

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Spending \$25,000

A "MASS MEETING" has been called by Secretary W. G. Ide of the state chamber of commerce to get ideas on how to spend the state's \$25,000 appropriated for state advertising. That looks like a lot of money, and it is. But as an advertising budget it gets in millimeter measure. Compare it for instance with the advertising budget of American Tobacco company of over \$12,000,000. Who shall say that Oregon has less of virtue in advertising appeal than a cigarette? Yet Mr. Ide and others are asked to spend \$25,000 with the hope of getting similar results.

What would the job really take? Well, Californians, inc. spend \$300,000 a year. Southern California spends more than that. Fresno spent \$30,000 last year, and what that town has to advertise we can't imagine. Fullerton, a small city near L. A. spent \$20,000 to promote its own growth. Long Beach is increasing its newspaper advertising budget to \$50,000.

The west used to have a monopoly on community advertising. The gayly colored covers of "booster" pamphlets of western cities are still well remembered. But other places have begun to use the magic force of advertising, from Corpus Christi, Texas, with a budget of \$15,000 to Old Orchard, Maine, with one of \$500. Competition alone forces Oregon to advertise if it is to hold its place in the sun—or the rain.

Community advertising pays. We have seen its positive results in the growth of California. A quarter of a million dollars spent in advertising Oregon would produce results similar to those obtained by other states. Here are some comments made by some of the organizations which have carried on community advertising. These have been compiled by the bureau of advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers' association.

Pittsfield, Mass., Berkshire Hills Conference: "Our newspaper advertising has brought thousands of visitors to the Berkshires as well as produced several fine real estate deals."

Stamford, N. Y., Chamber of Commerce: "Stamford hotels were filled to capacity during the height of the season as a result of our newspaper advertising. We had to turn away more people last August than smaller resort towns can accommodate."

Wilmington, N. C., Chamber of Commerce: "Our advertising was used from Baltimore to Birmingham covering some nine or ten states with no space at all used locally. We have made a very definite check on results, having done this each of the three years, and are more than pleased with the results secured."

St. Louis Industrial Club: "Our newspaper advertising appeared in daily and Sunday newspapers in the 24 states to the south, southeast, southwest and west. This territory is the St. Louis Trade Zone. The copy appeared before the spring and fall buying seasons. The purpose was to bring merchants here rather than have them shop in Chicago and New York."

"This is the eighth year of this advertising, and proof that we have had good results can best be cited by saying that the merchants have approved it each year."

West Palm Beach, Fla., Department of News and Advertising: "Newspaper advertising has indeed produced definite results as has been proven by the unusually large tourist season."

We wish for Mr. Ide great success in getting results with his quarter of a hundred thousand and his one-tenth of what the sum ought to be. If he makes this sum really pay he belongs in the advertising field, not in the secretaryship of an organization even so good a one as the state chamber of commerce.

## Capper on Farm Relief

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER writing in his farm publication, Capper's Weekly, gives his own views about the new legislation enacted to aid the farmer. Senator Capper represents Kansas, a leading agricultural state, in the U. S. senate. He has published a farm magazine for years, so that from a political and from a business standpoint he is much interested in the legislation enacted recently by congress.

Senator Capper expresses himself as pleased that the debt-provision was omitted. He expresses much confidence in President Hoover, relying both on his sincerity and his capacity.

Further the Kansas senator says: The program outlined by the bill is co-operative marketing of farm products, including surpluses, by large enough units to stabilize and dominate the market with in reasonable limits. That will mean organized selling by the farmers themselves, which in the long run is to be their salvation. They will have every power of the Federal government behind them, including its financial support.

This is not a perfect bill. It is not as strong in some respects as we tried to make it. But it is sound. We can build on it. It paves the way for a national program that will make it possible for the farmers themselves to put agriculture on an economic equality with the other big industries of the country.

The declaration of policy in the measure is all-important. It declares one of the functions of the government is to "promote the effective merchandising of agricultural commodities in interstate and foreign commerce, so that the industry of agriculture will be placed on a basis of economic equality with other industries."

The measure proposes to establish this economic equality in four ways:

1. By curbing speculation.
2. By preventing inefficient and wasteful methods of distribution.
3. By encouraging the organization of producers into effective associations or corporations under their own control for greater unity of effort in marketing; and by promoting the establishment and financing of a farm-marketing system of producer-owned and producer-controlled co-operative associations and other agencies.
4. By aiding in preventing and in controlling surpluses in any agricultural commodity, through orderly production and distribution, so as to maintain advantageous domestic markets and prevent such surpluses from causing undue fluctuations or depressions in prices for the commodity.

The act promises to help agriculture; promises to be of still more help when the excesses may be discovered and corrected. It is a start in the right direction, but it must be borne in mind that it is also an experiment that depends on co-operation to succeed.

## Knocks Out 1929 Law

JUDGE DUFFY over in Bend handed down a decision declaring unconstitutional a 1929 Oregon law which would permit the county court to remit penalties and interest on delinquent taxes. The judge held that the law was not general in its application over the state, and that it gave undue powers to the county courts. That ruling sounds good to us, and the state will benefit from it in the long run. It will be a lot better for the courts. Otherwise they would be harassed to death from delinquents who would want their tax-skins washed out.

True a private individual often compromises with a debtor to collect an old account, but the state is different, it can afford to have supreme patience. The trouble is not that penalties and interest should be remitted but that the taxing system should be equitable enough that the property can stand the tax assessments levied against it.

## Too Many Cooks?



## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

How many are left—

Of those who saw the hanging of Beale and Baker in Salem May 17, 1865, by Sheriff Samuel Headrick for the murder on January 9th of that year of Daniel Delaney? There are some. Practically all the grown men then living in the valley counties saw it—and many women and some children; they "had business in Salem, any way," that day. And the hanging was public; it was very public. It was before the law making hangings by sheriffs private affairs, excepting for the necessary witnesses, doctor, reporters, etc., and it was long before all hangings in this state were by law ordered to be done at the penitentiary.

That was the most famous murder case of Oregon up to the time, and there has not been one since that excited such universal interest among all classes of people in this state. George Beale kept a saloon where the Hotel Marion now stands, Baker was a butcher and hanger on, Beale had been befriended by Delaney. Beale, the master mind of the plot, knew it was a habit of Delaney to keep a good deal of money on hand, at his farm home. He had been heard to remark that it would be easy for some one to murder "old man Delaney" and get his money, without ever being found.

These remarks were a part of the fatal chain of circumstances which led to the conviction, for there was no direct evidence. They were found guilty on circumstantial evidence, after a notable trial, conducted on both sides by the best legal talent of the state. Rufus Mallory and Richard Williams, both afterwards elected to congress, assisted in the prosecution. Beale, famous for his ability as a criminal lawyer, assisted Caton & Curl, able men, in the defense. Beale was a prominent Mason, and, though a saloon keeper, had borne a good reputation.

It was shown that Beale was away from home on the night of the murder, and that he had staid all night at the farm of William Taylor, an uncle of his wife, and a well known Walde hills citizen, the night before that. "Joe," a colored youth of 12 years, was with Delaney at his farm on the night of the murder. The murderers attempted to entice the boy away and kill him, but he took alarm and hid in a wood pile. He was the "nigger in the woodpile" of the old saw.

Judge R. P. Boisee presided at the trial. When he read the verdict of the jury he requested Beale to stand up and asked him if there was any reason why he should not be sentenced. Beale said: "I don't know that there is. I don't think I have a friend in the community. There has been false swearing against me here in this court. Everybody seems to think I ought to die and I suppose I must be hung to satisfy them. I hope everybody here is as ready to die as I am. I expect soon to meet old man Delaney in the other world and I will say to him, 'Delaney, it was not me who killed you.' I knew the old man well in this world and always was a friend to him. I am an innocent man. Give me time, Judge Boisee, and I can prove my innocence—I know I can."

When Beale resumed his seat Judge Boisee said: "The court does not see how the jury could come to any other conclusion than it did. The accused did not attempt to show their whereabouts and the jury was warranted in their conclusion. A man who will steal will lie about it, and a man who will murder will lie about it. They always declare themselves innocent."

some would. The Bits man knows. He has in some 50 years of newspaper reporting had several hundred chances and invitations to see hangings. He saw one; that of Joe Drake, negro, on the Marion county court house grounds in 1885. But there is no execution at the penitentiary now when newspaper offices are not besieged for tickets of admission—and by people at which the average reader would be surprised. There are Salem newspaper reporters who have seen a considerable number of executions—and not one of them liked it or likes it. Be that recorded to their credit.

The Bits man knows the exact spot where Beale and Baker hanged. It was not a public square, as most historians have written. It was on an open prairie; now in the down town district. The Bits man also knows the house where the murder was committed; and it is not where most writers have located it.

It is probably as well that few people know these spots, and many others within the range of knowledge of newspaper writers, who have worked here for a long time.

## Editors Say:

LIL' OL' NOO YAWK!  
One of the latest fancies of New York is the discovery that it is still a village. Following the remarkable success of O. O. McIntyre's column reporting Gotham doings in what purports to be small town journalistic style has come a new journalistic sensation, Walter Winchell, who has swept the giddy town from its feet by recording the deeds and misdeeds in small town item style thus:

"The Adele Astair-Wm. Gaunt romance has curdled. Dolly Bernard, once Tommy Guinan's heart is gravely ill at Mt. Sinai hosp. The local cops' new hats are bought at Wannamaker's, the police commissioner's former alma mater." The tabloids have found Mr. Winchell's brevity a godsend and better still Broadway is "eating it up."

**SERVICE MEASURED BY GOLD BUT BY THE GOLDEN RULE**

**The Third Paragraph** of the Creed we have subscribed to, as Golden Rule funeral directors, reads as follows: "We believe in the sanctity of our calling, and we appreciate the confidence imposed in us by those who call upon us in an hour of need. We try to be worthy of that confidence and that trust."

Here is a statement so concise that further explanation is needless.

**CLOUGH-HUSTON CO. FUNERAL HOME**  
205 SOUTH CHURCH ST.  
Phone 120

1878

## Lay Sermons

To Her Own Land  
"So she turned, and went away to her own land, she and her servants." If Chronicles 3:11.

Story and art have pictured the coming of the Queen of Sheba on her famous visit to King Solomon's court. Dusky she was, for her land lay near the equator. Rich she was, for mines of her dominions yielded gold and precious stones. She came to Solomon with a goodly equipage, camels and servants. She came also with a lively curiosity. Frankly, having heard of the wisdom of the king of Israel she sought to prove him with hard questions. So she came, and the world has heard over and over again of her coming.

But we have seen no pictures of her going. Her return, the other side of the shield, has never been revealed. The bare record of the chronicler: "So she turned, and went away to her own land, she and her servants."

What did she turn from, this royal woman of the south? She turned from the most brilliant court of the day. She, herself was dazzled by it. What the ministers and the cupbearers wore dazzled her; how the servants sat down dazzled her; how pompous old Solomon made his ascent into the house of the Lord, that dazzled her. She saw so much "there was no more spirit in her." Nothing like Sheba-land; nothing like it in the other courts she had visited.

Brilliance of style and manner in no other court before or since perhaps, until the great court of Versailles in the days of Louis XIV. Brilliance of speech, such that despite the reports she had heard, "one half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not told me."

It is right remarkable that the discovery that New York has village tastes should be called anything new. It seems to me it was O. Henry back in the days of the bustle and the pompadour who proclaimed it "the biggest hick town on earth." Despite its millions it always has had and always will have village cravings and instincts. It is even parochial in its habits. There are hundreds of little communities within the community of the metropolis which are as isolated and circumscribed as hamlets fifteen miles from a railway cutoff.

All the big towns are villages, but with village cruelties glorified and village humanities largely submerged. It will take more than the adoption of the supposedly rural style in reporting to make it possible for the haberdasher from the Bronx to walk into the House of Morgan and ask where "Jack is at," and while Mrs. Astorbit may have private charities that would float a small town Community Chest, it is doubtful if she will have the village dressmaker stop in for tea next week. We'll grant that New York is a village in many respects but we will refuse to believe the "atmosphere" is complete still the editors perfect the style of working a little restraint and charity into the stories which blazon the private misfortunes of the neighbors across the scandal sheets.—Eugene Guard.

What an allure of the queen of the south. Why not stay in this showy circle where the liveries of the cupbearers and the food on the table were so finely appointed? Why return to the uncouth south, where styles were crude and conversation dull and insipid? Surely Solomon could house her among his seven hundred wives, princesses and three hundred concubines. Solomon did not restrict his affections to Israelitic maidens. He "loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Edomites, Ammonites, Zidonians and Hittites." The Queen of Sheba would surely be an ornament to this cosmopolitan museum of feminine beauty assembled for King Solomon's loves.

But her own land called. She was loyal not to the appeal of the senses nor yet to the appeal of those mental activities in which she found delight. She was loyal to her own country with its ignorance and inanity, its plodding obscurity, its inglorious past and dawnless future. Sheba's queen kept her head in the banter and parade of the most famous court of the day, nay, she turned her back on it to return to her own land.

She drops from history to be sure. No further mention is made of this curious, dark-skinned visitor. Remaining she might have gotten ampler mention in the Bible.

litical chronicler; going, she dropped into oblivion.  
But was it not well? Sheba was her own country, the land she loved. It compelled her to return. Is it not a similar grip which holds folk to strange cities and remote spots? We pass through village, unkempt, straggling. Why do these people stay there? We visit a distant mountain valley with a cabin or two clinging at the edge of clearings. Why do people live there? Folk from larger and more brilliant cities cannot understand why other folk continue to reside in places small or slow or shabby. After all, it is the call of home, of service in one's chosen or appointed place.

Luke tells the story of the transfiguration, how when the disciples saw the heavenly visitants on the top of the mountain he besought Jesus that they build three tabernacles so they might abide there. He said "master, it is good for us to be here." Jesus knew better than to yield the quick impulse of the impetuous Peter. They came down from the mountain top only to meet a man beseeching healing for his distracted son. Inspiration on the mountain top—service in the valley.

May we not think of Sheba's queen dropping out of the light of history, leaving behind the stories of an oriental king, finding when she "went away to her own land" opportunities for usefulness which compensated her and left a rich heritage of accomplishment among her own peoples. The measure of life today is its service, not its publicity.

### MANIFESTATION

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W. T. Rigdon & Son  
When the Summons Comes

## Ye Olden Faerie

Casts Her Spells with Magic Wand — and lo, a Fairyland!

### The Modern Fairy

Transforms raw land into beautiful parks like Belcrest Memorial Park, the only modern memorial cemetery in Oregon.

Community improvement demands that cemeteries keep pace with modern ideas. Beauty is required everywhere. The grass-grown plots, the unsightly headstones are giving way to lovely parks with provisions for Perpetual Care.

Belcrest Memorial Park satisfies the requirements for beauty and community improvement. Yet this property is low in price. Easy down payments can be made.

Before making a choice elsewhere, call 2205 for further information.

## Belcrest Memorial Park