The Oregon Statesman

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

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Recommendations on Measures

IN ACCORDANCE with past custom The Statesman submits herewith its recommendations for voting on the state constitutional amendments, initiated and referred bills and the charter amendments proposed for the city of Salem, all of which appear on the ballot for next Tuesday's election.

On some of these it is easy to arrive at a decision, on others it is very difficult, not for fear of causing offense to one side or another, but to determine just what is best for the state at large.

These recommendations represent our own best judgment; but we urge voters to study all measures thoughtfully and exercise their own intelligent choice in the various propositions.

Taxpayer Voting Qualification Amendment—
The Statesman has consistently opposed efforts to limit the suffrage by property qualification. The incidence of taxation is so spread nowadays that virtually all are taxpayers. We recommend
301 X No.

Amendment Authorizing Criminal Trials Without Juries by Consent of Accused—
This might be dangerous in some large cities where the judiciary is corrupt and under control of gangsters. Fortunately that condition does not prevail in Oregon. The adoption of the amendment may expedite trials and reduce expense. We recommend
302 X Yes.

Six Per cent Tax Limitation Amendment—
There should be no opposition to this amendment. It will not permit increasing expenditures a cent, and may make possible some decreases. We recommend
304 X Yes.

Oleomargarine Tax Bill—
Oregon is a dairying state and the prosperity of the dairymen is of vital importance. We cannot however bring ourselves to the belief that this method is sound. Nor can we overlook the fact that the ones who might be injured (aside from the oleo makers) are the low-wage consumers of butter substitutes, persons least able to bear additional burdens of living costs. We recommend
307 X No.

A Bill Prohibiting Commercial Fishing on the Rogue River—
Two years ago this paper opposed the closing of the Rogue river. We are changing our view this year because there seems to be a marked change of sentiment in the district immediately affected. Even at the mouth of the Rogue many people have come to the conclusion that the stream is better for a tourist resource and a game fishing stream than a commercial fishing stream. Now is a good time to test out the opinion, with salmon a cent a pound. We recommend
308 X Yes.

Higher Education Appropriation Bill—
This bill was really killed when the referendum was filed because the period for which the money was appropriated is now about gone. We recommend
311 X No.

Bill to Repeal State Prohibition Law of Oregon—
Repeal of the Anderson act without touching the state constitutional provision against prohibition would leave the state without any power to control or regulate the liquor trade. Then in case federal prohibition is overthrown this would open the state to liquor manufacture and sale without any restraint. We recommend
313 X No.

The Freight Truck and Bus Bill—
We believe the people of the state are tired of making truckways out of the highways, that the prevailing fees do not begin to cover the damage to highways which these vehicles cause together with their fair share of construction cost. The whole subject calls for further study and additional legislation. Meantime we recommend
314 X Yes.

Bill Moving University, Normal and Law Schools, Establishing Junior Colleges—
If you want to save taxes without regard to damage to much public and private property, vote for this bill. The Statesman believes our educational problems can be worked out without this drastic change. We recommend
317 X No.

Tax and Debt Control Constitutional Amendment—
The legislature should have power to legislate on financial affairs of subordinate units. Another reason we favor it is that the amendment gives the legislature authority to regulate accounting practice to require an audit. We have long fought for this supervision. If we had had it many of our towns would not be in the predicament they are now. We recommend
318 X Yes.

Tax Supervising and Conservation Bill—
This is the second of the tax measures recommended by the governor. This commission is of rather dubious value. We do not think it will do much harm; but are so unconvinced of its virtue that we recommend
321 X No.

Personal Income Tax Law Amendment Bill—
This catches people at both ends of the income scale. However it does not increase the sum total of taxation, merely relieves general property further. A hard dose to take, but we recommend
322 X Yes.

State Water Power and Hydroelectric Constitutional Amendment—
Dangerous because it permits issuing $65,500,000 in bonds against the state without any further vote of the people. We recommend
325 X No.

CITY CHARTER AMENDMENTS

Putting Police Under Civil Service—
No reason why the police should not have civil service the same as the firemen. But the city is not quite sure it wants civil service for firemen. Better let it have further trial. We recommend
501 X No.

Two Measures: Amending Sections 83 and 26 and Reducing Engineering, etc., Charges from 20 Per Cent to 10 Per Cent—
Companion measures, the first applying to sidewalks, the second to street improvements. Ten per cent ought to be enough to cover overhead charges for such work. We recommend
502 and 504 X Yes.

A miner dug out $10,000 in gold in one and a half days' work. Well, at that rate we'd be willing to put in a week at mining, and guarantee not to kick about the grub.

Saw a farmer's truck hauling some cows to market. It carried a banner "Vote for Adams for mayor". Thus do Portland's ills draw the sympathy of the countryside.

The marriage rate holds up pretty well, but the divorce rate has dropped. A license is cheaper than a divorce; and times are "hard". No wonder Reno banks are in trouble.

A man named Cayo was put in jail in a downstate county for drunken driving. It was the Kayo for Cayo. Okay!

Now there is the "streamline" wedding ring. Styled for the streamline figure, presumably.

The R. F. C. has loaned $630,000 to Bowling Green, Kentucky, for a sewer system. Self-liquidating!

If They DO Get Hold of That Garage Key—

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

November 5, 1907

The two steel gangs which have been working toward each other between Tualatin and this city, on the Oregon Electric railway, drove the last spikes between these two points last night. Only two and one-half miles of track remain to be completed.

PORTLAND—An asset currency based on Oregon products and redeemable February 1, 1908, will be issued by the Portland clearing house associated banks. The base will be wheat, grain, canned fish and lumber actually sold, and other marketable products or bonds approved by the financial committee.

The $20,000 brick hospital at Chemawa is fast nearing completion under the direction of Contractor F. A. Erixon. Upon the completion of the new hospital, the building used at present for that purpose will be converted into a domestic science hall.

November 5, 1922

With the recent payment of city liens amounting to $5266 and taxes aggregating $1219, the accumulation of many years against the Parrish Grove property, the last remaining tract of the Parrish homestead in the geographical center of Salem, has been released to homebuilders in that rapidly growing section.

DALLAS—Mary Metcalf, the last surviving member of the old Grande Ronde Indian tribe, died this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Riggs on the Grande Ronde reservation. Mrs. Metcalf, who was a young women when the Rogue River Indian war was fought, was more than 100 years old.

CHICAGO—Wheat underwent a moderate setback in price yesterday. Closing quotations were: Wheat—December $1.15⅝, May, $1.13 3-8.

BITS for BREAKFAST
—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Myth of retaliation:

⁂

Likewise Roosevelt rot:

⁂

Ditto democratic dipsomania, dishwater, hooey and horsefeathers:

⁂

From his kick-off acceptance speech to the waiting and expectant throng staying over in the convention hall at Chicago for the Hearst-McAdoo bargain blessed candidate, fresh out of the air all the way from Albany, but with Al Smith and his Tammany cohorts departed from the tumult—

⁂

From this hectic beginning, the candidate of the party hoping to profit from the woes of the world depression has continued to assert, wherever he has found or made occasion to refer to the subject of the tariff, that the pretendedly hated Hawley-Smoot law was so unfair—

⁂

So unfair to foreign nations—

⁂

As to excite retaliation on their part, with the result of "destroying our foreign trade."

⁂

While Roosevelt has pussyfooted whenever he has run up against a plea from a section or interest concerned with any item in that law, pussyfooted with weasel words every time and in every place whither his breezing over the country has taken him, though committing himself to nothing but glittering generalities, with the hope of garnering votes—

⁂

While he has whispered hope here, there and yon indiscriminately, to the cattle men of Arizona, the lumber men of Washington, ad infinitum, ad absurdum, ad nauseum—

⁂

Every time, early and late, he has given the bogey man of the Hawley-Smoot tariff the anatnema maranatha—the double curse and the double cross, albeit with his fingers crossed in the sight of any scared man or company of men fearful for his or their own industry or job.

⁂

Other democratic leaders have been singing the same tune, all of them from Newton Baker to Cactus Jack Garner of Texas—each in concert asserting that in the two years since the present law was enacted 100 or more retaliatory tariffs have been enacted against it.

⁂

But as there are only about 60 independent nations in the world, this democratic estimate would

(Turn to page 6)

Daily Health Talks
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

THERE are lots of ways to get scared, and a very common one is to imagine you have heart trouble. If it really exists, heart trouble requires sensible treatment, but if it exists only in the imagination it creates great and needless unhappiness and worry.

Dr. Copeland

Fearing heart disease, many persons rush off to heart clinics. Most of them happily are told they have no heart trouble.

Others assume that they have heart disease, because of vague and uncomfortable sensations around the heart, and their worry serves to increase the pain and discomfort; yet they hesitate to get medical advice for fear of being told that they really have heart disease and must discontinue their work.

No Cause for Alarm

I do not mean to give the impression that pain or discomfort about the heart should be disregarded, but I wish to impress upon my readers the fact that pain around the heart does not of necessity mean heart disease.

The heart is supplied by a very complicated network of nerves. Worry, anger, emotional distress, excitement and fatigue can stimulate and irritate these nerves and produce unusual sensations around the heart. At other times the heart will beat rapidly, and the sufferer describes the disturbance by saying "my heart jumps in my throat." Sometimes the heart will beat rapidly and then stop, skipping a beat. This symptom is seldom due to any organic disturbance of the heart.

Many of my readers ask about heart murmurs. There are two kinds of murmurs, the organic and the inorganic. The organic murmur requires medical attention. The inorganic murmur is usually temporary, and disappears with rest and care. This type is met frequently among children, and I desire to assure the worried mother that its presence need cause no alarm.

Consult Your Physician

A permanent murmur, an organic murmur, on the other hand, is important, but with care the afflicted person may live to a ripe old age. I know of many who have heart murmurs but continue with their work and interests in life. So, while this disorder requires attention, it need not frighten its victim.

Those who have organic heart murmurs should practice the rule of moderation in all things. Sudden and strenuous exertion must be avoided. It is wise to guard against exposure to cold and dampness, overweight, underweight and undernourishment. A quiet, well-regulated life is advisable.

If you are worried about your heart, consult with your physician. Modern methods of diagnosis, such as the use of the X-ray, fluoroscope and electrocardiagraph, enable the physician to determine accurately the condition of the heart. There need be no anxiety or doubt. If after a thorough examination, you are told you have no heart disease. The doctor can be very positive in his decision.

Answers to Health Queries

R. H. Q.—What should a girl of 19, 5 feet 6 inches tall weigh? 2—Am I too tall for my age? 3—What do you advise for dry skin?

A.—She should weigh about 132 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance. 2—You are taller than the average person for your age. 3—Avoid the use of soap and use a good cold cream.

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The Safety Valve - -
Letters from Statesman Readers

I should like to say a few words in regard to the proposed amendment under ballot numbers 302-303. This appears to me to be a very dangerous law. It would be quite a convenience to the rich criminal. No accused person in his right mind would decide for trial by judge unless he knew how the judge "stood," and it would be the duty of his counsel to find out. It certainly would simplify matters. The accused who had appropriated public funds would merely have to split with the judge, his counsel and possibly the district attorney. (By the way, how is the district attorney going to get in on this? The bill does not mention him. Are we voting for a bill as it reads or for it as it MAY read after it has been tinkered and tampered with by somebody—we don't know who?) The very fact that the sponsors of this amendment suggest the consent of the district attorney be obtained, shows that they see the danger of too few. If the provisions of this bill are inadequate we will do well not to pass it. Trial by jury is the best method of obtaining justice and in these times of unemployment it gives a few citizens a few days wages and some lawyers a job. I have heard that the lawyers oppose this bill. Well, we can't blame them for not wanting to stand aside merely licking their chops while the judge fares sumptuously. But if they are opposed why did they not write a negative argument? If they have read the constitution they must know it is unconstitutional, for in article 3, section 2, clause 3 of that document we read "The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury." Neither would the expense of grand jury be saved since that jury would have to sit in either case, whether trial was by judge or by jury, for in amendment 5 of the U. S. constitution we read "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or OTHERWISE INFAMOUS crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury."

Is the constitution obsolete? Some would make it so. The constitution does not "imply" that it may be set aside at the will or convenience of any group. This loose interpretation, if continued in, will some day wreck our government and cast us adrift upon a sea of lesser lows. "Back to the constitution!"

There is a dangerous tendency today on the part of politicians to take power from the many and place it in the hands of the few. Let us watch our step and vote 303 X No.

A word about the city ordinance which would put the city police under civil service. It looks like another effort to concentrate power, a scheme of the "ins" to entrench themselves behind a wall and keep the "outs" out. The "ins" should not be exempt from the civil service test. If we are going to have civil service let us wipe the slate clean and start fair and build up the force under it. Otherwise it merely insures the ins a life-time job. The system is better as it now is. It is well to have public officials accountable to somebody.

A VOTER.

UNCLE SAMMIE'S RAMS

UNCLE SAMMIE had some rams
Which vicious seemed to grow;
But every time these Rammies cried:
"Let PROHIBITION go"—

Old UNCLE SAM (a wisey man!)
Enforced the Shepherd's rule;
It wouldn't do to let these Rams
Upset the whole darned school;

The welfare of the FLOCK must be
The rule that ruled all breeds;
Especially when the VOTERS cast
Their ballots for their NEEDS.

So every discontented ram
Was told to "shake his fleece,"
And take himself to other fields,
Or cease his senseless, lawless spiels;
His breed must not increase;

A dangerous menace to the flock,
And paradox, par se,
For a sheep to claim he upholds the laws,
Yet LAWS THAT BE, he bunts and paws;
(Then laughs in scoff-law glee.)

Yet UNCLE SAM has sheep like this,
Who bleat for "LIBERTY"—
Claim BOOZE will bring the flock all bliss;
But they can't fool you or me!

Their logic lacks a whit of sense;
Their bonnet hath a BEE!
So let them browse around the fence,
Or bunt—or climb a tree!

EDGAR FIELD.

SALEM, Nov. 4.—(To the Editor)—In the beginning of this campaign there were some persons who had upheld Hoover who were saying: "It is time for a change . . we have had enough of Hoover; it could not be any worse," and so forth. As the days and weeks have gone by some of these well-intentioned persons have been asked "What other country or nation is in better condition than the U. S. A.? Affairs could be vastly worse than they are. You are borrowing thunder from the democratic party to down our president who has done wisely and well in keeping our nation from suffering dire results from conditions concomitant with this universal depression." Many have looked a little deeper as the thought continued to harass them as to what conditions might be if Hoover were defeated and the U. S. A. starts backward, and now intend to vote for Hoover. Friends, just look yourselves squarely in the face and consider well before voting. Think about temperance, civilization, progress, prosperity, right and righteousness.

FRANK L. BUELL.

Daily Thought

"The passing of personal journalism is not a great calamity. It has cost us some picturesque characters and if we are served with a less trenchant style of editorial, there are compensating advantages."—Roy W. Howard.

New Views

What is your opinion on the freight truck and bus bill? This was the question asked yesterday by The Statesman staff.

Marion "Gus" Moore, Boys' Y secretary: "I think it should be investigated. I have worked on lumber trucks to some extent and I know how hard they are on the highways. I think that they should be made to pay as much in proportion as cars which do not use the highways to such an extent."

Ben F. West, printer: "I'm in favor of cutting them out. They should be regulated the same as our railroads. Tax them. The valuation of the railroads has been reduced; there should be some effort made to tax the trucks and busses to the benefit of real property."

R. W. Clarke, farmer: "I've been against it up until this very day, but after hearing some good stiff arguments on the other side I think there is some merit in the bill."

Editorial Comment
From Other Papers

MALONEY VS. BALONEY

Opposing Rufus Holman on the ballot for state treasurer is J. W. Maloney of Umatilla county, pioneer stockman and farmer, former county judge and later banker. He has been prominent in civic and public life for many years. His sincerity, honesty and integrity are unquestioned. There is not a stain on his escutcheon. He is amply qualified for the important office he seeks.

Mr. Holman, as he has given abundant evidence of, is the most egotistical blowhard in public office, the greatest "I am" in politics. He arrogates to himself all the economies that Governor Meier has effected, while at the same time his own bungling interference has proven costly to the taxpayers. He always seizes the spotlight to inflate in.

Mr. Holman is a megiomaniac, bombastic, arrogant and quarrelsome by nature and cannot get along tactfully with anyone long. His chief weapon is personal abuse and appeal to moronic prejudice. He has ever been a symbol of discord. He has been denounced by every newspaper in Portland, the Oregonian branded him a liar, the Telegram dubbed him the halitosis of Oregon politics, the News accused him of attempted bribery and the Journal was almost as uncomplimentary.

Though Mr. Holman is on the republican ticket, republicans are under no obligation to vote for him, as he is not only a bolter but has done his best to defeat the party in state elections.

As Sipe puts it, the treasurer contest is between Maloney and Baloney — and we have already been fed up on baloney — Salem Capital Journal.

A Football Romance "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

CHAPTER XXXIV

Phyllis was a girl out of a book; a childhood book, a fairy tale—magically moulding into one being every quality Ted Wynne had ever dreamed into his ideal.

Beautiful in demure brunette fashion, with rich brown eyes that shone like jewels of serious thought; contemplative, gazing upon the world she saw with a quiet inquisition; sprightly, bantering with Pidge as though he were a younger, rather than elder brother; intellectual, amazingly engrossed in philosophy, poetry and art for one so far on the tender side of twenty. Turned to the last second on fashion's lathe.

A princess and her castle; gardens which must be enchanting in summer, even now crusted with silver ice; fifty yards away Lake Erie pounded endlessly at time and the sands; four cars in the garage; speed boats and a canoe hung up for the winter; his own room better appointed than anything he had ever seen in the most luxurious and comfortable football hotels.

And Pidge talking about food.

"Let's go down and put the feed bag on, boy—all that fresh air makes me want to eat the leg off a wolf."

Pidge's father—and Pidge called him Father, rather gravely, in addressing him—was handsome in a dignified manner; a big man with shoulders slightly rounded; much gray hair; speech geared to a contemplative attitude. Pidge's mother, now ample, had undoubtedly been a beautiful girl—big black eyes, charming smile, warm manner.

And Phyllis in a gently flowing dress that trailed from white shoulders and arms to the point of misty silver slippers; a black dress modestly draping her legs—except here and there; but Ted Wynne did not look—his princess had no legs.

Eyes demurely dropped; rising respectfully while the men talked, surprised into shining admiration.

"James tells me that you have worked at the Riverside," the father said. "I am interested in your reason for leaving."

Ted told him. "But I go back and work vacations; I like to do that. I always did like the men, and can't help feeling sorry."

"I'm interested in why you feel sorry for our men."

"Well, I used to stand before a furnace, make up poetry, think of football plays—anything to keep from the monotony of growing older billet by billet; but I had something to think of; what have the others? Women, liquor, comedy, hate. Work, eat and think about those things; and never grow up intellectually—then, some day, die."

Phyllis was watching.

"Have you a remedy, Mr. Wynne?"

"Yes, sir. I know you can't go to them with a lot of Y. M. C. A. stuff; but you can accept them as they are and direct and improve their natural channels of thought. Mill men are as curious as any neighbor women on back fences; give them something constructive to think of; you'll make their own lives more pleasant and probably make it easier for their families."

"For instance?"

"Organize sport — horseshoes, baseball, mushball; a plant magazine; even a daily typewritten bulletin; something which will bring them to the bulletin board every day; give them gossip, comedy, personals—a Broadway column for every plant—and you can put over your safety propaganda and other policies without blasting at them."

"Boy—you're hot," Pidge exclaimed.

"I guess I've been talking too much," Ted laughed apologetically; but the girl's shining eyes said no.

"Your point of view is fresh, Mr. Wynne," the father replied, "it is not often I get frankness. I would suggest that when you return to college that you sit down and write me a letter including all of your ideas on this subject. In the meantime, do you think James might profit from a summer on the furnaces?"

"If you can keep the Riverside running through next summer both of us will be right there, eh Pidge?"

"Yes, Father," Pidge replied enthusiastically. "We lost four games last year and we've got to make a comeback. We're going to go in the mill and be men of steel and nothing can hurt us when we come out."

"I'm glad something has inspired you, James," his father commented drily. Ted caught a smile as it caromed off his sister's lips when Pidge took the rap.

"I'm going to surprise you one of these days, Father."

"It has become quite difficult, James."

"Father, you're unkind," Mrs. Pidgin objected, "Jimmy has been doing well, hasn't he Mr. Wynne?"

"Very well. He's football captain—"

"But you should have been," Pidge added.

"There's only one thing about him which should worry you, Mrs. Pidgin."

"Lay off, you bum," Pidge warned.

"Oh, what is it?" Phyllis cried with sparkling eyes.

Phyllis was a girl out of a book; a childhood book, a fairy tale——

"He's a heart-breaker."

The girl laughed heartily. Ted thought the parents were secretly pleased.

"I took enough riding around here," Pidge exclaimed, "let's get going."

Dancing. . . .

Phyllis enveloped him with exotic perfume; numbed his senses. She danced with magic slippers that trod the velvet clouds. He looked in her eyes and lost the world.

"You're so brilliant, Mr. Wynne," she said rapturously, with eyes suffused by wonder into a darish purple. "I have never seen Father so impressed. . . ."

Dancing.

"Please tell me just how you happened to write 'Man of Steel.' I was so thrilled by it. How envious the girls at school will be when I tell them I've met you at last."

Talking; eyes melting; control going away.

"You know, we are so grateful for everything you've done for Jimmy. . . . You dance divinely, Mr. Wynne. . . . It's so surprising to discover a man who can do things and feel things too"

She was a soft evanescence surrounding him with fimy adoration.

"Did anybody ever tell you," he whispered, "that you looked like Janet Gaynor?"

"Oh, Mr. Wynne; really? I'm so flattered—she is a true artist. And"—shyly—"I hardly expected you to notice me at all. . . . Girls dream, Ted."

He saw her wondering eyes, heard her soothing voice, was conscious of a delicate perfume and a slim body. He felt half a god and half a fool; but he talked, talked, talked.

They discussed the Ideals and the Higher Things.

(To Be Continued)