

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Seeks Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Railroad Unions in Wrong Move

WITH railroad rates at such high levels that traffic is being lost to trucks and buses, and with general business falling off so that gross and net earnings of the roads are off around 30% from 1929, the railroad unions seem to have chosen an inauspicious time to start a campaign for a six-hour day with eight-hour pay. Conditions are far different from 1916 when the roads were burdened with traffic and President Wilson yielded to the threat of a tie-up and induced congress to enact the eight-hour law for railroad employes. Since 1922 the country has lost its fear of a railroad strike; and with the vast growth of motorized transportation the country is less and less dependent on railroad service.

The complaint of the railroad unions is that with business so light many of their younger men get few calls and so are in dire circumstances. One reason for this is the rigid seniority rule of the railroad brotherhoods. The "bumping" practice results in displacing the youngest employe. Instead of dividing up the work so all employes may get part-time work the railroad unions drop the junior employe so the senior employes get the full time jobs at the regular rates of pay.

The railway employes have the largest stake in the railroad business of any group. They get nearly one-half of every dollar taken in by the roads, and their proportion has been increasing. In 1916, 38 cents out of every dollar of operating income went to labor; in 1928, 43 cents went to labor, and in 1929, 45 cents. The average yearly wage of the railway employe has also increased very generously. In 1916 the figure was \$892; in 1928, \$1,707, and in 1929, \$1,742, only a little under the war-time peak of \$1,820.

The basis of the appeal of the unions is that this will give more of their men employment. The history of railroading in the past fifteen years does not bear out this contention. In 1916, the last year of the ten-hour day the total number of employes on the railroads was 1,647,097, while the number in 1928 was only 1,655,686, although the tons of revenue freight hauled one mile had increased 70 billion or nearly 20%. In brief, using practically the same number of men and paying them nearly 100% more in wages the roads were able to haul about 20% more freight but 10% less passenger business. It scarcely seems possible that this operating efficiency can continue to show such steady improvement.

The present railroad problem in America threatens to grow more acute. The roads are operating on a plateau of high rates and high wages. If the business were growing the wages could be continued at high levels and even increased, or hours might be shortened. But the business is at a standstill. Cheaper or more convenient modes of transport are sucking business from the railroads. The job laid out for railroad employes from top to bottom is to hold the business and the wages they now enjoy. Getting nearly a half of each dollar of operating income the employes have a far larger interest than the stockholders whose dividends in 1928 were \$431,030,910 as compared with not quite seven times that amount which went to railroad labor.

Farmers and manufacturers and shippers of all classes are looking for reductions in railroad freight rates. They see those rates still 50% higher than 1916, although the prices of their own commodities may have reached or gone below pre-war levels. They are in no mood to have railway operating costs increased, taking up the slack which might have been returned to them in lower freight rates. The railway unions ought to sense this mood of their own customers, and plan by constructive effort with the management to build up efficiency so that rates may be lowered without lowering of wage scales, if that be possible.

The unions are ill-advised in starting a campaign for a six-hour day with eight-hour pay on the railroads at the present time. If the railroads have any gravel left over the shippers want lower freight rates. That might get more business back to the roads and give more of the unemployed men jobs.

Those Terrible Proxies

WOULD-BE-congressman Delzell has been making quite a to-do about the rebates of taxes to the United States Steel corporation and other large concerns, seeking to win office by imputing to Congressman Hawley a sinister motive in approving of the rebates which were first authorized by the bureau of internal revenue after exhaustive study, and then audited by experts employed by the joint committee of congress. Delzell doesn't say these refunds of taxes were improper, but alleges that the refunds were approved by the committee with Hawley voting the proxies of other members.

The simple truth is that many meetings of the committee were held in determining whether or not it should approve of the findings of the treasury bureau. Finally the committee did approve of a settlement which seemed highly advantageous to the government, of the 1917 taxes. Then when the 1918 and later years came up for review the committee met again and went over the matter. When the next meeting was called to formally approve the refunds, various members told Congressman Hawley they were satisfied with the bureau's recommendations, and for him to so report to other members of the committee; and the majority was in favor of such approval.

Congressman Garner of Texas, minority leader, is the chief agitator against Hawley on the matter, but when the matter of proxies was brought up Garner defended the use of proxies because some DEMOCRAT might want to be away and he could represent him. Here is the dialogue as taken from the Congressional Record:

"Mr. Moore of Virginia: I have been interested in the gentleman's statement. It seems to me that a great step in advance may be taken by abolishing the proxy rule. Recently, in a very wise decision the Speaker said that proxies could not be used in the House. They cannot be used in any meeting of the joint committee. Why should they be used in this joint committee, which has the power to prevent payment of these refunds until they are approved by the committee?"

"Mr. Garner: I will say to the gentleman from Virginia that if proxies are abolished it would not influence me a bit, because I have attended every meeting of the committee on ways and means while I was able to go, as well as every meeting of the joint committee. But I repeat, that if the gentleman from New York (Mr. Cullen) should want to go to New York and it was desired to vote the full Democratic membership the gentleman might say: 'Mr. Chairman, will you permit Mr. Garner to cast my vote for me?' We do not want to stand in his way. That is the reason I think proxies are filed."

Thus it appears that the grievous sin of the whole matter is in the use of Republican proxies, although Democratic

HEALTH

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

"Do you sleep on your left side, or is the right side the best side to sleep on?" was the question asked me the other day. I scratched my head and appeared very thoughtful, but to be perfectly frank I could not recall on which side I do sleep.



DR. COPELAND

Numerous text-books, investigations and articles have been written on this subject and it seems no two authorities agree. As a matter of fact, I do not believe it makes much difference whether we sleep on the right side or on the left side.

Sleep is brought about by fatigue and the body attempts to rest by the relaxation afforded during sleep. If you are accustomed to sleep on your left side and sleep well, by no means force yourself to change to the right side.

The position you assume when going to sleep is not the position in which you find yourself on awakening. The body changes its position many times during the night. Have you ever watched children sleep, and noticed their various contortions? They will assume different positions, tossing about quite frequently, yet they are thoroughly relaxed, and are resting in their sleep.

Some authorities advise sleeping on the back, and then again others do not. Some advise sleeping on the abdomen and others warn against, stating it is dangerous. If we were to listen to all such advice, we would not know how to sleep and the thought of that alone would probably keep a good many of us awake.

The most frequent question asked is whether it is safe to sleep on the left side. This question arises because of the location of the true import of the message of life. Most persons believe it is not advisable to sleep on the left side on the theory that it interferes with the action of the heart. This theory has never been proven and appears to me to be very doubtful. I would advise you to sleep on whichever side suits you. No catastrophe ever occurred from sleeping on the left side. I doubt if it will ever be proven it makes any difference. Providing we sleep well and get up refreshed, it matters not what the position is.

Recent observations conducted at the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, show that restful sleep is accomplished by many bodily positions. As a result of these studies it would be ridiculous to advise any healthy individual to spend the night in one position. It is rare indeed for one position to be maintained during the night's sleep.

Even if you decided you should sleep on your right side it would be necessary to strap you down to guarantee that position. This would be the only method I know of to keep you in that one position. This method will not be recommended, of course.

Give yourself plenty of fresh air at night. Do not pile on too many clothes too thickly. Do not crowd your stomach with a lot of unnecessary food before retiring. Go to bed to sleep and leave it to your instinct to determine the position your tired body is to take.

Yesterdays

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

October 24, 1905

Prof. A. J. Collier, formerly head of the science department of Willamette university, was in Salem yesterday. He is now a Government geologist, and resides in Washington, D. C.

Memorial services were held at the friends' church at Rosedale Sunday for Richard Patly, who was drowned in the Newsho river near Emporia, Kansas, October 7.

The new re-saw ordered by the Spaulding logging company has arrived and will be installed immediately.

Timon Ford and his brother, Charles D. Ford, left for Los Angeles, where the former will seek rest and return of his health.

W. S. Hubbell of Seattle, who has been visiting at the home of T. A. Livesley, will return to his home today.

Today's Thought...

Manners—the final and perfect flower of noble character.—William Winter.

A Problem For You For Today

The amount of DeLong's money for five years at eight per cent is \$40 more than its amount for four years at six per cent. How much has he? Answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: He lost \$1.

Joe McCarthy, former Chicago Cub boss, is the eleventh manager of the New York Yankees. Miller Huggins lasted the longest. His reign was 13 years.

proxies are entirely praiseworthy! On such shallow basis is the democratic candidate in the first district carrying forward his futile campaign for congress. The people of the first district know Mr. Hawley too well to question his honor and integrity in matters involving one dollar or a hundred millions.

THE LIFE LINE



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

CHAPTER 30

They were in the cabin with the others. Ken was ripping the envelope of a telegram.

He looked up, his face ashen. "It's from the doctor. Mother's very ill. I'll have to go."

A sense of disaster crashing in on Ardeith. For a moment the true import of the message escaped her. It seemed like a dramatic parody to Ken's last words to her. He spoke of marriage and was immediately snatched away.

Then her heart went out in a warm gush of pity. He looked so white, so stunned. But there was nothing she could do. He did not need her.

While Ken hastily changed into other clothes—while Tom drove his car up to the road to be in readiness—she could only stand, feeling her heart shaken by a sense of fear. Hearing the excited repressed voices of the others.

Ken came running downstairs in hat and overcoat. His eyes went as blankly over her as they did over the others. He answered Mary's questions mechanically, in agony to be off.

He refused Tom's offer to go along, bruski. He'd be all right. He didn't need anyone.

Headlights dancing on the snow—the roar of his motor quickly dying out. He was gone. And the little group in the cabin seemed oddly foreign.

"Ken," murmured Mary. "If it's the end it will go hard with Ken. He's devoted to his mother."

Was it her fancy, though Ardeith, or did Mary's gaze brush her compassionately for a moment as she spoke?

Later that night when she lay awake on the narrow cot which had been prepared for her, Ardeith found herself recalling the incidents with a sinking heart.

Why should Mary pity her? Suppose Ken's mother—Oh, no, never think of that! Never wish to draw her own happiness through Ken's sorrow.

Wide eyes fastened on the low bright stars looking in the window, she tried to follow Ken in fancy on his lonely ride. Plunging down the black mountains—Did he feel this great pitying love she felt for him? Did it bring him comfort?

Hours later Ken reached the end of his journey. Dark and silent the city lay, drenched in rain. Heavy, sluggish drops, like heavy tears.

Like a painful dream as he reached the apartment he shared with his mother. As he fitted the key in the lock, the door opened. He had expected a nurse...

... the doctor, perhaps. Something of a snarl struck to find Cecile Parker before him. Cecile, in a soft, grey-blue chiffon thing which made her white oval of face and the Naples yellow waves of her hair soft and appealing. Gone, the orange lipstick. The mauve eye shadow was missing, too, and her pale grey eyes met his in sweetest sympathy.

In response to his amazed question she answered in a low voice. "I've been here since five. As soon as she was taken ill."

"How is she?" Ken's voice was a queer creak.

The girl shrugged slightly. "Very weak—she may know you."

But Cecile was mistaken. As soon as Ken entered the bedroom where he found a white uniformed nurse in attendance, his mother opened her eyes.

Fever bright, the shrunken eyes looked up into his anxious face.

"The end—Ken—"

The young fellow choked. "Why, Spider Kelly!" his tongue



Ken suddenly became aware of Cecile standing beside him.

faltered over the old nickname. "Where's your girl? I'm here, dearest, you must get well! You can't throw me down like this!"

The faintest flicker of a smile touched the wrinkled face. A shallow sigh. The eyelids closed.

At Ken's gasp the nurse leaped to the bed. Then her low encouraging whisper, bringing the color to the man's face. "She's asleep. Best thing could happen. Here—sit here, if she wakes and finds you here it's better than medicine."

Hours ticked away by the little china clock on the bureau. Hours, when the man sat stirring in the chair, his brown hand warm over the wrinkled one on the bed.

All the world receded, leaving only this lighted room—an island of reality floating in a sea of chaos.

Now and then he was aware of others floating into his range of vision. The stout dark figure of the doctor. The white starched nurse. Cecile, slender and lovely as she stole noiselessly in to tuck a cushion behind his back.

The long vigil became a nightmare. At first his thoughts clustered entirely about that frail old figure on the bed. Then, as the first sharp edge of anxiety dulled—as hour after hour passed in shallow breathing and no change came over the gray face on the pillow, Ken's tired mind became vague—dreamy.

The drive down the mountains after a day of vigorous exercise had left him worn out. That day—was it possible that it was only a few short hours ago that he had been up in Tom's mountain cabin, laughing, joking with Mary and Fred and Phyllis? Dancing with Ardeith—Ardeith! Unconsciously he shook his head and closed his eyes as though to shut away the image of her face.

The thought of Ardeith did not belong here in this room where his mother battled death.

(To be continued)

He slept for moments at a time. Troubled sleep, shot with disturbing dreams. He was driving like a fiend—bursting down steep black roads like a falling comet. Ardeith was clinging to him and crying...

He woke with a guilty start. Leaned forward, holding his breath.

No change. The face against the pillow so worn—so small. The satin quilt lifting so shallowly over the shrunken chest.

To the nurse's whispered suggestion that he slip away and get some rest he vigorously shook his head. Set upright. Blinking wearily at the bed.

The night lifted. The sky outside the window became a hard cold blue. The bleak light of

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Furs against gold:
"It is the oldest industry in the world, fur hunting, fur trading," says Agnes C. Laut in one of her books, "The Fur Trade of America." The cave man, who slew a beast with a club to take a pelt for his own covering, was the world's first manufacturer; and his discovery that a pelt would make clothes for himself and his family led far afield to the exploration of half the world.

"It was the little beaver led discoverers up the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes, and from the Great Lakes down north to Hudson Bay and down to the Rio Grande, and down the Mackenzie to the Arctic, and across the mountains down the Columbia to the Pacific. It was the little beaver led Peter Skene Ogden's fur brigade from the mouth of the Columbia across what are now the states of Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, northern California.

"And it was the little sable led the Cossacks across Russia to what is now Kamchatka; and it was the sea otter that led the Russians, Americans, Spaniards, Englishmen around the world in crazy little cockle-shell sail boats to explore the Pacific coast from the Golden Gate to Bering sea. It is a page of romance unequalled in all history."

She might have added that it was trading in furs that led Gray to the Columbia river, giving the United States one of the strongest monuments of title to the great country drained by this noble river and its branches; that of discovery. And the same lure led Astor's men to the mouth of that river; two clerks of whom, William Wallace and J. Halsey headed the party which built the first house erected by white men in the Willamette valley; the fort and post to send the first returns of the Astor enterprise to Fort Astoria; the location of which brought the first actual settler, Baptiste Deloar, to this valley—here close by the northern suburbs of Salem; the Wallace prairie that was the location of the building erected for the Oregon Institute, that by change of name became Willamette university.

It was the lure of the little beaver that led Jedediah Smith from the region of the Great Salt Lake through the desert wastes down the Colorado to what is now California; thence to northern California; back over the Sierra Nevada to the Salt Lake section, back again by the same route, then to Oregon by the coast route—the first white man to explore those two ways to the Pacific and up to the southwestern section of what is now our state.

As though it called to her, his mother opened her eyes. Her voice, a shade stronger than it had been last night, brought his anxious face leaning over her.

"Cecile..." she whispered. "I want both my children here with me..."

Ken suddenly became aware of Cecile standing beside him. His mother managed a faint smile at them both. A sick laugh at Ken's heart... He had the feeling of a net closing down about him.

(To be Continued)

Americans have learned all the tricks of the trade. They know how to tan and treat and dye and manufacture all the hides, pelts and skins that are found in every country and on every part of the globe. And our people are producing better and more reliable furs than the best that have come from any of the five continents. They out-produce Persia; beat to a frazzle the wild tribes of Asia. A Texas doctor produces better karakul fur bearing animals than the desert tribes of central Asia ever saw.

There are sections of the North American continent where the beaver has been protected and conserved until the little animal is becoming a nuisance, obstructing streams and causing the destructive overflow of the hills lands. Even the Argentine buffalo herds are getting more numerous in some sections.

The oldest industry in the world is becoming the newest and one of the greatest in the young land of genius and enterprise, and the treating and dyeing and manufacturing of furs is making a large and increasing contribution to the solving of the difficult questions of unemployment.

This market, too, with the aid of American inventive genius.

(Continued on page 9)

1930 Pacific International Features Boys' and Girls' Club Work

During the 20th Annual Pacific International Livestock Exposition, Portland, Oct. 25-Nov. 1, upwards of 1000 boys and girls will increase their knowledge and experience in modern, improved farm practices. In addition to the 4-H Club and Smith-Hughes Junior Agricultural activities conducted at the Exposition other features combine to make this the greatest event in the history of Pacific International. The United States National Knobs of no better way to arouse the interest and enthusiasm of the younger generation in matters agricultural than a visit to this year's Exposition.

The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon

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