

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Employment of Married Women

WHAT about hiring married women for teachers, anyway? Superintendent Hug says they have a higher rating of efficiency and are cheaper to hire, so that's the reason twenty-five per cent of the teachers employed in the Salem schools are married women, half of whom, it is estimated, have husbands who are earning income for the family. The first reason is quite highly debatable; and the second not very commendable.

Are married teachers better than unmarried teachers? The claim is that the unmarried teacher has her mind set on other things too much—beaus and parties and social life. Perhaps, but what about married women? They have homes to think about, and husbands, and some of them have children who have colds and wear holes in their stockings. Married women know they have to hurry home at night to start dinner, or that guests will be in for overnight. So their minds are not as completely devoted to their school work as may be imagined. Unmarried teachers on the other hand, until such time as they may fall in love, usually give their whole attention to their jobs. As a rule they do not even prepare their own meals or do their own laundry. Some social diversions they are entitled to; and it is doubtful if they do as many parties as the married women who have clubs and social affairs to attend. There is a lot of argument on both sides of the question on which class is most devoted to the work. There is the unmarried woman teacher who is most eager to leave the profession for matrimony; and there is the married woman to whom the job is just extra luxury money. On the other hand there are unmarried women who are fully consecrated to the profession; and married women who bring high devotion and a certain maternal sympathy to the work.

The superintendent is right in regarding employing teachers as the selection of those best qualified rather than passing around jobs. The chief consideration is the welfare of the school and the pupils; and a given vacancy should be filled by choosing the applicant who is best qualified.

But the marriage status is a matter to consider; and it is a mistake to load up the system too heavily with married women teachers. It is easy for the married woman who resides in the town to hang onto her job past her time of real usefulness. When qualifications are virtually equal it would seem that the teacher who is dependent on her own earnings should be employed in preference to one who is not so dependent.

The time is past when a hard-boiled rule may be laid down barring married women from employment; but in times of unemployment like the present it is easy to direct criticism at married women who are working and keeping unmarried women—and even men—from jobs. The burden a proof ought to be on the married woman who is not dependent on her own earnings to justify her election to or retention in a position.

Albany Sets Pace

THE Albany Democrat-Herald finds cause for congratulation in the fact that Linn county has no bonded or warrant debt. The city of Albany is rapidly reducing its bonds and keeping its city warrants virtually paid up. The Albany school district has for years operated on a cash basis save for very brief intervals between tax paying periods, and is cutting down its outstanding bonds steadily.

There is genuine cause for gratification in this since it helps keep the tax levy at a low rate, money does not go out for interest, and the credits of the various municipal corporations is kept A-1.

Albany has been more fortunate (or less fortunate) than other cities of the Willamette valley in that its growth has not been so rapid as Salem, Eugene or Corvallis. These other cities have had to expand or enlarge their school and other facilities to take care of greatly increased populations, while in Albany the growth has been steadier without entailing such financial burdens.

Even so, such a good condition of finances could not be maintained without good management on the part of county, city and school district. The agitators for public improvements can always think of excuses for going deeper in debt; and Linn county has been more successful than most places in measuring its zeal for improvements by its probable income. The Democrat-Herald is fully justified in praising the public officials who without undue frugality, have made such a good record in administering the public finances in that community.

The public service commission has reduced grain freight rates twenty per cent. This is another argument in favor of abolishing the commission. It should have reduced all rates one hundred per cent. Nothing less will satisfy the Portland evening papers.

One would never think that a God-fearing town like Corvallis would have a ban on city bootleggers, and a killing or two. The trouble seems to have been not prohibition but the lack of prohibition.

Treasurer Kay gives out a report showing Oregon cities are in debt over seventy-five millions. We didn't know they were that rich.

But those debts tell part of the story why the people are poor.

Here's an item that's no longer news: the Astoria paper mill project was adjudged bankrupt Monday. The stockholders found that out two years ago.

The New York supreme court has knocked out Mexican "mail-order" divorces. There should be some plan to stop "mail order" weddings also.

Do women avoid having babies because they have so many parties to attend; or do they attend parties because they have so few babies to attend?

Secretary of Agriculture Hyde has gone fishing among the Florida Keys. That's the way the farmers ought to get relief from their troubles—spend the winter in Florida of southern California.

Elections over, football season closed. What's left in the way of raw meat in the news? Why the society scandals, of course.

The depression must be over now. We bought a can of paint to doll up our office with this week.

The college football squads will now try to do a semester's studying in four weeks.

Prof. Albert Einstein is coming to visit America. His name means "one stein." Now make your own wisecrack about that.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Cleveland, M. D.

Recently I called at a charming home where a baby of seven months was the center of household interest. It was a sweet baby, but very, very pale. The poor youngster was irritable and fretful, and gave visible evidence of a derangement.

It isn't easy to determine the cause of that particular state of health. But it demands careful study because neglect may result in disaster.

Certain rules about feeding have been laid down by the doctors. One of these relates to the frequency of the meals. In general, the age of the baby is the determining factor.

But age alone cannot be accepted as the sole test of the frequency or the richness of the feedings. There is, but one reliable test, that is the baby itself. Unless there is uninterrupted increase in weight, something is wrong, either with the quantity and quality of the milk, or with the underlying state of health.

For some reason this mother had recently lengthened the period between feedings from three hours to four hours. As I view it, the strength and vigor of the child were not sufficient to justify a limitation in the quantity of food. With fewer feedings there was not enough nourishment.

Before the new eating time came this baby was ravenously hungry. Naturally it jumped at the bottle and wanted its feeding so energetically that the milk was taken too rapidly. It swallowed a lot of air as it gulped down its food. No wonder the baby was uncomfortable and unhappy.

This is not the way to feed a baby. It should be done just right, or it is all wrong. The rubber nipple is important. If the nipple is too long, it will press against the roof of the mouth and cause gagging. The particularly important thing, however, is to have the opening of the nipple just right.

When the bottle is filled and the nipple is applied, turn the bottle bottom side up. If the milk runs out in a stream, the opening in the nipple is too large. The milk should drop, readily, but not flow.

If the opening is large, the food is taken too rapidly. It should require twenty minutes to empty the bottle. Rapid feeding may result in colic, indigestion and vomiting. Undernourishment is certain to follow.

Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Dec. 5, 1905
The most gigantic system of land frauds touching Oregon has been unearthed through efforts of Oswald West, state land agent. A gang of lawyers sold forged certificates to state school lands, these papers all bearing carefully executed forged signature of W. H. Odell, clerk of the land board until January, 1900. Extent of the operations is said to be great.

Work on the electric line through Grand Ronde valley is under way, a gang of Japanese laborers having been sent from LaGrande to that point to begin the grading operations.

A quiet vote marked the election of city aldermen held yesterday. Winners by wards were: First, R. E. Downing; second, F. G. Hiss; third, Alonzo Gosner; fourth, W. S. Low; fifth, George H. Jacobs; sixth, E. C. Churchill; seventh, John Bayne. Bayne was the only democrat elected.

Miss Beanie Smith won the house and lot offered as first prize in a subscription contest sponsored by the Statesman. Miss Nellie Derby took second place and Miss Delphine Corroyer third.

The Marion county Sunday school convention elected the following officers: W. C. Fries, president; F. H. Nett, Salem secretary; Mrs. Laura R. Osborne, treasurer.

TODAY'S PROBLEM...

A farm roller 8 ft. long and 2 1/2 ft. in diameter will pass over how much surface in 100 revolutions? Today's answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: father, 27; son 3.

North Howell Girl Honored

NORTH HOWELL, Dec. 4.—A pleasant surprise party was given Monday evening in honor of Miss Doris Rickard at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Rickard.

The occasion was Miss Doris' thirteenth birthday and a jolly evening was spent playing games. Those invited to the party included Ellen Vinton, Lucile Waitman, Lois Coomer, Celia Jefferson, Myrtle Kurro, Evelyn Coomer, Carl and Paul Hagan, Wayne Wisener, Edward Schubert, John Coomer, Anton Weolke, Raymond Jefferson, Dea Brooks, Warren McPheters, Clarence and Glen Rickard, Ernest Pickens, Stanley Vinton, Alice Rickard, Margaret Weolke, and the guest of honor, Doris Rickard.

Delicious refreshments were served during the evening by Mrs. Lucy Rickard assisted by her sister, Mrs. Jessie Coomer.



"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

So here they were, eating and sleeping and sitting within the little space of the hotel while flowers bloomed—patches of gold and purple and scarlet—near enough to smell them on the soft little wind that came down from the mountains. While waterfalls pounded (you could hear them) in the quiet of the night) and thin, curly trails wound their almost invisible way beyond the low-lying trees, beyond the bare, painted rocks, to the pinnacles of distant jagged peaks.

"As comfortable a home as any man ever had," Aunt Ellie cracked, whining voice went on biting acridly into Louise's thoughts, "and the best mattress in the world. Curly white hair, picked over once a year, mind you, and he prefers a mosquito net." So it was, adjoined Joseph Watson, "I said, 'if it's money you want to spend, I can help you, same as I've helped you save all these years.'

"Yes, Aunt Ellie." And watching one khaki clad, laughing group after another mount sturdy mules and range, sure-footed mountain horses and go riding off into the leafy distance, Louise felt, more poignantly than ever before, that life was indeed, going off without her. Here, with beauty, adventure, romance almost within reach of her finger tips, she had to sit rocking on a porch with an old lady. Her very muscles ached with cramped longing, her slim feet, planted so firmly and precisely on their neat brown slippers, itched to go. She wanted to run screaming and panting, after every laughing, outgoing party with slickers and lunches strapped on their saddles. "Wait—wait for me! Take me—take me, too!"

But being Louise, accustomed to giving way to mad longings, she sat, a pleasant enough picture in fresh rose colored linen and slick, satiny brown hair, rocking on the veranda, being nice to Aunt Ellie. Exerting herself to be still, never once did Aunt Ellie would not notice that when a dusty ranger with twinkling blue eyes stamped up the stairs and swung into the lobby, Nancy got up and followed.

From five to six, blessed hour—Aunt Ellie took her nap. "Rest," she called it. To hear her talk she never slept. Louise closed the communicating door softly now, to shut out the resounding snore and wondered if she had time to take a walk before dinner.

"Lou, darling, is that you?" Nancy poked a rubber-capped head and a wet, rose-leaf shoulder out of the bathroom shower. "Oh, Lou—I've met him. He's wonderful. I'm going over to the camp tonight with him tonight. Lordy, I'm glad we came. This is a wonderful place. Aunt Ellie isn't such a total loss. Lou, dear, lend me your new flesh chifton stockings? Mine have a run or something. I've got so much to tell you. Keep Aunt Ellie off of me tonight and I'll make it up to you tomorrow, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die."

CHAPTER XII

"He's a stranger, auntie, Nancy met him this afternoon. It's quite all right. Mama wouldn't mind. She'd be glad Nancy was going to have a good time." A piercing stare. "Oh, if you would also like to leave me to have A GOOD TIME!" "Oh, no, Aunt Ellie. Of course not!" Aunt Ellie, her suspicions aroused, wasn't easy to placate. It was real rescue when some new arrivals, surrounded with bellhops and luggage, came blinking into the light from the darkness outside and fell upon her with little cries and gasps of delight. "Papa, it's Mrs. Watson! How do you do?" "Well, Mrs. Watson, this is a surprise. A pleasure indeed!" "How do you do, Mrs. Watson?" "How do you do? Isn't it BEAUTIFUL tonight? We had the grandest trip in—we made it in SIX hours!" The Porters, mama, papa and daughters, Gladys and Elsie, were distant connections of Uncle Joseph's. Simple, good-natured folk, who toaded to DEAR Mrs. Watson, and were overcome at the thought of actually meeting her niece, the Hollenbeck girls, who were in society.

IDLE HANDS

"He isn't a stranger, auntie, Nancy met him this afternoon. It's quite all right. Mama wouldn't mind. She'd be glad Nancy was going to have a good time." A piercing stare. "Oh, if you would also like to leave me to have A GOOD TIME!" "Oh, no, Aunt Ellie. Of course not!" Aunt Ellie, her suspicions aroused, wasn't easy to placate. It was real rescue when some new arrivals, surrounded with bellhops and luggage, came blinking into the light from the darkness outside and fell upon her with little cries and gasps of delight. "Papa, it's Mrs. Watson! How do you do?" "Well, Mrs. Watson, this is a surprise. A pleasure indeed!" "How do you do, Mrs. Watson?" "How do you do? Isn't it BEAUTIFUL tonight? We had the grandest trip in—we made it in SIX hours!" The Porters, mama, papa and daughters, Gladys and Elsie, were distant connections of Uncle Joseph's. Simple, good-natured folk, who toaded to DEAR Mrs. Watson, and were overcome at the thought of actually meeting her niece, the Hollenbeck girls, who were in society.

The letter scared her a little, but it thrilled her too. It made the quick color mount to her soft, apricot colored cheek and pleasant little lines chase each other up and down her spine. There wasn't a doubt about it, Jack Beamer was in love. Terribly in love. He had broached the subject of divorce to his wife and she had agreed to be inevitable. "I shall probably have her talked into going up to Reno by September," he wrote. "Then three months and you'll be my Christmas present to myself."

Married to Jack Beamer, before the new year... thinking of that... building on that kept her from caring too much while Lou fussed over a letter from mama, complaining that papa wasn't very well, and that unless Aunt Ellie lost them some money, the electric refrigerator would have to go back, that was all there was to it, and they weren't to order anything from La Ville de Paris without consulting papa first, because there had been a very ugly letter about the credit.

Lying in bed beside Lou in the darkness, with the cool, sweet mountain air caressing her cheek, she thought about it with mounting excitement. Mrs. Jack Beamer! No more reading menus

backwards then, no more drying and ripping and making over. No more choosing of things that would be good style next year and WEAR WELL! (To be continued)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Rotary biography:
Concluding the story began yesterday, of some high lights of the life of R. H. Corey, in charge of the Salem water system: "I was in turn head of the city engineer's office in Salt Lake City on design of water supply dams and pipe lines, extensive paving and sewers; then civil engineer for the Utah Light and Railway company rebuilding 106 miles of street railway; now shops, car barns, improvements to existing hydro-electric plants and plans for a new water power plant; than two more years were spent in building the Tintic silver lead smelter and 12 miles of narrow gauge mountain railway located about 100 miles south of Salt Lake City at 7000 feet elevation."

"Some of the interesting characters I met in those days in Utah would have made a real wild west thriller for the movies. I was sent by the board to Eugene, where I met Charles, who had been U. S. deputy marshal in the nineties when the U. S. government was arresting prominent Mormons for polygamy.

Another was Tom Slade, who, some of you may remember, fought John L. Sullivan at New Orleans. We had him appointed deputy sheriff at Tintic to clean up the rough element that always followed a big construction job. He made a blunder in that he did not need a jail. Then there was young Menelick, a colored boy, who acted as interpreter for a Greek gang. He was well educated and said to be a nephew of King Menelick of Abyssinia. He was known as a renegade man and received a small monthly money order from that country. He greatly desired to ride my saddle horse which rode cowboy style with its head down. When he rode this horse, he pulled its head up like he would have an Arabian horse at home, with the result that we picked him up muttering, 'What fool was it that said 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!'

"From Utah I went to Tacoma with a former associate to have charge of the hydraulic design of the Nisqually power plant that you may see down in the canyon from the road leading up to Mt. Rainier; then to Portland in charge of the construction of the No. 2 Bull Run pipe line for city water supply. We thought it was completed quickly in two years, for the first had required more than three years, but a short time ago the third pipe line was built in a year. Construction methods are improving very rapidly.

"Then I entered more definitely into the water works field in both operation and construction, with five water systems in eastern Washington, that were purchased along with electric property of the Pacific Power and Light company. Somehow I found time also to work on the rebuilding of the Yakima gas plant and various design work of electric power plants.

"Next I landed at Coos bay as general manager of the water system, and at various times as

side issues I was connected with a dredging company, a saw mill, a veneer plant, and a ship yard. I came back from Washington, D. C. in 1917 with a shipbuilding contract that looked huge to my associates, and to myself, I admit, as we had then only an office in which to build four ships. The ship yard was built and ten hulls were launched before the close of the war to provide the 'bridge of ships' to France that the government desired. Unfortunately the wooden ships were poorly designed for even emergency war use, and peace time found the wood fleet largely rotting in the harbors.

"It might be of interest also to say that I was on the school board at Marshfield, in order that I may pass some roses to Charles Howard, our fellow Rotarian and state superintendent of schools. Our school needed a new superintendent. We had three names which were being considered. I was sent by the board to Eugene, where I met Charles, who had not met Charles, I was soon convinced we wanted him and might have to raise our expected salary offer to obtain his services in order to prevent his being retained in Eugene. We did persuade him to come to Coos bay, and certainly his motto was then and is now 'He profits most who serves best.'"

"About three years ago the Oregon-Washington Water Service company bought the Coos bay water system and brought the back into engineering again for the various plants owned by the company in Oregon and Washington. Incidentally I was pleased to transfer my Rotary membership from Coos bay to Salem at that time. I hope that we may finish the Salem filter plant, upon which construction was so suddenly suspended last May. A very large sum had already been spent but, like most water works expenditures, the construction that far was largely out of sight in a deep pit, but when finished above street level will be a beautiful structure of which the city will be proud. Needless to say that its design from a modern, efficient filter standpoint was passed upon by experts both with the company and outside.

"As a profession, engineering is most certainly worthwhile for those who enjoy the creation of new things. The romance of engineering is seen in the tremendous progress in civilization during our life time, which exceeds (Continued on page 7)

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