

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Stalin Orders a Retreat

JOSEPH STALIN, dictator of Russia, has decreed a sharp change in the communistic policy which prevails throughout Russia. His address outlining the changes is as startling as the "strategic retreat" of Nikolai Lenin when he promulgated his "New Economic Policy" several years ago. Stalin has been a stalwart champion of the left wing of communism; he developed the five-year plan; he proposed and put through the vast scheme of collectivization of the farming areas. He has struck where Lenin did not dare to strike, at the kulaks, or property-owning peasants. So it is the more significant that Stalin hoists signals for what may be counted a retreat in the direction of capitalism.

The essentials of his new policy are:

1st. Graduation in pay. Instead of identical pay which is the goal of communists, or compensation and provisions in accordance with needs Stalin proposes making the wages higher to reward skill and accomplishment, and even recommends "piece-work" which calls for pay according to actual production. He scoffs at the theory of "equality of incomes" as utopian.

2nd. He encourages the development of the intelligentsia for technical and engineering work, from among the ranks of the workers. Bolshevism, it is recalled, made old Russian intellectuals their special prey. They were slaughtered in droves or driven out of the land. The few who remained lived in fear and in full submission to the commissars. Bolshevism indeed has decried the need of any intelligentsia class, and has exalted the lower strata of society—the crude, the barbarous, the ignorant. It is indeed a retreat then for Stalin to decree a development of an intellectual class in Russian society.

Other changes have been ordered, all in the direction of loosening the rigidity of the communistic experiment. More and more is the need of individual rather than group management felt.

"Let the chairman and some few of his assistants remain in the administrative posts. They are sufficient to manage any business. The remainder of the members of the collegium (directorate) should be sent to work in the factories. It would be better for them and better for business."

But this shift of policy is by no means a surrender. Stalin adheres to his socialistic experiment. Private property remains taboo; capitalism as a system is still ostracized; the state continues the employer and proprietor, the people its servants.

The lesson of history, proved over and over again has been that there is no such incentive as individual reward. Where the laggard and the diligent get equal pay, human nature is such that after a time both become laggard. You can't remake human nature by Marxian arguments nor bolshevik revolutions. Capitalism has many sins it is answerable for; but in the long record of human history it is the one system which has survived, which has enabled the globe to become populous and the people fed. The denouncing of "equal incomes" as utopian is about the first admission from Stalin that communistic theory has proved unable to alter the fundamentals of human nature.

First Days of Harvest

HOT for man and beast were the first days of the week. The city dweller may perspire and gurgie ice water and complain, but for them we waste no sympathy. It is the farmer who sets out on his first day of the old harvest we should feel sorry for—the farmer and his horses. For just after Fourth of July has always been sacred to the beginning of harvest. Some years forbid it, the years with the long, wet springs when the grain keeps growing lank and lush clear to independence day. But the rule is that harvest starts just after the holiday for by that time the grain is ready for the sickle.

This year saw many binders starting on Monday the sixth. The first hay crop was a loss, the second is being put up; and now the oats are ripe—they have ripened fast under the sudden burst of summer heat. Even for the farmer who has been out of doors all the season the first day of harvest is strenuous, and when the temperature hits into the nineties even he wits a bit at so abrupt a change.

But the lad who follows the binder he is the one who watches the shadow make the slow quarter till noon and dinner and the slower quadrant till supper. The twine cuts his hands, his back grows weary with the bending. Briny sweat off his brow makes his eyes smart. There is one relief and that is the white jug tucked under a shock of grain in the shade of the oak tree. All sweaty it is, where moisture condensed on it; and cool, if it has not stood too long after being drawn from the well. So as he makes his circuit of the field he quickens his stride when he hears the cack of the water jug.

In days gone by there were some who served their hands with other beverage than water; and from the keg rather than the jug. But that was not so common among the native American farmers; the Bohemians liked their beer. The native American relied chiefly on water though at corn husking time, when snow was spitting of a raw morning he might take a draught of whiskey before he set out to the field.

So the harvest days are upon us, the long, hot summer days. Though the early days be hot and exhausting, soon the farmer and his sturdy sons grow accustomed to their tasks and by threshing time think nothing of a full day's work under the hot sun. There will be scant time for rest for the next month or six weeks on the farms of the valley. Nature swings her pendulum and the summer is upon us, summer with its harvest and attendant labor. And many a man who swelters in an office will think back at his own harvest experiences—and be glad he doesn't have to get out in the sun.

Kansas Goes Barefooted?

KANSAS seems on the warpath again. Senator Capper received this telegram from the Columbus, Kansas, chamber of commerce:

"If the east is so strong for 32c wheat, Kansas is going to go barefooted until she buys shoes at \$2.50 a pair and other eastern goods on the same basis."

Now Kansas has a good precedent in agrarian barefootedness. In the good old Pop days of the '90's when the Kansas prairies were burning with pleas for free silver and outcries like the present against the wicked "east," Jerry

Children's Diseases

C. G. DAUER, M. D.
Marion County Health Dept.
Time was when parents believed that exposure of their children to the common diseases of childhood in order to have them "over with." This is not a safe procedure since a small child often succumb to these diseases. Most cases of diphtheria occur in the fall and winter and the greatest number of them occur in children before the age of five. The time between exposure and the onset of the disease is from two to seven days, usually two days. The symptoms are those of sore throat, although the child usually appears more ill than the temperature indicates. Treatment consists in giving large doses of antitoxin early in the disease. Most cases of diphtheria are unnecessary because toxin antitoxin injections at the age of six months would prevent them.

Scarlet fever is more prevalent in the fall and winter. Most cases develop in children at about the age of five, and one-half of all children exposed to it develop the disease. The onset is abrupt with vomiting, fever and sore throat, and a rash which appears about 24 hours after the initial symptoms. In recent years antitoxin has been used to some extent in the treatment of the disease but no guarantee of its efficacy can be given. Most authorities recommend that it be used only in the most severe cases.

Since several articles on measles have been written, this disease is omitted here. German measles is seen most commonly in the winter and spring. Practically all children past the age of six months will develop the disease if exposed to it. The first symptoms appear at 21 days after exposure, usually 14 days. The symptoms are mild, and the disease usually is not suspected until the rash appears. No special treatment of any kind is needed.

Chickenpox appears to be most prevalent in the fall and spring and usually comes in epidemics. Practically all children are susceptible to it, and will develop the disease 14 to 21 days after exposure. The onset may be ushered in with slight fever with the eruption appearing in 24 hours. No special treatment except isolation is necessary.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and mail it to The Marion County Health Department, 215 S. Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon. The answer will appear in this column. Name should be given, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 8, 1906

Average price of wood for the Salem schools next winter will be \$3 a cord, according to bids submitted at the board meeting last night.

Albert E. Hurst, window dresser for Jos. Meyers & Sons, will leave for the national convention of window trimmers in New York.

A. L. Clearwater left yesterday with a carload of 19 horses which he hopes to sell in San Francisco.

Luther Fagan, ex-convict who has been pardoned from the state penitentiary, was killed by possession of a gun while chasing him after he kidnapped two women and a child at Hood River, from which place he was sent up.

The central office of the Marion county Realty association was opened in the Masonic building, with Mrs. Ora F. McIntyre in charge as secretary.

Site for the new boys' training school has been selected, and plans for building will go forward.

Simpson became United States senator from that state as "Socksless Simpson." He campaigned from Ottawa to Dodge City using language more vigorous than the Columbus chamber of commerce and proving the sad plight of the Kansas farmers of those days by wearing no hosiery.

We wonder now if Sen. Capper will go barefooted as Columbus suggests, or will he emulate his illustrious predecessor and travel without socks. Sen. Capper is a great friend of the farmer, so great a friend that he has grown rich and gained high office by telling them what to do. It will indeed be a triumph if the folk out at Columbus can persuade the great farm bloc to walk barefooted about the senatorial halls.

Things may be bad in Kansas but by no means so bad as in the '90's. Then they couldn't raise much wheat, what with hot winds and grasshoppers. Now they can and do raise enormous crops clear up to the Colorado line. Thirty-eight cent wheat will put a crimp in them, and they may have to make the old pair of shoes do another winter; but Kansas is in no such destitution as in the old days when Socksless Simpson and Senator Pepper led the embattled hosts of populism to the Waterloo of '96.

Federal Court Dodges

WITH all due respect for the federal district court at Portland we fail to see why it should call in a master in chancery to hold hearings on the Portland street car case. The issues involved are largely legal, not particularly controversial as to facts. It is a hard case we know, wrapped all round with politics; but the black cat will come crawling back into court eventually anyhow, because the master's findings are not final until approved by the court.

If the case called for long hearings into valuations, etc., a master might do much to relieve the court; but the issues for all practical purposes are simply whether the federal court has jurisdiction, whether the rate is confiscatory, and whether the commissioner has power to fix what he claims is an experimental rate. We see no good in just passing the buck, delaying the settlement, and running up the cost bill. The court could study the legal points involved, on which there are numerous ruling cases, and render its own order with comparatively little delay.

Every so often the peace officers have to clean up on the slot machines and petty gambling devices that spring up like weeds in wet weather. The lure of long profit tempts the merchant to set up these rigs which are specially inviting to the youthful. They are prohibited by law, and the officers are justified in cleaning them out, even though they rate as minor nuisances rather than major offenses.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

HIS HOOF FOUND RICHES!

THESEY HALF OF ALL THE U.S. HORSE WERE UNCOVERED BY BUFFALO HUNTER SCUFFING UP DIRT TO MAKE SHELTERED SLEEPING PLACES FOR THEM.



Tomorrow: Fighting Influenza

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The 1872 directory:

(Continuing from yesterday):

"By a law which was enacted by the legislature of Oregon, the delegates elected the June before met in Salem during the month of August, 1857, and framed the constitution of Oregon. The convention met at the county court house. Probably no other body of the same number of men ever assembled in this state that possessed an equal amount of talent, or did as much work as this body. The members of this convention met to work, and, as they received no pay, no time was thrown away in long winded speeches. It may seem strange, but the journals of that convention have never been published. (The Statesman and Oregonian, however, had good reports, and they served very well as substitutes, in the absence of official short-hand reports.)"

"During the summer of 1859, B. M. Du Rell's sawmill was accidentally burned down. It was situated on Water street, between State and Court streets."

"About the 1st of December, 1861, the most disastrous flood that ever occurred in Oregon was experienced. The Willamette river swept away every mill, warehouse and dwelling, from the mouth of the creek on Mill street, and west of Front. The river covered all of Salem from where the Commercial street bridge now stands (over South Mill creek) up to the corner of the university reservation. The water was sufficiently deep near the court house to swim a horse. B. M. Du Rell had a fine steam sawmill washed away. Hundreds of horses, cattle and sheep were drowned throughout the valley, and many persons lost their lives."

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'The Mystery of Geraldine' By Anthony ABBOT

CHAPTER I
The disappearance of Geraldine Foster was first reported to the authorities on the third day after Christmas, several years ago.

Only a desk-lamp was burning in the famous private office at the north end of the second floor of Police Headquarters at 240 Centre Street, New York City. The rest of the commissioner's room was darkened with the premature shadows of a Brooding over a shuffle of blue-prints. Thatcher Colt sat at his desk, enchanted with the traffic puzzle of a great city.

Finally he glanced up at me quizzically.

"You can go, Tony," he said. "You've done enough work for one secretary today."

"Captain Henry wants to see you, but I told him you didn't wish to be disturbed," I replied.

"Oh, well—send him right in."

Captain—now Deputy Inspector—Israel Henry was in charge of the cluster of offices surrounding the private room of the Police Commissioner of New York City. In this capacity he was the guardian of Thatcher Colt's privacy and all visitors had to see him first.

Responding to my call, Henry marched into the office, a heavy-set, silver-haired police captain, and, sitting, laid an opened envelope before Thatcher Colt.

"Young lady brought this in. Been waiting an hour. Says she won't go away until you've looked at it."

Thatcher Colt read the letter with deep attention. Under the lamp-light the Commissioner was a striking figure, with his huge and powerful frame and soldier's face. He was the best dressed man in public life, and regarded by the more frivolous newspapers as a fustian or, at best, a dilettante in crime, yet not since the days of Theodore Roosevelt had the department known a chief of such



"So you are the niece of Frank Canfield," he began.

strength, courage and decision. His black hair was crisp and closely cut, his brown eyes somber and resolved and in his firm features lived action and authority.

Among the Missing

Having read the letter, Thatcher Colt picked up the telephone. "Is Captain Laird still in the building? ... Hello, Captain ... Young lady in my office—sent to me by one of my oldest friends. Mind if we talk with her together? Come right up."

Meanwhile, Captain Henry had led in the girl, whom he introduced as Miss Betty Canfield. She had an attractive and piquant face and exceedingly large brown eyes, and she was becomingly dressed in a squirrel coat, saucy blue hat and the smallest snakeskin shoes I had ever seen. As I brought forward a chair, Thatcher Colt greeted her pleasantly.

"So you are the niece of Frank Canfield," he began. "It will be a pleasure to do anything I can for you. Do I understand one of your friends is missing?"

"My roommate," said Betty Canfield, with a catch in her voice.

The door opened then to admit Captain Laird, a tall, slender, keen-eyed officer in middle years. Laird was one of the first university men to choose a career in the police department. At Dartmouth he had been a track star and now the 34 detective sergeants under his command were all athletes. Addressing Betty Canfield, Thatcher Colt explained:

"Captain Laird is the chief of our Missing Persons Bureau. More than three thousand disappearance cases are reported to his office every year and he manages to account for an average of 98 per cent of them—so you've come to the right place."

Half Truths

Betty Canfield's glance toward Captain Laird was full of appeal. "However, our most difficult cases," admonished Thatcher Colt, "are those in which the family or

friends give only a part of the truth, and not all. So tell us everything."

Which admirable directness Betty Canfield related a curious story. For three years she had been sharing a small apartment on Morningside Heights with Geraldine Foster, a girl of about her own age, who worked in a doctor's office in Washington Square. Recently the two girls had agreed to separate, because Geraldine was planning to be married, the date having been set for January 2. The last time the two had been together was around noon on the previous Saturday, which was Christmas eve, when they lunched at the Hotel Brevoort and then looked at a one-room apartment in East Tenth street which Betty had decided to lease.

"I said good-bye to Geraldine at the southeast corner of Fifth avenue and Tenth street. Suddenly she leaned forward and kissed me and she said, 'If I don't come home for supper, Betty, don't be worried—I'll be doing my Christmas shopping.' And before I could answer she had crossed the avenue and was walking down toward Washington Square."

"I talked with her later that afternoon over the telephone and, Mr. Colt, it was that last conversation which makes me feel so frightened."

"Why, how is that?"

"I called Geraldine to tell her about a Christmas bonus that our firm had given to the employees. I waited for an hour, because Geraldine had said the doctor would be out at that time. I could tell by her voice that she had been crying and I asked her what was the matter. She admitted that she and Doctor Maskell had quarreled. But she wouldn't tell me why."

"Doctor Maskell?" reflected Colt aloud. "Is he related to George Maskell, the criminal lawyer?"

"I understand they are brothers," said Betty.

(Continued on page 7)

Statement of Condition

As Reported to the Comptroller of the Currency
June 30th, 1931

RESOURCES

Cash	
On Hand and Due From Banks	\$ 612,257.07
Investments	
United States Gov't Securities	268,473.77
Other Bonds and Securities	665,672.63
Loans and Discounts	960,678.25
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	7,500.00
Furniture and Fixtures and Real Estate	103,235.20
Total	\$2,717,721.92

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	63,178.39
Reserve for Dividends, Contingencies, Etc.	13,500.00
Circulation	100,000.00
Deposits	2,341,043.53
Total	\$2,717,721.92

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Daily Thought

"He is an eloquent man who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately."—Cicero.