

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Prof. Moley's Assignment

HOME from London with his cheeks still smarting, Prof. Moley has been assigned a new chore, that of studying plans for fighting lawlessness in this country, especially kidnapping and racketeering. It is a good assignment. First, it will keep Mr. Moley from meddling in fields where he has no business, as when he tried to override his superior, Secretary Hull, at London. Second, it puts him at work in a field where he has knowledge.

Moley's initial work that brought him fame was studies with respect to criminal law and punishment in Cleveland. His reports showed such discernment and understanding that he was called east to Columbia. His present task is one therefore, for which he is very well equipped.

It is foolish to dismiss Prof. Moley as a college theorist. He is a man of vision, a student of affairs, who is making what he feels is a genuine contribution to the welfare of his country. His ideas may need to be sifted; but his fine mind and his spirit are such that the president does well to harness in the public interest.

Walter Lippmann, in his daily syndicated article, points out the difficulty of fighting the crime of kidnapping. As he says:

"In this category the most difficult crime to deal with is kidnapping, because the victim is so helpless. There can be little doubt that kidnapping would cease if the family and friends of the victim would be prevented from paying the ransom. But who has the heart to say that the Lindberghs should not have tried to ransom their baby or Mr. O'Connell his son? Who, if he were the victim, would be brave enough to say: 'Do not ransom me!' What jury would convict a father for 'compounding a felony' by ransoming his child?"

"Yet there is no doubt that the kidnapers flourish just because they know the families will pay and that the public authorities will stand aside and give them a good chance to escape with the ransom. That is what makes the problem so poignant. There is no difficulty about arousing public sentiment for inflicting the death penalty on kidnapers. But first you have to catch the kidnapers, and how are you going to do that, if the police have to stand aside while the family pays the ransom and meets the kidnaper's terms? The question is whether the American people are Spartan enough to enact and enforce laws which forbid private dealings with kidnapers, and therefore make kidnapping unprofitable. It seems like the right and the necessary thing to do, but it has the uncomfortable quality of being brave at one's own expense."

Some new method of attack is what is needed. Prof. Moley's problem is to ferret out some new formula which will end this season of crime. We shall not be at all surprised if his fertile mind does not evolve some definite and worth-while method of safeguarding society from the talons of the kidnapers.

Lumber Cut in Willamette Valley

THAT the decrease in lumber production in the Willamette valley is not indicative of a waning timber supply or an impaired capacity to produce is the conclusion of the Pacific Northwest Forest Experiment station, which recently completed a canvass of lumber production. While the cut in the valley declined progressively from 1929 to 1932 as follows: 1929, a billion feet; 1930, 816 million; 1931, 591 million; 1932, 391 million, the decrease was in proportion to the decline in lumber cut throughout the northwest. The number of mills in the valley increased from 245 in 1929 to 250 in 1932, although the number active decreased from 227 to 147, owing to the general shutdown of the industry. Production losses have been about uniform for mills of large and small capacity. The past few years between 44 and 49% of the valley production has come from mills with daily capacities of from one to 75 thousand board feet, 11 to 16% from mills with capacities from 76 to 125 thousand, and between 40 and 45% from mills of over 125 thousand feet capacity.

Living in the cities of the valley we fail oftentimes to appreciate the importance of the lumber industry in the economy of this region. It is still the great single industry of the valley. Belts of timber reaching up the sides of the mountains which border the valley will provide logs for years and years to come; and under fair conditions for tree growth much of the logged over lands will again be producing by the time the last stands of virgin timber are reached.

Tell it to the Judge

Pres. Roosevelt drove his car on the highways about Hyde Park. Reports were he traveled 50. The president told newshounds that 30 was his maximum. Now where have we heard this yarn before?

From the amount of publicity they have received one would think the five coast bridges are the only important pieces of work in Oregon. In reality they are of incidental importance. The coast should be happy it has its road finished, and is; but there is no great urgency about getting the remaining bridges completed. What will the coast have left to holler for when those bridges are built? It would be a shame to deprive it of all excuse for agitation.

In his daily column of kidding Will Rogers jibes at the easterners who are suffering from torrid weather and interjects this in parenthesis: "Excuse me while I put some wood on this fire-place here in the room." And that in Santa Barbara! Wood indeed; all he would have in a Santa Barbara room would be a gas grill in the side of the wall. For real fireplace wood he should come to Oregon where the tall trees grow.

Occasionally some newspaper solemnly warns the rest of the world that the U. S. will go ahead to get prosperity out of its knins themselves, and improvement in Europe started before it did over here.

Merchants who insisted they couldn't possibly increase selling prices by the two per cent of the sales tax aren't batting an eye at mark-ups of ten to twenty caused by increases in merchandise costs.

In Kentucky the mayor of a town had the national guard called out after one man was slain and three injured in a fight over an attempt to stuff the ballot boxes. Might send for the marines who keep elections pure in Nicaragua.

Something tells us Huey Long is about through. The administration is rewarding his opponents with offices. That is the worst threat his Louisiana machine has had.

An eight-hour Saturday will seem like a holiday or someone-sick-at-home for grocery clerks.

One item in the N. R. A. we can't get enthusiastic over, and that is the prospect of three-minute speakers.

Still Trying to Catch Up



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

History of care of the insane: a forward look:

(Continuing from yesterday:)

"Today, after a diagnosis is made, we are fairly certain as to the subsequent course of the psychosis. A few years ago we used to resist the removal of all patients. 'Today we are so sure of our ground that we do not hesitate to ask relatives to remove certain patients who have recovered from their psychosis. In the olden days we rarely ever acknowledged that a patient was sent to the institution that was not insane.'

"The number of patients paroled from the institution has been increasing over a period of years because of our better knowledge of the insane and the more efficient treatment they are receiving. The individual of an ingrown mental weakness does not stand the strain of mental conflicts or disease as well as the normal individual; but it does not mean that he must necessarily be confined in an institution for the insane."

"A better day is dawning for the mentally afflicted. The future will find very little if any distinction made between the hos-

pital where the physically afflicted are treated and the hospital where the mentally afflicted are treated."

Thus ends the address of Dr. Steiner. A brief study of the care of the insane in Oregon will be interesting to the careful reader.

There is a tradition that in their message to the provisional government legislature of Oregon, June 18, 1844, the executive committee recommended that provision be made for the support of lunatics and insane persons; but that no further action was then taken. This (second) executive committee consisted of P. G. Stewart, O. Russell and W. J. Bailey. As Bailey was a physician, the tradition is likely correct.

The first law on the subject was enacted September 29, 1849, which copied the laws of Iowa of January 19, 1839, and January 14, 1841, in regard to the appointment of guardians to care for insane persons and their property; providing that the estate of an insane person be charged with his maintenance, and if he had no estate, then the parents, children or grandchildren should

bear the expense. If he had no relatives, he was to be cared for as a pauper by the county.

The territorial act of December 15, 1853, provided for the appointment of guardians for insane persons; the guardians to have custody of both persons and property. This was amended by the act of January 30, 1855, providing that, in case an insane person had no property, the probate judge should make an allowance for his support, to be paid for from the territorial treasury. If he were dangerous, he should be kept in the county jail, at the expense of the territory. It will be observed that the principle of maintenance of the insane at the expense of the territory or state was thus early adopted; but this last act was repealed January 7, 1856.

Thus matters stood until Gov. A. C. Gibbs in his special message to the state legislature, September 15, 1862, called attention to the large number of insane persons uncared for, and recommended the purchase of land on which to build a hospital, as speedily as possible. In the meantime, he recommended a temporary arrangement with Drs. Hawthorne & Loryea, owning a private asylum in East Portland, at state expense.

This resulted in the act of September 27, 1862, authorizing the governor to contract for the keeping of the insane. An insane patient's estate or his relatives or friends should bear the charge, but, these resources failing, the state should pay; the counties to bear the charges of taking the patient to the institution. An appropriation of \$20,000 was made for the care of the insane. Thus began a monopoly that trailed down through Oregon history for a period of over 20 years, with color and contests that, for even a cursory record of it all, would fill a large book.

That act fixed the policy of the (Continued on 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

MISUSE of certain medical words causes confusion. For example, many persons refer to pain in the shoulder, back or legs as "neuritis," when in reality the ailment is rheumatism or arthritis. Perhaps no word is more incorrectly used than "arthritis."

Arthritis is the term used for an inflammation of a joint. Any joint of the body, as the finger, wrist, knee or shoulder, may be involved. The inflammation can be traced to a blow, a fall or an injury. It may follow an infection in the teeth, tonsils, nasal sinuses or gallbladder.

Contrary to the popular belief, arthritis is curable. Unfortunately, it is too often neglected and allowed to persist for many months or even years. When neglected, the inflammation produces definite alterations in the architecture of the joint. This change prevents normal movements of the joint and every motion is painful.

Not Easy to Cure

Chronic arthritis is not easy to cure. This explains the widespread but false belief that arthritis is necessarily a permanent and incurable affliction. Many sufferers disabled by arthritis fail to apply for the proper treatment because they think the ailment is incurable.

I am confident that if every sufferer from arthritis consulted with his doctor as soon as pain appeared, more cures would occur. But as I have often stated, too many a person is prone to make his own diagnosis and resort to treatment not recommended by the family physician.

Bear in mind that before cure can be hoped for, the cause of the arthritis must be determined. This information can only be obtained by a complete physical examination. In addition, an examination of the teeth, tonsils and sinuses is necessary to

complete the diagnosis. It is advisable that the teeth, as well as the afflicted joint be X-rayed.

Local applications are of little value if the inflammation of the joint is due to some localized infection. No doubt you know some friend or acquaintance who has been afflicted with arthritis that he has applied religiously this, that or the other ointment to a painful shoulder or knee. There may be temporary relief but certainly never permanent cure if the trouble is arthritis.

I receive many inquiries about the so-called "diathermy" treatment for arthritis. In diathermy there is the liberation of heat within the tissues of the body. This is accomplished by an electrical machine with a high frequency current. The heat is liberated by this method deep into the tissues and so it differs from the heat of an electrical pad or hot water bottle.

The diathermy heat stimulates the blood supply of the injured joint. It is extremely beneficial in early cases of arthritis that result from a blow or fall. It should only be used under the supervision of a physician.

Answers to Health Queries

A. R. Q.—What do you advise for falling hair?
A.—Brush the hair daily and use a good tonic. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

E. P. Q.—What causes dizziness?
A.—May be due to a circulatory disturbance, to an eye or ear condition, or to some intestinal disturbance. An examination will determine the exact cause.

Mrs. C. R. J. Q.—What should a woman 37 years old, 5 feet tall weigh?
A.—She should weigh about 125 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance.

J. A. Q.—What can be done for bow legs?
A.—Consult an orthopedist for his opinion and advice.

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"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

At the premiere of her latest motion picture, Leni Lueiska, beautiful star, is stunned by the appearance of her jilted husband, whom she married in Vienna when she was fourteen. He insists upon recognition as her husband and waits in a private office of the theatre for her to reconsider her refusal. Lucky Cavanaugh, handsome gambler, who fell in love with Leni on sight that evening, tries to make Kruger leave. Kruger empties his gun at Cavanaugh without effect, then rushes into the next office in a rage. He surprises burglars looting a safe and is shot dead. Cavanaugh slips and unnoticed but meets Detective Tom Mulrooney in the hall. Later as Leni and Cavanaugh are about to leave the theatre to avoid questioning, Mulrooney stops them. They deny knowing Kruger, but the theatre manager identifies Kruger as the man Cavanaugh brought to the office to await Leni. Lucky cautions Leni against talking, but she tells all to Mulrooney. Cavanaugh also reveals what he knows, except the name of "Slug," one of the robbers whom he recognized. Believing Cavanaugh knows who committed the robbery and killing, if he didn't himself, Mulrooney gives him four days in which to find the guilty man. On the way home, Leni and Cavanaugh forget all unhappiness in each other's company.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

"I'm sorry," she said drowsily. "Sorry about what?" Leni did not answer. His fingers touched the silken texture of her cheeks. "What are you sorry about?" She stirred a little and spoke with her shadowed lids still closed. "It would take a long time to tell you. I am sorry I didn't meet you before I ever knew anybody else." Cavanaugh pressed his cheek against her gold hair. It was soft and thick with a clean fragrance. "What does it matter about the past? It's all over and done with—forgotten forever. There's nothing on earth worth worrying about. You have beautiful hair, Leni, like soft pale gold."

"The color is natural," she said. "My kind of blondes are common back in the old country. But tell me—have you never had trouble, dear?"

"Everybody has troubles. It's not the trouble that gets you down—it's the worrying. I know so little about you," she said with a little sigh. "Tell me something about you, please."

Cavanaugh reflected for a little while. It had never occurred to him before to review the jig-saw puzzle of his existence. He could not tell her without seeming egotistical that he had usually felt himself superior to other small boys of his age. As a man the feeling had persisted. The stolid, hard-working careers of others were drab and disgusting. Life was something too big to be lived in a narrow groove. Therefore, he was a gambler, a wanderer, with—nothing to his credit.

"I guess it has all just been a sight-seeing tour with me," he said. "I might have been a lawyer if I'd wanted to please my father. He was a judge but I always had a sneaking idea his sympathies weren't on the highly moral side of things. He died when I was eighteen and by the time I was twenty I had found all the joints from Nome down to the Panama Canal."

"How old are you now?" "Twenty-eight. In two years I'll be thirty and beginning to get old." Leni moved with kitten-like contentment against his shoulder. "It's all right," she said, "you're older than I am."

"You're not like other women," he assured her. "You'll never be old."

"You are too kind—but tell me

more about you." "I never earned a respectable dollar in my life," he said without either pride or shame. "Mostly I've been a gambler, and I've also owned race horses and a sloop that I rented to run runners. I've been broke a half dozen times and once I won a hundred thousand dollars in a crap game in a New York hotel. When I was a boy I had luncheon with my father, the White House but mostly my friends are men and women on the other side of the law. I've lived on the fat of the land. I've had a million laughs."

Leni looked up at him unsmilingly. "You are a no-good man," she said.

"Exactly." "You are just the kind," she went on, "that is deadly to women. You have been successful with women, eh?"

Cavanaugh shrugged slightly. "Women occur to all men," he said negligently.

"Poor women!" sighed Leni. The taxi cab came to a stop in an expensive street where there were generous spaces between the elaborate houses.

This was Beverly Hills where the architecture was as theatrical as anything ever conceived in the studios of Hollywood. The predominant note of design was a super-Spanish but there was a liberal smattering of Colonial, Corinthian, and idealized and expanded Norman.

Colorful and lavish, this street of domestic elegance was deep in sleep in the shadows of its luxurious palms. In this seventh heaven of Hollywood the residents were early to bed and early to rise for the good reason that they are hard-working motion picture people who must be at the studios at an hour which their Broadway brethren would call the crack of dawn. Most of the houses were dark, but in Leni's—which was long and low and English-looking—a single dim light burned awaiting her return.

Cavanaugh was out of the taxi and helping her to alight. The driver with an eye to his meter touched his cap. "Shall I wait, sir?" This question evoked a strange sense of embarrassment in Cavanaugh—an echo of boyish awkwardness dating back to his vanished and innocent adolescence. There was an implication that he, the designer of the picture, was the man constituted a question which she settled in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Pay him and let him go." Her words started a little buzzing in Cavanaugh's head. Everything was racing ahead like an express train beating its own schedule. With it all was a sensation of incredulity that a creature so exotically satisfying as Leni Lueiska had become so immediately such a vital part of himself. Only yesterday he had not even known what she looked like. Even as late as a dinner tonight she had been but an empty name.

These thoughts filtered down to a sentence. "You are the dearest thing on earth," he whispered. She did not answer him. They were walking upon flat stones set as a path across the lawn. Leni's eyes and attention had become suddenly fixed upon the thick shrubbery planted beside the entrance.

"What is it?" asked Cavanaugh. "There's somebody behind those bushes," she returned intently. Cavanaugh's eyes became alert and concentrated. "Stand right where you are and I'll have a look."

"It may have been my imagination," said Leni. Her voice was a little tense with nervousness. "I guess I'm a little jumpy," she said apologetically. "We'll find out."

He stepped to the bushes while Leni watched him as her heart began to speed up beneath the shimmering evening cloak. Cavanaugh's feet were soundless on the soft-crooked grass.

For a moment he saw nothing in the bushes. There was a smell of damp earth and the soft tap-tap of a dripping hydrant. He knew for a certainty that someone was hiding in the bushes, but he hadn't the slightest idea as to who it might be.

"Who's there?" he said in a voice sharpened with impatience. There was no reply for several seconds and then a man spoke.

"It's all right, Lucky."

The voice was vaguely familiar. "Who are you?"

"It's okay. Take it easy—it's only me—Slug."

The figure—no longer in usher's uniform—stepped into view. It was Slug all right, dressed in dark clothes with a brown hat on his head and an apologetic grimace on his slit-mouthed face.

"I went to your apartment and you wasn't there," said Slug in a hushed voice, "so I figured I'd catch you here when you showed up. I got to talk to you, Lucky. It's awful important."

"Who's with you?" demanded Cavanaugh quickly.

"Not a soul. I gotta tip you to something. Get rid of the dame and I'll tell you about it."

Cavanaugh's instinct told him the man was truthful. Slug was a yegg—probably a murderer as well. But there was no reason to suspect him of being a liar.

"Wait where you are, I'll be out as soon as I take her inside," he told the man.

He returned to Leni and escorted her to the door. The small latch key was in her pink-tipped fingers. "Who is it?" she whispered.

Cavanaugh was careful not to alarm her.

"It's a fellow that wants to do me a favor," he said soothingly. "He saw me with you and beat it out here before we arrived. You go on inside and I'll be right back."

Leni had begun to cling to him. "Come inside at once," she said eagerly. "It may be a trick. Don't take any chances."

He released himself gently, took the key from her and unlocked the door.

"I give you my word there is nothing to worry about," he said.

With an unconcerned look in her eyes Leni removed the latch key and put it into his hand. "Please be careful," she begged him. "You've gotten into so much trouble already on my account. Get rid of that man and come on inside as soon as you can."

As the door shut behind her Slug stepped out of the shrubbery and walked beside Cavanaugh back to the curb and out of earshot of any one in the house. His movements were altogether furtive and gave the impression that he was ready at any instant to leap into the nearest shadow.

"Now what's on your mind?" asked Cavanaugh quite casually.

"Plenty," replied Slug. As he spoke his bluish chin seemed to move from side to side. He was the only man Cavanaugh ever knew who looked exactly like a burglar should look. "You know the guys I was working with tonight?"

"I didn't see them," replied Cavanaugh.

"Well, they saw you and they recognized you. They know who you are all right. They're three lamers from Pittsburgh. As they come out of that office they see you talking to Mulrooney and they got an idea you're going to squawk."

"When that door opened between the two offices they got a good look at you and they think maybe you saw them."

"I didn't," said Cavanaugh.

(To Be Continued)

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Progress is Made On New Residence For Mike Benedict

SUBMITTY, August 4—Miss Helen Ruetters is employed at Washougal, Wash., in the woolen mill. She is staying at the home of her sister, Mrs. Leroy Rehohr. Pete Gries, Irvin Schumacher, and Wes Starr, are helping build the new residence for Mike Benedict.

Miss Lorraine Benedict of Portland is spending her vacation here with relatives. Adam Sussbauer is again employed by Oscar Stall to help in the garden where he has been employed the last couple of summers.

Philip Albus and Nick Heughebaert Jr. are building a new residence for Anthony Minden at Silver Creek Falls.

Harold Etzel is confined to his bed with chicken pox. Miss Wilma Bechtold of Portland is spending a few days with her grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Sussbauer and other relatives.

Woodard is Honored By Closing of Mill

SILVERTON, August 4—The Silver Falls Timber company mill will be closed Saturday in respect to Frank E. Woodard whose funeral will be held at Waterville, Wisconsin on that day. M. C. Woodard, manager of the Silver Falls mill, left Wednesday for Wisconsin to attend the funeral of his brother.

GUESTS FROM WENATCHEE

KEIZER, August 4—Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harold and infant daughter, Gladys Louise of Wenatchee, Wash., are house guests for the week and at the C. C. Hotel home Mr. Harold is a brother to Mrs. Cole. They are appreciating the cool weather and gentle showers of this valley, as it was extremely warm at Wenatchee.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

RELIGION AND STRIFE

To the Editor: The world today is like a troubled sea, the waves of fear and despair are beating against our lives. Our increased knowledge, the great progress we have made in understanding the forces of nature, our marvelous transportation and communication facilities and the progress we are making in meeting our physical needs, do not seem to help us to have peace and peace of mind. On one side of the road our granaries are full and overflowing and the wheels of our factories are silent because the folks on the other side of the road are unable to make the money with which to pay for the necessities of life. Children are undernourished; strong men are becoming weak for lack of food. But the physical suffering is small in comparison with the agony and despair of the rich and the poor. With many the strain becomes so severe that they become cowardly and kill themselves to try to get out of the hell in which they are living. Millions seem to be bearing unnecessary crosses. Millions seem to be victims of circumstances. Ministers, teachers, farmers, home makers, merchants, mechanics. In fact, every one who is really alive seems to be bearing burdens and praying that some relief might come. While thinking over these things, a beautiful picture presents itself: the picture how Christ fed 5000 and then slipped up into the mountain and spent some time in praying, and while he was praying his disciples were in the midst of the sea tossed with waves, for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them walking on the sea. We have the same Jesus today the disciples had, and he will come walking to us on

Training School's Chickens Filched

WOODBURN, Aug. 4.—Forty White Leghorn chickens were stolen from the chicken house at the Boys' Training School, Tuesday night at the hands of thieves who broke in and broke the lock off the door. No clue has been found as to who was responsible for the act, though Sam Laughlin, superintendent of the school, stated he was sure it was no one connected with the school.

S. B. MILLS,
2407 State St.

STARTS SERMON SERIES

DALLAS, Aug. 4.—Two series of sermons for the month of August will begin at the First Christian church Sunday. The morning series will be based on the second letter of the Apostle John. The first sermon of this series will be "Grace, Mercy and Peace." The evening series will be based on the book of Jude. The first sermon of this series will be on the topic "Did You Hear God's Call?" There will be special music at each of the services.