

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Candle Without Light

IN its brief recommendation for an adverse vote on the sales tax the Roseburg News-Review observed:

"Until state leaders cause to be published a frank and understandable statement of the state's financial condition indicating the necessity for revenue from a sales tax, the people of the state will not vote such a tax upon themselves. Why this information has not been given is not clear."

When an editor of a paper as important as the Roseburg paper manifest such woeful ignorance, what chance did the sales tax have with the rank and file of the people?

From the standpoint of the state treasury there was no necessity for the sales tax; because the state tax levy on property will bring in enough money to take care of the deficit in the state treasury. But the condition of the county treasuries made relief seem imperative to the legislature; for sucking their cash receipts into the state treasury which gets the first call, has been leaving the county treasuries empty.

Members of the tax commission endeavored to give facts and figures regarding tax conditions in the state. The prime object in the promotion of the sales tax was to get cash money in, and to lighten the burden on property, whose owners have been the ass carrying the load of government support for years. Figures as to tax delinquencies in various counties have been published all over the state, undoubtedly in the Roseburg paper among others. It was this near-breakdown of the property tax system which led to the proposal of the sales tax as an emergency substitute.

The people voted against the sales tax, chiefly because they didn't want to pay it. The sales tax would reach thousands who pay no tax now; and they refused to assume the burden, comparatively slight though it was. Others opposed the tax on principle.

If business comes back present taxes will probably be retained; but if it does not, and delinquencies continue, then the people will find another sales tax measure before them.

Oregon Votes Repeal

OREGON joins the ranks of those favoring repeal of national prohibition, and at the same time expunges from the state constitution the sections establishing prohibition. The decision recorded yesterday has not been in doubt since the vote of last November on a similar issue. The situation, in view of wet victories in every state where resubmission has occurred, is not just a set-back for the "dries"; it is a rout. Repeal of the 18th amendment is only a matter of a few months; then congress will repeal the Volstead act and liquor control will be almost entirely a matter of state legislation.

Responsibility now passes to the "wets". They must initiate legislation. How successful will they be in using their victory? Will they interpret the mandate as one to justify dripping wet conditions; or will they establish controls to promote "true temperance"? The battle now promises to be not so much between the "wets" and the "dries" as between the moist and the dripping "wets".

Friends of prohibition feel staggered under the blow. They may now adopt an attitude of criticism, a readiness to condemn any proposal for legalizing the liquor trade, with the hope that it will break down and a reaction to permanent prohibition set in. We are not in accord with that attitude. The time calls now for working out some substitute for prohibition which will restrain drunkenness just as far as possible, prevent the exploitation of the liquor business as a commercial enterprise, and put out of business the racketeer, the gangster, the corruptionist and the bootlegger. It is a tall order. Many interesting days lie ahead.

Pacific Highway Improvements

THE new concrete highway is open through Aurora, and in the sections beyond Canby and around the bluff at Oregon City. Widening has been completed except in the section between Brooks and Aurora and work on this is now under way. The new Jefferson bridge is open. These improvements make the Pacific highway a real delight to travel over. The extra wide gives great comfort in driving because there is not the constant anxiety over side-swiping other cars. The new road is faster, but the chief virtue is the greater security.

But the roads this summer are having light traffic. Plenty of trucks appear to be operating, but passenger cars are few. The usual California invasion has been much smaller than usual, or is the lack of California licenses due to fewer Oregon cars buying cheap out-of-state licenses? The Chicago fair is attracting thousands of motorists and drawing them away from this vacation ground. The cool June and far from hot July have also cut down the patronage from the hot belt into vacationland. Perhaps the high price of gas is also a deterrent. Then the Pacific highway may be suffering from competition from the coast highway.

However the decline will be but temporary. Oregon's fame is widespread and another season will see fresh multitudes pressing to this charmed land. Meantime local people can use and enjoy these trunk highways which have been made safer and easier to travel.

The Unanchored Dollar

WHAT happened in the markets was just a shake-out. The spectacular run-up of prices was speculative, with no present consumption demand to sustain the market. Lacking props of actual demand the market struck a buying vacuum finally, and when the speculators rushed to cash in on their profits the market just folded up.

We are living in a gambler's world. Profits are going not to the merchants and producers who are performing a necessary and useful service, but to the speculators. The deflation which followed the 1929 debacle was not due to the rigid content of the gold dollar. We shall probably find the swings even more violent with an unstable dollar; for the dollar now becomes a great speculative medium in itself, a gigantic lever to lift or depress prices.

The best observers have forecast the reaction from the quick rise in prices; and further predict that dollar devaluation will be inevitable in order to sustain the fictitious levels which have been attained in many markets. Instead of curbing speculation the unanchored dollar stimulates it.

Bringing Home the Bacon



Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

AN INVITATION FROM SALEM

From Salem, comes an invitation to all who are interested in knowing the Oregon country to attend the dedication of the new Silver Falls State Park, a week from Sunday, July 23. There will be free coffee and free speeches by various notables, but everyone will be at liberty to arrange his own outing program. You can go to Silver Falls by way of Salem and the city of Silverton and return over a loop route through Shaw and Macleay—57 miles in all, to and from Salem.

Too few Oregonians know the beautiful country east of Salem where the rolling farmlands and orchard lands carry all the way back to the Cascade foothills. The falls of Silver creek are as beautiful and as spectacular as any in Oregon. There are nine of them within a radius of three miles—North Falls, 146 feet; South Falls, 184 feet; Lower South, 109 feet; Middle North, 116 feet; Double Falls, 189 feet; Drake falls, 27 feet; Twin Falls, 25 feet; Lower North, 35 feet, and finally Winter Falls, 193 feet.

Salem has worked for many years to preserve this scenic wonder and save it from the spoilers. Visiting Salem one time in search of "progressive ideas" to carry back to Eugene, the searcher for inspiration was astounded to come upon an emphatic Salemite pounding his desk and proclaiming:

"If Eugene had anything like

Salem men at the death of Peepemoxmoxi.

(Continuing from yesterday:) "The war whoop ceased, and the Indians withdrew from the field. That night the colonel dispatched a courier to Fort Henrietta (volunteer fort on the Umatilla river) for companies D and E to come up with all haste; and on the morning of the 9th the battle was resumed, but with less spirit, the volunteers acting only on the defensive and holding their positions, while the Indians attacked and suffered heavy losses.

"Again, on the morning of the 10th, it was discovered that every position held by the volunteers the previous day had been retaken by the Indians and Lieut. McCulliff with company B was ordered to charge some breast works.

Silver Falls, it would have been reserved and proclaimed from the beginning. This town is dead above the ears. We ought to go to Eugene and learn how to do things."

"We have many scenic spots, different but quite as wonderful as those in Marion county, but we are not, as the Salemite supposes, any more alert than his people in preserving them.—Eugene Register-Guard.

Daily Health Talks

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

DESPITE the increased skill and ability of modern surgery, appendicitis continues to be a serious and often fatal disease. Some will say this is a pretty pessimistic statement, but it is not. It is a fact that from different hospitals throughout the country confirm it. Let us consider why this is so.

Even though surgical technique of today is far superior to that of twenty years ago, it is of no value to humanity unless advantage is taken of it. Miracles cannot be performed in surgery when the operation is delayed too long.

All physicians agree that when appendicitis is recognized and surgery resorted to immediately, danger is minimized. In these cases convalescence is rapid and complications are rarely encountered. Delay in operation of a diseased appendix is dangerous. It is especially dangerous since the appendix may rupture.

Don't Ignore Pain

Appendicitis, as its name implies, is an inflammation of the appendix. The appendix is a small tail-like structure at the end of the "cecum," a part of the large intestine. The inflammation can be traced to different germs. The severity of the inflammation depends upon the type of germ.

When the appendix ruptures, germs are liberated within the abdominal cavity. This leads to an inflammation of the peritoneum, or lining of the abdominal cavity. It is a serious complication of appendicitis.

Answers to Health Queries

LOU. Q.—I am 14 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall, what should I weigh? S.—How can I get rid of a double chin?

A.—You should weigh about 110 pounds, this would be about average for your age and height. As determined by examination of a large number of persons, 3: Massage might prove helpful—reducing in general will bring about the desired result. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

thrown up by them on the 9th to protect them from the flying bullets of the volunteers. The reinforcements were stationed on the hills; and while companies A and H once more recovered the timber, and drove the Indians from pits they had occupied on the same knoll, the companies on the hills, whose horses were fit for the service, made a gallant charge, in the face of a heavy fire, when the Indians fled from the field to return no more to do battle." (The losses in that four days of fighting were given in this series a few days ago.)

Reverting to the account of the fighting by Mrs. Victor, it is interesting to know who commanded the companies of volunteers she describes as in the thick of the battles: A company: Alfred W. Wilson, captain; Benjamin M. Harding, 1st lieutenant; Chas. B. Ellwood, 2nd lieutenant. B company: Orlando Humason of The Dalles, captain; John T. Jeffries 1st and James McCulliffe 2nd lieutenant.

C company: Samuel B. Stafford, captain; Dolphus B. Hannah 1st and J. A. Powell 2nd lieutenant. D company: Thos. R. Cornelius, captain; Hiram Wilbur 1st and Wm. H. Myers 2nd lieutenant; Richard J. Caldwell, 1st sergeant. E company: A. J. Hambro, captain; John P. Hubler 1st and W. H. Wright 2nd lieutenant.

G company: Benjamin Hayden, captain; Ira S. Townsend 1st and Francis M. P. Goff 2nd lieutenant, and Washington L. Hayter 1st sergeant.

H company: Davis Layton, captain; Archimedes Harmon 1st and John M. Burrows 2nd lieutenant, and Wm. G. Halley 1st sergeant. I company: L. B. Monson, captain; Smith Sward 1st and Chas. B. Hand 2nd lieutenant, and H. Bernard 1st sergeant.

K company: P company, captained by Narcisse A. Cornoyer, and Chas. Bennett, respectively, were given before in this series, with officers and privates.

Narcisse A. Cornoyer, for the year 1855, deserves as fine a tribute for what he did then as Mrs. Dye paid to Tom McKay for what he did seven years before, in calling to arms the French Canadian settlers of French prairie. The danger was as great and the call as urgent in the closing months

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 22, 1906
National Guard Company M of Salem wins state trophy in shoot at range above West Salem; Roseburg Company D second.

Ben Stanton convicted of assault with intent to kill, upon Councilman J. F. Goode; sentence to be pronounced later.

RENO, Nev. — Likely-Alturas stage held up by two heavily-armed masked men; Willie-Pago messenger compelled to throw down strong box containing gold for Alturas payroll.

July 22, 1928
Cherians may go to Ashland to meet President Harding on executive stop there; King Bing Bill Hamilton calls.

Miss Cornelia Marvin, state librarian, granted year's leave of absence to tour Europe.

Dr. W. H. Lytle, 10 years state veterinarian, selected at meeting of state livestock sanitary board.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

Attending the premiere of her latest motion picture, beautiful Leni Lunaska, the star, is confronted by a shabby, emaciated man, who emerges from the crowd crying, "Leni! It is I, Karl Kruger. Do you want me to tell the whole world?" Leni turns white. She tells the man she will talk with him inside. Lucky Cavanaugh, a gambler, fascinated by Leni's beauty, assumes the role of Kruger's agent. He prevents Kruger from making a scene and has him placed in a private office until after the show. Cavanaugh then bribes an usher to seat him in Leni's box. During the performance Douglas Gates, Leni's elderly escort, proposes to her. She is tempted to accept him to get away from everything. In the act next to Kruger's, thieves are robbing the safe. Leni leaves her box and goes to Kruger. He taunts her with, "It is not pleasant to have a starving bum hanging around—not when he happens to be your husband!"

CHAPTER FOUR

"I thought you were in prison," she said, forcing her voice to calmness. "Did you escape?"

"Unfortunately for me, I have a full pardon—for good conduct," said Kruger with satisfaction. "No chance to railroad me back to that place."

He was thin as a scarecrow and the light in his eyes was feverish. In comparison with the groomed and confident men of her present life, Kruger was but a human animal in ruin. He was here to be smirch his joy of life, but Leni unconsciously showed pity as well as revulsion in her face.

"You will want money, of course," she said slowly. "That was what you always wanted. Very well. An arrangement can be made. I give you my word. Will you go now? Tomorrow I will talk with you at my home."

Kruger laughed outright. "You seem to forget—I'm still your husband."

The violet color of Leni's eyes darkened almost to black. Very slowly the coldness of her breast was beginning to melt against a spreading flame she struggled to suppress.

"For what you did to me you should have been killed," she told him. Each word came like a drop of molten metal out of her tight throat. "Fourteen years old—a fact—my husband was a man. You married me, Karl Kruger. You took me to Berlin and London—and what did you make of me? Heaven help you! They will build a special inferno for men like you!"

Kruger started to rise, a red flush mottling his forehead. As he raised his hand he called her an epithet in German. But he did not strike her.

"Don't forget—you are what they call a criminal alien!" he cried out. "I can have you deported if I like. If the public knew why you spent six months in the bars in Wormwood Scrubs—you wouldn't be much of a star, hey? You wouldn't like your record paraded, hey? Queens of the screen can't stand publicity like that. Not I know all about these morality cases. Women like you can't stand scandal and disgrace—not when it's true. I think you'll listen to me, my famous Leni Lunaska! Oh, yes—you'll be reasonable!"

Leni's hands were clenched. "Just what do you want?" she asked icily.

"They showed pictures every Friday night in the penitentiary," Kruger rushed on. "Let me tell you I'd see you on the screen in small parts. I watched your rise—I know you'd be a star some day. No other

woman had your hair and eyes and skin. ... In my cell I'd suffocate at night and dream about you—you! His voice rose crescendo. "I'll tell you what I want—I want my wife! Leni passed to a long time before she spoke to Kruger. Curiously enough, he did not gaze at her face but at her graceful hands with their long tapering fingers. The man was not without a certain poetic imagination. Her hands always reminded him of white lilies.

"You are not my husband," she said. Green glints were now showing in her eyes. "That marriage in Vienna meant nothing. I was under age."

Kruger threw a hand in the air. "Under age or not—it's legal. But if not legal—then you lived with me. I tell you I can ruin you—destroy you—drive you from the films. Nobody can shut my mouth."

"You do not frighten me," Leni lied.

But Kruger saw that she was the graceful hands trembled.

"All the same you will listen to me," he told her with his voice on its high, unnatural level. "I know you well enough—your vanity and your ambition. You love the spotlight—and you will listen to reason. Are you fool enough to throw everything away? Not Leni! Leni! I'm your husband. You will accept me as such. Let the past bury its own dead."

"That is only a threat," said Leni contemptuously. "What you really want is the money."

"Certainly I want money!" cried Kruger. "All of my life I've been poor as a rat. But I've been starved in prison. I've been starved for a woman to crush in my arms. More than money, I've wanted a woman. You—Leni Lunaska—my wife! You belong to me and I'm going to have you!"

His voice was almost a scream. The two burglars in the next office heard the sound of it, but could not distinguish the words. The lower tones of Leni also reached their ears.

"That guy in there is sure giving it to some dame," one of the burglars whispered.

The other answered him carelessly. "Yeah—some guys is like that."

Kruger and Leni now stood facing each other, throwing words like missiles. His face was flushed a dark red and drops of perspiration sprang on his bluish upper lip. Leni's face was completely white. Her lips were drained of blood and the roses on her cheeks were almost grotesque in its artificiality.

She had known hate before, but never on this earth had something in her heart thirsted to kill. Had it been in her power she would have destroyed Karl Kruger utterly. Not because he had it in his power to wreck her career. Because he was himself—because of a blinding disgust for the man's repulsive physical self she would have obliterated him from human existence.

Each nerve in her body strummed like over-stretched wires. Shuddering revulsion swept through her, nauseated her, sent red flashes darting through her eyeballs.

And behind it all, deep in the very pit of her being was a cold sickening feeling, a clammy weakness of the heart that consumed all the strength in her body. When she spoke, her voice was a husky whisper.

"There are a dozen men I know who would wrap your neck if I asked them to," she said.

Suddenly he stepped forward in front of her, his dark hands with their bent fingers raised to the level of her white throat.

"And I could strangle the life out of you right here," he said. He was so wrought up that his whole face

was twitching. The truth of the matter was that in any physical combat he probably would have been unequal to Leni Lunaska. He was a small man and undernourished. This thought flashed through her mind and she was able to laugh at him derisively.

"You haven't the strength, and you haven't the courage," she told him, gaining better control of herself. "No, Karl Kruger, you are not what we call in Hollywood—the type. You are only a blackmailer. I'm a fool to let you get my goat."

Her words, oddly, seemed to soothe him. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"We are both fools," he said, striving for poise. "A matter like this cannot be settled when two people are angry. All the same, I put my foot down and will not accept less than I have demanded. You are smart enough to realize that you must come to terms."

"How much?" she demanded crisply.

"Recognition as your husband—and all that goes with it."

She looked at him steadily and shook her head. "Not if it meant my death."

The fire in his eyes began to grow again with disorderly intensity.

"I'll tell you something you do not realize, Leni Lunaska. I'm a far more desperate man than you think. My life is not worth the flame at the end of a candle. With me it's either nothing or everything. I may go down to ruin, but I'll drag you with me. Still, I'm reasonable. We are both excited. I'll give you one hour to think it over. Go away before we start clawing again. Come back in an hour and tell me if you are willing to make terms."

It was a truce for Leni, but not a victory. Karl Kruger had spoken the truth—his life was valueless. In the final extremity the recklessness of a coward equals that of a hero. His brain was hysterical, likely to override whatever intelligence he possessed. For the moment she decided it was the part of wisdom to stay.

"Very well, I'll think it over," she said deliberately. "I'll come back in an hour and we will settle everything."

As she left the room and closed the door behind her, her legs felt stiff, her knees rusty. There was one thought in her mind that sang a hideous song. There were men in the world who had read of them—who would kill following for a few hundred dollars. Assassins...

Lucky Cavanaugh's interest in motion pictures was so slight that he could scarcely explain his presence in the theater. It had been a whim that brought him to the premiere—yet something deeper than a vagrant impulse.

A hunch, perhaps. Leni Lunaska was a hunch, too.

His eyes followed her every movement on the screen. She evoked an odd emotion within him—not desire—rather a sensation of suspense.

Of one thing he was certain—he was not in the least impressed by her fame. He was conscious of no barrier. Beautiful women were not exactly a novelty in his life. In the East at Saratoga, at Belmont and Bowie and Bradley's in Palm Beach lovely creatures were a part of the game—were really the pursues.

Without a word of dropping, Cavanaugh had heard a part of the conversation between Leni and Douglas Gates. Enough to tell him that Gates would get nowhere with the blonde actress. Here, too, intuition played its part in his opinion.

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list in this quest, the Bills man will be glad to hear from him or her. It is a relationship of which no one would have occasion to be ashamed.

Concluded tomorrow.)

Tingelstad's Former Church, N. Dakota, Destroyed, Lightning

SILVERTON, July 21.—Mr. and Mrs. B. Tingelstad learned this past week that lightning struck the Norman Lutheran church near Kindred, North Dakota, 18 miles south of Fargo, and burned it to the ground.

The news is of particular interest to Mr. and Mrs. Tingelstad as they were pioneer members of that congregation which is one of the oldest Lutheran congregations in North Dakota. Mr. Tingelstad was a member of the building committee which erected the first church for the congregation. This church was also destroyed by fire in 1893. The church will again be rebuilt.

Mr. and Mrs. Tingelstad came to Silvertown 41 years ago and were active in the beginning work of Trinity Lutheran church here.

POWELL TO SILVERTON

SILVERTON, July 21.—Marshall Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Powell, who has been employed at the J. C. Penney store at Salem for the past few years has been transferred to Silvertown where he is assistant manager to J. W. Jordan, manager of the local store.

Silver Falls State Park

Over the precipice and down the rocky wall, God's sheer silver streams of water fall. They glide 'neath aspen boughs and then Over a precipice they fall again.

And many times repeat their strange athletic Tricks; roaring, swirling, bubbling an ethereal Song; rolling along for miles until They find a level spot below, and then are still.

'Tis restless just to linger near their falls. To wander 'long the trails that gird their hills, And find 'neath alder, fir and maple shade A peace and quietude, that God has made.

F. E. MERCER, 19th St., Salem, Oregon.