

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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### Health Insurance

THE Statesman looks on the provision for support of the department of health merely as "Health Insurance". Most people would agree that it is foolish to drop fire or life insurance even when times are hard. In fact in such circumstances people cannot afford to drop such insurance protection. It is about the same way with health protection. We might do away with the department of health and save a few thousand dollars in taxes—but what about the after results? We might easily lose in epidemic of disease, in increased death rates, in closing of schools or businesses far more than the cost of keeping up the health organization.

Budgets must be cut to the bone this year, but the word "bone" is a very elusive word. Thus it was brought out at the tax hearing before the county court the other day that where some farmers and grangers favored repeal of the high school transportation law, the grange lobbyist did not; so there is always disagreement as to what is an essential.

The city for example in its budget had made a tentative cut of 50 per cent in the allowance for the health department though no other division gets a cut anywhere near as drastic. Now the city's finances are not in good condition; and with a deficit staring the city in the face the councilmen might be justified in making heroic slashes to balance its accounts. Since it is making no such effort this year, it hardly seems fair to the health service to make it the "goat". Ways have been pointed out how savings can be made which would permit restoring the health appropriation to its present figure. Unless the council is ready to cut its whole budget one-fourth, this item should be restored.

People have, we believe, a wrong idea of the work of the department of health. The staff consists of two doctors, a dentist on part time, several nurses, three inspectors and two clerks. Its work embraces: public health education through schools and clinics; examinations of school children, examination of eyes and teeth; constant efforts to prevent disease through milk inspection, water inspection, sanitary inspection; immunization against diseases like smallpox and typhoid fever and diphtheria; effective measures to prevent spread of disease.

The results of the work in this county have been remarkable. Salem has been rated second by national authorities, in its standing as a healthy city among cities of its class in the United States. The mere advertising is worth something, but the fact that it is a healthy city is worth more to those who make their homes here and raise their families here.

In the matter of disease prevention the department has obtained splendid results. Here are the figures for diphtheria alone for Marion county:

No. cases	No. deaths
1922	53
1923	249
1924	265
1925	165

The department of health was organized in 1923 and the figures for subsequent years are:

No. cases	No. deaths
1926	87
1927	41
1928	23
1929	24
1930	41

So far in 1931 there have been 19 cases and 2 deaths. One of these deaths was of a girl whose parents had refused to allow the girl to be immunized. When she became ill it was days before a doctor was called, then anti-toxin was administered but it was too late. It was a needy family so the cost fell on the county, amounting to several hundred dollars which the taxpayers had to pay. Immunization as carried on by the department of health costs the county but 19c per person. So it is from an economy standpoint that proper health protection amounts to real Health Insurance.

What lack of thorough health protection means is shown over in Linn county this fall which has been pointed to as a place where money is "saved" by maintaining no health staff which could cover the county. In country schools of Linn county there has been a diphtheria epidemic. The Tallman school was closed one week, the Spicer school two days, the Conner school 1 day. The Midway school had three cases and one death. The child who was the seatmate of the one that died had previously been immunized in Salem and so escaped the disease. Altogether there have been three deaths from diphtheria in Linn county so far this year. Last year six deaths were reported. The population of Linn county is but half that of Marion county.

Shall we provide adequate inspection for strawberry plants, cherries, cows, and let the children grow up subject to all the diseases that flourish? Shall we pay bounties for gophers and wolves and nothing to keep off the armies of invading disease germs?

In view of the record made in lowering death rates of women in child birth, of infants, of persons ill with contagious diseases, The Statesman has no hesitancy in urging continued support of the health department even in time when every tax penny has to be put to the acid test of necessity and of the value it returns to the public.

In 1916 the potato crop of Klamath county was worth \$2,515. In 1922 it was worth \$21,129. In 1929 the potato crop of the county had grown to a value of \$1,147,488. The total agricultural production, not including live stock, grew in value from \$505,177 in 1916 and \$17,439 in 1922 to \$2,721,342 in 1929. This is an example of direct agricultural progress, because the growth of the potato raising is in large measure due to the fostering of County Agent Henderson working in that county. The story of it is told in a recent bulletin from the state college. It tells a story of real progress in Oregon agriculture and development.

Smudge Pot Perry of the Medford Mail-Tribune, writes: "I never has been satisfactorily explained why the mails still bring light bills. They don't, they bring them just as heavy as ever only in this billweight the power company delivers them in person, not even trusting them to Uncle Sam's letter carriers. Perhaps one reason why we still get the same heavy light bills is because Dan Kellaher finally landed a job on the state parole, so can't function as Chief Housewife for lighter light bills. Also Carey and Harlan and Gross have got off on free telephones without cost to the taxpayer so the heavy light bills remain undisturbed."

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

### ARMISTICE DAY HEROES (acrostic)

EDNA GARFIELD

A round the shrine of country's flag we kneel;  
R ejoice that dread barrage, blood gas and steel,  
M en enact the world no more, nor sound a knell—  
I mperialistic, weird World war hell!  
S ecrete, God, fruition of our hope  
T hat nations nevermore in war-pall grope!  
I mbue their hearts with visions of thy love  
C reate in them ideals from above;  
E ndue their minds with friendship interweave,  
D ivinely plant in every nation's soul  
A purpose to avert war's future toll;  
Y earn we for worldwide brotherhood's high goal.  
H owbeit, should a future foe assail,  
E ach loyal soul would spring to quick defense—  
R esist the danger, nor let foe prevail;  
O ur pride as patriots scorn a weak pretense!  
E ndemic fervor fuels ship of state;  
S ublime the freedom we disseminate!

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem  
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

November 11, 1906  
The people of Salem are greatly dissatisfied with transportation facilities now being furnished by the railroad. Only one train a day runs each way and that is a slow one. Freight is given right of way over passengers.

The Oregon City Transportation company's boats today will make their initial trip to Corvallis. This is the first time for many months that the water has been high enough for navigation that far up the river.

The C. K. Spaulding Logging company is faced with suspension of operations if 50 freight cars cannot be obtained within the next few days. Nearly all its storage space is filled and the owners were contemplating doubling the crew to operate the plant continuously.

November 11, 1921  
The state industrial accident commission yesterday received a check for the first fine to be assessed against an employer for illegally hiring a boy under 18 years of age.

Armistice day will be observed here at the armory with a program of patriotic songs and addresses. The Civil war veterans' file and drum corps will participate in a parade preceding the program.

Construction of a viaduct over the Southern Pacific tracks near the fairgrounds has been urged upon state highway engineer. Residents of that district have protested the move.

## New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "What do you think about the Japanese-Chinese situation?"

Jay B. Hewitt, chief clerk, Southern Pacific ticket office: "Looks bad."

Dwight Adams, Y. M. C. A. boys' secretary: "It is up to the League of Nations to show whether it has any power."

Albert N. Bryant, traveling freight and passenger agent, Southern Pacific railway: "I've been too busy reading about the Western Pacific-G. N."

S. Ellis Province, business man: "War with Japan might accomplish the unification of China where everything else seems to have failed. Whatever happens there is one thing sure—United States should keep her hands out of the situation."

Fred A. Williams, attorney: "What we have the precedent of the Russian Japanese war. With the present situation there is the added unrest and domestic turmoil in China. It might easily be that Japan is striving to increase this domestic tension in China, and Russia may have an ulterior motive, too. They are all so close together over there than anything could easily happen. Our present world financial situation may have this much good about it—it may be the only thing to prevent war at this time."

Pearl Scott, Liberty: "I haven't read much about it. All I have time to read is the correspondence and the funny paper."

Lorenzo Anderson, laborer: "Looks as though things were getting good and hot over there."

Wayne Pettit, newsman: "I hope they have a war. It would be a good thing for this country. It would help business. If they killed three or four million of the Chinese and Japanese what difference would it make?"

## Daily Thought

"Now I see through a glass darkly, then face to face."—Paul.

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



AN INVENTOR CONNECTS FINE WIRES WITH THE AUTO BATTERY AND IMBEDS THEM IN THE WINDSHIELD TO MELT SLEET AND SNOW

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

John Brown's son in Salem: (Continuing from yesterday.) Elbert Hubbard wrote a book, published in 1899, that was among his first; it was his third. The title he chose was "Time and Chance, a Romance and a History: Being the Story of the Life of a Man." It was republished in 1901. It was the story of the life of John Brown of Osawatimie.

The words of dedication, from Ecclesiastes, 9:11, were: "I retained, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but TIME and CHANCE happeneth to them all."

One finds from this book that in the John Brown family there were, in the early days of Kansas, nine children: "John, Jr., Jason, Owen, Ruth, Frederick, Sarah, Watson, Salmon and Oliver," and that "the last five on the list were the children of Dianthe Lusk" (second wife).

Following the story of the Hubbard book: "In 1854, when the United States government opened up the (Kansas) territory for settlement, there was an instant rush of immigrants. . . . From the northern states came the 'prairie schooners' of New Englanders and their hardy sons who had settled in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana or Illinois. . . . And from across the sister state of Missouri, poured another tide of restless wealth seekers from the south. For the first time in the history of our country, Jamestown and Plymouth came in serious collision. . . . Slave labor and free cannot exist side by side and each retain its individuality. . . . In October, 1854, four sons of John Brown moved to Kansas, and took up claims 10 miles from Osawatimie. . . . On March 30th (1855), an election was to occur at which representatives were to be chosen for the territorial legislature. There was much feeling on the subject of whether Kansas should be a slave state or not, and at this election the matter would be practically decided. . . . Early in the morning of the 30th day of March, the five Brown brothers started early for the polling place, 10 miles away. . . . At several places they were joined by other men also going to vote.

"All were walking, for horses must be saved for the plow. . . . 'Hello!' suddenly cried Jason Brown 'why, here's old man Blanton, he should be at the polls, for he showed me only yesterday his certificate as judge of election, signed by Governor Reeder.' 'A backward drawn by an old white horse was just coming up out of the little valley. . . . 'What's this, neighbor Blanton, are we off in our date?' 'I thought it was election day.' 'And so 'tis, gentlemen, but you'd better go back.' 'Why?' 'Why? What a question! Is it possible you haven't heard? Evelyn's ravine for 25 miles has been filled for two days with Missourians, and they are votin'. Go back, for if they know you are anti-slavery men your lives won't be safe—lots of them are fighting drunk!' 'But you are a judge of election—did you accept their votes?' 'Did I? No, that's the trouble. When I refused, they put in a man of their own, and I've barely escaped with my life. Go back, or there'll be bloodshed!' 'We're not the kind that go back,' shouted Owen Brown, 'forward march, boys!' And forward they went."

(Followed a description of the turbulent scene of the polling place. Resuming: "Horses, wagons and men stood out plainly. From several of the wagons flags and banners were flying. One of the flagpoles was ornamented with a long string of waving hemp; another had a white flag with a skull and crossbones radeily daubed upon it. A whiskey keg upside down was carried on another pole. 'The Browns noticed with a little alarm that these men were armed with knives, scythes on poles, pitchforks, and guns of every period of antiquity. They were evidently organized, for there was a commissary wagon in charge of a sober man, while everybody else seemed to be rearing-tearing drunk. . . . 'I guess I will,' answered Salmon, as he shed his coat. . . . 'The big crowd fell back, and the sudden move had surprised them. There was a brief lull in the polls, and then the crowd returned, the big man to 'go in and kill the Yank.' There was no backing out—the big joker must fight or stand convicted of cowardice. He blanched perceptibly, hesitated, pulled at his dirty yellow beard, sighed, and slipped the hat. A stinging made and it looked as if the tall, slender lad of 19 had more than met his match in the big Missourian. . . . 'The big man made a rush like a mad bull. Salmon stepped lightly by his side, and the fellow turned to come back like a stinging blow in the ear; his hands dropped, and, before he could get left, Salmon gave his swiveling left-hand blow on the nose which sent him stumbling face to earth. 'The crowd rushed forward with roars of 'Kill the dam Yanks, 'em!' but quicker than thought a full half dozen of the pros (pro-slavery men) stretched their lengths on the grass with blood starting from their noses, eyes and ears. . . . A little light haired man sprang out of the covered commissary wagon with a pistol in each hand; . . . slipped through the mob and in a twinkling stood with the Yanks. 'Keep back, gentlemen, I'll plug the first man that touches these men! Open up there, and let them out!' 'But we haven't voted,' said Jason. 'Good God, what of it! These men are drunk. I can only hold 'em off for a minute—you must go now, please go now—they will kill you all—one taste of blood and they snuff you out. Go!' . . . 'I didn't vote—I'm not 21 yet, you know?' said Salmon. 'The Browns were at the polls, having fled for their lives.' (Continued tomorrow.)

(Note: There was a typographical mistake in yesterday's article in spelling of Osawatimie. This name, and other matters, will be explained in the closing articles. The Bits man thanks several interested readers who have phoned information to him.)

## IMPROVEMENTS AT LAKE HOME MADE

LINCOLN, Nov. 10 — The appearance of the Gus Lake home at Lincoln has been materially improved by a three foot grade along the market road and graduated cement steps from the road to the walk leading to the house. Other recent improvements are wide cement steps at the front porch. George Boyd did the cement work. Miss Doris Giffen of Salem who was a Lincoln guest last week at the home of D. R. Ruble and Miss Jeanne Smith is recovering nicely from injuries received when she was returning home Friday and

# "MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

While the newboys shouted, "All about the big gang killing," Fanchon Meredith and a man named Tony planned their getaway. Tony gives Fanchon \$4000 and reserves passage for her under the name of "Miss Smith" on an airplane chartered by the wealthy Mr. Eames enroute to New York. A fellow passenger, whom she had previously met on the boat coming from Hawaii, recognizes Fanchon. She is Evelyn Howard. Evelyn is going to live with the wealthy Mrs. Allison Carstairs, an aunt whom she had never seen. Fanchon envies Evelyn flying to happiness, while she is trying to escape because she was Tony's girl—Tony, who lied his way through life and whom she had innocently accepted on face value. Fanchon confides in Evelyn about her love for Tony. The police are searching for Fanchon, "The Mystery Woman." Fanchon asks Evelyn to enlist her aunt's aid in securing a position for her, but Evelyn becomes aloof. The plane crashes.

### CHAPTER V

Afterwards, even at a time when she was harassed and hurried by questions and inquiries, she was forced to confess she remembered very little of the period between the return to consciousness and her rescue. She remembered coming up out of bitter seas, smothering, choking. She opened her eyes aware of terror, dragging herself and, the inert weight of the other girl—free. There were trees. Rough ground. No signs of a house. The storm was abating but the heavy rain still fell. The plane, a twisted mass of flung wreckage. Bodies. Carnage. Horror.

Fanchon got to her feet. She looked down at herself. In one hand she clutched tightly, ironic incident, the pocket book which Evelyn had entrusted her. Fanchon took a step forward. She was, save for a deep cut on her arm from the shattered window glass, save for wrenchings and bruises and aches, perfectly and miraculously unharmed. Evelyn?

The girl's body remained where Fanchon, half unaware of what she did, had dragged it—lying at some distance from the plane. Fanchon tried to run to her, stumbled, fell from weakness and terror, rose and crawled painfully over on her knees. Evelyn's face was almost unrecognizable. Fanchon felt for one blood-stained wrist. Her own hand was scarlet. There was, she thought, no pulse.

Somewhat she got back to the others, what was left of them. One searching sick glance told her there was nothing that she could do, and very little that she



In Evelyn's bag there were money, letters, calling card—

could even recognize. The gas, she thought dimly, might explode, the plane go up in flames. It was raining, perhaps that provided a factor of safety. She didn't know. She only knew that somehow she must get away, must escape.

She returned to Evelyn and half lifted, half dragged her body to a safer distance. She knew nothing of course, of that treacherous stealthy leakage in the gas tank which had crashed them, looking for a safe landing.

Trees, hills, rolling. A leaden sky and the pouring rain. She was soaked to the skin. She sat down beside Evelyn. Evelyn, she thought, dully, was dead. There would be for Evelyn no happy reunion in the East with the aunt she had never seen. No luxury, no breakfast in bed, no pretty clothes, no happy times. Weakly, pitiously, Fanchon began to cry. She felt something, something that was pity, that was respect for the waste of human life. Yet her sensation of emotion was dull. She was too stunned to feel anything acutely. She found herself wondering dimly about

the pilot, Mac, they called him. Was he married? Had he people who would care, who would beat their breasts and weep at this disaster which had overtaken him out of the skies he soared to conquer? Then she thought of the others. . . . the Eames party—a family wiped out. . . . gone without a trace, leaving nothing save the shattered envelope of their broken bodies.

She looked at Evelyn. Shuddered and looked away. Why, she thought, could it not have been herself? Evelyn had been flying toward safety, toward protection. But she herself had nothing. . . . nothing. She had been flying toward uncertainty, certain only that she was trying to escape. Evelyn's aunt would mourn, thought Fanchon. Yet she had never known this girl. Had never seen her; knew nothing of her beyond her own vague little description. . . . dark hair, blue eyes. . . . and a snap shot taken on board the steamer.

Taken with Fanchon. Would people have seen, would people have heard the great bird falling to its doom? Fanchon tried to remember. They had not, she thought, fallen from much altitude. The crash had come fairly close to the ground. But the trees—

It had been the merest chance that she alone of eight people should have survived. Her arm bled badly. She looked about her for a handkerchief. She had none. Her little handbag, her suitcase was somewhere in the wreckage. On the ground beside her lay Evelyn's pocketbook. She opened it, took out a handkerchief with Evelyn's name sewn upon it and picking up a little branch, broken off from the trees, flung by the wind, she made a very amateurish tourniquet to stop the flow of blood. Her arm ached; she felt numb, now, with the pressures on it.

In Evelyn's bag there were money. . . . letters. . . . calling cards. . . . there were small cabinet photographs of Fanchon, judged, her dead parents. Idly she studied them, the pretty face of the woman, the lean worn face of the man.

Evelyn. . . . Why were she not dead in Evelyn's place? The idea came to her slowly. It took time to permeate. She sat huddled by the unconscious body of the other girl, rain beating away upon her, some distance away from the pitiful wreckage, the sights and terrors of death. Fanchon was alone, alone with death, under the gray skies, under the merciless rain, alone in a little hollow of ground between small rolling hills, hemmed in by tall trees.

Mechanically she looked at her wrist watch. The crystal was shattered, the watch had stopped. She had not even its friendly ticking reminder of fleeting time, never to be retrieved for companionship. Money in Evelyn's bag. Fanchon's own handbag was gone. Close to her golden skin, planned to the little corner, she wore was a large amount of the money which Tony had given her. She had enough, even without the sum in the lost handbag to go on with, once she was rescued. To go on, where. . . . ? and toward what?

She had to think of Tony now. Tony would hear of the plane crash. Tony might think her dead. But Tony would learn that "Miss Smith" alone of eight human souls, had survived the disaster. (To be Continued)

## West Salem News

WEST SALEM, Nov. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hauser and daughter Ellen of Albany were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Rowland on Edgewater. Stella Thomas, who makes her home with the Rowlands, is spending the week at the home of her nephew, William Ward in Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moran and two small daughters are recent arrivals from Los Angeles, and are making their home in West Salem.

Ray Eshelman was arrested Saturday night by State Officer Mogan and Officer J. Simpson of West Salem, for possession of liquor, and was fined \$250. He was unable to pay the fine and is in jail at Dallas.

Dinner guests Tuesday at the S. Pifery home on Skinner street were the C. E. Greene family of Selo and Mrs. Pifery's sister, Mrs. A. Englehart of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Monoco and the car in which she was riding was struck by another. Miss Giffen has been a patient at the Salem General hospital since Friday but will be able to leave soon.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Ruble of Lincoln has as their Sunday guests, J. H. Shepard of Salem and Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Crawford and two daughters, Alice and Wilma of Zena.

Mrs. J. D. Walling of Lincoln attended the third annual grange exhibit held at the grange hall at North Howell Friday.

Mrs. E. E. Buckles and Mrs. J. D. Walling enjoyed the rally day program held by Brush College Sunday school Sunday, November 8.

George Nelson announces that a contract sub-station has been established in his drug store on Edgewater and Kingwood avenue.

The Ladies Aid of the Ford Memorial church will hold a cooked food sale Saturday in the Stiff Furniture company building in Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hagen of Canby were week-end guests at the home of Mrs. Hagen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Wetherby on Edgewater.

Miss Claudine Gerth and Miss Betty Bidford, accompanied by the Misses Frances and Lois Fellows of Salem, motored to Portland Monday night to attend the Zimbalist concert.

small son Jimmy of Pedes are visiting for a week at the home of Mrs. Monoco's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Duesen at their home on Edgewater. Frank Duesen, who attends the Pedes high school, is also a guest of his parents for a few days.

Twenty-five men from West Salem were employed Monday by the state highway emergency work, and are working on the highway between Rickreall and Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hill entertained Sunday at their home on Third street for Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rice and son Edward and Mr. and Mrs. John Devlin of Canas, Wash. These people and the Hills were old-time friends in Idaho.

The West Salem schools will be closed during the remainder of the week on account of the Polk county teachers' institute at Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Clark are the parents of an eight-pound son born Saturday at the Jackson maternity home in Salem. He has been named James Richardson.

Mrs. N. G. Brown, who is spending the winter at the home of her son, J. R. Brown, has returned from a week's visit at the D. Hogan home in Independence.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Pattison of Kingwood avenue are entertained Sunday at their home on Third street by Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rice and son Edward and Mr. and Mrs. John Devlin of Canas, Wash. These people and the Hills were old-time friends in Idaho.

Mrs. Anna Jensen, who recently underwent a major operation at St. Vincent's hospital in Portland, will recuperate at the home of her son, Earl Jensen, on Edgewater.

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## LADD & BUSH, BANKERS

Salem, Oregon  
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Commercial and Savings Department