The Oregon Statesman

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

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Currencies and Tariffs

THE depreciation of foreign currencies has caused Senator Reed to move a resolution asking the tariff commission to investigate the effect of such depreciation upon the operation of our tariff. It is apparent that such depreciation in terms of American currency lowers the relative cost of production so that foreign goods may move more freely into this country. That is true whether there is a tariff or not. The discount on Swedish currency for example enables Swedish pulp to invade our markets more readily. Perhaps not more pulp is imported from Sweden, but their lower quotations in American dollars reduce the price at which American mills may quote if they expect to get any business.

The Oregonian suggests that since exchange rates constantly fluctuate a sliding scale of duties may be necessary.

We do not know the scope of Senator Reed's resoultion. We should like to see it embrace a thorough fact-finding investigation as to the effect of our post-war tariffs upon international trade. Our own opinion is that this depreciation of foreign currencies is an inevitable consequence of the financial maladjustments which were accentuated by the prevailing tariffs.

The only way international settlements may be made is by transfer of gold or goods. In the course of years it must be by transfer of goods or services because the gold supply of any country is limited. If therefore tariffs are fixed so high as to bar goods, then as soon as the gold is drained out of the given country its currency goes to a discount. Now to further increase tariff rates which the Oregonian seems to favor, would result in further depreciating the foreign currency.

Instead of sliding scales of tariffs with their consequent unsettlement of prices, we should look forward to a return to stabilized currencies on a gold standard basis. Our tariffs should be fixed at a level which will permit the flow of goods and the normal settlement of international obligations. When that is done the revival of world trade will take place. Other countries have learned our tariff game, and Oregon wheat and prunes and apples bump into formidable barriers when they seek markets, as they must, in other lands.

Appraising the News

ONE of the jobs of a man on the copy desk on a newspaper is to give swift appraisal of the news values of the stories which come to his desk each shift. He must decide whether a story of a contest in congress or a battle in China or a big prize fight deserves the big "break" in the headlines. This skill in judging news values is to a considerable degree instinctive, just like the ability to report an event accurately and succinctly. Nevertheless there may be training in this weighing of news values and schools of journalism to discuss "how come" with reference to particular newspapers which they may be considering.

Recently at the Medill school of journalism in Northwestern university a class was given a problem to proportion the heads and makeup of a paper embracing a number of hypothetical "big stories". We did not learn the results, nor just what agreement was arrived at respecting the problem. But here are some of the theoretical stories. How would you, if you were editing the paper that day, handle them in the way of prominence in the headlines? No paper ever gets as big a group of "breaks" in one edition; but there is always the problem of proportioning space and dividing headlines whether the stories are big or little.

Here is the list; build your own newspaper out of them:

Gangsters storm jail, releasing Al Capone. Capone dies under police guns at State and Madison streets.
The Lindbergh baby is returned.
Gandhi breaks prison but is killed by mob.
George Bernard Shaw dies.
The pope sends a crusade against Russian religious persecution.
Alfonso is restored as Spanish king.
Hitler is elected president of Germany.
The prince of Wales announces his engagement.
The soviet government is overthrown.
Japanese assassinate their emperor at Tokio.

Smith and the Democrats

MOST of the comments on Al Smith's outbreak at the Jefferson day banquet in Washington which we have seen have been in republican newspapers. The Portland Journal seemed inclined to raise a doubt if Smith was aiming his barbed shafts at his successor in Albany; but other newspapers, democrat and republican entertained no doubts on the point.

We have been interested in the comment which appeared in a genuine democratic paper coming to our desk, the Richmond News-Leader of Richmond, Va. Washington is not far from Richmond and the editor had evidently been an eye-witness and an auditor at the banquet. He heads his editorial "Smith at the last ditch". It reads as follows:

"Al Smith's undisguised attack on Franklin Roosevelt set 1,500 democrats a-buzzing last night, but it was a pathetic utterance. Smith was introduced by Governor James M. Cox in a very few words. He arose to scant applause. His face was red, his manner was one of suppressed excitement, and though he tried to strike out with his old art, he lacked the punch. In style and in argument, he seemed very different from the Smith of four years ago—older, less clear-headed, less self-confident.

"There were some in the crowded audience who felt, no doubt, that if Franklin Roosevelt makes his campaign on the line of argument he advanced in his radio address of April 7, he may excite class bitterness. But most of those who are of this mind probably realized last night that Smith was less concerned about avoiding class resentments than about voicing personal resentments. His utterance left the impression on many minds that he knew he had played his cards badly, that he saw he had no hope of the nomination, and that he was determined, as he passed out of the picture, to make one last effort to prevent the nomination of his New York rival."

Bloodshed Averted

FROM a safe distance we have observed the running debate between Col. Sawyer of the Bend Bulletin and Col. Jenkins of the Klamath Falls papers over the relative merits of the potatoes grown in their respective spheres of influence. Col. Jenkins brought on the debate with his customary laudation of home products; but Col. Sawyer with that backing of documentary evidence which makes him a formidable editorial opponent, has risen nobly to the defense of the Deschutes spud.

As is to end the discussion and to leave Col. Jenkins with some fruits of victory and his community with something to crow about, Col. Sawyer while still insisting that the Bend potatoes beat those of Klamath, concludes:

"We do not wish, however, to be offensive. A county that has nothing left to crow over is in sad state, indeed. And so, while Central Oregon must in all conscience retain the title of the section of the best potatoes, we will concede, frankly and gladly, that Klamath county has the finest, the biggest, toughest, tallest and all round best tules in all Oregon.

Once again bloodshed has been averted over in the Modoc country. Col. Sawyer hugs his spuds to his bosom and Col. Jenkins may proudly waves his tules.

Changes Come Slowly

THAT conditions were slowly freezing even during the years considered to be prosperous in an inference that may be drawn from the report of tax delinquency in Multnomah county. Those figures as reported by the tax conservation commission were: 1926, 8.3%; 1927, 10.42%; 1928, 11.33%; 1929, 12.24%; 1930, 13.62%; 1931, 20.04%. The increase was progressive from 1926 onward. The sudden jump in 1931 may be due partly to lifting the penalty and reducing the interest rate on delinquent taxes.

Good times do not end abruptly even though we date the present depression from the stock market crash of 1929. Conditions slowly accumulate which bring on the reaction. On the other hand good times do not return with a sudden rush. Gradually readjustments are made, business health restored until finally employment is universal and times are prosperous. It was a saying of Gov. Harding one time head of the reserve board: "Things are never as good or never as bad as they appear to be." That was true in 1928-1929; probably it is true today also.

The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

April 18, 1932.

Editor Statesman:

I wish to thank you for being so frankly unfair in your article in Sunday's Statesman where you give me credit for forcing the referendum plank on the convention. The fact is the meeting was called pursuant to a resolution offered by the Hon. H. C. Porter of Aumsville to the County Central Committee and passed unanimously. In the absence of the chairman it fell to me as vice chairman to call the meeting to order, state the reason for this meeting and organize a temporary organization. I was surprised but pleased that I was elected unanimously as temporary president.

I appointed a credential committee and a committee on permanent organization. Upon their reports being adopted, motion was made by W. W. Rosebraugh for the committee on platform. As mover of the motion, I appointed Mr. Rosebraugh, an ardent dry, as chairman. I also appointed Henry C. Porter, also a dry, who was father of the convention idea. Senator Louis Lachmund, one of Salem's respected and talented citizens, Mrs. W. Carlton Smith, one of the prominent ladies of Salem and head of many organizations, who served in the last session of the Oregon state legislature. Inasmuch as most of them were from Salem and Mt. Angel had the largest delegation present, I had the pleasure and honor of placing Mr. Schwab, one of the pioneer residents of that section, on the committee. I still believe it was a good committee and did its work well.

All papers presented to me were turned over to the committee for their deliberations. We may differ as to the resubmission of the question but I am for it along with thousands of others. The question of repeal or modification was not up for discussion by the convention. Many leaders of both parties regardless of their opinion on repeal agree that resubmission to the voters is most proper at this time. I had no part in making the platform. The convention was of the people, by the people and for the people.

HAL D. PATTON.

April 15, 1932.

To the Editor:

The statement made at the republican meeting April 9, "as there seems to be a general desire throughout the United States for a re-submission of the 18th amendment." (The statement should have added desire by the wets.)

Then the other statement "for 12 years the 18th amendment has been on trial and failed." In the hundreds of years of existence of the saloon, did it create purity and sobriety and weren't there plenty of "blind pigs" during the reign of the saloon?

Then the statement: "Before prohibition went into effect, it was a disgrace to be drunk; now girls at dances will not go with a man unless he has a bottle." Wonder what, and who's girl he referred to. There are thousands of nice girls who will NOT go with a man who carries a bottle. And what's more there are thousands of men who do not carry a bottle. It just depends on what company you choose. The statement, "The present generation of youth knows more about making liquor than their seniors do." I wonder who taught them? There are still a few seniors who know not how to brew. We agree that there are disturbed conditions. But what would conditions be with beer and wine flowing freely?

Sincerely,
D. A. B.
A Statesman Reader.

Mere Handful of Fishermen Make Trip to Valsetz

VALSETZ, April 19—Fishing season opened here with fewer fishermen in view than in the last 10 years. Only eight anglers, with very little success, were seen the first day. Many think there are less fish in the mill pond than ever, since the pond was opened some 10 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Holem of near Silverton have moved onto the A. J. Perrish place. Mrs. Holem is Mr. Perrish's sister.

Mrs. John McCoy is home to spend the summer, after spending the winter in Black Rock.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tomorrow: "He's Drowning — Throw Him a Brick!"

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Indian diseases in Oregon:

Under the title, "Indian Diseases as Aids to Pacific Northwest Settlement," Leslie M. Scott contributed an interesting article for the June, 1928, number of the Oregon Historical Quarterly. Some excerpts follow:

"Indian population lost heavily in the Pacific northwest during the half century that preceded Oregon Trail migratioon. Probably 80 per cent of the native peoples were swept away by the white man's diseases. Along the lower Columbia river, among the Chinookan tribes, the aboriginal destruction reached 95 per cent. Some tribes were exterminated.

"Without this desolation of the savages, settlement by ox team pioneers would have been delayed one or two decades, and then would have encountered the protracted horrors of savage warfare. The Yakima war in 1855-56 was the most serious conflict; but that revolt of the natives against the whites seems relatively brief and weak, compared with the resistance made by Indians in other parts of the American continent.

"In the valley or Rogue river in southern Oregon, the struggle against the whites was more resistant, due to the isolation of the natives, their stronger stamina and the smaller group of whites . . . . Delay of settlement would have DEFERRED THE OREGON BOUNDARY ADJUSTMENT with Great Britain, which was made in 1846, and might have enabled Britain to annex to Canada that part of the present state of Washington which lies north of the Columbia river; for Britain was impelled to accept the treaty of 1846 and the present boundary, by the rapid settlement of Oregon by Americans. . . .

"Without the disease conquest of the Indians, the pioneers would have had a harder time . . . . J. Neilson Barry, Pacific northwest history writer, is authority for the statement that in 1851-3 there occurred 33 fights; in 1855-6, 41. Mr. Barry enumerates the total number of conflicts, from 1790 to 1879, at 275. Most of them were marauding attacks upon parties of the whites. Few of them deserve the name of battle. All of them typified Indian resistance, however weak, to white man's so-called civilization. They stir the imagination to savage visions of what might have been, had the Indians retained their power . . .

"The first of the white man's plagues probably was smallpox, which, in 1781-2 swept from the upper Missouri river to the Pacific ocean. The second great scourge was 'fever and ague,' which ravaged the Indian races in 1830-31. These epidemics spent their fury in short periods of time, but their end did not palliate the later mortality resulting from tuberculosis, measles, sex diseases and firewater . . . .

"In 1837 smallpox spread on the upper Missouri from the theft, committed by a Mandan chief, of a blanket from the watchman of a steamboat who was dying from the disease. This steamboat, the St. Peters, scattered the pestilence for 500 miles, as far as Fort Union in North Dakota. The calamity to the Indians was terrible. This scourge did not spread to the area of Oregon and Washington. But a visitation of smallpox among the northern tribes two years previously is mentioned by John Dunn, a British writer . . Says Chittenden: . . . 'The wars among the tribes, the wars between the tribes and the whites, were the merest bagatelle in comparison with these desolating influences which sapped the vitality of the people.' Throughout the entire west the Indians were victims, but perhaps nowhere else so badly as in the Pacific northwest; and nowhere else where the RESULTS so good for the whites.

"To show the many contacts of whites with Indians prior to the Astor enterprise of 1810-13, we may quote Alexander Ross, a fur trader and writer of that period, who says that at the time of the Astorians many coasting vessels were engaged in the fur trade, and that for this reason the trade was far from being as productive to the Astorians 'as might be expected.' The vessels 'came from all parts of the states, especially Boston, all more or less connected with the Sandwich Islands and China trade.' The same author remarks:

" 'This casual traffic yielded to their owners in former days (he was writing this after the time of the Astor enterprise), by means of the returning cargo, an average clear gain of 1000 per cent every second year.' The Snake Indians of the interior, says Ross, writing of his observations in 1824, 'for nearly a century past have been frequented by traders.' The savages of the coast suffered the worst, due to the numerous European vessels, after the visit of Captain Cook in 1778.

"The white man's wares of barter spread among the tribes by exchange, which carried the luxuries of kettles, garments and baubles. In the Rocky mountains in 1805-6, Lewis and Clark often saw white man's articles, which the natives said came from Indians of the Cascades of the Columbia river, and which included beads, brass and cloth. At the cascades of the Columbia river in 1805, the explorers saw copper kettles, blue and white beads, brass arm bands, scarlet and blue robes and odd garments. Near Celilo, Captain Clark learned that the Indians there sent large quantities of salmon to the coast, in exchange for white man's goods. Below Celilo he saw a musket, a sword and several brass tea kettles; also a round hat and jacket which the Indian owner said had been obtained from the whites. Near Hood River, the explorers observed scarlet and blue cloth, a sword, a jacket and a hat. At the cascades they found beads and articles of copper, which the Indians dearly prized.

"At the mouth of the Columbia river, Lewis and Clark met several Indians who were clothed in sailor jackets and trousers. At Fort Clatsop, in the winter of 1805-6, they saw muskets, powder, ball and shot, copper and brass kettles, blankets, scarlet and blue cloth, plates, strips of copper and brass, brass wire, knives, beads, tobacco, fishhooks, buttons, sailors' coats, trousers and shirts. Captain Lewis says that the white traders usually arrived by sea in April and remained until October.

"Alexander Ross in 1811 found the Nez Perces, Cayuses and Walla Wallas armed with guns which they obtained through trade; he also saw an occasional kettle or knife, and supposed that those articles came from vessels of the coast. Ross relates that the Astorians found among the Chinooks in 1811 'guns, kettles, and various other articles of foreign manufacture;' and adds that the Indians 'were up to all the shifts of bargaining.' Thus the contacts existed, long before the posts of the fur trade were established or settlements began, for the DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIANS through the diseases of civilization.

"Nature or the world's advancement, or all all-seeing Providence, was preparing for the coming of the settlers."

(Continued tomorrow.)

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS

Young and beautiful Lily Lou Lansing aspires to an operatic career, but her moderate circumstances necessitate that she go to business and study music evenings. Wealthy Ken Sargent, whom Lily Lou loves, becomes angry when she insists upon practicing instead of seeing him and discontinues calling. Lily Lou grows listless and overworks trying to forget him. She goes to her parents' home in Woodlake for a rest. Ken arrives and once again she is happy, but she assumes an air of indifference toward him. Feeling she is no longer interested, Ken kisses her goodbye and leaves for town. Lily Lou rushes down the path to stop him and stumbles. Ken runs back to assist her.

CHAPTER NINE

"Lily Lou," he said in a serious, almost stern voice. "Do you love me, or don't you? I've got to know. I can't bear it to go on this way. No, don't look away. It isn't fair to me. You've got to tell me. . . . Say no if you must, but say something—"

"And if I say no?" Her voice was still thick with tears, he could hardly understand her, but he realized what she meant.

He drew back a little stiffly, said, still in that curiously stern voice, "Well, if you say no it's all right, Lily Lou. I'll just go on—same as I'd planned to. I won't make a nuisance of myself. Only I've got to know."

She couldn't say yes, and she couldn't say no. . . . She couldn't bear to lose him . . .

"Oh, don't go," she pleaded, "Ken—don't go—"

She saw his face, once more triumphant, laughing in the starlight. "Then you do love me—oh, Lily Lou!"

He forgot all about her ankle, her cool aloofness. He pulled her to him, his lips moved over her face, her throat, her neck. Lily Lou lay limp and nerveless in his arms. She too had forgotten the ankle, she had almost but not quite forgotten the stage. . . . The stage where she, in scarlet velvet, would be Tosca, in white satin, Marguerite. . . . "This is love," she thought. "It's happened to me. . . . I love him, and he loves me, and nothing else matters. . . ." The little light of memory in her mind that illuminated the Tosca, the Marguerite she was to be, went out. The stage was in darkness. She was alone in the dim starlight with Ken, with Ken whom she loved.

"Kiss me—again!" she breathed.

And when he did, she whispered, "Oh, Ken, I do love you. I've tried not to, but I can't help it any more—I do! I do!"

She never knew how long they sat there on the porch, their arms entwined, and afterwards she was glad she didn't. But it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. She loved Ken, and Ken loved her.

They had fifty hushed, tremulous goodbyes. It must have been near daylight when he got into the car, and she waved from the screen door.

And suddenly her ankle hurt. Oh, dreadfully. It hurt so much she couldn't stand on it. Leaning on a chair she crawled through the dark, silent little parlor, into the front bedroom, slipped off her clothes, climbed into the big, soft feather bed. From the open window came the smell of the dusty roses, the twitterings of some waking birds. . . . The ecstasy in her heart, the pain in her ankle became one. One unbearingly painful, joyous ache.

"This is the way you feel when you're in love," she thought and cried a little.

When the morning noises in the house didn't wake her, and she didn't come in to breakfast, her mother went to her room.

"Lily Lou, sleepy head. . . . You must have stayed out real late. We didn't hear you come in—"

Lily Lou opened heavy eyes. "Oh—kind of late. . . . Oh, mother, I hurt my ankle."

It was as big as a pumpkin.

"Hurt it? Lucky if you haven't broken it. Oh, Lily Lou, why didn't you call me? I could have got a hot footbath, or arnica—"

She bustled for the remedies now, Lily Lou lay back on the pillows. She was tired, and listless. She didn't want to move. She wanted to capture again the dreams of last night. But they weren't dreams. It was all true. . . . Ken loved her, and she loved him. . . .

She lifted starry eyes to her mother. . . . No, don't tell her! Not yet. Keep it a precious secret . . . tell nobody yet. . . .

The ankle didn't respond to home remedies. The doctor came from Lakeport, and said it was a sprain. She'd have to keep off of it for at least another week.

The office was telegraphed. "Maybe I'll lose my job," Lily Lou thought, but it didn't seem important. Oh, well . . a job. . . .

The office telegraphed back, "Sorry to hear of accident. Take time about returning. Relief operator willing remain long as necessary."

Her father liked it because she sat with him on the porch now. She was quiet, responsive, dreamy-eyed. He told her old, old stories he had told her dozens of times before. She listened with rapt, wide-eyed attention, not really hearing a word.

Ken wrote to her from the city. Sent her boxes of flowers that arrived slightly wilted, dearer to her because they had to be coaxed back to freshness.

"Mr. Sargent feels terrible because the accident happened when Lily Lou was with him," her mother explained.

Now that Ken was gone, and she hadn't told them about it, Lily Lou thought she had better not mention it for the present. After all, Ken hadn't said anything about being engaged . . . Did he mean that when he said he loved her? She didn't know. . . . Began to fret, to want to get back to town.

The doctor didn't want her to go, but he consented to tape the ankle, and let her. The family was sad to lose her again. "I'm always losing my children," her mother said. Dad didn't say anything. His big hand trembled, and he swallowed hard. Lily Lou's heart ached for him. For both of them. She wanted to do something to prove her love, but she didn't know what. She kissed them both. "I hate to leave you," she said, but that wasn't strictly true, since leaving them meant meeting Ken again.

Her mother loaded her down with things to take to May. Two cakes, a big pan of fried chicken all done up in wax paper, and a dozen fresh eggs.

The suitcase weighed so much . . . Lily Lou picked it up awkwardly. "Never mind, you'll be proud of me, some day!" she said, childishly.

After she got on the train she wondered.

Would they be proud of her, if she married Ken?

She didn't know. It got hotter and hotter in the train. She wiped her moist forehead, took off her hat.

"Anyone who says that being in love is a pleasure is crazy," she thought.

Of course there was no one to meet her. May and Raymond were working. So was Ken, and Ken didn't even know she was coming.

Lily Lou took a taxi, and drove home.

The house was chill and gloomy, after the riotous sun of the lake. A cold, wet fog had drifted in from the bay.

She went into the front room and unpacked her things. Telephoned May's office to say that she would do the ordering and get dinner, so that May needn't shop on the way home.

That done, she wondered if she dared call Ken's office. A girl with a clear, sharp voice told her that Mr. Sargent, Junior, was out of town. Back Monday. Any message?

"No," Lily Lou said.

She wandered around the house. Dusted the piano, rearranged her music. Moved furniture a little, picked some nasturtiums, and tried to give the house a lived in air. It looked just what it was, a place where people had little time for beauty, even for comfort. It was just a place to sleep, to rest, after a hard day's work.

"Bess is right. May ought to stay home," she thought. But if May stayed home there wouldn't be the few decent bits of furniture there were . . . the two overstuffed armchairs, the davenport, the rugs, the drapes. . . . May had bought them all with money she earned. And if May had children, her house would be like Bess'—toys, clothes drying, and special food and milk being prepared in the kitchen. Well, you ought to have money . . . lots of money . . . like the Sargents.

Lily Lou thought about the Sargents. Wondered what sort of times they had, and if there'd be a row when they found out that she and Ken were engaged. . . .

Yes, but were they engaged? He said he loved her, but did that mean. . You'd think it did, and still. . . .

And if they were, what would May say? And Bess? But perhaps she could go on with her music, even after she and Ken were married. . No, she couldn't do that, not really. Going on as she had intended would mean study in New York, study in Europe, then travel, travel, and Ken somewhere else. . . .

It would be wicked to give up and make her voice into a parlor voice, a sort of social asset, to make up for her being a nobody. . . .

Vividly she thought again of the tall woman with the big hats and the insolent laugh. . . . Mrs. Sargent, who would be her mother-in-law. And arrogant, portly Mr. Sargent. And she thought, "Oh, I'd be miserable with them. I wouldn't ever fit in. I don't like them. And Ken . . . he's different, he'll want to get away, perhaps. . ."

Maybe there'd be a family quarrel, and they'd throw Ken out without a cent, and Ken would stick to her, and they'd have a house, and they'd both work—not like Raymond and May, but different—a sort of studio house, with a lovely grand piano, and dark, gleaming floors, and . . .

The odor of scorching peas came from the kitchen. . . . The peas she had gone to all the trouble of shelling, and which were to be a treat for May who never had time to fix fresh vegetables. . . . Lily Lou flew to the kitchen. They weren't entirely spoilt. Just a few on the bottom. She transferred the salvaged peas to a clean pan. She'd pay attention now. She'd always despised people who day dreamed, and let things burn, and time go by. . . . Well, you can't be normal when you're in love!

(To Be Continued)

Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 20, 1907

"Father" Albert Bayless, the aged colored man who for 40 years had made his home in Salem, passed away yesterday. He was born in slavery in Tennessee nearly 87 years ago. After being sold to a cruel master, he escaped to California.

The annual graduating exercises of the college of medicine of Willamette university will occur on May 1. A class of 16 will receive their medic's sheepskins.

The Myers Pump and Manufacturing company, temporarily located at Kansas City, Mo., has written to Salem businessmen seeking information regarding the facilities the city has and the inducements that may be offered to secure the factory's location here.

April 20, 1922

Petitions demanding the recall of Fred A. Williams, chairman of the public service commission were deposited with the secretary of state yesterday.

NEW YORK — Cancellation of all contracts for the showing of films in which Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle appeared was announced last night by Will H. Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers' association. This action, he said, affected nearly 10,000 contracts.

New Views

"In what party did you register? What was the reason you selected that party?" This question was asked about town yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Douglas McKay, auto dealer: "Republican. I am registered that way because my relatives were democrats, I guess."

L. Johnson, janitor: "Haven't registered yet; but if I get in tonight it will be republican. Oh, I've always voted that way."

A. Preston, 755 Ferry: "Democrat. Because of the hard times."

Genevieve Morgan, reporter: "I registered republican to make my vote good in the primaries. I believe in the principles of the republican party; some of them. In the general election I like to vote the way I please, regardless of party.

Mrs. R. D. Paris, home maker: "Republican. My family are all republicans, and I guess I just followed suit."

Mrs. R. Statesman, homemaker: "Republican. It's a family affair, being a republican, handed down from a long line of them. There is the advantage too, of having a wider choice of candidates, I believe."

L. R. Krebs, builder: "Republican. I registered for that years ago for a presidential election. I always vote for the best man whether he is democrat or republican.

Karl Groth, laborer: "If I register, democrat. I don't think the democrats have ever had a chance, the republicans have been in power so much."

Daily Thought

"If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it." —Margaret Fuller.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

WE have economic conditions that mean as sure as fate that the tuberculosis death rate will increase. Essential to its prevention are good food, fresh air, sunlight and rest. How are people to get these if they haven't any money?


Dr. Copeland

We have had a period of economic prosperity in America, coinciding with progress in overcoming those conditions which predispose to tuberculosis. With better living conditions, the disease has been decreasing.

But when people huddle around the stove, a whole family sitting in one room, you have all the makings for the spread of tuberculosis. How many men, women and children have done that this last Winter? Millions of them!

The mind of the tuberculosis patient should be kept free from worry of every kind. His surroundings must be made as cheerful as possible. While it is almost invariably true that the patient has the feeling he will be better "tomorrow," yet there is an inner sense of discouragement that goes with this disease, a quickened imagination as the body becomes weaker. The happier the outlook may be made for the patient, the better.

But it's hard to be happy if poverty exists. The advantages we have won in the war against disease will be lost if we cannot find ways to feed, clothe and house the toilers of America.

Twenty-five years ago every seventh funeral was that of a consumptive. Today, as the result of well-directed efforts against the white plague, tuberculosis has become one of the minor causes of disease and death.

The essentials in wiping out this agent of the Grim Reaper are the food and shelter that go with high standards of living. If we permit the heads of ten million families to skimp on food, to lessen the milk supply of the children and to take less than their fair quota of nourishment, tuberculosis will thrive as it did in the slums of a generation ago.

The palatial homes are in danger too, when tuberculosis and other diseases of undernourishment thrive in the tenements. Through the servants clerks in stores and offices, and the thousand and one contacts of life, the germs of disease which thrive in poverty are carried to the children of the rich. Nobody is safe unless all are safe.

Money must be supplied in generous amounts, to the end that there shall be no needless deaths from a preventable disease. Every man, woman and child in America has a direct, personal, selfish interest in this matter. Let us exert every effort and make every sacrifice to end the ravages of dread tuberculosis.