The Oregon Statesman
FOUNDED 1851

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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Member of the Associated Press
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ADVERTISING
Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo $1.25; 6 Mo. $2.25; 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or $5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; $5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

The Banner of Demagogy

UNDER the heading "Shameful" the Medford Mail-Tribune runs the following editorial:

Will wonders never cease! The Portland Journal justifying its opposition to the new sales tax, accuses the proponents of such a tax as being enemies of the public schools.

Says the Journal:

"And so the Oregon schools are left to starve for this year. It is a situation to be widely regretted. The schools are the bulwark of self government. The classrooms and the teachers in charge are the fortresses of liberty. They are the safeguard of the nation. How unfortunate that in Oregon the schools are to be sacrificed for a year in order to soak the public with a sales tax!"

Now in all seriousness can anyone beat that? This new sales tax was passed SOLELY TO SAVE THE SCHOOLS, all the revenue from it will GO to the schools. It was advocated by parent-teachers associations, by county school administrations, by school boards. One of its strongest supporters was our own superintendent of schools, E. H. Hedrick, who is not only one of the most competent educators in the state, but certainly has the cause of the public school system more closely at heart, than any other resident of Southern Oregon.

And YET the Journal would accuse HIM, and thousands of citizens like him with being an enemy of the public schools, a traitor in the ranks of education seeking to tear down what the Journal says is the very "bulwark of self government."

How unfortunate INDEED! This measure was passed by the legislature, if allowed to become law, its revenues will be turned over to the schools in 90 days,—that is by March. The completion of the school year will then be certain not only here but everywhere else in the state.

But the Journal and its supporters, have instituted a referendum against the measure, they insist upon holding it up for a popular vote, preventing the schools from receiving this sorely needed aid, until May or June—and if they can play their political cards successfully, not even THEN.

And now this Journal,—this newspaper doing everything it CAN to defeat school aid—has the inexpressible GALL to claim it is the friend and protector of the public school system, and those who are trying, in the only practical way it can be done, to prevent disaster to the schools,—are its enemies!

What can be done with a newspaper like that!

Why, of course you can do nothing with a paper like that; nor with demagogues who constantly play upon public passions. These are the same disciples who put a halo around Julius the First and canonized him as the "savior of Oregon", who promised the people electricity without cost to the taxpayers, and peddled more bunk which the voters lapped up. Now they turn on the governor and rend him limb from limb.

The one thing the demagogues and demagogic papers have succeeded in doing is to make it almost impossible for the government units in Oregon to function. They would pile all the taxes on the wealthy classes, who in Oregon are nonexistent. Senators Burke and Zimmerman propose a capital levy. That is about what the real estate tax has become, only instead of taking off a portion of a man's property it confiscates the whole of it in many cases. If people who own real property cannot or will not pay their property taxes now, how can they be expected to pay a capital levy?

We are not "hot" for a sales tax; but the farmers who fight the proposed sales tax are a plain bunch of suckers; because the weight of it will fall on city people and the method of distribution favors the country areas. The reason farm organizations fight it is because their leaders have sold out to organized labor, which is always shrewd and always selfish. We suppose though the farmers will rally and vote down the sales tax, letting the burden still rest on their land, while the city people who would do most of the paying get to laugh up their sleeves.

Reply to Fair Questions

Mr. Editor:

I am a regular reader of The Statesman. Your editorials are often very interesting and worthy of careful thought. Your editorial of this morning on "Are Banks Down?" is a question surely for anxious thought. Your strictures on The Present Policy of our Government suggest the question many are asking. What would you do, if you were president? The money power has had their way in the financial policies of the government for 12 years. The crash came while they were still in the thrones of power. What do they suggest? What can be done to get us out of this quagmire that our president is not doing? What would our hard money men do in this emergency? I am a republican, voted for Hoover and ardently desired his election.

ROBERT SMYLIE,
1394 S. Commercial Street.

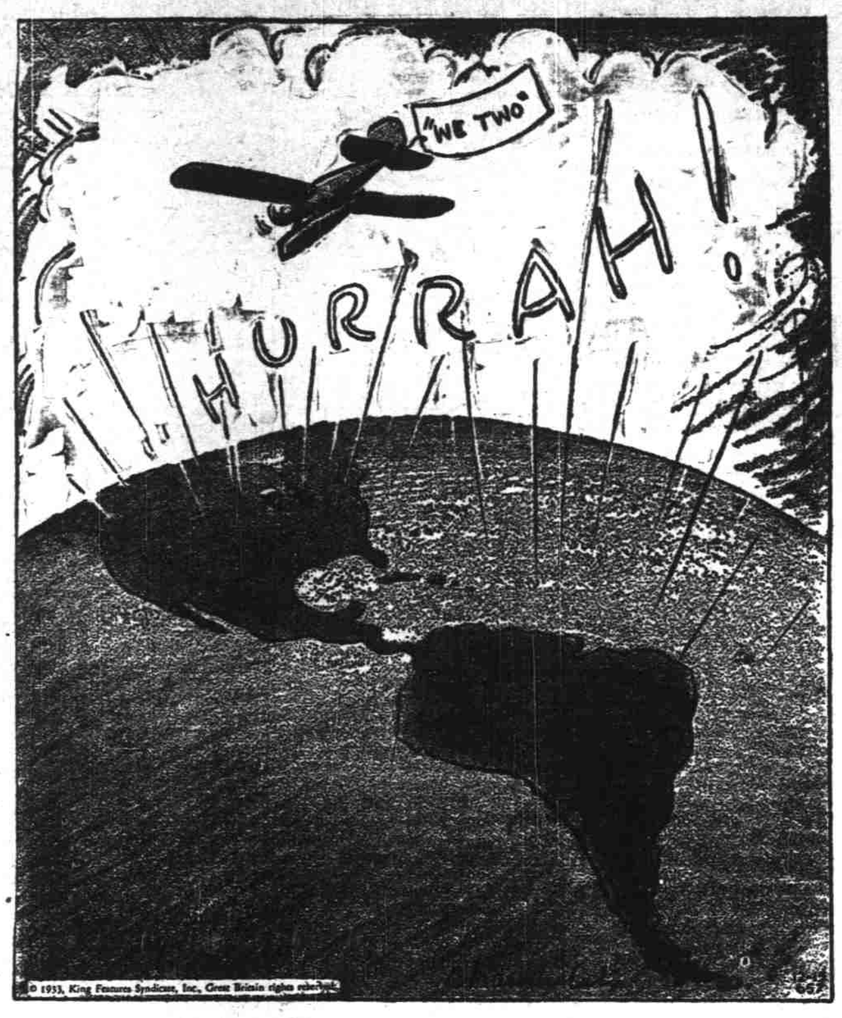
OUR correspondent confuses bankers guilty of moral and business delinquency in the late 'new era" with "hard money men". There is no such identity. Mr. Morgan was first to come out with a pontifical blessing of the president for going off the gold standard. The most aggressive advocates of the commodity dollar have been the "committee of the nation", a group of "big business men". The most strenuous advocates of adhering to sound money have been ecenomists with a broad understanding of the history of experiments with money.

Mr. Smylie falls into the error of many others in assuming that because men like Insull and Wiggin have proved false leaders that such failure justifies support of a weird monetary policy espoused by the president. Their bad ethics or poor judgment is without relation to the matter of a commodity dollar.

Our correspondent classes himself as a retired Methodist minister; so we presume his income is either in the form of a pension from his church or proceeds from investments. If inflation comes as it has in so many countries which have thought they too could "take a nip" and quit, then his fixed income would be wholly inadequate to provide him with necessary subsistence. In Germany it finally took 50 millard of marks to mail a letter. We do not want Mr. Smylie and others like him, wage earners, civil employes on fixed income, to be suddenly rendered destitute through uncontrolled inflation.

The general policy of the government should be directed, in our humble opinion, toward restoring confidence which will in turn release the productive energies of 125 million people; and the first step in rebuilding confidence is to establish certainty with respect to the circulating medium. The cycle of depression has passed its nadir, long ago. What will defeat recovery is reckless government financing, destruction of the public credit and inflation which will ruin the circulating medium.

The All-American Salute



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Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

A SHORT TIME ago Chicago gave us a scare. Several cases of "amebic dysentery" were discovered and we had a right to worry. Many were taken sick and many of its victims died.

Dr. Copeland

The ameba of dysentery is probably the most important intestinal parasite found in the United States. It does not belong here. Persons who have been to the tropics may contract this uncomfortable disease and bring the ameba back to this country. Even though they have recovered from the illness and even if they do do not actually have dysentery, they may be "carriers" and, if they are food handlers, pollute the food and water that will be partaken by well persons.

A Serious Disease

Dysentery must not be confused with simple diarrhea. The latter is annoying but is easily checked. If the former takes the amebic form it is more serious.

Be careful of the food you eat and the water you drink. Be sure that it is prepared in a clean, sanitary place where only healthy people and those free from germs are employed. Many infectious diseases may be carried to you an a tray of half-cooked food. It is better for you to wait an hour before you eat, than to go into a place of doubtful cleanliness.

Amebic dysentery is characterized by very loose bowels, blood, fever and generally severe vomiting. The patient remains weak and usually loses sleep and weight.

The best thing to do if you think one of your family has dysentery is to call in the family physician. If a doctor is not available, it is best to give the patient a thorough cleaning out. An enema will help considerably and help nature to rid the patient of the ameba.

Spread by "Carriers"

We are never quite safe from the carriers of disease. Typhoid fever, diphtheria and amebic dysentery are three ailments that are traced to such persons.

Health officials are on the outlook for such persons, but it takes clever detective work to locate some of them. I knew of a case where the wife of an employe on the water shed of a large city was found to be a typhoid fever carrier. Her discovery was due to the remarkable work of a health inspector.

Cleanliness and thorough cooking of the food, guard against the danger of infection. When these are guaranteed, we may eat in safety.

Answers to Health Queries

P. C. Q.—What causes one to clear the throat frequently?

A.—This may be due to nasal catarrh. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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Church Gets Holiday Gifts For All Walls

UNION, Dec. 15. — The Presbyterian church is taking on Christmas decorations by a complete repapering of the church and Sunday school room. John Leek is in charge of the paper hanging.

Part of the grade on the east end of Killin bridge gave way sometime Tuesday. Torch warning lights were burning Tuesday night.

Blackberry vines are being cut and burned along the roads here by a crew of men under Supervisor W. Owre.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Golden Rule
and the diamond Rule,
to banish selfishness
and selfseeking and make
all men honest neighbors:

The other day, in the Christmas rush at the Salem postoffice, a Japanese student at Willamette was overheard by the writer in friendly dispute with a busy window clerk.

"What was the occasion for the dispute?" the average reader will inquire—a pertinent question.

Well, the student from our neighbor land across the Pacific had made a purchase of postage stamps, no doubt to send holiday greetings to his people, for the spirit of the yuletide (sixth last word in Webster's Unabridged) is universal and timeless—the germ of goodwill that will save the human race and bring permanent world peace, if anything ever does.

And the Japanese student found that in making change he had received 28 cents too much. The dispute was over that fact. The alien in a foreign land did not wish to have the clerk lose that sum, when he figured up his returns in the evening, and he was very clear on the point. He KNEW he had 28 cents that belonged to the clerk. He succeeded in convincing the clerk of the fact—and went away satisfied. He was honest—as honest as the family of his Mikado, which makes official Japan the most honest in the world—

And which makes "big business" in Japan the most honest found anywhere; such as that owning steamship and telephone lines, etc., etc., including insurance companies. Why? Because the family of the Mikado owns an interest in nearly all great properties of the kind, and so does the government itself.

This is not so true of the small merchant class. In some parts of that class, the opposite has been true, though what we call chiseling or cheating is being gradually rooted out there.

Well, the writer, after overhearing the dispute described, drove his auto down town—down State street. Twice he offered to give right of way to a woman driver, in a California car. She refused to take it, in each case.

Many Oregon women drivers would have done the same. How many? How many California women, either, for that matter? Or how many Oregon or California men, either?

There are many women who claim the privilege of the sex, and since all men are not so gallant as to grant it, even when it may be done without risk of a collision, the cofusion is accountable for many clashes, of course some of them disastrous, even to the point of loss of life or maiming of body.

The two incidents, one right after the other, occasioned pleasant memories. No one should be given credit for honesty, even in small affairs. All persons ought to be honest, as a matter of course. But how many Americans would be so meticulous in correcting a brother's mistake, even that of a member of a different race? No one should take advantage of sex gallantry to knowingly disregard a traffic rule, made for the safety of all—in fact no one should consciously disobey a plain traffic rule for any cause.

No one, in fact, should disobey the Golden Rule. As Matthew 7:12 puts it, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That has for nearly 2000 years been called the Golden Rule.

And there is a complementary rule only a few years younger that is alike enjoined and of necessity required for the perfect regulation of a complex society under any form of government. It is found in Romans 12:10 and reads:

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another."

That is what the writer is pleased to call the Diamond Rule. It is necessary, if there is to be harmony between official and private citizen, or foreman or superintendent and worker of a lower rank. It is required if there is to be harmonious functioning of any institution—as much so as the functioning of each part of a healthy body.

The key word is preferring. Some one must be preferred, else orderly government, business or industry fails and confusion and decay results.

Complete obedience to both the Golden Rule and the Diamond Rule, the writer has proven by United States court records, resulted in one generation, in the case of the Keil colony, of Bethel and Nineveh in Missouri and Aurora in Oregon, in banishing selfishness and selfseeking from human nature—an accomplishment unique in the history of the world for so long a time with as great a body of people, if not with any sized collection of human beings.

Practiced universally, all men would be honest neighbors—and there would be ushered in permanent peace on earth. Honest neighbors? Who is a neighbor?

The implications of the answer given by the Founder of Christianity in the Parable of the Good Samaritan is that he may live in Japan, or China, or India or Africa, or in an Eskimo igloo, or a hollow log, or beneath a palm tree under the equator—and that his blood stream may course under a skin white or black or red or yellow or brown, or any of the in-betweens.

It has been so written for nearly twenty centuries, and pretended to be believed by mounting millions under the whole course of the shining sun—but never practiced, by many, for long. Some readers will say, never at all.

The Japanese student, in an alien and more or less unsympathetic land, is on the way, whether he be Christian, Shinto, Buddhist or just plain human being with the seeming of a gentleman.

These rainy day thoughts, suggested by the two pleasant incidents in the space of a short quarter of an hour in the writer's daily rounds in Salem, Oregon, are given for what they are worth in this yuletide season.

SILVERTON, Dec. 15 — Santa Claus will be at Silverton from 2 to 4 p.m. Saturday afternoon. Santa Claus has come to Silverton each year prior to Christmas and all of the boys and girls from the country as well as from the city are looking forward to seeing him.

"KNAVE'S GIRL"

By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS

Pretty, young Patricia Warren unwillingly accepts the attentions of Bill McGee, a racketeer, fearing his wrath should she refuse. One night, Bill is shot by a rival gangster while with Patricia. Patricia runs home in terror. Her stepmother, fearing a scandal, puts her out. Patricia is forced to make her living by playing professional bridge. Impressed by the girl's beauty and skill, Julian Haverholt, the bridge expert, makes her his partner. She moves to his palatial home where he introduces her as his niece. Pat is indignant until Haverholt explains he was thinking of her reputation. Patricia is secretly in love with Clark Tracy, the polo player, but Clark is engaged to Marthe March, society girl. Pat first met Clark and his fiancee when she filled in at bridge (for fifty cents an hour) at wealthy Mrs. Sycott's home. Pat was living with her stepmother at the time. Meeting Pat again at Haverholt's, Clark does not recognize her. He breaks an appointment to teach Pat to drive her new car and goes on a trip with his fiancee's family. Noting her disappointment, Haverholt questions Pat, but she denies that she loves Clark. Pat concentrates on bridge to forget. Then comes the bridge tournament sponsored by Reuben Blair, Haverholt's bitter enemy. Clark is present. He is distressed by Patricia's coolness towards him. The contest is on. Haverholt and Pat play with machine-like precision and perfection, and win. Next morning, they are deluged with congratulatory telegrams and business offers.

"Maybe this is what you want," said Haverholt, with equal coolness.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

"What are we going to do about these?" she asked, glancing at the telegrams.

"Waste baskets were invented for such stuff," replied Julian so promptly that the girl was disconcerted. In her mind she had been planning dignified little acknowledgments. "Just ignore the whole of it," he went on. "There was only one decent offer in the lot."

"I guess I didn't see that one."

"I separated it from the junk. Here it is," said Julian, rescuing the proper envelope and tapping it against his palm. "It's from Jarrett's, the big department store. They're planning a tournament for their customers. They want you to run it."

"Me!"

"Yes, you," he smiled. "I think you'd better accept. Six Friday afternoons, though you can probably duck out on a couple of them. They'll pay you for your trouble."

"How much?" demanded Patricia, expecting some vast sum.

"Twenty-five dollars an afternoon," Haverholt told her. "That means a hundred and fifty for the series. They'll give you tons of swell publicity, paid ads in all the newspapers, circulars mailed out to their customers, they'll give you an elegant send-off on your dizzy flight to fame."

"Then you think I had better accept?"

"I most certainly do."

"All right," said the girl obediently. "I will."

She bent her bright head over the remainder of the messages. She hardly admitted to herself that she was searching for some word from Clark. Apparently everyone in the world had sent congratulations, everyone except Clark. At the end of five minutes, Patricia folded the last sheet of yellow paper, thrust it into its envelope, looked up and said:

"Is this all?"

"Were you looking for something special, my dear?" The man was watching her closely.

"Why no," she informed him coolly. "I was just wondering."

"Maybe this is what you want," said Haverholt with equal coolness. Reaching into the pocket of his dressing gown he pulled out a crumpled sheet of paper, handed it over. It was a telegram addressed to both of them.

Patricia spread the paper flat, read:

"Congratulations to two great bridge players. Hoping to see you both next week at Belmont. Clark."

The girl raised her eyes.

"Why didn't you show this to me?" she asked levelly.

"I did show it to you."

"Not until I asked."

"Perhaps," he shrugged, "I wanted to hear you ask."

"Why?"

Leaning his elbows upon the table, the man suddenly became intent and serious. There was now a certain inflexible quality about him, troubling and disturbing.

"If I were you, Patricia," he said deliberately, "I would put Clark Tracy out of my mind this minute."

The girl went scarlet.

"He isn't in my mind," she said quickly, defensively.

"You'll never in this world pull it off," he told her, ignoring the protest. "Clark Tracy is not for you and the sooner you acknowledge it the better. It's not because of Marthe either," he remarked and continued decisively, "You're pretty enough and clever enough to dispose of Marthe's claims in short order. After you'd laid your groundwork and got your campaign under way, Clark probably wouldn't remember there was a Marthe March. Don't bother getting high-minded," he said sharply, as Patricia, horrified, attempted to interrupt. "I've never yet met a woman who wasn't utterly unscrupulous where the prior rights of other women were concerned. I don't blame you for it. It's your nature, child."

The girl was furious.

"You don't know as much about women as you think you do," she said seething with anger.

"I've had years of experience, darling. Ah, those were the years!"

"Stop it, stop this minute," she stormed at him. "You may know women but you don't know me. I like Clark Tracy. Well, what if I do? I've met his fiancee; I like her too. I suppose I have a right to like them if I want to. You—you're trying to make something out of nothing. I'm sure I can't guess why you take the trouble."

Pushing back the telegrams she rose from the table and stalked toward the door, half expecting that Haverholt would call. He maintained a baffling silence. She hesitated at the threshold. Still he said nothing. She could not resist a backward glance. The man was smoking, staring meditatively at the ceiling.

"Can you give me one single reason why I shouldn't like Clark Tracy?" Patricia flung over a haughty shoulder.

"I can give you one very good reason," said Haverholt slowly. Unwillingly she turned. He looked straight into her eyes. "Has it ever occurred to you what Clark would think if he discovered that you were not my niece?"

Patricia walked to the breakfast table and sat down. She joined her hands beneath a strained white face.

"You aren't going to tell him, are you?" she whispered.

There was a silence in the precisely ordered breakfast room. Patricia sat strained and motionless. Julian Haverholt ground out his cigarette.

"I don't need to tell Clark anything," he said sharply. "If you persist in falling in love with him you will tell him the truth yourself. And he won't like the truth!"

Patricia faced him bravely.

"The truth is not so terrible," she said. "I have done nothing wrong. I'm not afraid."

"Save your defence for Clark," suggested Haverholt, not ungently. "Whatever you say I will say: your story will be mine. But I very much doubt that you can successfully gild the facts." He hesitated, added, "Clark Tracy simply is not constituted to understand or to sympathize with the peculiar psychology of the adventuress."

"Are you inferring that I am an adventuress?"

"I am merely trying to force you to see your situation from Clark's standpoint. That young man isn't living in the present century where the question of women is concerned."

"I suppose you are," put in Patricia bitterly.

"I am. If I loved a woman I wouldn't give a damn for her past or for her future. I would be too busy with her present. Clark is different. After all," he reminded her, "I have known the subject of our discussion longer than you have."

The girl could not confute him. She listened, every fibre of her being in silent protest, as Julian continued his light, mocking dissection of the other man.

(To Be Continued)

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BETTY BROWN TOPS SCHOLASTIC ROLLS

HUBBARD, Dec. 15—The local high school students who took high honors which include 1's in all subjects, and citizenship, and no tardy marks in the past six weeks period were Betty Brown, senior, six 1's; Marjorie Wolfer, Leah Kromling, seniors, and Gwyneth Scholz, junior, five 1's; Dorothy McKay, senior, four 1's. Those who won honors which requires three 1's, were Lucille Zehner, senior; Marion McKenzie, junior; Junior Higgenbotham, sophomore; and Gordon Boje, freshman.

Marie Schatz is recovering from an attack of scarlet fever at the home of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Pulley.

Child Clinic Held

Seventeen children—seven infants, nine pre-school and one school child—were examined by Dr. Burke at the clinic held at the Pythian hall Wednesday. Nine immunizations for diphtheria were finished and four begun; there were four smallpox vaccinations. The health committee consisting of Mrs. Waldo Brown, Mrs. George Grimps, Mrs. John Friend, and Mrs. George Knight entertained the examining physician, Dr. Burke, and the nurse, Miss Nova Lyndes at a luncheon at the health center at noon. The next clinic will be held in May.

MONTGOMERY ILL

MEHAMA, Dec. 15 — Roger Montgomery is in the Stayton hospital and Reginald Goodell is taking care of his place. The nature of his illness was not known, but he has been in ill health for some time.

Farmers' Union News

MONMOUTH, Dec. 15—Saturday, Dec. 16, the Polk county Pomona grange and the nine subordinate granges of this county will meet in Monmouth to hold a union installation of their officers which total more than 100. A program and dinner, at noon, will be additional features.

BETHEL, Dec. 15.—J. A. Saunders of Minot, North Dakota, will be the speaker at a special meeting of the Farmers Union at Bethel school house, five miles east of Salem on State street, Monday night, Dec. 18, at 8 o'clock.

Members of all surrounding locals are invited, as this is to be Mr. Saunders only meeting in this part of the valley. He has a great message of conditions in North Dakota, and what the Farmers Union has done for them. He has a proposition regarding their members buying fruit from members here.

BUSINESS MEN WILL SPONSOR YULE TREE

DAYTON, Dec. 15.—The Dayton Business Men's association will sponsor the annual Christmas tree and street decoration it was decided early this week. C. L. Christenson under the direction of R. D. Johnson, will erect a Christmas tree to be electrically lighted.

A program will be held at Demaray's hall, Thursday, December 21, and will consist of the Dayton union high school Girls' Glee club singing Christmas carols followed by an operetta "Santa in Blunderland," presented by 90 Dayton grade students under the direction of Miss Lena Stilwell, grades superintendent. Miss Gwendolyn Foss is director of the girls' glee club. There will be candy and nuts for the children.

TURNER, Dec. 15.—The Turner grade pupils are presenting a cantata, "The Christmas Toys Make Up," Friday night, December 22, at 8 o'clock, at the school auditorium. The public is invited.

A HOME

For Those Who Have Suffered a Loss

Here, is an atmosphere of peace and quietude, families who have lost a loved one may find solace in a difficult time. Our first thought is for their comfort and convenience while here.

W. T. Rigdon and Son