

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Philippine Independence

SECRETARY OF WAR PATRICK J. HURLEY is en route to the Philippines where he will make a personal investigation on the feasibility of independence for the islands and report his conclusions to Pres. Hoover.

The recent pressure for granting independence which has been manifest in this country, however, comes from the sugar beet interests who want to keep out the now duty-free Philippine sugar.

We may well be suspicious of this demand for independence of the islands coming from American politicians responsive to local pressure of interests affected by importation of Filipino products.

Hogging the Performance

THE reputed capacity of Mayor Baker to steal the show was demonstrated at Corvallis Friday night, when the vast crowd which had assembled to witness the drum corps competition was given a half-hour dosage of "J. Mayor Baker."

First, the announcer stated that Mayor Baker of Portland would talk. Whereupon Mayor Baker stepped before the "mike" and stated: "Mayor Baker refuses to talk until he is properly introduced."

When the assemblage, which at first had been respectful, grew irritated by the delay and (by increasing noise), showed they were irked, the Portland mayor became critical and abusive of his auditors, which only made matters worse.

Honors Come in Shower

SALEM won signal honors at the Legion convention in Corvallis this week. The drum corps won grand prize in the big Friday night contest; also first prize for its music.

Then the Salem junior league ball team acquitted itself handsomely winning the first game of the series and losing the last two to Portland. The final game was a close one, 5 to 4. Salem pitcher, Johnny Perrine, had pitched the three days and the strain was a bit too heavy for him.

Salem is proud of those who have thus brought fame and honor to the capital city. The ball team fought through many thrilling games and well earned their place in the finals. All those who live out on 14th street or in that vicinity, know how diligently the drum corps has practiced. We have never known of an organization that worked as hard to perfect itself for a competition.

"Change the system" is the cry of those who think the remedy for present ills is inherent in the present system of private capital. They would go over to socialism and divide up this surplus of wheat, rubber, oil, copper, etc.

Little can equal the stupidity of utility magnates. H. L. Doherty has now bought a half interest in the Kansas City Journal-Post so he can strike back at the Kansas City Star and the governor of Kansas.

The Social Menace

By VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M. D.
Marion County Health Dept.
One always hesitates to speak of venereal diseases, and this is a natural attitude.

When we consider that over the United States for every 100 reported cases of scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox and typhoid fever combined there are 95 cases of venereal diseases reported, we get some idea of the extent of this blight.

Some of these cases will end up with permanent mental or physical impairment. Some will without reasonable doubt be inmates of state institutions at state or county expense some years hence.

There are certain well recognized methods for the control of venereal diseases. The methods are really the same as employed in the control of any communicable disease.

From a practical standpoint for a health department this resolves itself down to (1) location of cases by providing free diagnostic facilities, (2) adequate treatment made freely available and (3) every infected person taking treatment.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it to the Statesman or Marion county department of health. The answer will appear in this column.

New Views

"What is your favorite season of the year? Why?" This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Harry Hutton, Salem fire chief: "At the beach it's fall and winter days. The sea wind doesn't blow then."

Edmond K. Rollins, engineer: "Oh, that's hard to say, I don't like summer if it's too hot, nor winter if it's cold or rainy."

Miss Givens, clerk: Summer is the most desirable season of the year, because of the variety of sports and recreations."

Mrs. H. Richardson, housewife: "I prefer the winter months of the year, because of the fashions—and not so much cooking for company."

Daily Thought

"I repeat that all power is a trust; that we are accountable for its exercise; that from the people and for the people all springs, and all must exist."—Disraeli.

Boy Breaks Arm While Swimming

MONMOUTH, Aug. 8.—Carl Sheoon, 12, youngest son of Mrs. Hester Sheoon, chief operator of the Monmouth telephone exchange, fractured a bone in his left arm recently.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON



Tuesday: Her Dress is a Mirror.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Liberty: Henry George, trained in the free air of the Pacific coast, years ago wrote of Liberty; penned wonderfully eloquent lines.

"Liberty came to a race crouching under Egyptian whips, and led them forth from the house of bondage." "She hardened them in the desert and made them a race of conquerors."

"She is not here, but yet she cometh. Lo! her feet are on the mountains—the call of her clarions sing on every breeze; the banners of her dawning tread the sky!"

"Who will hear her as she calleth; who will bid her come and welcome? Who will turn to her? who will speak to her? who will speak for her? who will stand for her while she yet hath need?"

Much has transpired in the world since Henry George penned that tribute to Liberty. He set forth the theory of a single land tax for all economic ills.

He struck the key note when he pointed to the "Prince of Peace and by inference referred to his teaching, summed up in the Sermon on the Mount. Liberty will free the peoples of the world when they all follow the rules are laid down.

"In the history of every nation we may read the same truth. It was the strength born of Magna Charta that won Crecy and Agincourt. It was the revival of Liberty from the despotism of the Tudors that glorified the Elizabethan age.

"It was the energy of ancient freedom that, the moment it had gained unity, made Spain the mightiest power of the world, only to fall to the lowest depths of weakness when tyranny succeeded Liberty."

"See, in France, all intellectual vigor dying under the tyranny of the seventeenth century to revive as Liberty awoke in the eighteenth, and on the enfranchisement of the French peasant in the great revolution, basing the wonderful strength that has in our time laughed at disaster."

"What Liberty shall do for the nation that fully accepts and loyally cherishes her, the wondrous inventions, which are the marked features of this century, give us but a hint."

"A hundred years have passed since the fast friend of American Liberty—the great Earl Chatham—rose to make his appeal for the preservation, on the basis of justice, of that English speaking empire, in which he saw the greatest possibility of the future."

"It is too soon to hope that the future may hold the realization of his vision in a nobler form than even he imagined, and that it may be the mission of this Republic to unite all the nations of English speech, whether they grow beneath the northern star or southern cross, in a league which by insuring justice, promoting peace, and liberating commerce, will be the forerunner of a world wide federation that will make war the possibility of a past age, and turn to works of usefulness the enormous forces now dedicated to destruction."

"Is this the dream of dreamers? One brought to the world the message that it might be reality."

'The Mystery of Geraldine' By Anthony ABBOT

Geraldine Foster was hacked to death in a house on Peddler's Road, leased by her employer, Dr. Humphrey Maskell, and her nude body buried in a grave filled with tannic acid.



The door was opened and two uniformed men led in Dr. Maskell.

With the wreck of his familiar smile playing over his pale and haggard face, Doctor Maskell glanced at the table on which the lie detector lay exposed.

"Do you know what that machine is?" asked Thatcher Colt. Doctor Maskell's face expressed manifest contempt.

"Fake scientific apparatus," he jeered. "I've heard all about it. It is just about as scientific as the Abrams blood detector machine. I can guess what it is by the looks of it."

"It is not recognized in the New York department," explained Thatcher Colt frankly. "So you do not have to submit to its use. Nor can you be bound in any way by any conclusions we may arrive at by its use. But it may break your story and give us clues by which we can finish our case against you."

"Yes, certainly," acquiesced Doctor Maskell, with magnificent indifference. I saw the look that passed between Dougherty and Thatcher Colt. Plainly the doctor's readiness only increased the district attorney's suspicions.

Maskell, in his opinion, like many another criminal, regarded himself as a superior. He was such an egoist that he felt confident that he could beat the machine. It took very little time to adjust the apparatus to his chest and bared arm, as he sat in his

shirt sleeves. Then Thatcher Colt began asking again the same question with which Maskell had been battered for so long.

They came, one after another, in a rattling fusillade, giving the suspect only time to answer before the next question was fired. For the first little while—certainly, for the next hour—the results would not be regarded as important.

The unusual circumstances, the danger of Maskell's position, might easily make him nervous, and produce a jumpy chart, however innocent he might be. But Thatcher Colt knew that this state of preliminary fear would pass away. The subject of the lie detector is soon lulled into a sense of false security. As soon as he thinks he is giving a fine account of himself he becomes more the master of his emotions. Then, and not before, the records on the card become important indications. For an hour Colt talked to Maskell calmly about his journey—the same old story of giving out the Christmas presents, returning, and meeting the mysterious woman at his office door.

But after that first hour, the tone, the pace, the very accent of the questions changed. The voice of Thatcher Colt became brittle, commanding, with an under-thrust of malice in its tones. He stood, towering above the doctor, as if he held in his grasp the lightning of the electric chair. The very air of the room became (Continued on page 7)

LAY SERMON

FISHERMAN'S LUCK "The fisher also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle in the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the sea shall languish."—Isaiah LIX: 8.

So the old Hebrew fishermen had their off days! "Fisherman's luck" is thus shown to have a very ancient origin. We do not think of the Old Testament Israelites as fishermen. They were primarily stockmen and husbandmen. They lived on or near the desert places, where the occupants would be grazing of sheep and cattle, the caring for vineyards and olive groves. So the literature of Palestine is replete with references to the shepherd, the winepress, to herds and fields of grain. Few are the references to fishing. It is hard to imagine those seminomadic Israelites angling in brooks for fish.

The New Testament introduces us to fishermen. Old Capernaum on the sea of Galilee where Christ began his ministry was a fishing village. It is today; and as lowly and squalid and repelling a town as one may find. One marvels that Christ could pick up in such an environment men of the fire of Peter or the fidelity of John.

Why is it that fishers are prone to mourn, to lament, to languish as this young prophet Isaiah describes? It must be because the element of "luck" enters in so largely. The fisherman casts his line or his fly with high hopes.

He sweeps the waters with his net—and all too frequently he goes home with empty basket. So he laments his luck. He may blame his luck, or the wind, or the weather; but the fact remains that for him the fish did not bite. Those who fish for a living are deeply troubled when the nets come up empty. It is a matter of deep concern to them. But they may be even less volatile and disconsolate than the man who fishes for sport, who dreads to return home with empty creel. The ridicule of his friends drives him to tramp many another mile in search of some more generous trout pool.

This lament of the fishermen, how good an outlet it affords. No harm is done when he vents his grief over his dismal fortune. He can bewail his loss of some fine tackle, he can describe the big one that got away, he can grouse over wet feet, or lost lunch—and when he gets over it he has it out of his system and can go ahead. Your active fisherman is not one to nourish some grouch within his breast. He gets over with it, and so is the healthier for it.

When the prophet foretells the fall of the fishermen there is no call to be alarmed. It portends no disaster. Like a squall of rain the cloud will soon pass. Next perhaps the fish will bite. For your fisherman after all, is one of life's surest philosophers.

MADE STUFF

LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING - OR YOU'LL GO WHERE YOU'RE NOT LOOKING! BETTER HAVE HOMER H. SMITH INSURANCE AGENCY INSURE YOU AGAINST ACCIDENTS. HOMER H. SMITH INSURANCE AGENCY Over Miller's Store Tel. 9181 Homer H. Smith Merrill D. Oling

Notice I am moving back into my own building at 275 So. Commercial St. New machinery and equipment are now being installed and I will be ready to take care of all my old and new customers in a few days. MIKE PANEK The Brake Specialist 275 S. Commercial St.