

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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HEALTH
 By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
 United States Senator from New York
 Former Commissioner of Health,
 New York City

DEMENTIA PRAXIOX is the name of a nervous disorder encountered in certain families. Most authorities believe that the disease is hereditary, but certain factors, such as emotional excitement, overwork, worry, are factors of importance in this ailment.

The recent survey of hospital records indicates there is a steady increase in the number of cases of dementia praxiox. At first glance this appears discouraging but the progress being made in mental and nervous disorders is really encouraging. We have a right to feel the time is not far distant when these rather distressing disorders will be overcome.

There is no age group for this disease. However, it usually appears before the age of twenty-five and more often between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. It affects male and female alike.

Head Early Symptoms
 The early symptoms of dementia praxiox are vague and confusing. The sufferer complains of headache, dizziness, disturbed sleep, loss of sleep and bad dreams. The appetite is poor, digestion is disturbed and general weakness results. As the disease progresses, the patient becomes melancholy, anxious and conscious that he is not well.

Too often the early signs of dementia praxiox are overlooked. This is unfortunate because early recognition of the disease means prompt medical attention. This greatly influences the future welfare of the sufferer. The disease should always be suspected in a person whose disposition changes. Formerly pleasant and agreeable, the sufferer from dementia praxiox becomes nervous, irritable, restless and is unable to concentrate on any subject.

Young students suffering from this ailment complain of the inability to make any physical effort to read and study. The student becomes forgetful, absent-minded and often makes foolish mistakes. He undertakes no tasks with great enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which soon disappears. Of course, this is not the only reason why students do not study.

Careful Nursing Essential
 If the disease is not recognized at this stage and treatment is delayed, the afflicted person becomes hostile. He makes silly, exaggerated and impossible statements. This stage is followed by delusions, which alternate with periods of melancholia.

Do not confuse dementia praxiox with certain incurable nervous disorders. At first the outlook is grave, but with proper treatment and care these unfortunate sufferers may be saved. Rest in bed is imperative. Careful supervision of diet and nursing are of the utmost importance.

As the sufferer becomes stuporose and the symptoms disappear he should be encouraged to remain outdoors and in the sunlight as much as possible. He should never be permitted to occupy himself in work that is demanding and requires mental exertion.

In certain instances, where the thyroid gland is diseased, the administration of iodine preparations is beneficial. The doctor will advise about this.

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BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Joaquin's first dollar, first poetry, their firsts:

(Continuing from yesterday):
 "I had kept a crude sort of journal, and as papa had stored in his mind every single camp and all incidents of account in all that seven months of persistent march, we went over it together and filled up the broken and disconnected places."

"He insisted that it would be of interest some day. But it was burned with the house and all its contents some years later. I see that my birthday is set down in some books for 1841, and in others for 1843. This comes from the loss of the Bible. For when I was first in Europe and some began to ask when I was born, papa gave the former year, according to his recollection of the trivial event, while mother insisted on the latter, both giving the same day of the month."

The reader will recall that in yesterday's installment of this series, Joaquin called himself the 11 year old one of the three boys who arrived in Oregon with their parents in 1852. So he must have credited his father's version of the proper date of his birth—as perhaps, strangely, being the most interested participant in "the trivial incident" of his birth. A copy of "Who's Who in America" of a number of years ago gave the date as November 10, 1841.

Joaquin Miller in the volume being quoted said he was "born in a covered wagon, pointed west." Wagner, his biographer, suggested some allowance for poetic license; that the statement may not have been literally true—though the family was on the move at the time in a covered wagon, pointed west on a short leg of the journey that finally ended in Oregon. For they had been headed this way for some 10 years. At one time, their intended start was delayed by news of William's massacre in 1847, giving them a scare concerning "dangers of India" from a "Red river." Who's Who in America" persistently called him Joaquin Cincinnatus Heine Miller. That was wrong. His mother bestowed his second moniker in honor of the good doctor who attended at his birth. He was Dr. Hiner. Joaquin's right name was Cincinnatus Heine Miller, after the Roman dictator who led his army to command from following his plow, and the country physician who performed the high birth services. The makers of the book listing outstanding Americans in point of worthwhile activities and attainments, could not imagine a more appropriate given name than that of the great Jewish General, Hannibal, being both the mother could and did. What mother would deny her right, even questioning her sense of proportions—if she might be thus highbrow and critical?

Mrs. Sarah Hunt Steeves of Salem, who has written and is writing a biography of Joaquin Miller, to be printed in books, visited in the section where Joaquin Miller was born, along with her husband, Dr. B. L. Steeves. This visit was a few years ago. They found by the side of the highway leading from the considerable city of Richmond to the town of Liberty, Indiana, near the last named place, a tablet, placed there by residents of that state.

The tablet, fixed to a large boulder, informs the wayfarer: "Joaquin Miller, poet of the Stars, was born in Union county, Indiana, a half mile east of this memorial, November 10, 1841. Died October 17, 1913."

The inscription shows that the tablet was placed there in 1919. Mrs. Steeves was sufficiently interested to secure two photographic views of the tablet, which she brought home and treasures.

The inference is either that the Indiana people who had the tablet prepared took the word of Joaquin's father for the correct year of his birth, or perhaps trusted to the memory of some old timer in the neighborhood who remembered the event, or had reliable information from some one there who did.

Resuming the text: "We got some sheep to keep on the shares, and Jimmy (the younger brother), with his new dog, kept with them all the time, but the saucy little covetous would just sit down round about and watch and wait for the lambs, and get them almost as fast as they came. Once he heard a lamb bleating piteously away up overhead in the bright blue sky, and lifting his eyes he saw a great black winged eagle, making its way to the mountain top with a little white lamb in its clutches. The old primal contention of nature was still with us, even in happy, peaceful and prolific Oregon—the survival of the fittest—fightest!

"We two bigger boys wrought out in the field with the cows night and morning. Mother made the butter. Papa walked to and from school, far away in the Forks.

"About this time our nearest neighbor, a learned, good man, content of the gold dollar, changing the standard of value we've had. That is inflation. It may be thought, that it would be the lesser of two or three evils."

Otto A. Hartman, jeweler: "I don't think so. I don't think that would be the proper thing at this particular time. I don't favor any change along that line just now. Of course, there's a question there, you know."

J. O. Becker, farm worker: "I know there's a lot of talk about inflation, but I honestly don't think it will help the situation a bit."

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Wolfe had been gone an hour when Jess came back from the moor. She looked self-conscious and shy, but was able to smile and shake back her hair. Mary Maccall was still sitting under the cypress.

"I've been waiting tea, child. John Wolfe had to get back."

Jess sat down on the grass with her arms about her knees.

"Was he —"

"What, Jess?"

"Angry!" I never saw a man more pleased. I told him you were out on the moor somewhere. He told me to thank you and to say he is as proud of Turpin as — Angry, indeed!"

Jasper Turrell was in his grapehouse at Beech Hill, nosing about in his keen, mistrustful way, his long lips puckered over the stump of a cigar. Turrell never fully enjoyed the good things that belonged to him, simply because of a natural meanness and thinness of disposition. Nothing ever quite pleased him. He was forever grumbling at his gardeners, and suspecting them of selling fruit and vegetables behind his back. He made a habit of counting the peaches and nectarines on his trees, and any discrepancy had to be explained. If a friend admired his roses, he would sneer bitterly and say, "Nothing like what they should have been! I can't make these men of mine prune and syringe properly." He was forever discovering ugly insects under the stones of life, focusing the eye gap in a bid of gorgeous flowers.

"Are you there, Dad?"

The younger Turrell's figure showed through the glass, distorted slightly by crinkles in the panes.

"Hallo, Tor —"

Hector Turrell's typical attitude was one of lounging self-satisfaction. He was, what many a poor cad desired to be, the ideal of impossible dreams on thirty shillings a week. Young Turrell had his fists stuffed into the pockets of his riding breeches, his black-and-white check waistcoat hunched up over them. He stood with his feet wide apart, and his lower jaw thrust out.

"I have just picked up a bit of news."

"News, eh?"

"That chap Wolfe had put up his place in Navestock."

"Booh!"

"It's true. Young Kinnaid told me this morning. He's up on Peachy Hill."

Jasper Turrell's red eyelids came close together. He twisted the cigar round in his mouth.

"What the devil does he mean by that? Surely Threadgold had an agreement —"

"What about old Crabbe?"

"Crabbe?"

"He may have taken the chap up," Turrell snarled.

.....

This particular meeting of the Navestock Guardians was destined to be memorable by reason of its implications. Robert Fleming held his usual place as chairman in the big, padded-leather chair, his fine floridity and whitening head deservingly serving the brush of the portrait painter. The room was a dull room with long, melancholy windows looking out upon a yard. Turrell

stirring up had blood. The men of property in the town have public spirit."

Robert Fleming turned his head this way and that, gravely, questioningly. Turrell lay back in his chair.

"I am quite content to leave myself in your hands, gentlemen."

"I think we can leave a gentleman of Mr. Turrell's position to control his own property."

Wilks's eyes twinkled as though he had cracked an unusually fine nut.

Turrell's half-closed eyes gleamed under their light lashes.

"You can leave the matter to me. I'll look into it, and have a proper opinion."

They had carried the question thus far, and there they dropped it. Crump was scribbling in a book. The Guardians decided that he should acknowledge the receipt of the letter, nothing more. They passed on to discuss certain items in the workhouse accounts.

From the meeting of the Board of Guardians, Jasper Turrell went straight to Dr. Threadgold's house on Mulberry Green. Threadgold was out, and Turrell was offered the urbanities of the new assistant, Mr. Talbot Tweedy. This young man wore spectacles, and had something of the look of a very wide guinea-pig. He was badly spotted with acne, and simpered like a nervous girl. Turrell had no use for him. He set down and said that he would wait for Dr. Threadgold.

Turrell went to wait an hour; full time to think himself in an ugly temper. When Threadgold came in, buoyant and effusive, bumping like a cork on the froth of his own cheeriness, the very shine of the man's face made Turrell savage.

"Look here, Threadgold, I want you to go round to George Lane."

"I will go round this evening."

"You'll find nothing to quarrel with. But I just want an opinion for form's sake. You understand?"

Turrell went straight from Mulberry Green to George Lane. Discretion was not in him when he was angry. He never restrained himself, and his passions were emetic.

Old Burgess was at work in his shop, his bald head visible through the diamond panes of the window. The tap-tap of his hammer went on steadily. Turrell gave one stare and stood in the doorway.

"Hallo, you don't like this neighborhood, Burgess? How's that?"

The cobbler glanced up with a sulky, brownish smile. His squinting, rounded figure with its white apron and blue shirt sleeves seemed symbolical of labor crouching half rebelliously at the feet of Capital.

"You ought to know, Mr. Turrell."

An insolent alyness glimmered in Burgess's eyes, and Turrell, whose soul was sinewed with insolence, understood the look, and reacted to it.

"You have been put up to it. I know that. You have made your bargain. Clear out in a month."

"I was just going to say, sir —"

"I don't want to hear what you were going to say. You have notice to quit, and that settles it. I am not going to have mischief made behind my back. I'm not the man to stand it."

He walked on with fuming self-satisfaction.

(To Be Continued)

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State Liquor Control

THE legislature is about to close and the score on liquor legislation is as follows:

1st. Bill passed to provide a state convention to adopt or reject the federal amendment for repeal of the 18th amendment.

2nd. Bill defeated to resubmit repeal of prohibition provision of state constitution.

3rd. Beckman beer bill defeated.

It is probable that by initiative the second proposition will be submitted. If it is carried the state would then be without any adequate regulatory legislation of its own. Sale and possession of liquor would be tolerated, without restriction.

While the wets appear to have a present majority in this state, judging from the result of the last election, there is no clear indication of what the people want as substitute for prohibition. The legislature appears equally muddled, which may account in part for the action of the senate in defeating house bills.

The suggestion is therefore advanced that the legislature authorize an interim committee of say 15 persons who would make a study of the subject and be ready to recommend to the people some definite form of liquor control to be adopted in case prohibition is finally rejected by popular vote. The Washington legislature has taken such action, creating a committee of nine, half "wet," half "dry" and one neutral (a poor line-up it seems to us). Oregon ought to work rather closely with Washington on the subject and if possible adopt a similar system.

There is time for the Oregon legislature to authorize such a committee by joint resolution. The dries certainly should approve it, because if constitutional prohibition is repealed conditions might soon become deplorable. Wets should favor it (except those whose only interest is financial gain) if their professions of interest in "temperance" have any sincerity at all.

A Life of Emerson

VAN WYCK BROOKS has recently published an excellent biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The treatment is particularly to be commended. It partakes of the mood of the sage of Concord; and as it recreates the history of his mind, its steady progress from youth to maturity and old age. It is sympathetic without being partisan; interpretative rather than critical.

Interesting portraits are painted of Emerson's contemporaries, especially those who came closest in contact with him. There is Margaret Fuller, "an avalanche of tropical femininity," a mystic whose dreams were shattered in the realities of Brook Farm. There was Bronson Alcott and his "school of philosophy." Henry Thoreau, early disciple of Emerson's who became the lover of nature and foe of convention; and Hawthorne, who had moved into the "old manse,"—"a real Sphinx, with a subterranean self buried fathoms deep in the desert sand;" and Longfellow whose funeral Emerson attended, grown so feeble himself that when he gazed on the face of the dead he said:

"I cannot remember his name, but he was a good man."

Then there was Thomas Carlyle, crotchety old Scot, whose friendship Emerson prized through many years despite differences of opinion.

Emerson is not so popular as he was. The first great American philosopher, he left no system,—a hook on which to hang his reputation. His writings were more like a box full of varied gems. As he himself said:

"I write anecdotes of the intellect, a sort of Farmer's Almanac of mental moods."

The core of Emerson's life and teachings was this, as Brooks notes: "spiritual is greater than any material force, that thoughts rule the world." Emerson led the way for the flowering of the intellect in the new world. Forgotten though his essays and poetry may be, he was himself a burning intellectual force who helped transform America from sterility to productivity in the field of thought.

The Safety Valve
 Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Ore.
 March 1, 1933.

Dear Editor:
 Please allow me a little space in your paper in regard to Senator Woodward's remarks on the Beckman beer bill.

He says "Why should we weep for the hop growers to the discrimination of the dairyman."

He says this measure is a step backwards. This is where he is wrong. It is time to go forward and help to create employment for thousands of people that could not work in the hop yards this season.

Mr. Woodward may well weep but how many people can the dairyman employ in comparison to the hop growers?

I also noticed the last two seasons when people come to Salem and when down and out they did send them to the hop yards. They were sent to the hop yards.

Respectfully,
 J. A. BROWN.

Editor Statesman:
 Program for legislature:
 An act of law exempting homes and farms from taxation. Make no appropriations for education, except for the common schools.
 Permit no more bonds for roads, or anything else.
 Abolish all offices and commissions not absolutely necessary.
 Enact a sales tax with other proper sources of revenue for an economical administration.
 Appropriate one million dollars for settlement of the unemployed on the soil.
 The Willamette valley fully developed would support 5,000,000 people or more. Let them have an opportunity to be self-supporting and self-respecting citizens.
 W. L. JONES.

Editor Statesman:
 We still hear rumors from the legislative halls at Salem that a general sales tax is being dished up for general consumption. We trust that this is only rumor, because it would be a crime against society to impose a sales tax on the necessities of life at this particular time. To do so would be an unpardonable sin against humanity.

Ten years ago in Wisconsin we saw two blind men walking down the street arm in arm. One blind man was patting the side walk with his cane, and guiding the other blind man. In other words it was the blind leading the blind. Members of the 1933 Oregon legislature, do you insist upon cramming a sales tax on necessities down the throats of the blind, the poor and the unemployed of our state?

Our good friend, Charles V. Galloway of the state tax commission has said that we do not go to the county poor farms to collect taxes. To do so would be the height of foolishness. Rather do we go to those who have for taxes, the men and women who have incomes over and above what is needed for subsistence and existence. Let's not ask the poor to feed the poor, the blind to lead the blind.

The argument that the income and inheritance taxes will not produce sufficient income to balance the state budget is unadulterated pliffa. If income rates of 2 to 3 per cent will not bring in enough revenue, why be so coy about raising the percentages? For net income of \$5000 per year suggest a tax of 30%; for \$10,000 incomes 30%; for \$25,000 incomes 40%; for \$50,000 incomes 50%; for \$100,000 incomes and above 60%. These rates may sound drastic but they submit it is preferable to impose heavy income taxes upon people who have stable incomes, than to attempt to pick pennies from the poor man's pittance.
 C. BEECHER SCOTT.
 McMinnville, Ore.
 Feb. 27, 1933.

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

March 8, 1906

BERLIN — Considerable sensation has arisen over the allegations of the London Times in reference to a letter sent Lord Tweedmouth by Emperor William. The foreign office here denies the assertion of the London Times that his majesty would endeavor to interfere in the naval plans of Great Britain.

WASHINGTON — In response to a letter of protest against the Beveridge child labor bill, President Roosevelt has addressed a letter to the Indiana manufacturers association pledging himself in favor of enactment by congress of a bill regulating child labor.

Dr. J. R. Knodell, superintendent of the State Anti-Saloon league, will be here tomorrow and, assisted by Rev. E. F. Zimmerman and Rev. Reinhard, will deliver several addresses in local churches.

March 8, 1925

Five desperate convicts in the state prison saved their way through the prison roof Saturday night while the Salem Lions' club was giving a minstrel show in the auditorium. It became known yesterday. They were frustrated in their efforts to get away over the wall by other prisoners who tipped off prison officials. The five are understood to be: Ellsworth Kelly, Oregon and Dewey Jones, George Holtzclaw and George Jackson.

The Woodward bill reducing the legal working day for the lumbering industry from 10 to eight hours will become effective provided similar legislation is enacted in Washington and Idaho.

New Views

"Do you think the American dollar should be reduced in gold content? Why or why not? This would mean inflation." These questions were asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Dr. S. B. Langhain, professor of economics, Willamette university: "That just depends upon what the other alternatives are. It's a bad thing to change the

Picture of a Little Man Strutting His Stuff

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SPENDS WEEK IN PORTLAND

LARWOOD, March 7 — Mrs. Lillie Tichner spent the past week in Portland with friends and relatives. Lee Gaines also made a trip to Portland to procure parts for repairing his water wheel.

Boardman's Swim Chart

SWIMMIN', like the old grey mare, "she ain't what she used to be." One realizes it when he watches the young fish of the present generation disporting themselves in the water. One who learned his tricks back in the catfish country stays far in the background while the youngsters do everything but walk on top of the water. Swimming, like golf and billiards, has been reduced to a known science. It remained for Bob Boardman, physical instructor at the Salem Y.M.C.A. to catalog the strokes and make correct swimming known to everyone.

Boardman has just gotten out a chart showing the correct technique of the eight basic and standard strokes. It makes such things as learning the trudgen crawl as easy as learning to do the polka step by correspondence. It all comes back to the same idea: "count 1-2-3, glide."

The chart is one of the unique things in print. The various positions and movements of the limbs are illustrated and appropriate directions given. It is intended for posting alongside a swimming pool for the benefit of learners and teachers. By reference to this chart they can tell whether they are doing the stroke correctly or not.

Swimming has become a real passion with the American public. Summer time permits outdoor swimming in lakes and streams. More and more indoor pools are being built to provide swimming for winter time. Boardman's chart should receive a real welcome from all who are interested in the swimming art.

Lovers of basketball are looking forward to seeing the games at Corvallis Friday and Saturday nights when the Pacific coast championship will be settled. O. S. C. team will play the Southern California team.

Most communities are satisfied with one big bank scare to talk about. Medford carries on with two: regular banks and L. A. Banks.

Time for some one to run for office on a platform of free money without cost to the taxpayers.

We do not know just how to pronounce "Jehol", but it looks like a word either sacred or profane.

Everybody happy? Yea, Bo!

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