# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers

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*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. 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.
By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; $5.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains, and News Stands 5 cents.


## Hoover in Blue Print Stage

BOB Ruhl, editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune, thinks politics is running true to form when the administration sags in popularity in mid-term. He anticipates that the defection from Hoover will be short-lived and with return of good business "the re-election of Hoover can be assured with confidence."

The Medford editor sees the president in the familiar role of an engineer, who at present is busy assembling data, taking measurements, getting at facts. As Mr. Ruhl puts it:

"There is nothing spectacular about the engineer in his preliminary work. To the layman there always seems to be needless delay—too much time wasted in tests and blue-printing. The thrill comes when the layman beholds the finished job—and he realizes that because of that preliminary work the job has been done right—whether it be a bridge, an office building, or a railroad—a job that need never be done over—an accomplishment that will endure.

"President Hoover is now in that blue-print stage. There he will probably remain for at least another year. Small wonder that the opposition is wailing about failure, and the inevitable post-election reaction is receiving considerable popular support.

"But wait until 1932, and—to continue the figure of speech—the BRIDGE IS BUILT!

"By character, method and temperament, President Hoover is a slow starter. But by the same token he is a strong finisher.

"The Democrats will have their innings now, and perhaps for a year or two. But unless all signs fail, it will be a very different story in 1932."

## Taking the Count

TOMORROW the census takers will start their rounds. The job of counting all the people, white, black, yellow, male and female, old and young, is to be done in a month. Not only is the count to be made, but curious Uncle Sam will ask a lot of other questions about your age, marriages and whether or not you are employed.

It is all part of the decennial census. The enumerators will probably run into the usual cantankerous individuals who will not 'fess up and tell the truth. There are two things the public should know: 1st, they will have to tell whether they want to or not. 2nd, the information given is strictly confidential and is not disclosed to the assessor, your neighbor or the editor of the town paper.

In a job as big as this the cooperation of the public is essential to have the job done promptly and thoroughly. The people can render valuable assistance to the census takers if they will meet them kindly, give them the desired information cheerfully, and help them locate any others who might possibly be overlooked by the enumerators in their rounds.

## Shake Well Before Using

SENATOR Hiram Johnson, who figures little in the news, evidently had to gulp hard to vote "aye" on the tariff. Before voting he delivered himself of the following apologetic:

"Tariff making for a nation with such diversified interests as ours of necessity degenerates into a mere selfish game, and the whole process is nauseating. Representatives in the Congress seek, of course, first to do what they deem essential for their particular localities; and in obtaining what may be necessary they have neither the time nor the inclination too closely to scrutinize what the representatives of other localities may demand for their people. Those who have participated in this tariff bill fervently wish they may never be called upon to act in another and it is quite likely that while the memory of the past year still remain vivid, no administration will ever again call a special session for tariff revision. Congressional tariff making, with all its faults, is infinitely better than tariff making by a commission. The sordid, sorry story of the tariff commission's sinister activities, which are now part of the record, conclusively demonstrates that what we thought in 1922 might be a great reform, was infinitely worse than congressional method."

The newspaper dispatches say that Mrs. Aimee McPherson has sailed from New York for a tour of the Holy Land, Paris and Monte Carlo. Probably no wit was intended; but the public will credit Mrs. McPherson with ability to find things of interest in all three places, particularly Paris.

A Mexican chemist says he can transmute lead into silver. That's nothing, a prosperous newspaper changes lead into gold and keeps the lead.

A New York actress tried suicide after her efforts at dieting had brought on a nervous breakdown. Of all the fads resulting in the breakdown of health, the dieting fad was one of the worst. Most people eat too much—not for their weight but for their digestive organs. But it is a sin against the body to drastically cut down the intake of provender.

New cabinets are being formed in Germany and Poland, the new ministry of Tardieu in France has just received a vote of confidence, Spain has shifted dictators, and the Irish Free State has just forced the resignation of the president after eight years in power. European politics is highly kaleidoscopic. Only the arch-absolutists, Mussolini and the soviets keep a firm grip on power.

The prosecuting attorney in Olympia writes Governor Hartley and calls him a "bigoted ass with greed for power and publicity." And we think in Oregon we are having a political campaign! Unless Joseph opens up it will be nothing but a pink tea affair.

So long as the foreign countries pay the bills, the hotel keepers in London don't care how long the naval disarmament conference drags out. The tailors, too, can now declare an "extra."

Our idea of economy would be for Norblad, Hall and Corbett to print one platform and all sign it.

## Yesterdays
### ... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

April 1, 1905

Confederates of Harry Tracy and David Merrill, who made their sensational escape from the Oregon state penitentiary two years ago after shooting three trusted guards have been located and will be bound over to the grand jury. The men are Harry Wright, who is doing a sentence in Walla Walla, and Charles Monte who is in the Oregon prison. They will be charged with getting guns and ammunition to Tracy and Merrill to execute their escape.

A large crowd gathered at the First M. E. church to witness the 38th commencement exercises of the medical department of Willamette university. Dr. Williamson of Portland gave the main address.

Students at Willamette university played an All-Fool's day trick, posting a sign, "No School Today" which greeted the faculty. Doors were locked and windows barred—and the students stayed away from classes.

Taxpayers in wards five, six and seven are kicking for free mail delivery service, but officials say they cannot have it until they build sidewalks.

**ALPINE PLANES MAY USE SKIS**

PESCOCOSTANZO, Italy. — (AP) — Minister of Aeronautics General Balbo himself has carried out experiments here with a touring plane furnished with ski-landing-gear instead of wheels. Balbo took off and landed on the snow both on a regular landing field and on chance fields chosen from the air. His experiments may bring a great change in trans-Alpine flying, and may lead to the equipping of all Italian planes in this region with skis.

# HEALTH
## Today's Talk
By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Science and medical knowledge have made rapid strides in recent years. They have helped to mitigate the destructive forces of many diseases. Typhoid fever is one of them.

DR. COPELAND

We used to hear very often that an epidemic of typhoid fever was raging, now here and now there. Usually the epidemics were in the large cities where the water supply had been polluted in one way or another, or the milk supply had been contaminated.

Now, the water supply of every city is carefully safeguarded from pollution. Milk supplies are even more strictly guarded from infection by this destructive disease. Publicity is now carried on by means of which the public is instructed in preventive measures against diseases. Inoculation by serum prevents, or greatly lessens the violence of the disease.

Typhoid fever is, primarily, an inflamation of certain glands in the small and large intestine. From this seat of inflamation various symptoms develop which are destructive to the human tissues.

It is caused by a well-known germ called "Eberth's bacillus." It was found that the disease could be communicated to animals by injecting a suitable culture of this bacillus. And so it is that inoculation by this method has been of vast service in preventing the disease and lessening its violence.

Germs of typhoid fever may be taken into the human system, not only as I have suggested, but through infected meat, oysters, raw vegetables and other food. The germs may be carried by persons who have had the disease and continue to be "typhoid carriers." It is possible for them to communicate the disease to others, even though they may be immune from it themselves. Cooks, waiters and others who handle foods often give typhoid to others by being carriers of the germ.

It may develop in a few days, or it may take two or three weeks for the disease to appear. In the beginning there is a tired feeling, intense headache, poor appetite, nausea, and often diarrhea. The bones, the back, and the whole body ache violently. There may be nosebleed and chills, followed by sweating.

Then other symptoms appear. There is a devastating fever, as well as other serious complications. In the first week the temperature usually rises one degree daily. In the second week, the temperature remains high, the pulse rate is rapid and feeble. There are delirium, prostration and profound poisoning. In the third week the symptoms may become more pronounced or they abate.

Typhoid thrives usually where large numbers of people congregate—in camps, colleges and schools, in hospitals and prisons.

Milk brought from one farm may contaminate the milk supply of a large community. In every epidemic of typhoid the milk supply is the first thing to come under suspicion. Pasteurization has been a blessing in overcoming this danger.

Good nursing is of more importance than anything else in this disease. The patient must be isolated and careful disinfection of all the surroundings is important.

In every case, the doctor should determine by examination of the intestinal discharge whether any germs remain in the system before the patient is discharged.

## The Safety Valve - -
### Letters from Statesman Readers

TO THE EDITOR:

This season of the year turns ones mind toward trips by auto and camping and camp grounds. Living as I do on Oak street, just east of our camp ground, and passing by the entrance of the grounds on my way down town I have my attention called to the grounds much more than those not coming so much in contact with it. In fact, it is my custom during the summer to pass through the grounds on my way to and from the business center. As I do this I see visions of what the grounds might be. And let me say right here that they might be much more attractive and at very little more expense. Labor would be the principal investment, and that is already paid for.

While Oak street is not what one would call an artistocratic street, yet its residents are a class of people who take much pride in their homes and resent the city's imposing upon them the scene that presents itself to the eye from Oak and Winter streets. The little old shack used for an office was all right in the beginning, but the grounds have outgrown its pioneer cabin, and the city, the capital of the state and one of the prettiest cities in the west, is, or should be, ashamed of the old relic of the past.

The building built some few years ago for a community building, but not found practical for that purpose and now used as a store house, would make a good office building and reading room affording a better opportunity for the manager of the grounds to get into closer touch with visitors to our city and furnish them with such information as they might wish.

The immediate entrance is not a suitable place for the office building. It might have been when the camp grounds were first started, but at the present the office should be back from the entrance. This building in question could be easily moved to a suitable location.

The present entrance is as much antiquated as is the office building, and should the place be turned into play grounds the improved entrance would be as suitable for that purpose as for the present use.

In all probability the grounds will continue to be used for camping purposes for several years. Should it be considered wise to convert the place into a play ground the two would be conducted together for a few years. Tents could be eliminated and the cabins maintained.

Much could be said concerning the development of this place, but what Oak street residents would like to see right now is a better front.

EUGENE T. PRESCOTT,
1064 Oak street.

## BATTERED BUT GAME

# "SHEIK'S WIFE"
## BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Applause at the end of the first act. Not unrestrained applause, but enough. Eve turned to her friends, smiling, and they all began to talk very fast.

When the lights came on to stay she caught Ken's arm, held very fast. A success—oh, she knew it would be that! Everybody liked it, laughed at the right places, were still at the serious ones. Marks said they would be millionaires, not that, perhaps, but she would have a great deal of money now. Enough to make it impossible for Ken to act touchy. They could go to Stony Wall to live now.

Just how this was to be brought about she didn't know, but she felt it must come. For now she was somebody in her own right—not just Ken's wife. Ken and the whole world would have to ackuowledge this.

Not a great deal was said about "Model Madness" on the way home but Eve understood some way that the feeling of the tribe had changed about her. No hostility now; they seemed more gentle, kinder than ever they had been. And Nory was very tender, picking up her flowers, whispering "Everything's all right, Eve—keep a steady head—"

What did he mean by that? Why didn't they say more—make more noise?

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Still she did not think too deeply. It was enough that the evening was over. That it had ended intriumph.

But Eve began to understand next day when Ken brought the papers. He gave them to her reluctantly, kissing her first, patting her shoulder. "Everything's all right," he said, repeating Nory's words.

The papers did not say so. Each one turned thumbs down on "Model Madness." They called it stupid. One critic wrote, 'Model Madness' was produced at the International Theatre last night. Why?'

They mentioned the book, "Revelations of An Artist's Wife" pleasantly, marveled that anything so banal as the play could have been made out of it.

Eve was in a daze. "But, Ken, they liked it. I thought they all liked it—" She was too numb to cry, white and numb.

"Shucks, sweetheart, what do you care? Forget it. Your book was swell—what do you care for the lousy play? Come on, now, smile for Ken. Don't want you hurt—hell, can't stand it to have you hurt—"

"You're wonderful, Ken—'

"Thats her old man's girl. Knew last night it wasn't going over; everybody did. Everybody falls down sometimes—you belong to the faw down club, now, reddy-head—"

"They all knew? They were so nice to me, Elma, Fifi—all of them. That's why—yet nobody is kind to failure."

"The gang's a little goofy, Eve, but their hearts are in the right place. They all love you."

She felt comforted. And shortly the tribe began to rally. Elma cut every last one of the chrysanthemums she was so proud of and brought them to Eve. Jan came with home-made wine and Fifi brought a lace handkerchief an aunt had sent from Paris.

They sputtered about critics, about stupid first-night audiences, about the whole dumb theatre-going crowd. They were tactful and clever and they kept firm the pride Eve had thought about to crumble.

And when Marks telephoned gloomily that "Model Madness" would be taken off at the end of the week she answered him cheerfully enough.

"I'm sorry you've lost a great deal of money, Mr. Marks. That's the only thing I'm really minding.'

"Luck of the game,' he whispered. "Well, so long, sis." As casually as that he passed out of her experience.

Quiet days followed. Eve had finished the writing she had promised Wade's Weekly and now had no wish to begin anything else. She felt a new affection for the tribe, these people who could be hostile to success, so gentle to failure. And each day she reseolved to tell Ken about Stony Wall and each day put it off until the next.

In the end she took herself to task for a great shilly-shally. "What am I afraid of, anyway? It's got to be done sometime—Ken certainly won't bite. Well, then, this afternoon. Right after lunch and not one instant later."

But before lunch a telegram came. Uncle Mat was sinking; Eve must come at once.

In a flurry of tears she sat out for Lakeview.

Uncle Mat lingered a few days, frail and gentle, smiling at all of them, saying over and over that death was not to be feared.

"The great advanture," he kept repeating. "I've lived too close to it to be afraid. I'll not feel lonely passing over, dear. Only those who cling to life are lonely. Life has been kind to me. My brothers—splendid fellows—and I've had you. You'll not mourn for me, Eve?"

"Dearest," she sobbed. "Dearest—never to see you again—to have your love—'

"But you'll have that, dear. Death is not end, only change. Spiritual qualities live on and progress. Who shall say that death does not teach a great lesson if one has courage to learn? I shall be with you as I have always been, only more understandingly. Indeed, you shall know it. Believe this, Eve. It has been my own experience."

He spoke then, for a time, to her, of the girl he had loved in his youth, the girl who had died almost on the eve of their wedding day. "I never lost her—beautiful Ruth of long ago. Never felt a real separation. My brothers wondered why I did not marry, but they were not aware of this, that love does not need the physical presence of the beloved. Remember this if sometimes you would sorrow for me. There is no destruction, Eve. God is eternal and so is His creation."

The brothers shook their heads sadly; Uncle Mark and Uncle Luke and Uncle John never had comprehended the unobtrusive mysticism of their older brother, much as they loved him.

But Eve understood. And she managed to keep her tears back as she sat by his side hour after hour reading him passages he loved from the Book of Books:

"Let not your heart be troubled . . . In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you . . .

"Love never faileth . . . For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known . . .

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

Toward the end Uncle Mat called her Ruth. And it was believing that the sweetheart of his youth had returned to smooth his pillow, hold him in her arms, that he fell asleep.

They had meant the funeral to be small and private, but that was before they knew how beloved had been the frail old creature. People came from far and near bearing flowers, begging with tears running down their faces to be allowed to pay their respects to the passing of a good man. Old farmers he had helped out of his slender resources; young men gone out into the world, building fine, successful lives because of Uncle Mat's encouragement and advice; county officials, one high in the government of the State—humble folk and illustrious all knew and loved him.

And so in the end it was a throng that gathered in the old house, sat through the solemn beauty of the service.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live—"

Eve felt no despair of sadness, no sense of death; only pride in the glory of the life that was ended—no, not ended, merely gone on beyond her ken. And a high courage. And when they had returned from the cemetery up the hill she sat with the uncles, helped them plan.

It was essential that they return at once to their homes and families and their work. There seemed no point in keeping the house open; old Mrs. Wiggins declared tha tshe wished to leave. Roger Mills, who had solaced himself with another girl and soon would be maried, wished to buy the farm and the uncles wanted to sell. They looked at Eve doubtfully, fearing she would object.

But she advised this. "He wouldn't have wished us to make an occasion of sadness of this, dears. Let us go about everything as if he were her with us. Of course, it's best to sell while all of us are here."

"That's the girl!' cried Uncle John.

Then came the question of division and Eve somewhat timidly asked for the furniture as her share. "I've a place to put it now and it would be fine to keep everything together. Uncle Mat's library—all the books as he had them here. And you could come and visit just as if you were back in the old home."

The uncles considered, told her she would be getting less than her right under the arrangement. Though we could fix that with some bookkeeping."

"Oh, what does it matter? It's what I want more than anything. Nothing could please me so much."

It was agreed this way. With Mrs. Wiggins Eve spent a week sorting, packing, getting things ready for removal. Then a great van came and loaded most of the old things—dear old things—and set out for Haverford. First Eve went about the house gazing for the last time upon each room, upon each corner of the garden, the fields. She kissed the uncles good-bye tremulously, smiling through tears, determined to be brave. Then she drove away in the van with the furniture, not looking back.

(To be contiuued)

# BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Taking the census:

Tomorrow an army of census enumerators will start out to count the people of the United States, and to get statistics upon the farming operations of the country for 1929. There will be over 100,000 of these enumerators at work.

R. J. Hendricks

The task of taking the census of distribution, manufactures and mines has been going on for several weeks, and will be continued 'till finished. In the city of Salem, this part of the census work will be suspended 'till after the census of population is done, when it will be resumed, and completed early in May.

Some interesting things have come up and will come up in the census work for the second Oregon district, comprising Marion, Polk, Yamhill and Tillamook counties.

There is a district in Tillamook county where three "hill billies" live. You have no doubt heard of the "hill billies of the Ozarks." Perhaps you heard the lecture about them in the chautauqua. Well, these Oregon hill billies are like them. They are men living in the back woods, or what is some times referred to as "the sticks." These Tillamook billies are in the very remote sticks.

One of them has sent out word that if the census man comes his way, he will be met with a shot gun. But he will see no census man. He will, however, see a census woman. And the lady enumerator in that district expects to go and get the correct data in all her district. Of course, she expects no trouble, for no hill billy would insult a woman, or even refuse to tell her his age and parentage and all the rest, for she will assure him that no one else will ever have a chance to know his secrets, and she is under oath to not reveal them.

There is another remote Tillamook district in which there is a settlement of Russian people, and it so happens that the census enumerator for that section is also a woman. She expects no trouble from the Russian settlers, but she will be piloted to and from their backwoods habitation by some one strong enough to protect her from any danger from wild beasts or wilder men who may be lurking in the woods.

There is a strange sort of business in Tillamook county. There are three places where men have planted trout in lakes, and fed and tended them, till the finny tribe has increased enormously. The business of these men with their lakes full of fish is to invite fishermen to come and angle for their speckled and rainbow beauties. When they have secured all they want, the catch is weighed, and they pay for the fish by the pound.

Now, under the census of distribution, manufactures and mines, Uncle Sam wants to list every distributor of any kind, from the great wholesale house to the smallest restaurant or filling station, or the roadside seller of fruit or merchandise, or what not. Now, in the city, the fish dealer tells the enumerator how much he sold and what he received for it during 1929. Is not the man with the lake full of fish to sell to fishermen a fish dealer? If he is, Uncle Sam wants him listed, on a special schedule, for the making out and certification of which the enumerator is paid 50 cents. Uncle Sam wants to tell his nephews the total of all distribution of every kind in the whole country for last year, and especially the total of all transactions in the way of sales in the various lines, like drugs, or books, or groceries, or meats, and so on through the whole list. The totals in amount of sales, and the costs of selling, and the number of people employed, and the average wages in every department of distribution.

If the fish caught in these three Tillamook lakes are not listed, the tally will be short that much, for the information of men engaged in selling fish in the whole country, will it not? If you were the supervisor, how would you rule on that point? This is a rather personal question, you will observe, when you know the Bits man is the supervisor. (He is ruling that the owners of the fish in the lakes are distributors; that they are dealers in fish.)

The above are only samples of many interesting things that have come up throughout this country, and will come up to the end of the chapter, in the taking of the fifteenth census of the United States—the largest undertaking of the kind in the history of this or any country.

In some of the districts of Marion, Polk and Yamhill counties there are places back in the sticks, too, and logging and other operations that will make the enumerators travel miles to get a few names on their schedules. There are remote homesteaders who have not yet proved up, nor have they any crops yet; but they will be listed as farmers and owners of farms.

There will be special schedules in Marion, Polk and Yamhill for commercial fruit and nut growing—and nearly every farmer who grows any fruit at all has some for sale, and therefore is a commercial grower. There will be special schedules for irrigation projects, large and small, and for Indians as individuals and on reservations. There are reservation Indians still in Polk and Yamhill counties—what are left of the large numbers that were settled on the Grand Ronde reservation in the early days.

There are special schedules for the unemployed for drainage districts, and for the blind and deaf. Then there is a special schedule for "incidental agricultural production of live stock, poultry and bees not on farms." This will catch the horses and cows and mules and chickens and hogs and geese and turkeys and ducks, etc., etc., in cities and towns and their suburbs; and the bees, too. Uncle Sam wants every bee counted this year. Some of the king bees in that industry think a good many got away in former censuses.

So, when the enumerator calls on you, be sure to treat him or her well. Your enumerator has passed a good examination and has been well recommended, and perhaps he is a war veteran or she is a disabled veteran's widow. Your enumerator works "by the piece" this year; so much for a name or a schedule, and you are robbing him or her if you take too much time in giving your information.

He is sworn to get it all and to keep it all secret. It is only for statistical purposes—to show how many people we have, and how many in each industry, and how many male and female, black, white, brown, red, etc., and what they do, and what wages they get, etc., etc., and how many sellers of things we have, and makers of things, and how much it costs to sell or make them, and how many people are employed in those lines, and what they are paid, on the average.

If every one will help, the enumerators will mak e fair wages. If you slow up your enumerator, you may cause him or her to earn very low pay for his or her work, and the hard study and careful preparation for his or her task.

## A Problem
### For You For Today

A grocer paid 64c a dozen for eggs. He broke 15 and ate 15, and sold out at 72c, receiving first cost. How many dozen eggs did he buy?

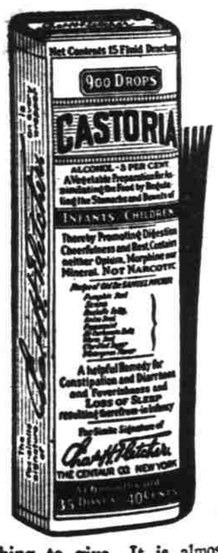
Answer to Yesterday's Problem

3 men. Explanation—Let 3-3 represent the men. Then 2-3 equals 5-8. Find 3-3. Result is 15-16, the women. Add 16-16 and 15-16. Divide 93 by 31. The men are greater by 1-31.

**ALLEN IN AUTO CLASSIC**

INDIANAPOLIS.—(AP)—Leslie Allen, Pasadena, will enter the big league of auto racing for the first time in the international classic here in May. A sparkling car, with chromium plated chassis and wheels, is being built as his mount.


# When Babies CRY




Babies will cry, often for no apparent reason. You may not know what's wrong, but you can always give Castoria. This soon has your little one comforted; if not, you should call a doctor. Don't experiment with medicines intended for the stronger systems of adults! Most of those little upsets are soon soothed away by a little of this pleasant-tasting, gentle-acting children's remedy that children like.

It may be the stomach, or may be the little bowels. Or in the case of older children, a sluggish, constipated condition. Castoria is still the thing to give. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment, and could by no possibility do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue; won't play, can't sleep, is fretful or out of sorts. Get the genuine; it always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.