

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Skin Diseases

By G. O. DAUER, M. D.
 Marion County Health Unit
 Of the common affections to which many babies and children are subjected, the skin diseases fall high to some of the most serious ones. It is a source of as much worry to the mother as the more serious things like convulsions or paralysis.

Frequently one sees in infants a little older a greatly disturbing affection, namely, eczema. A number of causes have been described as being responsible for the disease. The consensus of opinion is that there is some alteration from normal in the assimilation of the food the infant takes or it may be that specific foods taken by the mother or the infant may cause disturbances. In some cases this may be determined by skin tests which are performed by a physician. So far as treatment of eczema is concerned that should always be carried out by a physician. There are a number of remedial agents at his command and he only is qualified to determine which is to be used. Most infants who have eczema usually are free of the disease by the time they reach the age of 18 months.

Birth marks while not in the strict sense skin diseases are worth mentioning. Those kinds which are bright red in color and which arise above the surface of the skin grow rather rapidly. If they are situated on the head it is usually better to have them removed. This is usually done by a physician more or less skilled in this type of work and should lead to gratifying results. Other types of birth marks are more difficult to remove.

In older children we see more commonly the type of skin disease that is "catching." They occur at school age more frequently because children come in contact with each other in play and at school.

Impetigo is frequently seen and when occurring about the face is called a "cold sore" at times. It may spread to any part of the body. The cause of this disease is a specific germ which gets into a abrasion of the skin and forms a crusty sore. Its occurrence is not necessarily an indication of filth but one does see it more commonly on a dirty skin because the germs have more of a chance to grow in such an environment. Medically it should be treated by a physician; at home the afflicted one should have the sole use of his own linen and articles with which he plays.

Scabies or Itch is another disease seen in children. It is caused by a small parasite which burrows into the skin and lays its eggs. Itching is more common at night because the body is warm or in bed. It is more apt to be found in the less exposed parts of the body. Strict adherence to the physician's orders usually will quickly eradicate the disease. Proper disinfection of clothing and linen as well as proper medication are very important matters.

Cleanliness while not a guarantee against skin diseases in children will go far in preventing many of them.

STARTING AN ENDLESS CHAIN

"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER X.

The Whaley girl next door flung a look at Nancy with more tangible worry. She was getting invitations to the Hollenbeck girls were not. And who were the Whaleys? Nobody at all. Mama had snubbed Bertha Smith for the shopkeeper's daughter she was when they were girls, and turned up her aristocratic nose at the plodding, Dutch Raymond Whaley, who wasn't even in society at all. And now Bertha had a daughter mentioned in the society columns nearly every day. It was too much. Mama was worried, and when she worried, she nagged.

"Louise, the Whaley girl is on the receiving list at Major Nutting's."

"Is she?"

"Yes, she is. It stays here in the Herald, 'Miss Isabelle Whaley, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Whaley, of Piedmont, will be one of the charming young girls who will...'"

"Oh, spare us. What do I care what Isabelle Whaley does?"

"Louise! You don't have you talk like that. I don't understand why you girls weren't asked? Are you sure you have always been sweet to Mrs. Nutting?"

"You know, dear, sometimes you're a little different."

"Oh, mama, it isn't that!"

"How do you know it isn't your dear? And it isn't as though you were alone. Your actions reflect on Nancy. It hardly seems fair for your younger sister to have to suffer because you—"

"But mama, I HAVEN'T been rude to Mrs. Nutting. Good Lord, she doesn't know I'm alive!"

"OUISES! You mustn't talk like that to your mother. Why doesn't she want to know you? I'm sure my people are as good as hers. When I was a young girl no smart gathering would have been complete without me. It's true that your father's people are not... distinguished, but nobody knows them here. It isn't like having a grandfather who kept a grocery store, like poor Isabelle's. Who would think to see Bertha Whaley in her mink coat now, that she wore dirty red plush—dirty, mind you, made out of an old tablecloth or something, when she was first married. I'm not one to wish anyone harm, but I often think if people ever saw Datchy Whaley with his dirty face working for my father around the stable in Fruitvale, the dear old Clickety, clickety clack. Once mama's tongue got started on that subject there was no stopping it. Aunt Ellie, hands folded on her stomach, rocked and nodded. Louise sewed in floss with a needle, and she given anything in the world to get away from it all. To get out and make a place for herself in the workaday world. The world where nobody cared how pretty you were or how much money you had, provided you did your work efficiently and well. But how can you get out and carve a career for yourself when your mother's heart is falling, and you're needed at home?"

In that mood she almost sympathized with Nancy. Love didn't last. Look at the romances that ended in the divorce court. Jack Beamer had more money than he could spend and he had a place in society as well. Head waiters scrambled when he approached. People liked him. His ranch in the fertile valley of the San Joaquin was one of the show places of the state. His yacht, the Swallow, won every regatta up and down the coast. His horses were international favorites. Sunday supplements from East to West knew him as polo player.

It was even easy to overlook his marriage. It was notoriously a joke. They didn't even go to Bermuda parties together any more. For years people had asked, "When are the Beamers going to Reno?"

Why shouldn't Nancy marry him if she wanted to?

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Rotary biography

Each week, some member of the Salem Rotary club is called on to give a five minute talk about himself; a biographical sketch. He cannot refuse. That is a Rotary rule; Rotarians do what their officers request them to do.

Yesterday, the member called upon was R. H. Corey, in charge of the Salem water system. He said shortly: "There is a good story in the life of every person; many good ones in most lives. This one is so interesting that part of it is printed below; the rest to appear in this column tomorrow:

"It is difficult to decide upon a few points of possible interest in making a brief biographical account of one's own life. Perhaps you might be interested in some of the high lights and the romance that have come my way. I was born in a small town near Chicago. Its name was Onarga, which was said to be the name of the princess daughter of Pontiac, chief of the Iroquois Indians. There is a town named Pontiac a short distance away and our county was named Iroquois. My relatives in Rhode Island would never believe that I was not in constant danger of being scalped although always assured that the only Indians we ever saw were a few fellows with patent medicine shows.

"Our town had a fresh water college with the imposing name of Grand Prairie seminary, which served a very large section where there were many small towns, but at that time having almost no high schools. I found that Rotarian Andrew Lee and his wife attended this same school shortly before my time there. I was interested in the science courses principally, and I was lacking in gratitude not to pay tribute to Miss Bacon, the science teacher, a graduate of Wellesley college. Many science experiments were performed that were not required. Some of the more more or less disastrous to floors, window glass and nerves. Another professor whom I'll never forget was Professor G'ell, a Harvard graduate, whose early days of study were spent in national recognition in economics.

"The serious side of school work—and we were worked hard in those days—was enlivened and sometimes almost stopped by the presence of President Van Pelt because of the wild pranks and practical jokes we perpetrated. The human skeleton sometimes disappeared from the school museum to greatly surprise and amuse the faculty. One day I was in the main building bell tower at times in the night and rival literary societies experienced cayenne pepper explosions. Halloween night found all attention centered on the girls dormitory where some 75 girls were never allowed to sleep for a minute during that night. One incident might be interesting, in which the chief of psychology carefully planned and rehearsed with me a rather violent argument with which he desired to surprise his class. It was staged the following day, but our acting got out of control and beyond the control of the psychology members of the class, believing the teacher was being unjustly accused and grossly insulted, inflicted a black eye on my person before I left the room through the open window. The stories about the fracas, that each excited member of the class was asked to write, varied much more widely than was anticipated. This illustrates the reason why attorneys always doubt identical testimony from witnesses; they never see anything exactly alike, especially under the stress of excitement.

"Summer vacations were generally spent in Rhode Island, and I became older, when vacations were occupied with bicycle racing at various county fairs and celebrations, and later on either. Too soon for a letter, but he could telephone. Still, one had to be careful... if you were to be very comfortable if she wanted to... suppose she was named as correspondent.

"That nightmare thought sent a chill right down to the tips of the new scarlet pumps... what would people think? "Oh, dear, I was never meant for an adventures. I almost wish I'd never met Jack—at least until he had got his divorce, but then someone else would have snatched him up... Oh, if mama were only like other mothers, good at managing! Like Mrs. Craig. She has just practically nailed Bill Neal for May Belle. May Belle never has to do a thing, but look innocent. But if I sit back and wait for things to happen, I'll end like Louise, or worse than that, for I haven't got Lou's disposition... poor Lou, she'd be managing she had the right clothes she can't get by with trash like I can." And in spite of herself Nancy brightened and preened a little because her home-made white georgette was effective and every patterned dress which she passed over an excuse for "lingering to give her a second look."

Louise, who lacked Nancy's natural buoyancy of spirit, was a natural even the consolation of dreams. She was the same just as they really were, poor relations chained to the side of a grotesque old person, who had brought herself and them here just to spite a sick husband's Hospital. Indeed, if Joseph was going to insist on listening to that nonsense from his physician, Aunt Ellie would show him she needed a rest cure, too. He wouldn't be the only one to spend money foolishly. If he did, so would she! She had picked the most expensive place she could think of, and had brought her niece to help run up the bill.

(To be continued)

Emphasis on "Public"

MANY utilities employ the word "public" in their corporate name. With some the word is mere camouflage, the actual idea back of the promoters being to fleece the public. Other concerns have a more wholesome conception of the word and do endeavor to render decent public service at fair rates.

A recent issue of "Fortune," that new and magnificent magazine of business, publishes an article which pictures the American Telephone and Telegraph company as a concern which is definitely setting its course, not primarily in the interest of its stockholders but in the interest of the general public. It quotes one high official as saying:

"The emphasis we place is not upon giving the last possible cent to the stockholder as soon as we can get it to him... A lawyer once phrased it that in the Bell System the public was the residuary legatee of all benefits, whereas in most businesses the stockholder was the residuary legatee of all benefits. That is an accurate description of our motives."

There may be of course a question of fact over whether the telephone company lives up to these standards or not; but certainly this statement sets up a wonderful ideal of public service.

President Gifford is also quoted to the same effect:

"It is contrary to sound policy for the management to earn speculative or large profits for distribution as 'melons' or extra dividends. On the other hand, payments to stockholders limited to reasonable regular dividends with their right, as the business requires new money from time to time, to make further investments on favorable terms, are to the interest both of the telephone users and of the stockholders.

"Earnings must be sufficient to assure the best possible telephone service at all times and to assure the continued financial integrity of the business... Earnings in excess of these requirements must either be spent for the enlargement and improvement of the service, furnished or the rates charged for the service must be reduced. This is fundamental in the policy of the management."

Some significant things about the telephone monopoly are that no individual or concern owns more than seventenths of one per cent of its capital stock. It has some 500,000 stockholders, scattered all over the world. It is not run by any Wall Street banking house and has never sold its stock through private bankers like the house of Morgan. It has kept its dividend fixed at \$8.00 per share from 1906 to 1921 and at \$9.00 per share since then, refusing to cut "melons" and insisting on retaining its surplus earnings in the business. It is the biggest corporation in the country, yet the Western Union turned down a chance to buy it in 1876 for \$100,000. This "Fortune" article analyzes the Western Electric connection which is generally regarded as the "rabbit in the hat," claiming that the surplus earnings of Western Electric go back into the improvement of the telephone end of the business.

As a big monopoly it is pertinent for the public to inquire into its affairs from time to time and ascertain whether it is rendering the best service at the lowest rates, and to uncover any administration of the business which may be injurious to the public interest. What we are getting at in this editorial is, why cannot public utilities set their course in the same direction as the A. T. & T. claims to have directed its policy? The railroads have made much headway in this direction until the public now have more stake in the railroad business than the stockholders. Our big life insurance companies were mutualized years ago and have functioned very successfully since that time on the mutual plan.

This policy means that the stockholders should be satisfied with a fixed, conservative dividend, making the stock more of a bond than a claim on speculative profits. It means that dictation by banking houses bent on milking the utility for all they can should cease. It means that high-jacking by the officials would come to an end. It means the end of big speculative profits. It means pulling off the legislative agents, lobbyists and political fixers. This system would give the efficiency of private ownership without the perils of political manipulation and graft through public ownership.

Legislation may be directed toward this "mutualization" of the privately owned utilities in the public interest. It will be left by the utility executives do not wait for compulsory legislation but undertake to revamp their policies definitely so the public may be the "residuary legatee" of the benefits of surplus earnings, rather than the stockholder who is greedy for a juicy slice of melon.

Koehler's Home To Many Guests At Recent Fete

WEST SALEM, Dec. 3.—Recent dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Koehler were Miss Caroline Williamson and Victor Williamson of Hazel Green; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Burns and the Misses Mildred and Bertha Williamson, all of Salem. All the guests are relatives of Mrs. Koehler and the dinner honored the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Koehler.

Saturday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Moore were their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Moore of Eugene with their children, Nita Marie and Patricia, and Mrs. Emma Moore and daughter, Mrs. Carl Owsley all of Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rockafellow drove to Portland today where they will visit several broadcasting studios.

TODAY'S PROBLEM...

A father is 9 times as old as his son. In 9 years, he will be only three times as old as his son. What are their present ages? Today's answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: 7 quarters, 3 nickels.

"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XI.

Louise's eyes followed her sister's to the man, who, cigarette in hand, stood looking around the spacious lobby.

He wore the olive drab uniform of a ranger. His boots and hat were dusty, even his impudent smiling face was dirty; but for all the dirt and fatigue, he was the youngest, freshest, most virile creature in the room. From his sunburnt blonde hair to the tips of his old riding boots he sparkled. His bright blue eyes twinkled; white teeth, under the stubby, toothbrush mustache, flashed as he encompassed the place in an all-enveloping, supremely good-natured grin. Then with a friendly wave for a passing bellhop, he turned suddenly and went out, banging the door energetically behind him.

Nancy whistled. "The first real man I've seen. And it's leading."

Louise smiled understandingly. "Nancy was incorrigible—the dumps over one man one minute and upon her toes for another the next. Still it was a good sign. Maybe she would forget Jack Beamer, and her wild ideas of marrying him after he got his divorce if she got interested in somebody else. "Oh, he'll be back. Those rangers are in and out all the time. And he is attractive. I'd like to know him myself, honestly I would!" she said.

"I saw him first!" Nancy laughed. The old bubbling, lilted laugh, and her eyes widened and darkened with excitement. "He's going to find out all about him. Watch me tomorrow we'll be intimate friends!"

Tomorrow came and went without any sign of him, but Nancy didn't give up hope. She had found out that his name was Roger Decatur, that he was "in and out" of the hotel every day. The knowledge got her through the day.

It was one of the longest, dreariest days that either of them ever remembered. Here they were, in one of the world's spots of the world, not seeing an inch beyond the hotel window. Surrounded with every luxury, they were too bored to enjoy it. Aunt Ellie spoke vaguely of "making a tour of the valley" in a sight-seeing bus presumably a little later, but for the present the spacious veranda, with its comfortable rockers, was more to her liking.

Here, in the warm, dry air she rocked and crocheted and comfortably complained:

"It's robbery what they charge here. I don't know why people come. I was never one for this vacation nonsense. Body can be just as comfortable at home. More so. As soon as I felt the bed I knew I wouldn't sleep. The food isn't so much either. Filling my stomach with that stuff, but it doesn't do you any good. I wonder if they'll have turkey for dinner? What time is it, Louise? Only four o'clock. I suppose tea is extra. Just go in and inquire, Nancy... NANCY! Inquire—don't order unless I'm included. Just inquire. Do you think she understood? Go after her, Louise. I don't want to spend money for tea unless it's HURRY! She'll have it ordered!"

That was about the only time they got away from her side together. One or the other, preferably both, had to sit right there and rock and listen.

Nancy wriggled and twisted like a school girl, eyes expectantly fixed on the door, the road, the laughing groups that came and went, impossible that they didn't know a soul that not one of their friends was passing.

Not a word from Jack Beamer.

the Chicago tracks. I was greatly surprised to find a picture of myself with others in a magazine last year, which illustrated an article about the bicycle craze of life in the gay nineties. I played football four years at the seminary and two years afterwards at college. The prep school team was proud of never losing a game. At college the daily grade system, rather than final examinations, was discouraging to football players then and now, but in spite of it Purdue won the midwest championship last year, and, except for failure in making a goal kick in two games, would have probably held the championship this season.

"For a year after graduation from the seminary, I floundered around in a complete quagmire as to what I would do. I took a bookkeeping course and some drawing, during the period I had wanted to be a doctor, but all I knew of it was a country doctor's hard life in those days, and I saw considerable, as I nearly lived in a doctor friend's office. When I wanted to be a chemist, but a German friend assured me that only a Teutonic mind could ever succeed in that field. Such propaganda was common until the war forced the U. S. into the chemical industry. Finally an old friend of the family, who had been a civil engineer who built the Illinois Central railway from Chicago to New Orleans, convinced me that engineering might give me an outlet. More of us should give titles to the small boy and young man, as general old Mr. Pangborn did, in advising about occupations and professions.

"So I entered Purdue university on the banks of the Wabash at LaFayette, Indiana, and after four years I thought I was ready for my first job on trunk sewer construction in Indianapolis. I found, however, that the hardest part of my job was to keep track of my immediate superior, but it was hopeless, as delirium tremens and a sick poverty-stricken wife and family eventually resulted.

"After a year I came west with no definite place in view. My railway ticket destination was Seattle, but I did not see that place until many years later. For while on a walk between trains in Ogden, Utah, I was rather forcibly detained on suspicion of being some book agent who had bilked Ogden residents a few weeks before. While I sat in the police chief's office awaiting my return, I decided that the wild west was certainly wild. The chief apologized for his cop's mistake and the missing of my train. He found I wanted a civil engineering job, and by way of further apology one was obtained for me upstairs in the city engineer's office, where I was at work within a couple of hours afterwards.

"A year later I returned to LaFayette, Indiana, to marry a Purdue classmate who had graduated in science in only three years. I would be lacking in proper tribute again to the deceased not to say that her active life in public health and Red Cross work, in spite of ill health, did not prevent the making of a wonderful home and the rearing of two children of whom I am proud."

(Continued tomorrow)

Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

December 4, 1905

The Christmas number of the Clarion, the high school publication, is out and shows some literary contributions of high order. The magazine is receiving fine support from the business men of the city.

Miss May Boiso has returned home from her visit to the south and east.

The King's Herald society of the First Methodist church will give a very entertaining Monday night, the subject of the presentation being "The Banners of the Nations."

The Modern Woodmen of America gave their first dance of the season in Tioga hall. A large crowd attended.

The Elks lodge has set Sunday for the annual memorial exercises.

Forty members of the German Evangelical and German Methodist churches made a surprise visitation to the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Englehart on asylum avenue.

SOURCE OF MANY ILLS

Colon and Rheumatism are the cause of many nervous diseases, rheumatism, stomach troubles, sciatica, neuritis, etc. Only such direct, specialized treatment as the De Chas. J. Deane Clinic affords can bring permanent relief. Our FREE booklet explains our scientific method of treatment and reasonable GUARANTEE.

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