

The Oregon Statesman
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 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Great Game of Politics
 By FRANK R. KENT
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No End To It
 Washington, July 24
 DESPITE diabolical in the soundness of its policies and doubt about the wisdom of its leader, it would be pleasant to find in a more to come in the Roosevelt Administration than the conduct of the Securities and Exchange Commission under the capable Mr. Kennedy, and the inflexible principles of the unostentatious Mr. Hull.

Bits for Breakfast
 By R. J. HENDRICKS
 Free advice from down Portland way to new state house location?
 Frank Willman, long time Salem resident, high class decorator and painter, now living (it is to be hoped only temporarily) in Portland, at 73 N.E. Stanton street, sends to the desk of the Bits man what follows:
 "If you please: I can wait no longer. So far no one has asked an opinion from me, excepting the intelligentsia and the cosmopolitan that gather upon the benches in shady Dawson park, way up here in Portland.
 "Not a line, post card, long distance phone call from the powers that be—the governor, the planning commission, chamber of commerce, Townsend club or prominent citizen interested in the final location of a new capitol, yet state house.
 "Have given up hope that my mail each day would be other than advice to use only Johnson's wax, or phone, gas or lighting bill. So here goes for my solution; to me as simple and easy as grabbing the baby's candy:
 "Build it on the plot of the one destroyed.
 "In no case go into Willson park. Keep that intact.
 "Secure the two blocks, Spalding-Miles and the one next east, gas station corner.
 "Get them soon and hold for eventualities.
 "Keep Court and State streets always open.
 "No more the opera house, court house, federal postoffice building, state house, law library, prison and state hospital on a right line east and west—each one within walking distance or quick drive.
 "Railroad travel can get a fair view of the economic destinies of millions with little time to spare going through will not need to hunt over the Bush pasture for a state house, nor ride in circles to find it elsewhere than where it should be, for the further reason of service.
 "Help keep the historic Willamette university where it is; and avoid chiseling in real estate on any property whatsoever.
 "Heretofore the 'so spat or so fresh' could find his way home by knowing just where the state house was.
 "But now, since we have no saloons, how could the 2 A.M.ers find the way home with the state house in a wrong place? I ask you.
 "Get at least the Spalding-Miles block, and soon, then I will come up and build modern tennis courts as I did those for Frederick Lamport and Curtis Cross.
 "Here the employes single can play tonight till they elect to play double, may be.
 "Older officials will get better exercise than pedaling an accelerator, old man Angina Pectoris will stay in his hole, and two lines of typewritten matter will grow where only one grew before.
 "Me for old friends, tennis courts and home made advice that I will give freely upon call, as I am yet an amateur; but when I turn professional I shall, as the contingent fee lawyers do, charge 30 per cent, Q. E. D."

The Safety Valve
 Letters from Statesman Readers
OPPOSES PARDON
 To the Editor:
 Press dispatches announce that Governor Martin has set August 2 as the date upon which he will listen to arguments of a delegation of Lewellyn A. Banks sympathizers, who are demanding executive clemency for the man, now serving a life term in the state penitentiary for second degree murder.
 Presumably, the governor wishes to display magnanimity and a spirit of fair play in permitting the petitioners to present their side of the story. It looks to me, however, that if the governor does this, he will be using valuable time that might well be occupied to better advantage.
 Certainly the governor of this great state can entertain no serious intention of issuing a pardon to Mr. Banks at this peculiar time, and when it comes to investigating the crime of the former Jackson county editor, to determine his eligibility for pardon, there is absolutely nothing to investigate.
 The facts in the Banks murder case are as patent to the governor and to every citizen of the state, as the tawdry spots on a full grown leopard—every essential and minor detail of the crime having come under scrutiny in the same county trial of 1932, lasting for a month. The Banks defendant was accorded every possible courtesy of advantage, by those who had the prosecution in charge. He was granted a change of venue upon request of his attorneys from Jackson to Lane county, to obviate every taint of prejudice; while the state voluntarily bore the additional expense of transporting witnesses to Lane county, which was miles away from the seat of defendant's regular jurisdiction. If ever a trial was conducted in fairness, and a verdict of guilty arrived at in justice, it was in the trial of Lewellyn A. Banks. Yet, the governor is being asked to conduct an "investigation" of the case, and has given his consent to do so.
 Though Governor Martin should be in possession of all the information, it may not be amiss to again call his attention to the fact that, Lewellyn A. Banks was sentenced to a life term in the state penitentiary for murder. Banks killed Constable George Prescott, not in self-defense, or in the heat of passion during a controversy; he killed Prescott in cold blood, as the officer was performing the plain duty of an officer of the law; and I submit, there is not a single extenuating circumstance to be produced in his favor why he should be pardoned.
 For one, I am not in sympathy with the sentiment making the rounds hereabouts, that Lewellyn A. Banks is subject to attacks of illusionary judgment. His affliction is more akin to moral hydrophobia, and the Medford Daily News of which he was editor, dripped profusely with the silvery froth of a police dog's snout.
 It is only known to a few persons that L. A. Banks is an incipiently religious. He is authority for the statement, that he once received a call from God to preach the gospel of Christ. During his hell-raising debut in Jackson county he roared the bible daily, always kneeling in prayer with his left hand raised to heaven, while his right hand gripped tightly the ivory handles of an automatic pistol. The pistol, we suppose, was a threat to Evidence, that Banks must be given his own sweet way.
 Banks is now confined to the institution where he rightfully belongs, and Governor Martin should see to it that the state keeps him there. His report of an attempt to poison him at the prison is only a clever ruse to stimulate the impression that he is mentally unbalanced, and should be given his freedom.
 Allen O. Hess.



"THE SNOW LEOPARD" By Chris Hawthorne

Secretary Wallace Visits the Northwest
 THE northwest has been honored with a visit from the secretary of agriculture, Henry A. Wallace, who gave an address Saturday night in Seattle before the Business and Professional Women's convention; and Monday in Walla Walla before an audience of farmers, merchants and professional men and women. In Seattle Mr. Wallace read a prepared address in which he outlined his political philosophy while in Walla Walla he spoke more directly to farmers in defense of the agricultural adjustment program in a tariff-defense society. Wallace is the most philosophical member of the cabinet. His previous speeches and writings revealed a frankness, a spirit of intelligent inquiry rather than a dogmatic formula for problem-solving. In his "America Must Choose" he pointed out forcefully and lucidly the difficulty of maintaining farm exports when the nation became a creditor nation and refused to adjust its tariff to permit compensatory imports. In the Seattle address and in the Walla Walla address one sees that Wallace's defense of the AAA is chiefly as counterpoise to a protective tariff for industry, and an intimation agriculture would surrender its special benefits if industry would yield its tariff subsidies.

The Seattle address was an elaboration of other doctrines which Secretary Wallace has previously proclaimed, together with a very pointed application of his philosophy to the present political stalemate over the constitutional barriers to centralized control. The title was "In Search of New Frontiers". It deserves careful reading, because it is earnest, carefully thought out, and is as clear a statement of the new deal position as has been made by any person in high authority.

Developing the idea that our western frontier was long the "social safety valve" for the American people, Wallace goes on to say:

"But once a frontier is conquered, once the frontier is gone and the country begins to fill up, trouble begins. The prime requisite for a successfully operating competitive—abundant resources and relatively few people to use them—has disappeared. Other forces which seem inherent in capitalism begin to operate. Competition for natural resources becomes dangerous to national welfare. Capitalistic survival of the fittest may come to mean merely survival of the shrewdest or the luckiest. Economic freedom, if it means freedom to amass millions upon millions of dollars, freedom to concentrate the destinies of millions of their fellow-citizens, must end in a species of despotism which no society can tolerate. When the frontier is gone, capitalism's traditional emphasis on the individual as an unrestricted money-making machine collides with the realities of a modern, settled land, with its delicate economic machinery and its obligations of interdependence, every man cannot do wholly as he pleases."

We have lost too, he says, a "unifying force" in the passing of the frontier. Possible substitutes for national unification of spirit are outside conquest, war, monetary inflation, communism, fascism, all of which he dismisses as socially undesirable; and then he raises the question; which he proceeds to answer: "Is there somewhere a new frontier which can provide the necessary national unity?"

"I am convinced that there is, and I believe it will be found in the long struggle to achieve an economy of abundance. The physical base is obvious. We have abundant resources. What we need is a new social order. Increasing numbers of people are aware that this is so. The real struggle will be in the domain of the mind and spirit. The test will come when the men are able to transcend the narrowness of their present views and to substitute cooperation for conflict as the basic rule of their economic life."
 "No one has the blueprints for this frontier. No one can say how long it will take us to conquer it, or whether, in truth, we can conquer it. But to stop short of an attempt, to sit idly by, paralyzed by the cruel paradox of wanting abundance and yet refusing to strive as a nation mentally defeated and spiritually impoverished."

"In the path of any substantial program to improve our economic situation and develop a national unity of purpose, we shall find such obstacles as these: the fact of ECONOMIC OLIGARCHY in a POLITICAL DEMOCRACY; the fact of continued warfare between individuals and groups for larger slices of the national income, and for bigger holdings of governmental power; the fact of economic imbalance between major producing groups; and, finally, the possibility that the federal government may be powerless to bring about interpretations of the Constitution, to deal with economic oligarchy, with conflicts between groups, or with economic imbalance.
 "When one economic group profits from the use of governmental powers, the remaining groups may have to fight for comparable powers in self-defense. Until 1933 neither labor nor agriculture, however, was very active in fighting the use of governmental powers. What they were unable to obtain by governmental aid, they tried to obtain by the advantages of voluntary organization. Even in this field they were hampered by the governmental powers already possessed by business, and by the dominance of business influence in government.
 "The legislation of 1933 attempted to equalize the governmental powers possessed by each group. Many believed that it would be possible for all these groups to so use their governmental powers that profit would be the reward for abundant balanced production, rather than the reward for clever bargaining and the control of certain classes. These hopes have been fulfilled only in part, and for reasons with which you are familiar."

Turning directly to the application of the idea of restoring a balance between agriculture and industry, Wallace characterized the processing tax as the farmers' tariff "but a tariff to be used only within the limitations of justice to the consumer." He expressed the belief that agriculture "will enthusiastically get out of it (the tariff game) the moment industry and labor give some indication that they are ready to reduce tariffs on industrial products when the prices of those products are maintained by tariffs above the pre-war relationship." He also defended crop curtailment on the ground that it had not deprived American consumers of any food, but had withdrawn production of crops for which the foreign market had fallen off.

Facing the grave question of whether the AAA will meet the tests of constitutionality Mr. Wallace spoke dispassionately, without definite commitment, but nonetheless with a firmness of conviction:

"At this point a question arises: Can any great group, such as agriculture or labor, legally use governmental powers to correct economic imbalance, or can the whole people, through government, legally defend themselves against either economic oligarchy or the classes that result from the continual battling of conflicting groups? In other words, is economic self-government in these United States constitutional? Is it going to be possible for the federal government to make decisions by which all will be affected by such decisions, or must those decisions be left in the hands of the few at the top?"

"Such questions must be raised today because when farmers and laboring men ask for a delegation of federal power equivalent to the tariff or the corporate form of organization, they are in danger of being met by some such statement as this: 'It is not the province of the court to consider economic advantages or disadvantages of such a centralized system. It is sufficient that the federal constitution does not provide for it.' There will be many to disagree with that view. There will be even more who will agree that many of our economic problems today are national, and that national problems can only be attacked and solved nationally. The depression did not strike Seattle, Chicago, and New York. It did not descend upon Iowa and leave Pennsylvania untouched. Why pretend that it did?"

"Now that the nation is approaching maturity, we face the necessity of discovering that principle of unity which provides most fully and justly the basis for an effective government. It is not the province of the federal union. It must be a unity which will allow abundant room for diversity within it, and which will permit simultaneous centralization and decentralization of certain powers to permit a national approach to national problems, decentralization of certain administrative functions to permit a rebirth of democracy in every township in the land."
 "No one knows today with any certainty just which, if any, amendments to the constitution may be necessary in order to put such a principle of proper union into action. We do not know that it has not been politically feasible to use the federal unity of the United States since the World War in any manner that would permit a fundamentally sound approach to our long-run economic and political problems. Gradually the issue is being drawn. I hope it will be debated at length in every convention, in every schoolhouse, of the land."

It seems to us that Secretary Wallace builds too much on his formula of the vanishing frontier. The country had fully as acute periods of distress in the years when settlement reached only to the Missouri river. The low density of population in this country as compared with many foreign countries disproves the implication of loss of opportunity with the passing of the frontier. This paper has previously pointed out "new frontiers" in industry which open up means of support for hundreds of thousands of people. Take the automotive industry, beauty parlors, and radio for example. Inventive genius opened up these new frontiers which absorb in profitable employment far more people than a simple new agricultural area.

The challenge to "economic self-government" is well put; but the proposals of the new deal have been for the most part ill-conceived no matter how well intentioned they were. It is by no means clear that because these new deal instrumentalities have been found unconstitutional that the federal government is devoid of essential powers to the degree that a drastic alteration of the federal theory is necessary.

The Statesman's challenge to Mr. Wallace and to President Roosevelt is to revert to traditional democratic theory and to reduce the tariff in the direct effort to equalize the

balance between industry and agriculture. We have contended all along that when Pres. Roosevelt scuttled the economic conference in London in 1933 and adopted a policy of economic insularity he was making the wrong choice, and the whole outline of Wallace's philosophy attests that he agrees with us. Conditions have changed materially; but the administration should abandon its attempt at alphabetically gyroscoping the internal economy by undertaking a more realistic procedure, which will require no strain on the constitution, no slurs on the court, and no experimentation in unsound economics.

Twenty Years Ago
 July 25, 1915
 The Arto-Frisco club girls of the Salem Artisan drill team return today with first honors from Oakland, Calif.
 Editorial note: A good, clear spruce log is considered a mint in Gray's Harbor country. The clear spruce is needed in building airships.

Ten Years Ago
 July 25, 1925
 Jack Dempsey said he was through with pictures and would devote himself to the fight game in an interview yesterday.
 One hundred Lions and guests attended the annual picnic at Lloyd Reynolds's place north of Salem last night.
 The no-stocking fad among women has hit Salem.

Teachers Are Due Home From School Studies in South
 SILVERTON, July 24.—Miss May Townly is expecting her son, Guy DeLay, home from Pasadena where he went early in June to attend the Community play house course for the summer. Mr. DeLay has written that he enjoyed his work in dramatic classes very much. He and his sister who lives at Los Angeles, plan to attend the San Diego fair before Mr. DeLay returns to Silverton where he is dramatic coach at the high school.
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CHAPTER XIII
 Bannister's uneasiness grew when Karen remarked that the stiletto had disappeared from the aquarium and asked if Detective Toole had taken it away. "Toole hasn't touched it," he replied, drawing her away a little further from her father and Hod. "If one of the servants had found it, Meyers would have known. Has Captain Boyle been up there since this afternoon?"
 "No. But he seemed to be terribly angry with Mr. Toole about something when he called this evening. He indicated the whole idea of the stiletto, suggesting having anything to do with it."
 She paused upon hearing the butler's voice at the door. "A house servant with a verbal message for Mr. Sire," he announced. "I instructed him to remain in the corridor—Captain Boyle has ordered the policeman to scrutinize every person who enters the apartment."
 "Dick left Karen's side instantly. "Let me go," he said.
 But Sire already had started for the door. His eyes flashed appreciation to Bannister, but he seemed indifferent to the danger implied in the offer.
 A portentous silence fell upon the gallery when Sire left the room. Some impalpable menace hung upon the air. A light speech that Karen had started flattered like a struck bird and fell, it seemed, to the carpet. A strange, frightened little cry escaped her lips.
 Dick started for the door, but paused almost at the threshold and began to back slowly into the room. An instant later Maurice Sire entered, erect, stiffly precise in his gait, but with a face preternaturally pale.
 "Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I am going to ask you to leave us immediately. I have something important to say to my daughter."
 "Now was unmistakable—it meant instant dismissal."
 Meyers was immobile as usual when he opened the foyer door for the Bannisters, although he threw a weary glance toward the policeman, now flagrantly sneering as an armchair, his pistol holster swinging like a black pendulum with the measured movements of his stride.
 Maurice Sire had not followed them to the door. When Karen turned to him a moment later, he said: "Little girl, don't be alarmed. Tell Meyers we are not to be disturbed, then close the door."
 Karen, white with some nameless terror, obeyed.
 "Now," he continued, "please call Dr. Laughlin, whose office is on the first floor."
 She picked up the telephone. "This was all she was able to say."
 "Not exactly that," he replied coolly. "I've been put on the spot, as the phrase goes these days. Some person threw a dagger at me the moment I stepped into the corridor and turned my back. It was aimed at the heart, you know. But it stuck in my shoulder blade—it's there now."
 Hod Bannister took the abrupt dismissal from it a variety of Sire's apartment as an old friend should take it—without question and without resentment. With Dick it was different. He saw finally in it all—the chill finger of banishment pointing to a bleak and empty world—a world without Karen's presence, her smile, her voice.
 "Sire doesn't want our help," he said gloomily. "I could see that in his eyes; he doesn't want us to share in his secret. He intends to protect Karen by shutting her off from all human contact."
 "Very likely," Hod agreed nonchalantly. "You don't question his right to follow the promptings of a father's heart, I hope. Anyway, you have no standing with him except through the accident of being my brother. You and that infernal methuselah, Bully, contributed nothing but an added irritation to his troubles."
 "Cheerful, aren't you?" retorted Dick savagely. "You look like Hod. He's twenty-eight years old; get going. You're brotherly setting down. Your brotherly interest has followed me around the

world. Well, I came to New York on your invitation, looked it over and made up my mind that the wilderness was the place for me."
 "Quite so," Hod admitted.
 "I was going to Canada when something happened. The two most intelligent animals in the world—my sturdie and Karen Sire's chow—saw a way to bring us together. "Intelligent animals," Hod repeated. "Godlike animals, I should say!"
 "Right!" Dick responded promptly. "Put all the sarcasm you like on the ball. Nevertheless, it was a godlike act. Call it fate for short. Hod, I'm telling you that I love Karen Sire. Anything presumptuous about that? We're Virginians, Dick fought with the impulse to tell Hod of his crazy compact with "One-Armed" Toole and Karen Sire. He felt that the whole episode of the stiletto, if recounted to his brother, would convince that hard-headed person of the immediate need for a full confession to Maurice Sire. Recalling from the thought as treason to his allies, he merely said, "Sire looked hard hit, sure enough."
 "Some big scheme of his has gone wrong," Hod continued. "We were talking about Aaron Burr a while ago—Sire is his modern prototype."
 "Burr," Hod went on, "was the most picturesque of all American adventurers. He had a daughter named Theodosia and it was his

dream to make her the queen of a new country, taking in all of Mexico and part of the United States. Montezuma, he was to call it. It was that enterprise which brought your distinguished ancestor into the foreground when Burr was tried for treason."
 "Well, what of it?"
 "Only this. Burr is Maurice Sire's hero. It wouldn't surprise me if he had in the back of his head the notion of building up an empire such as Burr contemplated—with Karen as queen."
 Dick stared at his brother in cynical amazement. "Who's looney now?" he laughed. "Why, the existing governments are so jealous of aggression that they even scrap over possession of such God-forsaken little jetties of ice and rock as Wrangell Island up in the Arctic."
 "Yet," Hod went on, "maps of the world became obsolete after the late war. New frontiers are being created right now in South America and in China. What I have dreamed forty years ago that the United States would take over the Philippines! But we bought 'em after licking Spain—bought 'em for thirty million dollars."
 "Thirty millions—that's about Sire's individual pile."
 "About. There are plenty of wretched governments right now waiting for a strong hand to take the helm. Look at Albania—Mussolini has swallowed it like a cherry. Now he's getting ready to take a slice out of that blackberry pie—Abyssinia."
 "What are you driving at, any way?" Dick demanded with sudden interest.

(To Be Continued)
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