

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## The State Flax Industry

THE record of the flax industry at the penitentiary during the past year is worthy of commendation. The audit discloses a loss of only \$332, for the year ending July 1, 1933. This covers twelve months of rotten business conditions when flax and all other products were hard to dispose of. The figures show that the industry is really becoming established on a substantial basis after previous years of losses. These were pioneer years, culminating of course in years of general business troubles.

There has not yet been fully tested the possibility of producing flax fiber under conditions of free labor. Farmers are now given a price determined by the state; and the retting and scutching are done at the state prison. The plant is tax-free; labor is given small compensation. It remains to be tried whether under proper financing and management the fiber can be produced by free labor-throughout to compete with imported fiber.

If the federal government supplies funds in response to the application of Will F. Lipman this question will be finally put to the test. If success could be demonstrated with even one complete unit there would be adequate capital available for expansion without government subsidy.

Meantime the state industry provides wholesome labor for inmates at the prison, supplies materials for other factories here in Salem, and affords a laboratory for industrial experimentation along a line which should grow in importance.

## Troublesome Weather

SOME one should spank the weather and say, "Now will you behave". For the weather has been all out of sorts lately, plain ugly, to tell the truth. The visitation here is relatively gentle, it is true. Rain and wind, wind and rain sum the wayward elements in this vicinity. Sunday and Monday one might say, "spite the poor sailor", so fierce was the blow of the gale. But neither flood nor snow came, the damage save to wounded spirits, being confined to the destructiveness of the tempestuous wind.

Nature has a way of playing tricks on man. The elements respect no authority, and break all controls. From primitive days forward man has pitted himself against the elements, yet being forced to admit his own impotence. Even nature however, moves within limits. In every portion of the globe the recorded extremes of heat and cold, of high water and low water, of wind velocity, of snow depth are rarely exceeded, and then only slightly. The trouble is that man gambles on the law of averages and builds to the limits, hoping that he may escape extreme fury of outrageous weather. He tempts the floods when he builds in low ground, or the tempest when he builds unstable frames for his dwelling.

Even in Oregon the rain will subside and the winds calm down. Then mankind will find something else to grumble about. Meantime, all we can do is to suffer patiently,—and why not with some degree of enjoyment at the very wildness of the scene?

## Ellis as Chamber President

THE election of William P. Ellis as president of the Salem chamber of commerce is an honor worthily bestowed. The record of Mr. Ellis in community affairs is an assurance that the onerous duties devolving upon the president of the chamber will be faithfully discharged. Ellis has been a hard-working member of the board of directors, or "cabinet" of the chamber for several years. He has been on the alert to promote the city's welfare. He has been serving since August 1st as executive head of NRA in this county. In this capacity he has been loyal to the administration, and has combined a firmness with a tactfulness which has given NRA a good name locally.

The past year has been one of marked activity on the part of the chamber under the administration of B. E. Sisson. Many new problems have come up; and the organization has been vigilant in safeguarding the commercial and general welfare of Salem and the valley. Much of its accomplishment never gets in much publicity; but the job is done nevertheless.

Under Mr. Ellis and the new board another successful year may be predicted.

We do not believe the county court gains in public favor by retaining allotment of old age pensions, to the point of forcing a court action. The Statesman opposed this law when it was pending and favored postponing its application for two years. But the legislature has ruled otherwise, and the court should accede with as good grace as it can muster. The court has been a good conservator of public funds. It is now able to pay its part for court house remodeling. It has no alternative, would seem, than to add to its levy the amount estimated for the old age pension. It is being relieved of paying for keep of insane, which will lighten its budget that much.

A truce is declared between Paraguay and Bolivia in Gran Chaco. This Gran Chaco name has sounded to us like a movie title. Perhaps it was just a staged bout with men on the sidelines turning reels for "takes" of the show.

Apparently there is more danger of running out of jobs to do than out of money under CWA grants. Anyway the CWA puts dollars into jeans, and will make many a home more comfortable than it has been for a long time in midwinter.

The distillers who have been so concerned lest the tax on spirits be made so high the bootlegger will continue to flourish, show no compunction about holding up the prices at famine levels, regardless of the "legger."

## FARMER GROUP HAS BUSINESS MEETING

WEST STAYTON, Dec. 19.—The regular bi-monthly meeting of the West Stayton Farmer's Protective Association was held at the McClellan Hall Thursday. The program consisted of a quartet by Paul McClellan, Oka Snyder, Arthur Bestreter and S. K. Moskimon, accompanied by Miss Riches; talk by Oka Snyder; trio by Paul McClellan, Arthur Bestreter and Oka Snyder and a

talk by H. T. Correll. Snyder's talk was concerning his trip to Chicago, from which he recently returned. Many interesting facts were revealed to the farmers of this district. Correll also talked about the trip. Both men reported an attendance of well over 700 farmers from 44 states at the annual conference of the organization. A committee consisting of Fred Denhem, C. E. Lewis, S. K. Moskimon, Oka Snyder and Robert Spoons was elected to investigate a mortgage foreclosure and interview the mortgage holder. The next meeting will be set for December 28. All the farmers in this vicinity are urged to be present.

## An Ear to the Ground



## Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

OFTEN THE doctor hears a worried mother say, "My child needs a 'worm powder'." He grits his teeth in his sleep and does not gain weight. My neighbor says these are sure signs of worms.

I am sorry to say in many an instance the child is given the worm medicine without the expected result. This form of home treatment delays the visit to the doctor. This is a pity, because undoubtedly he would have discovered that the child had no worms, but was the victim of something more serious.

Do not be misled by well meaning lay friends who seek to prescribe for your child. Vague symptoms—and usually the symptoms are vague—do not provide a sufficient reason for giving worm remedies.

The only symptom that is really dependable is evidence of the worms or the eggs of worms. Bear in mind that restlessness and gritting of the teeth may be no more than signs that the child has gone to bed too tired.

If the youngster complains of discomfort around the navel, colicky pain and nausea, the presence of worms should be suspected.

Round worms are the most common type found in children. They are as large as the ordinary earth worm and easily discovered.

The pinworm is another common worm. It is white, threadlike and less than one-half inch long.

If worms are actually discovered the child should be given worm medicine. But, as I have said, it is always advisable to consult a physician first. He will prescribe the necessary medicine and give it in the accurate dosage. Then there will be an escape from the careless handling and untrained prescribing of home remedies.

Hookworm must not be confused with round worm. Hookworm is spread from one person to another by dirt and contaminated water. The victim of hookworm complains of extreme lassitude, undernourishment and in many instances, suffers from a serious anemia.

Hookworm is more difficult to get rid of than simple round worms. Hygienic measures have greatly decreased this affliction, which in former years was extremely common. Children should be protected against worms. Care in the choice and preparation of foods will go far to give safety. In case of infection there should be prompt treatment. Bear in mind, too, that where toilet facilities are modern and cleanliness observed, the disease does not occur.

Answers to Health Queries  
A. R. Q.—I have a soft corn which is very painful. What will eradicate it?  
A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and request your question.  
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Morgan Will Head Loyal Loggers Unit  
SILVERTON, Dec. 19.—W. L. Morgan was elected chairman of the Loyal Loggers at Silvertown Friday night. Other officers elected by the 42 group were: vice-chairman, Virgil Huddleston; secretary-treasurer, J. H. McCullough; third member of conference committee, L. Devericks. The group discussed a recommendation for a new minimum wage scale for the association but no definite action was taken Friday night.

## "KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS  
Pretty, young Patricia Warren unwillingly accepts the attentions of Bill Moore, 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 fiancée 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 fiancée's family. Noting her disappointment, Haverholt hints questions Pat, but she denies that she loves Clark. Pat concentrates on bridge to forget. Then comes the bridge tournament sponsored by Robert Blair, Haverholt's bitter enemy. Clark presences. 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. Haverholt purposely holds out a wire from Clark to see if Pat will ask for it. She does. He advises her to put Clark out of her thoughts, reminding her of what Clark would think if he knew she was not Haverholt's niece. They accept Clark's invitation to the races to see his horse, "Honey Boy," run. Patricia is panic stricken lest Marthe March will remember their previous meeting at Mrs. Sycott's and expose her. Clark showers Pat with attention and is aloof in his treatment of Marthe. Pat is puzzled by the antagonism between Clark and Haverholt. "Honey Boy" wins and the enormous purse stuns Pat.

CHAPTER THIRTY  
Suddenly Patricia felt that she could never explain anything to Clark. How could this man be expected to understand the bitterness of poverty, the temptation to use any means to escape it? There had been money in the Tracy family for generations, long ago Clark must have come to accept wealth as less fortunate people accept air, as one of the necessities of life which existed in such profusion that no thought need be given it. Shall I skip lunches and buy a pair of stockings or shall I have lunch and go without the stockings? Julian Haverholt would understand the neat reasoning, the delicate balancing that must go into such problems. He would understand the freedom, the weariness, the rebellion of a girl faced with such decisions of that sort. She had come up from nothing herself. But Clark...

Patricia resolutely gave her attention to the races. The afternoon dragged by, drew to a close. She rose gratefully. "Surely you're going to dine with us?" said Clark, hurt. "I thought we could all drive into town together."

Patricia left the answer to Julian. He glanced at Marthe. Patricia saw the almost imperceptible shake her head. The watcher felt vaguely surprised. "No, I think not, Clark," said Haverholt definitely. "We have another engagement. I'm sorry we won't be there to drink to Honey Boy. You've got a great race horse there."

Patricia drew a long deep breath. "Well anyhow," she said defiantly, "I'm glad it's over. I never felt so flat. I hope I never have to see any of them again."

"Not even Clark?"  
"Especially Clark," she admitted over a wince of pain. She ended gallantly, "You see, I know now that you were right. He's too different from me. I could never make him understand anything."

"You still have me, my dear."  
"I still have you and I find you very comfortable just now."  
"Only comfortable, Patricia?"  
She glanced up at him. His eyes were dark beneath his snow-white hair, dark, unsmiling. She knew him and all his faults and fallings, knew that she could never hold him. Still she felt just then that the slightest breath would send her into his arms. She might end in misery but Julian Haverholt would be an easy man for any woman to love. Perhaps she herself did not. What of that? Julian could stir her pulses, make her happy for a while. He was handsome, he was magnetic, he had fascinated her from the first. She had nothing to lose. Once her situation was discovered she would have the name. Why not have the game? Why not do the one thing that would alienate her forever from Clark Tracy and from a dream that she once had harbored?

"Well, Patricia?"  
"Please, Julian, please don't." He seemed about to speak, then lapsed into moody silence, keeping his eyes upon the road. "Gosh," he said suddenly, "I must be getting old. I find I have a conscience."  
"What are you talking about?" she demanded, bewildered by his words.

"You and me," he said half ruefully. "Especially me. If I were willing to make all the proper moves, to say all the proper things, to trade on your reaction from this afternoon I could win you. I've just discovered that I don't feel like doing that with you. I want your decision clear-eyed and unafraid or not at all. Which is it, Patricia?"  
"Not at all," she whispered. "Not at all."  
They dined at home together, unenthusiastically, without referring to the afternoon. Somehow Patricia wished that Julian would refer to it. She wanted him to sweep her from her feet and to convince her that loving him was her way out. Nobility, she decided, was unsuitable to him. Strange to feel flat and disappointed because Julian Haverholt chose to play fairly. Not until they were separating for the night did he speak.

"Have you changed your mind—about this afternoon?"  
"No," she replied and waited for him to change it.  
He only said oddly, "I hope you won't regret your decision."  
What did he mean by that? Even after she had entered her own bedroom and began her preparations to retire, Patricia still wondered. She heard Julian come upstairs and go down the hall toward the open door, to face him and to ask an explanation. She wanted to see him. She hungered for the sight of him whom she had seen fifteen minutes earlier. Trembling she stood beside the door and fought the strange excitement that was stirring in her blood. At length she turned sharply from the door, dropped off her clothes and got into bed.

It had been a baffling, contradictory day. The girl had thought that she would lie there in the darkness and puzzle it out. She was more weary than she knew. Almost instantly she fell into deep, dreamless sleep.

She woke suddenly toward morning. What had awakened her? She had heard some sound. Drowsily she reached for the light. It was ten minutes past four. She was wide awake now, tense, rigid, listening. She heard the sound again. She was swept by acute, physical fear. Someone was moving around downstairs.

Constance Manning in Salem Hospital  
SILVERTON, Dec. 19.—Constance Manning, Junior at Gervais high school, suffered a broken leg and other injuries Monday after school when she alighted from the bus near her home in the Barkersville district. She stepped from behind the bus and into path of an approaching car. Rain was blamed. Constance, daughter of Fred Manning, was taken to a Salem hospital by Ekman ambulance.

### Correction

Through a typographical error the price on these smoking jackets was Sunday quoted at \$1.00. The correct price is \$10.00.

## SMOKING JACKETS

Very smartest flannels with contrasting trims beautifully tailored and one of the finest gifts for any man.

\$10.00

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## 100th Anniversary Of Chapin's Father Honored by Family

CLEAR LAKE, Dec. 19.—An enjoyable family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Chapin Sunday. The occasion was in honor of the 100th anniversary of Mr. Chapin's father's birth. Among the 14 guests present were Mrs. William P. Miller of Dallas, sister of Luther J. Chapin and the only other living representative of their father's family. E. A. Miller put a cement foundation under his house recently and made quite extensive improvement to the inside, installing a complete water system with bath and other improvements. He is now changing the outside which gives the house quite a stylish appearance.

## 100th Anniversary Of Chapin's Father Honored by Family

A later letter (Dec. 18), dated Philadelphia, Dec. 18, comes from