

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

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**Hereditary Diseases**

**VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M. D.**  
 For many years there has been a popular belief that some hereditary diseases are actually inherited. It is still commonly said that a certain person inherited tuberculosis or leprosy or syphilis.

If we take under consideration only those diseases due to bacteria, it is soon seen that not only active tuberculous diseases are over the result of inheritance, in a actual transmission of parental characteristics. It is true, however, that occasionally the ill effect of disease in the parent may be transmitted to the child following the laws of heredity.

Some diseases are, however, transmitted from the mother to the unborn baby, the same as from adult to adult. A common example among the chronic diseases is syphilis, and among the acute, smallpox or measles. Contrary to common belief, tuberculosis or leprosy are seldom if ever transmitted in this way—that is, before the baby is born. Tuberculosis is transmitted to a child after it is born unless special precautions are taken. The infection of leprosy is also contracted after birth and children of lepers remain clear if removed from their infective environment.

A susceptibility or tendency to certain diseases does, however, seem to run in families and is inherited. We are born with certain characteristics as small hands, large noses, large vessels or thick skin. Some families appear to be particularly susceptible to tuberculosis due to the shape of the chest or to lack of certain protective substances. Others have diabetes or Bright's disease or pneumonia as family diseases.

On the other hand, a disease may appear to run in a family due to certain family habits which predispose to that condition. Dietary habits may predispose to diabetes or nephritis or goitre. Continual insanitary ways of living may lead to repeated attacks of typhoid or pneumonia or cholera.

Thus it can be explained why certain diseases may run in families or be congenital but still not be hereditary.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write to the Statesman or send it either to The Statesman or the nearest department of health. The answer will appear in this column. Names should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

**HERE'S HOW** By EDSON

**HER DRESS IS A MIRROR!**

Geraldine Foster was hauled 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. Two women were seen leaving the doctor's office carrying bottles similar to those found near the grave. Mrs. Morgan, a neighbor, substantiates the doctor's statement that he was with her daughter, Doris, the day of the appearance. Maskell claims there was a strange woman outside his office when he returned. Other suspects are Harry Armstrong, Geraldine's former fiancé, and her brother, Bruce, who will receive her inheritance. Bruce is an adopted son whose father was a mafioso. Dr. Maskell reports to Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt that Geraldine phoned him on January 5, 10 days after her disappearance, requesting that he meet her, but failed to appear. The autopsy shows she was killed on December 24, and her body preserved by the acid to make it appear that death occurred within 48 hours. Maskell, accused, sticks to his story that his brother and sister-in-law, George and Natalie Maskell, call to see him, but are turned away. One of the women whom Maskell visited on Christmas eve informs Colt that a woman phoned that day leaving the following message for the doctor: "Please come at once to Peddler's Road. Something terrible has happened." Doris Morgan reveals that Maskell left her and his chauffeur at a confectioner's while he delivered gifts. Maskell submits to an examination by a lie-detector instrument.

Chapter XXX  
 "What are you most ashamed of in your life?" repeated Thatcher Colt. Experiment will prove that this question will bring to the busy thoughts of any human being, even if he is not accused of crime.

"Of nothing," declared Doctor Maskell, finally. But his voice was less confident than before and he knew from the lie detector that he was laboring under great excitement.

"Come, Doctor," urged Thatcher Colt patiently. "We are all ashamed of something."

"No."

"Revealed Emotions  
 "Are you ashamed of something in connection with the house on Peddler's Road?"

With every reference to the little portable cottage of blood and death the charts leaped at once into high peaks of emotional excitement and descended into valleys that might have recorded shame and despair.

"I like to have a place to hide away in."

"Alone?"

"Yes!"

Like stock brokers, Thatcher Colt and Dougherty were watching the tapes as they were fed into their hands by the silent young expert from Chicago. The district attorney was exceedingly solemn and serious; he glanced at the commissioner as if to indicate that he was beginning to have some respect for this apparatus.

"When were you last in the house on Peddler's Road?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Anyone with you then?"

"No."

"Had Geraldine Foster ever been there?"

"No."

"Are you certain?"

"I have no knowledge that she was ever there."

"But she was murdered there."

"I mean previously."

"Did you know she was going there this one time which resulted in her death?"

The chart lines during these last few questions were quite unimpressive. The emotional excitement in the doctor seemed to pass away when Geraldine Foster was brought into the question. No dizzy climbs of trace lines appeared when the murder was mentioned. It was on some subtle, obscure point that he trembled. But who could determine the meaning of this?

Justified Murder  
 "Do you believe that murder is ever justified?"

"Yes."

"How do you mean that?"

"I have philosophical ideas on the subject. I believe in euthanasia. But my notions have no bearing on this inquiry. I do not practice a philosophy opposed to the laws under which I live."

"But doesn't your philosophy hold that murder is justified, even if it is opposed to the laws under which you live?"

"Theoretically—yes."

"If sufficiently justifiable grounds arose, would you commit murder in spite of the laws?"

"I don't know."

"I say I don't know."

"Why did you quarrel with your brother George?"

"Because he did not approve of my private life."

"Did his wife also disapprove?"

"She did not know anything about it. What happened took place before she married my brother."

"Does she dislike you now?"

"She does not know me. I do not associate with my brother. I naturally do not know his wife. We have never met."

"Will you look at this?"

Thatcher Colt for the first time gave into Maskell's hands the note which George Maskell had written that morning. The physician was plainly astonished, no delighted.

"That's the silver lining for all this," he remarked, with unsteady voice.

"There is nothing to indicate they don't know you," prodded Colt.

"No," said Maskell, smiling broadly. "No—that's what's so wonderful about it."

Certainly, if the lie detector machine was to be trusted, the doctor had been telling the truth during these last few questions. The lines ran in even, undulating curves like the waves of a peaceful sea.

"Your brother is a clever lawyer," resumed Colt, "but how do you intend to explain to him the lies you have been telling me?"

"Last about your whereabouts on Christmas Eve. You know you have concealed the truth about that."

"I do not conceal the truth."

"You did not deliver those seven presents you told us about, while Christmas and the child were eating ice-cream. No, no, no, doorman, footman, or elevator man, at the addresses you supplied, can remember your delivery of those presents. Where were you?"

"I was where I said I was—delivering those presents!"

Until those last few exchanges, the chart had remained monotonous. But all passivity vanished when the doctor's whereabouts during the ice cream episode was mentioned. There was a high peak again, an almost unmistakable accusation that Maskell was lying.

"You know that your insistence on this falsehood, which even this machine proclaims, subjects you to the gravest suspicions!"

"Unjustly so."

"Had you quarrel with Geraldine?"

"No—except about her marriage."

"Why, Doctor—are you sure?"

"Perfectly."

"She hadn't tried to obtain money from you?"

"Blackmail? Why, of course not."

"No?"

Thatcher Colt pulled the paper ribbon over far enough for the doctor to see it.

"Look at that graph and admit that you lied, Doctor Maskell. I am afraid you are your own worst enemy in this investigation, Doctor."

"You're showing yourself guilty as hell!" roared Dougherty. Doctor Maskell shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette.

"What are your next questions?" he demanded. "I tell you that Geraldine Foster was above trying to blackmail anybody."

"I could see, then, that Thatcher Colt had been holding back all this time. Evidence of the blackmail note, rescued from the waste-paper, not knowing it had been found, the physician would be unable to prepare a defense against it, and when the evidence was exploded at the trial it might easily seal his doom."

"Why do you suppose Geraldine Foster told Betty Canfield, she wished she was dead and that she might soon be dead?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any suspicions?"

"No."

"You told us you were surprised about the bottle of tannic acid delivered to your office."

"I was."

"But you didn't call up the chemist and ask him to analyze it?"

"I beg your pardon—I did."

"He doesn't remember it."

"I talked to his clerk—I think the young man is now away from the store with pneumonia."

This fact, Thatcher Colt subsequently checked and found correct. The clerk was delirious and could not be questioned.

Undaunted  
 "The clerk told me," continued Maskell. "The clerk called up and said I needed the stuff in a hurry, that was how it came. She ordered several bottles, three of which were left at my office."

"Dougherty laughed.

"Pretty cool," he said. "Evidently you would like to make yourself appear the victim of a gigantic plot. Some mysterious enemy—perhaps the dead girl herself—planting evidence against you, framing you—bah!"

(Continued on page 7)

**Ice Cream at Point Barrow**

WHILE Pangborn and Herndon, round-the-world barnstormers, were busy explaining to Japanese authorities why they flew over Jap fortifications; while Boardman and his colleague whose name we have already forgotten were backtracking from Istanbul; while the 'Do-X' had done another brief jaunt up the Brazilian coast; and while Robbins and Jones, baffled in their non-stop flight from Seattle to Tokio, were landing in their home port of Fort Worth, the aerial vacationers, Charles A. and Anne Lindbergh, made the flight to Point Barrow, that northernmost point of United States territory, far above the Arctic circle. Every Eskimo igloo bore a tiny United States flag in honor of the coming of the distinguished visitors. A dinner in their honor was served at the residence of the Presbyterian missionary. The dessert was ice cream and cake! Think of it, ice cream in the Arctic—for Point Barrow is in sight of the polar ice cap; and the ice pack had not broken up sufficiently this season to let the coast guard cutter in from Nome, with provisions, supplies, and as eagerly awaited as anything else,—newspapers.

It was two a. m. when the Lindberghs landed. They must prefer night driving,—cooler perhaps and less traffic; and of course they have that polar sun which gives light nearly the whole round of the 24-hour day. But at three a. m. the habits of the temperate zone told on the famous flier, and he packed off to bed with the remark that he didn't care if he never got up. Quite a human remark one may say; for who is there who has not felt the same way at two or three a. m. after a day and night of activity?

One may just as well quit worrying about the Lindberghs. They fly with such accuracy, such speed, and such skill as to take the risk pretty much out of their flying. Lindbergh studies his maps, examines his plane, watches the weather,—then shoots like an arrow to his goal. The trip will be of interest to them; it brings an anxious world to a new knowledge of the geography of remote regions. Most of all it is a thrilling and novel experience for those earth-bound, ice-locked denizens of the far north. Out of the twilight sky a plane a few days from the states drops in their calm lagoon, bringing a man famed in all continents, bringing to a glimpse of a new day when aviation will unloose their shackles and give them a freedom and a propinquity to civilization which they have never before dreamed of. The Lindbergh air junket of 1931 may be worth while after all.

**Farmers Pay Us a Visit**

HOW long has it been since the northwest has been visited by groups of farmers touring via Pullman? In the days of the Lewis and Clark exposition and the A-Y-P at Seattle in 1909 there were numerous tours. In late years however while the northwest has been toured by more mid-western farmers than ever before, they came overland. Corn laid by and harvest over thousands loaded their families in Ford, Buick or Nash and steered their cars into the setting sun.

This year we are visited by organized tours of farmers from Iowa and from Pennsylvania. Of course we greet them. Here indeed they will see much to marvel at,—combined harvesters drawn by tractors or by 32-head of horses; peaches big as indoor baseballs; dairy cows that break world records; hens that are in disgrace unless they lay over 200 eggs a year.

Most of all, we have no doubt these visitors will be charmed by the scenery. Farmers live close to nature; and while they may not be very articulate about it, they love nature. They are accustomed to long vistas toward horizons lined with green of tree or field. Not for them an outlook over rooftops or a view blocked by a ten-story building across the street. So we may expect them to enthuse over the glorious scenery which the Almighty spilled so lavishly over the land-and sea-scapes of Oregon and Washington.

We might wish that many of them would decide to stay here. We always have need of such able and intelligent farmers as they have in Iowa and such industrious and thrifty farmers as they have in Pennsylvania. But we doubt if many of them will locate here. A farmer is like a tree, he is hard to transplant. And while they may send post cards from Multnomah falls telling of what a grand time they are having; and a note from Longview saying "Wish you could see this," they will all go back home. When the children meet them at the station and drive them home over the familiar road with the familiar turns to the familiar gate, and when they enter the familiar doorway they will be happiest of all, because they are "home again". Next winter when they are busy bedding down the stock, or mixing water and shorts to slop a penful of squealing pigs, they may think back on the pleasures of their western trip, and reflect on the vivid pictures they may have of a great forest, a mountain canyon and a long stretch of sandy beach; but it will seem for them just an interlude. Most of them would never think they could pull up stakes and move out to Oregon or Washington where these joys of living are a continuous and universal privilege.

**Sacrificed for a Myth**

THE silly myth of buried treasure about Neah-kah-nie has lured two men to death. With no foundation in fact, and scant basis even in legend this myth has survived and has drawn men to dig all over the face of the old mountain which thrusts a shoulder in the sea near the mouth of the Nehalem. Now two men who were digging in a dune were buried when the sand caved in,—an unnecessary sacrifice to an utterly useless quest.

The tale which is reported to have come from the Indians was that a ship stood offshore near Neah-kah-nie, a party came ashore in a small boat, dug a hole and buried a chest. They shot a negro and tumbled his body into the hole which they then covered. The whites have taken the yarn and made into a story of treasure buried perhaps by pirates, with the negro a sacrifice to keep the superstitious Indians from digging up the chest.

The legend sounds too much like the product of imagination, or like an attempt to supply some folk-lore to a region destitute in any save the myths of the Indians. Even if the story were true, the lapse of two centuries would in all probability destroy all chance of finding the buried chest.

**Editorial Comment**  
 From Other Papers

**WE LEARNED!**  
 Both Salem papers are taking a kindly interest in the education of this coin and are wondering if by this time we know what a "wow" is. Yes. We think that for all practical purposes a wow may be defined as the hub-bub produced by an American Legion convention when 17 drum corps, a merry-go-round, eight splendors, six blind fiddlers, a rub band led by Bert Bates, a dozen airplanes, numerous exploding bombs (and cold) 12 hot dog artists, a thousand auto horns and 4000 reunited Legionnaires are all expressing themselves joyously and as loud as possible at the same time. The wow becomes wower if the said hilarity is expressed under your window or when you are trying to concentrate on what a wow is.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

**TWINS ALL AROUND**  
 The Albany Democrat-Herald says its twin round-up has to be held on Labor day because that is the last of a double holiday. The holidays must be twins too, eh?—Salem Statesman.

Yes, indeed! Twins in everything at Albany's famous Twin Round-Up. And this Round-Up is getting to be some show. For the benefit of our Salem neighbor, who has given evidence from time to time of cherishing a facetious attitude toward it, we are issuing a special invitation to witness the event. We will wager that the Statesman's editor will get a real kick out of the proceedings. And as for the crowds! Well, they will be bigger than the stage fair throng at its best. For the exhibits at the Twin Round-Up are human beings—and there is nothing more interesting in this world than folks, whether they be young or old, beautiful or homely.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

**Ruthless Officialdom**

THE Oppenheimer report of the Wickersham commission comes as a sharp rebuke for those agents of the department of labor who have been brutal and abusive of aliens resident in this country. This is a heritage from the world war when anyone with a German name or a German accent was under suspicion and many were roughly handled by private citizens or government agents. The suppression of incipient bolshevism in this country, of wobbles and reds, further was used as an excuse and justification for scandalous abuse of what are normally granted as civil liberties of the people.

The report might have gone further and criticized the methods and attitude of many of the naturalization examiners who have been ruthless and brutal in their examination of candidates for citizenship. These nervous and befuddled applicants, uncertain in their understanding and use of language, have been badgered and browbeaten and abused in a seeming attempt to prove them communists or unfit. The department of labor has almost made pogroms of its alien round-ups. There are many to be sure who are dangerous characters, who have no place here and who should be deported, but there are thousands of others who are decent, respectable human beings; and who will make far better American citizens if they are treated with courtesy by officials and private citizens.

We note considerable applause because Commissioner Mann of Portland was demoted as head of the milk bureau for winking at violations of the city ordinance. So far no petitions have come in to the governor's office asking for the removal of the county sheriff of Washington county where the most of the milk spill occurred.

W. F. Woodward, who would be mayor of Portland, won many votes by Baker's speech at Corvallis.

The style-makers have made a big concession: skirts are to be slit to the hem so the wearers can walk.

A wine brick looks like a gold brick to Mabel Willebrand.

**BITS for BREAKFAST**  
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

1924 stamp series:  
 Luther D. Cook, carrier on rural route 2 from the Salem postoffice, makes an excellent suggestion.

He is a graduate of Willamette university; is interested in Oregon history, proud of his state and faithful to the great service of which he is an important if generally scantily credited part.

Mr. Cook's suggestion is that Oregon is entitled to ask for a series of postage stamps commemorating important centennials of the near future. His general conference of the Methodist church of the organization of which he is an important if generally scantily credited part.

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**New Views**

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "There has been some talk of Mr. Coolidge for president in 1932. Would you favor him?"

Gas Nixon, circulation manager: "I don't think it would hurt things so very much."

A. Jensen, instructor: "I hardly know."

Heinrich McCullough, visitor: "No. What improvement do you think he would make?"

A. M. Keithley, service station attendant: "Yes, I favor the return of Coolidge because of his success in his past administration."

E. L. Brookler, salesman: "No. When a man has been successful once and returns, he is usually a failure."

Mrs. J. Lincoln Ellis, housewife: "It's a toss-up as far as I'm concerned. I've admired Coolidge in some ways and criticized him in others."

A. Moore, insurance man: "He'd make a fine president, but I don't believe he'd accept."

**Daily Thought**

"When Time who steals our years away  
 Shall steal our pleasures, too,  
 The memory of the past will stay,  
 And halt our joys renew."  
 —Thomas Moore.

**AIDING GERMANY IN CRISIS**

Without Jason Lee, or without a leader with his Christian zeal and his patriotic fervor, the United States would not float over all American territory west of the Rockies. The American Board missionaries responded to the same Macedonian call but they did not come for definite until two years later. However, their labors and sacrifices were sufficiently important to warrant a stamp issue for 1936.

The year 1843 held events of importance that would warrant another special stamp issue—the launching of the provisional government at Champeau, and the arrival of the Applegate train, the first large company across the plains with covered wagons that came all the way. In fact, 1942 might have a special stamp issue, for without the Dr. White party of 1843 the organization of the provisional government in 1849 would not have been possible.

**'The Mystery of Geraldine' By Anthony ABBOT**

Geraldine Foster was hauled 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. Two women were seen leaving the doctor's office carrying bottles similar to those found near the grave. Mrs. Morgan, a neighbor, substantiates the doctor's statement that he was with her daughter, Doris, the day of the appearance. Maskell claims there was a strange woman outside his office when he returned. Other suspects are Harry Armstrong, Geraldine's former fiancé, and her brother, Bruce, who will receive her inheritance. Bruce is an adopted son whose father was a mafioso. Dr. Maskell reports to Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt that Geraldine phoned him on January 5, 10 days after her disappearance, requesting that he meet her, but failed to appear. The autopsy shows she was killed on December 24, and her body preserved by the acid to make it appear that death occurred within 48 hours. Maskell, accused, sticks to his story that his brother and sister-in-law, George and Natalie Maskell, call to see him, but are turned away. One of the women whom Maskell visited on Christmas eve informs Colt that a woman phoned that day leaving the following message for the doctor: "Please come at once to Peddler's Road. Something terrible has happened." Doris Morgan reveals that Maskell left her and his chauffeur at a confectioner's while he delivered gifts. Maskell submits to an examination by a lie-detector instrument.

Chapter XXX  
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"Of nothing," declared Doctor Maskell, finally. But his voice was less confident than before and he knew from the lie detector that he was laboring under great excitement.

"Come, Doctor," urged Thatcher Colt patiently. "We are all ashamed of something."

"No."

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"Alone?"

"Yes!"

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"Anyone with you then?"

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"Had Geraldine Foster ever been there?"

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"If sufficiently justifiable grounds arose, would you commit murder in spite of the laws?"

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"Because he did not approve of my private life."

"Did his wife also disapprove?"

"She did not know anything about it. What happened took place before she married my brother."

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"She does not know me. I do not associate with my brother. I naturally do not know his wife. We have never met."

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(Continued on page 7)

Yates W. McGarragh (right), American president of the Bank of International Settlements, at Basel, Switzerland, has stated it would participate in a renewal of the \$100,000,000 redemptive credit granted the Reichsbank, June 25, and would collaborate with various governments in obtaining financial assistance for Germany. Frederick M. Sackett (left), United States Ambassador to Germany, is keeping President Hoover constantly informed of Germany's financial plight and foreign developments.