

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHILDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

ADVERTISING

Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.25; 6 Mo. \$4.00; 1 year \$7.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Maxims on Health

THE day of maxims has been past for some time, at least few sets of them have been circulated. These pearls of wisdom have had rather a hollow sound during recent years when minds were concentrated on self-preservation in a ruthless, cruel world. A sign of economic spring may be seen therefore in some maxims recommended by the Michigan state board of health "for prolonging active and useful life." The tenth maxim: "Cultivate a serene mental attitude," seems foreign to our still storm-swept sea. Perhaps those who have built up attitudes of serenity while their castles were falling may be the ones who will survive. They at least will not be defeated mentally.

We pass along these gems for the good health of mind and body. There may be some who can put them to practice.

1. The commercial value of a life lies solely in its productive period; the other periods are a burden upon this.
2. This period should be prepared for from infancy, protected in adult life, and extend as long as possible into old age.
3. Constitutional vigor is created mainly by proper food and proper hygiene in youth.
4. No person of 40 years of age should subsist mainly on animal foods, which are very good in early life. The reason for this is contained in maxim 14. The elasticity of some of the most important tissues in the body can not be preserved by a person over 40 years of age who continuously loads up the body with the waste products of nitrogenous foods in excess, even if he had the best food in youth. Fruits and cereal foods should be largely and generously used by all persons over 40 years of age.
5. Nerves are exceedingly important. They grow best in the country. Let youth be passed as much as possible away from the crowded centers of population.
6. Education may be misdirected, and may be overdone. A good machine may be ruined by making it too elaborate. A good knife may be rendered useless by sharpening it all away.
7. Regular, moderate, physical exercise is essential, and is generally neglected.
8. Do not make a burden of amusements. They may, and often are, made worse than overwork or undue worry.
9. Do not set an impossible ideal of life. It results in disappointment, and that ages.
10. Cultivate a serene mental attitude, and develop a capacity for deliberate enjoyment of whatever is at hand. The greatest pleasure often comes from little things easily and often overlooked.
11. Avoid every excess. Do not overwork, overplay, overeat, overdrink, oversmoke, or allow yourself to become over-inactive.
12. Do not assume obligations that you can not discharge. This is the secret not only of much physical, but of much moral and mental disaster.
13. Study your diet, and your hours of labor, sleep, and relaxation, and conform to your constitutional requirements.
14. Take particular precaution to preserve by daily actions the elasticity of all the tissues.
15. Maintain self-respect, avoid sordidness and gloom, and "grow old gracefully."
16. It is desirable to diversify your interests. Have one or two restful diversions, using a portion of your time away from your regular occupation and habitation.

Troubles at Yakima

ONE reason Salem has been free from soapboxers and hunger marchers for several weeks is that these men are out in the sticks stirring up strikes. The first trouble came in the lumber mills, with short shutdowns in consequence at Klamath Falls and Aberdeen. Now the IWW's have moved in on the Yakima valley fruit orchards, after raising similar disturbances in California fruit districts. The Yakima fruit men put on their own reception committee with pick handles for greeting tools.

Doubtless wages in the fruit belt are low. But so are prices. The growers who are trying to produce peaches and pears have been having a desperate time taking in enough money to pay any wages, pay their taxes and interest. Many and many a grower the last few years has had no wages at all for himself and family. We can understand their resentment when outsiders come in to interfere with their harvest, to pull off workers who need the wages they are getting, and to cause the possible loss of the perishable crops.

Government authorities are doing much to restore profitable selling prices and they are specially solicitous about wages, that just as many people be employed at living wages as can be carried. That agitators are seizing the present moment to foment discord in labor ranks indicates that their major concern is to stir up trouble and agitate against the government rather than just to get higher wages for the workers who are employed.

Forget the Sales Tax

THE turn which the matter of a special session has taken is amusing if the conditions were not serious. The debate over the sales tax has been reopened. The result is such a storm of contentious disputation that the matter of a special session is lost sight of. If the governor does not want an extra session, that is one way to kill it off. We doubt if he was smart enough to think of it; but the effect is the same.

It is like prodding the animals to stir up the Portland Journal again on a sales tax. Although to date it offers no alternate way of providing funds for relief work to double-match federal funds, the Journal is still adamant in its opposition to the sales tax. Looking at the vote in the election of a month ago, it requires considerable temerity even to suggest a sales tax. Let the matter lie, and die.

Oregon ought to be able to take care of her own impoverished without federal funds, because we have such an abundance of food stuffs produced here; and there is fuel in plenty in western Oregon. This fall there will be pretty fair employment; and it is by no means certain that state action is necessary to supplement other agencies.

The late sale on the Atlantic coast was a test of the construction of the new New York buildings. The tallest, the Empire State building, swayed less than two and a half inches; while the Chrysler, second tallest, showed an imperceptible sway. The steel construction permits a certain sway; but considering the force of the storm, this sturdiness should satisfy those with offices on the top floor, or the bottom for that matter.

Equipoise has won over \$300,000 purse money for his owner, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney; and now ranks fourth among big money winners of the turf. With that record Whitney has no trouble keeping his equipoise.

Father Coughlin shouted that the people of Detroit would not be satisfied until the banks were tried and found guilty. From reports we do not think Coughlin will be satisfied until they are found guilty.

"Well he's got good lungs, anyway"



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Vagrant, jackass led to richest Idaho mine; other like strange tales:

(Continuing from yesterday.) "Then in May, 1900, Dan Freeman, a bartender at Chloride, agreed to grubstake him to the extent of \$17 a month for the period of one year, and Murphy, who had little if any experience as a prospector, fared forth to hunt gold in the foothills of the Colorado river, in the northern part of Mojave county, Arizona. He reached the hills, with his burro and outfit, on May 12, set up camp and began prospecting.

"What Murphy knew about mining he had learned as an observer and at second hand, but in his teamster days he had often pondered from afar the geological story of the hills to which he had now journeyed.

"He had also several times seen specimens of rock from them, brought to Chloride by Hualapai Indians, and so had finally formed a theory, duly imparted to his bartender friend, as to where a strata of gold quartz ran in that locality and where it most easily might be found beneath the sunbaked soil and whitened boulders.

"Daily for nearly a fortnight, with pick in hand, he roamed the lonely hills under a blistering desert sun, but only base copper ore rewarded his search, and hopes of finding gold began to fade.

"Then on the morning of the twelfth day, while hunting quail, Murphy came, at the bottom of a gulch, upon a rock about the size of a man's head, which, a glance told him, held the precious metal he was seeking. He carried to his tent and broke it into pieces with his hammer.

"Under the magnifying glass each piece showed the gray quartz shot through with tiny specks of gold. There followed a feverish search for the ledge or outcropping from which had come the fragment found in the gulch. Hundreds of pieces of rock were examined and thrown away in a hunt which covered both sides of the gulch, and which, in the late afternoon, brought Murphy in sight of a protruding mass of rocks half a mile or so from and resembling in color his find in the morning.

"The sun was setting when at the end of a hard climb he reached this outcropping—a boulder of reddish brown jutting from a steep area of yellow soil—and knocked from it a chunk which proved as rich in yellow specks as the float he had found farther down the gulch.

"The night that followed was an uneasy one for the lone prospector, who knew he had turned up the makings of a fortune. When morning came he satisfied himself as to the drift and dimensions of the ledge, and having set up monuments at the four corners of his claim, hastened to Chloride to tell his grubstake partner what he had found for them.

"Two or three days later the pair were hard at work exposing the ledge and proving the quality of the ore. The average rock ran \$21 a ton, and it soon became evident that there were thousands of tons of it. Before the summer was ended Murphy and Freeman sold their claim for \$80,000 in cash."

Reading on: "The Trojan mine in Calaveras county, California, which brought wealth to a group of Boston men, was the lucky find of two German gardeners. In the winter of 1865 Herman Becker and Laurence Trimmer, who in summer raised vegetables for sale in the mining camps of Calaveras, went into the mountains to gather oak wood for fuel.

and slept in an abandoned miner's cabin. One day Becker came into possession of a generous haunch of deer meat. In order to properly bake it he and his partner built a bonfire of brush, which melted a hole in the snow, lying two feet deep all about them, and uncovered an area of the earth.

"Then, to prepare an oven for the baking of the venison, Becker dug down a couple of feet and came upon a bed of rock. He broke off a piece of this rock, and, after the meat was buried and in process of roasting, by the light of his cabin candle gave it long and careful examination. He found it to be what miners term 'line rock' and rich in gold. The tests of an assayer of Placerville showed that it ran \$600 a ton. Becker and Trimmer staked off five claims, and, telling no one of their discovery, gave several months to defining with pick and spade the dip, angle, length and breadth of the ledge. It made them rich within a year, but in the end for \$70,000 apiece they parted with a mine that for many years netted its Boston buyers \$30,000 a month."

Still reading on: "The Cripple Creek stampede in 1891 furnished another striking example of the luck of the greenhorn miner. James W. Doyle, a carpenter who did not follow his trade, was then earning a modest livelihood as driver of a hack in Manitou, while Jimmy Burns, one of his friends, was working as a plumber in Colorado Springs. The two men joined hands and agreed to try their luck at Cripple Creek. Neither of them knew anything about mining, and coming late into the field they had to be content with a claim about a sixth of an acre in area on the side of Battle mountain near Victor, which had been passed by as worthless by earlier arrivals.

"Doyle and Burns, however, acting on the theory that something better than nothing might be had from a little bit of land, and sent for John Harman, who was driving a street scraper in Colorado Springs, to come and help them develop it.

"All that Harman knew about mining consisted of what he had learned as a lad picking slate from the screens of a Pennsylvania coal mine. The trio gave much hard labor to sinking a shaft that for many months yielded no sign of pay ore. Experienced miners urged them to abandon a seemingly hopeless search, but, deaf to advice, they refused to quit, and in the end struck a vein which yielded millions and made each of them a man of large wealth."

Still quoting from this chapter: "In the early summer of 1884, Henry Morgan, known to his family as Hank, was dead broke in Leadville. He had come from California, part of the way on foot and the rest of the way in freight cars, and knew nothing of the country in which he found himself. However, he had in full measure the hopefulness and persuasive ways of the typical prospector, and without delay induced a Leadville merchant to grubstake him. In the Gunnison foothills he stumbled onto a hole that some one had worked and then abandoned in an earlier time. The lay of the land pleased Morgan; so he cleaned out the hole and proceeded to sink it to a greater depth. Good luck was not long in coming to him, for he had gone only a few feet when he came upon a vein which, duly assayed and located, sold for \$500,000."

Continuing: "The first days of gold mining in California a

HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

"FOOT AND mouth disease" is a rare affliction in the human family. It is seldom that inquiries are made regarding this peculiar ailment. But I received two letters asking for information about it.

To answer these letters it is necessary to go somewhat into detail. Foot and mouth disease is primarily a disease of the lower animals. It is an acute and highly contagious disease, usually confined to cloven-footed beasts. It is transmitted to men who handle such animals.

Fortunately, it is a disease rarely encountered now among the livestock of this country. Only a few outbreaks have been reported in recent years.

The Symptoms
This disease can be traced to the energetic measures taken by the department of agriculture. The animal suffering from foot and mouth disease appears ill. It has many sores and blisters. These are found on the lining of the mouth and on the skin above the hoofs. Occasionally the rash is seen on the udder of cows, as well as other parts of the animal.

Fortunately, as a disease of the human family it is exceedingly mild. The chief danger of the disease in man is that he may unsuspectingly transmit it to his animals. The ailment can be transmitted to man by the drinking of raw milk or buttermilk, or the eating of butter and cheese made from milk obtained from diseased animals. At one time the disease was quite prevalent in children who were fed such milk. Unless it is pasteurized, it is best to boil milk when any doubt exists as to the health of the cows.

Traced to Carelessness
Most of the cases reported in men have been traced to the careless handling of infected animals. Every precaution should be taken against such infection. Whenever the disease is discovered the suspected cattle should be isolated, quarantined and kept under rigid supervision.

If foot and mouth disease is found among the animals it is best that they be slaughtered, and the carcasses completely destroyed by fire, or by deep burial. Though this is an expensive and arduous procedure, it is the only sure means of complete eradication of the disease.

Answers to Health Queries

B. G. P. Q.—Would it be advisable for a woman who has been cured of tuberculosis to marry and have children? What precautions should be taken when one is constantly around a tubercular patient? Is the trouble easily contracted?

A.—If the disease has been definitely cleared up there would seem to be no reason why the patient should not marry. One should avoid coming in contact with the patient's mouth in any way—disches, etc., should be kept separate and the rooms should be constantly aired and sunned. This depends upon the general health and resistance.

J. E. VK. Q.—What would cause the mouth to feel as if one had been chewing alum, all puckered up? I have no sense of taste; everything tastes alike.

A.—This is probably due to some gastro-intestinal disturbance. Watch your diet and elimination—keep the system clear. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

(Copyright, 1933, E. F. S., Inc.)

roustabout, Oliver Martin in a girl, did odd jobs and drank whiskey when he could get it in the camps of the Mother Lode country."

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Leni was still for so long that Cavanaugh began to wonder if she were asleep.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes, darling."

"Happy?"

Her face moved closer to his own; her breath on his cheek was like the fragrance of a flower.

"So happy I can't express it," she murmured. "Something is happening to us, Lucky—something that I can hardly believe is true. Do you think it possible—is there such a thing as being born again? On this earth?"

"Certainly I believe it," Lucky assured her tenderly. "It's happened to me already."

At that instant the telephone rang with a wild clamor.

"And there's Gabriel blowing his horn," he added with a grin. "Do you want to answer it?"

Leni reached out a smooth, lazy arm and picked up the phone. A man's voice, soiled and rusty reaching her small ear.

"Listen, lady—and get what I'm saying straight. I want to talk to Lucky Cavanaugh. If you know where he is tell him to get in touch with me."

"Who is this, please?"

"Just tell him Slug wants to speak to him!"

"That's right."

Cavanaugh reached across and took the voice out of her hand.

Cavanaugh put his hand over the transmitter and spoke to Leni.

"Ask him to repeat the name and hand it back to me so I can hear his voice."

"Who is this again, please?" inquired Leni softly.

The instrument changed hands and Cavanaugh, listening closely, heard the unmistakable voice of Slug coming from its obscure source.

"Just tell Mr. Cavanaugh to get in touch with Slug as soon as possible. Slug—got that?"

"Hello, Slug!" said Cavanaugh heartily. "What's the word?"

Leni completely relaxed, watched Cavanaugh whose face became an iron mask as he listened to what Slug was saying. He rested on one elbow and the visible tension in his whole straight figure showed that he was hearing something that was deeply important.

The idyllic pleasure in which Leni had been dreaming began to vanish. For a little while they had circled themselves around with the wall of forgetfulness against the outside world... a world so fragile that it had been shattered by the ringing of a telephone. It was, so it seemed, impossible to hide away from life... from life.

There was a note toward what Cavanaugh was hearing in his half of the conversation.

"Yes... I see... Yes... I understand... Okay..."

He put up the instrument and swung himself to a sitting posture on the edge of the bed.

"What is it?" she asked, reaching up and running her fingers through his thick hair which was always faintly scented with cigarettes and shampoo.

"Nothing important," he said non-committally.

But Leni knew this was not true. "Tell me!"

"It's nothing, really. Slug wants to see me, and talk over some-

thing."

"You are leaving, then?"

Cavanaugh, his thoughts elsewhere, gave Leni a small wry smile. He was thinking entirely of what Slug had said.

"Yes—I'll have to get going," he answered. He did not sound regretful, but eager. "We're going to be all right—but a lot has got to be done first."

Leni got up. She handed him a comb and brush for his hair. He had long been without sleep and she wanted to do many tender things for him, but he was in a hurry to be gone.

She stood in front of him, aching at the thought of letting him go. Her hands were outstretched and he took hold of them, but the mood of romance had evaporated. There was a new look in his eyes—hard, nervous, tense. He drew her to him and kissed her.

When shall I see you again, thought Leni and her eyes became so misted that he was but a wavering outline through her tears.

"You'll hear from me soon," he said. "I'd better not phone. Mul-rooney may tap the wire. This house is going to be watched. But I'll find a way."

So intent was he upon what was in his mind that he did not even notice her eyes were wet. It was more difficult than she had expected to let him go. Her arms, with the age-old movement of woman-kind, began to cling to him.

"Can't we both go away off together?" Leni pleaded. "We can get a ship to any part of the world."

"Got to settle up here first," answered Cavanaugh quickly.

"Then settle up as soon as possible," said Leni with her moist lips. "Make it soon—soon! I've brought you so much bad luck—so much trouble—but I'll make it all up to you. I swear I will, darling. We'll leave Hollywood—we'll go far away and live and live and live! Protect yourself, darling—don't let anything more happen! Surely, there must be a way to finish this terrible business up in a peaceable manner."

Cavanaugh kissed her again. "Don't worry, sweetheart. We'll soon be free."

Leni knew he was going out on a mission of inevitable danger. The least she could do was to let him go with a smile.

"Make it sooner than soon!" she said as she shut the door behind him.

As Cavanaugh went down the stairs he was conscious of a suppleness of his own body. He was short of sleep, under a terrific strain—yet he had touched a reserve supply of nervous force. The second wind in his breast, was a spiraling sensation of excitement, of tingling audacity.

This fact that Leni was behind him—waiting—constituted an electric force running through all his movements.

At the door he hesitated. The place might be watched. That was a risk that had to be met.

This feeling, however, was groundless. Despite all efficient intentions, the police are sometimes dilatory.

Cavanaugh glanced at his watch. Five minutes had elapsed since he had ceased talking to Slug. Sufficient time for the man to be here. He opened the door and boldly

walked down to the curb.

In Hollywood, everyone is accustomed to the strangest costumes. Bedouins and cowboys and Foreign Legionnaires come and go, attracting no attention, except from the visitors. Evening clothes are quite commonplace along the boulevard at noon. Wild automobile chases, preceded by police escorts and sirens, career through the streets, cameras on trucks in close pursuit.

All in all, it is perhaps the most colorful and surprising city on earth. These startling characters in costumes are movie extras. Hundreds of them are employed daily. As a rule they congregate in the vicinity of the studios where they are working, but often they roam the entire city in childish pleasure with their commonplace identity concealed beneath their glamorous costumes.

It was for this reason that Slug, sitting in a battered roadster and garbed in a vivid plaid shirt with a red handkerchief around his neck and a flapping felt hat on his head, attracted no attention whatever.

This costume was complicated by a set of bushy black whiskers glued to Slug's somewhat venal countenance. He wore tight gray trousers, black boots and a revolver and cartridge belt. Also, he smoked a pipe.

Even the children in the street knew what he was and did not bother to look.

He was a miner of '49—one of the four or five hundred similar extras working in one of those perennial epics of frontier life...

It may be that a man of Slug's temperament and profession should be garbed as a movie extra. The truth was that he worked occasionally in the pictures, as do many of his ilk.

At the moment, however, he was not so employed. The clothes he wore were probably the property of some producing company, as was a star outfit on the floor of the car.

A man of any resourcefulness at all, in Hollywood, never has trouble about a costume.

Perhaps it was the exploit of blowing a movie theater safe by a gang dressed as ushers that opened up to Slug the great possibilities of disguise.

The important incident in the whole matter was his unswerving admiration for Lucky Cavanaugh. It was admiration plus loyalty.

Cavanaugh—with his careless goodwill—had founded this feeling in Tampa. "Here's enough to take care of the hospital bill and buy a ticket home," he had said. Slug promised to pay him back, and probably meant it. Now, at any rate, he was passing in front of Leni Lusk's home, risking his own freedom to help a pal.

"They was broadcasting your escape on the police radio and I picked it up," said Slug as Cavanaugh climbed into the car. The principal pastime in Hollywood is gossip; the second, listening to the police broadcast which all radios are tuned to receive. "Better take off that Panama and put on this sombrero."

Cavanaugh without the slightest hesitation, put on the sombrero.

"If you'll take off your coat and tie this bandanna around your neck—" suggested Slug.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1932, by Robert Terry Shannon. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

DEMOCRATIC PICNIC EXPECTS BIG CROWD

SILVERTON, Aug. 25.—At least 3000 people are expected to attend the Rooseveltian picnic scheduled for Sunday at the Silverton park. Mayor Garver will welcome the group.

The event, though in charge report, is to be non-partisan in character and everyone is urged to attend. The afternoon program will be turned into an open forum and each speaker is limited 30 minutes, giving the people of the audience 20 minutes to ask questions.

Marshal N. Dana, associate edi-

HAS JOB IN SOUTH

BRUSH CREEK, Aug. 25.—Friends here have received word from Miss Ida Peterson who formerly lived here and who later taught at North Howell that she is employed at San Francisco where she went to visit her sister, Mrs. Roy Bishel. She will remain in the southern city for some months yet. Mrs. Bishel had been at Gibraltar visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Peterson, who also formerly lived here.

Beauty Battles Octopus



One of the most unusual pictures ever made, showing a battle between a girl and an octopus at Menlo Park, Cal. The plucky girl is 17-year-old Florence Douglas (right), who undertook the job of fighting the octopus so that her father, an inventor, might test out a new under-water camera. After the battle, Miss Douglas bore marks of the fish's tentacles on her limbs for days.

ANDREW M. DODSON DIES AT PORTLAND

SILVERTON, Aug. 25.—Funeral services will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the Rhman funeral home for Andrew M. Dodson, who died Friday morning at the veterans' hospital at Portland.

Mr. Dodson was born at Brookfield, Pa., December 16, 1898. He was married August 13, 1920, to Elizabeth Dick. Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Dodson, who died Friday morning at the veterans' hospital at Portland.

Mr. Dodson enlisted in the navy at Bremerton, Wash., in 1918 and served 11 months on the U. S. S. Nevada. He had been ill since last November. Legionnaires will act as pallbearers.

Two Dances Slated For Forester Hall At Sublimity Soon

SUBLIMITY, AUG. 25.—Jack Ditter, and son Jorvane, and William Klocker returned to their homes here after visiting for a week in Wenatchee, Wash. All the farmers in this district are busy threshing. The crop is much later than usual this year. Mr. and Mrs. Walt Ditter received word of the death of their granddaughter at Portland Saturday. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ditter. The Haymakers orchestra of Turner will play for two dances at the Forester hall here September 14 and 21.

Silverton Raises Purse for Legion Players in Kansas

SILVERTON, Aug. 25.—The Silverton post of the American Legion made up a purse this week for the three Silverton boys—John Coomler, Arland Schwab and Tom Heener, who have helped Woodburn's junior legion club win the northwest regional league title. Silverton feels a special interest in the Woodburn team as the three Silverton boys have been prominent in its victories.