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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More "Economies"

THERE is a paragraph in the petition of the railroads for an increase in freight rates to meet higher operating costs which is interesting. Apparently in reply to a statement of the railway coordinator, Mr. Eastman, that the roads should effect "more economies", the petition says:

"Petitioners are of the opinion that they cannot by increased savings, in view of the various restrictions imposed upon them, effect economies in addition to those heretofore effected, that will materially offset the increase in their operating expenses."

What they refer to is increases caused by restoration of wages to the 1929 level, the increases in cost of coal, fuel oil and ties through "code" price fixing. The very law creating the office of coordinator prohibits reduction of personnel below the number employed in May, 1933, in other words, stops economies in the labor direction.

Consider that in 1929 expenses for operating the roads were $4,506,056,262 and in 1933 only half that or $2,249,318,750. While the operating revenues fell off a little more than half, it is difficult to see how the roads can make further curtailment. In fact their maintenance of way and equipment was neglected during the period of curtailed income.

This is also true that curtailed expenses for the roads means curtailed incomes somewhere else: among laborers, among the vast number of concerns supplying railroads with lumber, steel, paint, etc., for repairs, replacements or maintenance. If we read the signs of the times aright what is needed now is increased rather than decreased spending by the roads not only for their own proper operation and maintenance but for stimulus to the general upward trend of business. The railroads are a tremendous market, in good times buying a billion dollars worth of materials and supplies. They buy nearly a quarter of the soft-coal output, a fifth of the fuel oil output, and employ in normal times about a sixth of the iron and steel capacity of the country. Oregon for instance which supplies the roads with large quantities of lumber and timbers wants no "reduction in expenses" in that direction.

The roads are not only a servant of the people, they are a customer of nearly all industries. It is imperative that the roads be brought back into sound financial health, both to perform efficient service and to be "consumers" of the products of mines and mills. Expenses might be reduced through "coordination", but the coordinator seems to have flattened out in his program of train consolidation, etc. Again such coordination often means either suppression of competition or reduction of service, and the communities affected are the first to howl against such "coordination."

Since the roads are governed so closely by government agencies, these agencies will have to cooperate in putting the roads on a sound financial basis. There will have to be either increase in rates, or economies through consolidation or a swift upturn in business for the roads to carry on efficiently.

Supporting the State Fair

DIRECTOR Max Gehlhar of the state department of agriculture invited Salem business men out to the fair grounds yesterday to see and hear about the state fair. His invitation was well responded to, and many were the "oh's and ah's" from townsfolk who stepped inside the entrance and saw the flower-bordered quadrangle, the arcade of buildings on the south freshly painted, and the evidence of freshness all around. Then when they heard more of the plans of the fair from Gehlhar and inspected the buildings they realized how complete a transformation is being made and how big an enterprise the state fair is getting to be. The response from business men at the luncheon attested a renewed interested and increased support for the fair.

Salem people are apt to regard it as just a "state" fair, in which the state puts up the money and does all the work. No longer does the state put up the money, even for premiums. The fair is self-supporting now, which means that it must have universal attendance during the days it is open to provide the money for premiums, running expenses and entertainment features. It is therefore up to local people to get behind the fair with unanimity. Not only should they attend "at least four days" which is Gehlhar's slogan, but they should cooperate with making displays, taking booths, and boosting the fair so that others will attend.

It is not just a Salem institution, it is a fair with a statewide appeal. With the passing of small country fairs the Salem show can attract people in greater numbers than ever, and from greater distances. Advertising, word-of-mouth boosting, will do much to spread word of the great state fair which opens in Salem next Monday.

News Suppression in Germany

CIRCULATION of German newspapers has shrunk from a billion a month to 300,000,000. The number of dailies has dropped in two years from 2703 to 1128 and weeklies from 348 to 217; monthlies from 183 to 102. 1248 of the dailies which suspended did so by government order to suppress individual expression of opinion. This shows the extent of the censorship which grips Germany under nazi rule.

One reason why circulations have fallen off, aside from the decline in papers, is the character of the papers printed. They are full either of nazi propaganda or lifeless bulletins, one paper like another. Germans get hold of foreign papers when they can in order to get news which their home papers omit. Especially popular are the German language papers printed in Switzerland.

Dorothy Thompson, wife of Sinclair Lewis, was expelled from Germany shortly after her arrival there, before she had time to write or say anything. Her expulsion is attributed to her publication of an interview with Hitler three years ago, when he was merely a minority group agitator, not riechkanzler. Not that Miss Thompson has changed her opinions, but the nazis gave her no chance to prepare materials for further comment. She has spoken her mind since, however, and it is safe to predict she will find plenty of material for use against the nazi rule.

Joe Dunne, republican candidate for governor is forcefully advancing his campaign. He has been making speeches which show a familiarity with the state's problems, an earnestness in desire to help solve those problems, and a wholesome recognition that the interests of all classes of people need to be regarded, not those of a special section or group. These utterances, with his genial personality, are making him friends and winning him votes.

"CAROLINE" By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

SYNOPSIS

Caroline Rutledge and Howard Dunsworth become engaged despite the opposition of their fathers, Philip Rutledge and Henry Dunsworth, who have been enemies for years. Then Henry ruins Philip in business and Caroline breaks her engagement when it is obvious that money means more to Howard than love. He explained he would be disinherited if they married and now that Caroline had no money, he did not see how they could manage. The Rutledges leave "Hawthorn," their luxurious home, and go to live in a poor section of town. Alva, Caroline's mother, collapses from shock and fatigue. Their neighbors, Malcolm Stuart and his mother, come to the family's assistance. Malcolm is an inspector at the Rutledge factory. Though Philip, himself, is helpless in their adversity and leaves the burden on Caroline's shoulders, he snobbishly resents the idea of accepting aid from "these people" as he terms the Stuarts. One day, Philip warns Caroline: "You must be careful of that Stuart boy, my dear. It's quite possible that he would be presumptuous enough to fall in love with you." Malcolm overhears the remark. Caroline tells Malcolm not to mind her father for he never thought any boy was the right one for her, adding: "I shouldn't want you to fall in love with me because I couldn't return it. Their eyes meet. Caroline's pity for Malcolm prevented her from realizing how perfect had been the fusion of their minds in that one glance. Never had there been between her and Howard one moment so electric and breathless as this. Next day, Malcolm avoids Caroline. That night Mr. Rutledge asks Caroline to go on a party with him for business reasons. It is a rowdy affair and Caroline has a miserable time. As she leaves, Gwendolyn Hoffman, a social climber who has always been envious of Caroline, asks her if she is too sensitive about her broken engagement to come to a party Gwendolyn is planning for Howard upon his return from California.

CHAPTER XVII

Caroline looked at Gwendolyn, blankly, and said goodnight without answering her question.

Mr. Rutledge was too humiliated even to apologize to Caroline until they reached their home. Then he forced himself to speak.

"Never mind about it," Caroline broke in. "I learned one thing tonight, anyway. We're not the sort to go looking for easy money. Tomorrow morning this little piggie goes to market looking for a job."

"Sometimes," her father said, "I think you youngsters have more sense than the rest of us."

"It's a sense of humor. We think faces on the barroom floor are funny."

"You're generous," he told her huskily, "because I'm sure you know I accepted that invitation for you when I was more than a bit tippled. And then I was fearful of offending Seeman. But now he can go to the devil and buy his site where he likes."

"I understand," Caroline said wearily. "With all those debts to pay—but it was a mistake. Let's forget about it."

"Thanks."

Alone in her room, sitting before her dressing table, gazing at Howard's photograph, Caroline whispered through pinched lips: "Bait!"

She understood Gwendolyn perfectly. The girl had wanted her in the expectation of attracting Howard to her party—queer idea—a girl giving a party for a young man not related to her. She must have heard through Howard's mother that he was coming back.

Caroline's heart beat faster as she thought of seeing him again, hearing his voice, perhaps kissing him. . . . She put up a handkerchief and wiped her lips. Her mouth still tasted of the antiseptic she had used to wash away that recent, abominable, contact.

Why was he coming? Was the distance between them intolerable for him? But then . . . why hadn't he written to her—a line—a message? Pride, maybe. Doubt of her forgiveness.

She went to sleep that night with a soft glow of hope at her heart, the hurt and sting of the past lost in it—even the question of Gwendolyn's interest in Howard.

The next day, true to her word, she went job hunting. She had taken stock of herself. Superiority of birth and breeding. They ought to help. Well, what could she do? Golf—not good enough for anything professional. Drive—there might be something in that. Dance—beautifully!

Her first application was made at a dancing school. In a desire to help her—engendered by her attractiveness—she was told by the manager that the field for dancing instruction was greatly overcrowded. If, however, she could get a class of her own, the manager of the school would be willing to rent her a room and furnish a pianist. Caroline tried, and learned that an army of girls were engaged in the same effort.

The contact with newspapers she'd had through her advertising led her to think of reporting. The publisher of the leading paper said he'd give her a job as society reporter—if she could report. She couldn't—her work was amateurish—and he had his secretary tell her he couldn't afford to carry deadwood.

When Caroline's friends came it was only to laugh at her efforts to make them buy. It was just fun—kidding—to them.

She went from his outer office to a tea room. Failure bit acidly into her self-confidence. Over a cup of tea she might get a new idea. She did. And within the hour the head of a chain of candy stores and restaurants had a new name on his waiting list. It was down under a hundred others. And Caroline knew she had a very slight chance of becoming a tea room hostess.

There were night clubs and speaks, she recalled. No good. She hated too much having strangers touch her. That reason if no other unfitted her for success in those places.

Well, she knew something about books. So did countless other women who had applied ahead of her at the libraries, she discovered.

Certainly she could sell. "Not a chance," she was informed by employment managers at all the big stores. Then she tried the shops and at last the owner of one of them took her on for a while with the idea of cashing in on her wide social acquaintance. But when her friends came it was only to laugh at her efforts to make them buy. It was just fun—kidding—to them. To Caroline it was failure again. The climax came when Gwendolyn learned she was there and brought Bunny in. Caroline was, so the manager said, rude to customers, and fired her forthwith.

There yet remained her expertness with a motor car. No one wanted a girl to drive except a few women who were willing to pay her starvation rates to take their children to and from private schools.

And all this time there was no word from Howard. He might be in town, but Caroline did not think so. The Dunsworth comings and goings were faithfully chronicled in the press, and she had read the papers carefully. Gwendolyn had been, very likely, following some impulse or plan of her own without regard to facts, Caroline concluded.

One Sunday morning at breakfast she said to her father: "Will you come out and help me wash the car? I'm going to pay a call tomorrow. Temple Harmon is back from Europe. She's got a big house and a well-filled nursery. There ought to be something for me to do there."

"Caroline!" her mother protested.

Caroline's face set. "Nearly everyone is kicking the governess out," she said, "and putting the children in schools. I don't think Temple will have to do that. If she doesn't, I want the job. Come along, father; the car is disgracefully dirty."

Mr. Rutledge refused. They could, he said, pay to have it done. Caroline knew of many things a dollar would buy. "You haven't a thing to do today," she declared. "It's beautiful weather. The exercise will be good for you. Why shouldn't you do it?"

"Because I haven't come to menial labor."

Caroline's face flushed angrily. There was a row of empty whiskey bottles in the cellar and there hadn't been money enough for a gardener to beautify the backyard. Her mother's horror at the thought of her taking a position in a friend's household and her father's drinking filled her with indignation.

"Before I give in to megrim or alcohol," she said hotly, "I'll do any kind of decent work!" and rushed out of the room.

She drove the car out of the garage into the open with a racing of the motor that clearly revealed her mental state. Then she dragged out a length of hose and attached it to an outside faucet at the side of the house.

She got a bucket, a broom, a chamois and soap and set to work. Soon she was soaked with water and smeared with dirt but it didn't bother her. She was going to do the job and do it well. After that she wouldn't feel quite so completely a negative, she hoped.

"Better let me help you."

Caroline glanced up. "Do you know how to handle a bobby pin?" she asked severely.

Malcolm looked puzzled. "Is that what's holding it down?" he asked in turn, and bent to lift the seat she had been tugging at.

Caroline held out her hands. "See," she said, "and there's a strand of hair putting my eye out."

"It put mine out too," Malcolm grinned, "the first time I saw it in sunlight."

(To Be Continued)

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"Shame on you, you food hoarder!"

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Greater love hath no man:"
Pioneer mother of pioneers:
Foremother of useful clan:

The Irvine families of Gentry county, northwest Missouri, in the spring of 1852, planning and outfitting for the long trek over the old Oregon trail for the ultimate west near the sundown seas, anxious concerning the frail health of the mother of the clan, proposed to delay their day of departure into the then wilderness, the "Indian country," beyond the law, and outside the helps of civilized life excepting as they might carry with them in their covered wagons, or find them through their own resourcefulness in valley, on plain, through desert, or over mountain fastness.

The anxious members of the clan reasoned that the mother's condition might improve with the proposed delay. She protested. "Go, as you have planned," she urged. "Every day is precious, as the season advances; time lost now may result in the dangers of a late arrival through unfavorable weather at the other end. You must be on your way. Do not worry over me. Make me a bed in one of the wagons and take me along. If I die on the journey, bury me by the side of the trail and move on, and on." (She herself did not realize it, but she was afflicted with tuberculosis.)

So it was decided. For Margaret Hadley Irvine, mother of the clan, was prepared a comfortable bed in the best wagon, with all the comforts loving hands could devise. Thus the covered wagon train joined the long lines of caravels of the deserts, plains and mountains that made up the greatest of the annual treks of the forties and fifties—carrying 50,000 people, men, women and children, into the Oregon country — and leaving perhaps 6000 in unmarked graves along the trail.

But Margaret Hadley Irvine's body did not fill one of those graves. Her brave spirit blessed the tiresome marches and was a benison at the bivouacs lighted by the campfires at night through all the long way across over 2000 miles of space, covering two-thirds of the continent.

Triumphantly, the members of the clan drove their ox wagons into the village that had two years before been named Salem. This town, the end of the trail, was reached October 13, 1852. That day, or that night, the gentle spirit of Margaret Hadley Irvine took its flight into the realms of the great beyond. Her earthly work was finished, and, satisfied, she entered into her reward.

It has been frequently written that many Oregonward bound men in the forties, fifties and sixties turned back after starting on the long trek across the plains—but that no woman ever turned back. This has been as often cited to prove that women are stronger in bearing hardships than men, on the average; that the so-called "weaker sex" can endure more than the other when put to the tests that try souls to the breaking point. However that may be in all the upward progress of the race, the evidences offered by the hard years of the covered wagon days go far in proving the point.

Jesse, forefather of the clan, born in pioneer Kentucky, had settled in pioneer Missouri, and, not long before the decision of the members of the clan to make the epochal move to Oregon, had died. He and Margaret Hadley Irvine were the great grandparents of U. S. Senator Chas. L. McNary of Oregon and United States Judge John H McNary, and the progenitors of a long line of distinguished men and women and useful citizens of this state.

The annual meeting of this clan in Oregon, now called the Irvine-Claggett or the Irvine-Claggett-McNary clan, was held at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Claggett on Sunday, August 12, the members first having dedicated a marker at the grave of the pioneer foremother, Margaret Hadley Irvine. The farm where the dinner was enjoyed and the business and social meeting held is on the road between the Kaiser school and the Salem U. S. Indian training school.

B. F. Irvine, distinguished editor of the Portland Journal, a member of the clan, wrote of the event for his newspaper of Wednesday, Aug. 6, under the heading, "As Clans Gather," the beautiful words that follow:

"More and more in Oregon, descendants of pioneer ancestors meet in family reunion for a day of association, social intercourse and tribute to those who came over the Old Oregon Trail in covered wagons and settled in the last frontier.

"Many such gatherings have been held in late weeks, and their number is increasing. It is a custom that it is good to encourage and popularize. Meets of the kind inevitably bring back review and discussion of pioneer times, the customs and habits of the people, the orderly life that was lived without laws or government and with none of the disorders known to modern days.

"The pioneers left the succeeding generation a worth while civilization. It was not a civilization of machine guns and gangsters, of child snatchers and child killers, of bootleggers and bombs, but a civilization of homes and homesteads with the latchstring out and a smile at the door. It was a civilization with work for every hand, shelter for every wayfarer and food for every child.

"In its earlier period it was a social order with no need for high priced law enforcement officials, for the only laws were the laws of God and good behavior, an order in which men met absolutely on the level, cooperated in fellowship and good will and parted on the square.

"Rehearsal of the high thinking, clean living and good order of those days has a part in the gatherings of the clans in family reunions and keeps alive the memories and stimulates emulation of the virtues of the splendid citizenship in those pioneer days on the last frontier.

"Example of the trend of the clan meets appeared at the meet Sunday at Salem of the Irvine Claggett - McNary descendants, when a marker was dedicated at the grave of Margaret Hadley Irvine, who crossed the plains at the head of a family of eight sons and daughters, became ill the night of her arrival and passed away on October 13, 1852, the following morning, at what is now Salem. The courage, the resolution, the strength of pioneer mothers was exampled in this journey, first from Elkton, Kentucky, for a residence of a few years in the then frontier Gentry county, Missouri, and after that a journey with the new migration over the western plains to Oregon, and, at the end of the road, death and burial in unknown ground in Jason Lee cemetery, the oldest cemetery in the state.

"A few feet away are the graves of Father Waller, Father Wilbur and other eminent pioneers, including that of Jason Lee, who passed away at only 41.

"Any true picture of pioneer life in Oregon is a picture of the loftiest heights to which human life on the earth ascends."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

CANCER OF the breast is not common, but unfortunately it is often neglected. Too many times the victim of this disturbance consults a physician only after the disease has become deeply seated and possibly beyond cure. Not by any means is cancer incurable when recognized in its early stages. Proper measures taken then, will give complete relief in most cases. This is particularly true of cancer of the breast.

Dr. Copeland

At the annual convention of the American Medical association in Cleveland, the importance of early discovery of and attention to tumors of the breast was stressed. It was stated that if women were properly examined within a few weeks after the onset of the symptoms, the chance for the development of the disease would be materially reduced. Besides, a great deal of physical pain and mental suffering would be prevented.

Heed First Warnings

Some women are aware of a disturbance in the breast yet avoid consulting a physician. They have a terrible fear of being told they have cancer; they dread the thought of an operation. This is too bad, because any small tumor of the breast is easily removed. When this is done, even if it really is cancer, complete cure is effected. If neglected too long, it may mean complete amputation of the breast and further treatment to prevent the spread of the disease.

If there is a small lump in the breast, no matter how trivial it may seem, it is imperative that you consult your doctor. Whether pain is or is not present, the little swelling should not be disregarded. As a matter of fact, in early cases of cancer of the breast there is no pain. In some cases there may be considerable swelling and the nipple may turn in. The combination is sometimes a sign of cancer.

A bloody discharge from the nipple warrants immediate attention. This is a sign of trouble in one of the ducts of the breast.

Pain in the breast is not necessarily a sign of cancer. It may be due to a mild neuralgia or it may accompany the congestion which sometimes occurs before the menstrual period. It is not uncommon during the early weeks of pregnancy when changes in the breast begin to take place. Such pain often bewilders the sufferer and causes her a great deal of mental anguish.

The New Light Test

A new method for detecting cancer of the breast was demonstrated at the convention in Cleveland. It is called the "transillumination test" and has met with some success. By means of a special device a beam of light is directed through the breast. When the tissues are normal the light is transmitted equally. In certain localized disturbances there is interference with the passage of light. In cases of cancer, distribution of the light is irregular and this is said to be characteristic of tumor formation.

Another dependable means of determining whether or not the growth is cancerous is by the removal of a small section of the tumor. This is examined under the microscope for cancer cells. If these cells are found, it shows the tumor is malignant and requires immediate surgery. If no cancer cells are present it shows the tumor is a harmless one.

Very rarely cancer strikes without warning and proceeds with great rapidity. But in most cases of cancer of the breast there are unmistakable and early signs of its existence. These signs should always be heeded. If you have the slightest doubt I beg you to consult with your physician. Then you may be sure cancer of the breast will be recognized in its curable stage.

Answers to Health Queries

Anxious. Q.—I am troubled with a great deal of mucus which can be easily expelled. This causes a rattling in the chest if not expelled. What would you suggest as treatment? 2: What are the symptoms of a disturbance of the colon?

A.—This may be due to bronchitis. Have the chest examined. Try to improve your general condition. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 2: Intestinal distress would be an outstanding symptom under such circumstances. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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VETERANS BACK OF JOE E. DUNNE, SAID

SILVERTON, Aug. 27. — To stand behind Senator Joe Dunne, republican nominee for governor of Oregon, the Hal Hibbard Camp of Spanish War Veterans held their annual picnic at Silverton park Sunday where the republican picnic was also being held.

In speaking of the senator, Carl Gillis, president of the camp, said, "due to Sen. Dunne's record in legislation for the Spanish war veterans even before he ever thought of becoming a candidate, we are now for him."

Representatives from Woodburn, Salem, Portland, and Silverton were present at the picnic, which numbered over 100.

Special Services Come to a Close

AMITY, Aug. 27. — The union Sunday evening services for the churches of Amity came to a close Sunday night in the Methodist church with G. A. Carrick as the speaker.

Rev. F. L. Cannell, pastor of the Methodist church, and family are in Santa Rosa, Cal., on their vacation and a supply pastor will occupy the pulpit next Sunday morning. Rev. L. L. Schumaker, pastor of the Baptist church, will preach at the morning service after a vacation of five weeks.

Slices Off Part of Finger in Accident

STAYTON, Aug. 27. — Frank Galloway, who lives just across the river in Linn county, had the misfortune to cut the end off one of the fingers of his left hand.

He had been working on the telephone lines in his neighborhood and upon his return home was removing the tools from the back of his coupe. In some way the top came down, cutting off the end of the finger.

HOUNDS GET SHEEP

TURNER, Aug. 27. — Henry Vandevort of Salem, who pastures his sheep in the Turner vicinity has had the misfortune to lose a number by dogs, 15 being found dead within a few days. Chester Canon also lost sheep.

VISITS FROM IDAHO

TURNER, Aug. 27.—Mrs. E. L. Martin of Lewiston, Idaho, and Mrs. Arthur Fredon of Portland are house guests of their mother, Mrs. J. R. Watson.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PERFECT GUM AFTER EVERY MEAL WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PERFECT GUM AFTER EVERY MEAL WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PERFECT GUM AFTER