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Another Anniversary

HAVING lived for many years in the inland empire in the domain of the Spokane Spokesman-Review, we derived a great deal of personal pleasure in perusing the 50th anniversary number of that paper. Few are the empires which one paper has dominated so long and so successfully and so satisfactorily as the Spokesman-Review. It has been distinctive for its excellent news coverage of the vast interior which it serves. Editorially it has been a positive force for the development of the intermountain country and has waged many long fights to protect the interests there, the greatest victory being in its fight over long and short haul rates against abrogation of the famous "fourth section" of the interstate commerce act. The Spokesman-Review has been progressive, liberal in its political outlook. Its owner, W. H. Cowles, has been distinguished as a publisher, but he has had very competent men on the editorial staff, the dean of them being Nelson W. Durham.

Spokane is built on a five-pointed foundation: agriculture, chiefly wheat and livestock; lumber, white pine timber; minerals, lead-silver-zinc from the rich mines of the Coeur d'Alene; power; transportation, with five transcontinental railways serving it. It is thus a great producing section rather than a manufacturing area. As raw materials are usually first to suffer in a season of depression, the Spokane country was hard hit in the years 1930-1932, and many of its once strong banking houses closed their doors. Change of fortune comes equally swiftly to raw products sections, so now prosperity is swinging back to Spokane and its environing country. The Spokesman-Review will make a good evangelist for this revival.

The Spokesman-Review-Spokane Chronicle plant is the envy of western newspapers. A new building and new equipment were put into service just before the depression a few years ago. They are the last word in efficiency. The product of the new presses is a delight to anyone interested in the mechanics of newspaper printing. This 50th anniversary edition is as much a tribute to the printing crafts and the machinery makers who are behind them, as it is to the reporters and editors who assembled the material.

The Statesman, from its vantage point of over 80 years of service, is proud to congratulate its more youthful, but of course now more famous, comrade in northwestern journalism.

The Liquor Commission

THERE are too many lawyers on the governor's liquor commission. Count 'em, four out of eleven: John A. Laing, Roscoe C. Nelson, John J. Beckman, Jay Upton. The two first named are men of high reputation, but their practice is in the utility and railroad fields, so they have presumably only an academic knowledge of liquor control experience and methods. Beckman and Upton are "wet" legislators.

The commission is a wet commission, as might be anticipated from the sympathies of the governor. This is proper in view of the vote last week, for the responsibility now passes to the foes of prohibition.

We regret the commission does not include some eminent clergyman, some one like Bishop Sumner for example. Or some experienced social worker. The commission is lacking in representation from the lower levels of society or from those who work in the fields where liquor has played its greatest havoc. Amedee M. Smith and Senator Ike Staples are dry tails to the kite; but they do not have the background of those long engaged in social settlement work.

Dr. Knox, the chairman, says he favors government liquor stores, but with prices lower than they have in Canada. If the state seeks to profiteer out of the liquor trade it will make it that much easier for the bootlegger to thrive. The problem is to make liquor as hard as possible for the buyer to get and still not so difficult as to foster illicit manufacture and barter which attended unenforced prohibition.

The commission's work promises to be interesting. We are going to stick around to see what Mrs. David Honeyman, who did more to repeal prohibition in Oregon than any half-dozen men, has to propose in the way of "prohibition reform".

Chemawa as Vocational Center

THE government is getting on the right track when it plans to continue Chemawa school but to make it more of a vocational school. Supt. Ryan of the school has been working in this direction; and much has been accomplished in providing practical training for Indian youth. Of last year's graduates 50 were placed in employment; and Supt. Ryan hopes for greater success in the future.

Indians have certain skills in their native crafts which the school has done much to encourage. In addition it seeks to train youth for practical service in a white man's world. As time passes these young people will doubtless merge more and more with the whites, and so must be competent to sustain themselves or they will retrograde to low social levels. Trades give them the self-support they require.

Looking farther into the future when the need for the institution as a school for the Indian race has passed, the plant might continue to be used as a state vocational school. Supt. Lipp who served at Chemawa for many years, had this in mind; and the people of the state do well to keep the possibility in mind. Training in trades will always be needed; and the plant at Chemawa is adequate and substantial and should continue in service for many years to come.

Senator McNary has done a fine bit of work in securing the supplemental appropriation of $50,000 which will enable the school to care for 300 vocational students.

More Leisure?

WHAT to do with leisure time will be a more pressing question if the shorter work day and week become permanent. It was a problem when the eight-hour day came in, which gave from two to four hours more a day in idleness, recreation, study or avocation. With return of liquor stores will this idle time be spent in boozing? Or will it be passed in ways more wholesome for one's health and culture.

One diversion which deserves an impetus is popular participation in sport (and we don't mean golf alone). Americans have the habit of taking their athletics vicariously. They perch on a board seat in a grandstand for an afternoon watching a ball game or a horse race; and think they are great sports. Or they roost on stiff chairs at a boxing match in a smoke-filled room for three hours watching a boxing or wrestling match; and seem to think they have had exercise themselves when all they have done is to help their livers grow more torpid.

Public activity in sport needs to be encouraged. Salem for instance has no public tennis courts, has no satisfactory bathing beach or outdoor swimming pool, has only two golf courses and those not supported as they should be. In winter the gym classes at the Y.M.C.A. are small when the number of eligibles is considered.

In Sacramento we were impressed with the number of public playgrounds they were maintaining, and the number of people who were playing there. The warm weather there drives people out of doors; and the population seems to enjoy their outdoor sports and games. Here we have little enough sunshine in a twelve-month. We ought to do more to encourage outdoor activity.

Public Menace No. 1

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pelton kahkwa,
Pelton klootchman:

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Those words are connected with early Oregon history. They meant, to the Indians, crazy man, crazy woman. And they meant that, also, to white men who understood the Chinook jargon, as all trappers and hunters and early settlers did.

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An explanation is due the reader. It comes from an address that was delivered, just after the close of the World war, by Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner, superintendent of the Oregon state hospital, to the State Medical society at a meeting in Portland.

Dr. Steiner opened his address by giving a couple of true stories about the handling of two of the earliest cases of insane persons in the old Oregon country. He showed that, "in the founding of any country, one of the first and most distressing problems to be met is the 'care of the insane,'" and that the incidents related concerning this northwestern section of what is now a part of the United States exhibited that in its experience there was no exception—for what was then known as the Oregon country comprised not only the territory within the present states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, but that west of the Rocky mountain summit in Montana and Wyoming, besides all land to 54-40, the line along the lower border of Alaska, and reaching from Pacific waters to the summits of the Stony (Rocky) mountains.

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He related that in 1810 Andrew Henry and Manuel Lista and their associates organized the St. Louis Missouri Fur company, and in April of that year set out up the Missouri river for the Indian country on a trapping and hunting expedition. They reached the Three Forks of the Missouri, and there Andrew Henry took some 15 members of their party and proceeded westward, going into territory never before seen by white men.

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The Henry party ascended the Madison fork of the Missouri, crossed the continental divide (summit of the Rockies), and descended the Henry fork of the Snake (named for him), and near its mouth erected the fort that historians have since known as Fort Henry. The party spent the winter of 1910-11 there. In after years, Andrew Henry became a partner in the Ashley fur enterprises, that finally passed to Jedediah Smith and his partners, who discovered the South Pass and were responsible for a flock of other early discoveries, the list and particulars too long for this narrative. Henry was an important factor in many of these epochal events of American history.

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Taking up Dr. Steiner's narrative again, and quoting his article: "One of his (Henry's) houses was attacked by Indians, who killed all the men but one. (This was during the winter of 1810-11.) This man escaped and wandered about for weeks, until his reason became dethroned. He fell in with Indians on the Snake river, who . . . . . housed, clothed and fed him in the same manner as that in which they lived.

"Compare this with what took place in the New England states not very long before. Poor, insane women, known as witches, were burned at the stake before a clamoring public.

"In 1810, John Jacob Astor sent two expeditions to the Columbia river. One came on the ship Tonquin and established itself at the mouth of the river at a place since called Astoria.

"The other left St. Louis in 1810 overland. In 1811 it separated into two divisions. The one headed by Donald McKenzie came upon the Indians who were caring for the demented young man, who, at times, was able to tell lucidly his story. McKenzie took charge of him, and, after a perilous journey, arrived at Fort Astoria on the 18th of January (some writers say the 15th), 1812, with his unfortunate charge. This man, who was Archibald Pelton, was from Connecticut. These men and others of their party, who soon went with the Northwest Fur company, and thence with the Hudson's Bay company, with two or three left from the party of Lewis and Clarke in 1805-6, were among the first white people to make permanent settlement in old Oregon.

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"The Indians of the lower Columbia were particularly impressed with Pelton. They heard him called Pelton and associated the name with his mental condition, rather than with the man.

"He was, to them, 'pelton'—insane or foolish. An Indian similarly affected was 'kahkwa pelton,' and 'pelton klootchman' was a foolish woman.

"Other coast Indians adopted the expression. It was incorporated into the Chinook jargon and appears in every Chinook dictionary as the word signifying various forms of mental affliction."

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Dr. Steiner went on to say: "About 1854, Edward Moore, a sailor, was found on the beach of Puget sound, living on mussels. He was brought into the little village of Seattle, and it was found that he was insane. His feet were frozen and his toes were gangrened. In lieu of surgical instruments, a sharp ax was used to cut off his toes. The keepers of the hotel kept him for several weeks, and, after exhausting all their resources to restore him, finally induced Dr. M. P. Burns, of Steilacoom, to care for him.

"The next territorial legislature was presented with a bill of $1659 for expenses incurred in caring for this 'non resident lunatic pauper.' The Washington territorial legislature turned the claim down, saying the then present pauper laws were insufficient to care for the insane.

"This is not surprising. The entire income of the territory was $1199.50, or $459.50 less than the expenses of the case. The man was finally sent to San Francisco, where he was shipped back to Boston, his home. Thus early was established, under most pioneer conditions, a real earnest effort to protect to the limit the helpless and hopeless insane."

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The address of Dr. Steiner continued: "The U. S. government, in recent years, has established a de-

(Turn to page 7)

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

RECENTLY AN unusual conference was held at the New York Academy of Medicine. It gathered to form a society for the prevention of asphyxial deaths and to discuss problems relating to fatalities from this cause. The newly organized society plans to bring to the attention of all doctors and the public the urgency of these problems.

Dr. Copeland

A preliminary report issued by the directors of this society, states that the question is one of national importance. More than fifty thousand deaths from asphyxia occur in the United States every year. Of this number, almost twenty-eight hundred occur in New York city alone.

Takes Heavy Toll

It is estimated that the death rate from asphyxia is twice as great as that from automobile accidents. It is eighteen times that of diphtheria and seventy times that of typhoid fever.

This tragedy may result from submersion; gas inhalation—especially carbon monoxide from automobile exhausts; leaky stoves and gas pipes. Other causes are overdoses of the drug in anesthesia; electric shock; the asphyxia of stillborn children; infantile paralysis; and early pneumonia.

In most instances these deaths could have been prevented. Unfortunately, the care of asphyxia patients is often entrusted to rescuers who, though anxious to help, have had inadequate training. Rarely are they familiar with modern methods of resuscitation.

It is the plan of the organization that the necessary equipment, so essential for the prevention of needless loss of life, will be distributed throughout the nation. Of greatest importance is the spreading of information, telling how to avoid the many pitfalls which may result in asphyxia. Many cases of asphyxia would never occur if the victims were only familiar with the dangers of illuminating gas, the exhausts of automobiles, high tension wires, loose electric sockets and poorly fitted gas fixtures.

The number of cases of drowning during the summer months is legion. This is all too common a cause of asphyxial death. The poor swimmer should keep out of deep waters and everyone should avoid rough and treacherous waters. Never go in swimming immediately after eating. Never overindulge in swimming and, if you are fatigued, remain close to shore.

I am confident that the campaign to check asphyxia deaths will help to prevent these sad accidents. We must applaud its efforts to familiarize physicians and nurses with the modern technique or life saving. Special instruction will be given at hospitals and municipal institutions. Every citizen should know what to do in an emergency.

Answers to Health Queries

C. F. Q.—What will cure scaly eyelids?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Mrs. A. H. Q.—What would cause a burning in the chest—everything I eat or drink causes discomfort? When I go up and down stairs it seems to bother me very much. I am 34 years old.

A.—Probably hyperacidity and indigestion. Have your heart examined to make sure that it is perfectly normal. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 29, 1908

Fred Steiwer, son of John F. Steiwer of Salem and graduate of University of Oregon law school, appointed assistant district attorney of Columbia county.

Charles O'Brien, Salem young man operating ranch near Independence, and Miss Josephine M. Michelbook of Independence united in marriage at McMinnville by Rev. Father Joseph More of Salem.

CINCINNATI — Standing on portico of brother's home here, William H. Taft accepts Republican nomination for president and pledges allegiance to policies of President Roosevelt.

July 29, 1923

Stray badger caught roaming streets here; owner found to be A. C. Miller.

ABOARD PRESIDENT HARDING'S SPECIAL TRAIN — President Harding's proposed trip through Yosemite park cancelled to avoid heat of San Joaquin valley, California; personal physician urges executive to take two days' rest in San Francisco.

LAUSANNE—United States receives most favored treatment concerning freedom of straits for merchantmen and warships in treaty with Turkey.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

Leni Luneska, beautiful motion picture star, is embarrassed at the premiere of her latest picture when her husband, Karl Kruger, whom she thought in prison, arrives and threatens to reveal his identity unless she talks with him. Lucky Cavanaugh, a gambler, prevents Kruger from making a scene and has him placed in a private office to await Leni after the show. In the next office, thieves are burglarizing the safe. Leni goes to Kruger. He demands recognition as her husband. She refuses but he says he will wait for her to reconsider. Cavanaugh, fascinated by Leni's beauty, follows her into the box. Finding her in tears he tries to comfort her and Leni is strangely strengthened by his hand-clasp. He takes her out for some air. Forced to confide in someone, she relates her past life: slaving in a Vienna factory . . . marriage to Kruger when only fourteen . . . beatings . . . Kruger's arrest . . . America . . . and her romantic rise to stardom. Unable to resist, Cavanaugh takes Leni in his arms and in an unguarded moment she allows him to kiss her. Cavanaugh goes to Kruger and insists that he leave, but the latter is defiant. A fight ensues and Kruger draws a revolver. Cavanaugh turns out the lights. Kruger empties his gun at Lucky but misses him. Then, in fury, Kruger rushes through the door leading to the next office, surprising the robbers at work. A tongue of flame spurts from a burglar's automatic and Kruger drops —dead.

CHAPTER TEN

The man with the flashlight shut it off as Kruger struck the floor. It would have been ridiculously easy to fire another shot into the lighted room where Cavanaugh stood stark still — a target that could not be missed. The assassin in the dark, in fact, had begun to level his revolver when one of his companions knocked it aside.

"Don't be a fool!" said one of the men hoarsely.

For men in their positions it was bad technique to commit another murder. Their sole object now was to escape as adroitly as possible. One of them closed the door, leaving Cavanaugh standing alone in the office where a moment before the living Kruger had faced him.

"I'll have to get out of here at once," Cavanaugh said silently to himself, "or I'll be arrested."

In a dazed way he was aware of what had happened. Kruger had burst in upon the scene of crime and his life had paid the penalty. Cavanaugh looked about him. A glittering something on the floor attracted his eye. It was the cheap revolver dropped by Kruger.

There was no belief in his mind that Kruger was merely wounded—alive and still a menace. The single bullet had spoken with the voice of death. Cavanaugh felt this inwardly, knew it to be true beyond peradventure. The word Death rang through his mind like the tolling of a bell. Karl Kruger had gone and taken his sorry tale with him.

Without hurrying Cavanaugh let himself into the outer corridor and closed the door behind him. There in the back part of the theater he could hear dimly the mechanical dialogue of the characters on the screen. The throb of his pulse in his wrist was quite distinct. His heart had a heavy beating that was almost a jar.

The remarkable thing was that he had escaped both Kruger's bullet and any implication in the murder. It remained only for him to walk casually back to the box and sit down behind Leni Luneska. He needed no alibi.

If anyone, by chance, should inquire—he had merely been in the forecourt smoking a cigarette. After all, he had had practically nothing to do with Kruger's death. Poor devil!

For an instant Cavanaugh felt a wave of pity for the man but immediately it was engulfed in a great feeling of relief for Leni's sake. For her the black beast of fear had been killed. It was a good thing, Cavanaugh decided deliberately, that Kruger was dead. By any process of human reasoning, the man had forfeited all right to live.

At the bend of the corridor Cavanaugh set foot on the first step leading downward when he almost bumped into a stocky figure ascending.

Thus it came about that Tom Mulrooney encountered — and remembered—the presence of Lucky Cavanaugh in a part of the theater where Cavanaugh had no business to be.

This was important because Mulrooney was head of the city's detective force. A short, wide-shouldered man with a stubby red moustache and eyes as blue and clear as a child's. Cavanaugh, on his way to Leni Luneska, would have passed the detective with a nonchalant salutation but Mulrooney, for no apparent reason, insisted upon stopping and shaking hands.

"Well, well, Lucky—it's good to see you again," Mulrooney said. "How did they treat you at Caliente?"

"They got everything but my tooth brush, as usual," grinned Cavanaugh.

"That's a smart story and I don't blame you for sticking to it," responded Mulrooney. "You let the mob around this town know you've got any money and they'll bite you to death. How did you like the picture tonight?"

"I'm willing to forgive and forget it."

"Didn't I see you in the box with Leni Luneska?"

"Yes—that's right."

"Friend of yours?"

Cavanaugh waited a moment before answering. He thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and stood, tall and athletic, with a small quizzical scowl forming between his brows.

"Certainly she's a friend of mine," he said with a shadow of irritation. "What's the idea anyway, Mulrooney?"

"No idea at all, Lucky," replied Mulrooney easily. "I was just wondering—didn't I see you leave the box with Miss Luneska about half an hour ago?"

"I don't know whether you saw it or not," said Cavanaugh, "but that's what happened. We stepped outside for a little fresh air."

Mulrooney nodded. "Sure. The reason I asked you—I wondered if you noticed any suspicious looking characters while you were outside?"

"How does a suspicious looking character look?" asked Cavanaugh smiling, his hands still in his pockets.

"I'm not kidding," said the other. "I was talking to Kaufmann and he's all excited because he thinks somebody has broken into his penthouse. He was up there a few minutes ago and he said the window had been jimmied."

"Was anything stolen?"

"That's the funny part," said Mulrooney thoughtfully. "It looks like somebody went up there and made himself at home for a little while. Kaufmann is kinda upset about it. A man don't like to have his private quarters entered. Not when there are marks on the window that show a professional jimmy had been used. It's a little bit unpleasant."

Cavanaugh assumed a thoughtful expression.

"Tell you what I'll do, Mulrooney. I'll think it over and if I can solve the mystery for you I'll do it. Of course I'm not a professional detective like you are——"

"Oh, don't bother too much about it," said Mulrooney, with half a smile under his bristling moustache. "Maybe it wasn't anything serious at all. Probably some couple slipped out of the audience and went up there to spend a little time together — who knows? Myself, I don't take things like that too seriously."

Cavanaugh shifted on his feet, preparing to go on downstairs. It gave him an obscure sense of discomfort to be standing talking to this detective while Karl Kruger's dead body lay not more than fifty feet distant.

"Going back to the box?" asked Mulrooney.

"In a general way—yes."

Mulrooney fetched a filmy whisp of chiffon from the side pocket of his coat.

"I just found this ladies' handkerchief up in Kaufmann's penthouse," he said. "It's scented up with an awfully nice perfume. When you go back to the box you might give it to Leni Luneska. Maybe it belongs to her. At least it's got her monogram in the corner."

Cavanaugh's face did not change expression. "Thanks, Mulrooney," he said politely.

"Don't mention it, Lucky," replied the detective. "You seem to be Lucky by name and Lucky by nature. Well, it's a great old world, ain't it? Romance and everything. There's only one thing that bothers me though——"

"You shouldn't let anything bother you," Cavanaugh remarked.

"I don't, usually," Tom Mulrooney told him. "But when people use jimmies on other folks property it worries me just a little. If I find out anything more about that jimmy I'll let you know, Lucky."

"I'd appreciate it if you would," returned Lucky Cavanaugh courteously as he turned and went down the stairs, leaving Mulrooney standing where he was.

People are always moving about somewhere in a large theater during a performance — ushers, managers, restless patrons.

Mulrooney and Cavanaugh, as they talked, had not been unobserved.

Three men dressed as ushers and carrying packages had emerged from a nearby office — had given quick glances at the detective and Lucky Cavanaugh, and then moved unhurriedly in the opposite direction.

Cavanaugh, as he made his way down to Leni's box, tried to dismiss Mulrooney from his mind. Nevertheless, he realized quite clearly that he was in a spot.

As soon as the robbery and murder came to light, Mulrooney would invariably remember Cavanaugh's wandering around near the scene. There was that matter of the jimmy, too. This was not, of course, evidence enough to connect him with the crimes but it might require some difficult explaining. Leni might become involved should Kruger's identity come out.

Walking down the side aisle with his carefree stride, Lucky Cavanaugh presented the nonchalant and unworried picture of a young man whose calm state of mind corresponded with his handsome dinner-coated appearance.

This was not the first time in his life that he had been in a tight place. Brushing shoulders with the police was not exactly a novelty. Yet he did not find it necessary to relax his easy politeness or his habitual smile of good-natured cynicism. This was the first time, however, when his affections were ever tied up with anything resembling danger. More than anything else, he was acutely conscious of an odd, aching regard for Leni Luneska.

In some strange way it had come about that he was responsible for her happiness.

(To Be Continued)

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