

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave."
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HEALTH

Today's Talk

By H. S. Copeland, M. D.

We are always afraid of the word "hydrophobia". It has a sinister sound, and used to be the cause of a great many deaths. This was before Pasteur gave to the world the means of its treatment. Beyond the ordinary danger that accompanies any wound, the disease is caused by the timely use of his treatment by inoculation. Rabies need not die of this disease at the present time.

Of those who are bitten by dogs only about 15 per cent develop the disease. The large majority of bites are inflicted by healthy dogs, and such bites mean nothing beyond the ordinary danger that accompanies any wound.

Hydrophobia is an infectious disease caused by a particular germ which has been communicated by an animal to the bitten person. Most domestic animals are subject to rabies. This is true of cats, dogs, horses, cattle, swine, as well as skunks and wolves. Wolves seem to be the most dangerous of all animals in this respect, but few of us are likely to meet them.

In view of the danger of rabies, it is important to find out whether or not the biting dog is really rabid. This is done by examining the brain of the animal after it has been killed. As soon as a person is bitten the wound should be allowed to bleed as much as possible. Then it should be characterized with carbolic or nitric acid, applying it carefully so as to keep from burning a large surface of the skin.

When a person is bitten by an animal one should notify the health officer at once for advice on what to do and for treatment. If it is found that the dog had rabies it will be necessary to take the Pasteur treatment, which continues over a period of about twenty days. Any local or State Board of Health will give you advice on what to do.

If a dog is suspected of being mad it should be kept under observation in a suitable place. Within five or six days it will give every evidence of the disease and quickly die. Then its brain is examined to verify the diagnosis.

Dog lovers do not like to muzzle their pets. But the only sure way to stamp out hydrophobia and make the public safe from the disease is to insist on dogs wearing tags in public places.

It takes from three to eight weeks, or even longer, for the disease to develop. Toward the end of the incubation period the bitten person becomes irritable, wakeful and depressed. He has headache and fever and soon his muscles become rigid. Swallowing becomes very difficult and he has great fear in drinking because of the pain it causes, hence the word meaning fear of water.



"The SEA BRIDE"

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Once the tow was under way it moved swiftly. Men on the Sally breathed again. Then after a time, they saw Brander and his men had stopped rowing and brought their boat alongside the whale. Dan's glass revealed Brander digging and hacking at the carcass with the boarding-knife.

In due time Brander came back alongside, and long before he reached the Sally, Dan could see the excitement in the fourth mate's eyes. As they slid past the bow, Brander's men taunted those who had jeered at them. They were like men who had turned the tables on their enemies, Dan was uneasy.

CHAPTER XXIV.
The boat slid into position, the men hooked on the tackles, then climbed aboard the Sally. They swung on the falls, the boat rose into its cradle, and Brander turned to Dan.

"It was worth the smell, Mr. Tobey!" he said pleasantly.

He pointed into the boat. Dan looked, and saw three huge chunks of black and waxy stuff—black with yellowish tints showing through—and he smelled a faint and musky fragrance. He looked at Brander.

"What is it?" he asked. "What do you think you've found?"

"Ambergris," said Brander. "Three big chunks, four little ones. Close to three hundred pounds!"

One-eyed Mauger clucked at Brander's back.

"And worth three hundred dollars a pound," he chuckled. "Worth the smell, Mr. Tobey!"

Brander's find of ambergris laid carefully upon the deck, studied by Noll Wing and the officers on their knees, set the Sally buzzing with the clack of tongues.

There was a romance in the stuff itself that caught attention. It came from the rotting carcass of the largest thing that lives—from the heart of a vast stench; yet itself smelled faintly and fragrantly of musk, and had the power of multiplying any other perfume a thousandfold. Not a man on the Sally had seen a bit larger than a cartridge before; they studied it, handled it, marveled at it.

At last Cap'n Wing stood up stiffly from bending over the lumps of ambergris. He looked at Brander.

"It's ugly enough," he said. "You're sure it's the stuff you think?"

Brander nodded.

"Yes, sir, quite sure."

"What's it worth?"

"Hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars a pound—price changes."

Noll looked at the waxy stuff again.

"It don't look it. How much is there of it?"

"Close to 300 pounds."

Noll's lips moved with the swang of the falls, the boat rose into its cradle, and Brander turned to Dan.

"Close to ninety thousand dollars!"

Brander smiled.

"That's the maximum, of course."

"You've done the rest of us a service, Mr. Brander," Dan Tobey said.

Brander looked at him, and an imp of mischief gleamed in his eye.

"The rest of you?" he echoed quietly. "I was sent out to remove the carcass, not to dissect it. The digging for this was my private enterprise, Mr. Tobey."

Old James Tichel, the second mate, gasped under his breath. Dan started to speak then looked toward Cap'n Noll Wing. It was for him to deal with Brander's claim. Noll stared at the precious stuff on the deck, and at Brander, and he said nothing.

Brander smiled. He called Mauger to come aft and help him, and proceeded with the utmost care to clean the lumps of ambergris. He paid no further heed to the men about him. Noll went below; and Faith, who had listened without speaking, followed him, Dan and old Tichel got together

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Reporting progress:
On our flax industry. Of the approximately 6000 acres of flax being harvested or that will soon be harvested, under contract to the state flax industry, 250 acres was planted to the J. W. S. pedigreed seed. This will mean around 2000 acres planted to this improved seed next year, or a little better than eight acres in 1931 for one acre in 1930.

And that will mean a possible 17,500 acres in pedigreed seed flax in 1932, if the growth of the acreage shall be that fast. It is possible to grow flax from this seed that will yield as high as 1,000 pounds to the acre of fiber. Flax fiber is now very low in price. The best line (or long line) fiber is selling at 23 cents a pound. But that means a yield of \$220 from an acre for fiber alone, with an addition of \$20 to \$40 an acre for the seed, and something from by-products, such as hulls for stock food and several dollars for the shives.

The United States consul at Belfast, Ireland, spoke to the Salem chamber of commerce some weeks ago, on the flax industry of that country and district. He acknowledged that he knew nothing about that phase of the industry, but he said an Irish spinner told him the J. W. S. improved seed flax, making a large straw, yielded a coarse and low grade fiber. This has not been found to be the case here, and it is certain that the Irish spinner was prejudiced, and "talking through his hat."

Flax fiber is peculiar. It is so fine that each leaf or measure of it can still be divided, no matter how fine it can be divided until it is too small to be seen with the naked eye. It is not reasonable to suppose that a large straw's shive will be enclosed with a fiber less fine than a small straw's shive. Flax fiber does not grow that way.

The fact is, this United States consul said he came 6000 miles on his way to Salem to see his first scutching machine. The Irish spinners are among the best in the world, but their growers, and those who separate the fiber from the straw, are 6000 years behind the times, as compared with our Salem district growers and those who treat the product up to the fiber stage here.

The state flax plant is constantly making improvements; many not seen elsewhere in the world. There is a new machine built here, for the handling of tow. The grading processes are up to date, and more room has recently been added for this work. And so it goes.

There is a new parts house, just finished, in a convenient location, for the extra parts of pulling machines, from the first model to the last. This will make a great convenience for the men operating the pulling machine in the flax harvest all over the district.

The Western Board Products company, in its plant being finished near the state fair grounds, will use the shives of the state flax plant, paying \$6 a ton. This will help to make possible the building up of a great industry here, and it will make a new source of income for the state flax industry. While the shives have some fuel value, it does not run near to \$6 a ton.

This \$6 a ton is free on board

Some new sources of income and savings will have to be found to offset the low prices of fiber, if the present contract prices paid to the farmer for his flax are to be maintained. As was said yesterday, the best long line fiber brings only 23 cents new, running down to 15 cents a pound for inferior grades. This is about the lowest in history. Not long ago, the best line fibers brought 75 cents a pound, and quite recently 80 cents.

Also, upholstering tow is down. It was a few years ago around \$100 a ton. It is now \$60 in car lots, and \$70 a ton in less than car lots.

There is likely to come a time soon, if not beginning next year, when the state will have to protect independent processors by not offering farmers too high prices for their flax—prices at which private concerns will not be able to compete and make reasonable returns. But it is likely that flax will be for a long time the best field crop that can be grown here; the most profitable and one of the most beneficial to the land in a proper rotation series.

Something more should be said about the way the inmates of the prison work in the state flax industry. They are as faithful on the average as men in similar employment on the outside. There are several reasons for this. They are the only inmates getting a daily wage. They get \$2000 to \$3000 a month, running from 25 cents a day up. This gives them spending money, or goes to their dependents on the outside, or is accumulated in the office against their times of release, furnishing them starts in life on the outside.

Such considerations render these men a saving section of the whole number of inmates. They have something at stake. They know, too, that they are engaged in a form of work that is building an industry that will eventually provide every inmate worker a daily wage. And they know that time is growing near.

Superintendent Meyers says there are more than 200 men in the Oregon penitentiary who might with safety be paroled; a considerable proportion of them not eligible for parole at all, under present statutes. This would aid materially in curing the congestion at the prison, besides it would be a means of protecting rather than injuring society at large.

Holding a man in prison long beyond the time when he might with perfect safety be released becomes a form of vindictive punishment, which is against the letter and spirit of the Oregon constitution, as it is likewise contrary to the tenets of modern penology, to say nothing of common sense.

There were 908 inmates in the Oregon prison on Thursday, against the high mark of 908 a few weeks ago; the average for June being 900 and a fraction.

(This column will tomorrow have some comments on our parole system.)

Nihil Nisi Bonum

There is the good old Latin phrase: "De mortuis, nihil nisi bonum." ("Of the dead, nothing save praise.") The Portland Telegram and the Portland Journal take advantage of the silence which this rule imposes. In the matter of the late proceedings in disbarment with respect to Mr. Joseph, the court expunged its findings from the record as is customary when death intervenes before the final adjudication of a matter. Newspapers opposed to the Joseph attitude to the court, accepted this action, and have dealt most kindly with Mr. Joseph's memory with reference thereto. They should continue in this course.

Whether or not they will continue to do so may depend in part on the attitude of the Portland papers mentioned. The Telegram takes occasion to strike at Judge Skipworth, who perforce must remain silent and make no reply. It says:

"For Henry L. Bergman, common thief, betrayer of an important trust, Judge Skipworth strains a point—and strains the quality of mercy. But what sympathy or kindness did he show to George W. Joseph—a man of stainless honor and unblemished reputation; a man whose splendid qualities Judge Skipworth knew well from long, personal acquaintance?"

"To let a bank; to bring anxiety and distress on hundreds of helpless depositors; to outrage public decency—these we must excuse, are negligible offenses, readily condoned; but to spread aloud unfavorable opinions; to plead for the wishes of the dead and the rights of the living; to stand boldly for honor and justice—these are sins for which Judge Skipworth apparently has no mercy."

May we say to the Telegram that we feel it renders a disservice to the memory of Mr. Joseph. There is no need to reopen a bitter controversy. There will be no reply to this comment, not because a reply is not ready, but out of respect for Mr. Joseph. His restless, combative nature has at last found peace. "In pace requiescat." If those like The Statesman which arose to defend the supreme court against unwarranted attacks, are willing to end what now becomes a bloodless controversy, then surely the friends of Mr. Joseph should acquiesce and refrain from prolonging it.

We have more to do in this state than to engage in a war of the roses over the deeds of the dead. The attitude of the Telegram would make a controversy now ended and expunged an continuing feud. Let us have peace instead.

"All Quiet" Too Noisy

Just as we said, so realistic was the war film "All Quiet on the Western Front," that it would be hard to recruit a squad for army duty after that exhibition. That of course makes it a capital film for showing the emptiness as well as the sordidness of mass production in war-murder; but some folk think the film ought to be suppressed for just that reason.

Here is a send-out dealing with "All Quiet":
May we solicit your influence to help prohibit Universal's film "All Quiet on the Western Front"? This is the most brazen propaganda film ever made in America. It undermines beliefs in the army and in authority. Moscow itself could not have produced a more subversive film. Its continued unceasing exhibition especially before juveniles will go far to raise a race of yellow-streaked slackers and dilettantes. Domestic statescraft common sense and plain everyday patriotism demand instant suppression of such vicious propaganda. It is important to act promptly. Accept please our every respect and thanks.

No, that isn't set out by the past president general of the D. A. R. nor by Fred Marvin, nor others of the professional watch-dogs who bark at passing pacifists. It is the offering of Major Frank Pease, president of the Hollywood Technical Director's institute. That is all we know about him. We vouch neither for his military title nor his civil office. His statement speaks for itself.

But the very reason why Pease thinks the film should be censored is the reason it should be further exhibited. Let youth know what modern war is; then they should know whether to shout for it at the patriotizing of every flapping politician that comes along.

Settling the Tariff Question

One of the important reasons why President Hoover signed the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was, as he said, to settle the question, get it out of the realm of controversy. Yet in the same statement in which he made this declaration he pointed to the flexibility provision as one of the redeeming features of the measure. No sooner was the bill signed than senators both of the jackass and hi-jacker breeds started to call on the tariff commission to launch investigations on various commodities including: shoes, furniture, cement, shovels, grass hooks, bells, wire fencing, and scythes.

Thus tariff-making promises to enter into the field of continuous performance. Instead of being settled, it would appear to be permanently unsettled. It remains to be seen however whether the tariff commission will really function or whether it will merely rub its eyes and turn over for another shoe.

The material submitted and the testimony taken at hearings in connection with the writing of the recent tariff is said to be enough to fill two sets of Encyclopaedia Britannica. Only some one with the plodding patience of Congressman Hawley would try to study much of this material. The commission has a life term if it is going to go into tariff studies on the scale which the initial requests indicate.

The Vacation Season

Now that the Fourth is past the country can anticipate a good vacation season. It is timely. The country needs a vacation. Business men need it. Trying to answer that eternal foolish question "How's business?" has run them ragged. They need two weeks in the mountains, far away from debt and credit, where they can get fried trout, brush away the yellow-jackets, and get restful sleep on hemlock boughs. When they will be living again, not just vibrating on concrete streets between home and office. Up in the heights where things are free; water and air and a place to sleep and fish; they will get the weariness rubbed out of their brains and healthy tan will replace the tired look about the eyes.

After a fortnight's rest and play, then back to work; able to eat and sleep; able to work and plan; able to succeed.

We have no patience with those humans who make fun of vacations. What then do they live for? And how long can they keep the pace without a break? Keeping fit is the first essential for success; and a vacation is one way of keeping fit.

Hunter Brothers just hitched their trap to a star. No wonder they could stay up so long. Capt. Kingsford-Smith flew a second-hand plane around the world. A good boost for used machines.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

July 5, 1905
Fire of unknown origin broke out in the town of McCoy, Polk county, yesterday afternoon and consumed the dwelling, grocery store and blacksmith of F. M. Miller. The blaze also threatened other buildings.

A steel brakebeam dropped and caused derailment of a car loaded with pickles. The accident happened near the reform school and caused the freight to be held up for nearly five hours here.

Roy Brown, who lives on the Garden road, was badly burned about the face and arms yesterday as result of a cartridge exploding.

A large number of people from this city witnessed the fireworks on top of Mt. Hood last night.

A Problem For You For Today

The floor of an assembly room is 43 feet wide at one end, 45 feet at the other, and its area is 330 square yards. What is its length?

Answer to Yesterday's Problem — \$556.50. Explanation — Subtract 26, 16, and .125 each from 308.50, the second result into that quotient, and the third result into the second quotient. Subtract \$03.50 from the last quotient.

Prizes worth more than 1,000 have been offered for the best fire examples of roadside beautification in a contest conducted by the Missouri highway department.

HOLLYWOOD

Home of 25c Last Times Today

HOOT GIBSON

HOOT'S LATEST ALL-TALKING, ALL-ACTION COMEDY WESTERN

HOOT GIBSON

AL JOLSON

In "MAMMIE" First Showings in Oregon

Back to Blackface in Mammie story, that is made to order for Al, and it's Al-Talking, Al-Singing, Al-Laughing. "You ain't seen anything so funny" till you see Jolson in this merry mélange of minstrelsy.

TOMORROW and for a run of four days, Salem will get its greatest screen thrill —

Richard Barthelmess

"SON OF THE GODS"

TRIGGER TRICKS

Also Talking Comedy, News and Serial "Hawk of the Hills." Special Mickey Mouse Program Starts at 1:30 p. m.

ELKS LODGE

Continuous 8 to 11 p. m.

TODAY - TOMORROW

Fanchon & Marco

present their

GLORIFICATION OF LATIN LOVELINESS

HIRSCH-ARNOLD DANCERS

ARMANDA CHEROT and JOSE MERCADO

SLATE BROS.

ALI HASSAN'S BALLETMASTERS

Lou Meier and Eleonora playing in Carmen Capers

ON THE SCREEN

THE HAPPY COMEDIAN

JACK OAKIE

in

"The SOCIAL LION"

MARY BRIAN "SHE'S CALLING" OLIVE BORDEN

Supplying the wisest cracks that keep women from showing their age

MICKEY MOUSE IN "BARNYARD CONCERT"