

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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New Rail Passenger Fares

THE railroads are taking belated action to reduce passenger fares to a point where they will regain their patronage. The post-war-time rate of 8.6 cents per mile has been an anachronism in this day of private automobiles and numerous stage lines. The 50 per cent Pullman surcharge was a further barrier to travel. To get around these obstacles to business the roads have offered frequent low-rate excursions such as the Southern Pacific's dollar days when travel at about a cent a mile was permitted.

The new rates, now in effect, make a distinction between first and second class travel, which is the method in vogue in Europe but has not prevailed here. The distinction is sensible, as it applies particularly to the standard sleepers where travelers want "class" and where the car weight pulled around is very heavy in proportion to the number of passengers. The new rates are two cents a mile each way for travel in chair cars and day coaches and tourist sleepers; and three cents a mile for travel in standard sleepers. The regular charges for the sleeping car also apply, but without the former 50 per cent surcharge. In addition special round trip fares are maintained by the Southern Pacific between many points, as for example, between Salem and Portland and Salem and San Francisco.

Another move of the railroads to recover passenger business is in the new light and fast trains which are now being introduced experimentally. The Union Pacific and the Burlington roads will have such trains in operation next year. They are Diesel powered and speed ranges around 100 miles an hour or better. One road has announced 25-hour service between Chicago and the Pacific coast, cutting present running time more than one-half.

Thus the railroads are now taking vigorous steps to regain patronage. With the enormous investment in transportation facilities they have a tremendous stake in the business. The chief criticism is that they have been too slow in realizing the need for changes in fares and in mechanical equipment to meet changed conditions. The Southern Pacific has taken a lead both in offering bargain rates and in merchandising its business by aggressive and well-planned advertising. The railroads are not dead; but they have been doing considerable sleeping. There has been too much emphasis on banker-management and making money out of stock speculation and too little on running the roads as a business without regard to the stock exchange.

Home vs. Hospital

"Dr. Morris Fishbein is being panned by his brethren and by the Chicago Medical Society in particular. Dr. Fishbein is secretary of the American Medical Association and in a recent magazine article he took a well deserved whack at the modern medical practice of herding prospective mothers into hospitals, often-times unnecessarily and when the parents involved cannot afford the luxury. Dr. Fishbein points out that babies were born in the home and buggy days when there were no hospitals and while everybody admits that hospitalization is a fine thing, yet it is probably true that 90 per cent of women now having babies were themselves born at home. But the medical profession is panning Dr. Fishbein as 'unethical.' It is to laugh!"—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

That makes two doctors who agree with us, Dr. Fishbein and "Dr." Ingalls. Compare the modern home with those of a century ago as to convenience and sanitation and the contrast is so great one wonders why hospital accouchement is pushed on the women by the doctors. Except in homes of the very poor, who can't afford to go to hospitals anyway, there are probably fewer deadly germs in homes by census count than there are in hospitals in spite of all their precaution. Hospitals are all right; but we are old-fashioned enough to believe that in the majority of confinement cases the mothers are better off in their own homes.

Democratic Platforms

Twin phrases of great deceits:
"He kept us out of war."
"A sound currency to be preserved at all hazards."

Bob Notson's story on the house vote on the Knox plan says the bill passed "without reservation or amendment." It passed without amendment all right; but not without "reservations" of opinion as to whether it will succeed or not. The prohibitionists are sure it will not work and the private liquor interests are hoping it will not. Its success will depend on two things, the capacity and integrity of the commission to be appointed; and the diligence of officers in rounding up violators of the law, particularly the bootleggers who try to carry on under the new regime. If the Knox plan doesn't work it is hard to tell which way the people will jump: back to prohibition or back to saloons.

Nothing daunts this administration. Not satisfied with introducing the baloney dollar, butchering the little pigs, and putting hobbies on business through the NRA, it is now starting in on the weather. The weather bureau is to be reorganized. The Washington mischievous-workers will be able to furnish us the brand of weather we want, or rather the kind it thinks we ought to have under planned economy.

President Doney is to talk to the Portland C. of C. Monday on "Trends in Education". Judging by the papers some of his students have been suggesting material on new steps in education at Willamette.

The candid camera which photographs men and women at luncheon clubs should be sound-film. Think of the choral effects it would get as it recorded the Lions club for instance inhaling their soup.

HIGH SCHOOL BAND MAKING PROGRESS

WOODBURN, Dec. 2.—A large crowd attended the annual Thanksgiving dance given at the armory Thursday night by the Woodburn volunteer firemen. The special decorations lent charm to this annual event. Music was furnished by a 10-piece outfit from Salem.

progressing nicely. Very few of the students in the group knew anything about music before starting with Campbell. Those in the band are: Trampets, Lyman Beely, Gerald Nibler, Monty Keen, Maria Broad, Rogar Anonby, Kenneth Galloway and Steve Kraus; clarinets, Mae Broad and Irene Lomery; saxophones, Lois Volker and Carl Lindeken; trombone, Vernon Simmons; bass, George Rasette; drums, Kenneth Grimsa and Steve Bauman. There are three violinists also playing with the group. They are Norma Leek, Fred Hall and Andrew Arroy.

DRAIN GAS TANK
QUINCY, Dec. 2.—Petty thieves drained the gas tank of Henry Ghed's milk truck Thursday night and tried unsuccessfully to get the battery.

Kitchens will be discussed Tuesday afternoon, December 5, when the newly organized Women's Study club will meet at the home of Mrs. Rodney Alden.

The band at Woodburn high school, under the supervision of Hal Campbell of Silverton, is



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

SOME PERSONS are extremely susceptible to boils. Most of us, fortunately, rarely, if ever, suffer from this uncomfortable affliction. To those who have a new or a re-occurring boil this message will be of little interest. But everyone should be familiar with the routine care of this infection. Carelessness and disregard of a boil may lead to a serious and painful condition.

Contrary to the popular belief, a boil is not the result of poor and poisoned blood. It is an infection localized in the skin. It is usually confined to an area that has large hair follicles, a part that is subjected to pressure and irritation. Boils are commonly found in the arm pits, the groin, or on the back and neck.

The infection can usually be traced to a germ given a bad name, the "staphylococcus aureus". This germ enters the body through a crack, a cut, or an abrasion of the skin. It is rubbed into the skin by continued pressure and friction.

How to Treat It

Redness and pain are the first signs of the infection. At first the redness is quite general in the involved region but gradually it becomes localized at one point. The pain is increased by pressure, motion, or the weight of overlying clothes. At this stage, proper attention will shorten the duration of the infection and hasten convalescence.

The redness, pain and tenderness can be relieved by the application of a solution of boric acid solution. If the infection is deep-seated, it is wise to use hot applications. This is best done by placing on the infection, gauze dipped in hot boric acid solution. This is kept hot by placing a hot water bag over it.

This procedure helps to bring the pus to the surface and encourages the escape of the pus from the boil. Never squeeze a boil. In squeezing it you break down the defensive wall that nature has built up around the involved spot. Destruction of this wall leads to the spread of the infection and usually to the formation of an abscess. If an abscess forms it requires immediate operation.

May Lead to Complications

Another danger of squeezing a boil is that you may force the germs into a blood vessel. If this occurs the poison is spread by the blood stream and general infection, or "septicemia" results. Septicemia is a very serious complication.

Do not resort to the use of patent medicines and the so-called "boil pullers". Modern medicine does not depend upon these old-fashioned remedies for the treatment of boils. If the boil does not respond to the simple treatment I have mentioned, the safest and only method to deal with it is by means of an incision.

Many persons dread the knife and resort to unskillful means. Bear in mind that these efforts are often dangerous and postpone recovery.

If your doctor advises opening the boil do not hesitate. When a wide opening is made so as to insure drainage of all accumulated pus, pain, discomfort and complete recovery soon follows. This treatment causes less scarring, too.

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

True 1852 story, coming down from Wm. P. Harpole, 1851 covered wagon pioneer:

The writer has before him a copy of "The Union," Pittsfield, Ill., of Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1852. The copy has been preserved since that year by Wm. P. Harpole, covered wagon immigrant of 1851, and his son and his son's son—three generations.

First, making good Sunday reading, there is reproduced from this old copy of the newspaper named, reprinted from the "Pictorial Drawing Room Companion," of New York, entitled "The Emigrant Family," and written by Lieutenant Murray, a scene from actual life, a true story, following:

"It was a beautiful summer morning, a little more than a year since, that I found myself breathing the clear and bracing air of an October day, in Union square, New York. The town was not yet astir, and the clatter of omnibuses had not yet commenced. The sun shone bright and clear, and the noble buildings that surrounded the square reflected the brilliancy of its morning from the tire length of Broadway from the Astor, to enjoy the scene and now drank in its refreshing influence to my heart's content.

Scarcely had I made the circuit of the walk, when I came suddenly upon a singular group. There were gathered there in one corner near the iron railing that surrounds the park four persons, evidently new arrivals, emigrants, who had passed the night thus grouped together, without the shelter of a roof. They were a family, father, mother and two children. The youngest, a boy of some five years, was still asleep, his head resting in his sister's lap, who was perhaps double his own age, while the mother sat so as to partially support the girl, and partly to share with her scanty covering that a large but tattered shawl afforded.

"The father, with that singular complacency of the countenance that seems to be the growth of habitual want, sat smoking the apparent indifference as though he had been the possessor of one of those lordly mansions hard by, instead of being the homeless wanderer he was. Grown careless by adversity, he lived only for the present moment; careless of what chance should send him in the next hour and the next day—regarding life as a drudgery, and lagging on his own way in hopes of a better world beyond. Such was the impression gathered from his countenance. As I approached the group, the soft blue eyes of the little girl met my own with such a humble, forlorn gaze that they thrilled me to the very soul. A few words sufficed to tell their story, though it was done in indifferently English. The father was a humble artisan, and having in some way incurred the displeasure of the authorities of Stockholm by attendance upon some democratic meeting that partook of too political a character, he had his choice to leave his native city, or to be imprisoned.

"He sold everything, and with his family and scanty means had taken up his line of march for America. After long and weary travel he shipped for this country, and had been landed upon its shores the night before, without the means to secure a shelter or to procure food. Long deprivation and sad experience had

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON



Over tea cups they regarded each other triumphantly, discussed the purchases and concluded they wouldn't change a thing.

"That goes on our account too," he said hastily. "You now owe me a thousand one hundred and a twenty-seven dollars." Seeing gathering trouble, he added, "I had hoped you might like to send a part of it to your stepmother."

"Thank you, I would."

Patricia closed her pocketbook. Arm in arm she and Julian Haverholt walked out into the sunlight. The shopping trip was heaven. The man was an ideal companion for such an expedition. He had an eye for line and color; he knew the best and wanted it. He was tireless, he was patient, he was a determined that this lovely, fluttered girl should be dressed not well, but perfectly.

First came a tailored suit of soft imported tweed with an arrogant collar of silver fox that framed Patricia's glowing face like an Elizabethan ruff. Then there was a silly little hat that looked like nothing in the hand and looked like heavy English gloves, shoes, a topcoat to wear when the days were cooler, a gay print handkerchief.

"And a purse to match the shoes," decided Julian. "A purse with a silver buckle."

"You think of everything, don't you?"

"I think when we finish you'll be the smartest young woman in New York. Gosh, you can wear clothes."

Patricia secretly agreed. Her purchases grew and grew. She even conceded that a little sports fur coat was just the thing (marked down so cheap she bought it), and that it was so cheap it seemed a shame not to take it. To make up for that she firmly banned the more expensive furs. No chinchilla!

"What are you laughing at, Patricia?"

"Yesterday I couldn't buy an extra pair of gloves. Today I decide that I can't afford chinchilla. Chinchilla!"

At four o'clock they wound up the orgy. Over tea cups they regarded each other triumphantly, discussed the purchases and concluded that they wouldn't change a thing.

"Only one thing," amended Patricia, staring at the long column of the head, she turned away with the gentleman who had accompanied her; and I, lying my hat, passed down the walk to the Battery, and giving up our tickets, passed into the concert room. There was a splendid array of both sexes, about equally divided, forming an audience of over 8000 people—certainly the finest sight of the kind I ever beheld. The concert was performed with a brilliant effect by a full orchestra, a celebrated tenor sang a favorite operatic air, and next in course came on the program a vocal performance by the prima donna of the evening.

"As she ascended the stage and bowed to the deafening plaudits of that immense assembly, I was startled with surprise and pleasure to discover in her the charitable lady who had befriended the Swedish emigrants that morning in Union park. It was Jenny Lind."

(Continued on Tuesday.)

Greens and Egans Are Surprised for Anniversary Event

SILVERTON, Dec. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barker, and Mrs. Will Egan were honored Tuesday night by members of the Royal Neighbors lodge, the occasion being the two couples' wedding anniversaries. Mrs. Lawrence Cooke acted as toastmistress and the following numbers were given: reading, Mrs. Theodore Green; piano solo, June Bowman; read-

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