

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
 From First Statesman, March 23, 1851
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
 SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

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Eastern Advertising Representatives:
 Ford-Parsons-Steuber, Inc., New York, 211 Madison Ave.;
 Chicago, 250 N. Michigan Ave.

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. \$9.00; 3 Mo. \$25.00; 1 Year \$75.00. Elsewhere \$2.00 extra per month. Single copies 5 cents.
 By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Skin Diseases
 By G. O. DAUER, M. D.
 Marion County Health Unit
 Of the common affections to which many babies and children are subject, the skin diseases fall high to some of the most serious. These are sources of as much worry to the mother as the more serious like convulsions or paralytic affections. The eruptions are so common and so easily treated that it is not surprising that many mothers are not serious about a skin disease in a child. It is a mistake to make the life of the infant or child comfortable.

In infants only a few weeks old one frequently encounters a rash which may cover a part or nearly the whole surface of the body. In most cases the eruption is red and may or may not be raised above the surface of the skin and is more apt to be more intense under the area covered by the diaper. In most cases the baby has been kept too warm either with too much clothing or too much woolen garments. One must remember that a baby has a very tender and thin skin which can be easily irritated. The liberal application of olive oil and the elimination of powders is more conducive to a healthy skin in a baby also.

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 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 are raised 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 not be 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 fumbled among her more tangible worry. She was getting invitations the Hollenbeck girls were not. And who were the Whaleys? Nobody at all. Mama had scolded 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 with 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 held without me. It's true that your father's people are not... distinguishable, 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 dead 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 frozen silence. She hadn't been 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?

But just when Louise would get that far in her thoughts and begin to picture Nancy secure and petted, pampered, the second Mrs. Beamer, another picture would form over the first one, blotting it out... Jack Beamer, holding Nancy in his strong, thick arms, his broad back bent to lift her close... Nancy, slim and white and strangely tragic as she looked that night in the pale starlight, when she and that had come upon them near the river. So she always ended by wanting to cry... no use pretending... it wasn't right, and nothing, not even Jack Beamer's money, could make it right.

Nancy wasn't herself, either. She wandered around with two bright red spots in her cheeks, listening for the telephone, watching for the postman, quarrelsome and restless as a caged cat.

"For Pete's sake, if we're going, why don't we go? What is Aunt Ellie waiting for? If I'd known we were going to wait around a quarter of a block, I'd just like her not to go, after all!"

But slowly and surely, Aunt Ellie got ready to leave. The best of the rooms at the Awahaw were reserved. Tickets were bought. A fat roll of greenbacks withdrawn from the bank. Her favorite prescriptions were filled, her traveling medicine case equipped with various-colored pills. A bottle of pre-war whiskey against snake bite. A case of mineral water to go on ahead. A last farewell to poor Uncle Joseph, round-faced and jolly, despite his stuttering, as he lay on his narrow white bed at St. Francis' hospital. A last poisonous look at the fresh looking nurse who was "specializing" him and Aunt Ellie and the girls were on their way.

Mama waved a fondly tearful good-bye from the doorway; the taxi started, Aunt Ellie pointed a fat finger at the meter. "It was twenty-five cents before we went a quarter of a block. He can't cheat me. There goes his tip!"

They came into the valley at midday. It lay under the golden eye of the sun in extravaganza, the great, flat turquoise sky without the faintest puff of cloud hung like a canopy overhead. A bank-drop of mountains, picked out with the silvery threads of distant waterfalls; the deep green of distant forests was like stage setting for the rustic luxury of the most expensive hotel. Rivers rushed, clucking coolly over stones. Mountain meadows gleamed through trees. The great falls thundered; the sun made rainbows of their falling spray.

But Aunt Ellie Watson was not interested in scenery. She had come to the Yosemite to rock, and she made it very plain that she had brought the girls to rock with her.

Resentful but resigned, Lou sat beside her and said, "Yes, Aunt Ellie, I'm not going. I don't think so Aunt Ellie," while the old lady droned "I don't think much of the fish for lunch. At the prices they charge one would expect—mercy was that a mosquito? I declare, if there's one around here for miles, it makes for me. I wonder what your Uncle Joseph is up to? You needn't expect to get anything when he passes away; he will have it spent on distant forests. Did you see that surk look at me? She knew I knew what she was up to—Rheumatism, indeed! I'll show him!"

Nancy sat mute beside them, her hands crossed in her lap, dark eyes moodily scanning the crowds. After dinner they yawned in the lobby until nine o'clock. Aunt Ellie put her everlasting crochets in his black satin bag and plodded towards the elevator. "We might as well go too," Louise said. "We don't know anyone."

She slipped her arm through Nancy's and got to her feet. Nancy was leaning forward, staring fixedly at a man who had just come in.

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. "I'm 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 Decauter, that he was "in and out" of the hotel every day. The knowledge got her through the day.

It was one of the longest, driest 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. You overeat, 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've 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.

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. This 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 works. He said shortly that 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 Inroquois Indians. There is a town named Pontiac a short distance away and our county was named Inroquois. 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 few 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 Wellesly college. Many science experiments were performed that were not required. Some of them were 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 work in chemistry was of 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 students. The chief culprit, the main building bell tolled 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 culprit, a psychology major, fully 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 principal and 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 until 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... it was 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 saw the same things 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. 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 seven-tenths 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 \$3.00 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 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 well if 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.

Koehlers 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, 9 nickels.

An Expatriate We Miss

APITY it was that Nancy Astor was taken to England by her husband there to win a title, a seat in the commons, and much fame for her wit as well as her personal charm. Compare her with some of our political female boudiers, Ruth McCormick, for example, and it is apparent that a less it was for the United States for the William Astors to settle in England.

The viscountess herself seems to retain something of her old loyalties for she recently declared in the course of a parliamentary debate that she was still a "passionate Virginian." She was arguing that women should be permitted to decide for themselves whether they would remain British citizens or assume the citizenship of their husbands. She declared "men will never be free until women are free. To my mind, being very fond of men, I am so interested in their moral and social progress that I want to free women."

Lady Astor has frequently showed her ability as a debater. Her quick wit has served her both in election campaigning and in parliamentary wrangling. Here is a sample of how she handled herself in this particular discussion:

"You certainly got a lot of license," one member said.

"There is a lot of license I'd like to take away," she retorted. "In the name of liberty!" she was asked.

"No, in the name of sobriety," she replied.

The nationality bill passed on the second reading.

"I'm still a passionate Virginian," Lady Astor said. "If I lived away from my country for 100 years I would still be a Virginian, but that does not prevent my being a good British citizen. I'm trying to bring up my children so that they will be good citizens in any country."

In the case of most expatriates loyal Americans are apt to speed their going. With Lady Astor it is different. One wishes she might still be a "passionate Virginian" in this country.

Mr. Keith-Miller ought to tell Mrs. Keith-Miller she has had enough publicity for one woman and take her home to Australia. Daring is all right, but the world goes fed up of this being set on edge without provocation by venturesome aviators.

Maybe the man who committed suicide with a shoe lace was trying to get into heaven on a shoestring.

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

Common and dangerous source of many of the world's ills. Causes and cures of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Sciatica, Stomach troubles, indigestion, etc. Only such direct, scientific treatment as the DeChas. J. DeChas. Clinic affords can bring permanent relief. Our FREE booklet explains our scientific method of treatment and reasonable GUARANTY.

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