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**The Great Game of Politics**

By FRANK R. KENT  
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**His Strategists Confused**

Washington, July 12.—Recent developments have greatly diminished the idea so widely cherished by both Mr. Roosevelt's friends and foes that he is the master politician, smarter than any of his predecessors.

THIS notion became established during the first two years of his Administration, when people generally were swept off their feet by the New Deal ballyhoo, charmed by the gaudy of a President, thrilled by the novelty and drama of his performances, credulously stimulated by the glittering promises of his grandiose experiments. In those days he had no real opposition. Everything he proposed was agreed to. Those who were skeptical were referred to as Cassandras. Critics were accused of a lack of patriotism. If a doubt was expressed, the doubter was called a destructive, told not to "rock the boat."

TODAY, the country generally seems to have waked up. The President is now being criticized not only by his opponents, but by his sympathetic supporters—the surest evidence that politically things are not well with him. One note of the latter tells him he should stop urging reforms, adjourn Congress and give the country a chance to rest and recover. He has, they say, attempted too much, and is in danger of tiring the people by ceaseless activity.

STILL ANOTHER set of supporters insists that, having reestablished himself in the eyes of the liberals and insured against a radical Third party, he should now concentrate upon keeping the conservative Democrats in line and devise some new scheme of taking the bootish business leadership again into camp. The conflicting nature of the advice which Mr. Roosevelt is now receiving indicates that his apprehensive friends think he needs political counsel. Three distinct Roosevelt moves in the past two months have contributed to the conviction. All of these appear to have been mistakes. One was his criticism of the Supreme Court, following its NRA decision. The public reaction was most unfavorable to that. Second, there was the violence with which he called the holding companies and the character of his fight to abolish them. Ordinarily, any assault upon the so-called power trust would meet a popular response. In this case it didn't. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt alarmed and embittered an army of public utility stock and bond holders, estimated from three to five million.

THIRD, there was his sudden message urging increased taxation of big fortunes and large incomes. That this was politically inspired no one doubts, but the results, from the Roosevelt angle, have not been politically good. For one thing he created a very unpleasant incident by repudiating his own senate leaders, who had informed their colleagues the President wanted the bill rushed through in a week. For another, the thinness of the presidential both as a "share-the-wealth" and a budget-balancing proposition, is such as to be generally seen through. For another, by injecting this proposal into a jaded congress anxious to adjourn, he has indefinitely extended the session, further disturbed business and made it impossible for anyone, including himself, to guess what sort of tax bill will emerge.

FROM whatever angle they are viewed it does seem these three most recent strategic Roosevelt gestures have been politically disappointing. The thinness of his banking bill in the senate and his defeat on the holding company death sentence clause in the house better than anything else, attest his diminished party control. It is not surprising that some of his friends worry or that the uninitiated public, who a month ago put all forty-eight states in the Roosevelt bag, is about to take a six weeks swing around the country to see how far things are changed and report. If his political reports are of the same type as his postoffice surplus claims, which will be of the same value. Mr. Farley is another politician whose reputation for political smartness has been created while he rode the crest of the wave. They all seem smart while they are doing that.

**Homemaking Club is Organized at Bethel**

BETHEL, July 12.—The Homemaking club, a 4-H club project, held its first meeting Wednesday night at the home of Freda Buecurech. Jean Hain was elected president; Freda Buecurech, vice-president; Werna Froehlich, secretary. The evening was spent in finishing the sample books for the county fair. The members are Lillian Hamrick, Coralee Nichols, Wanda and Werna Froehlich, Jean Hain, Ma Mae Creech and Freda Buecurech. The club leader, Mrs. Carmalite Weddie was also present.

**FORESTERS WINNERS**

MT. ANGEL, July 12.—The Foresters wrestled another win from the Sodality in an exciting football game at the Ebner ball park here Wednesday night. The final score was 4 to 3. Sealford got the hit of the evening, a three bagger. Batteries: C. W. Weir and Bayner; Grosjean and Schmitz.

**Bits for Breakfast**

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Diary 79 years old yields strange history: Journey to Oregon in 1856:

(Continued from yesterday.)

"Here are exposed for sale the products of the country—milk, eggs, beef, venison, bananas, plantains, mangoes, alligator pears, clams, oysters, tortillas, charcoal, breadfruit, pineapples, coconuts, oranges, and such. They have a common belief that the natives collect fish in the bay, but it is difficult to obtain them. The natives will not fish much, unless driven to it by necessity.

"Panama is a city of churches. Many of them, however, are in a state of decay. The cathedral is a fine looking building. The outside has some pretension to beauty and order. It fronts on the plaza. The churches are built of rough stone, without order or regularity. The exterior presents but little attraction. The interiors of some of them are highly finished and possess many valuable paintings.

"There was one directly opposite our rooms, its side fronting us. There were two large doors in this side, and, when opened for services in the evening, we had a fine view of the altar and the sharing of the virgin. Before this were ranged eight large candles, all burning; before stood the priest with different colored robes on. He would read a few sentences, make a curtsy, throw off a robe, and then repeat the same ceremony.

"On his right stood a subpriest or deacon, holding in his hand a vessel containing liquid in a burning state. We could see the vapor arise from it as he swung it to and fro, while the priest was repeating his Latin phrases. This was the incense, probably, that they offer to the shrine of the virgin.

"On the right of the priest stood a boy holding a lighted lamp, probably to throw some light on the subject.

"After the ceremony closed, commenced the chanting. . . The audience, when they went in, would kneel, making the sign of the cross, then seat themselves on the floor, and remain there until the services were closed.

**Health**

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

RECENTLY I told you about the dangers of excessive exposure to the sun. Today I want to tell you about sunstroke. This is rather common during the summer months when the sun is extremely hot and there is great humidity. The city ambulance men who pick up persons overcome by the heat.

Some persons are susceptible to sunstroke while others never suffer although they spend prolonged periods in the hot sun. Sunstroke is more commonly encountered in elderly persons. But it may afflict anyone who is long exposed to the strong rays of the sun. Often a fainting spell occurs in some vigorous game or sport will have it.

Sunstroke is caused by a disturbance in the mechanism having to do with the heat regulation of the body. Something wrong occurs in the mechanism that causes a failure of the thermostat of a furnace.

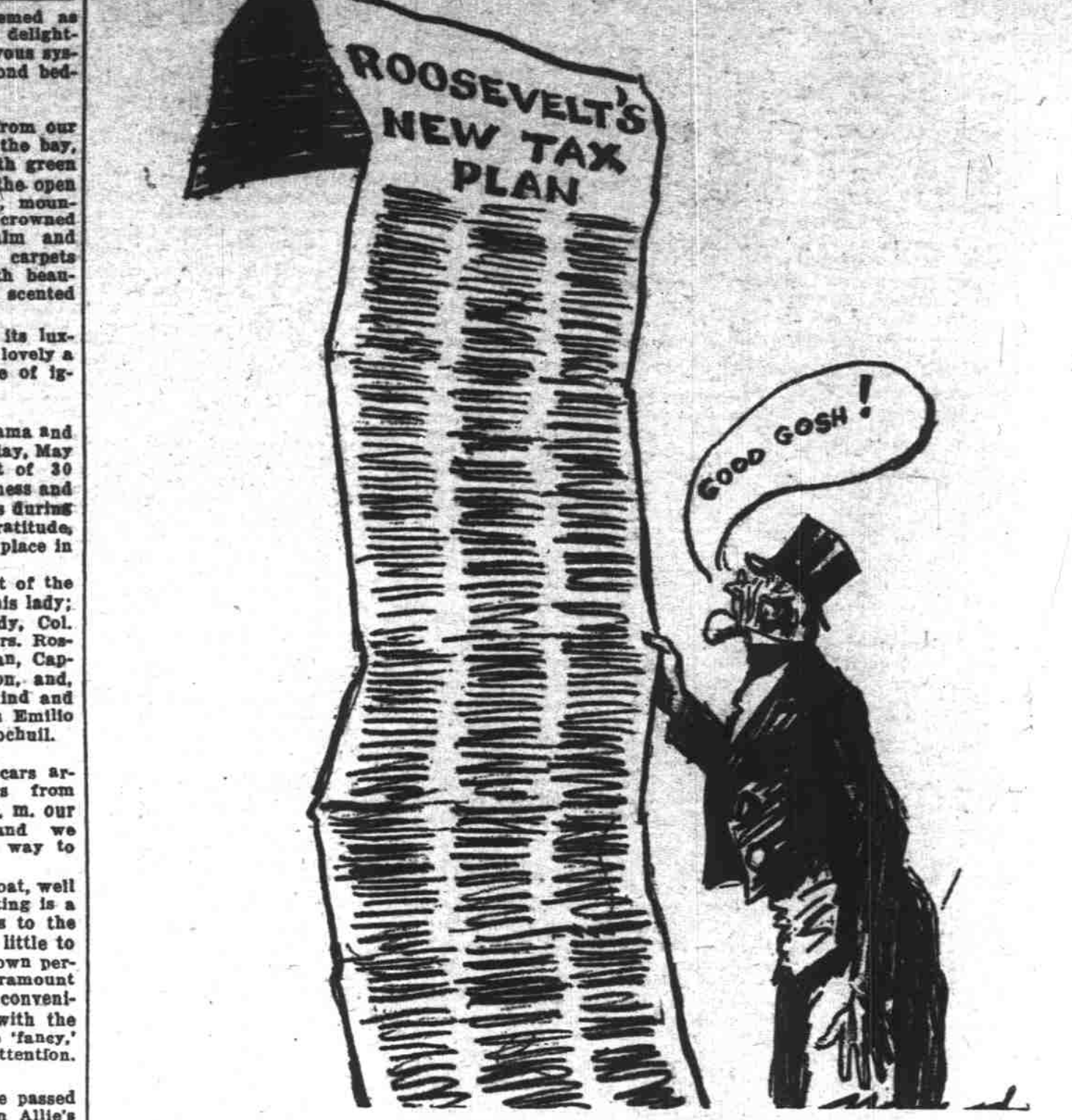
The victim suddenly complains of severe headache and dizziness. He becomes pale and weak. He may be unable to see, or sick at his stomach, and may even vomit. These symptoms are followed by collapse and unconsciousness.

The skin of the sufferer is clammy and wet. The pulse is extremely rapid. The victim breathes quickly and appears to be suffering from severe pain. The pupils of the eyes become dilated. A physician should always be called in such a case.

There is a severe form of sunstroke which is extremely dangerous and may prove fatal. In this the sufferer quickly lapses into unconsciousness.

Answers to Health Queries  
 Hoping. Q.—What will overcome stammering? I am very conscious of it and it makes me self-conscious. I have had medical attention without results. Would a "scar" in childhood be responsible for the habit?  
 A.—Overcome any underlying nervousness first of all. For full particulars send a self-addressed stamped envelope and request your question. Newspaper is kept for an important factor under such circumstances.  
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**Light Summer Reading!**



**"THE SNOW LEOPARD"**

By Chris Hawthorne

As Dick Bannister, young explorer, emerges from the exclusive Park Avenue residence hotel of his brother, Hod, the body of a man comes hurrying through the air, followed by a snow leopard. The men, obviously a servant, had fallen about twenty stories. Shortly after, Dick notices a beautiful girl, standing in the doorway, order her chow to bring the robe to her. Dick's mind is so attracted by any girl. She is Karen Sire, daughter of the multi-millionaire, Maurice Sire. The police summoned Dick to the Sire apartment as a witness. Detective Captain Boyle claims the dead man, a Filipino, was murdered—stabbed in the back. Karen was the only other person in the room when he fell. Maurice Sire telephoned that he is flying up from Washington, D. C. He was surprised to learn his daughter was in New York instead of at school in Poughkeepsie. Boyle wheels on Karen. "How about that? You've come gallivanting down to New York without letting your father know. Who was with you?"

**CHAPTER III**

Miss Sire smiled, elevating her eyebrows with a faintly whimsical expression. Something of that tolerance which people of breeding show to well meaning bores crept into her voice. "Gallivanting," she repeated, "you've hit upon the very word, captain. But I was alone. You see, my father had taken this place recently, and I had never seen it. Our home is at Southampton—this is to serve as a townhouse. I came down here yesterday just to look it over. I'm going back tomorrow."

"Oh, are you?" Boyle grew sarcastic. "We'll see about that. Let me tell you, miss, that a lot of explaining will have to be done before you go back to Poughkeepsie. You're going to stay here, as they say in the papers."

He paused with a satisfied grin, apparently conscious of having delivered himself with force and authority. "I had a trip to Nova Scotia in mind," he said in a small voice.

"Oh, you did? Well, just consider that trip cancelled. We may need you as a material witness," Miss Sire smiled faintly. "I'll agree to stay," she said in a small voice.

"So will I," Bannister volunteered. "I'm going below and talk to the servants and see if they can't find out anything about the man who fell with the tilted derby. I want you to stay."

"We'll be delighted," thrust in Miss Sire. "Perhaps the gentleman will take off his hat and make himself one of us. I don't believe I caught his name."

"You didn't," said the man with the derby (he had risen and removed it). "Because my name wasn't mentioned." He hung his hat on an ornament of the aquarium and walked to the window, unobscured by the somewhat fresh young person who didn't seem to understand the trouble she was in.

A pause and a silence followed Boyle's leaving. His subordinate, with back turned but ears obviously alert, remained near the window. Bannister was gazing at the pendant derby, which cast a deep shadow down into the water of the aquarium, leaving only a broad band of light on clear water. Clear water. No. It was a broad pink. He became interested.

Why pink water in an aquarium? He walked nearer and gazed down into the depths. Little blue and silvery fish moved in and out of the miniature castle at the bottom. There were no goldfish—nothing to create the illusion of a reddish cast in the water. Yes, it was pink—not a pink to suggest the tinge of a rose, but a pink of queer and sinister shade.

him so. But the first sight of Karen Sire had changed all this; she had flung a rainbow across his horizon, set golden bells tinkling in his brain, and hung the gray copings of the city with scintillant prisms. Was the joyous delirium to prove a dream? Was the grisly hand of murder to sweep it all away?

With the stiletto still in his pocket he rejoined Miss Sire and the detective. At the same moment a wide panel in the wall opened and Captain Boyle stepped into the room from an electric elevator, a stout, strongly made woman at his elbow. The man's face was set; a cold fury seemed to possess him. Evidently he had returned from the floor below with an empty bag.

"Here's your new maid, Miss Sire," he snapped. "She's a polio-

sound and muscular looking arms, but neither Bannister nor Miss Sire were just then in a mood to press a question on the anomaly.

"Good Scotch, Mr. Bannister," he said unctuously, "why don't you take a paste at it?"

Bannister had something more important on his mind than the prospect of dunking his tonsils in Scotch whisky when he walked into that room alone. The murder weapon was still in his pocket; he was concealing it he had become an accomplice after the fact. He wondered if Toole had been a witness of the dramatic interlude between himself and Karen Sire, or, not having seen it, suspected anything. He clinked two bottles together, set them down without taking a drink, and squeezed the water out of his coat sleeve with a cranking grip. The thought of hiding the stiletto came to him, but he figured that this would only beg himself and the girl deeper in suspicion if Toole actually had seen him take it from the apartment.

(To Be Continued)