

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
 From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - Editor-Manager
 SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - Managing-Editor

Member of the Associated Press
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

ADVERTISING
 Portland Representatives
 Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
 Eastern Advertising Representatives
 Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, a 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. \$0.50; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. News Stands 5 cents.
 By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance.

Italy's New Black Hand Problem



"MORE MONEY" By CHARLES GRANT

CHAPTER XXV

On his way home, Homer occasionally touched the precious box with caressing fingers, nearly bursting with confidence and exultation. Marian was going to be crasy about these beads. Ever since their marriage, her attitude toward him had been critical or actually sneering. She did not seem to realize that he deserved credit for buying the house, for keeping his job through these hard times, for maintaining her in decency, in near luxury.

She would have to drop that attitude now, Homer told himself complacently. She would have to thank him for the necklace with something more than sweet words. With reckless affection.

He waited until dinner was over to enact his little presentation ceremony.

"We might call up the Holbrooks and see if they want to come over and play some contract," Marian suggested, desperately seeking to escape the boredom of Homer's unrelieved company.

"They're so busy these days," said Homer.

"They're much more likely to take ours. I may be better than Dolly, but Jack is miles ahead of you," said Marian.

"Yeah, he's better than me in a lot of ways, isn't he? He may be sold up any day—lose the house and have to scratch for a living!"

"Anyway, when Jack has money, he treats Dolly right. He gets her the car, and he's given her lots of jewelry, those emeralds, and the diamond ear-rings she wears."

"And I never give you anything, do I? Too busy to get you anything, just take a look at this, and see how it strikes you."

He handed her the small oblong package and stood beaming while Marian, taken aback in the midst of her grumbling, unwrapped the box and opened it.

She stared in silence for a moment, then fairly screamed:

"They aren't real, are they? They can't be real!"

"They're as real as they come!" Homer boasted. "Those babies set me back a cool five thousand dollars, and they're worth more!"

"Homer, honestly. Why Homer?"

Here was irony which even she felt. This tribute of pearls, which she had tried so long to secure, was laid before her by her husband at the instant she was planning to desert him. She crushed that thought out of her mind. The pearls were hers at last, a dream come true, and the Marquessa d'Aluissi had more need of them than Homer. She might have had, or ever would have. Her face was animated with the joy of possession as she fingered the pearls, laid their cool smoothness against her cheek and neck.

"You're just the bestest husband a woman ever had!" she told him and kissed him exactly as Homer wanted to be kissed. "I adore them. Thank you a thousand times. I never really expected you to give me a string of pearls. Where in the world did you get the money? I believe it's true, as I always said, that you make lots of money you don't tell me about!"

"Never did before, but I certainly put it over this time. Just had a hunch and made a killing," he said airily. "Quite a lot, too, but it all went into your necklace, so you needn't think we can splurge and throw money around."

"But, darling, couldn't you do it again?"

She was thinking, eternally practical, that if she could get the pearls, she could get the money. She was speculating on the possibility of her income, her alimony, should be correspondingly larger.

"I'm sure you know more about business than most men. You've a real fair for it. I always told you so. Didn't I tell you to trust your judgment and dive in? Now see: the first time you take my advice, you succeed like nobody's business."

She was before the mirror, turning

her head and shoulders from side to side, gazing fascinated. The necklace, making her skin look more and fairer, enhanced her beauty exactly as she had confidently predicted. The moment of illuminated self-approval turned black as she saw, behind her own pleasing reflection, a man in a dark suit, with an expression on it that she knew well—and now hated. He pressed his chin against her shoulder and on the back of her neck she felt his lips.

Marian was determined now to forestall any further amorous advances on his part.

"Homer," she cried, a note of longing and sweet fear in her voice. "I think you're wonderful to me! I'm so grateful I'd do anything in the world I could for you! But don't you understand the effect that awful accident had on me? My nerves are frightful. Already I've had far too much excitement. The doctor says I have to keep calm or those terrible palpitations will start again. I know it isn't good for me to be kissed the way you were kissing me just now!"

His poor Marian, he thought. Of course, it was as hard for her as for him—worse, maybe. He was cruelly disappointed.

In appalled stupefaction and mounting anger, the McCarthys received Cathleen's telegram.

These middle-aged Irish people loved their daughters were proud of her, trusted her as they trusted no other human being except each other and the priest. They had been taught, however, that every human soul is fallible, that the devil lays his cleverest snares for the virtuous. Moreover, they were not to understand—indeed, it would have been difficult to understand without a knowledge of the succession of small accidents that explained it—why it had been impossible for Cathleen to return home.

"There's only one thing to think," Patrick McCarthy said gloomily, packing tobacco into his pipe as he stared at the telegram spread on the table before him. "The boy's car was smashed on them and they're too hurt to travel. She doesn't make mention, though, of an accident."

"It could be because she wouldn't want to frighten us," said Mrs. McCarthy. "But she'd know her spending the night out was the worst of all. I can't make the girl out at all. My daughter! It's hurt her, maybe, and suffering in the care of strangers. . . . And what's to become of us all, if she's hurt so she can't go to work? But that's nothing at all, if—"

"I'd rather see her in her coffin," her father declared with harsh and simple conviction. "I can't have her come in here safe in limb and with no explanation of where she's been this night."

"The worded her. But they were in the piteous case of so many bewildered simple parents, who can not follow their children into the new conditions of the changing world who can only guess at what goes on there, strongly disapproving the little they see and the much they misunderstand."

"All those days she said she worked late in the office," her father muttered. "Maybe she was working and maybe she wasn't."

"She brought home the money," Mrs. McCarthy argued.

"You're just the bestest husband a woman ever had!" she told him and kissed him exactly as Homer wanted to be kissed. "I adore them. Thank you a thousand times. I never really expected you to give me a string of pearls. Where in the world did you get the money? I believe it's true, as I always said, that you make lots of money you don't tell me about!"

"Never did before, but I certainly put it over this time. Just had a hunch and made a killing," he said airily. "Quite a lot, too, but it all went into your necklace, so you needn't think we can splurge and throw money around."

"But, darling, couldn't you do it again?"

She was thinking, eternally practical, that if she could get the pearls, she could get the money. She was speculating on the possibility of her income, her alimony, should be correspondingly larger.

"I'm sure you know more about business than most men. You've a real fair for it. I always told you so. Didn't I tell you to trust your judgment and dive in? Now see: the first time you take my advice, you succeed like nobody's business."

She was before the mirror, turning

Power Bill Comparisons

The following digest compares essential points in the Ickes rural electrification measure submitted to the legislature and HB 404 which was passed by the legislature and vetoed by the governor:

Ickes Draft HB 404

Authority: A corporation, "State Rural Electrification Authority"	State Power Commission
Governing Board: Three members appointed by governor, term, three years	Three members elected in non-partisan elections; one for each congressional district; term four years
Compensation: Expenses only	\$15 a day plus expenses
Qualifications: None specified	Citizen of state 5 years, of district 1 year; non-holder of public utility securities
System: Plant or works for generation, production, transmission or distribution of electric energy	Plant or works for transmission and sale of electric energy
Contracts: No limitations	Municipalities to get preference; contract with public utility limited to 5 years
Accounting and audit: None specified	Accounting system order; annual audit by person approved by state board of control; power board to report annually to board of control
Bonds: Revenue bonds only	Revenue bonds only
Rates: To cover bond interest and reserves and all operating expenses; not for profit	Same provisions
Eminent domain: Not specified	Authorized
Labor provisions: None	As in existing laws; prevailing wage established same as in grange power bill
Taxation: None specified	All property subject to taxation same as private property

The differences between HB 404 and the grange power bill which was voted down at the last election were principally two: Under the latter the commission could issue general obligation bonds on approval of the people; and property was exempt from taxation.

For This Relief—

AGAIN the basketball tournament. Again teams of scantly clad youngsters racing over a smooth floor, sweating, striving. Again the healthy competition for victory, the clean contest of mind and muscle. Again the thrilling picture of young manhood in athletic contest. And for two hours to the spectators complete forgetfulness of taxes and wages, of laws and doles, of crops and prices, of styles and rents. For Salem four days of relief from politics and economics, old age pensions, doles, vetoes, municipal water, delinquent taxes, next wars. The tournament illustrates the vital necessity of sport and recreation in a weary world. Even when participation is vicarious as at most exhibitions, the virtue for the spectator is apparent. For such relief let all give thanks.

Fresh Cannon Fodder

FOR the benefit of the men who fought the last war with red-headed and blue-headed pins stuck in wall maps, and are commencing to get up a lather over the "next war" we print the following figures about war strength of leading countries of Europe as estimated by military "experts":

Standing Army	Mobilizable Army	Airplanes
France	586,250	2,500,000
England	450,000	1,500,000
Italy	700,000	1,500,000
Russia	700,000	6,000,000*
Germany	508,000*	1,500,000*
Poland	280,000	1,500,000
Yugoslavia	110,000	1,000,000
Czechoslovakia	100,000	1,000,000

*Approximation.

We wondered how Oregon could be overlooked as long as it was by the Utopians, Inc., another southern California political agency offered, at the customary membership fee, to effect more salvation for a public which has already worn out the sawdust trail to false altars. Now it is announced that an Oregon subsidiary is being formed, undoubtedly with a treasurer to accept the doles. Utopia, Inc., is another flowering weed off the same fertile soil as Upton Sinclair's EPIC and Doc Townsend's O. A. R. P. It has more fancy-flushing however, with seventh heaven mysteries to pass through before one becomes a full-fledged Utopian. The old-time medicine men were pikers; and even the faith healers of a quarter century ago, when they overlooked the possibilities of political and economic credibility among the people.

While the recall of Howard Merriam, state representative from Lane county, was chiefly a local issue, based on alleged broken promises, the result is a reflection on the instability of popular majorities in seasons of stress as at present. In years to come Lane county will look on this recall as a foolish gesture, prompted by an organized group temporarily excited over a political panacea. If between November and March majorities can switch so decisively, and so capriciously how can stable and orderly government be preserved? If legislators are to be recalled on charges as flimsy as in Lane county what persons of character and intellectual capacity and honesty will want to make themselves targets for recall gutlines?

This are not so hunkadora in the relief business these days. Ohio indicts Harry Hopkins for alleged libel of the governor, claiming he encouraged a shakedown on relief beneficiaries. In Oregon an investigation is being launched because some one said something about some one. We wonder what rules they will go by. When everything is a give-away from jobs to corn beef how can anyone be proven guilty of anything? All the accused has to say is that he was busy priming the pump or promoting prosperity.

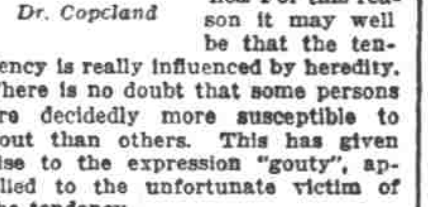
Three thousand women swarmed the airport at Dallas when Clark Gable arrived, so he changed his mind four times. That's a very low record. With that many women he should be allowed one change of clothes.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOWADAYS ONE seldom hears of gout. This annoying affliction was at one time prevalent, especially in England and the United States. But within the past quarter of a century the disease has greatly diminished. This can be attributed, in part at least, to our better understanding of food, nutrition and the prevention of a good many constitutional disorders.

Gout appears to run in families. For this reason it may well be that the tendency is really influenced by heredity. There is no doubt that some persons are decidedly more susceptible to gout than others. This has given rise to the expression "gouty," applied to the unfortunate victim of the tendency.



Dr. Copeland

Severe Pains

The victim of gout complains of severe and excruciating pain in one or another of his joints. Any joint may be involved. Recently a doctor friend of mine had it in his knee. But, as a rule, it is the big toe that is most likely to be affected.

The sufferer experiences a sense of discomfort during the night, perhaps, but the severe pain comes on suddenly. The joint becomes red, swollen, hot and extremely painful. The pain is increased by the slightest pressure or movement. Sudden jerking makes it excruciating. The victim may also complain of fever, thirst, nausea, vomiting and other digestive disturbances.

In former years gout was looked upon as an incurable disease. Today it can be completely overcome by careful regulation of the diet. Since the disease can be traced to a deposit of uric acid in the system, it can be dispensed by the elimination of foods rich in uric acid and "purines". Your doctor will tell you about the latter.

Avoid Meats

All meats, meat extracts, bouillon, sweet-breads, kidneys and other so-called giblets must be avoided. Excessive indulgence in starchy food, fried and greasy food, coffee, tea and alcoholic beverages is prohibited.

Do not confuse gout with rheumatism or neuritis. Gout is characterized by sudden, severe pain in one of the joints of the body. The attacks come on at periodic intervals.

When in doubt consult with your doctor. To confirm the diagnosis it may be necessary for him to resort to special tests of blood and uric acid. Once the diagnosis is established, the proper measures can be taken for relief and cure. Home remedies may be of value in lessening the pain and discomfort, but they are quite unlikely to effect a cure.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. J. M. Q.—What tests will definitely determine whether or not a patient has tuberculosis? "Where would the patient go for a thorough examination (she is not financially able to consult a doctor at this time)?"

A.—The patient should go to one of the large hospital clinics for a thorough examination, including an analysis of the sputum and X-rays of the lungs. This in turn will determine the necessary treatment.

(Copyright, 1935, K. F. S., Inc.)

Gov. Martin vetoed a bill to enable Multnomah county to tax people in order to redeem scrip, which was issued several years ago and finally lodged in hands which know what it redeemed. Salem had a scrip experience too; and probably some of that is reposing in safes of merchants who were easy. Scrip was about the first of the economic fallacies this paper had to fight; and its record now proves our contention.

Two myths get corroboration this year: groundhog day and equinoctial storm.

Now where has that Japanese current shifted to?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A beautiful tribute to Oregon's first printer:

(Continuing from yesterday.)

"Driving past several large mounds within the city limits, one of which had been utilized for a mound for water works, the party first called a halt at the base of one known as the Big Mound, which we found to be more than 30 feet high and 150 feet long, gradually tapering to a level walkway six feet wide on the summit. From this mound, continuing in a northerly direction, were many groups of tumuli in close proximity stretching along the river bluffs for several miles.

"Who were the builders of those large, enduring monuments of clay? More than a hundred generations, we are told, have lived and like autumn leaves returned to mother earth since first the dark shadows of old Egypt's pyramids were reflected by the annual inundations of the Nile. But where is the savant or medium who can tell us in what age of the world, or the story of the people who reared those mighty earthworks of American antiquity? How vain the attempt to solve the mystery that enshrouds a race who only to themselves were known and who, for untold centuries, have ceased to breathe the breath of life. Like all the tribes of men who lived in the primitive ages of the race, they left no trace of their former existence more legible than those wonder begotting tumuli which they reared throughout the central valleys of their ocean bound home. Peopled as were all other lands, yet even the existence of this mighty continent remained unknown to the inspired or any other writers for countless ages after those mound builders had flourished, died and were buried beneath accumulated centuries, whose number can never be known.

"Ye mouldering relics of a race departed, Your names have perished; not a trace remains; Save where the grass grown mound its summit rears From the green bosom of your native plains."

"I will not further trespass upon the patience of the reader, in this connection, than to say: For more than half a century, after the founding of St. Louis, the Catholic faith prevailed almost exclusively, and down to the time of which I write, many of the public and benevolent institutions of the city were under the control of that church, while among her worthy and most opulent citizens were numbered the Soulards, Cabannes, Menards, Sprays, Pratts, Chouteaus and many other prominent French Canadian families, all of whom were well known to Oregon's mountain men and many of her earlier pioneers.

"Here in this old French city, built upon the ancient remains of an unknown people, forty years ago, I first grasped the open, generous hand of M. G. Folsy, in whom thereforward through all the years that he lived I found a true, unwavering friend.

"Father Joset with two other Jesuit fathers left St. Louis early in the spring of 1844 for the Rocky mountains. With this party Mr. Folsy traveled to the Flathead country, and from there to Mr. Spalding's Nez Perce mission at Lapwai.

"There, in the fall of 1844, he was engaged by Mr. Spalding to put in working order the little printing press, the pioneer of the North Pacific coast, on which he did the first printing for the Nez Perce mission, consisting of school books and hymns, all in the Nez Perce language, from copy by Mr. Spalding. This was the first printing performed by a practical printer west of the Rocky mountains and north of the Mexican republic.

"The Oregon Spectator first appeared in February, 1846, and Sam Bannaman's little proselyting Yerbe Buena Star was first seen in the village of Yerbe Buena, as San Francisco was then called, nearly two years later.

"It is common for such brilliant little luminaries to be short lived, but, contrary to the usual fatal cause, it is the only one of which I ever heard that died of a surfeit of gold.

"Mr. Folsy reached French Prairie in December, 1844, and the following spring was elected a member of the legislative committee from Champos (now Marion) county, which convened at Oregon City June 24, 1845.

"It was at this session that the amended organic law was drawn up and passed, authorizing the election of a governor instead of the old executive committee."

(Continued tomorrow.)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

NO AAA FOR EARLY SETTLERS

To the Editor:

A recent communication appearing in "Safety Valve" under the caption of "Duck's Feathers", seems to have missed up the plumage raised, nor one dollar for wheat acreage they never needed, and they have essayed to take revenge by singing the writer's tail feathers. This is eminently satisfactory with me, and I take no exceptions against those who honestly hold different points of view. It is, however, a mistaken conclusion for critics to assist a moped to economic relief for the unemployed. I am not personally adverse to the state's policy of providing food and shelter for the destitute poor. God knows my sympathy goes out to the serrated hosts of industrious men and women, who are denied the privilege of a decent living, and must tramp, tramp, tramp, day after day, in search of honest employment, but cannot find it. Anything I write for this column must not be construed as a flippant gesture against the people who toil or live on relief. Be that as it may, I am inflexibly opposed to the abortive economic system, which has all but bankrupted the government by the extravagant waste of taxpayers' money for non-productive enterprises. As a boy, there was ingrained into my constitution the good old American idea of "rugged individualism", embracing independence, self-reliance, and the courage to master hard situations without crutches, and I still believe and practice it. Any system of government or relief, that destroys personal initiative and

makes vampires of its citizens, who are educated to live by blood sucking, will receive nothing but opposition from me as long as I live.

It is interesting to note that women who laid here to Williamette valley the cornerstone of a great civilization, had been so many conglomerate contingents of emasculated SERA, keeping the telegraph wires hot to Washington for appropriations of money for me to take up—wheat, may the good Lord help those of us who have to live here now. Never once does history record these courageous men and women received from Uncle Sam's government a penny for hogs they owned, raised, nor one dollar for wheat acreage they never needed, and for long agonizing years they faced disease, poverty, and the most brutal kinds of hardships. But I will leave it to the judgment of any who reads this, if they didn't lay out a pretty decent townsite for the rest of us to camp on.

As a climax to this letter I refer briefly to the insinuations of correspondents that I am opposed to relief, while subsisting at the same time on a liberal pension of \$100 a month. I am not. The criticism is just another case of a "hook on the eyebrow of David Crockett", and does not bother me at all. The fact that some ex-service men are receiving compensation for services rendered to their country, is no reason why some people to lose a lot of sleep. It was just this kind of mealy-mouthed public sentiment that vaporized into the brutal economy act of 1933, and took away the pensions of thousands of ex-soldiers, men who had sacrificed health in defense of the flag. I admit receiving a modest monthly allowance from the government, but think I earned the right to receive it by incurring disabilities down on the firing line, which have partially handicapped me for life. My honorable discharge, with three-fourths disability, incurred in line of duty, with "Character Excellent" is in my possession, and open for inspection to the incredulous man who says that my pension is "ducks' feathers".

Urban Funeral Is Slated For Today At Miller's Chapel

AURORA, March 20.—Funeral services for Jacob Urban, 73, will be held at Miller's chapel Wednesday afternoon. Rev. A. F. Knorr of the Lutheran church will conduct the services.

Urban was found dead in his barn Monday where he had gone to feed his cow, and had died before the task was completed. He was a native of Alsace Lorraine, and lived on his farm one mile north of Aurora and in Aurora 14 years.

Surviving him are his widow, Margaret; three sons, Henry of Orange, Calif., Mike and George of Aurora, and one daughter, Margaret Bland, of Richmond, California.

Smith Breaks Hip As He Attempts to Reach Wheel Chair

TALBOT, March 20.—Harold Taylor was taken to the Deerpark hospital in Portland the last of his life, or on an operation on his shoulder.

L. B. Smith fell Sunday and broke his hip. Mr. Smith is recovering from a prolonged illness and fell while getting up to get in his wheel chair. He is in the Deerpark hospital in Salem.

Born Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grenz, an 8-pound baby daughter.

GO TO MONTANA

AIRLIE, March 20.—Arthur Schick accompanied his uncle, Adam Schick to Glendale, Mont., Monday. They will shear sheep. Ralph Wenzert left Thursday for Long Beach, Calif., to rejoin his long.