

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Racial Stagnation

With a photographic fullness and sharpness of detail Edmund Wilson has, in an article in September Scribner's, sketched the relief work among the mountain whites of a certain Kentucky county following the drought of 1930. It is truly drawn "from the life," with a Red Cross worker and a county agent shown handling specific cases which had fallen to their attention. The "mountain whites" have long been the subject of relief work and missionary activity. Descendants of pre-revolutionary stock, they have inbred, have eked out an existence on the stony soil of the hills, have kept themselves isolated from civilization, living with their feuds, their traditions, their dogs, their corn likker and terebacoby oblivious to what goes on in the world below.

Oregon has its own hill-billies, and some of them have come direct from the Blue Ridge country of the south. Their primitive speech, habits of living, shiftlessness quickly reveal a relationship. It is very doubtful however if there is any such racial exhaustion as reveals itself in the southern mountains. As Mr. Wilson describes these mountain people "they are really like nothing human. Their standard of living is so low that \$3 a week for a family of five, \$15 a month for a family of ten, is supposed to provide them with all their necessities, and they are so ignorant that the best they can do in the way of signing their names to applications is to touch one finger to the end of the pencil. They have never needed money for anything but clothes, and they wear very few of them. They live proverbially on meal, meat and molasses, which, before the drought set in, they raised for themselves. The meal was made out of corn which they would get ground up at the mill at every crossroads, the molasses was made out of sorghum and the meat was always pork. During the hog-killing season, Miss Dabney (the Red Cross worker) was obliged to take part in fatty orgies where the conversation consisted chiefly of "Gimme a rib!" and "Gimme a hunk of the jow!" In other cases, they are most untidy; they don't want to be bothered, no matter how badly they are, if they are allowed to die of the drought. And she vacillates between an uneasy feeling that \$3 can't possibly be enough for a family of five to live on and a serious scepticism as to whether it may not be futile to try to equip them with strong gastric tubes."

It is a grave sociological question about what to do with these population eddies. Their own resistance to social reclamation makes the problem doubly hard. One cannot but believe that roads, radio, schools, papers will eventually shatter their isolation, and emancipate the younger generation at least for more wholesome living and richer contribution to the common weal. Perhaps these friendly touches of the Red Cross will help to break down some of that mental insularity which kept the "mountain whites" a race apart and stagnant.

The 1931 Salmon Run

REPORTS from Astoria indicate that the season's run of salmon is the heaviest in several years. The late August run was the largest in twenty years, the fishing boats Monday being swamped with fish and the canneries having all they could handle. The market has been poor all season, but the quantity may bring some compensation to the fishermen.

Besides the economic value to the state of this fish crop, the large run of the year is of some political significance. In 1926 the people voted to suppress fish traps and fish wheels on the river above tidewater. The claim was advanced that in the narrow gorge of the river this gear seized the river so completely of fish that not sufficient numbers were going through to spawn. It was urged that if the traps and wheels were done away with there would be a greatly increased run of fish into the river and the salmon fishing industry would thrive instead of slowly die out.

Last winter a hard drive was made to repeal this prohibitory legislation, Jim Mott, who had led the fight in 1926 when a legislator in Clatsop county, fought the repeal act on the floor of the house and it was defeated. It was time however that the expected benefits from the 1926 act should be seen. It is four years now since the 1927 spawn of fish. The run of this season may be some proof of the efficacy of the 1926 law, although it is much too early to generalize from one season's run. Salmon have a way of failing to show up just like a crop of cherries, and again they may be most abundant.

The supporters of the 1926 initiative will naturally hail this run as justification of their contention. The remainder of the state will make note of it and observe what happens in future years.

The people who think that England is about to topple over the brink might as well quit their worrying. In 1926 France was in the same situation with the franc taking wings. Now France is gorged with gold. The U. S. A. is too far that matter, but back in 1893 we were in the same squeeze England and Germany are in today. Our gold reserves commenced to slip away and the foreign interests who at that time had great investments in this country, got scared and commenced calling their money home. Then the debtors were strong for free silver so they could pay their debts with fifty cent silver dollars. When during the McKinley administration this country came out of the kinks in its finances the foreigners got over their fright and renewed their investments with us. The world has a bad case of nerves. First it is Germany and then it is England. The one dose of Dr. Hoover's soothing syrup labeled moratorium was a powerful restorative, but the effect wore off too quickly. The world needs another bottle.

The governor's dog "Alex" got shot for an ordinary chicken stealing dog, instead of the high-bred, stately police dog he appeared to be. Could it be he was leading a double life? Human "smart alecs" are seldom shot, it may be said with regret.

It isn't strange Paul Whitman now has his fourth wife. He always liked mixed temps.

Eye Strain

By C. G. DAUER, M. D.
 Marion Co. Dept. of Health

A child's eyes are often abused in various ways through misunderstanding as to those things that contribute to such conditions and a somnolent carelessness on the part of parents. Much is being done in the schools today to prevent eye strain by giving attention to such things as proper lighting, distance from the book, arrangement and type of print used in text books.

One should always read in a steady, sufficiently bright light. The light should be of such intensity that the print is clear. While not often the case, a book is occasionally found in school that there is considerable reflected light from blackboards. This can be easily remedied by lowering the shades from the top. Our homes could be more efficiently illuminated if the shades would be lowered six inches from the top. Reflected light from a ceiling is much better for the eyes than a bright glare from a window.

Reading should not be done in the twilight, on moving cars, or while walking, nor while lying down. All of these are an unnecessary burden on the small muscles of the eyes which must be in constant motion to properly see the print of a book or paper. The same might be said of sewing.

Publications Improving Type

The size and type of print, and also the character of paper are also important factors in overcoming or preventing eye strain. Children's books are not printed with large type by accident or to fill up pages. Large clear characters take less energy so far as the eye muscles are concerned. The ideal type of paper for a child's book is not the highly glazed paper but the kind that does not produce a glare.

Magazines and newspapers are becoming better adapted to reading because of the greater care given to the character of the type used but there is still room for improvement. One large metropolitan newspaper submitted various kinds of print to eye specialists before adopting a certain one. The certain one is a step in the right direction and might well be copied by others.

If eye strain is present and demands other treatment than rest, the eye specialist is best qualified to treat the condition. He can with his instruments of precision correctly diagnose and treat the disorder.

What health problems save you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write the question and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion county department of health. The Statesman will answer it, but it should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

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New Views

"Do you favor supervisors in the Salem school system at an annual cost of \$9000?" Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question as they worked about town.

Elmer D. Cook, attorney: "I really cannot express an opinion. I reside in West Salem and am only casually acquainted with the situation."

Mrs. Mary Fulkerson, county school superintendent: "No, I have nothing to state on that matter. My supervision does not extend to Salem. All I do is approve the accounts; I have nothing to do with teaching problems."

Howard Corning, student: "I don't see why supervisors aren't a good thing, so why cut down on them?"

Mrs. Eleanor C. Boyle, telephone operator: "I think it's a very good idea."

Mrs. P. L. Frazier, housewife: "I haven't given it a thought."

Mrs. James Callahan, housewife: "I'm not informed about it."

M. Clifford Moylan, attorney: "If the supervisors will increase the efficiency of the local school system, thereby developing the child and properly directing his education, I heartily endorse the retaining of the Salem supervisors."

G. Parks, book salesman: "Yes, I surely do, it's no longer a foolish idea, it's a necessity and should be considered such."

Daily Thought

"No one can be perfectly free until all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy until all are happy."—Herbert Spencer.

Fifty Men Fight Creswell Blaze; One Badly Hurt

EUGENE, Ore., Aug. 26.—(AP)—One man was injured and a county bridge and several fences were destroyed by a fire which swept over 50 acres and endangered several homes three miles west of Creswell Tuesday. The man injured was Hubert Dorsham. He fell 15 feet from a tree which he had climbed to aid in putting out the bridge fire. A spike ran into his shoulder and also suffered a fracture of the left wrist.

LICENSED TO WED—Vancouver wedding licenses were issued to three Shilerton and one Portland person yesterday. They were: Jaye Bleakney, 29, and Ival Parkhurst, 20. Edward W. Foss, 26, Portland, and Amanda Feneide, 23.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

ARTIFICIAL FOG TO SHIELD ARMIES

Tomorrow: Windiest Sport on Earth.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Minto pass: At the Robert Burns memorial exercises held in Salem January 25, 1916, Judge William Galloway paid the following tribute to one of Oregon's foremost early pioneers:

"On this the 157th anniversary of the birth of the great Scotch poet, Robert Burns, I am asked to say something of another poet, writer and Oregon pioneer, Hon. John Minto, who never let the natal day of 'Bobby' Burns pass without celebrating the occasion with song and feast."

"I knew Mr. Minto intimately from childhood and can never think of him without associating him with two other noted pioneers of Oregon born under British rule—Dr. John McLoughlin, born in Canada, and Hon. F. X. Mathews, also a native of Canada. These three pioneers were bosom friends and collaborators in laying broad and secure the foundation of our young commonwealth. Their remains lie on the banks of the beautiful Willamette they loved so dearly, and no men more loyal to the American flag or American institutions ever breathed the pure air of heaven."

"Mr. Minto was a native of England, born in 1822, crossed the plains to Oregon in 1844 and settled near Salem where in 1847 he married Martha Ann Morrison, a pioneer of 1844. Of this worthy pioneer woman it can be truly said she was of the highest stamp of American womanhood, and was no man's inferior. Of this happy union there were eight children born, three only surviving, being valued residents of Salem, their native city. Minto was born of the common people, lived the life of the people he so loved and died with a last prayer for the supremacy of the plain people. He often said: 'We have too many paupers and too many idle rich, but not enough of the great mass of the common people who move the world civilly, morally and financially.'"

"Our constitution written by our pioneer fathers is the most enlightened and progressive of any state constitution in the union. Our civil and criminal code, enacted by our early legislatures of which Mr. Minto was often a member and always a valued adviser, has done more to break down sex distinctions under the law than that of any other American state."

"Those pioneer legislators who had toiled for six or seven months crossing the plains with their wives and children in their ox wagons, had learned the value and superiority to the womanhood, hence under the laws of Oregon there is no sex distinction in the possession of property. A woman in Oregon can hold land in her own name, can sue and be sued, can administer upon the estate of her deceased husband, and is the legal guardian of her own children; she pays taxes and has a voice in saying how those taxes shall be expended."

"In Oregon no sex inequality or sex inferiority is recognized by law, and it can be truthfully said that no man living or dead has done more to incorporate those sacred and inalienable rights of the people into our statutes than our departed and beloved friend, John Minto."

"Mr. Minto was a most retiring man who accepted office and position of public trust as a duty imposed upon citizenship. He was eminently qualified and might have filled any office in the gift of the people of his adopted state. He preferred his muse and worked solely in developing the latent resources of his state."

"He was a pathfinder in searching for highways and means of communication with other sections of this great northwest and the eastern states."

"I believe Mr. Minto would have preferred the honor of discovering an advantage, and making a passageway for express from and ingress to the Willamette valley, or the improvement of some species of our domestic animals, than the honors of a membership in congress."

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 27, 1906

"If it were left to me there would be no change whatsoever in the arrangement of the stars or stripes on 'old glory' under any protest or excuse."—Governor Chamberlain after the perusal of a communication from former Governor William M. Jenkins, of Oklahoma territory, asking for his official approval to the suggestion to rearrange the stars on the national emblem so as to form one large star on the blue field.

An unfortunate and regrettable accident occurred upon the return from the funeral of the late Roy Price yesterday afternoon when a carriage containing the mourners was driven a little too close to the edge of a high embankment on the road from the cemetery, the vehicle upset and a serious mishap only averted by the prompt action of the driver and others who rushed to the assistance of those in distress. One of the horses became entangled in the harness and was thrown, otherwise a worse mixup might have happened, but fortunately all were rescued from the inside of the closed carriage.

August 27, 1921

El Karas grove will be instituted tonight at 8 o'clock at the Masonic temple by the grand venerable prophet of the grand council, Charles E. Messinger of

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

CHAPTER II
READ THIS FIRST

Blood red rubies. Once they grazed the snowy neck of a czarina, long since dead and turned to dust. Now they lie in an open gold casket, gleaming darkly in the lamplight, while Prince Murinor looks upon them in farewell. Revolution has swept down at last upon his isolated castle. A mob batters at his gates, screaming for the rubies—and for blood. But Federoff, Prince Murinor's trusted agent, will take the gems and hide them away. In vain he wages Murinor to flee while there is time. The prince curtly refuses. He and his sons will stay. Pride means more to them than life itself. Federoff takes the jewels in their casket and slips out of the castle through a rear window.

NOW GO ON

Only once did he pause, to turn his head suspiciously. A stone had come rolling down past him from somewhere above—was it a stone dislodged by some stealthy following footstep?

He could see nothing. The rush of the wind and those voices he was leaving behind were the only sounds in his ears. After all, who could be following him? But Federoff's hand went to his pocket for the reassuring touch of the automatic pistol there. He resumed his journey.

Nearly there now. By instinct rather than sight he had groped his way to where a great fissure opened in the rocky hillside. Through a narrow opening beyond huge boulders he passed into a natural gallery in the rock that seemed to twist away into the heart of the hill.

In its shelter he lit the lantern. Within it was curiously still by contrast with the roar of the wind shrieking past the opening of a second gallery in the rock that seemed to twist away into the heart of the hill.

As he made his way forward the narrow passage widened out into a great cavernous hollow—an eerie place in the wavering shadows of the lantern light where it was well to walk warily, where danger and death might wait on an unguarded footstep.

The floor of the cavern was split by a wide, well-like chasm, dropping down into a void of blackness so deep that if one tossed a stone over its brink one seemed to wait a long, long time before any answering sound came back. Depths that could keep a secret or guard a treasure!

Familiar Face

Federoff had brought a thin, tough rope knotted at short regular intervals into loops for footholds. He put down the lantern, made one end of the rope secure

'round a boulder, and began the descent.

The rope swayed dizzily, but Federoff's nerves were under iron control. Cautiously, step by step, he made his way down the cliff-like face of the chasm, his disengaged hand flashing the light of a small electric torch, until at last, fifteen feet down, he was abreast with a deep cleft in the uneven side of the wall of rock. Into this opening Federoff thrust the casket.

And almost as his hand placed the jewels in safety he glanced up with a start, with a sudden knowledge that he was not alone.

Fifteen feet above a face was revealed in the lantern light, peering down at him over the brink!

Sly, cunning, rat-like, the familiar face of one of the castle servants, who must have played eavesdropper and followed him—why? That face alight with treachery and avarice answered the question. The jewels in danger!

As Federoff met those downward staring eyes, the man gave a low laugh that sounded very evil. For a moment the figure above drew back, then swiftly reappeared in sight. He was lifting a large fragment of stone, a splintered mallet-head. Easy for Federoff to read the meaning of that smile. His own death would leave the way clear to that plunder.

Federoff dropped the torch. He needed his one free hand for another purpose then, and the space of a second might mean all the difference between life and death. With the extinguishing of the torch, the darkness swam by, hiding him in an instant from his enemy's eyes above. Federoff was too far below the level of the lantern light for its ray to reach—but his enemy up there was still visible to him. And even in that breathless second of deadly peril Federoff smiled to himself in the darkness.

Eternal Grave

For the bateloment the man above paused on the brink of the wide cavernous opening with the fragment of stone poised; that sudden sponging-out from sight of the figure below had disconcerted him, made him uncertain of his aim. And that moment of hesitation saved Federoff.

The man in the lantern light at least made a good target. There was a swift, sharp report, a tiny flame stabbed the darkness, a wild scream. The fragment of stone dropped from the nervous hands, but with its direction deflected it barely grazed Federoff. And almost in the same breath the suddenly crumpling figure fell forward over the brink with out-flung arms, almost as though the lifeless man were trying to clutch him still, drag him off the ladder, as the dead man hurried down past him.

Federoff was trembling all over. At first he could not nerve himself to attempt the ascent or even move.

He climbed back at last, still unnerved and shaken. He unfastened the end of the rope ladder, let it slip down over the edge to where that dead man would sleep for all time. He made his way out with a sobbing breath of relief to where the wind on the hillside met his face, leaving the

Portland.

Nearly 50 leading walnut growers from all sections of the Willamette valley met in Salem Saturday. The walnut industry is rapidly gaining in size and importance in Oregon and is reaching such proportions that standardized methods of handling and grading are necessary.

Hop buyers say that almost all the hops in this part of the valley have been contracted. The high price was 30 cents a pound for this year's crop, contracted by T. A. Livesey and company.

Jewels behind him, deep down, their fires quenched in the dark. On the top of the hill it was as though an immense beacon fire had been kindled; flames breaking out from the windows of the castle, where incandescent madness had swept from room to room.

An in the courtyard Prince Murinor and his sons lying dead.

Federoff leaned forward in the slough and pointed, a flush of eager excitement in the thin, wasted face.

"There—there!"

The journey's end in sight at last, for him and the Englishman, Frank Severn, by his side, of that long journey south over the vast immensities of what for ten years had been Soviet Russia.

Three days had been spent in the maddeningly slow, rattling train, on what had become the craziest railway system in the world, that had carried them from Moscow to a station some fifty miles from Castle Murinor.

He made in a train, drawn by half-starved horses; mile after mile over the flat, bleak, treeless steppes, with only the line of telegraph poles to mark their road. And now at last Federoff, with a spout of a thrill, had caught the first glimpse of the blackened ruins of the castle, gaunt and stark against the eastern twilight.

Ten years had passed since he had seen it aflame like a blazing pyre—ten years that had been like a long night of unrelieved heavy shadow. Ten years that had changed him from one in the prime of life to a broken, prematurely old man.

Part of those years had been spent in a Soviet prison. It was thought that he might know where the Czarina rubies were hidden—the priceless jewels that Prince Murinor, before he was shot in his own courtyard, had told his executioners contemptuously were far beyond their reach. But prison had tried him, failed to make Federoff reveal his secret. Then at last he had been set at liberty—if such a thing as liberty was to be found in Red Russia.

Federoff knew what sort of liberty revolution had brought to his country; the very word had the flavor of a bitter jest. A land where terror walked, and where men vanished suddenly without a sign from the ken of all their friends and were heard of no more, where one dared not trust one's neighbor, who might be a secret Red agent waiting for the unguarded word.

Faith Kept

Ten long years, when this man had sometimes wondered if the struggle to keep body and soul together was worth while. The revolution that was to have brought plenty for all had brought want, semi-starvation to all—except the favored few. And through all those years the Murinor jewels had lain untouched in their dark hiding. There were men in Moscow, men in official positions, who would have paid him well for his secret—but Federoff's honor happened not to be for sale. He could starve, but he could not betray his trust.

Of his late master's daughter, and of her child, too, if she

(Continued on page 7)

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