

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Deporting Aliens

THE bill introduced by Representative Dies of Texas to deport 6,000,000 aliens is endorsed by some as a measure to relieve unemployment, and to cleanse the country of many undesirable who breed false doctrines or engage in crime.

Such sweeping conclusions are wholly unjustified. The forced removal of six million aliens might increase unemployment rather than decrease it. These six millions are consumers; and surely the surplus production of farms and factories calls for more rather than fewer consumers. Many of the aliens are married and would take their families back with them, all of whom are consumers, and few producers in competition with other workers.

Nor is it a categorical truth that aliens deserve classification as criminals and revolutionists. Call the roll of late public enemies and how many foreign-sounding names do you find: Dillinger, Barrow, Parker, Hamilton, Floyd, Mahan, Waley? Al Capone was a Sicilian and many in his Chicago racket were of alien birth, but many others were of old American ancestry. It is grossly unjust to brand aliens as undesirable merely because they were born in other countries and have not been naturalized in this country. Present laws are adequate for deportation of alien criminals.

The Dies bill rests on false foundations; and it is one of the most vicious social migrations ever proposed. Think of it: the wholesale deportation of six million persons and their dependents! It would result in vast social dislocations both in this country and in the countries to which they were deported. We would have armies of refugees like the Greeks expelled from Asia Minor, or White Russians in exile from their native land. A country which would impose such a penalty on those whom it lately welcomed would prove itself as ruthless as Tamourlaine or Genghis Khan who scourged the peoples in the lands they conquered.

We must remember too that there are many Americans domiciled in foreign lands. They retain their American citizenship, but live in distant lands for reasons of their own. The Dies bill might invoke reprisals which would drive home these exiled but not expatriated Americans. The consequences would be injurious to them and to our foreign commerce as well; for every citizen abroad is in greater or less degree a salesman for American goods.

America has grown great out of the contributions of human material from other lands. The Indians alone have claims to the land by right of original occupation. While it is not socially desirable to admit immigrants in such large numbers as formerly, those who are here deserve fair treatment so long as they live honorably among us. If they desire to become citizens then they should be encouraged; but if they do not want to become citizens they should not be molested so long as they live peaceably and conform to our laws.

Low Interest Rate

SALEM sells \$1,100,000 bonds on an interest basis of less than three and one-quarter per cent. The low rate contrasts with a rate of over six per cent some two years ago. The difference reflects not so much a change in the city's credit standing as in the state of the money market. The low rate is the measure of excess of funds seeking investment, and measure also of the fear of making investments which carry a degree of risk, such as industrial bonds or stocks. The low rate also reflects the high demand for tax-free investments. With new tax plans being formed which will if adopted abolish exemption of public securities from tax burdens, those bonds which are tax free will be in steady demand, especially from private investors seeking a cyclone-cellar from confiscatory taxes.

The law of compensation works in economics as everywhere else. What the government loses in taxes it saves in interest. When bonds are no longer tax exempt they will not be so attractive to large investors; and with the falling off in demand the interest rate will probably have to be higher.

The city is fortunate in marketing its bonds at the present time. The low interest charge will make the city's venture into ownership and operation of the water plant much more profitable. It is easily conceivable that unless money is squandered in costly pipe lines, the city can complete a filtration system, insuring the city an abundance of pure water, and make some reduction in the water rates.

The immediate job is to complete the transfer and then gain experience and knowledge before making any extensive capital investments.

For swift action after prolonged delay give credit to the mayor and council.

The Portland labor council says it is not frightened or intimidated by the swash-buckling policy of the governor, and "we propose to resist official lawlessness with every legal means at our command." If the energies of the labor council would be directed to preventing lawlessness of their own members, intimidation of workmen who desire to work, they would have no difficulty with Gov. Martin or any other public official. The people of the state want no lawlessness of any kind, do not want the expense of calling out troops to preserve order; but the people are losing heavily in the lumber mill statelets. They are anxious to see mills resume, preferably through the termination of the strike and return to work of those who walked out. The union leaders have a grave responsibility. They have induced men to leave their jobs. If through violence and threats they prevent others from working, it is they who provoke the lawlessness which must be met by the action of constituted authority.

Sen. Stetson wants the wool business given a combing, and proposes an investigation of the production, transportation and marketing of wool. More bunk. The whole wool business is well known; and any Boston wool man can tell the whole story from fleece to overcoat if anyone will sit and listen. A story which the country doesn't know is how much the government lost in its venture in the wool business a few years ago.

Some of the folk who argue for state's rights are quick to appeal to the federal government to send men in to settle local rows. The state government should have prestige enough to effect a settlement of its own labor difficulties without depending on the hired men cut of Washington, most of whom are ex-union men graduated to a government salary.

Representative Mott urged the house committee to appropriate money for a congressional junket to Hawaii to see if the islands are ready for statehood. Maybe congressmen have to go to the islands at government expense in order to make up their minds; most of the other citizens can say "no" without making the trip.

The national debt will be nearly \$25,000,000 when the books close Sunday night. That will be three and a half billions more than a year ago. Every day, in every way, bigger and bigger IOUs are signed by F.D.R. What are we going to do when payday rolls around?

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT
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The Tax Message

Washington, June 25. It is interesting to note that the one member of the Senate who spontaneously and immediately cheered Mr. Roosevelt's surprising tax message was Huey Long, of Louisiana, whose own "Share the Wealth" plan had been overwhelmingly defeated in the Senate the day before. "Amen," he cried when the message was read.

MR. LONG'S colleagues, including all the Administration leaders were left breathless and bewildered. It took twenty-four hours for them to get their bearings. Some have not found them yet. This proposition was right up Mr. Long's alley. He has been singing in that key for many months—in the Senate, over the radio, by letter, periodical and book. Naturally he assumes some credit for driving the President in his direction. Unquestionably, too, it will be joyfully received by Father Coughlin, Mr. Upton Sinclair, the extreme Progressive Republicans and the radicals, generally, whose basic creed is that money should be taken from those who have it and given to those who haven't. They call it a redistribution of wealth; actually it would be a redistribution of poverty.

ENTIRELY aside from the merits of the Roosevelt proposals the political move is uppermost in the minds of politicians and observers. The ultimate effect is a matter of opinion, but that the inspiration is at least partly political there is little room to doubt. His most partial friends have called the Roosevelt program a "redistribution of wealth" and strength among the people generally has been diminished by the Supreme Court decisions. It could not well be otherwise. No administration ever had a more staggering blow—or one for which its own unwisdom was so completely responsible. It has left every policy the President has in a groggy condition. It has made questionable many of his past acts and nearly all his pending proposals. To hide from the national gaze the complete measure of the Administration demoralization has been a real feat, involving considerable histrionic ability, unusually fine press relations and the full resources of the unprecedented propaganda department.

EVEN these have not been sufficient to prevent the true situation from partially percolating to the country in general and Congress in particular. In the letter the immense weight of the Administration's position is sufficient to jam through the remainder of the Roosevelt program in the next month—probably. It is not, however, sufficient to restore complete control nor re-establish the character of the Roosevelt dominance. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt has in his hands a large, by disintegrated and sullen Democratic majority, full of smoldering resentment. To put through what he wants he has to exert the last ounce of pressure and has his way only after desperate effort and by the narrowest margin. The best illustration of this was the escape by a slim vote of his net holding company bill in the Senate and its present doubtful position in the House. No such state of affairs could have existed a month ago.

THE Supreme Court left his leadership limp, put him on the defensive, and increased his distrust in Congress as to the wisdom of his judgment and the soundness of his policies. From the political angle the tax message seems designed to do two things—one to divert public attention from the issue Mr. Roosevelt had made himself, and the other, the Deal on one side, the court and the Constitution on the other; cover up the present dismay and confusion, give the people something else to think about.

THE second is to re-establish strength in Congress, solidify again the extreme radical elements, who had begun to regard him as a spurious liberal and whose support is essential for his re-election. Some also see in the message a punitive purpose. After months of "cooperation" urged by his friends, Mr. Roosevelt has definitely lost support of the conservatives. This bill is designed either to punish or scare them. Whether any step will be taken at this session, or the whole message is aimed to give him a new 1936 issue, remains to be seen. The clearest political judgment, however, is that the new proposals will not greatly change the position. The appeal of the "Share-the-Wealth" idea is to those already with him.

IT identifies Mr. Roosevelt more completely with the radicals. It insures a more clear-cut issue between the natural divisions. It diverts public attention, provides new food for the propagandists and gives a chance for great Left Wing enthusiasm. But in the end it will not change many votes, because it does not change the basic feeling.

MACLEAY BOYS WIN
MACLEAY, June 25. The Bethel Farmers Union was defeated here Sunday for the second time this season by the Macleay boys, the score being 15 to 4. The men were ahead in the third inning, but youth held the lead after that.

HAS PORTLAND JOB
SILVERTON, June 25. Don Lehman, who attended Mt. Angel college during the past season, will go to Portland to work during the summer months and will return to Mt. Angel college in the autumn.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

J. R. N. Bell, unofficial patron saint, Oregon State:

Fred Lockley's column in the Portland Journal for the issue of June 17, '35, was filled with the words that follow:

"I was 27 years old when I came to Oregon, in 1874," said Mrs. J. R. N. Bell when I interviewed her recently at her home in East Portland.

"I was born in Giles county, Virginia, December 15, 1848. I was a year and a half in the Civil war started. I had three sisters and three brothers. All of my brothers served in the Confederate army. The bushwhackers stole our stock and drove us from our home. My father did not own slaves, but his brother had a large plantation and owned slaves. During the Civil war practically every able-bodied man was in uniform, so we women sheared the sheep, carded the wool, spun it, dyed it, wove it into cloth and made our own clothes. We also wove linen cloth.

"I was married when I was 21 years old. My husband, John Richardson Bell, was born in Caluski county, Virginia. He served throughout the war in a battery of Confederate artillery. He was a student at Wiseville college, in Virginia. After we were married we taught school. In fact, when we first met we were teachers in the academy. In 1874 my husband and I with our three children went to Ashland, Or. We went on an emigrant train as far as Marysville, Cal., and thence by stage to Ashland. My husband had been licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal church, south. He was a circuit rider. Ashland was his headquarters. Later he was made a presiding elder. The pay of a minister in those days was infinitesimal, so when we first went to Ashland my husband chopped wood to earn extra money. We were at Ashland four and a half years. We then moved to Roseburg and later to Corvallis. From Corvallis we moved back to Roseburg, where we lived 12 years. My husband started the Roseburg Review. It is now called the Roseburg News-Review. While we lived there we had a large house, so I usually had seven or eight students boarding at our home. I'd hate to try to tell you how many hot biscuits I would have to bake in a day. It seemed as if those students were hollow, and it took a lot to fill them up. Whenever we had guests I would put in an

extra pan or two of hot biscuits.

"When we went to Salem my husband was manager of the Hotel Chemeketa, now known as the Hotel Marion. He also served as railroad commissioner while we were living at Salem. From Salem we moved to Independence, where my husband operated a hotel and ran a newspaper. From there we moved to Baker City, where my husband was minister of the Presbyterian church for many years.

"I have had 10 children, 8 of whom grew to maturity. My son Lee for many years was county clerk of Baker county. Jeannette married Dr. Solon Shedd, now a member of the faculty of Stanford University. My daughter Oro married Oscar G. Hedengren. They live at Menlo Park, Cal. The next two children, Myrtle and Homer, were twins. Myrtle married John W. Richardson. Their son, John Marvin Richardson, is a reporter on The Oregon Journal. Cyril, another of my grandsons, lives at Salem, and Gerald at Toledo, Or. After the twins came Marvin; then Essie, who married J. L. Rogers of Portland; then Hattie. My son Lloyd lives at Salem. I have seven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

"When the college at Corvallis was started it was under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, but about the time it was taken over by the state my husband transferred from that church to the Presbyterian church, becoming a minister in that denomination. Some time ago I visited the different homes I have established and lived in since I was married. Since I became a bride I have had 62 different homes.

"My husband was the unofficial patron saint of Oregon State college. All of the old-time students, particularly the football fans, can tell you about my husband."

Cyril V. Richardson, according to the Salem Directory, is assistant cashier of the World War Veterans, with his home and wife Yvonne at 541 Statesman street. Lloyd V. Bell is listed at 2043 Warren street, with Bessie P. Bell, his wife.

The Bits man knew Rev. J. R. N. Bell, beginning with his first days in Roseburg. In that period, Rev. Bell was instrumental in having a new church built for his congregation. Roseburg was then the place where the overland stages met the trains from Portland; or rather East Portland, and the town was rather wide open. The express office was kept in the corner room of the biggest saloon in town; kept by Mr. Fuller, pillar of the Episcopal church. It is the Roseburg express office was kept by Fuller.

A considerable proportion of the money to pay for the new Southern Methodist church building came from saloon keepers and gamblers of Roseburg, who then gathered around their games and in front of their bars. "Tainted money" was not known then—excepting that "taint" enough.

Finally, Rev. J. R. N. Bell performed the marriage ceremony for the Bits man and his wife. The nuptial knot so well that it has remained tied.

Rev. Bell was unique, even among Oregon pioneer preachers, such as Joab Powell, L. D. Driver, "Foghorn" Watts and men of that stamp whose good works have lived after them.

Ringo is Elected to Board of State Funeral Directors
WOODBURN, June 25.—About 50 Artisans and their families from Woodburn enjoyed an all-day picnic at Hazel Green park Sunday.

Twenty Years Ago
June 26, 1915
A packed house saw the performance of "The Elopement of Ellen," by the Snikpoh Dramatic society at the high school last night. Beatrice Walton as "June Haverhill," college girl masquerading as a maid, showed marked ability in subtle comedy.

Ten Years Ago
June 26, 1925
For the second time this week the burglar alarm of the U. G. Shipley store sounded at 12:15 o'clock this morning.

Crosswords—But No Puzzle



"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

CHAPTER XXX
Mantel found that the servants had remained up much later than the guests, in order to trim the Christmas tree in the music-room, but they could not have heard anything that went on in any other part of the house.

Cyrus K. looked at the young man for a moment, and said: "Did your wife know Mr. Vane before?"

Millbanks said: "No! She was surprised when I told her that Vane was coming here."

"Pleasantly so?" asked Mantel.

"Why, yes. I think so. Everybody was kidding so, that I couldn't speak to her, and just then Vane arrived with your niece Betty."

Cyrus K. rose and placed his hand on the quivering arm of the younger man.

"That will be all, Mr. Millbanks," he said formally. "I would suggest that you get the doctor to give you something, and then take a stiff drink—keep a stiff upper lip. Death is never as final as it seems to the young."

The next one called was Wilbur Renton. He came into the room, and faced the small man with his usual air of assurance.

Cyrus K. tilted the parchment shade of the lamp on the desk before him, so that it shone full upon the face of the person sitting opposite him, and when he was questioning.

"What did you do, Mr. Renton, after the party downstairs broke up?" he asked mildly.

"I spoke to Betty for just a moment, and then I went to my room, and wrote a letter—an important letter—then I planned to go straight to bed."

Cyrus K. removed his glasses and stroked his eyebrows.

"I see," he said. "May I ask you did you with this letter? And also—if you will pardon me—it seems somewhat uncomfortable to sit in your own room writing in your dining room?"

"Well, Mr. Mantel, your Renton strove to be light. There was a reason for that, only I had hoped you wouldn't ask it. You see, I had said just before Betty to meet me, alone, later—and she had refused. I hoped that she would change her mind and send Suky to let me know, so naturally, I remained dressed."

"But Suky and Betty are good friends?" Cyrus K. was casual.

"Oh! very. There is nothing I wouldn't do for the dear old soul, and I can safely say, nothing she wouldn't do for me."

"I see," said Cyrus K. "I see. That's very interesting indeed, Mr. Renton. Did you know Mr. Millbanks before?"

"No. I had never met her," said Renton, "although I had seen her often at Kate Doyle's."

"Were you in the habit of going there often?"

"Yes. Quite often."

"May I ask, Mr. Renton, when was the last time you were there, and whom you were with?"

"Sometimes in the summer, Mr. Mantel, and . . ." he flushed painfully as he met the keen black eyes of Cyrus K. "I was with Isaac Mackenzie, who later became Mrs. Lawrence Vane."

Cyrus K. replaced his glasses.

"I see," he said. "I thank you, Mr. Renton. That will be all—just now."

Renton walked out into the library, trying to appear jaunty to his fellow guests.

The next name called was that of Betty Potter.

"Oh, Uncle Cyrus," she moaned. "Whatever are we going to do? Isn't it awful, I can't bear to think of Donetta, lying up there in the cold—dead—and just a few hours after she was warm and gay—and alive. Tears flooded her eyes again."

"Come out of it, young woman," snapped Cyrus K. "Remember you are a newspaper woman, and you are my niece—and we've got to find out a few things. What happened after you left the main party?"

"Well . . . first of all, Wilbur Renton asked me to meet him later, alone. He said he had something very important to talk over with me."

"Well—and did you accept—or refuse?"

"I accepted," she said simply.

"Ah!" said Cyrus K.

"I told him I'd meet him later, when the whole house was dark, Betty went on. 'In the turret sitting-room at the end of the hall on the bedroom floor.'"

"And did you meet him?" Cyrus K. leaned forward.

"No," she hesitated. "I was all ready to go, when I was interrupted."

"What interrupted you?"

"The whispered conversations in the hall just outside my room," she said. And then she told him of the two hushed talks she had listened to, and of Suky's making her phone for her uncle.

Cyrus K. pursed his lips.

"So? Roger Thornley and Lawrence Vane. . . Thornley and Vane," he repeated abstractedly. Then suddenly he turned upon his niece again.

"Well!" he snapped. "Did you finally meet this man Renton?"

"No," she said. "He slipped a note under my door to tell me that he would wait there all night if he had to, but that I must come. And then I saw Schuyler in the hall on his way to the kitchen, and then I waited, and I told Suky to wake me, and I told her why it was important, but the old fool didn't do it. And then the next thing I knew, I heard Schuyler's voice calling my name, and I went out—and there he was with—Donetta." Her hysterical flow of words ceased, and she looked at her uncle with feverish eyes.

"You don't think for a moment that Lawrence had anything to do with it, do you?" she cried. "Why, he was asleep down in the library all the time. I never even knew anything had happened."

"Hush, Betty," his voice was stern. "That's no way to help him. You've got to keep your head. Of course, it looks bad for him. The fact of the matter is, I heard him, and that her husband did not know of it. That handicraft with his initials. The fact that Vane is out on bail, and that both victims were found stripped of all clothing, on a terrace, just outside Vane's door. No, my dear, it is quite a problem. But we will work together, and we shall see what we can do. Now . . . I want you to tell me, if you can, what was Betty with before she came to you?"

"I don't know, Uncle Cyrus. She was on the road for quite a while as a wardrobe mistress, with some show or other. I know she had a little kid of her own at the time that she died. She never talks about it."

"Did she ever mention any particular person in that show?"

"Yes. That's a funny thing. Uncle Cyrus! Millie Mackenzie, who later married Roger Thornley, was with the troupe and she was awfully good to Suky's baby. She's the only one Suky ever mentions."

"Guess that will do for now, Betty," he said. "Just keep your hair on, young woman, and don't talk to anyone else. Go on out and tell them I want to talk to Bobbie Nichols."

"Yes. That's a funny thing. He did not fail to notice the starry face as he mentioned the name of the tubby little gossip."

Nichols entered jauntily—trailing his blanket like a toga.

"The first time in his life," he announced, "that I saw a woman inquire has ever been asked to tell all."

"Sit down, will you, Mr. Nichols?" Cyrus K. did not smile. "This is a very serious and sad time for everyone in this house," he said, "and I am hoping that you will carefully study the round countenance that faced him in the light of the desk lamp. Will you be so kind as to tell me who you, in your great knowledge, would say was the best friend of Roger Thornley?"

"Wilbur Renton," Bobbie answered without pause. "That is, if anyone could be said really to be Roger's friend," he added.

"I see," Cyrus K. removed his glasses. "And . . . did you know his wife Millie?" he asked.

"Yes. I know her very well. I used to be her around when Roger was on the Oregon Express. I know some other lady. No harm in it—Roger never minded—rather glad of it, I imagine."

"I see," repeated Cyrus K., stroking his eyebrow. "Tell me, Mr. Nichols—you are a man about town, a man of affairs—what has impressed you the most here at this party, outside the actual tragedy, I mean?"

Bobbie was glib. "This was his particular forte. This was where his individual talents shone."

"Two things, mainly," he said. "The fact that Betty said that Millie Thornley had sailed for the Orient, and I know that she hated the sea as the devil hates Holy Water—and the fact that Donetta showed when she heard of the imminent arrival of Lawrence Vane."

Cyrus K. leaned back in his chair and studied the face of Bobbie Nichols after his last statement.

"Well, now's the time when talking will do more good than ever before," Mantel was genial. "I wish you would tell me something about Mrs. Thornley and her husband."

Bobbie leaned forward eagerly.

"Well! He took a deep breath. "You know it was awfully funny, Mr. Mantel, that Millie didn't tell me that she was going on that trip to the Coast with Roger. He wouldn't tell me, he's a taciturn beast, but she would tell me. I always talked to me a lot. Afterwards she must have been sorry, because she sent me cards, from all along the road. She seemed to be having an awfully good time—enjoying every bit of it, she said she was. She sent me cards all the way to the Coast, and then several from San Francisco, but she never told me she was going to the Orient. That's funny! He took a deep breath. "You know it was awfully funny, Mr. Mantel, that Millie didn't tell me that she was going on that trip to the Coast with Roger. He wouldn't tell me, he's a taciturn beast, but she would tell me. I always talked to me a lot. Afterwards she must have been sorry, because she sent me cards, from all along the road. 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