

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## Romance and Railroad

**JACK SHOUP**, son of Paul Shoup president of the Southern Pacific railroad, is working as a clerk in a grocery store. The romance, he says, has all gone out of railroad; the pioneering has all been done.

"Is the romance gone from railroad? Has the pioneering all been done? One wonders,"—Frank Jenkins in Roseburg News-Review.

Not only is the romance gone, but most of the profits. The slump in business has cut the earnings of the railroads until they are experiencing the worst year since 1921 when they were trying to emerge from the blight of government operation in the midst of a business depression. Fewer men are employed by the railroads of the country than in 1911.

Railroad executives are going around giving speeches and making threats of the fight they are going to make to protect their interests and preserve the roads as the country's chief transportation system. But there isn't much fight left in railroad men any more; they are sort of toothless old gentry whose bite doesn't amount to much.

The roads have been regulated and regulated until the starch is pretty well gone from their personnel. The successful railroad president today is one who can win the traffic of the big industries on one hand and pare operating costs to the bone on the other hand. In the days of our youth railroading attracted thousands of fine young fellows. It did have romance in it then. Where is the man of forty today who did not in his boyhood aspire to be an engineer or a conductor on a railroad train? Now the conductors and engineers you meet are all grey-haired men. It has become an old man's game with the young men squeezed out through bumping.

The railroads will of course recover from the present business slump along with the rest of the country. But they face a difficult struggle to preserve their place in transportation. The government fixes their rates and ever since the 1920 increase the rates have been steadily whittled down. Law limits hours of labor for employes; political boards fix the rates of pay. Taxing bodies milk the roads for constantly increasing sums for support of government. Under such stringent regulation and under sharp competition from motor and water transport, the roads have a difficult time to preserve a margin for interest on bonds and dividends on stocks. Some roads prosper; others languish. Railroad management has been able to keep the roads alive under such regulation only through increase in efficiency and through mechanical improvements in rolling stock. But there are limits to this. Trains a mile long may be practical, but not five miles long.

Since their return from government operation the roads have made good as agents of transportation. But it is not difficult to foresee with the handicaps under which it labors that private ownership may ultimately give up in despair and seek to turn the roads over to the government.

## Who Gets Last Laugh?

There is no public deception in this thrifty campaign and every printed promise is made good and no one is being deceived. The only protestant in the Statesman and its graceless lies in the fact that it lost the advertising in conjunction therewith. If it really holds there has been a violation of the law, it should take it up with the grand jury, not only here but in Portland and other cities where the same campaign has been or is being staged.

For the Statesman, with its spotted record, which because this is the season of cheer and good will, we pass by, to pose as the only protestant in the Statesman and its graceless lies in the fact that it lost the advertising in conjunction therewith. If it really holds there has been a violation of the law, it should take it up with the grand jury, not only here but in Portland and other cities where the same campaign has been or is being staged.

Adding to the merriment of the Christmas season is no small function; and if we have really helped the editor of our evening contemporary to laugh out loud we feel abundantly repaid for our efforts.

No, it is not a matter of "sour grapes" over the loss of this business. The conditions which the Statesman made when the advertising was first offered to it was that the publicity should read: "offered to the people of Salem and vicinity by . . . (name of savings and loan association) through The Oregon Statesman". We did not want the advertising where we were to appear as giving away a bank and 50 cents; and have no regrets at all over the loss of the business.

The Capital Journal may insist that the statement "Bronze bust statuettes of Lindbergh valued at \$5 and a cash present of fifty cents to be given away free by the Capital Journal"; constitutes no public deception. But when the facts are that as the promoter yesterday admitted at the Ad club, the bank costs in quantities but \$1.20, and when the Capital Journal is putting up not a dime for the bank or the fifty cents, then The Statesman submits that it is deceptive so far as the public is concerned.

## Einstein's Message

**PROF. Einstein** is the world's greatest physicist. His writings are so profound that only a few people in all the world can even understand them. Yet as he arrives for a visit to America this is his message:

"Kill the monster of militarism. Your political and economic position today is such that you can entirely destroy militarism whenever you set your hand to it."

The German professor writes from a land which has gone through hell because of the terrorism of militarism, a nation which is paying the penalties of devotion to warfare as an instrument of national policy, a country which today writes in desperation from the burdens imposed by victor nations.

So exhausting, so universally debilitating, so futile has modern warfare become that the organized intelligence and heart of the world ought to unite definitely for peace. The trouble is that each disarmament conference save that in Washington is surcharged with an atmosphere of suspicion, of fear, and of desire for competitive advantage. Instead of working for maximum reductions in armies and navies, the delegates seem to scheme for minimum reductions for themselves and maximum for other nations.

America does well to pay heed to the message brought by Einstein.

The Elks minstrel Thursday night drew a splendid house, Salem folk responded in a better-than-usual fashion. Home talent always draws a crowd; but there was the added incentive of aiding this lodge in building up its fund for Christmas charities and good cheer. The cause is worthy; and the Elks deserve a lot of credit for living up in this practical manner to the ideals of benevolence on which the order is founded.

# HEALTH

## Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

One of the most painful experiences of childhood is the ailment formerly known as "membranous croup." We hear that name infrequently these days because now it is recognized as a mild form of diphtheria.

The symptoms of this condition are caused by an inflammation of the larynx, the windpipe, with the formation of a false membrane. It usually attacks the child between the ages of two and five years.

The attack may start as a cold does. There may be some fever, and general discomfort. It may come very suddenly in other cases.

In a sudden attack which is apt to come on at night the child is awakened from sleep gasping for breath. The mucous membrane lining the throat is so swollen that scarcely any air can pass through. There is a sharp barking cough, with what is usually described as a "mewling" sound. The fever increases and the pulse is rapid.

Keep Cool. The child appears to be desperately sick. It is natural that the mother should feel terrified. But heroic measures should be taken at once, so she must be as calm as possible. The first thing to do is to send for a doctor. While awaiting his coming there are certain things to be done to give relief to the little sufferer.

Put the child in a hot bath at a temperature of about 100 degrees. Be careful not to have the water too hot, so as to scald the little patient. Try the heat of the water on your elbow to make sure it is safe for the child.

Keep the little patient in the bath for fifteen to twenty minutes. At the same time cold compresses should be applied to the head.

In an older child a hot foot bath, to which a teaspoonful of mustard has been added may be adequate to draw the blood from the upper part of the body. When this takes place it gives relief to the sufferer.

Syrup of ipecac, or syrup of squills, is sometimes given to induce vomiting so that the mucus accumulation in the throat may be cleared away. But every such remedy, all drugs, indeed, should be given only when the family doctor prescribes.

The child is usually frightened at the extreme difficulty in breathing. He wants to be taken up and carried. Keep the child well wrapped and guarded against exposure if taken from bed.

It may be necessary to apply a treatment known as "intubation." In this a tube is inserted in the throat, enabling the child to breathe. Fortunately this procedure is rare these days. Antidotes for the necessity of operation in thousands of cases.

The important thing to remember is to apply the immediate treatment I have outlined. This is likely to give relief to the sufferer.

Membranous croup is always a dangerous thing to handle. The jargon is in the narrow part of the respiratory passage, so that a slight obstruction may prove serious.

I never think of this ailment which used to be so common when I was a young doctor, without a feeling of extreme thankfulness that science has found a means of prevention. With the universal inoculation against diphtheria membranous croup will disappear.

Answers to Health Queries  
M. H. Q.—What causes pain in A.—Have a careful examination to find the cause.

## Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read  
December 12, 1905  
Conrad Krebs was a Portland visitor.

A. H. Damon, the drayman, has been missing two weeks and no trace of him has been found.

Rev. L. P. Desmarais, Catholic pastor at The Dalles for the past two years, was in the city visiting with Rev. A. A. Moore of St. Joseph's church. Father Desmarais will leave tomorrow on first lap of a 10-months journey to Europe.

After a two-year search, original copies of Salem's ordinances are found and are now safe in the custody of City Recorder, W. A. Moores.

The People's Power League, which is proposing several constitutional amendments, will hold a mass meeting in Portland to elect officers and take final action on the bills.

## TODAY'S PROBLEM

A schoolroom is 30 ft. wide and 40 ft. long. If a person must have 450 cubic feet of air, what must be the height of the room to accommodate 25 pupils, and their teacher. Today's answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: \$35.47.

MOVES HERE FROM EAST AURORA, Dec. 11.—The S. H. Stoner family are rejoicing, because of the arrival of their son, James G. Stoner who with his wife and child, have come from Lakota, North Dakota, to settle here permanently, and be near their relatives.

# FISHERMEN



## "FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

**CHAPTER XIX.**  
Once Roger went out to hunt up some government official—Louise had written his work—and left her alone.

"I won't miss you a bit, I'll do a little illegal washing in the wash basin. Maybe I'll even darn a stocking!" she told him, laughing.

But when he was gone she dragged the suitcases out from under the bed and poked and pushed through their rumpled contents, her high spirits oozed away. She didn't know where to start, there was so much to do. Louise had always done their mending and washing. She felt discouraged and helpless, surrounded by crumpled silks and sad looking linens. Even the collar chiffon dressing gown looked limp, and the French flowers on one satin mule were loose.

And the room was terrible. Sticky varnish on the dresser. None too clean lace curtains at the windows. "With we'd taken a chance and gone to a good hotel!" she moaned, but that was impossible, of course, with the Porters likely to turn up any minute. For that matter, she might run into the Beamers, staying at the palatial Riverside, where all the divorcees and everyone who was anyone stayed in Reno.

Anita Beamer, here in Reno getting a divorce so that Jack could marry her, Nancy Poor Jack! How disappointed he would be when he knew that she had flitted him for a ranger—a poor ranger who didn't mind awful hotels, and didn't know the difference between men's clothes and old . . . "It's so funny!" she thought, giggling helplessly. She thought she was laughing, but her eyes were wet, so she must be crying. Instead, Roger found her, a wilted little heap beside the scattered clothes on the floor when he came back.

"Don't leave me! Don't leave me again!" she wailed, and she lifted her in his strong arms and comforted her and laughed at her and they were both happy again.

"The first time you leave me all day I'll probably go home to mama!" she laughed, looking up at him adoringly with wet, velvety eyes.

"Oh, I guess not!" But it frightened him a little. He loved her more every day, but he realized that he didn't know her as well as he thought he did. She was so independent up there in the High Sierras, and now she was so soft and clinging. She sure cares a lot for me! He thought, half humble, half exulting. "My Nancy!"

It was only when she was clinging that Nancy felt that she knew him at all. Sometimes, seeing him at a little distance or hearing him speak to some man about something she knew she knew nothing about, he was a stranger. "That's my husband!" I'm married to him," she marvelled.

In the church where they were married he had looked so strange and unfamiliar with his unruly hair slicked down and his funny little toothbrush mustache shayed too close, that it was all she could do to make proper responses, and not cry out—"Wait—wait—I'm not sure—I'm afraid I'm getting the wrong man!"

Waking sometimes in the night with Roger, sleeping quietly beside her, she cried in the darkness because her world had turned upside down and she was all alone in a strange, queer place.

Now, with Roger's arms about her, his head tucked over her, she was happy, in spite of the shabby room, her disreputable trousseau her unquiet thoughts about mama.

"Do love you," she murmured again, contentedly.

"Well, you ought to tell your mother."

"Old maid!" she teased. Suddenly she flung her arms tight around his neck, almost choking him, kissing him wildly, again and again, and she said, "I do love you, but I hate this horrid place. Can't we go soon?"

(To be continued)

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Oregon, Dec. 5, '36.

To the Editor:  
I read your editorial on married teachers. Poor married women. Why can't the man with an income adequate to support him and his wife be called upon to give up his job to aid the unfortunate? Why not call upon the single girl with a father who can support her, to give up her job to the down and out?

No, the married woman catches it.

Outing the married woman will not solve the trouble. If a census could be made there are just as many single girls working who have fathers with far more money than have many of the husbands of married women. Why not call upon these girls to step aside for the sake of relieving hard times?

I know a girl, who three years ago inherited \$200,000 and the papers lauded her for continuing to work instead of letting the money go to her head. She is a teacher in a Washington city. Yet these same papers drag a woman teacher over the coals for working when she and her husband have been trying to support four on a working man's salary of around \$2,000 a year.

I know of two teachers in the Portland system, unmarried and with private incomes that are larger each year than the salary they receive.

It is true that there are many married women working who do not need the work but there are also many single women who also do not need the work.

One Washington city has solved this in a rather novel way. The woman whether single or married must sign a paper and fill in blanks as to the amount of salary or income her father or husband receives (the income tax helps check up) how many are in the family to be supported and this is taken into consideration when hiring women. Few women, unless it is necessary, will sign such an application if the clause is added that they have to work to help dependents and would not otherwise be asking for work.

I have taught school since being married. My children are in high school and I know do not interfere with my work as a teacher. They help in getting the house and themselves ready for school. In the evening we all help with the meals. I hate housekeeping and believe me it doesn't enter my head while I'm in the school room. But I do carry the school home to be thought over and new plans laid.

I belong to no clubs nor organizations that can obligate me in any way. I enjoy teaching, I like to have the young people around me. My mother-in-law had a "fit" when my husband and I were married. She was a "housekeeper."

"Poor, poor lad, I'm so sorry he is marrying a teacher. I never saw a teacher who could keep a decent house."

Of course now-a-days with the electrical devices we have it is an easy matter to fly through the housekeeping and there is no one home to mess it up all day.

No, you can't use that against me. I know of several single teachers who "hate" and also I'd hate to cook their own meals and have to keep their apart-

# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Gilliam saga! In the Oregon Historical Society Quarterly for March to December, 1916, there appeared, from the pen of Fred Lockley, one of the best written sketches he ever published. The Bits man proposes to steal it bodily, beginning as follows:

"My maiden name was Martha Elizabeth Gilliam," said Mrs. Frank Collins, when I visited her recently at her home in Dallas. "My father was General Cornelius Gilliam, though they generally called him 'Uncle Neal.' Father was born at Mt. Pisgah in Florida. My mother's maiden name was some Indiana Crawford. She was born in Tennessee. I was born in Andrew county, Missouri, the day before the Fourth of July in the year 1839. Father and mother were married in Missouri. I don't know the day nor the year.

"Missouri was the jumping off place back in those days and they didn't have courts and court records and licenses like they do nowadays. Any circuit rider or justice of the peace could marry a couple and no records were kept except in the memory of the bride. Father met mother in Tennessee when she was a girl; fact is she would be considered only a girl when father married her, by people of today, but in those days she was considered a woman grown.

"The women worked hard when mother was a girl back in Tennessee and they had a lot of danger and excitement thrown in with their hard work. My mother lived with her aunt. When I was a little thing I used to get mother to tell me about when she was a girl. When she was betwixt and between a girl and a woman she and her aunt were busy with the household one forenoon when some Indians Crawford. My mother's aunt shut and barred the door. The Indians began hacking at the door with their tomahawks. They cut through one board and had splintered another when my mother's aunt fired through the broken panel

of the door and shot one of the Indians through the chest. While mother's aunt was busy loading the gun my mother boosted one of the children through the back window and told him to run to the woods where the men were getting out timber for a cabin and give the alarm. After quite a spell of hacking the Indians finally cut through the door and crowded into the cabin. My mother and her aunt had crawled under the four-poster bed and before the Indians could pull them out the men came on Florida run. The Indians heard them coming and ran away, all but the one mother's aunt had wounded. Just as he was going out of the door the men shot him and he laid down and died on the doorstep.

"Nowadays a man most generally has only one job, like being a lawyer, or a preacher, or a politician or a farmer, but when my father was a young man the men folks had to do whatever came to hand. When my father was in the 'teens he was a man grown and a good shot and was good at tracking runaway slaves. They used to send him all round the country, for a heap of slaves used to take to the swamps. He made good money at the business. He was so good at tracking them and bringing them back to their owners that when he ran for money the people said, 'He is so successful catching runaway niggers, he will be good at catching criminals,' so he was voted in as sheriff.

"When the Black Hawk war came on father enlisted and served through it, and when the Seminoles were the people said, 'He is where he was born, there he made him a captain and he fought through that war. When he had finished fighting he went back to the frontier of Missouri, for everything west of Missouri in those days was Indian country. He was a great man to make friends and so they elected him to the legislature in Missouri. He got interested in religion and was ordained a preacher. He was one (Turn to page 6)

and cherish, in any way that I can? Can you blame me for resenting the slams married women get?

Please look into the things and face it from every angle. I know that as a mother I have gained in my attitude toward school work. I have a greater love and compassion, greater patience and understanding for the child and its parent than I ever did before marriage. Some have this when single. In some it awakens when they hold their own in their arms and some never have it whether married or single; mothers or 'old maids.'

Then there is another feature not yet touched. A woman in a seaside explained it to me. "Keep the money at home for local expansion and growth." Hire local teachers, single or married. They spend their money here and the salaries go back into the city's circulating fund. Married women will improve their homes and if not property owners will often become property owners and so boost the growth of the city. Insist that all teachers improve themselves by further study and so reap the gain of the teacher improvement for local schools.

"Nough said."  
Yours truly,  
ELIZABETH CROPPER.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES  
In Miniature  
Miles Standish (1584-1656)

The hero of the "Discovery" of the Northwest Coast of America. His life story is told in this miniature biography.

Romantic figures of America's past are a part of the poetry of life — ideals to spur a man toward indefinite possibilities.

Courtesy is the dominating spirit of this organization.

PERSONALITY  
Personality lends a touch of friendliness and the confidence that every wish will be faithfully observed.

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