

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Marking History

THEY are making history today. They are making it by marking it: little crosses on white paper, millions upon millions of them. "They" are the voters of America. "They" include the rich and the poor, the once-rich and the middle classes. A hill billy and his wife riding tandem fashion on the hurricane deck of a mule over the clay hills of Kentucky will find some polling places to record their sovereign votes. Ladies in fur coats will be driven by liveried chauffeurs to drop their ballots in Park avenue polling places and in precinct booths at Grosse Point. Stenographers, clerks in the five and tens, waitresses, machinists, taxicab drivers, brokers, cotton weavers, section hands, nurses, college professors, bellboys, postal clerks, cowboys, carpenters, lawyers, school teachers, radio announcers, plumbers, housewives, sheep herders, printers, merchants, realtors, preachers—they will be marking history this day. Election day is usually a day of silence. It is a lull after the storm,—while the "X's" fall as quietly, as abundantly as the snowflakes.

What kind of history are they marking in this important national election? We do not know. We shall not know even tomorrow. We did not know the history we were writing four years ago. No matter who is elected president we shall not know what he will do until he actually writes his record. In 1916 we elected a president in part because he kept us out of war,—and in six months we were in. The fact is that elections, while important, by no means tell the kind of administration we will have. The whirl of events, which few can foresee, has to be dealt with and handled as conditions at the time determine.

What the country wants is the return of men to employment. If past history is a guide the time element of even a major depression has been satisfied, and the pendulum which now appears started on the swing toward prosperity, should gather speed and momentum as time passes, unless there should be some interference political or other, which would "stop the clock." This should be true no matter which candidate is elected president, although one might accelerate the recovery more than the other.

We hear a great deal about "intelligent" voting. Appeals are made for people to abandon their prejudices and vote after doing some intelligent thinking. It is queer, but we find the intelligentsia as hopelessly divided in their decisions about voting as the "unintelligent." College professors for example are voting for Hoover and for Roosevelt and for Thomas; yet we credit them with intelligence of rather a high order. We have noted public men famed for their independence and their breadth of thinking coming out for each of these three candidates, and justifying their stand by reasoning satisfactory at least to themselves. "Intelligent voting" after all probably means voting "our" way. Isn't it extremely difficult to understand how another person, a friend for example, can possibly vote for a candidate opposed to your own? And the friend finds it equally hard to understand your vote. When in fact does a person vote "intelligently"?

The campaign has been quite an orgy. It was unduly prolonged. For ten days the oratory has been largely a spent force. The lines were drawn later than usual and there has been more switching than usual up to the eve of election. No one can say that the issues were not fully presented and fully discussed. Yet four weeks from now can anyone tell what the real issues were between Hoover and Roosevelt? The campaign has been marked not by differences in principles so much as in personalities.

So voters are marking history. They are for the most part voting what they think is best for the country. The shower of "X's" falls, and each mark is duly counted and tabulated; and as the count goes so is the history recorded. And after the fury of the election dies away men and women go back to their jobs, if they have any, or go back to the long search for work, if they haven't. Routine resumes its rule, and the winners of the count commence to wonder what they will do with their responsibilities.

The Straw Vote Nuisance

WE agree with the Pacific Rural Press that the straw voting business has grown to be a pest. It is not because the results of the most ambitious poll is adverse to the favorite candidate of this paper; but because the straw vote takes away a lot of the glamor of an election. It robs the election of its surprise element. What fun can there be in a count if the result has already been predicted with accuracy? If continued on a big enough scale elections will be almost as empty of meaning as the session of the electoral college.

Says the Rural Press:

"Straw votes are getting to be a nuisance. "We suspect that the man with 'stove teeth', both upper and lower, who always writes for the free samples of tooth paste, is the type of person who votes early and often in straw vote tests. "If straw votes are an accurate index then elections are unnecessary duplication. "If they are not a true reflection of sentiment then the straw votes are a fifth wheel on a wagon which needs only four wheels. "Besides which they are pestiferous."

We do not know how to stop the nuisance. It will probably wear itself out. Meantime the public will have to put up with it.

An evangelist's prayerbook saved his life when it stopped the bullet from a highwayman's gun. The bullet must have struck one of the long prayers lengthwise and couldn't get through.

All the campaign lies, roorbacks, half-truths and canards will now be carefully wrapped and placed in cold storage for the campaign two years off.

One thing we have noticed about those who switch their votes: the last switch usually lands them in the party they have always voted in.

President Hoover issued his Thanksgiving Proclamation before the election. It does seem quite a strata to have Thanksgiving come so soon after election.

While there was no dearth of candidates for public office, directors of church choirs still report a shortage of good tenors.

Sam—"May the Best Man Win!"



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

November 8, 1907

Governor Chamberlain has proclaimed another legal holiday for today and will likely continue to do this for all the balance of the days this week. There is a likelihood that this also will be continued next week, which, however, ought to end the necessity for such action, as there will have been time for gold shipments to arrive, and for the clearing house certificate system to be put in through working order.

State Bank Examiner James Steel returned from Portland yesterday. He says that while there is some anxiety in the metropolis, the people are generally hopeful over the financial situation and they are practically satisfied with the plan for using Portland clearing house certificates. A total of \$1,500,000 in gold has been engaged by Portland institutions this week.

NEW YORK — The arrival of the first treasure ship laden with gold for the relief of the present stringency was a feature of the financial situation yesterday. Seven million dollars worth of gold arrived yesterday and \$24,000,000 more was expected soon.

November 8, 1923

The situation at Salem high school is one of tense waiting. Salem merchants report having sold six pairs of the floppy-bottomed peon pants to students. All the school is waiting to see if the pur-

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

One Arm Brown again: And J. W. P. Huntington:

There is another chapter to record out of the career of that strange character in Oregon history, One Arm Brown, or officially James Brown, connected with another strange career, that of J. W. P. Huntington.

R. P. Boise of Salem remembers as if it were yesterday the morning of June 1 or 2, 1869. The place was the home of R. P. Boise, judge of the third judicial district and by virtue of holding that position a member of the Oregon supreme court, as that highest judicial body in the state was then constituted.

Judge Boise was the father of our R. P. Boise, long a leading citizen of the capital city. The Boise home was then in the house one passes last before arriving at chasers will brave threats and appear at school in them, Torador skirts for the girls are expected to show up soon, too.

Of interest to Salem people was the marriage at Roseburg November 4, of Allan G. Carson and Miss Merle Hamilton. The wedding was held at the home of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. J. W. Hamilton.

PORTLAND—A deal was concluded yesterday whereby W. A. Klepper and William J. Kemmerly have purchased all the stock holdings in the Portland baseball club, heretofore held by James R. Brewster of Seattle.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

IN 1881 Louis Pasteur, that great French scientist, first discovered a way of combating a disease known as "anthrax." Even if that were his only achievement, mankind would owe him a great debt for that alone. Anthrax, also known as "wool-sorters' disease" or "malignant pustule," is an acute infectious disease. It is caused by a germ called "bacillus anthracis." This germ is found in diseased cattle, sheep, goats and pigs, and is transmitted to human beings who take care of these animals. Farmers, butchers, cattlemen, sheepmen, tanners, woolworkers and others whose work demands contact with diseased animals, are liable to this infection, and occasionally it comes from contact with an infected shaving brush. The germ may enter through the skin, the lungs or the digestive tract, but the most common form is the skin type, where the infection is easily seen. It consists of a small, red, raised and angry-looking sore. Excision of the infected area must be done as soon as possible, to prevent spread of the disease and the possibility of more serious complications. When the lungs or digestive tract

are involved, the symptoms are not typical. In such cases it may be very difficult to make a diagnosis. Boiling water will destroy most germs, and for this reason it is only necessary to place it in boiling water for fifteen minutes. But if anthrax germs are present, boiling must be continued for at least two hours before the germs and spores are killed. The anthrax germ differs from other germs, in having a covering around it which makes it far more difficult to destroy. Different methods of sterilization have been advised for materials that harbor the anthrax germ. The law demands that fur, leather, hair, wool and brushes be carefully and thoroughly sterilized. In addition, the workers who handle the raw materials are protected from infection by wearing rubber gloves and aprons. Live stock are periodically examined for the infection, and where necessary, a preventive serum is given. As one time anthrax was a serious industrial disease in certain occupations liable to the infection, there was always a menace to the health of the worker and of the public. Great progress has been made, however, in the cure and prevention of this formerly dreaded disease. In the City of New York, only two cases of anthrax were reported last year. The New York Department of Health rigidly inspects all factories where hides, hair, wool and brushes are used in manufacturing. It is hoped that eventually the disease will be completely eradicated.

Answers to Health Queries

A Reader. Q.—What is the cause of puffing under the eyes? A.—This condition is usually due to constipation, late hours or kidney trouble. For further particulars send stamped question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Mrs. A. F. E. Q.—What do you advise for reducing? A.—Eat very sparingly of starches and sweets. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Louis C. DuBay, radio technician: "Just fine. I think they'll stand the shock." Philmore Nath, attorney: "I'm not worrying any. It doesn't make such difference to me."

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

CHAPTER XXXVI He opened the door, and bowed low and stiffly with all the eclat of a Brooklyn doorman. The ladies laughed. Pidge rushed in. "I thought you locked the door," he cried. "I did," Ted answered, "but the bums must have stolen the pass key." The room, roughly speaking, had been redecorated. Among those now present were a hobby horse, a bass drum, several pair of dice, cards, empty whisky bottles, burlesque show posters and other such trinkets. The Bronze Gallery and Murderer's Row had been restored with even more amorous inscriptions than Pidge had ever conceived. Leaving the Hall they met Pat and the Brute. "Good afternoon, boys," Pat said cheerfully. "You two guys," Pidge responded vigorously, "can go to hell."



The room, roughly speaking, had been redecorated.

acting now and when he was thrilled or depressed by her slightest movement. And his heart, which should have been battering down her defenses, was too engrossed with the feeling of what a glorious night it would be if this were Rosalie. Rosalie... He had run out on her. While Barb was using him as a prop in her act, while other Weyrick girls were at the Prom, Rosalie would be over there thinking what a bum he was. Well, get it over with. But Rosalie was not mooning at Weyrick. Rosalie was at the Prom with the other girls. Rosalie was with Stone. He would punch Stone's sneering puss. He had knocked that sneer off once and would do it again—and make an ass of himself. He had thought he was putting one over on Stone by dragging Barb; Stone was smart, that was all. But what did Rosalie mean by coming out with a guy like that? Didn't she know it would give Stone the laugh on him? Well, why not? Hadn't he left her in the rain? Hadn't he left her one down to Barb? They had a feud on too; and he had thrown down his best pal. "How about a dance, Stone?" "All filled up." "So am I; but I thought, under the circumstances, we might switch one." Stone was dancing a straight program with her. The rat. Rosalie was queening—nothing less. How she paled those other girls was a crime. Yellow dress with the new shoe-shiners, as Pidge called them, trailing from the bottom; the long dress made her look taller. The boys were after Stone for dances; he wouldn't give any away. Wouldn't he? Barb had nibbled the rainbow

learn the name of the minister who conducted it. But Huntington had been rather peculiar in his religious beliefs; was more or less a spiritualist, and there were strange stories of how his coffin floated up and down in the air. He had been interested in many things, including taxidermy, and his house was filled with stuffed animals, adding to the awesomeness of stories that became current. It was one of the famous "haunted" houses of the old days. The place where the money was concealed became more than a

seven days' wonder—almost if not quite a seven years' wonder. (But this story will have to go over, continued tomorrow. After it is finished, a history of the First Congregational church of Salem will follow, which will include some of the earliest school history; for that church was organized, July 4, 1852, in the first semi-public school building built here, of logs, in 1850, the location of which the writer has now found, and made certain, after a long search, and after numerous false locations have been variously given, in the past 50 years and more.)

seats—the result of a compromise between the Douglas democrats and the republicans; the republican party, newly organized, for the first time thus gaining a large base in Oregon politics. That last Saturday night in the Holman building, northwest corner of Ferry and Commercial streets, Salem—opposite the present Statesman building, diagonally across from the Marion Hotel. The building stands yet, little altered. The orange reader knows that D. Baker was then one of the foremost orators of America, and that he was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff, while leading his men.

Huntington was appointed superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon by President Abraham Lincoln. That was an important federal office in those days. The men who occupied it, with the years of their appointments, follow: General Joel Palmer, 1853; J. W. Nesmith, 1857; E. R. Geary, 1860; W. H. Rector, 1861; J. W. P. Huntington, 1864; A. B. Meacham, 1870; T. B. Odeneal, 1875. Excepting during part of General Palmer's term, the offices of the superintendent were during the whole time in the Holman building, and C. S. Woodworth was filling most of the period chief clerk, and One Arm (officially James) Brown the messenger, with his headquarters at the Chemsokta House (now Marion hotel), where he lived.

There were six burials in the Huntington lot in the Odd Fellows' cemetery. Two pairs of twins died and were interred there, and Perit, a half grown son, besides J. W. P. Huntington himself. After the death of the father, Huntington went away from Salem, taking with her Benjamin, their son, who grew up in Salem. The writer has been unable to learn whether the widow and son went.

J. W. P. Huntington had one of the largest funerals ever held in Salem up to that time. He was an active fireman, and the old Tiger and Capital engine companies of volunteer firemen were in the heyday of their glory. All the firemen turned out in their uniforms and with their equipment and made up a picturesque section of the procession. He had been very popular, and a large figure in Oregon's official and social life, and thus had a great circle of friends. Some of the old timers living in Salem remember well the Huntington funeral procession. The writer has not been able to

21 Years Ago DR. ELLIOT STARTS TRIP AROUND WORLD



From the Nation's News Files, New York, Nov. 8, 1911 Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, sailed yesterday for a trip around the world. He will give a lecture in India on the Carnegie peace project.

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