

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## A Five-Cent Gas Tax?

FROM Eugene comes the report that a bill may be introduced in the legislature for increasing the gas tax one cent to aid county road building. We cannot believe such a proposal will get very far. We are already taxed four cents a gallon for gas, which is a twenty per cent tax on the actual cost of the fuel. Gas has been made to carry the load, but there is a limit even there.

In addition we believe our counties out definitely to plan for a reduction in road taxes rather than an increase. The Marion county court has taken a commendable step in this direction when it plans to use part of the proceeds of revenues derived from the state to pay off road bonds rather than levy taxes for the purpose.

Here are our reasons for saying the time has come for a change in policy, not drastic, but none the less definite.

First we have compressed into the period of twenty years or less more outlay for highways than in all the previous history of mankind. We have now completed the routes which carry the major portion of the traffic and a large part of the secondary roads. Future expenditures will be in improving highways already built, in widening and straightening roads, improving roads in the back country, laying out new roads or super-highways in special places.

Second, the costs of road construction have declined greatly in the last decade that we are now getting for our money much more mileage and better type of road than ever before. This reduction in cost is equivalent to an increase in taxes.

Third, there is a steady increase in gas taxes and in motor license receipts which will continue with the normal growth of population and use of cars. At the same time requirements of debt service on road bonds becomes less, which leaves larger amounts for new construction. In other words, indirect revenues will continue to increase, so counties can reduce some of their direct levies.

While there will always be vast sums expended on highways, we can now settle down and stop building in such feverish haste, because the principal portion of the vital roads of the state have been completed. There is now no great pressure for heavy outlays for roads, certainly not as compared with ten years ago.

Undoubtedly we shall continue to spend vast sums on our roads, perhaps the aggregate will not decline; but with a larger population the burden will be less per capita. If we stop to figure up the amounts of money expended on roads in the past twenty years have been enormous. The roads have generally been worth all they cost. But surely the time is close at hand when the burden may be eased somewhat.

Lane county sings a sour note when it suggests another cent on the gas tax.

## Capitalism on Trial

THOMAS L. Chadbourne, New York lawyer, who numbers among his clients many of the leading corporations, has been endeavoring to secure an agreement among the sugar producers of the world to control its surplus production. He met with success in Cuba and with the Dutch who operate big estates in Java. He failed at Paris and placed the chief blame on the Germans who failed to cooperate.

In the course of his address at the international sugar conference in Brussels, Mr. Chadbourne spoke with surprising frankness for one whose whole interests are wrapped up in the present economic system. Here is a portion of his speech:

"The sugar industry is not alone in suffering from the selfish greed of its constituent parts—greed which has so far overreached itself as to leave Cuba with 1,500,000 tons of excess sugar, Java with 500,000 and Europe with 1,200,000 tons. All industries have transgressed good economic laws and as a result there is enormous overproduction in practically all of the world's commodities. And what has that resulted in? In an unemployment situation unthought of a few years ago; unheard of for generations, if ever before.

"What I meant when I said we were trying a bigger case than sugar is that the capitalistic system is on trial. If you think people who are running the industries of the world can, by reason of this kind of greed, bring about such depressions as this and then not promptly take steps to mend them—no matter what the sacrifice might be to individuals—you are mistaken."

Such sentiments are by no means original with Mr. Chadbourne. Owen D. Young recently made somewhat similar observations. The unrestrained greed which exploits industries for profits, ravages natural resources recklessly and causes cycles of depression with unemployment and starvation cannot continue unchallenged. Those who are exploited and who suffer will, as Mr. Chadbourne says, challenge the capitalistic system "as inevitably as the earth goes round the sun."

This depression will pass as have others in former years. But the capitalistic economy whose chief claim to public support was that it did feed and clothe the people, must go through severe purging of greed and graft if it is to continue. The system is on trial.

## Freedom of Speech

THOSE Britishers have a frankness in debate that we would deem rude and indecorous. In our legislative assemblies one who speaks in any derogatory manner of another member is promptly squelched by the presiding officer. But in British members of parliament may speak their minds seemingly without much restraint. Lady Astor, who frequently excites the risibilities of her political foes, is usually quite able to take care of herself in the gunfire of running debate.

Here is a sample of what may be said in a debate in the commons without provoking a chorus of protests and a demand for apologies.

Frederick Montague, undersecretary of state for air, was showing how fantastic were the soviet charges that "Lawrence of Arabia" was an English representative in anti-soviet plots in Russia in 1928. Mr. Montague related that Lawrence, now listed as Aircraftman Shaw, was in service in India all that year. Whereupon Lady Astor interrogated:

"Isn't it true that Aircraftman Shaw is leading a perfectly quiet, respectable life?"

At this the labor member shouted:

"That's more than you are!"

And sometimes they say that Americans are crude and impolite!

# HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Convulsions in young children, particularly in infants, are commonly seen. Unfortunately, many parents assume the wrong attitude toward this disorder.

I once heard a mother say, "I had convulsions when I was a child. There is nothing to get excited about, I had them, the child has them, everybody has them."

It is true that convulsions rarely kill a child. But if remedied, the thing that actually causes the convulsions may prove very serious.

Convulsions in children are due either to organic or to functional causes. If "organic," it means that the child has meningitis, hemorrhage or tumor of the brain, absence of the brain or some other disease within the skull. Surely such conditions cannot be treated lightly.

The "functional" type of convulsion is the usual type seen. Indeed, it is by far the more common.

Certain materials absorbed from the digestive organs will cause convulsions. In such cases, if seen and recognized as such, a good dose of castor oil will bring speedy recovery.

Convulsions may be due to some body poison. This is true in diseases of the kidneys or liver.

A rare cause, but one to be warned against, is lead poisoning. This poisoning is usually due to the child's rubbing and swallowing the paint from the crib or furniture.

Children suffering from under-nourishment are particularly prone to convulsions. This is commonly seen in rickets. There is no doubt whatsoever that if all infants were properly fed, nine-tenths of the cases seen in infancy would disappear.

If a child has a convulsion, call a physician at once. You want him for his skill in first-aid. But also, it is important that he see the child while in the convulsion, so that he may more accurately determine the real cause.

The patient should be kept perfectly quiet. All unnecessary noises and excitement must be avoided. Cold in the form of ice-packs should be applied to the head. Dry heat should be applied to the body and extremities, which should be placed in a hot tub bath, which you have tested with your elbow to be sure it is not too hot.

A mustard foot bath is a good measure and may be applied as the child lies in the crib.

Internal medicine should only be given under the supervision of a physician. As soon as the convulsion has ended, the doctor will seek the cause, which must be found and treated. This is absolutely imperative and must not be neglected.

## Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Dec. 18, 1905

Attorney Kaiser and August Huckleston went to Portland to spend several days. While there they will attend the reception for Archbishop Christie.

The college of oratory of Willamette university will produce a two-act farce at the Grand Monday night in connection with the football benefit. Taking part will be: Bertha Hewitt, Mary Saloman, Olive Randall, Olive Rigby, Ralph Rand, Ronald Glover, Ralph Matthews, Wallace Trill, Edgar F. Averill, Roy Hewitt, Elmo White, Jonas Jorstad and Gussie Booth.

Total expenses of Marion county for the month of December, including salaries, were \$7,552.67.

Taxpayers of school district No. 24, Salem, have fixed an eight mill levy for the new year. This is the same figure as last year.

George H. Burnett was elected, thrice illustrious master of Hodson Council No. 1, Royal and Select Masters. Lot L. Pearce is deputy illustrious master.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

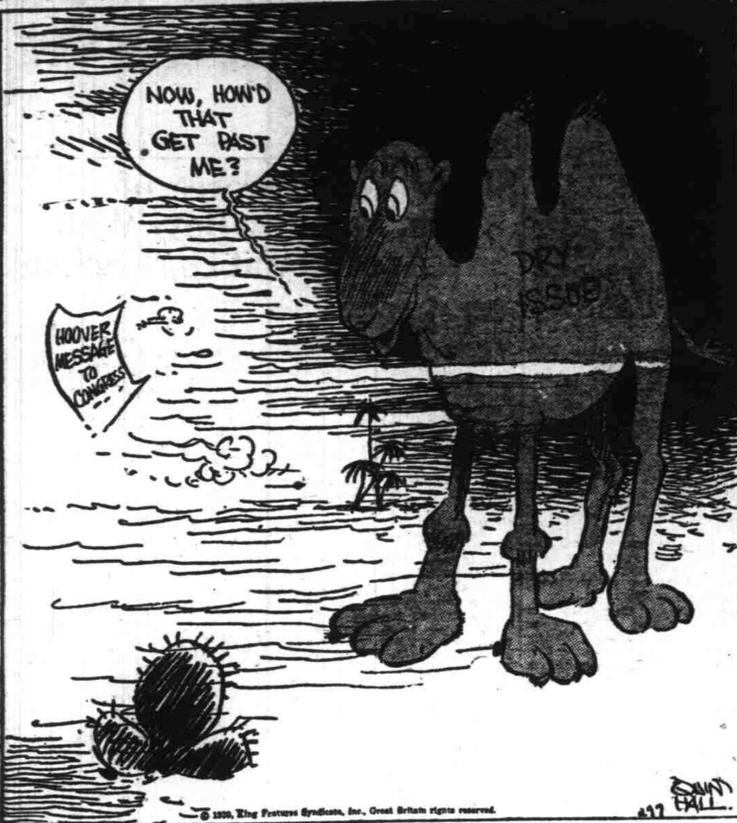
To the Editor:

We, the members of the Zonta club of Salem, an organization of business and professional women executives, believing in the destructive power of the wrong as opposed to the constructive power of the right thought, hereby petition the newspapers of Salem and other publicity agencies of the city to devote December 25th-31st of 1930 to the advancement of forward thinking; and to refrain on those days so far as lies in their power from publishing on their front page any news of crime, scandal, sorrow or depression.

And a further petition that they begin the new year for themselves and for their reading public with the expression of every possible sane concept of hope and prosperity, ignoring the troubles of the past and facing the future with a confidence which inevitably draws success in its wake.

SALEM ZONTA CLUB.

## NEVER TOUCHED HIM



## "FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

He sucked on his pipe in silence for a long moment. "Then you won't care if I take her when I'm gone for two or three days with McKimmoms?"

So he was going. He hadn't given up the idea after all.

"I don't care what you take if you don't take me."

"I can't do that, Nancy."

"You could if you wanted to. There's no rule against it, is there?"

"Now, look here, honey, don't be babyish. I've put this thing off as long as I can. We've got to go now, in a day or so."

"I'm not babyish. I'm just telling you I won't stay here without you."

"Now, now—Nancy!" He tried to touch her, to take her in his arms, but she slid through his fingers and evaded his grasp.

"Don't make it hard for me, girl!"

"Oh, Roger, don't leave me—don't—please don't!"

She wept then, and he confronted her as he would a frightened child. "Don't cry, honey. It will be all right—don't cry."

She waited, rigid, for his promise.

Roger made no promise. He did not speak again of the trip with McKimmoms.

"He won't really go," Nancy thought, watching him nervously all that night, and the next. She wanted to ask him again to reassure herself, but that would be too much like nagging. She wouldn't do that.

Sometimes she caught him looking at her furtively, a faint pucker between his brows.

And at last it came. They had just finished dinner, he was just lighting his pipe, and in a shy leave pretty early in the morning," he said, puffing and scowling at the match. "That trip I told you about, Lord, I hate to go."

All the blood in her body seemed to rush to her head in a crimson wave, then it rushed away again, leaving her white and cold.

"Then why do you go?" she asked very low.

"Oh, Nancy! You know I have to. It's my job!"

"In that case, there's nothing to say, is there?" She kept her head turned so that he could not see her face.

"Nancy! Nancy, girl, you know how I hate to go!" he said reproachfully, and strode over to where she was standing in the doorway, watching the red sunset sky fade to pink and in a shy gray. He put both arms around her, tilting her head back, so that he could see her face. She smiled faintly, and submitted limply to his kiss.

"Come now, old lady, no sulking!" He roughed her hair, and shook her playfully, but in his heart he was afraid. She was so poised, so delicately beautiful . . . so strangely, achingly far away.

His arms dropped to his side. He turned away embarrassed. He realized with sickening certainty that this great-lady manner so new to him was probably familiar enough to her friends, to her own people, to the fellow she had been engaged to.

The pipe went out. He lit another match and stared at it until it burnt his fingers.

Nancy was watching him out of indolent brown eyes.

She got up before dawn to get his breakfast. Feeling like one of the younger and more beautiful Christian martyrs—St. Barbara, for instance, she washed in cold water, put on the green linen with the box pleats that took two hours to iron, and went in to the kitchen.

Bacon and eggs and hot cakes. She would have made herself fine if she could have found a cookbook, or remembered how. But she couldn't recall whether Louise used two cups of flour or two cups of milk, so that had to do.

When it was all ready she called him.

"Say, this is something like!



"Roger, don't leave me . . . please don't!"

But see, Nancy, you shouldn't have gone to all this trouble—

"No trouble," she murmured, refilling his coffee cup. The perfect hostess, being charming to a bothersome guest.

The hot cakes stuck in his throat. He could hardly swallow.

"Maybe I can be back day after tomorrow," he said after a long silence, when the crunching of toast sounded loud as cannon and the very ticking of the clock on the shelf was maddening. "I'll try awfully hard, and if I can't it will be only one day more. You aren't afraid?"

She was staring at her unattended coffee. "I don't know. I have never been left alone before."

And then with a bubbling of the old fun: "This is my first honeymoon, you know—I'm only an amateur bride."

She lifted her eyes and laughed shakily.

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy—I CAN'T leave you!" He was crushing her so tightly that she half whimpers with the pain, even while she drew long exultant breaths of victory.

But he did leave her. He put her aside gently. "Well, I must go, dear, McKimmoms will be waiting for me at the summit. You will be all right, sweetheart. Nothing to harm you, and you can go over to Helen's for the night if you feel lonesome. I'm riding Maggie, but you could ride around by the road in the car, or hike up the trail for that matter, it's just a step—you'll be all right."

"Yes, I'll be all right," she forced herself to repeat after him. She waved until horse and rider were only a puff of dust in the smoky distance. Her lips were still parted in a frozen unnatural smile.

When she could no longer see or hear him she went back into the house and stood looking at it, as if she were seeing it for the first time. Roger's house—his books—his chair—his brown army blankets.

A window slammed. The boards began to creak. Wave after wave of homesickness swept over her, and loneliness, bitter and cold.

Two days—two days and two nights—

"It's no use. I can't stand it!" she whispered. She began to walk around aimlessly, moving from room to room, wringing her hands. "It's no use, I can't stand it. I wasn't meant for this kind of a life!"

Nancy had been home a day! She was lying on the davenport in the living room, listening to Lou strumming on the old square piano and mama retailing the latest gossip.

"You did perfectly right to leave them, mama was saying for the tenth time, and I for one never want to see or hear of those Porters again. If they ever call here, I'm not home, do you hear me, Louise?"

Nancy smiled faintly and closed her eyes. The thick, dark

lashes sweeping her cheek made her look oddly pale. "I knew the altitude wouldn't agree with her," mama thought, thrilling to her beauty even while she worried about her health. "This is the last time I let her go visiting, any strange girls! The very idea!"

Fondly she reached for her shawl to cover Nancy, who seemed to have dozed off, poor child. Tenderly she spread it over the sleeping girl.

"There!" she said aloud. Nancy's hand lay on the pillow. Mrs. Hollenbeck stared at it, her eyes bulging.

"Louise—Nancy's hand—she—she's—" mama faltered, pointing.

Louise jumped up from the piano at the very moment that Nancy with a little cry sat bolt upright and stared at them in horror. "What—what—she began, almost afraid to look. She COULDN'T—she couldn't have left on her wedding ring—she look it off long before she got home. But what else could make mama—"

At last her eyes turned downward. She saw her hand, innocent of rings. "Well! What IS the matter?" she cried.

Mama smiled, but continued to point. "You hands, Nancy—they're terrible. All chapped and your finger nails broken . . . I declare, if you have to come home from a trip looking like that—"

Nancy put both hands behind her. "I thought it was terrible, but at the very least! You—you frightened me!"

"You frightened me!" mama quavered. "It gave me a turn. Seeing one of my girls with hands like that! It's a—washer woman. What did you do to ruin your pretty nails?"

"I went to the High-Sierras—those nice dooskin—"

"I KNOW. Can't I have a good time without thinking of my fingers for five minutes? We made fires and—oh, you don't understand!"

"No. When I was a girl I didn't have to ruin my nails and spell all my lovely clothes to have a good time. I had too much consideration for my dear mother who gave them to me—"

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## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Gilliam saga: Continuing from yesterday, concluding this series, and still quoting Mrs. Frank Collins, General Cornelius Gilliam's daughter: "In 1848 Dave Lewis was elected sheriff of Polk county. In the fall of that year, 1848, he resigned to go to the California gold mines. My brother, W. S. Gilliam, or Smith Gilliam, as he was usually called, was appointed in his place.

"In February, 1852, William Everman killed Serenas C. Hooker, a Polk county farmer. Hooker accused Everman of stealing unappreciated duty of hanging Everman. His brother Hiram was tried for being an accomplice. He had helped his brother get away. Hiram was generally considered a good man. I believe that William Everman, who killed Hooker, was mentally deranged. Enoch Smith was sentenced to be hung for being accessory to the crime, but was pardoned and Dave Coe, who was also tried for being an accomplice, secured a change of venue. Hiram Everman, the brother of the murderer, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary; but as there was no penitentiary and they didn't want to build one for the exclusive benefit of Hiram Everman, they decided to sell him at auction. Dave Grant, who was a brother-in-law of Sheriff Smith Gilliam, was the auctioneer. They put him up for sale here in Dallas. Hiram was sold the day his brother was hung. Theodore Prather bought him. When he had worked out his three years Prather gave him a horse and saddle and \$20. He went to Douglas county and raised a family and was a good citizen.

"Frank Nichols, who married my sister Sarah, was the next sheriff. One of his first jobs was hanging Adam E. Wimple. Wimple had stayed for a while at our house in 1845. He married a 13-year-old girl in 1850 and within a year killed her. They lived in Cooper Hollow, four or five miles from Dallas. My brother-in-law, Alex Gage, and his wife stopped at Wimple's house the morning he killed her. Mrs. Wimple's face was all swollen and her eyes were red from crying. Wimple saw they noticed it, so he said 'Mary isn't feeling very well this morning.' My brother-in-law and his wife had not gone over a mile and a half when they saw smoke rising from where the Wimple house was. They hurried back and found the house in flames. It was too late to save anything in the house. When the fire had burned out they found Mrs. Wimple under the floor partially burned. Wimple had disappeared. He was more than double her age. She was 14 and he was about 35. A posse captured him and brought him to Dallas. I knew Wimple well, so I asked him why he had killed Mary. He said, 'Well, I killed her. I don't really know why.' (It may interest some reader to know that the Bits man was born in Cooper Hollow, but spent a long time after that; how long, he is not going to tell here.)

"There was no jail so Frank Nichols swore in four guards, but Wimple got away and was gone four days before they found him and brought him back. They tracked him to the house where he had killed his wife. I went over to stay with my sister, Mrs. Nichols, while he was boarding there waiting to be hung and I helped her cook for him. Frank hung him early in October, 1852. Wimple sat on his coffin in the wagon when they drove to the gallows where he

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The crop value per farm worker in North Carolina is \$1,052.