

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## Football in Eclipse

THEY are kicking the old football all over the lot; not the ball itself, but the game. A few years ago the Carnegie Foundation published a report which disclosed the bad situation existing in intercollegiate athletics. Informed persons knew in general the charges were true; but the college prexies sidestepped responsibility, coaches and others pooh-poohed the report, and apparently it proved a dud. But the facts kept percolating and the public reaction has been steadily proving more hostile to college football on the grand scale.

This year hard times kept thousands from attending games, gave the schools the poorest season they ever had; and now even the college authorities are waking up and seeing the light. At a banquet honoring Coach A. A. Stagw who retires after nearly 40 years of coaching, Prof. Badger of New York University's board of athletic control declared:

"Not one college or university in ten is playing the game and keeping clear of subsidization. Within ten years unless the spirit of sportsmanship prevails the game will be dead, or played on a frankly professional basis."

Comes also Gil Dobbie, Cornell coach, former coach at the University of Washington, who criticizes the present game from another angle: its exhaustion of the time and energy of college men. He thinks the game must be greatly simplified, saying:

"It has all arrived at the stage now where we have a game on our hands so big, so vast, so unwieldy, it is almost impossible for an organization of college boys to handle it and do justice to their scholastic duties."

"We cannot go on expanding indefinitely. It is not the quality of the game but the quantity that is undesirable. It consumes too much time and effort and is too expensive. We can junk half of it and still have more left than is sufficient for a college game."

"Why it's almost a full season's job for the players to learn the rules well."  
"Why do we need the lateral pass, the shift, the revolving huddle, spread formations and half-spread formations? They have become largely obsolete anyway by non-use. They are merely there to plague these and a lot of other intricacies could be done away with."

It might be added that radio broadcast is helping to kill the game. It extends the arena to the length and breadth of the country and makes every hearth and every service station a box seat. Besides depleting the paying attendance it is killing the true sport interest in the game by making it a vast "spectacle" with the ears and not the eyes the organs of perception. Personally we have come to the place where we prefer watching a sandlot game of two village high schools to the super-organized, over-professionalized, over-publicized varsity games.

Some day some college presidents and boards will get the courage and the vision enough to cut out entirely intercollegiate football as now performed (not played).

## The Grand Jury Reports

AFTER incubating on various charges for a year the grand jury which was particularly deputed to investigate them has turned in its report. For some reason it singles out Commissioner Jim Smith for criticism though it brings no true bill against him. It is charged that since 1923 Mr. Smith on 20 days drew per diem as county commissioner and on the same days attended meetings of insurance companies he was director of and received per diem for that attendance. The grand jury does not say so, but would leave the inference that Smith drew compensation for days when he did not serve the county. This may or may not be true. If he transacted county business in the morning he would be entitled under the law for his regular per diem, even though he did attend to private business in the afternoon. A juror is entitled to his per diem if he reports at 10 a. m. and is then excused till the next day.

The grand jury also cites that Smith reported attendance on the county court on seven days when no court was held. Whether the commissioner transacted other county business on the dates is not disclosed. We would not defend or support any wrongful charge against the county even for seven days of \$35; but if Smith were "grafting" on the county it would seem that thoroughgoing investigation would have disclosed something more tangible and of greater extent than this.

What the grand jury did not report is that Jim Smith is a hard-working member of the county court; that he by dint of his good business ability and his conservatism carries much more than a third of the responsibility; that his ability to say "no" has saved Marion county thousands of dollars; that he is diligent in attending to county business and protecting the interests of taxpayers. The grand jury might have told these facts too, as well as to try to tilt the tar bucket.

We do believe the sheriff and county court were delinquent in not bringing the costs of feeding prisoners down to the legal basis prior to 1930. There may have been some justification for the upping of the legal allowance in 1920 when food prices were very high; but they declined rapidly in 1921 and 1922, and more slowly up to 1930. And the last two years of course the legal allowance was more than ample to feed the prisoners satisfactorily. The law should not be made to work only one way; overlooked when prices are high, and then clung to on the downward swing. On this item of feeding prisoners Judge MacMahan, who started the hounds on the scent seems to have been correct in his criticism, even though the overpayment was first authorized by the county court when conditions seemed to justify it.

Jimmy Walker is writing his biography under the engaging title of "Letters I forgot to mail". From the rift in the family it would appear that his wife must have found some of the ones he forgot to destroy.

And when Jimmy gets through writing we wonder if he will see the sign on the hotel room door: "Stop, have you forgotten anything?"

The state legislature meets next week, so our "Dumb" columnist says they are taking the Christmas tree down this week. To state house employes the legislature promises to be that dark brown taste of the morning after.

Alcohol hasn't reformed. It drove a man to kill his wife and daughter at Tigar on Christmas. Why legalize its sale and promote its consumption?

Recall the long campaign for a "safe and sane Fourth"? With 500 dead this Christmas the papers will have to start propaganda for a "safe and sane Christmas".

## Bone Dry



## HEALTH BITS for BREAKFAST

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D. By R. J. HENDRICKS

RECENTLY I talked with a lady who had undergone a "basal metabolism" test. She was impressed by the procedure, but had no notion of its significance. Many of my readers, perhaps have been subjected to this test without knowing why it was given. The amount of energy exerted by the body when it is at complete rest, is an index of the amount of fuel the body burns up to maintain life. This varies in individuals and is influenced by certain diseases. The rate is decreased in some diseases and increased in others. The test is usually made in the morning. No food is allowed, and before the actual test is performed, the patient must rest for at least an hour. During this period of relaxation, the consumption of energy caused by walking or traveling to the doctor's office is reduced to the minimum. Thorough relaxation is essential to a successful test. Emotional excitement from fear or other causes, will give misleading results.

**How Test is Made**  
A device is placed over the mouth. The nose is compressed so that the breathing takes place through the mouthpiece, which is connected by a tube with a tank containing oxygen. The amount of oxygen consumed per minute is exactly determined. If more oxygen per minute is consumed than is the average amount, it is interpreted as indicating increased metabolism. That is what happens if there is disease of the thyroid gland, with an increased secretion by this gland.

In other thyroid disturbances, there is a decrease in the amount of thyroid secretion. Then the "metabolic rate," as it is called, is lower than normal.

When the test has been completed, the readings are compared with those of a normal or average individual of the same height, weight, age and sex. Certain allowances for error are made in checking up on the test.

**Metabolic Rate Higher in Men**  
It has been found that the basal metabolism varies chiefly in proportion to the surface area of the body. The basal metabolic rate is higher in men than in women. It normally decreases with age and usually increases from twenty to fifty per cent during fever. It is increased, too, in certain diseases, in severe diabetes, in marked anemia and in phosphorus poisoning. In high altitudes it is greater than in low.

Reduced basal metabolism occurs when there is diminished thyroid secretion, as is observed in a disease called "myxedema". This is found in children, when it is spoken of as "cretinism". Prolonged starvation, as well as chronic alcoholism, produces a lowered metabolic rate.

The test is highly technical. It is of value only when considered with clinical or other physical findings. It aids the physician to locate difficult and obscure ailments. It possesses no curative value and should only be considered as one means of proving or disproving certain conclusions as regards health.

**Answers to Health Queries**  
R. B. V. Q.—What should a girl of 30 years, 5 feet 8 inches weight, A—140 pounds.  
Q.—What do you advise for pimples and blackheads?  
A.—Eat sparingly of starches and sugar. Diet and elimination are important in this trouble. Send self addressed stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.  
Mrs. S. L. Q.—Are cod liver oil tablets as good as the pure oil?  
A.—Some of them are.  
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## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

**Why An Electric Dollar?**  
We have been from the beginning a bimetallic people, supplanting our metal with paper money as our business necessities required. Paragraph 5 of Sec. 8 of article of the Constitution of the United States provides that "Congress shall have power to coin money, to regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin." In pursuance of this authority congress provided early for the coining of money out of gold and silver at a valuation named in the law and all our subsequent legislation down to 1873, was enacted on the bimetallic basis.

All political parties uniformly recognized the law of our monetary system, no party at any time would have dared to advocate a change. The alteration had to be done without the people's knowledge or it could not have been done at all. The history of the world does not show such contraction as we have voluntarily and deliberately and willingly taken upon ourselves to create for the simple purpose of maintaining the gold standard and nothing else.

The advocates of the gold standard persistently claim that the real cause of our distress is overproduction, that we have produced so much that it made us poor, which implies, that the true remedy is to close the factory, abandon the farms and thereby a multitude of people out of employment, a doctrine that leaves us unnerfed and disheartened and absolutely without hope for the future.

**Daily Thought**  
"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and taller than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds."—Victor Hugo.

# "THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX  
Bernis sounded close at hand, reassuringly to herald his opportune return.  
In the darkening brows and harshly twisted features of Tom Leach she read the need for that reassurance.  
His pulses galloped. Pausing there just beyond the screen of trees, she whipped up by that point his intolerable impatience. But he knew that he could afford to wait a little moment longer, wait until she had come within that green shelter, when she would no longer be within range of any stray eyes from the encampment.  
But, as if further to try his patience, she remained poised there, looking away to her left, down the southern slope. And when she stepped under, within shadow of the palms, she was still half-turning to the left, and as she advanced, to his unutterable rage and horror, she flung up an arm as if in greeting and beckoning, and he heard her voice suddenly raised to call.  
"Pierre! D'où viens tu à cette heure?"  
A moment later his furious eyes beheld the half-caste advancing rapidly with that long, loping stride of his, and answering her as he came, though what he said, Leach in his seething, baffled rage, neither heard nor cared.  
Not until Pierre was at last level with her did she turn to her right, and set out along the path by which she had come, the tall, lithe half-caste, in his cotton shirt and rawhide breeches, trotting after her.  
Tom Leach made hissing noises through his clenched teeth as he stepped forth from his ambush, and moved in to follow. For once he was utterly without weapons, otherwise it is possible that he might in his madness have added murder to what else he contemplated. As it was, the long athletic limbs of the half-caste made him think twice about falling upon him with his bare hands.  
He paced a moment on the path and widened the distance between himself and him. Then, without precautions, since he was no longer the stalker, he set out to follow. Instantly the head of the alert Pierre was turned to look over his shoulder. Having seen who came, and no doubt reported it, the two went on without change of pace while Leach with a heavy step kept in their wake, carrying that in his evil soul.  
By the time the Captain came level with the hut, Miss Priscilla had already entered it. From his little farther on, Pierre was in the act of taking the fresh-water cask, to go and replenish it. He delayed but a moment over this, and was off again, almost at once, along the beach.  
The Captain checked in renewed hope. Opportunity, it seemed, was to serve him, after all.  
He allowed Pierre to go some little way, before deliberately advancing to come and place himself before the entrance of the hut, from which the heavy curtain was lifted.  
Within stood Miss Priscilla with comb in one hand and hand-mirror in the other, to repair the disorder in her moist hair. As the buccaner's shadow fell across the threshold, she looked up quickly. Seeing him, his face still oddly pallid, his eyes glowing curiously, she stood at gaze, incomprehensibly perturbed.  
He showed his white teeth in a wide smile, and doffed the hat from his short curly black hair.  
"Heaven save ye, mistress," was his odd greeting.  
And then before she could even answer him the crisp voice and light, ready laugh of Monsieur de

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The Captain checked in renewed hope. Opportunity, it seemed, was to serve him, after all.  
He allowed Pierre to go some little way, before deliberately advancing to come and place himself before the entrance of the hut, from which the heavy curtain was lifted.  
Within stood Miss Priscilla with comb in one hand and hand-mirror in the other, to repair the disorder in her moist hair. As the buccaner's shadow fell across the threshold, she looked up quickly. Seeing him, his face still oddly pallid, his eyes glowing curiously, she stood at gaze, incomprehensibly perturbed.  
He showed his white teeth in a wide smile, and doffed the hat from his short curly black hair.  
"Heaven save ye, mistress," was his odd greeting.  
And then before she could even answer him the crisp voice and light, ready laugh of Monsieur de

Bernis sounded close at hand, reassuringly to herald his opportune return.  
In the darkening brows and harshly twisted features of Tom Leach she read the need for that reassurance.  
His pulses galloped. Pausing there just beyond the screen of trees, she whipped up by that point his intolerable impatience. But he knew that he could afford to wait a little moment longer, wait until she had come within that green shelter, when she would no longer be within range of any stray eyes from the encampment.  
But, as if further to try his patience, she remained poised there, looking away to her left, down the southern slope. And when she stepped under, within shadow of the palms, she was still half-turning to the left, and as she advanced, to his unutterable rage and horror, she flung up an arm as if in greeting and beckoning, and he heard her voice suddenly raised to call.  
"Pierre! D'où viens tu à cette heure?"  
A moment later his furious eyes beheld the half-caste advancing rapidly with that long, loping stride of his, and answering her as he came, though what he said, Leach in his seething, baffled rage, neither heard nor cared.  
Not until Pierre was at last level with her did she turn to her right, and set out along the path by which she had come, the tall, lithe half-caste, in his cotton shirt and rawhide breeches, trotting after her.  
Tom Leach made hissing noises through his clenched teeth as he stepped forth from his ambush, and moved in to follow. For once he was utterly without weapons, otherwise it is possible that he might in his madness have added murder to what else he contemplated. As it was, the long athletic limbs of the half-caste made him think twice about falling upon him with his bare hands.  
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