

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Marble Cake in Politics

THE Baker Democrat-Herald finds it difficult to define the terms republican and democratic as applied to political parties. The perplexity is by no means confined to the perspicacious editor of that vigorous newspaper. The common voter is having his own difficulties in the matter. Regularly he registers as a republican, unless by virtue of strong heredity he must forsake the ancestral shibboleths, and with equal regularity seems to pick and choose without regard to party, principles or practice.

This is the way the Democrat-Herald describes the present political motley which cloaks the country. "The present party alignment is worse than a jelly. The republicans have people from Brookhart to Mellon. The regulars say the insurgents are not republicans at all, while the latter retort that they represent the party rank and file and that the regulars merely represent the big interests. Nobody can say with absolute certainty which is the real article and which the counterfeit, but certainly both types do not belong under the same banner. There are also wets and drys, high and low tariff enthusiasts or what have you.

The democratic party includes southern conservatives, northern and eastern radicals, fanatical drys, fanatical wets, ku kluxers and Tammanyites, a hodge podge that has no equal in American political history except the present day republican party. What to do about it? There is the rub, for the basic causes are traditional loyalties that have outlived their usefulness, plus multiplicity of issues.

"About all that can be said of the two national parties is that they are competing for the job of running the U. S. A. and the various states. They flip-flop around as their interests and those of the men who rule them dictate. Self government suffers by their lack of definite principles and policies, but at present no one sees any way out. To expect all the progressives from the republican party might start something big but it won't happen because parties are trying to attract more members, not drive out those they already have. No republican leader wants to make the party exclusive or socially elite at the expense of numbers. The present confusing situation will continue indefinitely. Sometime it will be corrected but when or how is foreseen not.

We hope the Democrat-Herald will not become cynical because of the obscurities of the situation. There is always the chance that new issues may galvanize people into action and cause sharper cleavages than are manifest at present. And until they appear the discerning editor will have to look behind mere party labels for the merits of such issues as may be uppermost in the public mind.

There is little more anomaly in a political party which claims the membership of Mellon and Brookhart as in a religious communion like the Methodist for instance with Harry Ward and Harry Daugherty. And we recall that Woodrow Wilson and Will Hays at one time served as Presbyterian elders.

Four Eastern Systems

THE four-way division of transportation systems in eastern United States is important in that it settles what has been rather a disturbing problem in railroading. The 1920 transportation act directed consolidations into a few great systems. Naturally there was keen rivalry among the great roads that no road should get marked advantage in obtaining some of the smaller systems. The great rivals are the Pennsylvania and New York Central with the Baltimore and Ohio and the Van Swearingen system including the Nickel Plate, Erie and Chesapeake and Ohio only a little less powerful.

Times after time heads of the roads have met to parcel out the territory; but always fears and ambitions prevented a settlement, much after the manner of nations gathering to talk disarmament. The work of President Hoover was doubtless merely that of an interested arbiter who with impartiality settled some of the items in dispute.

There should be no particular objection to the four-system arrangement. The interstate commerce commission proposed five. But its fifth system was a monstrosity wholly impracticable from a financial and operating standpoint, bundling together the Wabash and the Seaboard, lines with no contacts and no common interests, the former still far from being a strong road, and the latter now in receivership.

Competition will still be ample in the eastern territory. Besides the competition among four great systems, there is the ever-present competition of motor and water transport.

There is this advantage in the settlement of the matter. It removes uncertainty which is always a bar to forward business. The stock market interpreted the settlement as a bullish feature, and while there is little prospect of much tangible benefit for a long time to come, the settlement does give a note of firmness to the eastern railroad situation.

Motherhood in America

WHAT is wrong with American women? Statistics show that the death rate in maternity cases in this country is higher than in 21 countries. In Uruguay the death rate is 2.2 per 1000 cases; Finland 3; England 4.1; United States 6.5. Even such countries as Hungary, Chile, Japan, Salvador have lower maternity death rates.

Dr. Louis I. Dublin, leading authority on vital statistics, says that the rate is greatly reduced where women have proper medical care. But that is hardly the correct answer to the question, because in many of these countries the women have little or no medical attention. In many cases midwives alone assist in child-birth.

Are our women weaker in body than foreign women? Are they more delicate? Do the unsanitary conditions in many foreign lands serve in a way to immunize mothers from danger from infection?

We think our women are more athletic, more devoted to the outdoor life, and better trained in health habits than in other lands. True, but our women also do less rigorous work; so while healthy their bodies may not be as inured to physical hardship as those of foreign lands.

It is not a matter to be glossed over. Motherhood takes woman into the valley of the shadow; and fear of the dangers is a deterrent to many from assuming the responsibilities of motherhood. Until we can get a better understanding of the deficiency in American motherhood it is of utmost importance to provide the best of medical care and nursing as a protection to the mothers of our race. Perhaps further study may disclose the need of some changes in woman's manner of living which will put her more on a par so far as safety goes, with her sisters in Japan, Estonia, and Chile.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

What does the New Year's day mean to you? Is it a day of regrets, or one of hopeful outlook? What is your attitude toward the coming year?



It is the ambition, the imagination, the foresight of man that makes him different from the lower animals. He can plan, and, having planned, can make his dream a reality.

It is natural for one to translate life into terms of health. I do this because long experience has taught me that, in comparison, nothing else counts. One of the comforting facts of today is that the horrid concoctions, medicines and local applications of the other days have been thrown into the rubbish heap. They have been discarded by all thinking persons. They did very well in the ignorant past, but in 1931 we are more enlightened.

Right living is known now to be more important than all the prescriptions that can be written. Disease and death are defeated by preserving the body rather than by "curing" it, or repairing it.

There will never come a time when the family physician, and the specialists too, will not be needed. But more and more, their task will be to keep us well, not to get us well. By their timely advice we shall be turned away from practices that result in harm. Early attention will help them to help us. They are consultants whose services should not be neglected. In this capacity they are really as essential for mankind as they were thought to be when vile compounds and massive dosing were popular.

We should thank Almighty God that we live in 1931, not 1831, 1731, or any other '31. This is a wonderful age. It has given us scientific knowledge of remedial agents, marvelous instruments of precision, undreamed-of manual skill, and mechanical and electrical devices, which mean everything to our physical welfare. It has set our minds at rest, clearing them of superstitions, traditions and silly beliefs.

On the health side of life, there never has been another time when a year could be faced with greater confidence. Progress is being made in the control of cancer, tuberculosis, Bright's disease, the ailments of heart and blood vessels, and, indeed, in almost every human ailment. Infancy and old age are being guarded against disease. In every age group increasing knowledge is lessening human suffering.

Every prospect pleases and only man is wiser," sang the Bishop of Calcutta. The year 1931 is part of a period where man is widening his knowledge, living more sensibly and no longer does he deserve to be reviled. Let us turn our full part this year to live up to the new health knowledge. Good health is largely our individual problem and when it is so considered it will be kept by everybody. Let us face 1931 with a firm and steadfast determination to live right.

The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1931.

Safety Valve, Oregon Statesman, Salem, Oregon, Dear Editor: I wonder if those who rave over Amos and Andy radio programs have ever clocked the actual time given to those fanatics each night? I think investigation will reveal that one can listen to Amos and Andy about 9 minutes only, the other 6 minutes being taken up by repetitions of canned music, tiresome spolia about the so-called wonders of Peppercorn tooth paste.

I was a former user of the said dentifrice, but since listening to the ho, ho and baloney used in the song to put it over, I have concluded to use it no more. It is my idea that any product that demands nightly and almost ceaseless repetition of sales talks, is a commodity that does not sell satisfactorily on its merits alone. Yours truly, "A Listener in."

Goetz to Speak To Young Folks

SILVERTON, Jan. 1.—Trinity Young People's society is giving a program and lunch at the church Sunday following the next. The speaker of the day is Robert Goetz, superintendent of Silverton schools. The entire program is to be given by men and includes the following numbers: Instrumental solo, Norman Jensen; recitation, Donald Moser; piano solo, Palmer Torvend; address Robert Goetz, selections by Trinity orchestra; Boy Scout demonstration; vocal solo, Rev. H. L. Foss.

DAVIS' HAVE SON SILVERTON, Jan. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Roland Davis of Portland announce the birth of a son, December 27 at the Good Samaritan hospital. The baby weighed 7 pounds and 3 ounces. He has been named Lester Arthur. Mrs. Davis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius A. Silvertion. Her wedding a year ago was a social event here. She is a graduate of the University of Oregon.

GANGWAY!



"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXIX

A new year . . . new promise . . . off with the old, on with the new . . . A new world of luxury, of fast cars, fine horses, lovely gowns . . .

Jack driving expertly, swiftly looked at her and laughed. A real laugh, full of the joy of living.

"How about a little nip?" He pulled to the side of the road, and drew out the familiar silver flask.

"Why not? Nancy drained the little cup. Jack drove faster than ever after that. Nancy slumped in her seat, humming, watching the telegraph poles fly past.

The stock farm, Eagle Ranch, was on the highway, a short two hours from town. A high board fence screened it from the road, and the gate was locked. But once inside you came upon grassy, rolling meadows, trim white buildings, and the perfectly tended private race track.

"Like it?" he grinned. "Oh, Jack! It's—it's perfect!" "Wait till you see the Nevada property . . . but I've got some promising ponies here—"

They waded through high, wet grass. The stables loomed ahead. "Want to ride?"

Did she? Nancy ached to get into a saddle. "But I didn't bring any riding clothes—"

Never mind, there were plenty in the house. To whom did they belong? Nancy wondered, pulling on a boot. Powder, brushes, rows of silken gowns . . . Anita Beamer's? Surely Mrs. Garfield would not have all this. . . But she could not think very well . . . those unaccustomed drinks . . .

They rode through meadows yellow with flowering mustard, over soft dirt roads, around the race track . . . fast . . . faster . . . Nancy's hair was flying, her cheeks were scarlet. . . Once she asked, "But where is Mrs. Garfield?"

"Drop that curb!" Jack shouted. "Just a firm hand on the snaffle—these, that's fine. You'll make a horsewoman yet."

Nancy glowed. She was riding Eagle Moon Maid, by the great hunter, Diarmuid, out of the famous French line. Jack's most promising hunter . . . think of it! Riding Moon Maid . . .

Long before they were tired it was dusk. "Hurry!" Jack cautioned. "You can't keep these temperamental chink cooks waiting!"

"Six minutes!" Panting, tingling with excitement Nancy slammed the door of the pretty bedroom behind her, and pulled off her riding things.

She had brought her rose crepe dinner dress . . . now where was the suitcase. Powder, silk stockings, her little satin slippers were scattered about. The bath water running down the drain. . .

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for God's sake, Nancy—don't stand there doing nothing! I tell you my wife's here . . . Here, take your stuff and finish dressing in the kitchen. If you hear anyone coming, dive into the pantry. I'll sneak out after dinner and drive you into town or I'll get Tucker, the groom—"

"I was slamming her things into the bag as he whispered. Crumpling the rose crepe, spilling powder, pushing her into the corridor— panting— shoving— Jack's of the beautiful manners, the generations of noble family?"

"Where's Mrs. Garfield?" Nancy jerked away angrily. "This is ridiculous. Call Mrs. Garfield. I won't hide—I won't—"

For a moment she thought he was going to cover her mouth . . . gag her. . . Tears of futile rage choked her as effectively as if he had.

"Please, Nancy—please!" he was whispering hoarsely. "Please go. The Garfields aren't here. They've gone for the week and Anita knows it—"

"They aren't here." Her voice rose again. Indignantly she shook off his hands. "But you said . . . that was your own sake . . . step on it. Get into the kitchen. And stay there . . . quick!"

She was in the kitchen. The steamy, odorless kitchen, with the door banged shut behind her and an old Chinaman in a white apron carrying her suitcase, cooking rose crepe and a long, silk stocking, into the pantry.

Scarlet with shame, sick with disappointment and fear, she followed the old Chinaman.

"She dressed in the semi-darkness of the pantry, surrounded by plates.

"Well, I don't know what struck you," Jack Beamer said, half humorously, addressed his rolled and bundled wife.

"Just Nancy out of the way he felt better. He'd be able to master the situation yet.

"I wanted some air, and it is a pleasant ride down here," she said in her flat, thin voice. She was taking off the heavy wraps in which she was enveloped. Her and, tired eyes, moved about the neat little living room. She held her head slightly on one side, as if she were listening.

Jack's good humor vanished. "Snapping, was she? . . . Just why did you come here?" He demanded roughly, striding over to her, taking her firmly by

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The name Oregon: A Salem friend has asked the Bits man to give the origin of the name of Oregon. It cannot be done, with certainty. There has been a great deal of dispute about it.

Perhaps as good an authority as any on the subject was Bancroft, who discussed the matter in the first volume of his History of Oregon, page 17, where, under the heading, "The Name of Oregon," he says:

"In regard to the word Oregon, its signification and origin, I will here give what is known. Its first appearance in print was in the book of Jonathan Carver, who therein represents that he heard from the natives in the vicinity of the headwaters of the Mississippi, to which region he penetrated as early as 1766, of a great river flowing into the great western ocean, and called by them the Oregon, Grogan, or Origan. Nothing is said by Carver of the meaning of the origin of the word. It is doubtful whether Carver understood the natives, or whether they made such a statement, though there may have been some sound or symbol by which or from which to coin the word.

"There could have been no object, apparent to us, for him to misrepresent; he could never have dreamed that this probably meaningless sound, caught up from the wind by his too attentive ear, should ever be applied to the designation of a great progressive state. From his standpoint, it was as much to his credit to report a great river to which there was no name, as one to which there was a name; or he may have preferred to manufacture a name. We cannot tell. But if so, he did it in a most foolhard and bungling manner, in evidence of which I will further explain.

"As a rule, the originals of America have no name for their rivers, and mountains, and lakes. It is not necessary that they should have; they can live by but one river at one time, and that to them is 'the river.' Or they may apply to it, as to other natural objects, general, local, or descriptive terms; it is common for the town, country, river, and tribe to be designated by the name of the chief, which name changing, changes all the rest.

"According to Blinchet in Historical Magazine, ii, 335, the lower Chinooks called the Columbia 'yakait-wimalk,' 'great river,' purely a general and descriptive term, or no name at all. Chief Factor Tolmie, of the Hudson's Bay company, writes: 'Indians have names only for particular localities, and not for rivers. The white people gave the name Wallamet to the whole Wallamet valley and river.'

"When Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition, visited the coast about Tillamook Head, he understood the Indians to say spooi ojedwa pomeord Agui tuji

"Go on, rub it in." "But, Jack, I have to! If I didn't you'd leave me. I know—I know you want a divorce. It's my only way to—to keep you—"

"Nonsense!" "But you told me so yourself . . . how can I think anything else?" She was sniffing now, dabbling at her plait nose with a lace-edged handkerchief, her eyes pleading, pleading for him to deny it.

"Dinner ready!" the Chinaman said. (To be continued)

by trading with the Indians over the Shooshticum or Columbia river. There can be no doubt of Clark's misapprehension of the meaning of his informant, for the word was never heard of afterward, and it certainly bears no resemblance to the one whose origin we are seeking. With reference to this case I made special inquiry of an intelligent chief of one of the most intelligent tribes of the region of the upper Columbia, the Nez Percés, living on one of its tributaries, whether it was possible for that stream ever to have had a distinctive appellation by which it was known to any people upon it, or about it, or about the headwaters of the Mississippi, or Missouri, or any other stream; and he assured me, what I knew before, that it was not possible.

"It is very certain that the word does not belong to any of the several dialects of the territory drained by the Columbia river. In looking for traces of it among those of the country traveled over by Carter, in which the sound is wanting, words must be looked for with the cognates in other consonant. In the Iroquois language the word wregon, meaning 'all,' is closely related to 'great,' as in kwan and kowance of the Oneida and Cayuga dialects. It is to be noted here that the Iroquois speak far and wide with the fur traders.

"In the Algonquin tongue ouni-gan, according to Mackenzie, signifies 'portage;' while again in Iroquois, according to Schoolcraft, iior-oga meant 'a place of water rocks,' 'a being 'water,' 'oga' a place, and an abbreviation of 'tar,' 'rock.' Gan, in Algonquin, Knisteneaux, Ojibwa, Snake, and other Indian tongues, is a common ending. In Algonquin, gan signifies 'lake,' being usually, however, combined with other words, as in Sagoyah and bungling manner, in evidence of which I will further explain.

"The terminal syllable in the different dialects is variously pronounced gan, gun, gon. In the Shoshone language occur two words bearing some relation, if not a very near one, to the subject. O-gwa, says Stuart in his Montana, means 'river,' and O-rook-un 'under,' 'on the bottom,' and a word of like sound in Algonquin has a similar meaning. Schoolcraft mentions that o is a common prefix to the names of various parts of the body. Besides these various analogous sounds and meanings in several of the different languages, which in the Oregon territory one river with the prefix o and the terminal gan—the Okanagan.

"After all this research we arrive at nothing nearer than that the word gan existed in several dialects to water in some form, and might possibly be used to signify a river, any river, but not necessarily the Columbia."

(This will be continued to morrow.)

(The Bits man would like to say, to several good friends, that he has found where William Brooks was buried; also has been supplied with many facts concerning that strange Marion county farmer who gave so much money to help in establishing Christian missions in Africa. More about this later.)

666
is a doctor's Prescription for COLDS and HEADACHES. It is the most speedy remedy known.
666 also in Tablets.

Here's January 2nd . . .

The Question is--
Have We Your Coat?

21 Dress COATS
15 Tailored COATS
Sizes: 14's to 40's only

The prices will so astonish you that you will be disappointed indeed if YOUR Coat is not here.

MACK'S
395 N. High