the dames.

Spokane is having a ski tournament today.—but they had to slip in their snow in box cars from the Cascade mountains.

Why Not Try the Old Horse-Trading Principle?



PROHIBITIVE TARIFFS

EUROPE IMPORTS WE NEED

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOT SO long ago I told you something about earache. In that article it was pointed out that repeated attacks of earache may be a sign of some serious disturbance. That condition requires immediate attention and if neglected may lead to permanent damage and distressing deafness.

A report printed in a recent number of the New York State Journal of Medicine, states that defective hearing is uncomfortably prevalent among school children. This state of affairs is unfortunate and should be dealt with vigorously.

Though complete deafness is not as common nor as difficult to detect as partial deafness, it is all too common. The usual watch-dick test, the use of the tuning fork and the whisper test, are excellent methods of testing the hearing. Unfortunately, these are not very practical when examining a large number of children.

In addition, these tests are not thorough enough to detect partial deafness. I am glad to say that the use of these old-time methods is no longer necessary. A new instrument has been devised. By the use of this device, as many as forty children can be examined in a period of fifteen to twenty minutes. The results of such examinations are more than gratifying. I hope it will be made available to all schools.

I cannot say too much about the importance of early recognition of impaired hearing in children. Bear in mind that a child who is listless, inattentive or backward in his school work, may be so only because his hearing is impaired.

"Problem" Children
I believe that all children absent from school because of an ear, nose or throat condition, or because of the after effects of scarlet fever or some other infectious disease, should be taken to the physician for a careful examination of the hearing. This procedure is also advised for children who show marked backwardness in their school work, especially those with faulty speech, and all who are referred to as "problem children."

When teachers, as well as parents, realize the significance of ear disease and are instructed in the means of preventing this disorder, the prevalence of deafness will be greatly diminished. I am more than confident that when proper measures are taken for the relief of ear defects the welfare of our children will be greatly advanced.

Do not overlook the signs of defective hearing. Bear in mind that this, as well as poor vision, is a common cause of backwardness in school. Neglect of such defects is a serious stumbling block to the progress of the afflicted child.

Answers to Health Queries
B. F. Q. Would nasal catarrh cause halitosis?
A.—Yes, it is possible. Clear up the underlying catarrhal condition. (Copyright, 1934, K. F. S., Inc.)

GRAND MASTER VISITS
MOLALLA, Jan. 20. — George P. Winslow, Tillamook, grand master of Oregon Odd Fellow lodges, visited the Molalla lodge Wednesday night. The meeting was attended by almost 100 members from Canby, Rock Creek, Silverton, Portland, Salem and Molalla. Addresses by Winslow and Adam Knight, Canby grand secretary of the encampment, were the features of the evening.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The case of C. J. Helt, reformed in Oregon prison:

The magazine section of the Sunday Oregonian has been running a series of articles, concluding in the last issue, "by C. J. Helt, as told to Hal M. White," with sensational headlines and pictures, telling about the long service of Helt in the Oregon penitentiary for train robbery, after a career of crime in California.

In a few words: Mr. Helt, away back under the administrations of Governors Lord, Geer and Chamberlain, served a long term in the Oregon prison, and, as he himself told it, endured a lot of inconveniences on account of the poor accommodations and indifferent fare there.

He was hard boiled, a recidivist, consorted with Harry Tracy, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, and suffered the then prescribed penalty of a flogging at the whipping post. So some time thereafter, concluding from the lessons of his own experiences that a career of crime did not and could not pay, he took to reading books in the prison library—and, all by himself, with no promptings from the administration at the institution, reformed. And, as the story goes, he did well after final release; accumulated property fast; was lucky in real estate deals, and has gone straight; is now a successful poultry breeder near Eugene.

He laid on a good deal of "sob stuff" in his story, and made it appear rather raw in its details. There was complaint concerning prison conditions during several periods in the time Helt was serving his sentence. In one of these periods, there was especially a complaint about the food, which he charged that the food was scant and awful and the punitive practices horrible.

The late A. N. Gilbert of Salem was superintendent of the prison then, and he wrote Rev. Elliot a letter, inviting him to make a personal investigation; to come unannounced and incognito, choosing his own time, and, making himself known only to him (Gilbert) or the warden, who was then Henry Brophy, he would be given all the time he wished, and every opportunity, to make inquiries.

Rev. Elliot so came. He spent a good deal of time interviewing the key men on the inside from whom the propaganda was chiefly coming. More than that, Rev. Elliot was given a meal with the inmates, at one of the tables at which they were regularly served, and with the same dishes and utensils they used. This, also, without the least chance for advance notice.

The upshot? Rev. Elliot wrote Superintendent Gilbert a letter in which he acknowledged that he had been misled, and, more than this, he preached another sermon, in the course of which he apologized for the injurious strictures of his former one. That settled that. Rev. Elliot was an honest as well as an able man.

Of course, he did not find, and did not expect to find, ideal conditions in the Oregon penitentiary. The buildings were old. They were not well fitted or arranged for their intended use, even for

the dark days when they were erected and furnished. They have been much improved since the time Mr. Gilbert had charge; but some of the handicaps of faulty construction and arrangement persist to this day.

As to the old whipping post and corporal punishment, these devices and practices are all but things of the past in nearly all American prisons, and happily so.

But Mr. Helt, who furnished the material for the Oregonian articles, while he paints his own experience in connection with this case, and as he could find English words adequate for the purpose, goes on to say that it was after this horrible nightmare of his soul that he began reading books, and thus was led to what he describes as his rejuvenation and reformation.

Is it too much to say that, in his case, he is blaming the very horse that carried him safely over the stream? And that perhaps, in his case, and no solitary confinement, in the old sense of complete darkness and a blanket and bread and water for definite terms.

The writer, last year, saw the solitary confinement cells in that prison—only four or five of them, for over 1300 inmates. And, at that time, they were empty. They are dark and solitary, but when one is used, the man who has broken a rule of the institution is given ample and clean bedding, and, at meal times, he is furnished adequate food to preserve his health, but limited as to variety.

He is told that he may remain "in solitary" as long as he likes—an hour, a day, a month, or longer. And he may cut his time as short as may please his own whims. He may be restored to his former status and quarters the minute he is ready to acknowledge the error he has committed, and promise to behave himself thereafter.

The average penalty? Two or three days. There had, last year, been no successful escape from Stillwater prison for 24 years. Of course, there are few attempts, though the number of men outside the walls, on "trusty" duties, as in the farm employments, is always considerable, proportionate to the whole population. Farm industries are various, such as creamery, with a cheese factory planned, and, with more land in prospect, in order that all the hams and bacon, etc., might be prepared there, from hogs raised on the place.

In every state of the union, excepting seven, corporal punishment has been abolished. It has also gone the way of the rack and thumbscrew in all the federal prisons, including those of the naval and military arms of our government.

The seven states in which corporal punishment is still used, for offenses committed in their state prisons, are all in the south. They are: Arkansas, the only punishment, Mississippi; 15 blows of the strap allowed. South Carolina, an

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

Patricia was on her feet, was struggling with the window. The curtains blew into her eyes, whipped past into the room, billowing like flying banners, stiff and wringing wet. The garden, lost in swooping darkness, was a sheet of solid rain. Tugging, sobbing she got the window down and saw the neat round hole that cut the glass. A bullet hole! Someone hidden in the fury of the night had stood outside, taken careful aim, pulled a trigger. Julian, concentrated on his cards, his white head a perfect target, had never known what struck him. He had been alive one instant, dead the next.

Who, then, had opened the window? Who had turned off the light? Where was the murderer now? As a last and final touch of horror, Patricia guessed. The murderer was in the house. Screaming she fled from the room, through the half open door into the darkness of the corridor, running blindly, bumping against the walls. She knew one thing only. Somehow she must reach a telephone. She darted for the living room.

The storm was shrieking with a thousand tongues. As she reached the foyer there was a roll of thunder and a flash of lightning, unceremoniously illuminated the long and curving stairs. A man was coming down the stairs, a flashing light in his hand. The girl saw him and he saw her. The man was Bill McGee. His sinister triumphant smile was the last thing Patricia saw. The walls seemed to rock inward, the floor seemed to melt beneath her feet. She sighed, away and slid unconscious to the floor.... Somewhere far off Patricia heard a dull and muffled engine throbbing, like the purring of a giant engine. Her head ached, ached. She opened vague eyes, tried to rise, moaned and sank back again. A bar of sunlight shone on a bright green carpet. That puzzled her. In the grayness of half-consciousness she remembered rain, pouring rain. She was about to close her eyes again when in one sickening instant it all came back, the scene in the card room, Julian sitting open-eyed with a bullet in his brain, her frenzied fight toward the living room, Bill McGee moving toward her. Where were the servants?

"Annie," screamed the girl. "Annie, Annie." No one answered. The echoes died to brassy silence. She was quite alone. She swung her feet to the floor and somehow stood. She stared dazedly at the bed where she had lain a strange bed, fastened to the wall. The small, cheerful, sunny room was entirely unfamiliar. The floor was swaying oddly beneath her feet. The distant throbbing too was odd. All at once she realized that she was aboard a boat. In a kind of frenzied panic she staggered to the porthole opposite. Outside was a waste of sunlight water.

There was a door, locked. The girl hammered, pounded, shouted to exhaustion. No one answered. How had she got here? Who had brought her here? Dropping to a chair she wept in weariness and bewilderment and despair. It was a long time before she tried to think it out. When she thought it out, she felt the beginning of fear intolerable. She had fainted. It was Bill McGee who had brought her here. "Kidnaped," Patricia said aloud. It was Bill McGee who had brought her here and Bill McGee had murdered Julian Haverholt. She felt that she was a living through some evil dream. This could not be true. At any minute now Julian would be shouting at



The door opened slowly. A man stood there, a young man with a stupid brutish face whom she had never seen before.

her door, his arms full of the morning papers. Julian. He was dead, murdered. This was the morning of his triumph and he was dead. The girl bent her head and sobbed for him. Julian Haverholt had been her enemy; he had been her friend. He had given her all he knew how to give; he had tried to rob her of her heart's desire; he had loved her in the only way he knew; he had done his best to wreck her life. She had quarreled with him; she had laughed with him; she had hated him but she had been fond of him, too—all that was nothing now as the man himself was nothing.

"Julian," she whispered in the silence, "Julian." She was sitting very quietly, her eyes bleak and despairing, fixed upon the porthole, upon the dancing sunlight waves, when she heard the rattle of a key. Instantly she sprang to her feet and backed against the wall. The door opened slowly. A man stood there, a young man with a stupid brutish face, a man whom she had never seen before. He carried a tin tray of food.

"I guess you're hungry," he said, calm and matter of fact. "Let me out of here," Patricia cried and made a mad rush for the door. "That won't do no good," he announced indifferently and kicked the door. He asked a second time, "Are you hungry?" "You've got to let me out of here. Open that door, I tell you, open that door. You can't do this to me!"

"What are you going to do about it, sweetheart?" he inquired, still indifferent, but grinning slightly. She stood very still. A bitter realization of the futility of any protest stopped her. Tears, hysteria, pleading, threats would never move this man. "What are you going to do about it?" he had asked her. Indeed what could she do? She sat down again. Her hands were trembling as she smoothed her skirt but her voice was steadier as she said:

"Where are we?" Without troubling to answer, the other placed his tray upon a table, poured out a cup of tea and handed it to her. "You better drink that."

She drank the tea, she ate the burned toast, the badly cooked eggs, the strips of thick, fried

bacon, while her companion lounged against the bunk watching her. "Feel better now, sister?" She said in a low, savage voice, "I'll feel better when Bill McGee hangs for the murder of Julian Haverholt."

"I guess he won't," the other replied, with an odd, unexpected chuckle. "Won't what?" she demanded sharply. "I guess Bill won't hang this trip. Maybe, you don't know it, but Bill, he's smart. You'd be surprised."

Terror clutched at her heart. She felt the sweat spring into her palms and bead her forehead. She saw the man stretch a languid arm into the bunk, lift a smart pigskin bag and drop it to the floor. It was her own bag, the bag that she had packed the night before.

"Aren't you going to unpack, sister?" He added significantly, "You'll be with us quite a spell." The girl swallowed with a dry throat.

"What does Bill want with me?" "He'll tell you himself. He'll come aboard at nine o'clock. Bill probably will want to see you first thing."

With which statement he left the room, closing and locking the door behind him. The slow hours dragged by. Patricia paced up and down, evolving in her mind a thousand futile plans. Darkness fell slowly. Outside the water turned from blue to gray, from gray to black.

As night closed down, the girl's panic grew. She beat upon the door and the unyielding glass of the porthole. That got her nowhere. She sobbed and screamed. That got her nowhere too. There must be some way out. What was it? Pressing her hand against her aching head she tried to think and thought of nothing.

They were coming in to shore. She had first seen the twinkling lights of land with a wild hope that had long since vanished. She was trapped below. Suddenly, after a long time, there was a bumping and a scraping, the stateroom rocked to and fro, the engine ceased its throbbing. They had docked! Bill was aboard, was coming below. She heard his footsteps outside her door. He was in the room.

Never Kick a Hot Stove Door Shut With Toe of Your Rubber

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

"When winter comes can spring be far away?" Apparently it cannot. It makes an effort to withdraw now and then, but without much success. Thus far this season.

History is a record of momentous events, some of which are secondary, and others of which are not worth the space they take on the clock. I said as much to a visitor from up valley one day this week. But it didn't prevent him from telling me of what his pa once told him of seeing Dan Rice's circus here back in the '60s. If the story is true, and it may be in part, Dan Rice was the first man to bring a circus into the Willamette valley.

The statement has an historical flavor, and is probably as exact as much other history. It is possibly true, as the visitor said, that the attractions of the Rice aggregation included Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt and the two Warren girls, the four most famous dwarfs in the world; the Kentucky giant, Colonel Bates, and the giantess whom he ultimately married, Miss Swan, each of whom was almost eight feet tall without high-heeled footwear, which boosted their height to somewhat more than eight feet;



D. H. TALMADGE

and also in Tennessee and Alabama. Texas, 20 blows allowed. Virginia, where its use is restricted.

The reader must know that prisoners in the south are largely black, and that they are segregated, even in penal institutions, from the whites. But the reader will be surprised to know that of late the proportionate number of white to black inmates has been increasing. In other words, there is more reformation among the bad colored folks than among the bad "poor white trash."

Perhaps something is wrong with me, but it is a fact that I have had but two really good laughs in two weeks. Eddie Cantor, who has been cavorting through the Goldwyn spectacles, "Roman Scandals," at the Grand during the week, caused one of these laughs, and W. C. Fields in "Tilly and Gus" at another theatre caused the other. And now you know the sort of grouch I am.

later had its name changed and became the "Jumbo" of the Barnum & Bailey show. I am willing to let the dwarfs and the giants stand for what they may be worth, but I am unable to swallow the "Jumbo" story.

Probably the busiest daytime block in Salem is Liberty street between Court and State. But the greatest traffic is carried by Commercial street, in which wheels are turning day and night.

An elderly man tells me that he fears he is breaking down, because when he eats an onion on Sunday he can still taste it next Friday. Shucks! that isn't a sign of a breakdown. It shows only that he has "tumbled" to something.

A person should, of course, be able to laugh heartily when somebody falls and breaks a leg or something, but I can't. Just gloomy.

What a grand thing is contentment! Dolph Eitch, at Dover Crossing, said his name may not have been so darn elegant as some names, but you had to admit it was catchy.

Never kick a hot stove door shut with the toe of your rubber. Seems as if you should have known better than to do that.

Who's afraid of the nice warm rain? An eastern irreconcilable declares in a news weekly that prohibition will soon be restored to the national constitution. I reckon he just felt like saying something.

Motion picture advertising in eastern newspapers is said to be showing the effects of the drastic censorship system set up recently by Will Hays. The new regulations forbid "leg art" and pictures of nudes or semi-nudes. Not in effect here as yet. Or is it?

Following every "roar" the film producers order a clean-up of indecent and misleading advertising. The NRA roar may be effective.

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The most interesting news from southern California these days comes in private letters.