

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The State Library

CALLING at the state library the other day, Miss Harriet Long, the librarian, told us of how a letter had just come in from out in the state asking the library to send out some supplemental reading books for a group of children, stating the people were too poor to buy books and were pooling their pennies to pay the postage on books from the state library. Miss Long had other letters from persons desirous of literature and from one we recall, a woman, married, only 21, who wanted to start a reading course to resume the education which was interrupted with her withdrawal from school.

There is scarcely any other institution which gets "more mileage" out of its dollar than the public library; and the state library reaches those people and communities which need library service the most. In the last biennium it loaned 341,395 books, making 65,603 shipments, a gain in shipments of 16,821 and of loans of 65,540. Yet it did all this work with less money than for the preceding biennium.

The state library needs more room, better facilities for handling its work, more books. It also needs a reading room of research where students and citizens may come and go through library material on special subjects. While distinctly a mail order library, it is often easier—and cheaper for the state if the one to be served can come to the library and conduct his research. As it is now he is almost an intruder so ill-equipped is the library to serve him.

Realizing that economy is necessary, the library board asks only what it deems absolutely necessary to carry on its work during the biennium, and the request has been included in the budget submitted to the legislature. This department, we believe, is one of the few where an increase is warranted.

Reform Hits Corvallis

CORVALLIS is having a hard time to tell whether it is pure or impure. The city is rather sharply divided on the subject. Most people who are acquainted with the town, both residents and occasional visitors, have thought it was a pretty decent city, one where it was safe in which to rear a family. The recent bootlegger killing and trial drew forth evidence of the town's law violations and some people are all excited in the belief that the town is really a hell-hole of iniquity.

Corvallis is just about like Albany, Eugene and Salem in these respects. The majority of its people are law-abiding folk. Then there are those who want their likker without making it, so the bootlegger group comes in. This isn't large, it doesn't need to be; but it takes care of the business, flouts the officers and gets away with it.

This fellow Mills who was killed in Corvallis was a known bootlegger, had been arrested before. Likewise in most of our towns there are men known to be followers of that trade. They may get by, or they may be nabbed; it isn't an easy matter for officers to apprehend a smooth bootlegger in any law violation.

Corvallis may profit from the current reform wave; and town house-cleanings are often a good thing. But with all their vigilance there is bound to be a certain amount of bootlegging, gambling and other vices even in such sanctimonious communities as we have in the valley.

Another Thrilling Chapter

MRS. Howard has written another thrilling chapter in the famous Bowles case in Portland. The plot thickens, and the mystery deepens. The tale reaches the proportions of a best seller. It is real enough to have come out of a book. Ten years from now perhaps, the names will be changed and the narrative published in the pulpwood red-backs of the day.

There seems to be something phoney about Mrs. Howard's connection with the Bowles case. Her photograph shows a woman of middle-class respectability, and her house is likewise modest. One wonders how she could have become intimate with the madame of 1 Luray circus. Her story scarcely seemed plausible and if true was of little consequence to the case, being all hearsay and inadmissible as evidence.

Yet there she is, stabbed and bruised, with no sign of a weapon around. Who was her assailant and what were his motives? Here in truth is a case to tax Sherlock Holmes and Philo Vance. Compared with it the case of Mrs. Bowles herself is clear as crystal. One trouble with the detective stories of real life is that the solution too seldom appears.

Britain is about done for. Coal strikes and cotton mill lock-outs; at home; heavy unemployment, burdensome taxation, costly doles; and abroad the white dominions practically independent nations, and the dark subjects restless as in India. The sun may not yet set on British territory, but it illuminates a badly battered empire.

There is a rumor that Charles G. Dawes will be called back to become chairman of the republican national committee. That would be interesting. Charley would "hell 'n' Maria" those rebel senators around in great shape. One thing sure he wouldn't have to resign in six months either.

By the way have you read the rools of the circus court of Marion county? Ask your lawyer for a copy.

The La Grande Observer doesn't go in much for humor, but it had this head the other day: "Clara removed from position in 'City Streets'." Gutter or lamp-post?

With Marshall Dana and Kennie Harlan both in Washington, D. C., we can't imagine where the dickens all this wind has been coming from—Oh yes we can, it's their oratory coming clear round the globe.

The Clackamas cringers at Frog Pond congratulate Gov. Meier for staying by his campaign promises and supporting the grange power bill. Everyone turn to number 29 of the hymnal and sing: "Standing on the Promises."

Woodburn

WOODBURN, Jan. 17—The second meeting of the year for the Woodburn chamber of commerce will be held at the Saint Luke's hall Wednesday evening, January 21. The meeting will start at 8:30. A speaker for the evening has not yet been chosen. Elma Doris Havemann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Havemann of Woodburn is one of the 123

students attending the University of Oregon who have their names on the school's honor roll. Miss Havemann had an average grade of 1. This unusual record was made by Elma Doris in the Romance languages the subject in which she is majoring. The honor roll is composed of students with grades no less than II in any subject.

Percy Chapelle of Newport is visiting at the home of his mother, Mrs. Clara Chapelle.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.



DR. COPELAND

Gas poisoning is not uncommon. We read of it daily in the papers. The city hospitals are always caring for cases of this sort.

A great deal was learned concerning gas poisoning during the World War. With the added popularity of the automobile, more victims of gas poisoning are coming to our attention.

Carbon monoxide, the poisonous ingredient of most gas, is the element that produces the marked and dangerous symptom. As a matter of fact, carbon monoxide is one of the most deadly of the gas poisons.

This particular gas combines with the blood, producing a chemical reaction of great damage to the body. Carbon monoxide produces more deaths than any other poison known. It is present in the exhaust gases of the automobile, more victims of gas poisoning are coming to our attention.

Since the damaging effect of this gas is very rapid, great attention must be paid to the prevention of undue exposure to it. Never run your automobile motor in a closed garage. If you are tuning up your motor, or tinkering with the car with the motor running, make sure the windows and doors are wide open.

Proper ventilation must be maintained at all times. This is particularly true in homes that are heated by hot-air furnaces. The chief signs of poisoning by gas are dizziness, headache, noises in the ears, throbbing at the temples, nausea and vomiting usually precede a sleepy feeling which soon comes on.

The services of a doctor are extremely necessary for the care of one who has been gassed. While waiting for the doctor see to it that the patient receives plenty of fresh air. He should be kept warm and, if necessary, artificial respiration must be applied. If this is not needed, and his breathing is normal, keep him quiet.

Most people are under the impression that walking will stimulate the weak lungs. In this type of gas poisoning it is best that there be no strain placed upon the heart. The patient should be kept in bed, warmth applied and stimulants given if necessary. Coffee may be given liberally.

In a more serious case of gas poisoning it is only by the use of the pulmotor that resuscitation can be accomplished. These machines are now found in all hospitals, police quarters and in municipal centers. Call up the police department, the health department or the gas company.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

SOCIETY AND POLITICS
Revival of the inaugural ball as the social climax to a program introducing a new political administration is something more than a graceful gesture of hospitality from the capital city. It is a function that tends to restore official life to a dignity and distinction which our free and easy democratic manners have not always maintained.

In the present instance, the amazing majority which elected Julius Meier makes his inauguration a matter of statewide rejoicing, and makes a social celebration of the event particularly appropriate.

With this auspicious beginning, let us hope that a precedent has been established and that a proper amount of somewhat formal entertaining may heighten the prestige of political authority.

We would not turn snobs or courtiers, but it is right to remember that the governor is not only the servant of the people. He is also, by their choice, a dominant figure wielding under the law the supreme authority of the state; his honor and dignity as well as guardian of its material properties and director of its governmental activities.

KEEPING UP THE SPEED



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"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER III

"The triple rescue was effected by J. J. MacKimmmons, Decatur's assistant at the Gales Flat station.

"Beamer's body was removed early this morning. No funeral arrangements have as yet been made. Mrs. Beamer's father, Virgil Shalor, millionaire steel magnate of Pittsburgh is hurrying to his daughter's bedside."

Nancy read it through to the end. Read it again . . . R. E. Decatur, a ranger . . . critically injured. . . R. E. his name even Roger . . . they had not troubled to find that his name was Roger.

As if from a great distance she heard the chatter of the family. Mama's voice . . . "Have everything finished before the whole name? It would have helped a little."

Papa talking about interest—grandma talking—everybody happy—everybody wrapped up in themselves, and Roger—oh, why didn't he help the whole name? It would have helped a little.

In a small, unnatural voice she said "Did you see . . . paper?"

Out of the fog of their family chatter mama's voice detached itself, floated to her as if from a megaphone:

"About Jack Beamer? Killed, and his wife hurt too. I meant to speak of it. It just goes to show that you can't be too careful."

"Jack Beamer? Well!" Papa was interested. "Jack Beamer? He looked at Nancy's small pinched face, and looked hastily away again. He was frightfully

in the state's political life. They help to break down the barriers of divided opinion and smooth out the roughness of personal antagonisms.

We need more big parties at Salem that bring all parties together, and fewer little parties that meet quietly in some hotel room and release no guest lists to society reporters.—Portland Telegram.

LAY SERMON

THE PHILOSOPHY OF VALUE

"The philosophy of nature is one thing, the philosophy of value is quite another thing."—Bertrand Russell: "What Bertrand"

This is quite a concession from this modern philosopher whose background is the exact science of mathematics. We are accustomed to measure in the physical world: scales, yardsticks, quart bottles, thermometers. We are confounded when it comes to fixing standards in the spiritual world. We know the meaning of ten pounds of flour, or a quart of milk; but we have neither qualitative nor quantitative measuring rods for the virtues which we espouse.

Yet we firmly believe these virtues have value. Truth, honesty, courage, self-sacrifice, they have value though we may not weigh them in a balance, measure them in a glass, or break them into chemical elements.

Religion if it be worth while is the cultivation of these finer values of life. We weave the fabric of our lives by the choices which we make—of friends, of thoughts, of deeds. Religion is the monitor which admonishes us when we are making these choices: Always choose the best. Is it a companion? Is it a book to read? Is it leisure to be enjoyed? Then select the best, for your own safety and your own growth.

Browning summed it up well in these lines:

"O, if we draw our circle premature, Headless of the god,
Greedy of quick returns of profit,
Sure, had it our bargain,
There is still a wide place in

embarrassed . . . why, why, she must have loved the beggar! She ought to—to cover her face—her mother would see.

"Guess I'd better go to bed," he said weakly. He felt suddenly tired and sick. "About all the excitement I can stand for one night."

Nancy picked up the paper again, then let it drop despairingly. "Well, I'm sure I wouldn't worry about him," mama said briskly. "From all I hear he had it coming to him. His poor wife—"

Nancy looked at them all with large, stricken eyes. "But you don't understand," she said patiently. "It's my husband."

"Your WHAT?"

"Roger, it's R. E. Decatur here, but it's Roger. He's my husband. He—he may die."

"Your—husband?"

"Nancy, you've lost your mind. I never heard of such a thing. What are you talking about, Nancy, you—you didn't marry that—that Gales Flat person? Oooh . . . just when everything was coming for us! Nancy . . . tell mama—WHEN?"

"Even Grandma tried to talk. 'Be dear, I thought—'"

Nancy flung her arms wide. "Oh, I know—I know—I don't blame you, Mama's right, I've been crazy. But I'm not now, I know . . . oh, dear God, keep him for me—let me make up—let me make up."

She had flung an old coat over her shoulders, grabbed the purse mama had left on a chair. "I'm going—oh, please don't try to keep me—please let me go—don't you see it's my last chance!"

"Nancy listen to mama! I never heard of such nonsense! You can't go out like that . . . without, without—"

The heavy front door slammed.

Mama put her head in her hands and wept. Nancy had gone. "Nothing matters but us, Roger!" she had told him once. "Nothing matters but love!" She had felt brave and reckless say-

ing it, safe within the comfort of his arms.

And now, alone and afraid and conscious that through her own fault she had lost it, perhaps forever, she realized more poignantly than she had ever realized anything in all her 20 years, that it was true.

Money, family, friends—even threatened disgrace . . . nothing really mattered but the love she had lost.

The Piedmont car brought her into the heart of Oakland. "Can you tell me where I can get a train for Merced?" she asked in a drug store.

"Fortieth and San Pablo, Santa Fe," the clerk told her glibly. But at the station the ticket agent shook his head. "No, Miss. Nothing till ten fifteen."

"But I can't wait—I can't wait that long!"

"Sorry," he looked at the hatless, white faced girl curiously. She had opened mama's purse and was feverishly counting the money.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

History of our library: Continuing from yesterday: May 7th, 1904, it was decided to adopt a library constitution and by-laws. May 14th the committee reported a constitution and by-laws, which were adopted by the club. The club was to elect a president and six trustees from the club members; two for three years, two for two years and two for one year. President and two trustees were to be elected each year. Mrs. Kelliher was unanimously elected president, and the following board of trustees was chosen:

"Three year term, Mrs. F. A. Moore and Mrs. P. H. Raymond; two year term, Mrs. Florence Lewis and Mrs. Traver; one year term, Mrs. F. W. Waters and Mrs. T. T. Goe. These ladies, with the following, served at different times on the library board until it was turned over to the city council: Dr. Staples, Mrs. A. T. Monroe, Mrs. Russell Callin, Mrs. Gillingham, Mrs. J. P. Jones, Mrs. A. N. Bush, Mrs. William Brown, Mrs. A. N. Moores.

"Then the work of building up the library began in earnest. The club dues and taxes were small, so in order to save expenses the ladies did the janitor work themselves, sweeping and mopping the council chamber, washing windows, and, on one occasion, cleaning the curtains.

"For a while the ladies took turns at acting as librarians, but this did not prove satisfactory. Some of the ladies, assisted by outside friends, paid a certain sum each month to make the library attractive and useful to the young people, and good reference books are expensive, so we gave entertainments of divers sorts. We had concerts and parties; gave a charity ball. We staged 'The Grind' at the Grand opera house, and before we were through, ran a lunch room at the cherry fair—anything to make money for the library.

"Some of the entertainments, while good money makers, were not of a high classical order, and the club was criticized for not educating the public to a higher standard; so, to please the critics, we secured Mary Kuntz Baker, a dramatic reader of national fame, to read 'Monsieur Beaucaire.' The entertainment was delightful, but, alas! of small moment for net results. 'The Hus-

ing back on the sand. Roger was holding out his hand. He was smiling with his lips. 'It was good of you to come, Nancy. I was surprised when they told me. It wasn't necessary, you know. I'm not badly hurt.'

"It was nothing," she murmured politely. "I'm glad you're not very ill." Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Want you sit down?"

"Thank you, Roger."

She took the chair by the bedpost, and there was nothing left to say. Roger had closed his eyes. He lay motionless, a long, spare figure under the fresh, white dimity coverlet.

(To be continued)

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