The Oregon Statesman

POUNDED 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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McMahan's Smelling Excursions

JUDGE McMAHAN, who has been denouncing alleged "court house graft" for some time in curbstone conversations, now has the opportunity to show it up. He rules in department No. 1, bosses the grand jury, and serves as pointer dog to set the jurors on warm trails. The judge seems to aspire to a role which combines the instincts of Paul Pry with the zeal of Cotton Mather. So the county (and the judicial district) may look forward to a continuous performance in judicial (if not judicious) trampling on the toes of other officials under the plea of stamping out graft.

The judge essayed his role in Linn county, but the grand jury uncovered no such pit of corruption as the instructions from the bench intimated. The Linn county officials in fact were given a clean bill of health except the sheriff was advised to keep closer accounting of the groceries purchased for prisoners food. In Marion county the judge has advised the grand jury that paying a portion of the salary of the deputy district attorney from the prohibition fund is illegal and void.

The deputy district attorney here receives a salary of $100 a month out of the general fund of the county, and additional compensation of $75 a month from the prohibition fund. This is no secret arrangement; but entered into by the district attorney with the knowledge and approval of the county court. This approval was given five years ago by then Judge Hunt, and again under his successor, Judge Siegmund. This would not in itself legalize the action, but it exonerates the district attorney and the deputy from any charge of "graft" or suspicion of corruption. So far as the legality is concerned, the district attorney is satisfied as to the legality under the provisions of chapter 164, laws of 1929; and the attorney general is also quoted as having given an opinion sustaining such application of the prohibition funds.

If there is any graft prevailing in the handling of civic affairs let us stamp it out, whether at the court house or state house. But the people do well not to get excited over McMahan's smelling excursions if they all are like that in Linn county or this crack at the district attorney.

The Vote on the Manning Motion

THE defeat of the Manning motion does not mean that the people of Oregon will not vote on a similar proposition for repeal of state prohibition in 1932. On the contrary the dries may expect the submission of such a question through the initiative. That indeed is the proper method for the wets to proceed if they want prohibition abandoned as a state policy. Prohibition was put into the constitution through the operation of the initiative; and the legislature does well to stand aside and let opponents of prohibition seek its repeal through the same constitutional machinery. If the wet cause gathers strength in the state or nation in the next biennium, there is little question but what Oregon will have a chance to express its views in 1932.

The Statesman believes that any move in the direction of repeal or modification should operate first on the 18th amendment. Under it the nation is legally dry; and so long as that amendment remains the states are unduly defiant of the constitution and laws of the United States if they wipe out their own constitutional or statutory enactments to conform with national legislation. One state cannot make itself legally wet by repealing its prohibition laws. If there is to be any change the change should come first through repeal or modification of the federal constitution and not by the action of individual states on their own laws.

The 18th amendment can be taken out of the constitution by the same method in which it was put in the constitution. As loyal citizens under this constitution we must abide by the will of the people constitutionally expressed. Until that amendment is altered it ought to be observed and laws made thereunder vigorously enforced.

Grade A (Not Pasteurized)

PARRISH school can take home its report card this year and show the parents a report something like this:

Activity	Grade
School Entertainment	A

This applies to the performance which the English classes put on Wednesday night. It was a credit to the teachers and the students and quite in keeping with the ideals of a junior high school. The program was in fact splendidly adapted to presentation by youth of that age. Instead of putting on a program of imitation vaudeville, the classes presented a trio of plays with historical and literary background.

One play was based on the Greek myth of the apple of discord which led to the Trojan war. Another was an Indian-colonial playlet, while the third was the delectable story of Robin Hood of Sherwood forest done into engaging dialogue. The settings, the costumes, the acting were of very good quality. The youthful voices were a bit faint for such a large auditorium, but the audience got most of the story.

All we can say is that Leslie will have to stretch itself if it reaches the standard set by Parrish this year on its school play. But we must beware not to get into the same pickle as Paris in making the award of the golden apple "to the fairest".

The most amusing thing about the west-dry debate in the house was the talk about "settling" the liquor question. For a hundred years people have been trying to "settle" this question. They thought it was "settled" with the adoption of the 18th amendment. Here 12 years after, it is still "unsettled". Folk are mistaken if they now think that repeal of prohibition will "settle" the liquor question. Like the poor, it seems to be always with us.

It looks as though this historic shrine business will become pretty expensive on future generations if we keep digging up new shrines. The battleship Oregon is now at the "hot potato" stage between the state, the city of Portland and the port of Portland. It seems to be a great deal cheaper just to "remember the Maine".

Judge Evans finally got a federal appointment. His friends will be pleased; and now some one will get his job on the circuit bench. We are glad Hoover didn't hold it against him that he was a cousin of Claudius Huston.

The legislature is about to reduce the public service commission from three members to one. This will enable the next demagogue some years from now to get elected on a platform of anti-garlism: "abolish the commissioner of public utilities".

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Most of us have heard of the man who was told by his physician to take a teaspoonful of medicine three times a day, a dose after every meal. The patient decided the doctor was in no hurry to cure him. Surely, he thought, if one teaspoonful would help, the entire bottle would be much better. What happened is of common knowledge. He contributed to the welfare of the undertaker.

DR COPELAND

There are plenty of persons who make the same mistake. Of course not many of them die, but they stray from the directions given them by the doctor and do not prosper as they should.

The prescription given to you by your physician has been written with care, and after much study. The directions are definite, and it is important for you to do as instructed. If you are told to take your medicine before meals that does not mean after meals. It does not mean that three hours later will do as well.

The chemicals contained in your prescription are carefully compounded by the pharmacist. He carefully follows the directions in making up the medicine. It is only fair and sensible that you do as much in taking it.

Certain medicines do not act on a full stomach. Others act best if taken with the food. It is for this reason that you are instructed to take the medicine either before or after meals.

Some drugs take hours to work. They may remain in the system for more than 24 hours. An additional dose may convert a curative remedy into a harmful poison. It is wise never to take your medicine more frequently than directed.

The careless handling of medicines has led to unpleasant and serious results. Bottles labeled "Poison," should be treated with respect. They should be kept far from the reach of children and careless adults.

Never take medicine in a dark room. Always carefully read the label before taking a dose of medicine. Secure as you feel, you may get the wrong bottle.

Never offer your medicine to someone else whom you think is suffering from the same ailment. The drugs contained in your medicine may not be suited for another. They may do him more harm than good.

Medicines are usually prescribed in teaspoon doses. Teaspoons vary in size and shape. It is advisable that every family medicine chest be furnished with a graduated glass. With this class you can accurately measure doses as prescribed. These glasses are inexpensive and can be obtained at any drug store.

Don't make a plaything of your medicine. It can help you only when you take it as prescribed.

Answers to Health Queries

M.M.S. Q.—Will cheese take the place of meat in the way of nourishment?

2—Is cocoa or chocolate considered constipating?

3—What should the blood pressure be for a woman 80 years old?

A.—No. Although it has a high protein value.

2—No.

3—About 150 degrees.

* * *

Mrs. L.A.E. Q.—Is citrate of magnesia good to take for constipation and gas in the stomach?

A.—In severe cases it is, but you should avoid constipation and indigestion by eating the proper foods.

* * *

Mr. Underweight. Q.—How can I gain weight?

A.—Proper dieting and deep breathing are the secret. You should eat nourishing foods and have plenty of sleep and rest. For full particulars send a self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

* * *

A.M.S. Q.—What causes hypertension of the blood vessels?

A.—Worry, excitement, improper eating and emotional disturbances.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Jan. 30, 1906

Hopgrowers decided to organize a corporation with a capital stock of $10,000, to be divided into shares of $1 each.

Millwright N. B. Brown of the Spaulding sawmill met with an experience. He was standing by a pole supporting one of the arc lights in the mill yard, when he placed his umbrella in some way on the pole, which was wet. The resulting current threw Mr. Brown to the ground with some force.

Guy Clark, formerly employed in the Citizens' Light and Traction company, has taken charge of the Corvallis plant.

Arthur Comegys, passenger agent for the S. P., will leave next week for Louisana, where he will visit relatives for several months.

WOULD BAR PUBLIC

RENO, Nev., Jan. 29—(AP)—An overly-curious public would be banned from attending divorce actions in Reno's district court under a ruling which will be submitted by local attorneys for the approval of the state supreme court.

MERELY COMPLICATING MATTERS

"Murder at Eagle's Nest"

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Following a party at Eagle's Nest, the home of wealthy Emily Hardy, the Baroness von Wiese is found murdered. Bhima Martin, young newspaper reporter nicknamed "Bim," a guest at the party, assists her fiance, Walter Vance, assistant chief of police, in unraveling the mystery. Bim identifies the shawl wrapped around the Baroness as Mary Frost's. Mary's husband, Ted, had been attentive to the Baroness. Bim had noticed Emily's butler and the Baroness, at the party in secret conversation and recalled the maid's scream when she, too, found them together. A strip of uniform linen is found in the shrubbery. The police learn that the Baroness' maid was not in her room that night. The butler denies receiving a note from the Baroness. Bim discovers cuts on the maid's head and arm. She refrains from telling the police. The doors to the Baroness' room are found locked from the inside and her jewels stolen.

CHAPTER IX

The maid stood there, lips working, eyes bulging in a horrified way, so white and trembling that Bim thought she surely would faint again.

"There was a burglar," she managed to gasp finally. "I thought—oh, I knew I heard someone——"

Reynolds wa slooking at the open case, mouth pursed, and Walter's eyes were upon the maid. Em kept wringing her hands and wailing, "This is awful—awful—what'll Hardy say now?

Suddenly Jane dashed to the window and leaned her hands on the sill, peering over, "It looks," she said in a muffled tone, "like something down there."

Breathless with excitement, Bim crowded in beside Jane, straining her eyes toward the bottom of the ravine. "It is something! Walter," she cried, "I'm going down!"

"Wait," he told her. "What do you say, Jim?"

Reynolds executed one of his fat shrugs and lighted a cigarette after a half apologetic glance at Em. "Might be robbery," he conceded. "Someone takes a shot at the woman so she won't show up and squawk and then comes in and ransacks her room, eh? Mebbe so. We'll get the hunt going just in case."

Nothing Overlooked

Bim saw at once that Reynolds placed small faith in the theory and she felt that Walter agreed with him. Nevertheless they would go through the process of throwing out a dragnet on the slight chance that some professional robber-killer had prowled through Eagle's Nest last night.

"No one is to leave town till we give the word," Walter instructed Em. "That understood?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Chief," Em bellowed. "I'll see to that."

"There's men here and there around your grounds to help," he stated dryly. "Feel like doing a little telephoning now? I'd like to talk with the folks that ate dinner here last night. Tell them to come over but don't say why."

"I will," Em assured him delightedly. "I'll get them started right away."

Leaving Reynolds in charge of the house, Walter and Bim made a slow way to the bottom of the ravine where they found, just beneath the window of the room the Baroness had meant to occupy, the soft leather case lined with chamois which Jane had described.

"It's the emerald case," Bim said. "The robber must have thought it too easily identified and threw it out the window after he'd helped himself last night."

"Not last night, honey. This morning — after the sun was up. What kind of a detec-a-tiff are you, anyway? Can't you see there's dew on everything and none at all on the case?"

"Walter," Bim began as he picked up the case gingerly, mindful of fingerprints which perhaps marked the leather, "What do you think about things?"

"What would I think? A woman gets bumped and her jewels disappear. What about it, dim-wit?"

"You think it was robbery, then?"

"Looks like it. What would you say, Miss Sherlock Holmes?"

"We-l-l," Bim drawled, I'd say whoever it was she met in the garden could tell a story we'd like to hear."

"Check and double check. I can see you're going to be a great help to us, honey."

He grinned down at her, pausing to light a cigarette before they began to climb up the steep path from the ravine. "Who would you say that man was, girl friend?"

"It must have been someone in the house here, the one she sent the note to by the red-haired butler. But why did he lie about it? And why didn't you make him tell?"

"Time enough for that, Bim. When you see more of this racket you'll know it's better sometimes to let them think they're getting away with it. They're liable to get careless and save the cops a lot of toil."

"I suppose so . . . Still there couldn't have been more than one she'd write that to. Let's see the note—what's left of it I mean."

He took the tattered, heelmarked scrap of paper from between the pages of his little book and they read the pencled scrawl together: "Must see you—can not have forgotten—garden—dearest, dearest——"

"Walter, he must have been someone she'd known a long while ago; that's what she meant by 'cannot have forgotten.' She must have been referred to something in the past; something they both would remember. It sounds to me as if she was pleading with him to remember.

"Maybe." Walter was hard to convince; he hadn't Bim considered impatiently, too much imagination.

No Time for Love

"And it was someone she loved; at least she wanted to give that impression. That's why she repeated 'dearest, dearest.'"

"Thought you didn't know anything about love, Bim? Thought you said a girl with a career ahead of her couldn't be bothered with love?" He still grinned though his eyes were serious, almost hurt.

"Walter, if you aren't the darndest! Here you go talking that way when we're at something terribly important. Can't you be serious at all?"

"I am serious. There's nothing more important than you and I," he said dejectedly. "The two of us together. Listen, honey; can't you change your mind? Suppose I get this cleared up all myself? Fury'd just have to quit; he hasn't turned a hand in years anyway. There I'd be with a swell salary— anyway it'd be swell enough to get married on. Aw, listen, sweetheart—"

"You can just hush up, Walter Vance. This is the first time — the very first time!—I've had a real chance at reporting and I don't want it all cluttered by you going mooney on me." However she was touched by his dejection and her tone softened as she slipped a hand through his arm. "Be a dear, Wally, and keep to the case. There's loads of time."

"Is that a promise?" he asked eagerly.

Staunch Heart

"Walter, please! Let's talk about what's happened. You just don't know how thrilled I am. And I do want you to clear it up all yourself; I do really."

The young assistant chief of police appeared to take heart at this and he put his arm around the girl as they strolled up the last of the path from the ravine and under great, overhanging trees into the garden.

"Who," she mused, "got into the Baroness' room and out again with the key left on the inside? How did they get out, anyway? Not through the window you can be sure."

They stood there looking from the high, bowed window to the bottom of the ravine. It would have been impossible for any human being to have negotiated that drop; quite as impossible, Walter remarked, as for anyone to have gained the little balcony as the casement of the linen room from the window ledge below.

"There's probably a simple explanation," he told her. "Only we don't know what it is—yet. Maybe after we talk to Em's dinner guests we'll know more."

"Walter, you don't think—"

He shrugged rather in the manner of Reynolds. "How do I know what goes on in people's minds? Ever thing of this, Bim, that there are two of everybody —the person you see and talk to and the other person—the real one—behind the mask? It's the one behind you have to get acquainted with when you're looking for a killer."

Bim shivered as they stepped from the terrace into the cool, quiet mansion. Em said she had telephoned the Frosts first and they were on the way over and while they waited Walter asked to see the Baron.

Somewhat reluctantly Em conducted him, Bim following, to the west wing and the chamber at the left of the dressing room, where Jane had spent the night.

They found a sick old man who could tell them nothing more than they already knew; an old man who grieved for the loss of his beautiful wife in spite of the life they all suspected she had led him.

They remained there only a moment, returning to the library as William admitted Ted and Mary Frost.

(To be continued tomorrow)

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Museum and some history:

* * *

(Continuing from yesterday, with the journey through the museum of Willamette university:) "We are now back to our starting place in this little journey, quite conscious that we have examined only a dozen or so of the five thousand articles in this collection. Some of them are of considerable value and importance, and some of small value, but all of interest to somebody.

* * *

"Where should Oregon history articles be preserved if not in the museum at Willamette university? As we pause to look over the room we are keenly aware of something that we have not mentioned before. Here are all these treasures and most of them spread around on bare tables and open shelves with no protection from dust and curious fingers and no facilities for adequate mounting and labeling. Just a few thousand dollars spent in good exhibition cabinets and storage cases would equip our present room with safe and attractive quarters for the articles on hand, and would almost certainly form the nucleus of a much larged museum that would be of inestimable value to various departments of the university and be a source of pride to the city of Salem and the northwest."

* * *

Thus the public is informed that Willamette university has in its museum about 5000 articles, including specimens of about 600 ofthe 800 recognized varieties of minerals; some 200 wood samples, including practically all Oregon woods; many fossils preserving a record of the life of the distant past; numerous specimens of animals, and some important beginnings of what must become a great collection of Oregon historical records.

* * *

Also, the public is informed that most of these treasures are "spread around on bare tables and open shelves with no protection from dust and curious fingers and no facilities for adequate mounting and labeling." But, we are told that one of the faithful professors is now "unselfishly devoting hours of time each week to classifying and cataloguing the thousands of specimens."

* * *

Perhaps some readers overlooked a paragraph in this column some time ago, promising that Willamette university will soon have a fireproof and otherwise safe place for the housing of all this collection, and additional articles of historic value and of other useful purposes that may be offered or collected. This announcement was made upon the word of one authorized to speak authoritatively.

* * *

The heads of the institution and its friends have in mind plans for providing what was promised — and there are ambitious thoughts of a great museum building for old Willamette that will in due time take tangible shape; likely will begin to unfold in the near future. This will be a natural and appropriate consummation. It is to be expected that the institution in which the city of Salem was born and the state of Oregon had its birth, and the first courts held their sessions, and the beginnings of civilization and ordered society were made, wil finally possess the greatest museum within this commonwealth.

* * *

Reference is made to the "bishop's pillow," one of the rare articles now in the museum, and to the fact that Rev. William Roberts "presided at the first session of the Oregon and California conference, at the close of which he announced the six appointments," and that "one of these appointments was William Taylor, San Francisco, who later became the famed and beloved 'Bishop to Africa.'"

* * *

That conference was held in the chapel of the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette university. It convened September 5, 1849. Its territory included all the present states of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming—all the territory west of the Rockies—and the six appointments were William Taylor and Isaac Owen for the country below the Oregon-California-Nevada line, and William Roberts, David Leslie, Alvan F. Waller and James H. Wilbur for the territory north of that line!

* * *

The statistics reported to the conference told that Oregon City had 30 members and 6 probationers; Salem circuit, 109 members and 25 probationers; Clatsop, 8 members and 1 probationer. There were three churches; one at Salem, one at Oregon City and one on Yamhill circuit. The California churches were in the making, with no definite statistics. The reader thus has a view of Methodism west of the Rockies "in the days of old and the days of gold and the days of '49." It was nearly all in and around Salem—or rather what became Salem, for the future city was not yet named. It was "The Institute"; later to be named Willamette university.

* * *

The Oregon and California conference met the next year (1850) at Oregon City, September 4. There was reported an increase of only 47 members and 20 probationers, for the territory above the California-Nevada line, but that below had now 350 members. The gold rush had come. But F. S. Hoyt had come to be president of the Oregon Institute and Nehemiah Doane was on the way, to be a teacher. William Taylor was assigned to "San Francisco and Happy Valley."

* * *

The third session of that conference was held at the Oregon Institute, in 1851, beginning September 3. Above the California-Nevada line 475 members and 170 probationers were reported, and below, 543 members and 198 probationers. There had been growth; nearly 100 per cent increase.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Too Much Wash Divorce Plaint

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 29.—(AP)—He scolded her because she "wore out his underwear" by washing it twice a week. For this and other reasons Mrs. Savino Dibitonto, wife of a San Francisco garbage man, asked for a divorce today. She said his salary is $316 a month plus bonuses.

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