

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Defending the New Taxes

YESTERDAY was the fateful 25th of June and all sundry of the citizens of Oregon presumably complied with the law and the decrees of the tax commission and paid up on their intangibles and income taxes. There have been loud lamentations going up on the onus of the intangibles tax in particular. The poor widow has become the cloak of the millionaire.

It is always thus, however. When the legislature meets and passes a new tax law, it is bound to pinch somewhere; and later on when the people find out what it is and go to pay up, then the wailing starts. No tax is popular among those who pay it, except the gas tax and that because the motorist doesn't realize he is paying a tax. Nor is the present chorus of dissent a fit test of the justice of the new taxes.

The Statesman feels that the intangibles rate of 8% is too high, that 5% is as high as the rate should be. But there is essential justice in a tax on incomes including incomes from securities. It might be advisable to work the intangibles item right into the income tax; and perhaps in time that may be done. Meantime the tax is definitely reaching a class for the most part abundantly able to pay and likewise a class which hitherto may have largely escaped state taxation.

We noted one paper complaining that this intangibles tax was a sort of surprise tax, that when a person had loaned money at 6% expecting to get that net income he now finds he only gets about 5 1/2%. But that "surprise" tax is just what the property holder has been suffering from the past generation. He might invest in a brick building on a farm and figure out that it would net him after taxes six, seven or eight per cent on his money. But a few years later he discovered a new road district tax, or a new school tax, or a new city bond tax, or a new school transportation tax. He could not plead "surprise" because he was laughed at. The real property owner had no protection from the levy of continued new imposts upon his property which has resulted in confiscation in certain instances. This very hazard of real property is what forced or helped force money into "intangibles".

We shall be disappointed if the effect of the new tax laws does not work a reversal of this trend and encourage investment in real estate. City and farm property have shown recessions in value, in part because of reduced incomes but in considerable degree also due to the heavy taxation of real property. Now lighten the load on real estate and increase it on holders of stocks and bonds and there should be greater favor shown to real estate for investment. This would indeed help and not injure the state. Too much Oregon money has gone afield for investment, not enough has remained at home to sustain values for town property, improved and unimproved, and country property.

The claim is made that this tax will have no appreciable effect on the property taxes. Well it will just to the extent of the amount of money that is collected, and no farther. It will amount to some two million dollars or more; and will definitely reduce the amount of the state property tax by that sum. Those who see no saving on their property tax for next year are those who have no property tax to pay, and who ought to be taxed. We need not waste sympathy on them.

We regret there is a suit impending attacking the constitutionality of this tax. The state has labored along under heavy difficulty for years. The last two legislatures have worked out this program of taxation. It ought to be given a fair trial. Five per cent, even eight per cent is not going to wreck any one. Let the law have a fair test and see if its benefits do not compensate for its burdens; and see if any defects that appear may not be corrected by legislative action rather than repeal or getting it knocked out in the courts.

Welcome to Editors

AS HOST to the editors of Oregon this week Salem is pleased to extend its most cordial greeting to our guests. In a peculiar way the city of Salem is the possession of the whole state, for as the capital city, it has a significance to the remainder of the state which is everywhere appreciated. Salem is not just "our town"; it is the state's own city. And it is we believe, the state's own pride.

From time immemorial the citizens of Salem have labored to make this city attractive, a fit location for the capitol of a great state. These beautiful, wide streets, these spacious lawns, these magnificent trees, these attractive gardens are not merely the work of a day or a year, but of decades. They are the result of careful planning and long continued effort to make this city beautiful. Salem hopes the editors will take time to get about the city, view its industries, visit the state institutions, visit in the homes, inspect the gardens. Salem people will be only too glad to show you the greatest hospitality possible.

It is quite appropriate too that the president of the association on this occasion should be Ralph R. Cronise of the Albany Democrat-Herald. Ralph is a Salem boy, who grew up here, was educated here, and who learned the newspaper business in the old Statesman. Salem is pleased now to see him return for a brief period as head of the editorial association.

The Statesman, which is located just across the street from the headquarters at the Marion hotel, extends its greetings and wants the visitors to know that we are holding "open house" for the remainder of the week, for the full 24 hours a day.

Rotary International is meeting this week in Vienna. As Rotary has as one of its principles the cultivation of international good will, it is highly appropriate that this convention should meet at this time in Vienna to give to that burdened city the hand of human fellowship. If they would only put a few Rotarians from the various nations on the disarmament commission and leave the diplomats and the admirals at home, something might really be accomplished in 1931.

Later information reveals that the man who wrote to the Oregonian from Bend asking what to do about untidy property belonging to the state, is a detective. If so, he may be able to find out where the state board of health is.

The highway commission meeting brought a fresh crop of faces to Salem. It's nice to see a bunch of full-sized men smoking healthy looking cigars again. Road contractors seem to be prepping by this make-work program to provide employment.

Care of Nose and Mouth

C. G. DAUER, M. D.,
Mason Co. Health Dept.
The mouth of the newborn baby needs no care whatever. Occasionally, when the baby is born, the mouth or throat may be filled with mucus but the doctor takes care of that. There is no more need of washing out the mouth by use of cotton gauze over the end of the finger than there is to pull the eye lid down and scrub the lids. Furthermore it may lead to sore mouth as the mucous membrane of the mouth is very delicate.

The nose likewise needs very little care as long as there is no obstruction. Applicators for the purpose of cleaning out the nasal cavity are not to be recommended except when your doctor so orders. He will also first begin with drops when nose drops are necessary.

After the teeth have erupted cleaning should be started. There are on the market finger cot made of soft material than can be used. Gentle pressure will clean the teeth of any film forming. At two years of age the habit of regular visits to the dentist should be started. Even though there are no decayed teeth the dentist can advise as to the care of the teeth and proper kinds of brushes and dentifrices to use. Occasionally dark stains form on the teeth of small children. This should be removed by your dentist before decay begins beneath this film. If the temporary teeth are promptly cared for by the dentist they will last longer and most of them will remain useful until they are replaced by the permanent teeth. Just because they are baby teeth is no reason for neglecting them according to the modern idea of dental practice.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write to the editor and send it either to The Statesman or the Mason county department of health. The answer will appear in a column. We should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 26, 1906
Walter Breyman of Salem and his two daughters, Frail of Portland and Mrs. Eldridge, are visiting in Dayton, where he has a large farm.

The Salem Ministerial association adopted resolutions expressing confidence in Prof. W. F. Drew, deposed member of the Willamette university faculty.

Midshipman Fred M. Perkins visited at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Perkins.

June 26, 1921
The Oregon association for Deaf will meet in convention here July 1.

Information from Washington discloses that the following are seeking the job of postmaster in Salem: A. A. Lee, H. Sheiberg, Walter Toose, Sr., Capt. Leroy Hewlett and J. Hoon.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was "Do you think all state officers should be moved back to Salem?"

Mrs. John Stimpson: "The State offices should be located in the most central location and most convenient to greatest number of people, regardless of political strength or affiliation."

Mrs. E. V. McMechan: "State offices should be centralized at the state capital from an economical standpoint, thus saving the taxpayers considerable money in transportation, phone calls and time."

E. C. Denny, visitor from Stayton: "Don't see why they shouldn't all be here; the capital is here."

Hazel Cook, Haselord apartments: "Yes. We centralise other things and it is better; seems to me money would be saved if all the state offices were in Salem."

Pantages' Bond Reduced, Order of Judge Doran

LOS ANGELES, June 25 — (AP)—Ball of \$100,000 on which Alexander Pantages, theater magnate, had been at liberty here in connection with charges of criminal attack was reduced here to \$25,000 by Superior Judge William Doran, who acted on a request of Pantages' attorneys. At the same time, the court set the date for retrial of the case in which Pantages is accused of attacking Eunice Pringle, former dancer, for August 24. The date previously had been July 14 and was changed because of pending charges involving a girl and Pantages at San Diego.

FIRE DANGER LESS

YAKIMA, Wash., June 25 — (AP)—Precipitation of 2.81 inches of rain at Signal Peak near Mount Adams today practically eliminated forest fire danger for about two weeks.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow! Wood Dust Runs Motor Cars.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The "Young Democrat"

Reference was made in this column on Tuesday to the "Young Democrat," with a promise to later give something more of its history.

Ralph C. Geer, in his famous address at the annual meeting of 1879 of the Oregon Pioneer association, giving details of the 1847 covered wagon immigration, made this reference to it: "When I left Knox county, Illinois, the democratic committee had a small wrought-iron cannon, made by a whig to celebrate the election of Henry Clay in 1844, and when he was beaten, gave it to the democrats, and they named it the 'Young Democrat'; and they gave it to me to bring to Oregon. It was a real screamer to talk—it could be heard 15 to 20 miles, and old mountaineers said that if we fired that every night after we came, the Indians would not trouble us. And I think it true, for we adopted that plan, and had no stealing only when we neglected to let her bark."

When Ralph C. Geer, in 1847 settled on the land that became his domain, he built a log house a few rods west of his later frame residence, and down the hill from the latter. In fact, he built two log houses, with a single roof covering both, and covering also a considerable space between. This residence was erected, in the frame dwelling was erected, in 1851, on the slightly place where it still stands, but rebuilt in several particulars, especially as to the fireplaces.

As said on Tuesday, the "Young Democrat" was used there, during all the earlier years, to give the alarm to the settlers when the Indians threatened trouble. And as the "Young Democrat" had a fearful kick when fired, it was placed against a rock, just west of the later house on the hill—and one may plainly see to the present day the dents made in that rock by the kicking of the cannon.

The friendly Indians who heard the "Young Democrat" bark in those days, and witnessed its recoil, were wont to exclaim, "Ugh! Um gun shottum back hard as front." What became of the "Young Democrat"? Ralph C. Geer belonged to the democratic party in Illinois as well as in the early days of Oregon. But, in common with many others of the early immigrants, he bolted when the question of slavery that threatened the disruption of the union became a burning issue.

Ralph C. Geer served in the

In the election of 1860, he voted for Abraham Lincoln, and when the news of victory for the union cause finally reached Oregon, he prepared to use the "Young Democrat," turned republican, in the celebration of the event. His "secesh" neighbors, who were rather numerous, learned of this intention—and one dark night they stole the "Young Democrat." It is supposed that they threw it into a swamp not far away. And it has never been recovered.

Bancroft wrote this biographical sketch in his Oregon History: "Ralph C. Geer was the pioneer nurseryman of Marion county. He also taught the first public school in the section where he settled, having 30 pupils in 1848, all but four of whom were living 30 years afterward—a proof that the climate had nothing to do with the fatal character of the disease which carried off the natives in early times. Geer planted apple and pear seeds to start his nursery in the red soil of the Waldo Hills, which he found to be excellent for his purpose. His father also put an equal amount of apple and pear seeds in the black soil of the Clackamas bottoms, but was disappointed in the returns, which were not equal to the Waldo Hills, where R. C. Geer has had a fruit farm and nursery for more than 30 years.

His father's farm was near the Willamette river on the west side just opposite Butteville. He was Joseph Carey Geer, founder of the Geer family; that clan now numbering several hundred people. In 1880 there were 164 on the Pacific coast alone.

Ralph Geer was not only the pioneer nurseryman of Marion county. He was one of three pioneers in that line west of the Rockies; had the most successful nursery as to quality products west of the Missouri river. The site of that nursery was the beautiful spot that Homer Davenport proclaimed his "favorite view of all that the earth affords." In the words he wrote in 1904 with his cartoon on the wall under the porch of the old Ralph Geer house—wrote as he viewed the pioneer nursery site.

In 1852 Ralph C. Geer advertised his nursery as containing 42 varieties of apples; 15 of pears, five of peaches, and six of cherries. That nursery added many millions in wealth to early Oregon, and contributed health beyond worth in mere dollars.

Ralph C. Geer served in the

"MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

CHAPTER LI
Margaret came up, a little out of breath. Peter was with her and one of the gardeners. She had bandage and scissors in her hand, utterly ignorant as to the identity of the stranger as the extent of her accident as she was.



"Did you marry my son?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer.

"Travers," she began, and then, quickly, "stricken, 'You!' Delight said, smiling a little, not pleasant smile: 'You know me, too?'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lorrimer shortly. "Come, Travers—Peter—between all of you, we can get her to the house." "But mother," began Lorrimer, wildly, frantically. Mrs. Lorrimer looked at him a moment. Pity for him, terror, anger, all fought in her eyes for mastery. She said, slowly: "She's in no condition to be kept standing here. She indicated Peter and the other man with a gesture of her hand. 'We'll all be better off at the house,'" said Margaret Lorrimer. Supported by Peter and the gardener—as Lorrimer made no move to touch her—Delight was taken to the house. Lorrimer and his mother walked beside her, a strange little procession. No word was spoken.

In the library she was put into a big chair. Peter was sent to telephone Doctor Mathews. Some one else was sent for a stimulant. Then they faced each other, alone, the three of them. "How did this happen?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer, quietly. "She came to me," Delight said, wearily, regarding the injured ankle which was stretched out on a cot. "She came yesterday morning and told me—"

"Who did?" asked Lorrimer sharply. "In Loyalty's Name." "That girl, Miss Thurston. She told me that she knew who I was, really. I'd been fool enough to tell that young press agent, Mitchell, my name. She told me that you knew, Mrs. Lorrimer, and that apparently you were not going to tell your son. She felt that your loyalty lay with Lorry, and, strangely enough, with me; that it was only fair both of us should know the truth. And she asked me to give her a week in which to bring you to her point of view. After that, if you were still not on Lorry's not knowing, she would leave it up to me."

She sighed. There was a silence. She went on: "I promised. But on an impulse I came here, found out where you lived and all. Easy enough. I overheard Lorry and—the other girl talking. I made up my mind to go away, and no matter what territorial legislature of 1854-5. He was a member of the commission to build the territorial capitol in Salem, that stood where the state house is now. The other two members were John Force and H. M. Waller.

He was a commissioner of the Oregon & California Railroad company—the government of that company that built the first railroad in this state, now the Southern Pacific. He was Marion county clerk, as mentioned before, and helped organize the society that started what is now the Oregon state fair, and was its second president.

The other day, in this column, the writer mentioned some of the famous, large and venerable trees on the Ralph Geer farm, now the home of Homer Davenport's grandson. There is a butternut tree, from the Illinois home, that is not very thrifty, though the black walnut trees of equal age, from the old homes in Ohio and Illinois, are like forest giants. But the haw apple tree, near the butternut, has grown "like a green bay tree," and appears good for a green old age. But the writer was wrong, before, in calling it a thornapple tree. It is properly a haw apple tree. Any "Sucker" who understood the writer is only a second generation "Sucker."

If you want to see the sight that Homer Davenport, once America's greatest cartoonist, called his "favorite view of all that the earth affords," drive out the Garden road to Pratum and keep left, for about three miles, and straight on, not turning to the see the old Ralph Geer house, where the "Young Democrat" was parolined on that dark night of 1860.

you decided, Mrs. Lorrimer, to stay away, I started for the gate, turned my ankle and fell." She looked at them both, a little defiantly. "We're all in it now," she said. "no use trying to escape. What are you going to do?" Peter entered the room to say that Doctor Mathews would be right over.

"Go to Miss—" Mrs. Lorrimer hesitated and said, firmly, "Miss Thurston's room and ask her to please come to the library." Peter took the message without a quiver of the eyelid and left the room. Lorrimer said blankly: "Where—Delight—we've searched for you, all over. There was no trace." He looked at her. This was the girl he had loved and lost. She had returned to him. That other girl had been an impostor. Yet he had loved her, thinking her Delight. But this was Delight.

Truth at Last
Delight Harford said, a little harshly: "Does that matter now? Time enough for all that later." Peter returned. He had, in his old hand, a ring and an envelope with a little penciled scrawl across its surface. "Miss Thurston is not in her room," he reported. Mrs. Lorrimer took the envelope. She looked at it a moment, said blankly, "She's gone." Delight smiled, a little. Gone. Well, she'd done her best for the girl. She could do no more. She'd been willing to clear out but now . . . She looked about the lovely room and drew a deep breath. Comfort, safety, if she played the cards right. Should she play them . . . at all?

Mrs. Lorrimer dropped the envelope on a table. She stood up and faced her son and this stranger—this woman she disliked so intensely. She said, with a hard white austerity: "There is, as I see it, just one question which is important now. Did you, did you marry my son? If so, have you proofs of the marriage? Are you married?" she repeated. Delight hesitated. Looked at Lorrimer. Waited. Lorrimer spoke, and his face was gray. "I remember now," he said heavily. "No!" "No," repeated Lorrimer. His mother had gone perfectly white. Now with a great rush, as of relief, her color came flooding back again.

Lorrimer went on, as Delight did not speak. "As soon as I saw her again, I knew—I remembered everything."

"But," Margaret interrupted, "you thought that Mary Lou was Delight—and you didn't remember then—you clung to your belief—or was it really belief? that you were married to her."

"Is that her name?" asked Lorrimer, oddly. He had been forbidding himself to think of—the other girl. Even when Peter had come downstairs to report that she was not in her room, not it seemed, in the house, he had kept his mind away from her. He had to get this present, vital situation clear, settled. Waiting Her Cue
His mother nodded, abstractedly. And Lorrimer went on thinking it all out, a furrow of painful concentration between his brows: "No, I didn't remember when I saw her. She was just my memory come incarnate, my memory of a girl I had loved, and who was lost to me. But when the real girl came, I know at once. 'Delight,' he looked at the woman sitting, exhausted physically, in the big chair, a woman who was quite patient, waiting, it seemed for her cue to enter this new and complicated drama, a woman who appeared to hold herself in leash. 'Delight, you know, you remember?' We planned to be married—by special license. I gave you that ring. The earliest day on which we could be married was the day my leave was up. We were to be married, I was to return immediately to the front. Then my leave was shortened, by 36 hours. I was recalled. And went—without marrying you. Do you remember?"

"Of course," said Delight, speaking for the first time in many long minutes. She had kept quiet, waiting to see what he would recall and how much. She already knew, of course, the story of his strange obsession, the obsession that he had been married. (To be continued tomorrow)

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"GREETINGS," HOOVER TO VET



One of the few bright spots in the lives of disabled American war veterans cared for in Government hospitals in Washington, D. C., is the annual White House Lawn party given for them by the Chief Executive and First Lady. Here President Hoover is shown greeting a victim of the World War as he is wheeled along with his fellows by attentive nurses.

Adventurers to Seek Treasure At Pelican Bay

SAN PEDRO, Cal., June 25 — (AP)—A small group of adventurers headed by a Beverly Hills clerk sailed last night aboard the motorship Jeanette B., to explore the waters of Pelican Bay, at the northern extremity of California for a bullion said to have sunk with a ship 50 years ago.

Peaches Ripen Early; On Sale At Goins Ranch

Ripe peaches in Oregon in June. Lane Morley found some at Goins' farm 14 miles south of Salem. The first ripe ones were picked June 18 and put on sale at the fruit stand which the Goins maintain.