

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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Prof. Moley Retires

If the retirement of Prof. Moley means that Secretary Hull will exercise more influence in the administration, this paper will be pleased. Moley's program was one of domestic inflation; Secretary Hull's is that of world attack on world problems. Having no confidence in local inflation as a panacea for even our own problems we have been depressed with the failure of the London conference whose objectives Sec. Hull labored manfully to achieve. The depression has impinged most heavily on the great staple commodities; wheat, cotton, copper, tin, wool, etc. Local inflation does not raise the world price of these commodities, nor does it stimulate their international consumption. Another program, the one which Sec. Hull was working on, is needed to bring more permanent and more substantial relief.

Recently Sec. Wallace in discussing agricultural problems with Mississippi cotton-growers, pointed out the conflict between insistence of full payment of war debts, and the export of cotton and pork and grain. The old world cannot pay its war debts in full and buy our cotton too; certainly not unless lowered tariffs permit greatly increased imports. It is absurd to regard the policy of plowing under cotton and corn as a sane permanent policy for this country.

Definite progress along the lines when Sec. Hull advocates was accomplished finally at the wheat conference in London, although the mutual concessions are only a beginning of what should be made. In this agreement the importing nations agree to modify wheat quota restrictions, to lower tariffs when prices remain for four months at the level of 63c (gold) or 89c (present U. S. currency). Export countries agree to reduce production by 15%, and to set a limit on exports.

With almost painful monotony we repeat that the laws of supply and demand will still function; that the way to secure the balance which is needed is to stimulate exports of our surplus so the commodities pass into actual consumption. Insofar as domestic inflation and NRA mean higher paper money prices here without accompanying disposition of our commodity surpluses those efforts will be futile to accomplish the major objective of recovery.

If Sec. Hull could be given a field for negotiation for the stimulation of our foreign trade both of export and of import, the economic policies of the administration would be on a much surer foundation.

Prof. Moley will be better situated as editor of a magazine, although it is difficult to see where another magazine is needed in this country. The Nation, the New Republic, the New Outlook, are all journals of opinion, the first two of which are radical enough in temper. It will be interesting to see how Moley's magazine fares, the more because it starts with a golden spoon in its mouth, being fostered by Vincent Astor and W. Averell Harriman. The New Republic was launched with the subsidy of Willard Straight, but he was not self-seeking in any sense of the word. The name Astor has been linked with the landed aristocracy for a century; and the question arises at once how much public acceptance there will be of a magazine subsidized by an Astor. If the new deal means what many have imputed to it, to back a magazine supporting it would imply that Vincent Astor had got "religion" or gone cuckoo. The genuine socialists will probably aver that it is merely another case in which the public is to be flimflammed.

Willamette university reports a big increase in its enrollment for the law school. Too bad, the government is apt to plow under every other row of lawyers and pay their families a bonus. —Corvallis Gazette-Times.

But the wives of lawyers would still have the writ of habeas corpus.

Some one brought in a freak ear of corn, built like an artichoke. Had one perfect ear in the center, with ten ears circling the center one. What we wonder is if the farmer growing this is violating the AAA. Seems as though he should plow under some of those ten ears.

Scientists have dug up another scare. Hay fever may be spread by kissing, because of some of the face powder women use. The strong men who have braved lipstick will not be daunted by hay fever face powder.

"Grateful families remember our upright service" runs an undertaker's ad. Shows how far behind the times we are. We thought the service was still horizontal.

About the first thing a new bureaucrat does is to shower the country with telegrams. The wire companies are getting out of the red with the spurt in business.

Seattle has returned to the Pacific coast by abandoning daylight saving time. Why tamper with the clock when hands work only 40 hours a week?

On a trip through the country we notice that several farmers are waiting for the government bonus before plowing under the fence-crowns of Canada thistle.

In the few weeks before school starts it would be a good thing for parents to have their children checked for trouble with eyes, teeth and adenoids.

Andy Volstead will go back to the practice of law. There will still be plenty of law left to practice on, after the act bearing his name is repealed.

Marshal Dana, PWA man for the northwest, is out on a speaking tour. Dana's first thought is not "when do we eat?" but "when do we speak?"

What has become of the old man with a black string tie who used to visit the country schools and ridicule the idea that the world owed a man a living?

If business dies under Gen. Johnson, it will not be from sleeping sickness.

It is quite evident the Lindberghs are not making their trip Post-haste.

When the CCC go home they can truthfully say that they smelled more smoke than the SATC's of war times.

Anyhow the CCC's go the CC's (chamber of commerce) one better.

The Eugene News proposes a brain trust for Oregon. A university town would suggest that.

He Didn't Think It Was Loaded



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

I HAVE HAD lots of letters requesting information regarding prickly heat. This is an inflammation of the skin which commonly affects infants and young children during hot weather. The affliction is very annoying to the child and may alarm the parent although it is rarely of a serious nature.

It is a strange malady and affects some children more frequently and more seriously than others. In fact some youngsters are extremely sensitive to this disturbance. Others rarely, if ever have it. A child who has a delicate and sensitive skin is particularly liable to develop prickly heat.

Bright red blotches suddenly appear on the skin. These red patches may be covered with small blisters. The rash spreads with great rapidity over the neck, forehead, back of chest. Itching and stinging are the chief symptoms.

Response to Treatment

The attack usually continues for two or three days. In extremely susceptible children it may last for many weeks.

Many mothers become alarmed at the first sight of such an inflammation. They fear the child is the victim of some serious and perhaps contagious disease. May I assure the worried mother that prickly heat is not a serious disturbance and it quickly responds to simple treatment.

The inflammation of the skin is traced to an irritation of the small sweat glands in the skin. During hot weather these glands secrete profusely and are liable to inflammation and irritation as a result of over-activity. The fluid thrown out by the sweat gland is acid in reaction and if too great in quantity readily irritates a sensitive skin.

During very hot weather children with sensitive skins should not be permitted to engage in strenuous and exerting play. They should not be exposed to excessive heat and sunshine. Often, too, the inflammation of the skin can be traced to over-dressing or to tight and irritating clothing. During warm weather the child should be attired in loose and cool garments.

As I have said, the inflammation can usually be traced to the over-activity of the skin glands. But there is a belief that prickly heat results from the eating of certain foods during hot weather.

If the inflammation of the skin is due to food it can usually be traced to a diet carrying an excessive quantity of protein foods, such as meat, cereals and eggs. For this reason, I would advise that the diet be very carefully planned during hot weather. It should consist of easily digested substances that are nutritious but will not tend to bring about digestive disturbances.

Bear in mind that prickly heat can be prevented by frequent bathing, careful drying of the skin and the use of a good toilet powder. Relief from the inflammation can be obtained by the application of an appropriate lotion. In certain cases bland powders prescribed by the physician are more beneficial than a lotion.

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RAND CONCERT HELD

INDEPENDENCE, Aug. 28.—The first of a series of band concerts to be presented by the Independence boys' band was held Saturday night at 8:15 o'clock. The concert was held on the street. Under the direction of Clarence Quarter and Bill Kelley, the group has been practicing for the last six weeks. There are about 15 members in the band.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Concluding tales of finds of rich mines:

(Continuing from Sunday): "So they resolved to hunt for the ledges from which the yellow particles had been eroded."

"Burcham supplied a horse for the trip, and for a fortnight the three men scoured the region, searching for the volcanic rim. In the late afternoon of an April day, when their quest had led them into a gulch, seven miles to the north of Goler, Moores spied straight ahead of them a line of dark brown rocks scattered along the base of a great hill."

"Over there," said he, "is the ledge we have been looking for."

"Moores spoke as a true prophet, for when, half an hour later, he and his companions reached the end of the gulch, and secured samples of the brown rock, a magnifying glass showed them filled with golden specks. More chunks, when studied through the magnifying glass, told the same story."

"How much do you think there is of it?" asked Singleton, as he studied the great hill which loomed up in front of and spread for miles to the east of them."

"The whole hill is filled with ore," Moores replied. "All we have got to do is shovel it into a stamp mill and get out the gold."

"What followed is a familiar story. When the three tenderfeet had located claims covering all the richest ore in sight, they returned to Goler and told of their find to men who a few days before had regarded their search as a wildgoose chase."

"There followed a stampede of miners from all parts of the Butte coast, and the town of Randaburg sprang into being almost in a day. For the better part of a decade the combined income of Moores and his partners exceeded \$60,000 a month."

The concluding paragraphs of the chapter: "It was a long and wearier road that led Adam Hendricks to the discovery of the Pearce mine, in its day one of the richest gold properties in southern Arizona. Hendricks owned a ranch in Merced county, California, but for nearly a score of years spent most of his time hunting gold. Every dollar that he could raise went into prospecting; but only an occasional find of a minor sort rewarded his wanderings, and in the fall of 1881 he at last yielded to his wife's entreaties, and promised for the rest of his days to be content with the life of a ranchman."

"Then a strange experience came to him. Hendricks was spending a few days with a cowboy friend on a range in southern Arizona, before returning to his Merced county home."

"One afternoon he met on the trail near his host's cabin a cattleman who had a big dog with him. He made friends with the beast, and began to gather and throw stones for the dog's retrieving. While thus engaged a chunk of stained rock attracted his attention. He broke off a piece and put it in his pocket."

"Next morning he tested it with acid, after studying it under a glass, and then danced with joy, for quite by chance he had come upon a richer specimen of float than he had theretofore encountered in all his years of gold hunting. And before the day's end he had located the ledge from which the float had come."

"Hendricks sold the Pearce mine in 1884 for \$200,000, but in after years it yielded millions in dividends to the men who bought it. All of which again proves that gold is where you find it."

(It is possible that Adam Hendricks was a cousin of the Butte man. In 1885, the father of the writer, for whom he was named, Robert Jackson Hendricks, drove an ox team across the plains to Oregon. His oldest brother, Thomas, some time thereafter crossed the plains to California, and settled in or near Merced county. They came from Illinois, near Springfield, but were related to Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, afterward vice president of the United States. All the generations of that branch were democrats, southern sympathizers; and, as the reader perhaps recalls, Thomas A. Hendricks, the governor of Indiana, was called by the hated name of "copperhead" during the war of the Rebellion. Well, the father of the Bits man became a republican, joined the volunteer company at Dallas, being then a resident of Cooper's hollow, between first town and Monmouth, and so informed his brothers in Illinois, with whom there had been regular correspondence. Their answer was, "We never knew our mother suckled a black republican," and in the same letter they announced that they would never again write to him. Thus he was outlawed from his family. In after years, when partisan feelings had cooled, there was some correspondence between Thomas, the California resident, and his Oregon brother. But the death of the Oregon brother came before any reconciliation was reached with the Illinois brothers, if any of them were left, after the armed struggle, in which they were engaged, on the southern side. The Dallas company asked to go to the war, but President Lincoln refused to call for troops from Oregon — and only those went who could go at their own expense. Henry H. Giltry, private secretary of Governor Grover of Oregon, went to Washington with him in the same capacity when U. S. senate in 1866 and took office in 1877. Giltry was made reading clerk of that body, and in that and other secretarial offices of the upper house of congress, spent all the rest of his

Envoy to Chile



Hal Sevier, of Corpus Christi, Texas, whom President Roosevelt has appointed as new United States Ambassador to Chile. He succeeds William Cullerton, who has been U. S. Envoy at Santiago since 1928.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Driving in silence, Slug chauffeured him through a succession of sunny and commonplace Hollywood streets until they arrived at the minor business thoroughfare of Western Avenue. Finding a convenient space, Slug parked the car.

Across the street was a three-story building, the lower floors occupied by small stores. Midway of the building was an entrance and stairs leading to the cheap apartments on the upper floors.

"It's straight down the hall on the second floor," said Slug. "The last door on the right."

Cavanaugh discarded the sombrero and bandanna. Chances of capture, now, were negligible. He put on his Panama and coat. He was in excellent spirits—elastic and athletic-looking in his gray suit with the dark blue tie.

Two young girls in passing glanced at him with interested eyes, but he ignored them.

"Well, so long, Slug. Thanks a lot for everything."

Neither bothered to shake hands. "Better take me along with you."

"Two's a party and three's a crowd," grinned Cavanaugh. "Shall I wait with the car?"

"Absolutely not. I'll be okay—take care of yourself, Slug."

"How about a rod—want to borrow mine?"

"I've got my own," lied Cavanaugh to save argument.

He was not armed because he had never, at any time, felt the need of a weapon. A rod, actually, was not necessary to an agile man with a cool brain. As a means of defense it was uncertain and its powers of accomplishment were nil.

"In case you don't come out," said Slug, "how about Miss Luneka? Want me to send her some kind of a message?"

"If I don't come out—just forget everything. But don't worry. Slug stepped on the starter.

"Well, I'll be seeing you."

"Sure you will."

Cavanaugh carried an atmosphere of extreme well-being with him across the street and several passers-by noticed him with approval. He had the air of a happy young man.

In the entrance he paused and looked negligently at the names of the letter boxes. This was mere curiosity. Poletski's name was not visible—it wouldn't be.

Cavanaugh's mission was not in the least light-hearted, yet he was beginning to feel a physical thrill. It was like driving a high-powered car over a dangerous mountain road, or staking his last twenty dollars on the wheel, or diving from a high spring board into a pool.

Cavanaugh opened the glass door and started to go up the thin, carpeted stairs. His throat was just a little dry. He was climbing on the balls of his feet. The place smelled a trifle stale. The tenants, quite obviously, cooked at home. An inconspicuous and commonplace hideaway for a man in Poletski's

position. Cavanaugh was whistling softly.

Whenever he was gambling for high stakes he always whistled and kept a level head.

A middle-aged woman with a market basket on her arm passed him on the stairs. He stepped aside, smiled, took off his hat. The woman thought him the nicest young man she had seen in a long time and her day brightened.

Thereafter, Cavanaugh did not smile.

He did not know exactly how he would get into Poletski's apartment. Perhaps the man would not be at home. In that case he would have to commit burglary. To knock on the door and find out would be a simple method. Simple, but superficially dangerous.

No one could fathom what reaction might be expected from abruptly disturbing a murderous, drug-drenched, abnormal mind.

At the same moment that Lucky Cavanaugh, with every sense alert, was approaching Poletski's door, Leni Luneka, in her own elaborate home, was conscious of a tightened sensation around her heart.

As soon as one worry was over another took its place. One wave of anxiety after another. Her life had become a mighty storm of these waves.

It was beyond her comprehension.

For a brief truce with fate she and Cavanaugh had glimpsed a golden peace. It had been so beautifully short—that last brief half hour together in her bedroom.

It was no good blinking the facts. He might come back to her sound and free, or the next time she saw him he might be . . . dead!

Somebody had shot and killed a woman in his apartment. He had told Mulrooney, in her presence, that the fatal shot had been meant for him.

The startling truth was that she knew little or nothing about Lucky Cavanaugh. Knew even less about the death-dodging complications of his dangerous existence.

She had gone back to her bedroom in a futile effort to recapture something of the happiness that Cavanaugh had taken with him when he left. The print of his head was still upon one of the pillows.

"Forgive me, madame."

It was Celeste bearing a small wicker tray crowded with more than a hundred letters. All of them had been opened and read at the studio. These were a few of the most interesting ones out of the daily thousands.

The maid put the fan mail upon a low table beside an easy chair. All of these letters had been answered already by Leni's secretary at the studio. They came from all parts of the world. In times past they had stimulated Leni's ambition. Now they were meaningless bits of paper.

"You take them away, Celeste."

Celeste's face saddened. Her mistress was constantly disappointing her. This slim French girl in her chaste black dress anguished over Leni like a mother hen.

"What has happened, madame?" she begged in a worried voice. "Something is it wrong? Is it sickness?"

Leni turned her face away from the girl. Those intent brown eyes, distressed and sympathetic, were like question marks, eternally demanding answers.

"Please go away," Leni whispered wearily. "I am perfectly well. I don't care what you do, Celeste—only leave me alone."

Celeste took the letters out, her shoulders drooping slightly as she left.

Still in her lounging pajamas with the cloth of gold jacket, Leni flung herself upon the bed. She tried to think, but her problems could not be reached by thought.

More than anything else on earth she wanted to hear Lucky Cavanaugh's voice.

Sitting up in bed she reached the telephone book for his number and failed to find it. Then she did a foolish thing.

She laid her face into the hollow of the bed. Her head left upon the pillow. It was a silly effort and it brought her no satisfaction at all.

It is an odd thing about the way the human mind operates under heavy pressure of feeling. It swings like a pendulum from one extreme to another.

In her heart, Lucky Cavanaugh and Herman Gerstenfeld were as far apart as east and west.

Leni picked up the telephone and called the studio.

There was a subtle change in the voice of the operator. "I don't think Mr. Gerstenfeld will answer his phone, Miss Luneka," said the voice. "He gave orders not to be disturbed."

"Is a conference going on?"

"No, he's alone."

"Then there's no reason why you shouldn't ring him."

But there was a very good reason and the operator knew it. Gerstenfeld had ordered everybody out of his office in a burst of temper that shook the studio walls. The gossip was flying from office to office that he had literally kicked Ned Wingate out of the luxurious private office. Those stories got around rapidly on the lot. Gerstenfeld said seldom blew up but the rumor, this time, was that he had become a regular volcano.

"Please ring him," said Leni. "I'll take the responsibility."

Leni waited a long time. The operator at the other end left the switch open so she could hear the buzzing in Gerstenfeld's office. Then, suddenly, his voice leaped like crackling fire through the wires.

"What in blazes do you want?"

The instrument in Leni's hand shook a little.

"I want to talk to you—if you can be a little polite," she said half-humorously. "This is Leni!"

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1932, by Robert Terry Shannon. Worked two days in Albany, two in Lebanon, and one day in Brownsville. Mr. Oberson has filled temporary vacancies in Toledo and Eugene.

Presbyterians Give Surprise to Pastor

GERVAIS, Aug. 28.—Friends and members of the Presbyterian church gave Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Graftious a surprise party Thursday night on their 25th wedding anniversary. A program of music and readings was enjoyed. About 75 were present. Rev. and Mrs. Graftious received a large collection of gifts. Mr. Graftious is now serving his seventh year as pastor of the local church.

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