

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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The Question of Teacher's Salaries

THE Willamette valley has been a "low spot" on the salary map of western education. The pay is probably the lowest of any area west of the Rockies. There are two reasons for the condition, one the fact that the delightful climate attracts teachers here for lower compensation than in less favored zones; another the low incomes which the school districts enjoy.

So far as the Salem situation is concerned, the board is quite helpless. Its warrant debt is the highest of any district in the state, running well over \$100,000. While nearly all other city districts are reducing or extinguishing their warrant debt, the Salem debt keeps mounting. The board cannot entertain the proposals for general increases in salaries until it gets its financial house in better order.

No municipal corporation should operate with a warrant indebtedness. There are brief periods between tax-paying months when it may be necessary to issue warrants. But every city and school district should be able to close its fiscal year with its current obligations paid and no warrants outstanding not covered by cash in the treasury. We think the Salem school board will have to do something to reduce this floating debt. All the other school districts are making headway along this line, and some of them have virtually extinguished their warrant debt.

Salem's immediate problem is that the school enrollment has grown more rapidly than the income. The six per cent limitation acts as an effective obstacle for sufficient increases in revenue to keep up with the growth of the schools, let alone taking care of a higher salary budget. It is not that the work of teachers here is not appreciated, for it is. But a school district's purse has its limits just the same as the individual's.

The trouble with Oregon schools is that they have to compete with other states where the state government is very generous with the schools. Oregon let its school lands go for a pittance in the early days, so the income from the permanent school fund is very small. The state elementary school tax is very small. In Washington, for example, the state provides \$20 for every child of school age, and the county \$10. Until there is a larger measure of state support of education in Oregon there seems little chance for the schools to pay the same salaries to teachers as neighboring states.

Figures on School Attendance

SOME of the cities like Portland and Baker, are wondering why the index of school attendance growth is not reflected in the census figures. Baker for instance has had a substantial growth in school attendance, but its population is stationary. Portland with a gain of 23% in school attendance has only about a ten per cent gain in population.

To make a careful study of this one should go back to the birth statistics of ten years preceding. Children in school in 1920 must have been born in 1914 or earlier. Children in school in 1930 were born in 1924 or earlier. Without having the figures the speculation is probably idle. It must be recalled, however, that the war period of 1914 to 1918 and particularly from 1917-1919 was a period of deferred marriages. Then when the war ended and the boys came home the wedding bells started ringing vigorously. Then followed the births of children of these marriages; and what a fine crop of youngsters they were. Now they are all in school. This unnatural interference with matings in the war was followed by a reaction the other way when the war ended, and probably there was a higher ratio of births in the years 1920-1924 which stimulated the growth in the school enrollment.

Here are other factors: the school attendance is longer now, children do not drop out so early as they did. Then children come from the country in greater numbers, swelling the school enrollment in cities without increasing the general population.

So far as water, light and telephone connections go, the increases here are not very dependable. They indicate changes in economic status or in social habits as much as growth in numbers of the consumers.

Figuring out the whys and wherefores of population changes and lack of changes is as interesting as a cross-word puzzle. It is a game which is open to everyone, but the sharp-penciled statisticians will have the last word.

Fighting Fire with Fire

ZOOLOGISTS and entomologists know that the best way to combat insect pests is to find some other and harmless insect which will make war on the disturber. Many a plant disease is thwarted by the introduction of some foe which does the trick and makes unnecessary special control measures which so often are futile or only partially effective.

We note that Trevor Kincaid, one of the most eminent zoologists in the country, whose work in Washington state has attracted wide attention, says that the garden beetle is the best antidote for earwigs. He ascertains the value of spreading poison, but commends the work of the beetle. Here is what he wrote a Portland man:

"In so far as Seattle is concerned, the earwig problem is solved and is giving us no further concern. A European insect, the garden ground beetle (*Pterostichus vulgaris*) arrived here by some unknown agency, presumably with bulbs like the earwig itself, and as it gradually spreads over the city the earwigs vanish, since the beetle hunts them like a terrier hunts rats.

"It is obviating the expenditure of immense sums for baiting, in which, as a matter of fact, I have little faith, as it is a mere palliative effective at all, and does not go to the root of the matter after the fashion of a natural enemy."

Nature has its own checks and balances. One set of bugs is opposed by some other insects, and the great chore of man is to keep the sets at war so that his own freedom of control is not endangered. The earwig is not so great a pest after all. Like the snake, he suffers because people do not like him.

"The green-eyed monster was her call-boy," says the A. P. report of the Mrs. Guy Bates Post affair. Petty spite loosed the spring of hatred and jealousy and Mrs. Post killed her long-time friend, then ended her own life. The friend, Mrs. Palmer, had been chosen to direct community plays, a task formerly allotted to Mrs. Post; and Mrs. Palmer had been invited to a luncheon and not Mrs. Post. So the idol of the stage became a vengeful female. How this is the veener of greatness.

The nations have signed enough treaties and conventions since the war to keep international lawyers busy for a millennium. The first of the week the London treaties were signed and the last of the week the reparations treaty was signed—again—at Paris.

A CENSUS FEAR



"WHERE'S EMILY?"

by CAROLYN WELLS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE.
ON the eve of her marriage to Rodney Sayre, Emily Deane disappears. She had left her Hilldale Park home, "Knollwood," to visit the hospital, but never reached there. Fool play is feared when Jim Pennington reports his wife, Pauline, and Emily's best friend, also missing.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XIII.
INVOLUNTARILY, Pete looked for footprints.

But none were possible on the hard, stony road, covered, too, with falling Autumn leaves. The road there was no footpath—had along a deep sleep embankment, then across a bridge that spanned a wide and deep ravine, on to another bridge that crossed a smaller ravine, and then off to more level lands and a river which led to the Stevenson house.

Here Gibby was admitted, and soon greeted by a large, stalwart man of genial address and pleasant manner.

His earned name known, Alec Stevenson looked earnestly at him, and then asked him to go with him into his den.

There, with the door shut, his host told Pete that he had no use for the foreigner in question, but that Mrs. Stevenson was really fond about him, and therefore he could say nothing to his disparagement.

"But what do you know of his standing, his history?" Pete asked. "Nothing, simply nothing," said Stevenson, with such an air of finality that it seemed useless to prod him further.

"And, I suppose, Mrs. Stevenson knows no more than you do?" he asked.

"No. Not of his past nor his sponsors. The women of the place here took him up, and in true feminine fashion they wanted no guarantee or reference. Sorry not to be more helpful, but that's best as it is."

But as Pete Gibby walked back through the starless, murky night, he remarked to himself that Friend Stevenson was one large and elegant liar.

Pete Gibby walked slowly back to Knollwood, thinking about Mr. Stevenson. He knew nothing of the man but what he had just seen for himself, but he was puzzled at his attitude.

On the face of things, it was all right for Stevenson to distrust the Swami, but to hesitate about saying so, since the Oriental was his wife's friend.

But Gibby sensed more than that there was something furtive about Stevenson's manner that implied a deeper feeling about the whole matter than merely his wife's opinions.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Gibby to himself. "I'm a fine detective, I am! Running off with all sorts of fool ideas that have no basis whatever. If I'm going to look into this case, and I certainly am, I must be at least methodical and logical about it. Emily is missing, mysteriously missing, and so is Polly Pennington. Now, first of all, are they together, wherever they are, or separated? If the same influence is responsible for both disappearances, they are probably together. And I feel it must be the same influence. It's too extraordinary for a bride and her matron of honor to be wiped off the earth at the same time, unless by the same agent. But, practicing here, where does it get me? Nowhere."

Gibby twined along, his mind a blank as far as theories or deductions were concerned. Indeed, his detective instinct was decidedly asleep, being merely a lover of detective stories, and a quick mind for solving their fictional problems.

A real question of mystery had never before been his way, and having one now was down before him, he was a little bewildered by his sudden opportunity.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A new penitentiary site: Here is a suggestion: The revolving fund law allows the state \$50,000, the board of control for raw materials and to buy machinery and pay inmates and other laborers to work them up into articles without limit; also, it allows the board to borrow money to the extent of \$50,000, to make payments on options of land, say 1000 acres, ultimately to be used as a site for a new prison, for the purpose of growing raw materials for manufacturing, paying a low rate of interest on the options and finally wiping out the principal in each contract made?

Also, by act of the legislature, being allowed to sell the present site of the prison, as far as parts of it would be released through the use of the new land, the money to be paid into the revolving fund?

In that way, the institution, from its own resources, could buy the 1500 acre site, construct the necessary modern industrial and other buildings, and, within a few years, transfer the whole plant to the new site. This would defer the time when the institution would be self-supporting. Otherwise, it would not cost the taxpayers of the state anything at all. The industries could pay out on the whole proposition, for land, machinery, buildings, and all the rest. They could do this at an earlier date than otherwise by having say \$200,000 put into the revolving fund in order to provide more ready cash for paying the farmers for their flax and thus handle the product of 10,000 acres of J. W. S. pedigreed flax seed at an earlier date than would otherwise be possible. The \$200,000 need not be appropriated absolutely. It might be advanced from the general fund, or provided in some other way and interest and be finally returned in full.

Before he reached the house at Knollwood, he knew there was no good news there. If Emily had returned, the house would have been lighted up from top to bottom, whereas, there were only lights in the lounge and a few other rooms.

A fine motor road had been put through the little ravine and the great estates of the landowners were jealously guarded from invasion of any modern improvements that might mar their natural beauties.

Not really a city, Hilldale was a good-sized town and growing space.

The shops and business section were some distance away from the residential Park, and the great estates of the landowners were jealously guarded from invasion of any modern improvements that might mar their natural beauties.

The houses, usually on a hill or rise of ground, were approached by walks of irregularly shaped flagstones or bits of marble. It was in no sense an old-time place, it was all modern, but it showed for simplicity and good taste.

Sometimes adventurous climbers would go down into the ravines, but it was a wearisome, even dangerous trip, and few dared it. A fine motor road had been put through the little ravine and the great estates of the landowners were jealously guarded from invasion of any modern improvements that might mar their natural beauties.

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penitentiary has been to lend its credit to provide a revolving fund surplus; a working fund surplus. The Oregon penitentiary is working to the same basis, under an almost identical revolving fund law. The main difference is that the credit resource of the state of Oregon that is provided is only \$50,000, an amount of the constitutional limitation. This hampers the quick transfer of our institution to the basis of self support, though we have a better primary foundation than Minnesota, because we have or grow or can grow all the raw materials near the plant.

Perhaps some member sitting in the Oregon legislature at its next convening in January next can devise a better way than that above suggested to allow this state to have a new prison and modern prison plant at one jump, or to be acquired and constructed quickly. Who shall it be?

The construction of the state office building, the method of providing the funds for which passed the test of the supreme court, may offer a suggestion.

The basis is sound. The question to be decided is as to the plan, under our constitutional limitation. We can get around it by having plenty of time. Perhaps we can vault over it at one jump. Or a couple of jumps.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

April 27, 1905
While slushing brush upon the W. D. Claggett place four miles north of town, S. A. Alfred slashed his foot so severely that he will not be able to work again for several weeks.

H. G. Meyer attended the development league convention in Portland yesterday, and transacted business in connection with the state barber commission.

Mrs. W. G. Westcott has had her property on Court street, occupied by H. J. Ottenheimer, moved to a new location on Chemeke street and workmen have started construction of a modern dwelling on the vacant lot.

Two of the latest type Pope-Toledo automobiles came to this city from Portland, driving through in two hours and forty-five minutes, the fastest time known for automobiles between the two points. This was accomplished notwithstanding the rough condition of the roads.

Zadoc J. Riggs, proprietor of the Capital drug store, fell from his bicycle yesterday morning and sustained a severe bruise on the side of his head.

A PROBLEM A DAY
The formula for a certain shade of paint specifies 3 parts of vermilion and 5 parts white. The painter mixed 5 parts vermilion and 3 white. How can he correct his mistake without waste?
Answer to Saturday's Problem — \$214.55. Explanation — Multiply 100 by 18 by 2 1/2; divide by 10000; multiply by 55.

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