

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business Office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.75; 6 Mo. \$5.00; 1 Year \$9.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. News Stands 1 cent.

### LIBERALITY

"There is nothing so rapidly as liberality, for even whilst you exercise it you lose your power to do so, and to become either poor or despised, or else, in avoiding poverty, rapacious and hated; any prince should guard himself, above all things, against being despised and hated; and liberality leads you to both."  
—MACHIAVELLI

## One Man Proposes

AT NO TIME since the world war has the fate of the nation been so entrusted to one man. Until the president speaks to congress early next month such momentous question for public discussion as the budget, new taxes, relief, old-age pensions, must be considered on the basis of speculation. The president, not congress, is making the plans.

The democratic sweep of last month, in giving the power of a dictator to Mr. Roosevelt who espouses democratic forms, robs him of much of the initiative and fair criticism which the congressional branch should give the executive. In the present situation, the administration is prosecutor, judge and jury.

Men reporting on Mr. Roosevelt's views indicate repeatedly in recent weeks that any balance in the budget is impossible. More public works are forthcoming. The president appears to have found the old-age and unemployment insurance group is going faster than he wishes; they will try to corral him with a plan and huge funds to sponsor it at the next session.

The public cannot help becoming alarmed at the cost. The government's debt is now the largest in history. Five years of progressively larger deficits have added 14 billions to Uncle Sam's obligations. Such surplus funds as banks accumulate are being sucked back to the federal treasury which is not running the risk of trying to sell its obligations to the general public.

There is a vicious circle to the present deficit financing carried on by the administration. If banks did not buy the bonds, as offered, bond prices would fall. With banks so largely the purchaser of government bonds, a few points tumble in their valuation would be disastrous to the solvency of the banks. They must keep the market up. This forced purchasing is inflation of credit—a stuffing of the normal credit reservoirs with the government's own debt tokens.

No one is wise enough to know when the trend to inflation will stop. Most persons seem content to let Mr. Roosevelt do the worrying. Within his own party some cases of jitters have developed; men like Senators Glass, Robinson and Byrd see the dangerous direction in which federal finances are going. The recent wooing of business by the administration is itself an admission that the palliatives of the last two years have been meagre helps and that prosperity has not come back through them.

## Martin and State Reorganization

GOVERNOR-ELECT MARTIN'S nine-man planning board wants a legislative act to give its activities official status. At the same time the newly elected governor announces he will ask the legislature for blanket power to consolidate various boards and commissions at the statehouse. The two proposals are inconsistent. There is no reason to give legislative status to the Martin kitchen cabinet; there is good cause to give the incoming governor wide authority in arranging the functioning of the present administrative department of government.

General Martin will have a hot time, however, when he comes to shuffle the boards and bureaus. Mr. Roosevelt has been granted the same power but bureaus have multiplied rather than diminished under the new deal. The general will find every branch of the executive department of government under the dome fighting for its life with a uniformly capable lobby at the session.

If the general desires to do real pioneering in better government, however, he will go through with the reorganization of the state's bureaus. Numerous consolidations are possible. All moneys received by them should go into the state's general fund and all expenditures should be through legislative appropriation. Any student of Oregon's government affairs knows such reorganization is in the public interest; the only way it can be accomplished is by a wide legislative grant which will make the governor, rather than the legislature, the executor of excessive bureaus.

## Senator McNary and Dr. Townsend

LEAVE it to "Charlie" McNary to make friends of all discordant elements in the political band.

Dr. Townsend, the \$200-a-month Utopian, has been in Washington of late, disturbing not a few congressmen who found their good judgment in conflict with the Townsend fan mail received from their constituents. In due time, the doctor's itinerary led to the desk of Oregon's senior senator. We can picture the pleasant greeting he received, the thorough hearing, and at last suggestions on procedure:

First, Dr. Townsend was to get Mr. Roosevelt's support—all important if congress was to act favorably.

Then "Pat" Harrison of the finance committee was to be taken into camp—his job was to provide the money.

These hurdles over, Dr. Townsend was to arrange with Senator Robinson to place his measure on the calendar.

Meanwhile—happy thought—Senator McNary's conference room was available to Dr. Townsend and the senator would see to it that the senate pensions committee gave Dr. Townsend a thorough hearing, after, of course, the pathway was smoothed with the president and the democratic senate leaders. Dr. Townsend had been placated, the problems of the next step shifted to the democrats and the senator had avoided a showdown on a controversial issue.

Here's an example in political charm the newest senate office boy might emulate; it explains why nobody is "out to get" the senior senator from Oregon.

## Adjournment Bad Omen

ADJOURNMENT, sine die, of the London navy conference is bad news. Japan, in the months of conversations, has not budged from her position which calls for equality with England and the United States in the matter of naval armaments after the limitation treaty, made in 1922, expires in 1937.

Under the existing limitation, England and the United States had joint capacity to keep Japan in line; the latter's

## A Boot in the Right Direction



12-20  
974

## Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

By R. J. HENDRICKS

LIKE OTHER organs in the body the kidney is subject to congestions, inflammations and infections. Since this is a vital organ prompt attention to any disorder is essential to the health of the body.



Dr. Copeland

The kidney is made up of numerous tubules which secrete urine. The fluid drops into the cone-shaped pelvis of the kidney. The anterior portion of the kidney, known as the pelvis, from the pelvis it is carried to the bladder through a long tube known as the "ureter."

"Epyelitis" is one of the most common diseases of the kidney. As its name implies, it is an infection of the pelvic portion of the kidney.

Infection of the kidney pelvis can usually be traced to some obstruction to the urinary outflow. This obstruction may be in the bladder, at the outlet of the bladder, in the ureter, or in the pelvis itself.

**Common in Children**  
The disorder is more frequently encountered in children. It is often overlooked or is confused with some minor disturbance. Sufferers from pyelitis usually complain of high fever, chills and restlessness. They are likely to be pale in complexion. Sometimes there is pain in the region of the affected kidney but a rule pain is absent. Digestive disturbance—loss of appetite, constipation, are other symptoms.

In adults the symptoms are more mild. On this account the disease may be overlooked for years and is only recognized upon routine examination of the urine. The victim may have no fever, pain or discomfort and only complain of loss of "pep" and energy. When the urine is examined it is found to contain an excessive quantity of pus cells. As a rule the amount of urine secreted is diminished.

As I have implied, neglect of this disorder may lead to serious injury to the kidney and bladder. If the infection is allowed to exist for a long time the kidney may become so damaged as to be unable to do its work.

I would advise the pyelitis patient to consult with a physician. He will prescribe the necessary medication. During an acute attack it is best to remain in bed. Large quantities of water by mouth are useful. The diet should consist of nonirritating but nourishing food.

### Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. P. J. Q.—What can be done to prevent grinding of the teeth (in children) at night? What causes this annoyance?

A.—This is often an indication of intestinal worms. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

"46." Q.—Kindly advise me how to sleep normally. I'm unable to rest at night.

A.—It is first most essential to determine the underlying cause of the trouble. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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## Continuing review of 1874 Salem Directory:

A part of the matter under "Manufactories" in the Salem Directory for 1874 read: "Oregon Agricultural Works: These works were erected by Rev. A. Myers, in the summer of 1873, and the building now completed is 166 feet long by 60 wide, constructed of brick on a solid trap rock foundation of massive proportions which extends to the first floor; there are three stories besides the basement.

"These works are supplied with the most convenient and safe water power in the state—on the same race which supplies the Salem Mills. (Meaning flouring mills.) At present there is only one double turbine wheel of 30 horsepower in the flume, but space is provided for five more, there being ample water for their use. It is designed to erect a wing of 100 by 60 feet, for the purpose of establishing a large foundry and blacksmith shop, so that every portion of the agricultural machinery will be made in this establishment.

"At present a portion of the building has been rented by Cooke & Dennis and L. Chesborough; but it is the intention, as soon as active operations commence to occupy the entire establishment for manufacturing agricultural implements.

"We hope in our next Directory to be able to record the fact that this enterprise has been carried to successful completion. With the united efforts of one-half the farmers of Oregon, the immense importations of agricultural implements to this state might be prevented, and the money retained at home for public and private enterprises."

That was quite a dream; a worthy one, but impossible of accomplishment short of a miracle.

Mr. Chesborough, by the way, who was renting part of the space of the Oregon agricultural works building, owned and was operating "the bag factory," manufacturing "flour bags, burlaps, grain sacks, tents, etc." He had two sewing machines run by water power, with a capacity of 2000 flour sacks a day. "With room and power to greatly increase the number when necessary." A paragraph read: "Messrs. Chesborough & Co. are now reaping the reward for their untiring industry in establishing a permanent and profitable business, which has justly become widely known."

Salem has no such factory now; though, some day, bags will be made here by millions, from flax products—bags in a wide variety of kinds. Should have been for years and years.

The 1874 Directory mentioned the Premium Wagon Factory, started in 1870 by Cunningham & Co., with Chas. Bowie, a member of the firm, superintendent, the wagons being known as "The Bowie Wagon," which had earned for themselves a good reputation.

Mr. Bowie had before that time lived at Aumsville, and carried on the same line successfully there. (Aumsville was quite a center once, though then generally

known as "Hogum.") The wagon factory of which Bowie was superintendent had already made in Salem over 300 lumber and express wagons and carriages, and won first premiums at every state fair. This factory was at the southwest corner of State and Front streets—the corner south of the present Salem Iron Works.

The Pioneer oil mill was described as having "been in operation since 1867, and manufacturing almost enough oil to supply Oregon," that is, until 1874, when the company was unable to obtain enough flax seed to keep the mill constantly in operation. The quality of Salem linseed oil gave it a premium price over competing oils. The capacity was 60,000 bushels annually. The oil cake by-product was in demand for feeding stock. The straw and lint went to ready markets for upholstering.

That mill occupied the property that in the early nineties went to the Kay woolen mill as a subsidiary for locating in Salem; the people of Salem having paid \$20,000 for the property and given it to the Kay people as an inducement for coming—a good investment. The writer remembers well; he was in that campaign to raise \$20,000; no easy job, then. Would not be now, either.

Some day, there will be another linseed oil mill in or near Salem; perhaps several. There will be linseed oil as long as there is anything to plant, and paint will be needed as long as there is rust or rot.

There were more sewing machine agents in Salem in 1874 than there are now. Evidently when a man comes to a town, he goes in else, he got a sewing machine agency; like an auto service station now, or a roadside lunch counter or city restaurant.

Sewing machines were rather new then, and with new people coming all the time, the saturation point was not reached quickly—the saturation point for sewing machines.

Perhaps the thrifty husband got his wife for Christmas a sewing machine, as some have been said to get their better halves washing machines.

It would take a lot of space to exhaust all the interesting information in the Salem Directory for 1874.

FRANK CHESTER, SALEM, OREGON.

## "BEACH BEAUTY" By ARTHUR SHUMWAY

### CHAPTER XXXII

The nurse led Kay in to see Pete the next day. She went into the narrow hospital room timidly, expecting to see him looking deathly ill, but was pleasantly surprised to see that he seemed to be resting comfortably and that, except for the bandages which, with the sheets, were startlingly white against his brown skin, he was much the same old Pete.

He grinned when he saw her. "How's this for a picture?" he asked. As that, his voice did some work. But the grin was Kay's returned it, confident that he was out of danger.

"Not bad," she said. "You should have borrowed one of my negligees." She sat down beside him. "Feel all right?" she asked. "I've felt worse."

"You wouldn't fool me? It isn't everybody who bounces a bullet off his skull," she said. "No, I'm all right. They just won't let me romp around. Little headache, I'll admit."

Plenty headache, she thought, but she said, "Well—why keep it a secret? What happened to you?" He looked at her curiously. "You don't know?" he asked. "No. What?" she said anxiously. Pete grinned again and shrugged his big shoulders.

"That's what came to me. I don't know. All I remember is I was walking up your drive when I thought I heard somebody in the bushes. I did a dive in and something went boom. Next thing I knew a nurse was leaning down at me. Everybody seemed to know something except me. I'm only the guy that got shot—or so they tell me. What did happen? Come on, I can take it."

"Pete—I'm not trying to be funny. I don't know what happened. Nobody seems to. I heard the shot and went running out and there you were."

"You found me?" She nodded. "That must have been fun."

"It nearly scared me to death. I thought—"

He reached for her hand. "Then you do like me a little?" "Well, I don't want people shooting you," she said.

"The police are investigating," Kay said. "Pete's manner changed. He smiled wryly. 'They probably won't get far,' he said."

"Because they won't." "Pete, do you think—"

"What else can I think?" They looked at each other solemnly.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I talked to him and—"

Suddenly she checked herself before she blurted out the secret that Earl Harrow was paying Pete's hospital bill. There were signs enough to tell her that when he was up and well. Now it might upset him.

"And what?" he asked, a calm challenge in his voice. "Pete—it's silly to think it. Look at his position. Get out of town. I'd call that a threat."

"But Pete—he's a big man. Why, it's ridiculous when you come down to think of it. He has more to do than to go around having people shot just because of a little piggy bank. I could believe a lot of things about him, and not that he'd do anything to do something to him, those racketeers he had the trouble with probably, and they've been hanging about my house. When you came back to town and were seen and, too, he naturally might have suspected you had something to do with it because you didn't like him—"

"That's silly, too, of course—but he's suspicious of everybody these days. And in a way, you can't blame him."

"No!" Pete said slowly. "Kay wished she knew what to say, what really to believe. It did seem ridiculous, though, that Harrow would have had Pete shot. He could have, yes, but he wouldn't have. The nurse cut their visit short. Pete was to rest, she explained. Kay left, no nearer a solution to this new mystery than she had been before. Once more she decided to confront Harrow. She went to the yacht and waited for him. When he returned, Spike and Wagner were with him. Harrow motioned them on, seated her where they could talk, and smiled at her knowingly.

"There's something on your mind," he said. "Of course, coming?" "He's in no danger, I guess."

"It looks as if he walked into somebody with a nervous trigger-outrage go unheeded. 'In the land of the free and home of the brave?'"

Think of it, noble citizens! Men working in the rain, getting damp and chilly, and at quitting time crawling into an open truck, setting themselves on water soaked benches, and bucking the elements for fifteen miles!

Long live the Marion county relief committee! And may they have mercy on their poor fellow beings who must ride for 14 miles to work in order to earn their daily bread.

FRANK CHESTER, SALEM, OREGON.

## SERA MEN PREPARE NEW RELIEF CENTER

SERA workmen yesterday undertook the task of partitioning off the first floor of the Chambers building, 357 North High street, for use around January 1 by the entire county relief forces in Salem. Two shifts of 23 men each will be employed at the task which in materials will amount around \$500, according to SERA Engineer D. Arthur Lowe.

The case work and placement bureau will be located on the main floor at the front, the offices of the administrator, rural rehabilitation supervisor, and engineer on the balcony above and the combined sewing and comfort-making project on the first floor at the rear.

The national relief employment agency, which several months ago moved into the same building at 357 North High street, is not connected with the new tenant organization.

"Why Pete?" "Because"—he smiled ruefully—"that complicates matters so. With me, I mean. They were bad enough before. You must hate me. I'll bet you think I'm all sorts of a Memphis-toholes?"

"Don't know what to think." "I'm glad you're frank." "Someone has to be."

Harrow gave a little sigh and shook his head despairingly. "I'm no hard-boiled underworld king," he said. "I'm really a pretty law-abiding fellow."

"You're really a very strange person, though, you'll have to admit."

"The papers sometimes make me think so," he said. "I read about myself and know you're true, but when I look inside my own mind I seem as simple as they come—too simple sometimes for my own good. I suppose you saw the little piece yesterday?"

"About the girl in France? Carlotta Vestra?" He nodded.

Kay wondered what to say. Trying to be as tactful as possible, she said, "She must be a very remarkable person."

"She is," Harrow said seriously. "A very remarkable person."

He looked out toward the town, a mist of reminiscence in his eyes. "You were very fond of her once, weren't you?"

"Very," he said gravely. "I'm sorry then."

"Are you?" He seemed to return to the present as he put his hand over hers and smiled.

She was sorry then that she had said it. This situation was becoming embarrassing. After all, why should she care about the man who had shot her? Why should she be so tactless as to let him see it?

"She's getting a Prince," he said, then let the remark remain suspended in the air. There was a rather long pause, embarrassing to Kay, and he said, "It'll be fun—a Prince."

"She's really a great actress, isn't she?" Kay asked.

"She's a great woman," he said, his handsome face reflective, and for a moment he seemed to consider the question judicially.

"I don't suppose she is," he admitted. "She's a great woman, a great personality. A great actress, though? I'm afraid not. But that'll be our secret, Kay, ours and hers. She knows it, too. She's vivid, has a wonderful voice, fine presence, a good, hard head. But she's more a personality than an actress. She's Carlotta first and last."

"Is that her real name?" Kay asked. "No," he said. "Maude O'Halloran."

"She's Irish?" "You seem astonished. Yes—Irish and Italian."

"What a strange combination." Harrow smiled, began to laugh a little. "I've often thought so. Irish and Italian. He father was a painter. Never much of an artist, but a painter. Her mother was a singer. I expect that had happened to her voice. She was born in Paris, in the Quarter."

Kay sighed. "What an interesting beginning! What a life she must have had!"

"You envy her," Harrow said. "You needn't."

"I? Why not?" "You've missed a lot of hardship already," he said. "We'll be repeated, rising, she's getting a Prince. Little Maudey."

Earl Harrow put his hands on Kay's shoulders, standing behind her chair. "Sometimes I think you could go as far as Carlotta," he said. "And get a Prince?" she asked before she could stop to regret it.

"Yes, and get a Prince," Harrow said heavily. "And an awful wardrobe. 'Kay,' he said, 'I wish you wouldn't think of me as—whatever you have been thinking.'"

He leaned down and before she realized what had happened he had kissed lightly the back of her neck.

Another day went by and still the Commander did not leave on his southern tour. Kay went to the hospital in the morning and found Pete looking very much his old self and apparently considerably improved in just twenty-four hours.

"I'm going to get out of here in a hurry," he said. "Can't you be goodby? Daytona Beach. We'll be off for New Orleans and on down to Guatemala."

He saw the look of concern cross her face. "Kay, you know—" but he stopped and stared beyond the foot of the bed.

"What, Pete?" What were you going to say?" "Nothing."

"Must have been something." "Just that I want you to make up your own mind and make it up pretty definitely before you go through with your little piece."

"I wouldn't have you be sorry for anything."

Kay knew at the moment that she should tell him her mind was by no means made up, that she was uncertain and puzzled about all the forces now tugging at her and wanted time and a clear insight before doing anything, but she felt that passage because of this condition this fellow was the best time to open. Pete looked well; he looked cured; but even a slight concussion could upset the mental and nervous balance temporarily and a shock, a quarrel or anything of the sort might not be good for him. So what she said was:

"Pete, you're about as nice as they come."

That evening Harrow called for her and insisted she have dinner with him aboard the boat. He was at last ready to sail, he said, and would have few chances to see her for a long time.

It was a pleasant meal and a pleasant evening and Kay was more bewildered than ever as she sat on the deck chatting with Harrow and Spike, watching the moon rise over the eastern shore of the river. They could be two of the most considerate, most entertaining men she knew, and one in particular could be as attractive as any man she ever knew. Yet she could not help thinking of all that had happened and of Pete lying out in the hospital west of the city.

At about nine o'clock they heard a motor down by the dock and saw Ida Campbell's big Pierce coming nosing up to a parking place.

"Well," Spike said, to no one in particular. Harrow rose. "Excuse me," he said. "A man in a chauffeur's cap came aboard."

"Mr. Harrow?" "Yes!"

"Mrs. Campbell would like to see you. Will you mind riding back with me?"

Spike and Harrow exchanged glances.

"She didn't have time to come for you herself. Yet she would like to see you. But she told me to tell you it was quite important that she see you tonight."

Spike chuckled softly to himself. Harrow did not hear him, but Kay did.

"I've a guest aboard," Harrow said, "and—well, let me see."

He turned to Kay. "Kay, would you excuse me for say half an hour. I've no idea what she's about, but Ida wants to see me. I know I shouldn't merely run off this way and—"

"It's perfectly all right," Kay said. "I'll just be a moment then."

When Harrow had gone Spike said, "That Campbell Jane gets in my hair. It's just like her to pull a stunt like this. I'll bet she even knew you were here."

Kay laughed easily. "Not that it could matter to me," she said. "But I do wonder why Ida didn't come herself—"

"Spike! I've a terribly silly idea. Maybe I'm losing my mind, but I'll tell you what I think. 'For you? Kill whom?'"

"Call Ida's house at once and ask her—figure it out any way you can, but ask her if Mr. Harrow's there. Find out if he really sent for him. Spike's brood face seemed to widen and open with astonishment. He blinked his little candid eyes and began to scratch his head.

"Great suffering crocodiles," he muttered. He jumped up and ran down the plank.

"Stick right where you are," he called to her. "She's coming out. He was back quickly from the nearest telephone and his face was grave.

"There wasn't even any answer," he said.

He ran inside and came out with Kelly, one of the two "muggers."

"I ought to have my head examined," he groaned, "letting him get out of my sight like that with nobody along."

"I never saw that chauffeur before," Kay said. "At first it didn't dawn on me and then I realized how large it was that Ida didn't come herself."

(To Be Continued)

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## MUST GET LICENSE FOR MARBLE GAME

Operators of marble games and other nickel-in-the-slot machines in Salem must apply for city licenses for each device before January 1 if they expect to keep them in service after that date, Chief of Police Frank A. Minto has decreed. The new license early this month, an exact \$24 annual fee for each machine or a \$12 six-month charge. No bond is required of the applicant.

The application blank, available at the city treasurer's office, requires a description of each machine with its make and serial number, the owner's signature and the signature of the police chief indicating he has investigated and found the device neither is nor can be used for gambling purposes.

License stickers, two by four inches, to be affixed to each machine, are now being printed, Treasurer C. O. Rice said. Rice estimated there were at least 300 such machines in use here.

In addition to turkey, donations of candy, nuts, fruit and tobacco would be appreciated by these men, Boardman stated.

Members of the Salem American Legion auxiliary today plan to decorate five Christmas trees sent to Hotel de Minto from one of the transient camps. Sunday night Ivan Martin's orchestra will give the boys a Christmas concert. Some sort of Yule program probably will be arranged Monday and several church groups are expected to sing carols at the "hotel" that night.

## Law Books With History Belong To Lawyer Here

Two old law books which have been used by men prominent in developing Oregon are in possession of Henry J. Millie, local attorney. Both bear names of S. R. Thurston, identified with the early legislative life of Oregon, and L. F. Grover, presumably Lafayette Grover, governor of

## TURKEY WOULD BE MUCH APPRECIATED