

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Hearst and France

WILLIAM Randolph Hearst has been invited to leave France, nay, not invited, commanded. And Mr. Hearst left France for England.

If there is any man who is a national and international menace it is William Randolph Hearst. From the days of his vicious beginnings in American journalism he has been a disrupting force in international affairs. He has endangered American relations with Spain, with England, with Mexico, with France. His newspapers stand for hoodlumism run rampant.

His yellow and red newspapers precipitated the war with Spain. They were condemned by Roosevelt as inspiring the ignorant Czolgosz to kill President McKinley. During the world war his International News Service was expelled from England. Then after the war he started all his papers bellowing in favor of an Anglo-American pact for world power. His publication of forged Mexican papers became an international incident. Their falseness was easily disclosed and the Hearst press was utterly discredited. But that would not stop this brazen debaucher of intelligence and political morality.

The United States has in Hearst a fine example of uncontrolled power. His great newspaper chain reaching from coast to coast, with enormous circulations in the cities, panders to the lowest instincts. His great presses spew out a daily vomit of distortion, of vicious propaganda, of discreditable, narrow-minded "Americanism." He rules a domain without control. He is responsible to no one. He is an unchosen monarch in the newspaper field whose grip cannot be broken. The whole country suffers under the blight of his degraded type of journalism.

Seen' Things in Medford

WHEN the Medford News was "called" for asserting that special interests were buying up the newspapers of Oregon and controlling their editorial policies, the News comes back with a column of abuse of the Oregonian, winding up with this:

"I am sorry that this is neither the time nor the place to divulge the information which I considered conservative and reliable."

"The 'I' of course is Llewellyn A. Banks, the publisher of the News and independent candidate for senator. He couldn't divulge the information because he didn't have any or because it was so fanciful that it couldn't stand the light of day."

Outside of Portland where the papers have to lick the boots of Julius Meier of Portland's Own Store, the newspapers are singularly free from control. They are independently owned and operated. Most of them are prospering so they do not have to sell out to special interests. Banks is merely suffering from self-induced hallucinations.

We do not blame Senator McNary for going back to Washington where he may do some good representing the people of Oregon instead of staying here and having to pay attention to the petty fulminations of his scatter-gun opponents. Both Banks and Watkins have got to the letter-writing stage where they seek to embarrass their opponent by writing "open letters" to him. It's a worn-out ruse; and the attempt of Watkins to line up McNary with the "power rust" merely represents the extremity to which that individual goes in his effort to slide into office. McNary is a good politician; and he knows his cause is perfectly safe here at home with such opposition as is offered by Hon. Watkins and Hon. Banks.

Wings Across the Sea

IT is not an idle gesture nor a mere figure of speech by which America welcomes with open arms the distinguished French fliers, Coste and Bellonte. They have returned the compliment of our own Lindbergh and have made an equally glorious flight from Paris to New York, spanning the ocean from continent to continent. Ever since the ill-fated expedition of Coli and Nungesser just after the Lindbergh flight, the world has awaited just the achievement which these brave French fliers have made.

Two things are noteworthy about their flight, one, is its speed and the other is the complete check of its movements made possible through the radio. It was not "lost" from the time it crossed the point of Ireland until it circled the little French island of St. Pierre off Newfoundland.

America gives them welcome, honors them in their triumph, and sends back a message of goodwill to the country whence they come.

Democratic newspapers have taken delight in spoofing the administration because of the business depression. They assert that President Hoover has done nothing. Well, the figures are coming out, and indicate that the Hoover program has done much to dull the edge of hard times. The president's first move was to encourage public works and construction of utility plants. What are the results? For the first seven months of 1932 the cost of new construction for public works and utilities has run 21% ahead of 1931. Residential construction has fallen 48% behind, non-residential only 13% behind. Now the president is taking a hand in encouraging residential building, the pause in construction having permitted the catching up of demand. With revival of residential building, lumbering will revive. The country isn't going to stay in the dumps much longer.

We take note that Editor Chessman of Astoria has completed the consolidation of the two newspapers of that city and is also one of the chief promoters of a new bank for Astoria. What sacrifices a man will make for his community! He will combine the newspapers into a monopoly of the field, but believes in more competition in the banking business. Astoria, which has been a graveyard of banks, now has two banks, and a third is proposed. Responsible people want to invest \$122,000 in a banking enterprise there; and there is a strong sentiment favorable to granting the charter. But the same economic rules apply to banks as to newspapers—too many banks leads to trouble. Only about half the state banks in Oregon declared any dividends at all in recent years; and the record will not be any better this year.

The big joke of the democratic rally was Walter Pater's abuse of farm relief. Virtually every democrat in congress voted for the farm relief bill. What Walter proposes is to make the law worse by the export debenture plan, which is simply artificial "dumping" which we are abusing Russia for doing to us with matches and coal.

Summer is making one last effort. The sun for several days has stoked high his furnaces and the enveloping haze and smoke of late autumn serve as a blanket to make the heat more oppressive. Like the actor who takes an extra encore before the final curtain, the summer puts in an extra bow, knowing full well that autumn rains and wind, though tardy with their cue, stand whispering in the wings.

HEALTH

Today's Talk
By R. R. Copeland, M. D.

There isn't the slightest doubt that the average person can add materially to his length of life.



He can make his life long, happy and effective if he will keep a youthful mind and body. But, you say, how can one keep body and mind young? What a man eats, how he works and plays, the amount and kind of exercise he takes daily, and his mental attitude—all these have a direct bearing on good health. They promote long life.

I have been much interested in hearing of the life of a certain Judge in Ohio. At seventy-eight years of age he is still on the bench. He says he never feels physically tired. I believe his story would interest my readers.

Judge Webber says he is not a pessimist. He must be an optimist, although he does not boast of it. Probably his mental attitude is the really great secret of his long life.

The judge is now engaged in writing three books so he rises at five and works at his typewriter for two hours. Then a little outdoor exercise in his yard and a bath follow after which he has breakfast. He walks to and from his work and spends a busy morning and afternoon at the courthouse. His sight and hearing are excellent and he walks with an alert step. He began drinking buttermilk twenty years ago. He drinks two glasses of buttermilk and two glasses of sweet milk every day and eats little meat. He eats no bolted flour but lots of apples and other fruit.

This man at seventy-eight believes that the quality of sleep he enjoys has much to do with his good health. He usually goes to bed at ten and sleeps like a child.

These are splendid rules for living. A wide and humanitarian interest in life, right mental attitude, wholesome living, all these things make life worth living.

If you haven't a religion have a good philosophy. Some people call the spiritual and mental attitude one thing and some another.

Enough emphasis cannot be placed upon the relation of mind and body to health. Bad health has mentally depressing effects. Overfatigue, overeating, constipation, living in contaminated air, lack of physical exercise—all lower the vitality and the resistance to disease.

Good health has an effect the very reverse of this. Given good health, right thinking and doing the consciousness of physical strength and endurance—there is no end to the things one can accomplish in life. With a keen interest in life and human kindness for your fellow man, contentment of mind is sure to follow.

Keep young in thought and action, and you'll live. Have a time for everything and do every thing in time to make your health what it should be. Then you will get the most out of life.

Answers to Health Queries
S.C.A. Q.—Is there anything one can put on the skin to make it tan instead of sunburn?

A—Apply cocoa butter before exposing yourself to the sun.

N.F.B. Q.—What would you advise to make scars left by black-heads less noticeable?

A—Apply hot and cold compresses alternately for ten minutes, night and morning. Follow this by gently massaging with a good cold cream.

Mrs. M.R. Q.—Will anything besides an operation straighten legs?

A—Not unless the patient is very young. In this case braces may be helpful.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon
Towns Talks from The Statesman Our Path Road

September 4, 1905
Considerable talk is in the air of construction of a railroad from Salem to Sheridan, in Yamhill county, then to some coast point on Tillamook bay, probably to Bay City. This would tap a rich timber and dairy country.

John Holman, former Salem man but now of Albany, is visiting old friends here.

Thirty-three new members were added to the Salem library list for the past month and 1,451 persons borrowed books.

Death Ruled Accident Though Season Not Open

SHELDON, Wash., Sept. 3 — (AP.)—Baxter, about 70, whom Richard Snodgrass said he shot in mistake for a deer in the woods yesterday, died at a hospital today.

Baxter, a prosperous farmer and former Kentucky railroad man, was sitting on a log when Snodgrass, a neighbor, fired at him through underbrush. A widow and seven children survive.

Authorities said today the shooting was "purely accidental." The deer season does not open until next month.

Claims totaling \$2,189.11 have been paid to Statesman subscribers through the \$1.00 North American accident insurance policy, which are issued to Statesman subscribers.

A 1932 SIGNAL?



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 28.
"That's it, all right," Peter said. "Now that he holds the ring at last in his hand, he gave no sign of jubilation. His long face was deeply troubled. He examined the ring with close concentration, blinking at it with his bright, near-sighted eyes as if he half expected it to vanish from his grasp."

"How was I to know?" the pawnshop proprietor wailed. He spread his hands with the puffed helplessness of an oppressed race, shrinking from the lifted bluegown of an unlistening fate. "I tell you, I don't deal in no stolen goods, not if I know. I tell you honest, I'm not to blame. Honest, inspector!"

It was part of his age-old tragedy that his whining asseverations aroused an instinctive disgust rather than pity. Peter looked with aversion at the dirty old man, whose head was covered with a dingy black skull cap. But as he looked, his distaste sank in to insignificance before the clear light of his understanding. Peter had the rare gift of swift, interpretive imagination. God, what the man must have suffered to break his spirit like that!

"It's all right, Isadore," he said kindly, "don't cry out before you're hurt."

"You just play ball with us and you won't get into trouble," Inspector Larrinan added sternly.

Isadore's furtive, timid glance flitted rapidly from one face to the other.

"I'll do anything you say, gentlemen," he assured them with over-eager servility.

"Well, you ain't got to do anything right now," Larrinan turned to Peter. "What about this ring now? Have you got enough on the guy that brought it in to swear out a complaint?"

"No, I haven't," Peter said cautiously. "I never saw the ring before, myself. The theft was reported to me by a lady. She isn't the owner—the owner is dead. In fact, it disappeared from the room where he was murdered."

"You don't say! You'll have to bring her in to identify the property, then. If you want this man held, that ought to be enough to justify us in running him in."

"You can't do that. The man whose name appears on this report can't be the one that pawned the ring. The thing that gets me is, how his name happened to come into it at all." Peter continued to frown at the ring in his hand, as if by staring at it hard enough he could force it to render an explanation.

"You know him, then?" "Sure, I know him. Why, Lammie works in our office!"

"Lemme see!" Larrinan snatched the scribbled memorandum from Peter's hand. "That's it—Walter de Lamoth, sure as shooting. Lemme tell you something. The inspector's voice sank to a low note of earnestness as he tapped the memorandum on the counter to emphasize his words. "If this guy de Lamoth has got mixed up in anything crooked, there's a man at headquarters that would snap at the chance to break him. If Morton ever gets the hooks into him—"

"Well, Morton hasn't got hold of him yet," Peter said with an assurance he was far from feeling. "That's why I wanted you to come down here with me yourself. You're a good scout, Larrinan. When Lammie came down on the train with Morton and that kid bandit, Jordan, after they captured him up north, Lammie saw Morton with his own eyes when he beat up the kid with a rubber hose to get a confession out of him. He was only 18 years old, mind you, and small for his age—stunted from lack of food, I guess. He was nothing but a sniveling starved rat."

"Well every body knows you gotta give 'em the works sometimes to get anything out of 'em. I don't say I like it. That's why I asked to be transferred to the pawnshop detail. But we all know it happens." Larrinan said. "Morton says de Lamoth squealed on him, just to make a spurge in the paper. The public got so riled about it that the chief had to demote him from chief of detectives, and he hasn't got over it, not by a long sight. Morton would never have let de Lamoth on the trail, if he hadn't thought he'd play ball."

"I can see what Morton thought all right. And it was a damn good thing. But Lammie wasn't just playing his own game, for all that."

"Well, it certainly looked that way," Larrinan said doubtfully. "When Lammie turned in that story, Jimmy Sears wanted to kill for Lammie's own sake. It meant that Lammie had to be taken off the police beat, where he was doing good work, and Lammie knew it. Jimmy told him that if he ran the story he'd have to bring Lammie into the office on rewrite, and that meant a earthly cut. Of course he'd be no earthly good on the police beat after a thing like that, and Lammie's the type that hates like hell to be tied to the office instead of going after the stuff while it's hot. He didn't do it for the sake of the Herald, either. That one story wasn't worth queering himself as a police reporter."

"What did he do it for, then?" Larrinan asked, wondering. Peter countered with another question. "You know Lammie. Did he ever strike you as a sensational sweet-sister, asking us all to be so sweet to the poor little criminals?"

"Gosh, no!" Larrinan's response was swift and emphatic. "Then maybe you'll believe what I tell you. That kid Jordan didn't need to be beaten up to tell what he knew. Why, he was ready to break at a touch. He was so scared that all he needed was a little time, and he'd have spilled everything. But Morton would not have it that way. The train was getting closer to town all the time, and Morton wanted the credit of getting that confession all by himself, before Jordan was taken to headquarters. So he took the hose to him—being mighty careful, of course, to put it make him talk faster."

"Every time the kid would shriek out a sentence, yelling that he was telling the truth, Morton would whale into him again, saying, 'That'll put some of the truth into you!' Morton had him in the baggage car, I where nobody could hear them. The kid was sobbing and gasping for breath and Morton would take the hose to him again to make him talk faster."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Dorion woman: There was no time for mourning; tears were unknown to her; defeat and despair the Dorion woman never confessed. She with difficulty caught a loose horse, tied a little bag of provisions to the rude saddle, and led her own animal to the side of the wounded man.

"Leave me, woman," he said. "Get away from here with the children; the bad ones may come back at any time. Death is near to me; it may as well come here as at another place." She lifted him in her powerful arms and got him astride the animal, his body drooping over its neck, his arms hanging along its withers. She tied his feet together under the horse's body; said encouraging words in broken French.

Herself on foot, she piloted the little cavalcade down the south bank. Night came on. She hid her little group in the brush at the river's brink. Held the children in her arms through the cold, dark hours. At dawn she tied the boys in their saddle, left the body of the dead LeClere where it lay, and mounted the horse thus freed. They rode at top speed; arrived at a number two. The horse was still bleeding; she mangled and scalped remains of all the men she found there. She was alone with her babies, in midwinter, among hostile Indians, 500 miles from friends.

Superstition prevented her from sleeping in the building, but with a little light she ransacked it for supplies. Every one of the 40 guns was gone; a couple of knives constituted her stock of arms and implements. Frantically she loaded the horses with provisions, taking also a buffalo robe and three deerskins. In an agony of apprehension, but without indecision or delay, she set out in the night. In the weary night that followed she led her dependent creatures down past the dead embankment of the first post; managed to cross the Snake by swimming her horses and dragging an extemporized float; she was decided—she would make again the trip along the sad trail over which she had passed two years before.

No time to pause; on she trudged, the horses staggering under loads that grew a little less each day; through deep snow, nine weary days and nights, up Burat river; along the Powder, across into Grand Ronde; above the steaming Hot Lake; up the slopes of the Blue mountains. Like a tigress fighting for the life of its young, her powerful limbs carried her on, and still on. Every minute advance brought her to a higher altitude. The snow became so deep that they moved at a snail's pace; the horses were growing thinner on their diet of cottonwood twigs; the stock of provisions was dwindling. Prudence dictated going into winter quarters. She selected a spot under overhanging rocks; here she built a tiny wickiup of branches, grass and moss.

She killed the horses; smoked the meat. With their hides and the robe and deerskins she covered the hut. In this primitive habitation she and the children existed for 53 days; supplemented the smoked meat with frozen berries, inner bark of trees, occasionally a mountain mouse or squirrel caught in a snare of horsehair.

March came but in that altitude no slackening of the cold. She computed the time; compared it with her meager stores; to move on meant a bare chance; to remain was certain death. She had cut the daily ration to a minimum. She dared not delay longer. Rolling the skins and scanty provisions into a heavy bag, taking a child by either hand, once more she started up the trail. But there was no trail. In the glaring sunshine on the snow her peering eyes gave out. At night, after a mouthful of the precious food, they wrapped themselves in the robes and slept fitfully until dawn. As she started on, her eyes burned with unendurable agony; a blur before them; she could not find the landmarks. Across the plateau of the summit they toiled along. Suddenly Baptista called her attention to tracks in the snow. She knew that she might decipher them; it was their own trail; they had been traveling in a circle.

She rose, struggled to get her a soft-collared shirt—"Never mind about his clothes. He can change them easy enough," Larrinan tapped the counter impatiently.

"But you see his long, thin neck from above the collar of this shirt. And his Adam's apple moved up and down fast, like an elevator. He chews gum, and you see his Adam's apple go up and down when he chews. His nose has a bump on the bridge, and when he walks he limps with his left foot."

"For more than a moment neither Peter nor Larrinan spoke. Then Peter cleared his throat with an effort.

"Can I count on you—to keep still?" he asked huskily.

"But—if it's murder—do you mean to say you're dropping it?"

"I'm not dropping it. All I ask is for you to know nothing about it, and let me handle it in my own way. I can't let Lammie get into Morton's hands unless it's absolutely necessary. My God!" Peter's voice broke in something like a sob. "He got his limp and that bump on his nose in a train wreck—one of the best stories the Herald ever ran. And we've kidded him about his trick Adam's apple at the office a hundred times!"

"Certainly, gentlemen, I know, Isadore rubbed his claw-like hands together with an ingratiating gesture. "This man, he has

bearings; went on again. It grew dark around her at midday; she was utterly blind. Drawing the children by the sense of touch into the shelter of some bushes, she unwrapped the pack. Baptista helped to make a fire. They must stay there until she could see again. She began to teach him directions. In the morning keep the sun at our backs, during the day on this side, toward evening ahead. Over and over she told him. Three days of this, the food dwindling, dwindling. Late into the third night, she was roused from uneasy slumber by the little Paul's hungry moaning. She pulled the deer skin from over her head, and saw the child. Why, she could see him! There he was, with his little snake eyes and his mouth stretching from ear to ear.

Quoting Debenbach: "Her eyes were getting better; she cast them around in a circle. What are those pairs of gleaming lights, several of them? Wolves! Wolves! Sitting patiently on their haunches, awaiting in instinctive anticipation! For the only time in her life she screamed in horror. 'Mon Dieu!' she cried. Stay, now; I thought I came to her; who is this 'Mon Dieu?' Who is that Spirit, that wakened wolf? What was it said to her? Was it something like 'Hail, Mary, full of grace?' How did the rest of it go? Was it like this, 'Pray for us now in the hour of our death?' And the man God they asked things of—what were the words they said to Him? 'Give us this day our daily food?' Was it like that? Was there something about delivering us from evil, saving us from the bad? Surely, surely, the Great Spirit would help her now, me so poor squaw, so much trouble. 'Help me now, bon Dieu.'"

Before noon the next day they set out to descend into a more genial air; got glimpses down the western slope of the plateau below. Camped one night where the little baby died; was glad it had died; thought of it after the boys were asleep. When morning came had a renewed determination; measured the tiny stock of food into four days' rations. After that came two days and nights with absolutely nothing. They were going into a torpor of the last stages of starvation. Paul awakened first; felt in his little macabre tracks. She took him up on top of her pack until even her heroic frame gave way; tried to steady him on his feet. In a moment of almost utter hopelessness there arose the smoke of an hidden encampment. Finding a hidden cleft in the robes she bestowed the children in it, wrapped them in robes, and broke down a branch or two to mark the spot. "Be patient," she said to them. "Stay here until I get help." They looked up at her in stupefied acquiescence. With a moaning farewell she left them.

(This story will be concluded tomorrow.)

SCAFFOLD ERECTED FOR PRISON KILLER

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., Sept. 2.—(AP.)—Erection of a scaffold for the first execution in Kansas since 1876. The hanging Friday of Carl Panzram, slayer of a prison official and described as one of the most hardened criminals in America—was begun at the federal penitentiary here today.

Civilian workmen welded hammers and saws within earshot of Panzram's cell. The condemned man remained as indifferent to his fate as when he addressed a letter to Federal Judge R. J. Hopkins at his trial demanding "justice" which he described as "I that I be found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to die."

In a fit of rage Panzram killed R. G. Warnke, manager of the prison laundry, June 19, 1929. He will be hanged between 6 a. m. and 9 a. m. Friday.

The Oregon Statesman is delivered by mail the day of publication to nearly every part of Oregon.

THE LAXATIVE WITH HIGHEST ENDORSEMENT

When you get out of bed feeling tired, sluggish, weak, half-sick, here's a simple measure that will have you feeling yourself again in a jiffy.

Take a little Phillips Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water—or lemonade. Two to four tablespoons is the usual adult dose. Taken in lemonade, Phillips Milk of Magnesia acts like citrate of magnesia. Take it like this an hour before breakfast. By the time you feel better you will be surprised by your improvement.

As a mild, safe, pleasant laxative, the Phillips Milk of Magnesia has the highest medical endorsement. As an anti-acid to correct sour stomach, gas, indigestion, biliousness, it has been standard with doctors for over fifty years. To know its quick relief in digestive and eliminative troubles of men, women, children—and babies is to keep a bottle always handy.

Full directions for all its uses come with every bottle. All drug stores have the generous 25c and 50c sizes.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U.S. Registered Trade Mark of the Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Co., and its predecessor, Chas. H. Phillips, since 1875.

(To be continued)