

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Road Costs and Car Licenses

OUR present scale of motor license fees and gas taxes were set in a day of abundance. Required were certain sums to meet fixed charges on bonded debt. The remainder could be spent in maintenance, in improvements, in new construction and in the necessary administration and engineering. The same scale of fees and taxes now prevail. But on the outgo side there is quite a different picture.

First, we are now past the peak on the bonded debt service requirements. If we refrain from further bond issues the amount of income that must go to pay principal and interest will progressively grow smaller.

Second, and this is of great importance, a million dollars spent in road work now will buy far more than any year since road work was begun here on a large scale. In a letter appearing in the Portland Journal, Engineer McCullough of the highway department says that unit prices on bridge construction several years ago were 40% higher than they are now. He cites figures from the contract on the bridge over the Clackamas river which was recently awarded. When the job was first estimated some years ago the computation was roughly \$300,000. Recently when it was redrafted and careful estimates made the estimate of the engineers was \$206,505. The award was made for \$165,475, which is not far from 50% of the first estimate. As McCullough says:

"Four years ago this department was paying from \$22 to \$30 per cubic yard for concrete, while the contract price on this structure ranges from \$12 to \$15. At that time we were paying \$5 to \$6 per hundred for reinforcing steel as against a contract price on this structure of \$3.50, and so on for other items of unit cost."

That is precisely what The Statesman has been telling the people for two years. Costs are lower; which means that the same amount of money buys more miles of road, more bridges, more maintenance work, more oiling, more graveling, more paving.

Putting it another way, we can do as much road work as we were doing in 1927 and 1928 for 40% less money.

Then why can't the state cut the motor license fees without increasing the gas tax?

What we are fighting for is a real lightening of the load on the motorist, not just picking his hind pocket instead of his front pocket. Just because the gas tax is painless, it is no less real.

True, the people clamor for more roads; they always will. Then why not get on a steady basis of paying for road construction just what the state can afford and not try to telescope construction into a decade? People want other things than roads nowadays; they want food, they want gas, they want clothing, they want automobiles. Also men want jobs, and that is the only good reason there is for continuing to spend as much money as we have been spending in road work.

Third, there is still another factor the people do not fully appreciate, and that is the secular growth of income from these fixed fees. Year by year more money comes in from license fees, although the amount at present may show a slight decrease due to business conditions. The amount of income on the gas tax is increasing even in hard times.

So we have this singular situation: Under present fees and taxes we have more money to spend, at a time when the major projects of the original system have been largely completed, and at a time when the road dollar buys about 40% more than it did when the fees and taxes were fixed. All this too at a time when the car-owner is less able to pay these charges than ever before.

The need for action in bringing about a sharp, though sensible, reduction in license fees is so apparent and so practicable that we need not point the moral to adorn this tale.

After the Bonus

CONCEDED that the last half of the soldiers' bonus, due 1945, will be paid within a very few years, yielding to the pressure brought by the ex-service men.

After the bonus is paid and spent, what next? Will there be demands for more bonuses and more pensions? Will there ever be an end to the political pressure used to extract money from the treasury for the benefit of able-bodied men who served during the world war?

Remember that we are now paying nearly a billion dollars a year in veterans' pensions and relief. Remember too that a large sum is going to able-bodied veterans or to those whose disability was in no wise due to the war. Remember too that the country wants to be generous with those wounded in service, and the widows and orphans of those who lost their lives in battle. All that is paid without grudging.

But recalling the history of pension legislation in the past, one wonders what the limit will be in meeting the demands of veterans of the World War. There is a limit, which is the capacity of the country to pay; and another limit, the willingness of the people to pay.

While the New York legislative committee is hearing an exposure of Mayor Walker's cash account, showing \$300,000 in gifts, the newspaper profession is interested in the report that is Paul Block, New York newspaperman, who was the mayor's partner in some of the big deals. Block has been one of the young leaders in the publishing side of newspapering. He operates as publishers' representative in the advertising game, also owns some important papers. Apparently politics and side-graft are also in his line. He has been an associate with Hearst in some big newspaper deals. This exposure will do Paul Block no good.

The state is interested in watching the gyrations of Portland politics. There the housewives council, the committee of 50, the independent political league and other little groups are busy picking busy trying to earn a living; they give no attention to the conviving of cliques for political carrion.

Economists are poor guessers. There was poor old Malthus who kept the world frightened for generations with fear that overpopulation would soon exhaust the resources of the earth. Now the people, millions more than in Malthus' time, are drowning in food surpluses.

Poppy days; memory days. Buy, and wear, a poppy.

It is noticed the parties watch their step on this "wet plank".

Delzell sowed; and Mott reaped the increase.

"That Panama Would Become You, Gooty"



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Benjamin Hayden:

On February 28, in answer to a question from the Missouri Historical society asking for the location of the grave of Hancock Lee Jackson, this column made reference to Benjamin Hayden.

It came about from the fact that Hancock Lee Jackson, once lieutenant governor and governor of Missouri, was the great grandfather of Miller B. Hayden, justice of the peace of Salem district; that he (Jackson) was the father-in-law of General John P. Miller, one of the grandfathers of our justice of the peace, the one on his mother's side, and Benjamin Hayden was the grandfather on his father's side. And the graves of all these ancestors are in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, Salem.

In order to make permanent record of facts connected with the life of Benjamin Hayden, there is printed below a set of resolutions of the Salem Bar association, written soon after his death. The document is self explanatory. It follows:

The Honorable Judges for the Third Judicial District of the State of Oregon: The undersigned, your committee appointed by John H. McNary, president of the Salem Bar association, respecting the presentation of suitable memoranda respecting the public and professional career of the late Benjamin Hayden, beg to report that we have from memory and other data obtained from his relatives and his friends compiled

the following:

"He was born in Franklin county, Kentucky, on the 11th day of September, 1832. While a small boy he emigrated from his native state with his parents and other members of the family to the state of Illinois. In that state he had the benefit of a common school education and was proficient in the branches taught in schools of that character. He had the faculty of retaining whatever acquisitions came to him. As he had frequently observed, his memory was tenacious and reasonably correct.

"About the year 1844 he took up the study of law. Crossing the Mississippi river into the state of Missouri, he was under the tutelage of a man by the name of Jamison, who was a man of considerable prominence, being a member of congress. Judge Dooley was also one of his preceptors. While associated with these gentlemen he was brought into contact with and formed an acquaintance with Thomas H. Benton, then senator from Missouri and a man of national reputation. He always seemed to be especially proud of his contact with this illustrious statesman.

"He was anxious to engage his services in behalf of the United States in the Mexican war, but volunteers were quite numerous, and he did enlist and take the duties of a soldier in 1846 as shown by the records on file in the war department, Washington, D. C., and carved on the monument by the U. S. government at his grave in the I. O. O. F. cemetery, Salem, Oregon.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

AN injury to the skin in which there has been an entrance of dirt, is dangerous. Such an injury, with the presence of the right germ and if neglected, may result in tetanus. The danger attaches to a puncture of the skin with anything that carries dirt into the tissue.

Of particular danger are street injuries and gunshot wounds. With the oncoming of the Fourth of July, great precautions should be taken against accidents from blank cartridges and fireworks. Wounds caused by them may be contaminated by the tetanus germ. Tetanus, or lockjaw, is a disease in which the body becomes stiff, the chewing and swallowing muscles won't work, and severe convulsions occur. It is a dangerous ailment.

In some statistics I saw, it was recorded that 80 per cent of tetanus cases are found in injuries occurring on the street, in homes, gardens or stables. The worst case I ever saw followed a fall from a bicycle, where the palms of the hands were scraped on the gravel of the road. It is far less likely to result from industrial accidents.

Fortunately we now have at our disposal a means of combating this dreaded disease, for by means of "tetanus antitoxin" it may be prevented.

However, for this treatment to be successful, it should be given immediately after the infliction of any contaminated injury, and in addition to giving the tetanus antitoxin, it is essential that the

wound be thoroughly cleaned and receive whatever surgical treatment is necessary. With the use of antitoxin, the mortality from this disease has been reduced to about one-third. The fatal cases now are usually due to negligence on the part of the patient; so never fail to seek medical advice if you have injured yourself.

Please remember that the antitoxin must be given immediately after receiving the injury, and that when it is given promptly, there is very remote danger of tetanus.

In former years, when tetanus antitoxin was not known, it was customary to cauterize all suspected wounds. This painful and unpleasant procedure is no longer necessary if tetanus antitoxin is given.

Do not misunderstand me. Tetanus antitoxin is not a substitute for local treatment. It is only an occasional wound that is infected with this particular germ, but every wound is subject to infection with other germs, and these may be dangerous. If every injury were treated at once, by thorough cleansing and the application of iodine, it would make a great difference in the average of results from wounds.

Answers to Health Queries
Miss H. Q.—What causes constipation?
A.—Improper diet is usually responsible. This should be corrected. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

A Reader. Q.—What is the cause of pain in the bones down the front of the limbs?
A.—This may be due to rheumatism or neuritis. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

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"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

"I want my baby!"
"But, darling child, you've been so sick—"

"I want him. I want him!" Lily Lou, quick to see that she could get what she wanted now, bent the corner with her white, claw-like hands.

When they hesitated, looking with distress from one to the other, the first suspicion of what might have happened, dawned on her.

Then there was a reason... the little baby that she wouldn't look at at first was gone... had slipped away from her before she had let herself love him...

She lay back on her pillow, her eyes closed. The old impulse to hide. To keep them from knowing that she cared. They must not guess... her baby, hers and Ken's...

"When did it die?"
She opened her eyes, brought the words out boldly, looking Herr Doctor straight in the eye. He started, and Madame Nahman gave a little cry. The sisters looked from one to the other... they were not sure what she had said.

And suddenly she could not bear it. She burst into harsh, strangled sobs, sobs that tore themselves out of her, the sobs of the defeated and lost.

She felt them crowding around her, offering comfort, but she could not accept it. There was nothing left to her... nothing... Until the rosy sister brought the baby, his dark little face looking strangely flattened and pinched, like a sick little old man.

"He was ill, the poor little thing," Madame Nahman said. "When you got sick, he got sick, too, and so..."

But Lily Lou did not listen to them. She took him in her arms and held him close to her heart, smiling at them triumphantly through her tears.

She did not remember them taking him away. But when next she remembered things, they brought him back to her, and she knew that her troubles were over... the baby would get well... she'd see well.

Overnight the hospital changed from a place of torture infested with strangers, who pushed and prodded and did unthinkable things to her, to a haven of safety inhabited by ministering angels.

She could lie on her soft white bed... so safe, so drowsily content, and know that the bubchen was close at hand, that she had only to lift her eyes and Schwester Schnabel or Schwester Wolfe would be right there.

Warm April sun filtered in the sparkling windows. A milky blue sky was just visible beyond the roofs and spires. They had seemed grey before, but now they were silvery or fawn-colored, or opalescent in the sun.

When they saw she was interested in the view they dragged her bed close to the window, with a proper accompaniment of Viennese grunts and whistling breathing.

Then she could see the people passing on the street, and when an old woman took up her stand at the corner to sell balloons she sent for a red one, and clapped her hands and laughed aloud because she was sure the bubchen noticed it, and followed it with his eyes.

Kind Doctor Sanders came every day, petted her hand, and told her she must be careful not to get too fat, isn't it so, no? Chuckling delightedly at his own joke.

Madame Nahman came often, any sort of challenge or interruption brought back a retort which frequently put the speaker to embarrassment. He never spoke, however, in his severest moments.

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New Views

Question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "What is your reaction to the Garner relief bill, now before congress and which carries a \$1,047,000,000 public works provision and a total of \$2,100,000,000 for relief?"

E. L. Money, Salvation Army worker: "To tell the honest truth, I haven't had time to read the newspaper for weeks. I work all day and late into the night on relief work here."

John Martin, workman: "I noticed nothing about it, but I'm skeptical until I see that it would actually do some good in the present situation."

J. T. Delaney, Oregon Washington Water company: "My opinion on any kind of government relief work is to furnish work for those in need in order that the government relief will have earned it. Make them self-supporting; that is what makes real citizens. Real men want work; they don't want gratuities."

L. D. Fields, route one farmer: "Oh, I don't know. Well, there should be something done, yes. I don't know whether that's any too much or not."

Dave Allen, produce peddler: "They'll have to do something. They've got to do it quick, too. If the unemployed don't get something to do soon, they're going to do something."

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 28, 1907

Salem's new electric company, Gamble, Hyde & company, which started here recently, has found itself so swamped with orders for electrical fixtures that Mr. Gamble has reorganized it with additional capital under name of Western Electric & Manufacturing



On the dresser was a little pile of letters. With a presentiment of bad news she ripped open the first one.

with armfuls of lilac and syringas, which the obliging sisters stuffed into bulging but strangely incommensurate vases. "You'll be coming home in a day or two now, Lily Lou—and then we'll be off to Paris, as soon as Doctor Sanders thinks you can travel. I've finished my season at the opera house."

Madame Nahman had finished her season... and Lily Lou hadn't even heard her... hadn't heard one of the concerts either...

Where all the time had gone to... She didn't want to leave the hospital. She didn't want to leave Vienna. Why, she hadn't seen a thing! They left the rosy sister, Schwester Schnabel, come home with her for the 10 days that were left before it was time to go back to Paris.

Lily Lou's strength came back in bounding rushes of renewed vitality and joy of living. She felt better than ever. She loved everybody and everything. She wanted to kiss each rosy-cheeked child she saw in the parks, to endow each beggar with a fortune.

She adored the cakes, where everyone ate outdoors on round tables with green painted iron chairs. She gorged on wild strawberries, drowned in billowing whipped cream, tried 50 kinds of little cakes, each more delectable than the other. And the coffee! Oh, wouldn't mother and the church ladies enjoy a cup of real Viennese coffee, with whipped cream on top...

She almost wept when Susanne told her how gay the opera season had been, and what a marvelous day Easter was, with the streets fairly crisscrossed with green and white-robed little girls and black-coated little boys, driving in a one horse shay, all decorated with flowers, to church to make their first communion.

Six weeks... just gone out of

company. A factory building soon will be erected.

Salem sent only one dog to the Portland bench show, and that dog took six prizes. The Salem dog is "Togo" the Airedale terrier, belonging to J. J. Dalrymple.

Salem will soon have another theatre. Messrs. H. E. Perrier and T. O. Morgan have rented one of the large store rooms in the Wagner block on the north side of Court street, west of Liberty, which they will open next week.

May 28, 1928

A rough estimate has it that close to 300 houses have been built or are now building in Salem

since last fall. The building has been going on in almost every portion of the city.

The task of paving Stayton's main streets on the Salem-Stayton-Mohama route was started yesterday when the first batch of asphalt material was put out by the plant which has been rented from Marion county.

Temporary officers elected by the Salem Lions club at its first meeting yesterday are: Ed Chastain, president; E. M. Page, vice president; M. D. Ohling, secretary; treasurer; E. F. Smith, C. L. Smith, C. L. Gentry, Glenn Greig and C. B. O'Neill, directors; Ross C. Miles, "tall twister."

(To Be Continued)

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