

The Oregon Statesman

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

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"Erected 1892"

VERY recently the American Fidelity building was exchanged for farm land. Few perhaps paid much attention to the news, and there were doubtless many who read the item without knowing what building was meant. Yet this building, the former home of the First National bank, and before it of the Capital National bank, is really one of the architectural gems of Salem. Tucked in under the shadow of the big United States National Bank building, thousands pass it without observing it or studying it. But here is a building front with real character, which is lacking in most of the box block that abound in Salem's business district. With its imposing entrance, its half-circle tower topped with a conical roof, its arched windows, its interesting stone composition, the building is a real study. Best get across the street and observe it from that vantage point; and it stands out with as much personality as though it were some structure in some old French city or Rhenish town.

The story of its building is of interest. In 1892 John H. Albert, father of Joe Albert, was head of the bank and engaged Fred Erixon who had arrived in Salem but a few months before, to erect the building. H. G. Luker, another mason, was associated with Mr. Erixon. There was no architect. Joe Albert says they had a picture of the old American Exchange bank in Philadelphia which they gave to Erixon and asked him to follow that style. The two contracting masons set to work to design and build a front in the narrow 24-foot space, which would be distinctive and yet well-balanced. They succeeded admirably, as anyone who understands architecture will tell you.

The grey sandstone is from Tenino, the red sandstone from Arizona. The two massive red granite pillars flanking the doorway were from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Seldom does one see real stone nowadays. Concrete, so generally used, is a characterless material as usually applied lacking depth and variety and tone, and growing less beautiful with age. The red stones used for trimming in this building break the grey monotone of the Tenino sandstone.

If you look at the building closely you will see used for a keystone of the arch of a second-story window what looks like a gold seal. It is not a seal of some old Salem lodge as one might suppose, but a replica of the old beaver coin that circulated in territorial days. There is the beaver on his bit of log with the initials underneath "O. T. 1849," meaning "Oregon Territory, 1849." Other letters appear above the beaver whose meaning we may refer to our Bits man. This coin was carved in stone by Robert L. Fox, quite a skillful stone-carver, and then it was gilded over with gold leaf. The idea was from the senior Albert, who thought the gold coin would be appropriate for the bank, and had interesting historical significance.

The building is vacant now on the main floor, but we hope not for long. With such history and with such architectural charm it deserves steady occupancy from high class tenants. The building will last for ages, as we hope it may, and trust it will not be torn down to make room for some hideous skyscraper, just to feed our craze for height and size.

The story is hardly complete without mention that Mr. Erixon traces his success as a contractor here to his success with this first big job. Mr. Albert was so well satisfied that he backed Erixon in his contracting work, even going on his bond personally and alone for putting up buildings like some of those at O.S.C. So Mr. Erixon has a genuine affection for this building and for Mr. Albert who gave him such generous backing.

The Intangibles Tax Decision

WHILE the supreme court have held the intangibles tax void, it has at the same time pointed the way for curing the present law; and has in effect (almost obiter dicta) approved the excise tax on corporations. The intangibles tax may be cured by making it include corporations. The court says: "Double taxation would not result if the corporation were given credit upon its excise tax for any payments made upon its intangibles." This further is true that outside of financial institutions few corporations carry stocks and bonds as investments. Most such investments are held by individuals.

So far as a refund of the intangibles tax goes, such refund would badly cripple the state treasury which is already overburdened. The 1929 state property tax was reduced because of the expected receipts from the intangibles tax. So whatever is paid back puts the state that much farther in the hole. However, no state official has authority to pay back this tax; and unless a taxpayer brought and won a suit, which he probably could do, the money will not be refunded unless the legislature should authorize such refund and make appropriation therefor. The court decision has a parting shot in it which will make those who paid the intangibles tax slow about bringing suit. It says that the old law (making stocks and bonds taxable as personal property) is in effect, one which would subject the owners to regular property taxation. So if the taxpayers start suit the state may say, "Very well, pay the general property tax on these securities the income from which you reported."

Apparently the decision does not affect the income tax bill now being voted on, should it be adopted. It deals with the intangibles tax as a property tax and not as a tax on income.

The legislature should cure the intangibles law as the court points out.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

LINCOLN REPUBLICAN?
The character and career of Abraham Lincoln appeals to all true Americans and it is not unusual to hear men calling themselves Lincoln republicans or Lincoln democrats. They wish to pay a tribute to the martyred president and incidentally to themselves by aligning on what they think would be the side of the great American. What party Mr. Lincoln would choose is

subject to some speculation. Lincoln was born of poor parents, and while his companions slept tucked into the night to prepare himself for a political career which was to redound to the glory of the nation. He was always democratic, ever close to the people. But for Julius Meier, Portland's merchant prince, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, aristocratic in temperament, cynical to the favored few, to style himself as Lincoln republican is so far-fetched as to be ridiculous. Mr. Meier is not of the old nor of the common people. His ideas on farming, on country towns are of the vaguest sort, and after having heard him on two occasions, we doubt that he is well informed on matters of

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.



DR. COPELAND

In ancient times it was believed headaches were due to evil spirits within the head. The cure for headaches in that day consisted in boring holes through the skull, so that the spirits might escape. We have tested many of these practices in the borings found in skulls recovered in recent excavations. Modern civilization has removed these evil spirits and yet we still suffer from headaches! Instead of the drilling to relieve the pain we modern resort to all sorts of patent medicines. I wonder if this practice is not just as silly.

The drug habit is an exceedingly dangerous practice. Medicines that relieve headaches merely remove the pain; the cause of the headache is left untouched. Further, the habit of taking to medicines for the relief of pain is likely to be injurious to the health.

Headache is not a disease. It is a sign that some part of the body is not working properly. Headache may be caused by various disorders of the body. Anemia, high blood pressure, kidney disease, sinusitis and defective eyesight are some of the common causes. Constipation, digestive disorders, slouching posture in walking and standing—and in women, uterine diseases, frequently cause headaches.

In young children headache is one of the first signs of some infectious disease. It should never be ignored and the temperature should be taken at once. If the headache persists, the pulse is rapid and the child has temperature, send your doctor at once. Where severe vomiting is present in addition to the above picture, never delay in consulting your physician.

There is a distinct type of headache which seems to run in families. This type is spoken of as "migraine." Little is known of this condition outside of the fact that it does occur in families and is believed to be hereditary. The tendency is there all the time, but many things can bring on an attack of migraine. Such things as overwork, emotional disturbances of any type, severe mental or physical fatigue and digestive disturbances are the most common causes.

In migraine the attacks are most frequent during periods of stress. They may occur on the same day every week, or every two weeks, or about once a month. The individual usually knows in advance about when he will have an attack. A view of the fact that most headaches of this sort are usually associated with some nausea and at times vomiting, people believe that it is due to some error in diet. This is not true. Gastro-intestinal disturbances are usually present at the onset of the trouble, but they are not the cause of the headache.

The underlying cause of the headache must be determined and removed if possible. Until then we may not say we are "curing" the headache, but permanent relief from the cause upon which the attack depends, will be accomplished unless this is done.

In general, avoidance of excitement, regularity in meals, proper bowel elimination and moderation in diet are the most important rules to follow. Some persons are benefited by a strictly vegetable diet and the taking of alkaline waters. The treatment of all cases depends entirely on the removal of the cause upon which the attack depends.

Answers to Health Queries
A READER. Q.—What causes a boy of 18 to be troubled with unbearable pain around the heart? They sometimes last for an hour or more, and are so intense as to cause him to shiver and moan?
A.—What causes gray hair and what can be done to restore the color?
A.—What can be done for wrinkles beneath the eyes?

A.—Have the heart examined. The trouble may be due to several different causes. In the meantime avoid indigestion and keep the system clear. Also be sure to have proper rest.

Gray hair may come from a severe shock, but it is usually due to heredity. Nothing can be done once the hair has started to turn gray.

Gentle massage may be helpful, but it must be done very lightly, using a good cold cream and using only the tips of the fingers.

A READER. Q.—He is simply a successful business man in department store merchandising, at the head of a great organization manned by well equipped, trusted employees, of executive ability. Prior to this campaign, the name of Mr. Meier was never heard in connection with state governmental affairs. He has shown interest in expositions, in tunnels, in highways—all matters that would bring people to Portland, and incidentally to his store. —McMinnville News-Reporter.

READY TO DIVIDE UP



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

CHAPTER 21.

She could not believe it. This was some dreadful dream which would pass. Oh, it couldn't be true! She whimpered. Pawed at him. "Ken! Don't let me go! Ken! I love you so!" He snatched her to him. Buried his face in her hair so that his voice came muffled.

"What can I do? God, what can I do? I love you—more than anything in life, I love you. We belong to each other! But—she's dying! What can I do?" She heard a small voice whispering—a small, tired voice, which she did not recognize as her own. "I think I'll die, too. I don't want to live without you."

She could feel his body shaking. She put up a hand and touched his face. It was wet. "What can I do? God, what can I do? I love you—more than anything in life, I love you. We belong to each other! But—she's dying! What can I do?" She heard a small voice whispering—a small, tired voice, which she did not recognize as her own. "I think I'll die, too. I don't want to live without you."

The dark little park dropping behind them, Deserated city street stretching ahead. A short distance now—just a little while and Ken would be lost to her forever. Oh, it was unbelievable! Sitting beside him like this, it was like waiting for death. Helpless... Watching the eld draw closer.

She was crying softly, slumped in a forlorn little heap in a corner seat. Ken looked at her and his heart went sick with misery. For a wild moment he considered slamming on the brakes and shouting that he didn't mean it; that he would never give her up. For a wild moment he felt the insane impulse to swing the car down Van Ness—down toward the dark bay. To drive off the wharf—topping, plunge—cold death together. Better than life apart, perhaps. Oh, that was crazy, of course—weak. Here—pull himself together. Make it harder for her.

He stopped the car before her hotel and turned his white face upon her. "You'd better get out, Ardet. I have to get back."

Deathbed promises—oh, people didn't make them any more! Oh, they couldn't.

Cheeks hot. Heart pumping. The light in the room suddenly unbearable. She reached over, snatched it out. Sat for a long time in the dark, bowed over, hands ground hard against her mouth to keep from bursting into sobs.

Later she got up and pulled off her clothes, moving as slowly as Ken had done at the last. She got into bed. Grief suddenly tearing at her throat, so that she flattened her face in the wet pillow lest her tenant in the next room hear her. Wild anger shook through her like a hot wind, murderous anger at God. At the dying woman who was snatching away her happiness. Even at Ken himself, that he should give her up.

Its intensity wore it out. Followed a period of dreary calm when it seemed the heart within her had died. Dead things within her had died. Dead things within her would never be anything again but this hopeless ache in her heart.

Periods when she lost herself in dreams as depressing as reality. Swimming up through reeling blackness to face memory. She lay flat, her face upturned to the back room, stupidly whispering "Ken... Ken..." Tears rolled out of the outer corners of her eyes, wet her hair.

Tears began to steal from her closed eyes. The telephone rang. Her heart leaped, swelled in her throat. The answer? God was answering the prayer in her heart.

Ken's voice coming over the wire. "Are you coming down Miss Carroll?" She had forgotten the time. She had forgotten the shop.

hair, so that she rolled her head restlessly.

Then the room was flooded with rainy daylight and the chimneys on the roofs outside came to view. The hateful morning was here at last. She whispered, "Today Ken will be married..." More dreadful to face it in this rainy light than it had been last night.

Rain, drip-dripping on the roots outside with the sound of heavy tears. "Would it always be like this?" Ardet asked herself pitiously. "Would this raw pain in her heart ever slow to a dull ache? When she was old—as old as Aunt Stella, would all of this have receded so it didn't matter? When she was old—but how could she live to grow old with this grief pressing on her heart?"

Ken's mother should die, suppose she were dead now—what need the useless sacrifice? If she were no longer here to be hurt at his refusal, Ken would not have to—

Madly she tried to stifle the shameful hope in her heart. Not that—of course, she didn't wish that—but, oh, surely something would happen—something always happened at the last moment to make things right, didn't it?

Maybe it she prayed... She knelt down on her knees, her forehead on the edge of the bed and closed her eyes. No words came. No thoughts. Only the picture of Ken's face, so bleak and white last night.

Years began to steal from her closed eyes. The telephone rang. Her heart leaped, swelled in her throat. The answer? God was answering the prayer in her heart.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A Christian Indian:
Something was said in this column yesterday about the Christian Indians of the far north in Canada. In the latter part of 1842 rumors came to the feeble Williamette settlements that Cayuse Indians were plotting a movement to raid the valley and wipe out all the whites. Jason Lee was urged to go and reason with the hostile chiefs. He started January 22, 1843, from the old mission below where Salem is now. His perilous quest resulted in heading off the movement—a long story.

In the late fifties and early sixties, Rev. E. R. Geary, pioneer Presbyterian minister and organizer of his church in early Oregon, was superintendent of Indian affairs for the old Oregon country. His brother, General Geary, won high honors at the storming of Lookout Mountain. Many years after the event, Rev. Geary wrote a letter to F. H. Grubbs, son-in-law of Jason Lee, father of Miss Ethel Grubbs, granddaughter of Jason Lee, whose obituary appeared in the Oregonian of Tuesday, with that of her ten and a half foot tall dahlia at her home in Portland. In part, that letter read:

"In the summer of 1860, I and my party were mercifully preserved from the wreck of a sail boat on the Columbia river, about 20 miles east of The Dalles. After hours of toils and danger we reached the north bank, wet and worn, and entered the lodge of an Indian. "He was in feeble health, but impressively venerable in appearance. Our misfortune seemed to arouse all his energies. It being important that I should reach The Dalles that night, he immediately sent out several young Indians to bring and prepare my horses. Being told that I was superintendent of Indian affairs, he said he had heard of me, and that I was God's man; he was glad to see me. He then (we spoke in the jargon) said that we both had one God; that he talked with that God every day.

"I was at once impressed with his fervor and earnestness. Who told you, said I, of the great God you worship every day. The priest, was his reply; and immediately hurrying to the corner of the lodge he drew out a carefully folded buffalo robe from beneath a number of other packages. With this was a dressed deer skin, then a sash, then a hat, then a piece of bright blue cloth encircling a small book. Holding it up, he exclaimed, 'This is God's book; the priest gave it to me.'

"I of course concluded him to be a Catholic, and that the book was a volume of devotions. On opening the book, however, I was surprised to find it one of the early publications of the American Sunday School Union. He evidently thought it the Bible, and I did nothing to destroy the innocent illusion. I now asked the name of the priest. His prompt reply was 'Jason Lee.' Light at once broke on the mystery. 'Many years before,' he told me, 'he had heard Jason Lee talk first to the Indians and then to God—that is, I suppose, preach and pray, and he had talked to that God ever since.

It was at the time when Dr. Whitman was absent from his mission, on his famous winter trip through the Rockies and on to Washington and Boston. Mrs. Whitman was then at the Methodist mission at Wascopam (The Dalles), having been induced to spend a number of months there, sending the return of Dr. Whitman, owing to the fears of her friends for her safety. Mr. Lee was acquainted with Mrs. Whitman. He had been a welcome visitor at the Whitman mission at Wallatapu on his memorable trip in 1833, on his way east to secure more missionary aid, resulting in the bringing of the "great reinforcement" on the Lausanna.

While at Wascopam, Jason Lee preached to the Indians at that station, as he did always wherever there was an opportunity. He gave them small books or papers, a token of his interest in them, and sometimes copies of the New Testament.

It is how he came into contact with Ellipama, either in 1838 or 1842, on his way east or when he was on his peace mission, 23 or 25 years before. And that is how the faithful convert came to have his book to show to Rev. Geary. There were enough stories of the kind in the old days to fill several books. There were (and are) many sincere Christian Indians.

More than 13,000 4-H club girls will compete for the title of Alabama's healthiest in a contest closing May 1, 1931.

LAY SERMON

PILGRIM AND TOURIST
"Thence longen folk to go on pilgrimages..."

Yesterdays

- Of Old Oregon
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read
October 26, 1908
First work upon the electric line between Salem and Portland is scheduled to begin within 10 days, the fairgrounds to be point of the initial work.
Of the 66 cases on the docket for the regular term of circuit court for this county, 18 are for divorce.
The Greater Salem Commercial club has postponed selection of officers for the new year until January.
Articles of incorporation were filed for the Grover Drug company with headquarters at Woodburn. Incorporators are W. M. Grover, C. W. Grover and H. D. Grover and capital stock is \$4,000.
Reason elevates our thoughts as high as the stars, and leads us through the vast space of the mighty ether; yet it comes far short of the real extent of our corporal being—Samuel Johnson.

Ballot Proposals:
Numbers 300 and 301
Repeal of State Payment of Irrigation and Drainage District Interest.
Vote 300, YES.
Numbers 302 and 303
State Cabinet Form of Government.
Vote 302, NO.
Numbers 304 and 305
Bonus Loan Constitutional Amendment.
Vote 303, NO.
Numbers 306 and 307 and 308 and 309
Twin measures, Motor Vehicle License Tax Constitutional Amendment.
Vote 307, NO, and 309, NO.
Numbers 310 and 311
Constitutional Amendment for filling Vacancies in the Legislature.
Vote 311, NO.
Numbers 312 and 313
Amendment fixing Legislators' Pay at \$500 per Two-Year Term.
Vote 312, YES.
Numbers 314 and 315
Referendum on two Additional Circuit Judges for Multnomah County.
Vote 315, NO.
Numbers 316 and 317
State Income Tax.
Vote 316, YES.
Numbers 318 and 319
Anti Cigarette Constitutional Amendment.
Vote 318, NO.
Numbers 320 and 321
Constitutional Amendment for Closing Rogue River to Commercial Fishing.
Vote 321, NO.
Numbers 322 and 323
Creation of office of Lieutenant-Governor.
Vote 322, YES.
Numbers 324 and 325
Grange Water and Power Utility Districts.
Vote 325, NO.
Salem City Ballot
Acquiring Rights on North Santiam.
Vote, YES.

Today's Thought...

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