

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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"Government Rides the Railroads"

"Well, what, then, do the railroads want?"
"Just this: Equality in opportunity and equality in regulation—and that regulation be reasonable; nothing more."
"Public interest and justice alike demand this request be promptly granted. Otherwise, the railway companies, chained by public regulation and control, must watch their branch lines and other lines of light traffic disappear under the deadly competition of untrammeled and subsidized highway and water carriers; and the future of their entire properties in many instances made uncertain. I cannot believe that the United States will much longer tolerate these unfair conditions that are giving to its essential transportation agency a creeping paralysis which in the end most sadly affect the welfare of our country as a whole."

The above is from a penetrating article into the railway problem of this country by Paul Shoup, president of the Southern Pacific system, under the title "Government Rides the Railroads," in September Scribners magazine. It deserves careful reading by every person concerned with the maintenance of adequate transportation in this country and with preserving the financial structure which has absorbed the savings of millions of humble citizens either directly or indirectly.

The public may say, let the roads take care of themselves. They would if they could; but every turn they make they are confronted by some law which regulates them. They are literally bound hand and foot. Can they increase rates at will? Not at all, and rarely can they do so even after lengthy hearings and full proof of the inadequacy of rates. Can they lower rates at will? No. Right now the railroads have seen gasoline hauling usurped from them by price-cutting competition. When they then cut rates to meet it the new rate is suspended. Days of hearings have been held and the truck lines fight to force the roads to remain on an elevated plane of rates,—which would mean naturally that the truck lines would get the business.

Can the roads reduce expenses at will either by cutting out branch lines or stopping railway service? No, the regulatory commissions can and many times do step in and prevent such reductions. Can they cut wages at will? Not at all. A railway labor board dictates what wages they can pay.

The situation is rapidly growing serious. Trunk line railroads like the New York Central and Pennsylvania have lately reduced their dividends. Other strong roads but not so rich, like the Rock Island, have discontinued dividends on common stocks. The prices of railroad bonds has sagged to astonishingly low levels with the exception of a few prime securities. This may end in numerous receiverships with further loss to investors. So long as the condition lasts it means the roads will find it impossible to secure the money they constantly require for additions and improvements, for renewal of rolling stock, for proper maintenance of way and structures.

Not only does government regulation ride the roads to their breakdown but government commandeers through taxes vast sums from the railway treasuries. The total taxes paid by the roads last year were \$348,584,578. The roads are thus called on not only to pay their fair share of the cost of government but to help build the highways and dredge the streams for their competitors to operate upon. As Mr. Shoup says:

"The waterways and highways are furnished by the public as roadbeds for carriers competing with the railroads without investment on the part of these carriers. The national government has been indirectly subsidizing these enterprises through siding, as stated, in the building of highways."

The government has not stopped at that; it has actually gone into the boating business on certain inland waterways; and even omitting taxes and interest its operations have shown deficit, is Shoup's assertion.

The real danger to the country is this: the ultimate breakdown of our fine and indispensable railway system of transportation; or the financial collapse of many systems with disaster to many individuals and heavy losses to savings banks and insurance companies, the chief holders of railway bonds; or government ownership. Surely the country wants no such calamity as either physical or financial breakdown of the railroads or the alternate of government ownership. The war-time experience cost the country a billion dollars, a lesson expensive enough.

The roads can survive if they are given room to breathe, and not hamstringed by crippling regulation which might have been justified when the roads had a monopoly, but not in these days of fierce competition. Pres. Shoup gives the country a sharp and needed warning and he points a fair and necessary solution, which is quite simple of application: "Equality in opportunity and equality in regulation and that regulation be reasonable; nothing more."

Will the country respond? Or shall we go straight into government ownership?

Co-ordinate Effort

It is high time Salem coordinated its program of relief for this winter. If the present unorganized program continues there will be much overlapping of activity and wasted effort.

Scanning relief projects already under way shows the opportunity for duplication. The city has given its assent to Chief Minto's third-floor rooming house. The Lions' club, always active, has named a committee to do unemployment relief work. Harry Levy plans next Monday to discuss ways and means of establishing a public soup and stew kitchen. The Associated Charities has already appealed for help. R. A. Harris has indicated something should be done with his 1930 Community Service organization. The county court has asked Mrs. Nora White to collect clothing and to store it in preparation for the winter. The Red Cross chapter announces through its chapter here it will carry on relief work this winter. The Salvation Army is already in the field.

All of these plans are of value but they are disconnected. The Statesman feels there should be an immediate conference of all relief agencies. The function and work of each should be apportioned. A method should be devised so unworthy applicants for help could not play one organization against the other. Duplication of effort in raising goods or funds should be curtailed. The chamber of commerce, non-political and interested solely in Salem's welfare, is an admirable organization to bring together these community agencies.

Trench Mouth And Pyorrhea

By ESTILL L. BRUNK, D.M.D., Marion County Dept. of Health
Vincent's angina, or "trench mouth," as it is commonly called, has many symptoms of pyorrhea. Both have similar beginnings and if let go untreated will prove fatal for the patient and to the surrounding tissues.

Vincent's angina is a very serious mouth disease which has distinctive characteristics. The cause is a specific bacterium known as "bacillus fusiformis."

It attacks any area that may be weakened by an unclear mouth.

Symptoms Told

Trench mouth apparently is more common during the summer months. Extreme care should be taken in the use of drinking and eating utensils in the so-called furnished cottages at the beaches and auto camps. One should never use a cup that is used by others unknown to you.

The onset is very rapid. The tissues are very sore to the touch. They become raw and swollen. The soreness and swelling may extend to the entire mouth and into the throat. The breath is bad.

Lack of the proper diet has been suggested as a cause of trench mouth. The absence of vitamins in the diet weakens the tissue, making them more susceptible to the attack of the bacteria.

Pyorrhea Described

Pyorrhea is a condition brought about by an unclear mouth. Poor dentistry such as bad fitting crowns are contributing factors. Pyorrhea is much more prevalent than trench mouth. It is slower to start and in the early stages does not cause pain. The tissues become red and swollen and, as this condition advances, pus pockets form. The gum and bone disease will eventually be lost unless the disease is checked in the early stages.

Both trench mouth and pyorrhea respond to treatment.

What health problems are you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it either to the editor of the Marion County department of health. The name will appear in this column. Name should be checked, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterday

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

September 12, 1904

HAVANA, Sept. 12.—The insurgents in the Pinar del Rio and Santa Clara provinces today signified the resumption of war by blowing up railroad bridges and committing other acts of destruction. The event of the day in Havana was the arrival late this afternoon of the cruiser Denver, which was immediately placed at the disposal of the American legation.

The legislature at the 1905 session appropriated \$15,000 with which to buy land for a state institution for feeble minded. Suitable land is now being sought and plans are being laid for the erection of the institution plant.

Another much needed improvement which has been hanging fire for the past two years, and which now appears in sight, is the automatic bell warning signal system, which may be installed at all of the street crossings on 12th street, and the important ones on Trade street.

September 12, 1921

Porch sleepers and summer-clad campers and tomatoes and all the thin-skinned fruits and products were out of lock Monday morning when the mercury dropped down to the freezing point. Water froze in garden hose.

INDEPENDENCE, Sept. 12.—(Special)—The first incalculable of hop pickers to strike in any of the yards this season, was shown late yesterday when pickers at the E. Clemens Horst company yard, the largest in this section, employing nearly 2000 pickers, refused to pick longer at the rate of 50 cents a box, but demanded 75 cents. The strikers were thrust from the yards and picking resumed at 50 cents.

More than \$50,000 was paid out yesterday by the Products Canning & Packing company to 100 stockholders of the company, as a first payment this season on the basis of two cents a pound, according to Fred A. Krutz, manager of the company.

Daily Thought

"A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation."—James Freeman Clarke.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "Do you think credit for the soldiers' home at Roseburg should go primarily to Congressman Hawley?"

W. A. Detzler, democrat: "Hawley should get some credit. But did you notice the same week announcement that little old Nevada got \$3,500,000 for a power base the same week we were getting one million dollars for a soldiers' home?"

W. J. Maas, plumber: "Why, no. There's no particular reason, but I don't think it should go to one man."

William Sheridan, wool grader:

HERE'S HOW



Tomorrow—The First Prohibition Law!

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Flax and linen industries:

The address of F. J. Gilbraith before the Salem Rotary club at his noon luncheon meeting of Wednesday furnished some high points of encouragement, worthy of more than passing note by every citizen of Oregon having the welfare of his state at heart.

Mr. Gilbraith had returned a few days before from eastern centers, on a selling campaign for the products of the Miles linen mill and the newly organized Salem linen mill, both of which are under his direction as manager and for the surplus products of fiber and tow of the state flax plant, for which his organization is acting as marketing agent.

A part of his mission was the purchasing of sixteen new looms for weaving linen fabrics in the plant of the reorganized Salem company—known usually as "the big mill"—and other necessary machinery to make the operation there a complete and balanced one. It is scarcely necessary to add that he secured the very latest machinery; to the end that this mill will be the best equipped of its kind to the point of capacity, suitable for the lines put out in this country. Perhaps in any country. Just as the Miles mill is the best in all the world for the work it is designed to do.

Mr. Gilbraith was able to report that trade in the lines concerned with the flax and linen industries is picking up; is decidedly of a kind, to the point of outlook of conservative caution that gives promise of permanency.

"I'll say this, that Congressman Hawley is a very industrious and efficient man and if he went after something in congress he'd get his share and more."

Mrs. Eugene Eckerman, Sr., home maker: "I really do not have an opinion on that. It would be difficult to know."

Mrs. W. W. Rosebraugh, home maker: "I hardly see how any of us can determine who was responsible for that choice."

H. L. Martin, route seven, box 92E: "From my viewpoint, it is too large a matter to say any one man was responsible."

Glennice Spencer, housekeeper: "It looks like Hawley should get the bulk of the credit."

Mr. Gilbraith spoke of the fact

that the experimental stages have been almost overcome. This appears manifest in the manufacturing end, from the yarn stage up. But there are a number of problems yet to be worked out, in the growing and harvesting of flax, and in treating it up to the fiber stage. They will need careful handling. Nature will do her part. Man must do his.

Mr. Gilbraith spoke of Russian competition in flax fibers and yarns. He said the Russians understate their shipments in sending them to the United States; that they have no "cost" figures, because their labor is not paid in other countries, but is a part of the governmental system, under (Continued on Page 7)

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

Read This First
At Monksilver, a country place outside London, Paul Federoff is slain after carrying the Czarina Rubies from Russia. The murderers fail to find the gems, which therefore must be hidden in the house. Frank Severn, who entrusted the rubies to Federoff in Russia, returns to England, is abducted and carried unconscious to Monksilver.

Meanwhile his friend, Jim Wynter, meets beautiful Katharine Faring, to whom the rubies rightfully belong as heiress to the Russian prince who lost his life saving her from mob. Once a concert violinist, she has been reduced to penury by an injury to her wrist.

Katharine suggests to Wynter that Severn may be imprisoned at Monksilver and he goes there at night to find Severn's servant, Croyke, dead from a stab wound in a car inside the ground. Hearing a groan within the house, he steals in.

Now Go On
CHAPTER XVI
Except for the faint starlight through the half-open door, the hall stretched away before him in shadowy vagueness to lose itself in a blackness like velvet beyond the foot of a flight of stairs; stairs that his eyes guessed at, rather than definitely made out. He stole across the threshold into the forbidding interior.

That every step he took in this sinister house might be dogged by peril, Jim Wynter had had warning enough. The silent figure in that car in the dark of the trees outside—that other man who had made that long flight from Russia only to find death waiting for him at his journey's end here at Monksilver; two dead men whispering to him of stealthy, lurking menace within this house as he groped his way through the shadow to the stairs.

Whispers that he brushed aside impatiently. Wynter was no more eager than the next man to court unnecessary danger. But there were times when one could avoid danger only at the cost of one's self-respect.

To his strained nerves, as he made his way up the stairs with the noiseless stealth of a hunting cat, the intense silence brooding over Monksilver made the enclosed atmosphere of the house like a whispering gallery. That low moaning above... the sound of movements that seemingly proceeded from the same upper room... a murmur of barely distinguishable voices faintly heard from still further away; all blended like a whispering chorus into the night's mystery.

The thickly carpeted stairs effectually muffled all sound of his footsteps as Wynter groped his way up through the darkness. He had not reached the top of the stairs when something brought him to an abrupt halt, with the blood drumming in his ears.

Footsteps.

He had heard door open not far away, caught a sudden reflection of light falling out into the blackness from round a corner on the landing above, heard the door shut again; and then the footsteps of some as yet unseen man coming along a corridor as if towards the head of the flight of stairs. A man who carried an electric torch lit his moving glow reflected ahead of him, softly whispering a cheerful popular air as he came.

Wynter had heard that same air in a West End revue a few months back. He had liked it then... now, with the memory of that dead man outside in the dark garden, it seemed jarring, horrible.

His detection seemed inevitable now. Was he to spring forward and take that cheerful whistler by surprise—or what?

In any case now he'd got to be alertly on guard, ready if need be to get in the first blow. With every whistled note menace was creeping towards him—a dangerous witness as he was, who knew of that murder behind the locked gates—and the unseen man above almost certainly either Croyke's murderer or an accomplice in that crime.

Wynter crouched back against the baluster rail tensely waiting; the nearest light was growing brighter, though the man who carried it was yet hidden from sight. And then suddenly one of the balusters gave a loud straining creak. Instantly the light above went out and the footsteps stopped dead—then sprang quickly forward, and through the blackness a harsh, startled voice challenged: "Who's there?"

"The next moment Wynter was half blinded by a flash of light striking him squarely in the eyes. Dazed, he had not even a glimpse of the figure behind the light.

Almost instantly the electric torch was extinguished again, with a horse exclamation from the man above, now evidently in a sudden desperate panic of fury and fear. And simultaneously Wynter was conscious of a blind rushing attack.

But that he was half prepared for it, and with his left hand had clutched at the baluster while his right went up in instinctive guard, he would have been swept off his feet.

Injured

The next moment the two of them were struggling fiercely in the bewildering darkness, while Wynter's adversary raised his voice loudly, screaming out to others in the house. For a moment the two locked figures swayed perilously. Wynter felt a self-defense to relinquish his grip on the baluster; then his foot went over the edge of the step, and the two combatants went crashing headlong down the flight of steps.

It was the other man who was underneath as they reached the bottom, breaking Wynter's fall. He lay where he had fallen, quite still. Evidently he had sustained more injury than Wynter, though the latter, as he tried to pull himself up, fell back with a groan, waves of dizzy faintness sweeping over him. He had struck his head in falling.

From far overhead came the sound of hurrying, excited footsteps; men running down in response to the cry.

Jim Wynter, with fast-falling senses, suddenly remembered the jade and pearl necklace he had brought from Katharine's flat—an odd enough remembrance at such a time.

With a supreme effort of will he rallied himself for a moment to obey an instinct to defend that necklace at least from these unknown criminals—had just enough strength left to pull it from his pocket, with the sound of those rapidly descending footsteps loud in his ears.

Enemies

Groopingly, with a last weakening effort, he thrust that necklace behind the fold of stair carpet that stretched down from the edge of the last to the brass rod holding the carpet in place at the bottom.

The footsteps had reached the head of the flight above him; Wynter heard excited voices, saw the gleam of an electric torch

that cut through the blackness like a knife—and then fell back with consciousness suddenly fading out.

Jim Wynter opened his eyes with a vague oppressive sense of something having just happened, some exciting, disturbing experience, though what he could not for the life of him remember. In those first confused waking moments his mind seemed to work with such slow, painful effort, his head throbbing as though a dozen hammers were pounding in it, that he abandoned the attempt to straighten out this perplexing thing.

His eyes ached wearily, and as he opened them everything seemed mist-blurred, and the effort to focus them hurt him. It was a relief to close them again.

Then, as he lay back, his mind a troubled blank, slowly half-elusive phantoms of remembrance began to creep through the gradually opening doors of memory.

Vaguely it came back to him that he had gone into a strange, unfamiliar house—but what house? And why had he gone there? Questions whose answer was beyond him. But in the darkness of that house some one had attacked him; he could recall that now, how he had struggled with an unseen assailant on a flight of stairs quite lately—doubtless only a struggle had ended in a headlong crash down the stairs.

He remembered striking his head; it was that that had knocked him out, of course... things were getting clearer now. He must have been unconscious for minutes. Yet he didn't feel as though he was lying there at the foot of the stairs.

The still-dazed man put out an uncertain groping hand to encounter in surprise the cool smoothness of linen sheets, the unfamiliar touch of a satin elderdown quilt. Evidently then, as his puzzled reflections told him, he was not lying as he had supposed at the bottom of the stairs.

Wynter opened his eyes again, the task calling for a curious effort, the lids seemed so heavy with something more than sleep. He was in a bed, a bed with a low-carved footrail that at first to his eyes, hurt by a thin, dazzling knife-edge of light, seemed incredibly far away.

Light

"It's all damned queer," he heard himself say.

Then suddenly that dancing light was. He was lying in a dim, shaded room, but between the pale, drawn curtains of the window a narrow glint of sunlight had found its way, like a golden arrow.

Queer that was. It was night when he had gone to that house where he had fought with an unseen enemy in its darkness. Yet quite evidently it was broad daylight now outside that curtained window. Queer! Bewildering!

The nas h's tired, aching eyes began to take in impressions more clearly. Wynter realized that he was in a pleasant room, which was certainly not his room at the Graysons—a room he had never seen before. What did it mean? Where was he?

A perfectly strange, unfamiliar room.

And he was wearing a suit of silk pajamas, which were equally unfamiliar.

Interesting, but all more than a little puzzling.

If his head had not been aching so vilely he would have rather enjoyed this morning's experience. But because of that damnably throbbing head of his he found it difficult to get a grip on things, and that worried him. (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

W. T. RIGDON & SON MORTUARY

W. T. RIGDON, PRES.
1891

LLOYD T. RIGDON
WINIFRED R. HERRICK
J. DALE TAYLOR
EVERETT T. COUNTS

1. BORN IN ONTARIO, CANADA, SEPT. 16, 1838. ATTENDED A QUAKER ACADEMY AND MOVED TO ST. PAUL AT 18 TO BECOME A MECHANIC.

2. UPON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER HE BECAME A CLERK IN CONCERN, RISING RAPIDLY IN THE FIELD OF TRANSPORTATION.

3. LATER HE TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO RAILROADS, SPONSORING SEVERAL LINES WHICH OPENED UP THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

4. HE BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN R.R. AND OBTAINED CONTROL OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC AND THE BURLINGTON AND DENVER RAILROADS.

America's Empire Builders were more rewarded by their realization of accomplishment than by the plaudits of the populace.

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Experienced in Trust Service

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Salem, Oregon

