

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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CHRISTMAS

LOOKIT! Lookit!" cried an energetic six-year old lad who bounded up to the writer as he was walking to work yesterday morning; and as the boy spoke he pulled one leg of his overalls, revealing a length of white shank above his low shoe.

"Where's your stocking?" inquired the stupid editor who had been cogitating over what to write for a Christmas editorial. Such exposures nowadays usually have but one meaning: poverty; but the boy's enthusiasm belied any such meaning.

"I hanged it up for Santa Claus" piped up the boy and then he raced off across the lawn to the postoffice perhaps to see if Santa might have parked there overnight.

The lad was a day early to be sure in getting his stocking hung up. By nightfall undoubtedly he grew weary of telling all and sundry that he had been forehanded in his preparations. He may have heard that Santa's calls would be scattered this year, and so wanted to be ready in good time that he might not be overlooked.

But here was a lad who still believed in Santa Claus. His face beamed it. Up betimes yesterday morning, how early he wonder may he arise this morning, always the golden morning of a child's year. How generously Santa in the person of his parents might remember him we know not, but his eagerness showed he anticipated some remembrance.

Christmas, indeed it is a children's day. Even for grown-ups it is a time for return to the old home. The ancient story was one of gifts from the wise men to an infant. Angels sang of a babe's birth while shepherds tended their flocks on Judea's hills.

So let it still be a children's day. Adults may be gloomy. They see the dark shadows of the world. The future is uncertain. Debts, which children know nothing of, may worry the parents. Making ends meet may be drawing lines down the faces of fathers. But children, life is beautiful for them. The clouds that vex them are transient. The ring of their laughter this day will brighten many a home. Then make Christmas day one rich in home pleasures, when children may be made happy and when in turn their infectious laughter may bring fresh hope and joy to worried parents.

Our mind goes back to the lad who accosted us with such jubilation on the morning before Christmas day. The disorders of the world did not dampen his childish faith in Santa Claus. He gives a bit of inspiration to his elders, who need to renew their confidence not in "Santa Claus", but in themselves and in the working out of the difficulties which now envelop them.

On the Fish and Game Front

RECENTLY the game commission announced it would submit no new game code, would employ no lobbyist at the session of the legislature. Did this declaration of neutrality invite the onslaughts of the agitators? Whether it did or not, here they come. The Multnomah Hunters' and Anglers' association, whose members are fertile in stirring up trouble in state game circles, proposes to abolish the present game commission of five and name a single commissioner. A group at The Dalles makes a similar proposal, with other threats at a shake-up of the administrative staff of the commission with complaints of waste of money in the department.

There is no general agitation to abolish the commission. In fact sportsmen over the state prefer to have a representative group from different sections of the state running the affairs of the department. Our game czar would create far more friction and trouble than the present system causes.

So far as the personnel of the commission is concerned, the state is quite well satisfied. They are men of high type, yet men who are genuinely interested in the fish and game and tourist resources of Oregon. They have done a real job of reorganizing the department. There may still be waste and politics,—both will occur under one man control.

Sportsmen would like to go back to special game wardens rather than depending on the state police to enforce the game laws; but they are not averse to giving the present plan further trial.

The least of the worries of the legislature this winter should be fish and game, including the Rogue river.

Independence for the Philippines in ten years appears to hinge now on the action of Pres. Hoover who it is anticipated will veto the bill congress is now agreeing on. Independence comes now sugar-coated with coconut oil lubrication. Instead of being regarded on its merits both from the standpoint of the welfare of the islanders and the general foreign policy of the United States, a rush is made to set the islands adrift so we may lay tariffs on Philippine sugar and coconut oil and bar the Philippines who come over to the mainland for labor. Not a very noble way of discharging our national obligation to our wards in the orient.

The Capital Journal appropriately reprints the gospel stories of the first Christmas. If people have time today they might compare the gospels. Two of them, Mark and John, make no reference to the birth of Jesus. The accounts given in Matthew and Luke are radically different. That is why there are many professing Christians who do not accept the doctrine of the Virgin Birth.

President Hoover and party are enjoying a little vacation fishing in southern waters. It is doubtful if he will wear his arm out pulling le fish. That would happen if he were home and holding the traditional New Year's reception.

With no New Year's reception at the White House the old geezer who holds the record for being first in line will get a full morning's sleep.

The democrats won the last election but the technocrats are getting the publicity.

A safe prediction is that there will be more suffering from over-feeding today than underfeeding.

"Tis Christmas; and beer is so "near" and yet so far!

'Twas the Day After Christmas



HEALTH BITS for BREAKFAST

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

RHEUMATISM IS one disorder that has baffled science for a long time. It used to be regarded as belonging exclusively to the aged.

Don't you remember how your grandpa rents a complaint of their "rheumatism"? Their aches and discomforts were used as a barometer to forecast rainy weather. Contrary to the old belief, the disease afflicts children as well as adults.

Rheumatism is an inflammation of the muscles or joints of the body. It is a painful condition, often confused with neuritis, arthritis, and gout. Though great advances have been made in the study of rheumatism, the exact germ responsible for it is not known.

Complications Dangerous

The acute form of rheumatism is spoken of as "acute rheumatic fever." The pain commonly given the sufferer to bed for many weeks. Though the disease itself is seldom fatal, its complications may continue as a menace to health and, in some instances, to life.

The danger of complications can be avoided by the early recognition of the disease. The patient will be kept in bed and follow his doctor's orders.

Involvement of the heart is one of the things that may happen in acute rheumatic fever. Too many children are annually disabled by the heart complications.

I am sorry to say that the diagnosis of rheumatism is often made after the damage has been done. This is particularly true in the case of children. If your child complains of pain in the arms, legs or joints, do not ignore it.

There is no such thing as a "grow-up pain." The pain commonly given this name is not due to a child growing too fast. Very likely the pain is due to rheumatism and it demands investigation.

Traced to Infection

Many cases of rheumatism can be traced to centers of pus infection, such as infected teeth, tonsils, or nasal sinuses. It is important to get rid of all the possible causes of trouble. To this end careful search will be needed. The teeth may not ache, yet when they are X-rayed, definite signs of decay and infection are found. The X-ray is of value, too, in revealing a diseased gall bladder, infected sinuses, chronic appendicitis and other disturbances which may be responsible for the rheumatic pains.

Though rheumatism is most common among those who are poorly housed and poorly fed, it is seen in all classes of persons. Living in damp places, exposure to cold and wet, lack of fresh air, sunshine and proper food, must be considered as factors of importance in this disease. The diet should be simple, nutritious and easily digested. It should include milk, cream, butter, eggs and other foods which carry vitamin A.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. E. K. G. Q.—I keep chewing the inside of my cheek and lips, how can I stop it?
A.—This is just a habit, which you must try to overcome.

E. B. Q.—Are onions and garlic injurious to one suffering from arthritis?
A.—No.

H. E. S. M. Q.—What do you advise for gonorrhea?
A.—Send self addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and report your question.

J. C. Q.—What do you advise for anemia?
A.—Send self addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and report your question.
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By R. J. HENDRICKS

God's Rebel:
Some Christmas thoughts:

Your Bible will show you that, centuries before the Master Rebel against the status quo was born, a pink or parlor socialist dreamed of the time when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

You will find the record of that vision in Isaiah, second chapter.

And in the 53rd chapter you may see recorded a vision or a prophecy of what would happen to the Bearer of the message of the only program that would or will usher in the time of world peace, which can come only through universal brotherhood and perfect equality of opportunity. The picture:

"A root out of dry ground"—no foreordained luxury for him, "Despised and rejected of men"—an outcast.

"By oppression and judgment taken away"—a criminal with no civil rights.

"Cut off out of the land of the living"—victim of a legal frame-up.

"His grave made with the wicked"—defamed after, as well as before, death.

"Having done no violence or deceit"—an innocent victim.

Jesus of Nazareth, whose birth we today celebrate, fulfilled that prophecy, only greater part of the world of today believes he was foreordained to fulfill it.

The vision of the pink tea prophet of the long centuries before was that of a nobleman born to the purple—

And his fulfillment was proclaimed and begun in the message of the son of the uncompromising democracy of the underprivileged Israelite workman in the Galilean "rotten borough," ushering in the beginning of fulfillment in an amazing and undreamed-of fashion. The prophetic mold was too narrow to contain or restrain him. Isaiah caught only the sense of the tragic in this Representative of Divinity who should come. The rebel insistence upon life in its fullness for all passed Isaiah by.

But this is the very essence of the Christmas message: rebel insistence upon the right of ALL to ALL that life can offer. The whole career of the Messenger who brought Christmas to the world might be plotted in rebel challenge to the accepted status quo of INEQUALITY OF EVERY KIND.

At 12 he is in the Temple where boys of his age should accept what is taught them, and ask no questions. WHY no questions? He demands. For three days he listens to what his elders say, and questions it as well. Why not? Learned rabbis have no monopoly on God's revelations.

But he questions others. At 30, after committing himself to his public mission he goes apart to ask what are the most important and challenging questions of his whole career—the questions he had to ask HIMSELF and had HIMSELF answer.

WHY cannot I fulfill my mission and gain riches along the way? WHY can I not become a sort of spiritual dictator and use my power to force people into conformity with my program? WHY cannot I compromise with the forces of evil and use any and every means to attain my good and worthy ends? WHY not?

He is honest; he has the habit of clear, disinterested thinking. He knows that the answer to these questions is that the special privileges which wealth, power and profitable alliances give, kills prophetic vision and potency—hopelessly separating the prophet from those who should hear him. He accepts the inevitable and guides his whole life course accordingly.

He has become a more confirmed rebel. WHY should I not feed hungry men, heal sick men, restore life to dead men on the Sabbath day? WHY should the family and its arbitrary standards clamp down on its members, its iron-thou-shalts and thou-shalt-nots? WHO are my mother and brothers and sisters? WHY should artificial barriers of race and nation and creed divide men and women? HOW does it happen that

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

SANTA CLAUS' WAREHOUSE
Santa Claus' warehouse is crammed to the roof.

With every conceivable thing
To bring joy—such lots—
To dear little tots,
Who, world-over, Santa-songs sing.

St. Nicholas is busy, for he is the king,
And is anxiously waiting to hear
From the girls and the boys,
What they're wanting in toys,
And how all their hearts he can cheer.

He's opened his big heavy order-book wide,
And around it are clustered a host
Of dear little elves,
Waiting there by themselves,
To take Airplane, Express or Post.

From every known border—have you put in your order?
Max, Raymond, Ruth, Gilbert, Pauline,
Fred, Bobbie and Kate—
Be sure you're not late,
For if missed you'll think Santa Claus mean.

Perhaps mother or daddy have fooled you, dear tiddie,
And told you he'll not come at all!
But pause! Look and listen!
See crispy frost glisten!
(I hope the dear elves will not fall!)
And I know in the toe
Of each stocking, hot ho!
That Santa will leave something
For all!

KEDNA GARFIELD.

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KEDNA GARFIELD.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

"Blister me, sir! D'ye seek to put a quarrel on me? Have ye thought what will happen if I kill you?"

"I never build conjectures on the impossible."

"By heaven, sir, your insolence is not to be borne! Not to be borne!" He snatched up sword and sword-belt. "Have with you, then, whatever the consequences."

Monsieur de Bernis sighed. "Always you will be misunderstanding me. I propose exercise, and you talk of killing."

"Whatever you propose, I am your man, stab me."

They went out together, the Major breathing gustily, de Bernis calm and apparently amused.

Their departure was unwitnessed by Miss Friscilla, and so that it should go unperceived by others, de Bernis penetrated the woods for some little distance; then, under cover of the trees, led the way along a line parallel with the shore.

They went in silence until the Major, suspecting that they were being followed, halted to look behind him.

"It is only Pierre," said de Bernis, without looking round. "He comes to see that we are not interrupted."

The Major plunged on, mystified, indignant, yet with no thought of avoiding an encounter upon which the other appeared determined, whatever might be the consequences. He panted up the rising ground and ran onwards from the bluff, and was bathed in perspiration by the time de Bernis had brought him out onto the little beach beyond it, and screened by it from the encampment of the buccaners. On the summit of the bluff the Major saw now the figure of Pierre, and understood that he was posted there on guard.

Monsieur de Bernis removed his hair-trigger and drew his sword. The Major copied him in silence. Then from his pocket the Frenchman took a piece of wood that was shaped like a tiny pear, with a slot opened at its apex. Into this slot, under the Major's bulging, uncomprehending eyes, he fitted the point of his sword, then tapped down the little wooden pear securely with a stone which he picked up from the beach.

"What the devil's this?" quoth the Major.

Monsieur de Bernis brought forth a second wooden object like the first and proffered it.

"Did you suppose I brought you on a blood-letting? Our situation will hardly admit of it, whatever may be your feelings. I told you you need to breathe your lungs, and stretch your limbs, and sweat a little."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir? D'ye rally me? D'ye practise jests upon me?"

"Oh, but a little calm," the other begged. "The need for blood-letting may yet be thrust upon us. We must for lack of practice, I do, if you do not, Major. That is all. And more insistently he proffered the wooden pear again.

Between doubt and understanding the Major slowly took the object.

"I see," he said, which was an obvious overstatement. "It is for practice that you bring me here?"

And he grumbled: "You should have made it plainer."

"Could I suppose that it was not plain?" De Bernis was beginning to remove his doublet.

The Major was glad enough to copy him in this. Then, as the thought of what they came to do grew upon him, a certain grim satisfaction grew with it. He had no objection to himself as a swordsman. In younger days, at home, he had been the deadliest blade of his regiment.

He would show this Frenchman something that would let him see that Major Sands was not a man with whom it was prudent to take liberties.

At last, stripped to the waist, they faced each other and came on guard.

The Major intent upon a brave display, attacked at, once and fiercely. But whether he thrust or lunged, he remained always outside the guard of an opponent, who never once broke ground, however pressed. Notwithstanding this, the Frenchman remained so strictly upon the defensive as to leave the Major under the delusion that the ardour of his attack was so constraining his opponent. Thus until he found himself sharply admonished.

"More speed, Major. More speed, I beg. Press harder. You are giving me nothing to do."

Goaded by what seemed a taunt, Major Sands momentarily increased the ferocity of his onslaught. But it spent itself idly against that guard, which, so swift, seemed yet so effortless.

Winded by his supreme exertion, the Major fell back to breathe, and lowered his point. The sweat ran from his cropped head—for they had removed their periwigs together with their upper garments. He dashed it from his brow with the back of his hand, and glared at the tall, lithe Frenchman, who remained so cool and whose breathing scarcely appeared to have quickened. Of what was the man made, that neither heat nor movement could leave an impression upon him?

He smiled into the Major's flushed, choleric face. "You realize how urgent was your need to exercise yourself. I was right, you see. You are in even worse case than I. Lack of practice has made you slow."

Sullenly the Major admitted it. And he knew it to be true. But he also began to suspect that at his speed, and best he would never have got past that guard, and the suspicion left his spirit wounded and resentful.

Presently when he had regained his breath they resumed. But now de Bernis' tactics were quite different. Again the Major opened by attacking. But this time, in meeting a low thrust with a counter-parry which restored the blades to

the line of the original engagement, the Frenchman straightened his arm in a riposte that made the Major jump backwards so as to avoid the point.

Monsieur de Bernis laughed. "Too much effort," he criticized. "Play closer, Major. Keep the elbow nearer to your flank." He went in to engage him, deflected a thrust intended to stop him, extended himself in a lunge, and hit the Major full upon the stomach.

They fell on guard again, and again, with the same ease de Bernis touched him. After that a series of swift disengages reduced the Major to utter impotency, at the culmination of which de Bernis inside his guard touched him upon his defenceless breast with the utmost deliberation.

"Assez," he said, straightening himself. His own breath was coming more quickly now. "For today, it is enough. I am less rusty than I feared. But not as keen as I should be; as I may need to be. To-morrow we will try again, as much for your sake as for mine. Major, in your present condition I should tremble for you if you were opposed to a swordsman of any force at all."

The Major was trembling for himself; trembling with suppressed anger. He had the sense to perceive that the expression of it merely rendered him ridiculous.

They came back towards noon for dinner, with little said between them, the Major's indignation still simmering. It was not merely that he was under the humiliation of having been made to realize that the swordsmanship he had imagined so expert was rendered puny by contrast with that of his opponent; but that he nourished a strong suspicion that Monsieur de Bernis had deliberately invited him to that passage at arms so as to intimidate him with an exposition of what must happen to him if he should permit acrimony seriously to embroil them.

By this conviction and the resentment springing from it, Major Sands added to the contempt in which he already held de Bernis for a thieving, cut-throat pirate, a further measure of contempt for being a posturing mountebank.

(To Be Continued)

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