

The Oregon Statesman

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

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In the Grand Manner

ONE needs a day's rest after listening to the performance of Wagner's "Die Walkure" such as the Chicago civic grand opera company gave in Portland Friday night. Such a stupendous spectacle and such a succession of vocal dramatics leaves one exhausted. It is an opera almost without repose from the storm- Prelude of the orchestra to the poignant farewell of Wotan. It is the second of the Ring operas which deal with ancient Teutonic mythology; and gods and men clash in all the fury of semi-barbarism. Wagner built his opera that way. Its music is torrential, primitive, wild. Rarely is there real lyric, rarely a strain of insouciant melody such as the Italian operas abound in and even Lohengrin possesses. After hearing "Die Walkure" one can realize why the critics of Wagner's day so long condemned Wagnerian compositions. They are musical violence, as sweeping as a mountain storm, as overwhelming.

"Die Walkure" is different from most operas in that throughout its four hour length it is virtually all solo work. There is but one chorus, that of the shrill, shrieking Valkyrs, wild females who are the offspring of Wotan. There are only a very few duet passages, but the significant one, the Siegfried sword song, is one of the lovely numbers in the whole opera. The most of the work of the opera falls on two characters, Wotan, the Odin of Norse mythology, and Brunnhilde, his tempestuous, Valkyr daughter. It is a supreme test of a singer's vocal powers to carry either of these parts through successfully, and when it is done in triumph as Frida Leider did Brunnhilde and Alexander Kipnis did Wotan Friday night, the occasion is memorable. Brunnhilde's first song is the battle song of the Valkyrs, a crag-shriek slightly tamed, cutting like vocal lightning. To "sing" this song, from a "dead start," is perhaps as difficult a task as even Wagner has assigned to his vocal characters; and the success of Frida Leider made the whole vast audience instantly her captives. She sustained the part clear to the end. Kipnis, massive as a German oak tree, full-throated, full-lunged, a veritable vocal Jove, dominated the masculine side of the performance. His wife, Fricka, characteristically a jealous Juno, was sung by Maria Olszewska, whose personal charm and brilliant singing made her an instant favorite. The other parts were ably carried, the voices rising in quality to give adequate support to the stellar roles. In fact the Chicago company's presentation was well-nigh flawless, at least to one with no finer critical sense than the writer.

Praiseworthy in the highest degree was the work of the orchestra under the direction of Emil Cooper. The orchestral composition itself is gripping, and the orchestra played with a precision and balance which afforded a sure foundation for the vocal acrobatics which Wagner expects of the singers. The score has few lengthy orchestral interludes, but there are several whose themes are impressive. Dramatic values of the opera are capitalized not only in the acting of the performers but in the costuming and vivid scenery employed. Bull-hide skins with the hair side out, serve for girdles and for shields; rocky mountain-sides; rude hut in the deep woods; storm and fire and cloud,—all afford background for the performance, the visual spectacle supplementing the auditory impacts of the music. One runs out of adjectives in describing such a performance. "Die Walkure" could hardly be called a pleasing opera. We met one good friend in the lobby, a merchant who is Irish. He said, no more German operas for him, the next one he went to would have to be Irish. All except music teachers and those who endure musical punishment to make themselves appear cultured will probably agree with him. "Old Black Joe" sounds like the sight of home after a night of Wagnerian turbulence. So while we cannot say we "enjoyed" "Die Walkure" in the sense of drinking deeply at some fountain of melody, we must pay tribute to its grandeur and to the courageous and successful attempt of the Chicago company to interpret the opera truly in the spirit of its great composer.

Wages and Prosperity

COMMENTING on the suggestion of Robert P. Scripps, wealthy newspaper publisher, that hours of labor should be reduced and higher wages paid, the Baker Democrat-Herald says: "That its advocacy should come from a very wealthy man is significant." Not at all. Scripps got his wealth deluding the public with economic sophistries, just like the Portland Journal and Hearst papers which are all the time catering to the mob mind. Prosperity depends not on rates of wages but on the balance of economic factors so that goods produced move freely into consumption. Too high wages may increase costs so that outputs pile up; too low wages means restricted buying power. Trade, and hence prosperity, depend upon the preservation of the economic balance; and the less interference there is the easier it is to preserve such a balance. The trend of wages has always been upward because machinery and intelligence combine to lower costs and make goods more plentiful. In a few years we may be clamoring because "labor is scarce".

A Portland capitalist or presumed to be capitalist is charged with misappropriating \$300,000 of the funds of a big bond and mortgage company. The public must await judicial determination of the facts; but we see so many instances of mismanagement and fraud in the management of so-called investment concerns that it is surprising people continue to trust others with their money. The crooks are not all confined to the vendors of oil stocks and patent rights. The safest way to invest your funds is to get your banker's advice—then follow it.

Washington's cocky governor got called down by a superior judge in Seattle. Can it be that our neighboring state has not heard of how the "mandate of the people" is sovereign over courts?

It is getting so nowadays when you read about a wealthy man walking through a tenth story window you wonder how much insurance he left.

The democrats are flirting with the progressives. Our first memories go back to "fusion" between the dems and the pops of Bryan days.

HEALTH

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

A great advancement in public health would follow the complete extermination of rats. It is important to destroy these pests because they are a menace to health, as well as to property.



Rats could be done away with completely if a systematic and sustained campaign of extermination were undertaken. Too little attention is given these carriers of filth and disease.

"Rat-bite fever" is a disease caused by the bite of these animals. It has been known in China and Japan for several centuries. We frequently see the disease in this country. It is quite common in districts where rats are prevalent and the hygiene is poor.

Ordinarily, the first sign of the disease does not appear until about five weeks after the bite. The wound, which has healed, has in it a meating becomes red and swollen. The tissues may break down and an ulcer forms. Following this, there is a sudden chill, and then a fever which lasts three or four days.

The first attack of fever disappears, but soon it is followed by another fever which lasts a few days. During the period of the fever, the patient is very ill, complaining of pains in the muscles and joints. At times the sufferer may become delirious.

There may be an interval of a few days to a few weeks before there is another attack. These experiences are repeated and the trouble may continue for several months or years, an attack occurring every once in a while.

(The disease is not a fatal one, but it is a great economic importance. It is a weakening disease, causing great loss of time from work. It greatly lowers the body resistance, and increases the susceptibility to other diseases.)

The cause of the disease has been traced to a microscopic organism. The germ is called the "spirochaeta morans moris." These are terribly big words used to designate an ailment traced to this household pest. The organisms are found in the blood of the rat and transmitted to man by the bite.

The wound caused by a rat bite should be cauterized immediately. Treatment by a physician should not be delayed. In treating this condition specific drugs are used. They are injected in the veins of the patient.

If you live near a building infested with rats, immediately report it to the board of health. The officials will take the necessary measures for their destruction.

Answers to Health Queries H. A. D. Q.—What causes a bad taste in the mouth, also a bad breath? A.—This may be due to indigestion, decayed teeth, diseased tonsils or catarrh.

"Anxious." Q.—What causes dizziness? A.—This is usually due to some food which causes irritation.

N. M. Q.—What do you advise for acne? First correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food.

Miss M. Z. Q.—What do you advise for what? Send self addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

The Pratum woman's Christian temperance union do hereby enter our protest against the cigarette advertisements which appear from time to time in The Statesman.

We believe that such ads in our daily papers are intended to gain new recruits and increase the use of cigarettes by women, and by boys and girls who are led to believe that cigarette smoking is a desirable accomplishment at the present time.

We therefore protest against all such cigarette ads. Mrs. W. R. Hicks, president. Mrs. Adam Hersch, secretary.

Yesterdays ... Of Old Oregon Town Talks from The Statesman Our Pathway Road

March 15, 1906 Zadoc J. Riggs of Salem was elected president of the state board of pharmacy and Miss Kittie W. Harbord, also of Salem was chosen secretary when the board adjourned yesterday.

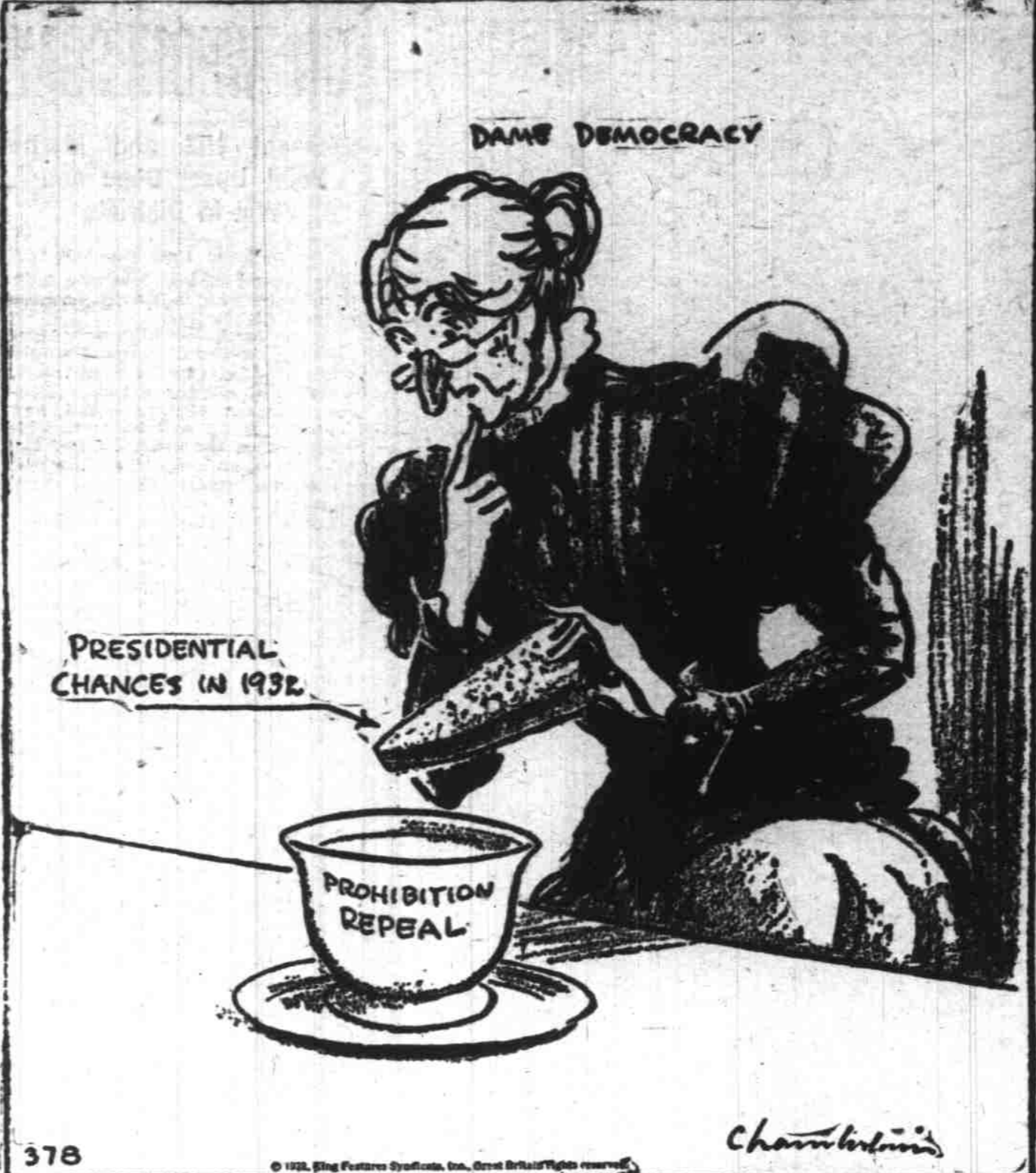
The hose wagon of the fire department made a run to the Sacred Heart Academy to attend a chimney fire. No damage.

A comical occurrence unfolded on main street for a while in the afternoon, when a team of horses belonging to a local Chisnaman made a dash down the street. The owner dashed after them.

A meeting has been called again at Macleay to discuss the merits of the Tuttle road law.

E. A. Downing of Silverton has withdrawn his petition as candidate to the legislature as representative.

TO DUNK, OR NOT TO DUNK?



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"Murder at Eagle's Nest" By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XLV "How would I know?" Bob replied irritably. "A woman, in a white dress. That's how I saw her—the white dress—for she was half way across the grounds and it was dark. Seemed to be sneaking along. I stood there and I saw her sneak up to the back of the summer house as if she was watching someone. There's wines or something, and they almost hid her. But she came out and went around to the other side; I saw her white dress on the other side of the house. Then she yelled something, it sounded like, 'That's enough' and I heard a shot. 'Sure it was a shot!' 'Ought to be; I've heard plenty of shooting.' 'What did she do then?' 'I don't know I didn't see her again. I ran across the lawn and she was gone. I looked inside and saw the woman on the floor. There was a long pause, broken only by Millie's sobbing, while the sick eyes stared at them all. 'I was going to call someone.' Bob Trent went on at length. 'Don't know why I didn't. Guess I must have been out of my head. What I did was come up here and grab a sheet out of the bundle of laundry on the porch. I took it back and covered her up. Then I got the car turned around and came home. That's all. The two bright eyes closed; he seemed to lapse into stupor. Against Time 'After a time the others went into the room and Millie went out an apology for pilfering the cigarette lighter. 'You see I was afraid to have Bob tell. I—I didn't mean to harm Ted Frost—truly I didn't! Only I thought it would give them something to think about till they'd found the right one. Oh, what will become of us?' Walter tried to reassure her but his voice sounded flat. And all at once Bob knew that Walter did not quite believe Bob Trent's story. He had been trying to believe it at all! She knew it was this—an underlying suspicion of Bob Trent in Walter's mind—which accounted for his lack of definite action, his following false clues. He had been trying to shield the sick man, this broken hero they all loved, hoping something would turn up to substantiate his faith, wavering always between that faith and duty. She loved Walter for it. It came to her that this moment of streams may derive more joy and satisfaction out of the day than the millionaire who hires a big party to take him tiger-hunting in India. I read the other day of a man who had suddenly been bereft of his fortune. He had been a banker, a newspaper publisher in a handsome man of wealth and power and prominence. The obituary of business caught him; he lost everything, was indicted for violation of the law. Perhaps he feels very bitter. On the other hand he may feel a great relief. No burden of responsibility rests upon him; no fears of misfortune make him nervous. His vision may be a bit clearer and he may see how vain were his old ambitions, and how they interfered with his real enjoyment of life. We read now that times are hard. What times? Why, trade and business. That simply means that money times are hard. Very well, does this not give us an opportunity to develop other resources; to tap other wells of satisfaction than mere money? Friends, reading, recreation, religion, music—all the host of engagements we have sacrificed in order to get on in business, may now claim a larger share of our time. There are things of richer value and more durable character to lay up in our storehouses than credits and securities.

"I'm telling you, ain't I? Oh, sure, I suppose you'll make a racket. She seemed frightened all a once—frightened and unsure of herself. Bob wondered if she had acted hastily in coming here and was beginning to repent. Realizing in some strange way what was coming, Bob was more interested in Imogene now than in what she meant to say. 'I'm sorry,' the maid continued more soberly. 'Guess I didn't know how you'd feel about it. Anyway the man didn't have nothing to do with the murder.' 'How do you know that?' Walter snapped. 'Because I seen him go out and I seen him come in and the murder was afterward. Anyway, he was in before 12 o'clock in a man.' Imogene stated, 'was Mr. Dole.' 'Ah, the philandering Mr. Dole,' observed Reynolds with elaborate sarcasm. The sarcasm was lost on Imogene but not the implication, which seemed to throw her into fury. 'You said it!' she muttered. 'It's this one and that one with him and true to nobody that's what. We'll see can he go around telling lies to decent, hard-working girls.' 'Dole been lying to you, Imogene?' 'Well, I don't care nothing about that. I'm through with him. What I want is justice done; that's all,' she muttered in a way which indicated that this was by no means all she wanted. 'Well, it's like I was telling you before, Mrs. Hardy sent me out of the dressing room about eleven thirty and I went up stairs.' 'You said you were asleep in ten minutes, remember.' 'Well, I wasn't, I started to undress and then I sat by the window a while not very long. I guess I seen the Barones on the terrace; she was standing there like she was waiting for someone. And I seen who it was when William came from around by the kitchen. They began to talk and she took hold of his arm and they went down the path to the summer house.' 'How long were they gone?' 'Not more'n fifteen minutes. Not him, anyway. He came back then.' 'Oh, sure. Had enough of her I guess. He went up the kitchen stairs. I sat a while longer and I

LAY SERMON

THE MULTITUDE OF THINGS "Man's life consisteth not in the multitude of things which he possesseth."

The world seems to disagree with this sentiment, for man's life seems to consist solely in the multitude of things which he can accumulate: money in the bank, big business, stocks and bonds in his safety box, lands and houses. Or it may be furniture and pictures and old books, or dishes and curios and clothes and agates. Man is more acquisitive than the squirrel or the bee or the ant. They store up enough for one season, while man piles up enough so that his progeny for generations may live in idleness.

Why should a man slave and toil to amass some great fortune which he cannot spend himself and will be a curse to his children? His business may be absorbing and may serve as a wholesome activity, but after his own future is adequately safeguarded why should he go on, driven by greed, pinching corners, grasping at pennies, being miserly in his living? — at all. There is no reason for it. Wealth is no measure of happiness. A man with but a few dollars in his purse may be happier than one with millions to his credit. The chag who can catch a string of fish in one of our coast

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Sex perverts and such! Not one college graduate. Many were drunken and licentious. Dr. Eastbrook of the Carnegie Institution in 1916 attempted to bring the ghastly Jukes family record down to date. Members had scattered. But those passing under review exhibited the same feeble mindedness, indolence, lechery and dishonesty, despite the fact of their being surrounded by better social conditions. The records of many more families going back to a feeble minded ancestor told the same tale—the tale of degenerate blood.

The writer yesterday mentioned the fact that Oregon has taken a high ground; that our state is outstanding in this field. There was, a short time ago, a grandmother in the Oregon institution for the feeble minded with her daughter and her daughter's daughter there also. Such cases have not been infrequent at the asylum for the insane. There will be no repetitions of them in Oregon, unless we get them from other states or countries.

No inmates of our institution for the feeble minded are released without having been sterilized. This practice began after the first law authorizing it was passed in 1921, following a long, hard fight. It was discontinued after a short time, through court proceedings.

The next legislature, that of 1923, amended the law, curing the defects that had been attacked in the courts, and the practice was resumed. From the beginning the number of feeble minded persons who have been subjected to that operation there up to date, has been 371, about two-thirds of them females and the rest males.

The present number of inmates (as of yesterday) is 344, and that is about the peak of capacity and it has been so maintained for about a year. What if the 371 had not been so treated as to be safely released? The capacity of the institution would have had to be nearly doubled. The direct saving in the 10 years has been several hundred thousand dollars.

But how about the indirect saving? Let it be illustrated by the record of the famous "Jukes" family case in New York state. In 1874 an official check-up was begun in that case. The original name of the feeble minded woman who was the mother of the Jukes tribe was not Jukes. The pseudonym was used for convenience, and to shield innocent living members.

Up to that time 1220 social scoundrels, coming down from the original feeble minded Jukes woman, had passed under review, with the following results: 300 died in infancy, 310 were professional paupers, 440 were wrecked by disease, 60 were prostitutes, 60 thieves, 7 murderers, 53 criminals of lower degree.

was undressed and in bed when I heard the clock strike midnight. "See anyone else in the garden?" "No, I didn't," she replied sulkily. "I didn't see anyone or anything else about the old murder, in case you maybe get to thinking I'm not on the level about this." They asked her more questions and finally let her go. And then they sent for William Dole and he was brought in, still self-possessed, though his eyes, Bob noticed, were harassed.

He admitted the truth of Imogene's story simply, with a sort of fatalistic calm. "I've been an awful fool," he said, stepping out of his butler's character. "That's all, though—just a fool, not a murderer. When I think of her lying out there—dead—God!—"

"The story goes back a long time—ten years. She wasn't a barones then; she was a dancer, like myself. We danced together (Continued on page 13)

There is no good sense in the slowness of our statesmen in following the lead of our great doctors and our outstanding penologists in their demand that the whole race of criminals in this country be treated along the line that is being practiced at the Oregon institution for the feeble minded.

We must cease requiring our judges to prophesy when the individual convicted of a felony is going to be fit for release; obliging them to make the date a year, hence, or two years, or three or five, or more. Reformation does not depend on the rolling round of days or months or years, on the calendar. It depends upon the convicted person's attitude; his training.

Every sentence should be changed to a commitment; the time of release depending upon the convicted felon's attainment of a state qualifying him for law abiding and self supporting citizenship.

All this will come about when there is something like the Willamette university's annual police school in every institution of higher learning, with at least a selective course in each in penology and criminology.

The crime wave can be lowered and finally all but stopped. But it will take education, bringing about a change of the whole public attitude, bound from time immemorial to the outworn traditions of the cruel and ignorant past.

\$500,000 Immediately Available for Loans to Local Veterans Against U. S. Adjusted Compensation Certificates. As a service to U. S. War Veterans and as a convenience to the U. S. Treasury Department and Veterans' Bureau—the United States National Bank of Salem will, beginning Monday, March 16th— Make immediate loans against U. S. Adjusted Compensation Certificates—at same rate of interest as charged by the Government. No delay. Upon proper identification checks will be issued to Veterans entitled to loans and cashed by this bank. Discharge papers and Adjusted Compensation Certificates must be presented. The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon MEMBER UNITED STATES NATIONAL GROUP