The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1651

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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International Trade

SLOWLY The Statesman is getting some republican recruits to its opposition to economic autarchy as extreme nationalism in trade is called. We favor stimulating international trade both for exports and imports; and to that end approve Pres. Roosevelt's measure to permit reciprocal tariff arrangements secured by negotiation. Ogden L. Mills in his Topeka speech called for an alteration of republican tariff policy; and now Henry L. Stimson, secretary of state in the Hoover cabinet, comes out in favor of tariff changes and specifically in favor of the Roosevelt bill.

Finally the Oregonian is seeing the light and pointing out the ruin which would come to seaport cities if the policy of living within ourselves is adopted so that foreign trade sinks virtually to nothing. Says the Oregonian:

"A hundred years ago the international trade of the world amounted to only $2,000,000,000.

"In 1929 it amounted to $67,000,000,000.

In 1932 it had fallen to $26,000,000,000. Today it is not more than 40 per of the 1929 total.

"Meanwhile the nationalists of the several countries continue to preach their theory of 'autarchy'—that is, of self-sufficiency. And if the tendency of the past four years should continue, with these extremists putting their theories into practice, the world must head on down toward the $2,000,000,000 trade of a century ago.

"There are people who believe such a change would be for the better. They point out that only four per cent of American produce can hope for sale or exchange abroad. But, at least, such people will admit that the revision of the trade system and the establishment of self-sufficiency would call for violent rearrangement within the country. They will admit that the great seaport cities would fall into disuse, while the trade centers moved inland. Christian Gauss, dean of Princeton university, says of the program:

" 'We would be preparing for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco, Seattle and Portland the fate of Antioch, Athens and Pisa. As Macaulay once said, 'Alas for the beautiful cities!'

"Portland people, certainly, should realize the danger. Autarchy might be well enough for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha and Denver. They might even prosper. But New York, New Orleans,, San Francisco and Portland do not crave to be picturesque ruins, exclaimed over by school teachers and retired business from the great cities of central Siberia."

Investigating Munitions Makers

WHEN the congressional committee turns the light on the activities of munitions lobbyists it promises to give the country some startling revelations. The only regret is the limitations of the investigation. If the committee could also bore into the international manouvering of armament manufacturers the story would be even more startling. Already there have been imitations of the system under which munitions makers are strict internationalists in respect to profits, yet nationalists when it comes to fomenting wars. The magazine Fortune published an illuminating article recently; and two books have been published, "Iron, Blood and Profits" by Gilbert Seldes (Harpers), and "Merchants of Death" by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen (Dodd, Mead & Co.) which present a documented case against the activities of armament firms.

The country had a taste of the facts a few years ago when President Hoover blasted one William B. Shearer who as lobbyist for the Bethlehem Steel company went to Geneva to sabotage the work of the disarmament conference. Now we understand, Mr. Shearer is back on the job in Washington.

The war department has issued a new rule that purchases will not be made from firms which engage lobbyists to push their wares. They must swear as they submit bids, that they have relied only on normal selling staffs. The rule may prove rather futile in practice; but at least it is a gesture in the direction of defeating the high-powered attorneys and lobbyists who pull wires for profit.

As war clouds roll in Europe and the far east it will be interesting to learn if they are genuine or merely stage thunder made by clever vendors of guns and war tools who rumble sheets of metal in the wings.

Sales Tax Objections

ONE of the arguments used against the sales tax is that the reduction of the property tax which it permits will give some relief to the large property holders. That is true enough; but why continue sitting on a sharp tack just because some one else will get some relief too? How is the small property holder to get relief from his burdensome tax unless the big property holder gets it in the same proportion? The property tax is an ad valorem tax, levied directly upon property. There is no way of separating the sheep from the goats because the tax levy is the same on all.

That is why the income tax and inheritance tax are graduated,—to "soak the rich". Between these taxes and the depression there are no rich people left in Oregon to speak of. There are very few incomes of over $25,000 a year. If the state confiscated all these big incomes, which it could not do because the federal government is busy confiscating them too, it still would not get in enough to provide the real estate tax relief which is needed.

The grange is said to be preparing a new income tax which lowers exemptions and increases rates. What assurance is there that it will carry? The last income tax submitted to the people was voted down, but the grange does not seem to regard that verdict of the people as sacred. And if it does carry what assurance is there of substantial increase in revenue from the upper levels. There has been a steady migration of the well-to-do people from the state ever since the intangibles tax went into effect. Driving them out of Oregon adds nothing to tax receipts and deprives the storekeepers here of the patronage they have enjoyed.

No matter how the election comes out Sam Brown had a good big party spread out for him. That ought to be a cue for other candidates: make sure of a party by having it before the votes are counted.

Astoria has been having its usual trouble in agreeing on a fish price. Packers and fishermen have to hold out to the break of the season before coming to terms; which keeps tradesmen there on the anxious seat for days.

About this combination of silver with gold in the new dollar that some of the silvercrats are talking in congress,—everybody join in singing, "Silver threads among the gold".

Now the Methodists are chasing Rex Tugwell, brain truster no. 1, all round the lot with a hot poker. Rex is now becoming target no. 1; so he better look for a soft spot in which to light.

Another Problem Boy

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

WARM WEATHER is here and with it a variety of diseases encountered in changeable weather. Such a disease is "quinsy sore throat" which occurs most frequently in spring and fall.

Dr. Copeland

Quinsy sore throat is an uncomfortable and painful affliction. Many persons have the false impression it is merely an inflammation or irritation of the throat. It is really an abscess located in the throat near the tonsil. It is a common affliction of persons who are victims of tonsillitis and, in most instances, can be traced to diseased and infected tonsils. It is often confused with tonsillitis but differs from this infection by being more painful and involving only one side of the throat.

Drainage Only Cure

Like tonsillitis, the sufferer from quinsy sore throat is unable to swallow food and has pain on eating or talking. High fever, headache and general discomfort are other signs of this disorder. As a rule, there is a throbbing and painful sensation in the ear of the side affected. For this reason it is often mistaken for an infected ear.

The only cure for quinsy sore throat is incision and drainage of the pus. Like any other abscess within the body, cure can only be brought about by evacuation of the pus. Unfortunately, most persons fear the knife and avoid this simple operation. This is an unwise attitude, for although the acute pain might subside and the infection seem to clear up, it will recur at frequent intervals. I have known patients who have had as many as six to ten attacks of quinsy sore throat within a short period of time.

Of course, quinsy sore throat can be prevented by removing all centers of infection within the throat. Since infected and enlarged tonsils are the most common causes of this disturbance, I would recommend that tonsils which are really diseased be removed. If you are the victim of diseased tonsils and quinsy sore throat do not hesitate to have this operation. If you have never suffered from this form of sore throat, but have had trouble with your tonsils, you can save yourself from a great deal of unnecessary pain by having the tonsils removed.

May Cause Other Diseases

Diseased tonsils are a stumbling block to health. They are often the underlying cause of such physical disturbances as heart disease, kidney disease, arthritis, neuritis and neuralgia. This menace is especially great in young children. Enlarged and diseased tonsils retard the normal growth of children. Though it is not the cause of chorea and acute rheumatism, it is often a contributing factor in the onset of these dreaded infections.

In what I have said, I do not mean to imply that all tonsils should be removed. This is a mistaken idea and I am strongly opposed to such a procedure. The tonsils should only be removed when they are enlarged and infected.

Bear in mind, that in quinsy sore throat, the seat of infection may come from diseased and infected teeth or nasal sinuses. This is especially true in adults. Do not neglect quinsy sore throat but make every effort to determine the underlying cause.

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Ripe Logans Picked On Unionvale Farm

DAYTON, April 30 — Ripe loganberries were picked April 26 in his garden by George Westfall, Unionvale merchant. Loganberry growers in this vicinity predict the marketing of loganberries will begin before the last of May which is a month or six weeks earlier than average seasons.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

McPherson, state printer,
pioneer Oregon editor, poet:

* * *

William Anderson McPherson, born in North Carolina Feb. 22, 1828, came to Oregon in the 1850 covered wagon immigration from Iowa; spent that winter close to the site of Jefferson, in the spring of 1851 went to the California mines, being attacked and escaping from Rogue river Indians on the way; was successful in mining; returned to Iowa by way of Panama in the winter of '51-2; with his mother, brother-in-law and two small children of the latter, recrossed the plains to Oregon in 1852, and located on 250 acres of land in Linn county, near the present town of Jefferson.

In October, '52, he married Nancy Jane Fenn, whose mother was of the pioneer Marion county Jory family. In 1858, the McPhersons moved to a farm near Scio.

* * *

In 1864, W. A. McPerson became editor of the Albany Journal; in 1866 was elected state printer of Oregon and moved to Salem, where he edited the Unionist. His term as state printer expired, he started the McMinnville Blade; in 1871 returned to Linn county and engaged alternately in farming and newspaper work; located in Roseburg in 1873, and for several years owned and edited the Plaindealer there. Then he went to Ashland, and, with William Sutton, founded the Ashland Tidings, Capt. O. C. Applegate also being associated with him on the Tidings. In 1878, McPherson withdrew and spent three years in newspaper work in Jacksonville, after which he went to Portland and was employed on several newspapers there, among them the Oregonian and Vindicator, up to the time of his death, Jan. 28, 1891, in that city.

* * *

Three weeks previous to his death, W. A. McPherson voiced in verse, titled "Portland Heights," his reflections as he recalled the progressive pioneer years through which he had passed in Oregon. The resulting unique and rather high class production, forming what proved a sort of farewell message, follows:

Portland Heights

'Tis forty years since first I stood
Upon these heights; 'twas bright spring time.
Glade, forest, river, lake and wood
Were vocal only with the chime
Of nature's melody; the birds
Chanted their matin songs while borne
Upon the zephyr's wings that stirred
The sweet aroma of the morn.
Like incense from a censer cast,
There came the rich perfume of lands
Where perennial summers last
And crystal waters lave the sands
Of lympid lakes.

Lone solitude primeval stood
Portress at the opening dawn,
And gladsome nature seemed to brood
O'er pleasing phantasies, all drawn
From out the mystic realms where dwell
The muses, on Boeotia's hight,
And streams of music ever swell,
Where scenes celestial greet the sight.
The pheasant drummed his monotone
Deep within the forest shades,
While the plumed grouse sat perched alone,
And antlered deer, o'er verdant glades
Wandered with stately grace.

The mountains reared their lofty hights,
Just as they now appear; old Hood,
In pride, proclaimed her regal rights,
As like a sentinel she stood
Athwart Aurora's brow. But come,
And, with me, nearer view a scene
Of sombre hue; a dreary zone
Of wilderness; no glittering sheen
Of sunlight, no radiant ray
E'er shone within its shades. Deep, dark
And fathomless it seemed; bright day
Recoiled upon itself; the lark
Soared high above the gloom.

The river coursed its widening way
On to the moonmad sea; its tide
Flowed on unvexed, nor stop, nor stay
Delayed its onward flow. Thereplied
No busy steamers them, to wake
The echoes of its fir-clad shores,
No rumbling train to rudely shake
The pulseless solitude. No oars
The silvery wavelets cleft, save when
The Indian, in his light canoe
Glided the waters o'er to fen
Or glade, his timid game to woo
With crafty wiles.

From where I sat there was no sign
Of human habitation viewed,
Save where a rude and homely line
Of cabins reared their walls, unhewed,
Along the river's shaded bank;
There the brave pioneer had spread
His tent, 'neath the balm trees' dense, dank
Canopy, where erstwhile no tread
Nor sound disturbed the quietude
But the wolf's long howl, or the fierce
Warwhoop, when the savage, in rude
And bloody strife, remorseless, pierce
Each other to the heart.

Behold what changes time hath wrought!
The birds, the timid deer have fled,
And in some mountain glen have sought
A safe retreat from sportsmen, led
Thither, joyous, in the noisy chase.
Felled is the forest, and where sang
The feathered warblers not one trace
Is seen or heard. Silent the twang
Of bowstring — gone the dusky race
That ruled, with undisputed sway,
This empire — boundless, dreary space,
Where last the radiant light of day
Bids earth goodnight.

Transformed are all things, and I gaze,
Bewildered and perplexed with dread,
Upon the scene; one glittering maze
O'ercomes me, and I seem to tread
Upon enchanted ground. The past
Recedes, a panoramic view,
Fleeting as Orpheus, to the vast,
Illimitable sea, to strew
Its piteous pageants on the shore
Of bleak forgetfulness. A change,
Mysterious, wondrous, has o'er
Landscape, stream and mountain range
Its mantle cast.

A city, proud in wealth and power,
Rises like fabled Pheonix, o'er
The ashes of the past. Dome, tower
And minaret rear heavenward more
Than thrice ten thousand gilded spires
To mark the onward march of art,
Science—religion's sacred fires
Illume an ever busy mart,
Where commerce spreads her purpling wing
And thronging thousands westward pour,
One living tide, and hither bring
Trophies to deck the golden shore
Of sunset sea.

Thus have I sung, in numbers rude,
Of buried years, when bouyant youth
And high resolve bright flowers strewed
Along ambition's path; and truth,
And hope, best boons to mortals given,
Guided my wayward steps and led
Me onward, upward to a haven
Of blissful rest. But time has fled,
Unstrung my lyre, my task is o'er.
Proud city of the west, all hail!
And all hail to friends who never more
Shall greet me, as I homeward sail
On life's tempestuous sea.

"The Lone Wolf's Son"

By Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XXXV

With the nose of his own gun digging into his back the gunman stood cowed and speechless, while Maurice with his free hand skillfully went through his pockets. He found but one other weapon, aside from an ordinary pen-knife—a snub-nosed automatic, small enough to cuddle in the palm of one's hand, although scarcely less deadly than its fellow of the holster.

"Now you can turn back and wipe your face, if you like. But watch yourself—don't make me nervous."

"Oh, yeah?" This was a muted snarl: the gunman, while profiting by permission to mop the spilled whisky from his features, was seeking, if a thought too obviously, to reassert something of his forfeit ascendancy. "Hell, nothin' I could think of would make you any more nervous than you ought to be. Say, who do you think you are—and where? Where do you think you're goin' to get off, after this, in a hotel owned and manned and run by mobsmen? This aint Paris, fella, where you've got only frog cops to look out for, and a smart punk like you can get away with murder."

"No? Yet murder," Maurice in his most silken manner pointed out, "murder in the full sense of the word is precisely what I shall get away with, my friend, if you put me to it. If you imagine I do not know I have taken my life in my hands, or flatter yourself that I haven't taken yours into them as well, you are the victim of a suicidal delusion. What do you think—that I fought my way to the top of the heap across the water to be browbeaten and bullyragged by *canaille* like yourself of this shoddy American underworld? It is possible that, as you hint and hope, I shall not leave this place alive, but if I do not, it won't be for want of your best efforts to get me out unscratched. For where I go, you go too—bear that in mind; and everywhere you go before me, and I come after with my finger on the trigger. And now that we quite understand each other—you do understand me now, don't you, monsieur?"

The gunman, sullenly eying the pistol, gave a sullen nod.

"Let us get on, then. But remember that your life hangs on your giving me straight answers. Where is Miss Crozier?"

A jerk of the head indicated the vacant bedchamber. "In the room beyond that one."

"A prisoner? That is to say, locked up—I mean, is she alone?"

"Ought to be by now. The only idea was to keep her folks' hands tied till this job was all wrapped up and delivered."

"And how guarded?"

"Just locked in—and the room-telephone dead."

"There is no guard set?"

"Ah, the floor clerk's a wise moll put there on purpose to keep her eye on the door and let nobody pass in or out without she's been told to."

"But there is a communicating door from that bedchamber—I remember seeing it."

"Yeah—that's how they took her through."

"But you have a pass-key?"

The gunman with a curt laugh, shook his head. "Not any, fella. You're all wet this time, and don't let nobody tell you dif'runt."

"Think again."

"Ah-h! They aint a chanc't on earth of your bulgin' in on that dame without the whole house knowin' it."

"Think again, I tell you. I shall be with Miss Crozier within five minutes if I have to break the door down."

"Yeah? And what will I be doin'?"

"You will be a pathetic spectacle, monsieur, if an unsightly one—a mere heap on the floor, and taking no interest whatever in the proceedings. Make no mistake," Maurice snapped, "I will not be hindered. Think of a way—think quickly."

The lowering stare bent on Maurice must have persuaded the gunman that he would not wisely risk the issue. The punk was not merely set to have his way, not merely fighting mad; he was unmistakably just damned young fool enough to make his threat good if sufficiently provoked.

"Maybe I got a key," he volunteered. "I don't know as it'll turn the trick—it's my own room key, but most of the locks in this dump are interchangeable."

"Permit me to felicitate you on your second thought. And be good enough to precede me through the next room to the communicating door and—try your luck with that key. I hope very truly, monsieur, for your sake, it will fit."

The grating of the lock behind her, the rattle of the knob, swung Fenno in a start from the open window, whose sill, she had just discovered, in her frantic search for a way of escape, commanded a sheer drop of seven stories. And clutching at her fortitude, she stood, all taut with denial of the despair that ate at her heart, watchful but silent, while the guard of the Gotham Safe Deposit Company slouched in, minus his arms and peaked cap now, but wearing an air of hangdog bravado, with Maurice stepping alertly at his heels, covering the man with his own pistol and presenting for Fenno's inspection a face pale and drawn and set with eyes like black opals.

"Mademoiselle must forgive this intrusion without knocking. It isn't a time to stand on formalities."

"Mademoiselle must forgive this intrusion without knocking. It isn't a time to stand on formalities—I am sure you know."

She gave a half-nod but said nothing. The boy's voice was so strained that she would hardly have known it; but that in which he pursued, addressing the gunman, was unlike any she could have imagined might issue from his lips—each word that left them had the crack of a whiplash.

"So far, good. Give me that key." Maurice deftly nipped it from the gunman's fingers, and dropping back without turning from him, shut the door, locked it, and made it doubly fast by shooting its supplementary bolt. "Now over to that corner." The pistol, prodding the small of the back, steered the fellow to the corner farthest from the doors. "Take that chair, sit down, keep your face to the wall, and don't move unless I give you leave."

"What's the idea?" The gunman tried a new tack, emboldened by the addition of a witness to their number. "Tryin' to make a person believe," he sneered, "you'd shoot them down like a dog with a lady present?"

"Believe what you like," Maurice dourly retorted. "But do as I tell you, or the least you may expect is that I will—in your American phrase—bend this gun over your head."

He smiled reassuringly at Fenno, but the smile was fleeting; he had time to pay her no more attention till he had seen Isham seated as he directed. And even then his eyes were seldom all for her, but most of the time constant to his prisoner.

"You're all right, Fenno? They didn't—they weren't brutal with you?"

"Brutal? But they did nothing, really, except tell me I'd find Father in here, and as soon as the door was open, push me through and lock me in! I've been half beside myself, of course. What does it mean? What about Father?"

"I fancy this animal can tell us. What of Mr. Crozier, my friend? He was not, of course, involved in any motor accident?"

"G'wan," the gunman growled. "As if you didn't know that was a stall!"

"You can't tell me where he is, then?"

"How do I know? Fowler was sayin' something about your old man bein' out of town and not expected back before tomorrow night, but I wouldn't want to swear to it."

"And he has not been hurt in any way?" the bewildered girl persisted.

"Nah, nah! That was all a stall, like I'm tellin' you."

"To lure you here, Fenno, the better to rob you of the emeralds."

"Instead of leavin' them for your boy friend to take, lady, some time when he found time and felt good and like it—inside a week was what he promised Tess Boyce last night on the steamer."

Fenno, who in her agitation had, in an unconscious gesture of confidence, let a hand come to rest on Maurice's sleeve, now withdrew it and fell back with questioning eyes that all at once seemed abnormally large and dark.

(To Be Continued)

ROBBINS ARE HOSTS FOR OAKDALE CLUB

PIONEER, April 30 — The Oakdale club held its regular monthly covered dish dinner and program at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Robbins Sunday. Special guests present were Laird Kaup of Bridgeport, Mr. and Mrs. John Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Burke and sons, Mrs. A. V. McCarter, Mr. and Mrs. Burt Curtiss, of Dallas, Miss Lily Rybnick, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dornhecker and children, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Coy and son, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bird and Virginia McCarter.

A short program included a solo by Miss Miller, readings by Shirley Dennis, Mrs. Robbins and a talk by K. E. Burke. Mrs. Sellers had charge of the meeting.

The Dancing club held a pie social and dance at the play shed Saturday. A large number from out of the community attended.

Alma Stauffer to Be Swegle Teacher; Plan 4-H Exhibits

SWEGLE, April 30—Miss Alma Stauffer has been engaged to teach in theprimary room for next year and L. Launer for the upper room.

Carl Hoffman and family spent the weekend with friends and relatives at Sandy. Albert Kline is moving back to his ranch.

Paul Burson and Claude Swingle will exhibit cakes at the 4-H county fair Friday.

NO MORE FRAZZLED NERVES

I WAS ALWAYS HAVING FRAZZLED NERVES. A FRIEND SAID, "TRY CAMELS." SO I DID. NOW I ENJOY SMOKING MORE, AND MY NERVES ARE O.K!

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

YOU CAN SMOKE THEM STEADILY... BECAUSE THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM Aids Digestion

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM Aids Digestion