

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON 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: Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. Per City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Developments for Labor

PROBABLY no Labor Day ever celebrated in the United States came at a time when Labor's situation was undergoing more change.

Through the instrumentality of the recovery act, unionization of labor has been given tremendous impetus. As a direct result, the American Federation of Labor is making feverish efforts to increase its hold on industry and has recently announced a net gain of 1,000,000 members since the year started. Union membership losses, sustained during the depression because fees bore heavily on out-of-work members, have been entirely regained, it is said, and total enrollment in the Federation now is the highest on record.

Inherently, organization of labor is both correct and inevitable in modern economic society. Mass production and diversity of business ownership, products of the industrial revolution, produced wage bargaining through labor associations. At the time of the close of the last century there were doubts about the rights of labor to bargain collectively; these doubts are gone now. Collective bargaining is quite generally accepted by owner as well as employee, and the only pertinent question today is the form this bargaining shall take.

The divergent views over the methods of collective bargaining have brought the acrimonious disputes of the past months in industrial codes being formed at Washington. Many industries, such as steel and autos, want the company union—divorced from the A. F. of L.—to continue. The latter organization, contrawise, wants all employees under its wing, eventually to form a solid labor bloc. Bickerings have given way to strikes and only by the utmost diplomacy at Washington has widespread industrial turmoil been avoided.

The American economic development has proceeded space without a national organization of workers arrayed against owners. One reason is that diversity of ownership of industry often means employees are owners. Another reason why all workers cannot feasibly be united is the hundred-and-one varieties of American industry; the "demands" of the railroad brotherhoods are widely variant from coal workers and their wishes.

In the main, the gains of recent years have been in favor of labor. Shorter hours, better wages, healthier working conditions have come nationally. Often employers have been co-worker with employees in bringing the advances, realizing that mass production is predicated upon mass buying power. Unionization in some form is not the bogey man it was in the '90's when Pullman refused to deal with strikers in Chicago and the supreme court upheld the right to use the injunction against strikers.

Best of all developments has been an increasing public consciousness that there is mutuality in the interests and aspirations of worker and employer. Profit-sharing, stock ownership, bonus plans and other devices to spread the rewards of industry have made millions of persons both workers and owners. The hard-and-fast lines between the worker and the capitalist which the soviet loves to dwell upon are either gone or fast dying.

Oust the Slot Machines

DISTRICT ATTORNEY TRINDLE and Sheriff Burk acted wisely in cleaning out the slot machine racket in Marion county. They should not be deterred by the new crop of machines which sprung up last week, like new fleas on a recently washed dog.

Whether one gets a half-cent's worth unbranded gum or mints for his nickle, does not materially change the gambling feature of the machines. Nor does the payment of "hickies", which are convertible into food and confections, reduce the element of chance on the slot machines. The machines are mathematically loaded to get the sucker, and owners and operators of the new machines should be made by the law enforcement officers to cease their use or stand trial for violation of the slot machine laws.

Recently a mathematically-minded college professor made a study of the slot machines which are flooding the nation. He found that the player had only one chance in eight to get an even break for his money. Of the huge profits made by the machine, one-half goes to the operator and one-half to the owners. The latter have piled up vast reserves to cover seizures of machines and their destruction where officers do their duty.

The inherent evils in the machines are not alone the unjustified profit made by operator and owner. The worst feature is the training given suckers, usually juvenile ones, in expecting something for nothing. In dog or horse racing the better has opportunity by the law of average to recoup 87 1/2% of his play; the slot machine often is arranged to take 87 1/2% of every nickle played.

Self-respecting business men should do their part and oust the machines, rather than encourage their play by juveniles who haven't a chance to win. Where the chance for easy money is too much for the business man, the sheriff and district attorney should move at once to stop the unfair game. If the latest type games in vogue here should be found to beat the law around-the-bush, the council can very quickly frame an ordinance which will stop the racket, an ordinance which will close up slot machines whether they emit "hickies", mints, gum or all-day suckers.

The Fair Succeeds

OPENING of the state fair on Labor Day proved a ten-strike for the management. All first day records were shattered as the 72nd annual show got under way. Perhaps it was the horse races, perhaps the free events at night, perchance it was the low admission rates or the holiday; whatever caused the attendance, it was there until the grandstand overflowed and the ticket takers were bogged down by the rush.

The state fair was on uncertain ground last winter when the legislature met. After the adjournment of the session, there was greater doubt about this year's opening for the \$37,500 annual appropriation was a thing of the past. Along came the net from dog racing and the Gresham track events, to give the show some working capital. Director Max Gehlar took a chance on a policy of putting the admission price down, and giving the public something for nothing at the night show, meanwhile keeping a low charge on the horse races. Apparently the policy has worked. Gehlar also did what should have been done in '32: he

"—But Where'll I Hang It?"



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

300 years of the Judson clan:

(Continuing from Sunday.)

Robert T. Judson, when sought out by the Indians in their perplexities, if their problem was to them an important one, like the settlement of a quarrel, would first ask them to talk. Each side would then speak at length in Chinook jargon—and at length might mean hours; so slow and seemingly interminable that the children of the Judson family would tire of it and go about their play or occupations. But not Robert. He would listen with stolid patience. When the Indians had at length finished, Mr. Judson would give his advice, earnestly and carefully. And his advice was in every case taken solemnly, and generally followed meticulously. To them bitter contests were thus ended; even lives probably saved.

Lewis E. Judson recalls that once, when the family passed the Indian reservation beyond Sheridan, and camped near a gathering place of the government wards, a number of them came, with great respect, and sought the counsel of his father, and related with feelings of gratitude how his father's father had often helped them and their people before them.

Readers of this column know that Willamette university was started from a subscription of \$50 taken on the Lausanne while at sea on its 17,000 mile voyage from New York City to the Oregon Country; \$630 by the devoted band of Methodist missionaries and \$20 by Rev. Mr. Sackett, American Board (Congregational) missionary, who was the only other passenger, on his way to his station in Hawaii. The \$650 was for a school for white children,

which was named the Oregon Institute and its first board of trustees chosen and its plans formulated Feb. 1, 1842, at the old mission, 18 miles below the site of Salem. By change of name, it became Willamette university Jan. 13, 1853; chartered that day by the territorial legislature meeting in basement rooms of its own building; unique distinction.

The name that headed the list of subscribers on the Lausanne was that of Lewis H. Judson. He was at the organization meeting, and was chosen a member of the first board of trustees. The other members were Jason Lee, David Leslie, J. L. Parrish, George Abernethy, Alanson Beers, Hamilton Campbell and Dr. I. L. Babcock.

L. H. Judson was one of the founders of the First Methodist church of Salem, and on the first board of trustees. He was present at the organization meetings of the provisional government, including that at Champeog May 2, 1843, and of course voted in the affirmative.

At the July 5, 1843, meeting at Champeog, he was chosen one of the four magistrates, to administer the laws from the place that was then generally known as The Mills (later Salem), being the location of the mission saw and grist mills. The magistrates were like justices of the peace, county and circuit judges; all in one person. The other magistrates chosen that day were Hugh Burns, Chas. Campo and A. T. Smith, for districts further north.

L. H. Judson participated in the proceedings of the July 5 meeting, and among other things moved the adoption of Article II of the constitution or fundamental laws, that also became part of the fundamental laws of the state of California. It read:

The inhabitants of said territory shall always be entitled to the benefits of the writ of habeas corpus, and trial by jury; of a proportionate representation of the people in the legislature, and of judicial proceedings, according to the course of common law. All persons shall be bailable, unless for capital offenses, where the proof shall be evident, or the presumption great. All fines shall be moderate, and no cruel or unusual punishments inflicted. No man shall be deprived of his liberty but by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land; and should the public exigencies make it necessary, for the common preservation, to take any person's property, or to demand his particular services, full compensation shall be made for the same. And in the just preservation of the rights and property, it is understood and declared that no law ought to be made, or have force in said territory, that shall in any manner interfere with or affect private contracts, or engagements, bona fide, without fraud, previously formed.

This was a sort of bill of rights section.

At the first election at the polls (others having been in open meeting), in 1844, L. H. Judson was chosen justice of the peace in Champeog (Marion) district (county), residing in Salem—the district that then included all the land south of a line running east from the mouth of the Fading river to the summit of the Rockies, and south to the Spanish (California) line.

The provisional government legislature of 1844 granted to L. H. Judson and W. H. Wilson the right to construct a mill race in Champeog (Marion) district (county). It being the mill race that supplied power to the mission mills—the same as now; that is, North Mill creek in Salem. This race was afterward extended to the Santiam river, to better supply power to the first complete wool-mill on this coast—located on September

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

"Weren't you tempted to hire cheaper lawyers?" she asked out of curiosity. "That is a lot of money, isn't it?"

"It will take a lot of money to save Poletski from the rope," he told her. "That's the way it is, sweetheart. I can't take a heavenly creature like you riding in a day coach and put you up at a third rate hotel. I can't help it—when ever I think of you I get that Ritz feeling. For myself I'm good-natured and can put up with anything if I have to. If my luck is still right we'll have the best of everything. You see, if I were to use your money it would be against the grain all the way. We'd both be miserable. Right?"

What he was saying about money had a rather empty sound to Leni because, through it all, she was listening to the overtones of his devotion. They were on the divan, her cheek smugly against his shoulder, the masculine fabric of his shoulder.

"I, too, know what it means to have money," she said. "Without it we are different people. With money you and I have nothing on this earth to worry about. So what are we going to do?"

"Coast along, I suppose," said Cavanaugh smiling, "and pray for the breaks."

"You mean we must wait?"

"It looks that way. Maybe I'll have to leave. It's almost Saratoga time and—"

"Saratoga time?"

"The races at Saratoga in New York State," Cavanaugh explained. "That's one spot where I'm always pretty good."

Leni lifted her head and caught hold of his lapels. Half playfully, yet wholly in earnest, she began to shake him.

"No, no, no! None of what you say is right. Money is important—yes, but so am I and so are you. We would be fools to make any mistake! Not that kind of man is my good. For a pastime, perhaps—but not for a profession. I am not going to let you be just a common, professional gambler!"

Her vehemence brought an involuntary smile to Cavanaugh's face.

"Well—you certainly make it tough for me to figure out," he said slowly.

Cavanaugh threw back his head and suddenly the whole room rang with the peals of his laughter. Leni's eyes flew open very wide.

"What's so funny about that?" she asked.

"That's the way with a woman!" said Cavanaugh. "Right away they start to reform you."

If he had been depressed this return of his old laughter was a signal that his vitality and gaiety was restored.

"You are not afraid to face life as other people do?" she asked, her bright head a little sideways.

"How should I know what other

people have to face?" said Cavanaugh, with an air of humor. "But don't worry—we'll come down the stretch all right."

"It may not be so easy—this future—as your past has been," Leni told him.

Cavanaugh smiled at her with a trace of over-confidence, as though he possessed information beyond her ken. He fancied she knew little about him. This was masculine egotism. Yet in an instant her intuition could tell her more than he could say with his voice in an hour. Because he was in love with her he wanted, man-like to reveal himself.

"The thing I love about you," he said, "is that you do something to me. I've been like a man living in a room with one window. You come along and knock out the four walls. I'm beginning—just beginning—to see in all directions."

Leni nodded. "How marvelous!" she said and her wise woman's eyes saw him expand under her approval.

"A man like me lives by his luck," he went on. "I actually believe that. Once in a million times somebody is born lucky. I happened to be any of 'em. That's why I never did any real work—it was too easy to get what I wanted without effort. When I was seventeen years old I went to a track with my father and won five hundred dollars on the day, starting from a two dollar bet."

"What a wonderful boy you must have been!"

"Nothing wonderful at all—just a fresh kid. But the point is—this luck stopped me from learning anything worth while. I might have been a lawyer now, earning a couple of thousand dollars a year. When I was twenty-one I was able to pick up as much money in a week as men of fifty earned in a year. It was nothing to my credit because most of it was luck. Of course, I learned the ropes and need my head, too. If I hadn't met you, you know what would have happened?"

"It's too horrible to think of!" murmured Leni.

"I'd have gone on clicking a few more years. Then, one day, the tide would have turned. My luck would have run out. I've been around sporting and gambling people since I was seventeen and I've seen it happen plenty times. A day comes and that mysterious power draws a black line right across the middle of your life. There aren't many laughs after that."

Leni moved apart from him, drew up her knees and wrapped her arms around them. This she could do better with her still and understanding smile.

"I'm glad you found me before they drew that black mark," she said.

"As long as I was alone I had a perfect right to gamble with my own life," Cavanaugh told her seriously. "It's different now. I've got to find something to fall back on if my luck runs out. Something solid."

"I've got to take what I've got left of my luck and begin to use it on something real. There's no reason why luck should apply only to gambling, is there?"

Leni agreed with everything he said. He was smoking endless cigarettes, carried away on the new stream of thought he had opened up. It was all inextricably tangled up with the enthusiasm of a lover.

Leni listened, a tenderness pulling at her heart. When he was feeling his very wisest, she looked upon him with something like the affection of a mother for a small boy. Life as yet had not marred him. He was still the magnificent work of humanity, virile, beautiful and unscarred as a piece of statuary in marble. He was explaining life to her who had gotten through it.

Yet nothing, really, had happened to Lucky Cavanaugh. He had never endured prison and shame and danger—never tasted suffering and starvation, brutality and struggle. Nor the deadly, drugged wine of Fame. His really stuff—the substance of his real self was still in-tolded as if in a cocoon. . . .

"All of this I'm telling you has become clear in my mind since we met," he told her. "I never had any aspirations before. It was all hey-hey. Win the first bet and double up on the second."

"It would be a lovely fairy story if I fell in love and was immediately transformed," Cavanaugh smiled. "It's not quite that easy, though. I got a little money left—some cash in my pockets—and when I leave here tonight I know a place where the wheels straighten. I think I'm going to be lucky. Better yet—I know I'm going to be lucky. On a night like this I couldn't miss. I could put the markers down blind-folded and still hit. It's in the air—you can reach out and feel it with the tips of your fingers."

Leni had no exaggerated idea of humanity including herself and Lucky Cavanaugh. She knew that time proves everything. The shining goal was near. . . . It receded. . . . then came back closer than ever before. . . .

"Do as you will," she told him in a glow of happiness. "I've given up the pictures because you are more to me than all else. I want to give myself completely to you. But what you do, after all, rests with yourself—not with me. You see what a good wife I am going to make? You'll go to the wheel tonight. Maybe it's the last time. Maybe you'll go five, six, ten times more. Who knows? But I think you'll come back. I think you'll come back because you meant those things you said a little while ago."

Cavanaugh leaned over and kissed her warm lips steadily and for a long time.

"I'll come back," he said. "And I mean what I said a little while ago."

THE END

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

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

IT IS NOT uncommon to see an individual walking on the street with a large part of his shoe cut out. Usually this is a sign that somebody is suffering from a common affliction of the big toe, known as "Ingrown toe nail."

It is an extremely painful condition. Yet most persons continue to suffer and fall to get expert advice. They resort to home remedies, and the hole in the shoe is made in the hope that this will cure the disorder.

It is true that the pain is temporarily relieved, but the condition cannot be cured in this simple manner. Ingrown toe nail, as its name implies, is the growth of the nail into the skin and soft tissues of the toe. Usually it can be traced to carelessness in cutting the toe nail.

A Simple Remedy
A nail that is trimmed too closely and left with a sharp or ragged edge will rub against the skin. This leads to inflammation and infection. If neglected, pus accumulates underneath the nail and produces the final symptoms of that painful affliction called Ingrown toe nail.

Once pus gathers underneath the nail, there is produced marked pain, as well as great discomfort in walking. This pain is more intense when walking or standing. At times it may be so severe as to prevent the sufferer from sleeping at night.

Before you form the discomfort can often be relieved by a simple procedure. Press the flesh away from the edge of the nail and insert a small piece of absorbent cotton under the nail. It is best to moisten the cotton with a mild antiseptic. A moist dressing, preferably of

boric solution, should be applied every day. Cotton should be kept in place until the nail grows to the end of the toe. Then remove the cotton and trim the toe nail smoothly and evenly.

When pus is present permanent cure can only be obtained by complete removal of the nail. This is a simple operation and can be performed in the doctor's office. It is done under local anesthesia and there is little pain and discomfort. In this operation the matrix, as well as the nail, is removed. The wound heals within ten days and soon a new nail grows in place.

Bear in mind that many persons suffer from ingrown toe nail and other foot troubles because of improperly fitted shoes. Never wear shoes that are too small. The proper shoe is broad and gives ample room for movement of the toes. It should fit snugly over the arch and give firm support to the foot. The heels should be broad and low.

Too many men and women suffer from Ingrown toe nail and other painful disturbances of the feet. Remember that the general health is dependent upon the health of the feet. Guard your feet against infections and other disorders. You will enjoy better health and avoid many painful, unpleasant hours.

Answers to Health Queries
A Reader, 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.
J. C. M. Q.—What do you advise for constipation?
A.—You should eat simple well-cooked food. Drink plenty of water between meals. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

F. R. J. Q.—What causes a substance to gather in the corner of the eyes?
A.—Have your eyes examined to determine the cause. It may come from eye strain or exposure to dust and smoke.
(Copyright, 1933, K. F. E., Inc.)

banned the trick, sucker games which leached the public heretofore.

The management, however, should not lose sight of the real purpose for which the fair exists. The farmer working late last weekend to get his cows in shape to show here Monday; the dog fancier slicking up the setters and cockers for their bow to the judges; the 4-H clubbers scurrying around getting their cakes and dresses, pigs and calves, in the spick-and-span for the Salem show; these and hundreds of other producers of agricultural products in Oregon are the warp and woof of the Oregon state fair. It is for them the big show goes on for it is on their efforts that the economic success of the state so largely depends.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from the Statesman of Earlier Days

September 5, 1933
Busche Brothers discover good vein of boraxite copper and gold ore on claim, east slope of Wheatstone mountain in Santiam district, near properties of Gold Creek Mining and Milling company.

City street cleaner unable to operate sprinkler and sweeper at night on newly-paved State street on account of dimness of street lights, Mayor Rodgers complains; work to be done in daytime until more paving completed, then equipment fitted with headlights.

August Hucklestein, A. M. Clough, W. H. Ringo and Mason Bishop complain that Portland Railway, Light and Power company has failed to extend electric service to their homes which were wired a year ago when company promised such service.

September 5, 1923
OSAKA, Japan—Vast area of Japan devastated by greatest earthquake in country's history, between September 1 and 4; deaths to reach 200,000 to 300,000; Tokio and Yokohama, in center of disturbances, almost completely in ruins.

Labor Day auto races at fairgrounds raise money needed to complete \$35,000 fund for Salem hospital; boy killed when he runs in front of speeding races, four drivers seriously injured.

City council refuses to boost taxi licenses just before state fair time as customary in past.

MAY STRETCH FUND TO GET MORE ROAD

With the possibility in view of stretching a portion of the \$125,000 federal grant to the Gates-Mill City roadway so that it may be used on the road beyond Mill City leading to Mehama, the state highway department will early this week put a crew of 15 men to work completing a survey of the proposed new portion of the North Santiam highway along the north side of the Little north fork. The change, if carried through, will switch the highway to the Marion county side of the river.

A preliminary survey completed recently by Chester McGee and a county crew was given a personal examination by County Engineer Hedda Swart, accompanied by A. L. Libby and David Eason of the highway department, last week.

Should it be possible to use the federal funds allotted to the Gates-Mill City road, work on this new section of the highway will be begun this fall.

Rickards Buys Out Martin; Fisher to Be Agent Locally

INDEPENDENCE, Sept. 4 — Earl Rickards, Shell oil company employe of this city has purchased the interest of Vera Martin in the Dickey-Martin transfer business. John Fisher of Salem will drive the truck.

Rickards will move his family to Portland where he will attend to business matters of the firm.

Fisher, who has purchased the W. C. Wood house, will live here and have charge of the business from Independence, Monmouth and Dallas.

Bear Family Finds East Hot; Oregon Group Marveled At

TURNER, Sept. 4 — Word from Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bear and daughter, Mrs. R. E. Stewart, who left for the east August 11, says after spending five days enroute with relatives they reached the eastern end of their trip August 24 and spent a few days at the old Bear home near La Porte, Ind., having traveled 2850 miles. The first three days out were very hot followed by one day of rain and more heat.

Tourists from many states like the highways, which are number-ed, and no one need have trouble in finding the right route. Those of the middle states who have traveled but little and who stare at the Oregon line with a gasp, "You are a long way from home."

Mr. and Mrs. Bear hope to be home shortly after the middle of September.

WHY HE CHANGED HIS BRAND