

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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Economy in the City Budget

WHENEVER the subject of economy is mentioned in the city council—it does come up there occasionally—the wrath of the aldermen usually descends on two puny budget items: \$1500 for the airport and \$8000 for the county health unit. The real Goliaths which have forced Salem's city government costs to 22 mills annually, five times the state's millage, two times the county's, and nearly double the school's, are the city police department, the fire department and principal and interest on bridge and sewer bonds.

Take the police department: The monthly payroll for 1923 shows there were then ten men on the force including the chief and the aggregate payroll was \$1260. The October, 1931, approved by the Salem city council shows 19 men and the police matron on the force and the aggregate monthly payroll \$2885 or far more than double the 1923 costs.

Consider the fire department: A typical payroll for a month in 1923 shows 20 men including the chief receiving pay from the city of \$2515 for the month. The October, 1931, fire department payroll approved by the city council was slightly over \$6000, nearly two and one-half times as much as in 1923!

While these two department payrolls were more than doubling the population of Salem increased from approximately 20,000 to 26,255 or only 30 per cent!

The bridge and sanitary sewer bonds in 1932 will require interest and principal payments totalling \$70,350, four mills on all real property in the city. No budgeteer whether he be Alderman O'Hara or the governor himself can squeeze out of this heavy levy, which is additional to the sewer refunding issue, two groups of municipal refunding bonds, two fire department series of bonds, incinerator bonds and street intersection bonds.

This newspaper has long felt that both the fire departments and the police departments of city government here are too expensive for the size of the city. Either there should be fewer men at work at the same wage now paid or lower wages for the men now employed. There exists no valid argument to prove to us that increases of 100 to 150 per cent in monthly salary payments in these departments has been justified by Salem's growth in the last eight years.

As for the heavy debt charges for bridges and sewers, the city must pay and pay. Interest charges of \$52,710 for 1932 exclusive of all tariff paid on Bancroft bonds, mean three mills on all real property in the city. In the future Salem would be wiser to adopt a pay-as-it grows policy avoiding 20-year millstones on taxpayers.

The United States Must Lead

THE United States, more world-conscious than it has been in a decade because hundreds of foreign loans have soured, is prone to overdue its anxiety about the other nations of the world and to think its own economic health will never be recovered until every other nation is fit as a fiddle.

While it cannot be gained that a restored world trade will be of immeasurable assistance to our own recovery, it must be remembered that this nation enjoyed great economic advance while Europe still labored with the headaches of the war. We were booming right along, for example, when France occupied the Ruhr and the war debt question which Mr. Young was supposed to have straightened out in 1927 hampered but little our steady march on prosperity's road.

America's great prosperity has always come from the 90 per cent of business done within our own confines. Our natural resources are so diversified, our mechanical genius is so varied and so developed, our people are so versatile, that in large degree our home market alone will make us prosperous.

To think that better business days here must await quite general world recovery terrifies observers. If Hitler would gain power and demand partial return of Germany's colonies; if Hungary continues to seek her lost lands; if Russia involves herself in China's quarrel with Japan; if Australia, debt-ridden collapses into the over-taxed areas of Mother England; if Gandhi continues to tie-up Great Britain's textile trade by an independence cry which will not down; if all Europe welters in a mess of suspicion shown in tariffs, armaments, reprisals and guilt debts—the outcome of such eventualities affright the present-day business men.

The United States cannot be smug, complacent and self-centered in times of such world distress. She must understand the causes of world collapse, she must render such intelligent aid as can be given—but just as one looks to the individual to be first his own saviour, so too this nation's best contribution to world recovery will be to get our own house in good order. Two years of deflating the new era age, two years of headaches after the wild days and nights which accompanied our gold-crust prosperity, have given us time to resume normal progress as the greatest economic lation in the world. The United States can and will lead, rather than follow, the rest of the world back to restored economic balance.

Blithe Days in Fall

FALL has come to the valley, not the sober, decaying days which are harbingers of decay, but glowing, blithe days with a tang in the air and the most gorgeous red leaves the eye ever beheld. Nature, sly old girl, has a way of decorating herself to outdo the wisest vampire. While we mortals were scurrying around with summer's last crops, and kiddies school books, the last swim and the final trip to the coast, Nature was doing things with the cheeks of the apples, the lacy leaf hands of the trees, the lavish tresses of the vine maps. Before we knew it, though the process had gone on before our very eyes, Fall was here, a ravishing beauty!

To some people fall is a drear season. For very soon now the curtain will be run down. Nature's great drama is to have the inescapable denouement of death. But to us fall is a gay season! Spring and summer have been growing periods and the joy of today has been to see the progress from the day before. But in fall, fruition is at hand. The blossom has become the fruit; the green of newness has become the richer tone of maturity. Fall is arrival. The loveliness of experience has given poise to the scene we now behold.

The Oregon Journal has been giving much aid to the high cost of Kingsley's execution. It should now remark on the inexpensive and forthright political head-severing of Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Baillee.

How Cities Dispose of Sewage

By C. C. DAUER, M.D., Marion County Dept. of Health
One of the most expensive duties of the modern cities is to get rid of the sewage in such a way that it will do no harm. In general the sewage is conducted into some neighborhood body of water. If the water is in motion the sewage is carried away and greatly diluted. Thus in a short time the water purifies itself so that even the most careful analysis fails to show pollution. If, however, the sewage is conducted into a body of standing water, the water becomes polluted and may prove a source of great danger. Chicago found this out to her cost when she tried to dump sewage into one part of Lake Michigan and take drinking water from another. She had spent about \$40,000,000 in order to build a drainage canal deep enough so that the dirty Chicago river, into which the sewage pours, would flow toward the Mississippi river instead of toward the lake.

Present sewage disposal plants have been made by other cities along the Great Lakes against the use of so much water from the lake to flush out the Chicago river, so much being diverted that the level of the water of all the lakes has been lowered. Chicago now must spend millions to revise her sewage system. On the seaboard, especially where there are strong tides, the difficulties of disposing of sewage are reduced to a minimum. In some coast cities, such as Boston, part of the sewage is held back in reservoirs until strong outgoing tidal currents have developed. Before the turn of the tide the sewage has been carried so far that it has become mixed with an enormous body of ocean water and has become harmless.

These cities do not get their water supply from the ocean so there is no danger of getting contaminated water that has been polluted by their own sewage.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 16, 1896
Maximum rates to be charged for water within the city of Salem as set down in a proposed city ordinance would be from 50 to 90 cents a month, according to the size of the dwelling in which the water is consumed.

Oregon Agricultural college has the largest attendance in its history, 655 students. Indications point to an enrollment as heavy as 800 during the school year.

OAKLAND. — The threatened lockout in the building trades in this city began yesterday. There seems no possibility of settlement of the millmen's strike which began two weeks ago.

October 16, 1921
Justice Henry L. Benson of the Oregon supreme court died at 12:15 o'clock this morning at his home on North Summer street. He was 67 years old. He came to Oregon in 1880 from his native state, California.

CHICAGO. — More than half a million American railroad men were yesterday ordered to initiate a strike on October 30, while other unions whose membership brings the total to about two millions, announced unofficially that they were prepared to follow suit.

EUGENE. — President William Spruille declared here yesterday that he is hopeful that the Southern Pacific will not be involved in the railroad strike on October 30.

PORTLAND. — Mrs. Ercel Kay of Salem won the Oregon women's state golf championship yesterday. Dr. O. F. Willing of this city defeated Ercel Kay of Salem 3 and 2.

New Views

"Do you think Capone will be found guilty of federal law violation and sentenced to prison?" This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Mrs. Hue Drager, home maker: "I think he will be found guilty, but I doubt if he is punished."

Emil Buckman, barber: "No, it seems they let him slip by all the time."

Sergeant Ender, U. S. army recruiting officer: "I don't know, he's got a lot back of him."

Florence Snodgrass, Rickreall: "Yes; but don't ask me why."

L. L. McAdams, Salem's astronomer: "I think he ought to be found guilty."

Daily Thought

"The highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the thunder." — Charles Rollin.

SCIO, Oct. 15 — William (Uncle Billy) Wilson, pioneer farmer near Scio and for more than 40 years a member of the Masonic lodge at Jefferson, has been ill at his farm home for several days, being confined to his room most of the time.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS... THE MODERN SHERLOCK HOLMES



Tomorrow: "Vest Button Spies."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Grandma Northern dead: Associated Press dispatches told of the death at Monteseano, Wash., of Mrs. William Moore on Oct. 7th, at over 100 years of age, recording the fact that she was born near Salem, Oregon.

Readers of this column will recall the article in the issue of Aug. 26, giving facts of the life of that historical character. The occasion was the celebration of her birthday at Monteseano, when she reached the century mark, July 26, 1831.

Her father was Joseph Lavinger, one of the French Canadians who after serving the Hudson's Bay company as hunters, trappers and boatmen, retired to the French Prairie district, of which old Champeog became the leading trading point. Her mother was Josephine, and she had seven brothers and a sister.

When she was 20, she was married to Louis Bernier, and after his death to Cyril Richey. Of these two unions eight children were born. Four, three sons and a daughter, are still living, and there are nine living grandchildren, five great grandchildren and three great great grandchildren. After the death of Richey she married Andrew Northern in the Willamette valley and they went to Monteseano in 1833, and 40 years later she married William Moore, now 84, who survives her.

Frances Bernier, no doubt father of her first husband, voted for the provisional government May 2, 1843, at the famous Champeog meeting. His donation claim was about two and a half miles southeast of St. Paul. Members of the Lavinger family, no doubt brothers or nephews of the century old woman, had a sawmill in the St. Paul section in pioneer times.

How was the monument located that is supposed to mark the place where the provisional government was voted? T. T. Geer gave the account of it in his "Fifty Years in Oregon," May 1, 1900, early in the second year of his term as governor of Oregon. He mounted his bicycle at the state house and rode 30 miles to the home of Hoop F. X. Matthieu, thr miles from old Champeog. He wrote:

"The next morning Mr. Matthieu, Mr. Himes, the photographer and I climbed into the carriage of our host and drove over to Champeog along the road that had been familiar to Matthieu for all the 60 preceding years. (Meaning Geo. H. Himes, secretary of the Oregon State Historical society, and a photographer who had accompanied him from Portland.) As has been stated before, for many years after the pioneers met at Champeog the town remained on the banks of the Willamette river and was quite a shipping point for all French Prairie, but was completely washed away in December, 1851, after which it was rebuilt a half mile back from the river on a bench, though the warehouse for the receipt of freight was replaced. With the advent of the railroad in 1870, however, this was abandoned, and now boasts seldom, though at this historic old landing save for a passenger bound for some down-river point.

"Arriving at the river's bank, it was a poem and a song combined as Mr. Matthieu as he stood talking in the situation, the grounds and directions. The point where the meeting was held had changed but little in the intervening time. It was then a small prairie, some 50 yards across, and now hosts seldom, though at this time would not change, and, besides, he had seen it every year or so since 1843—sometimes oftener.

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"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

CHAPTER XLV
A fish with a key in its mouth. If a clue, it was far too exasperatingly obscure to convey any more meaning to him than it had done to Katharine. The only result of three minutes' hard concentration brought was to wrinkle Jim's brow with frowning wrinkles.

"Oh, damn!" he said suddenly. "I don't believe that darned fish means or was intended to mean anything. Just a teg-pull of Frank—and that's all there is to it."

was standing on the very spot where Dr. John McLoughlin had come in the early days to locate another trading post—McLoughlin who for 30 years was the governor and dictator of the north-western territory. Joe Meek had stalked across this little glade with all the impetuosity of a Roosevelt and in a dramatic manner had decided the fate of an empire. The old friend of Matthieu, had here stood irresolute, puzzled as he listened to the call of his countrymen and his former associates on the one side, and to the admonitions of a new duty and the appeals of his strong minded young friend on the other—and there, with all the other 51 men, had long years before passed through the valley of death! (Geer should have written 55 or 56 or more men.)

"For several minutes the old here neither spoke nor gave answer to our questions; he seemed utterly indifferent to his surroundings. He was living in another age—a former generation which had passed away was receiving his attention and he was listening to other voices. It was a moment when neither Himes nor I felt disposed to talk. We let the old gentleman complete his communion, knowing well that we formed no part of the audience which was the background of the picture created by Matthieu out of the boundless field of memory.

"Finally, turning around, he cast his eyes across the river and looked admiringly at the beautiful hills, just beyond which many of the first settlers had located their homes. He had ridden on horseback to attend the meeting of May 2, 1843. By degrees he came to himself, and, turning to us, said:

"Pretty place, isn't it?" "Glad that he had completed his reverie, I asked him where the meeting was held. He replied quickly:

"Well, sir, it was held all around here. We didn't hold it in a house where everybody had a chair and a desk. We began it in a little room which the clerk of the store had, but it was too small so we went out doors and had it pretty much all over this prairie. But the storehouse was about there—pointing—and Joe Meek walked about there—pointing again—and we lined up with him all around HERE—stepping away a few feet. Why, sir, I can see him now, and almost hear him as he said: 'Who's in favor of a divorce—follow me!' Mr. Matthieu added that there could be no mistake whatever about the location being correct, for it was on a time would not change, and, besides, he had seen it every year or so since 1843—sometimes oftener.

"At the time of our visit there was a small shack on almost the spot for several years, the association supposed to recall the 'days of auld lang syne.' He

He dismissed it absolutely but not too easily from his mind and began the business of his morning toilet.

Milly was the only one late for breakfast—losing no time, as Jim remarked, in commencing her rest cure. Their stay at Manorways was to be no rest cure for Bill, who had to go off to town almost immediately after breakfast, and would not be back much before seven that evening. Jim motored him over to the neighboring town to catch the one fast train, and spent the remaining hours until lunch time in the car with Katharine.

He spoke again of that intriguing fish. Somehow it haunted him in spite of his confidence that it might be a clue percolated in recurring in his mind.

"That blessed fish swam through my dreams all night," Jim told her. "Katharine, what if I should have a clue to those lost Czarina Rubies? I can't rid myself of a sort of hunch that it is—and that what was put in the letter as a jest has now suddenly become of serious and vital importance. If so, the fish connotes indicating the fact. Brilliant brain work that—but I'm afraid it doesn't get us much forward!" With a rueful grin.

"But what fish could there be at Monksilver?" Katharine asked helplessly.

"Well there have been some very queer fish there lately—only not the kind of fish that Frank could mean!" he laughed. "Look here, Katharine, we'll run over to Monkilver. Once on the spot something might suggest itself. If you can't take Sant into our councils, probably if we mentioned the word 'fish' to Sant, who knows Monkilver inside and out, he'd dash unerringly to the spot with screams of joy. We can't manage it today unfortunately—but we'll go tomorrow and angle for that elusive fish! We've got to find those royal rubies of yours, Katharine—just got to!"

"I wish we could," Katharine sighed—and not only for her own selfish reasons. I should hate you to lose over your 'gamble.' "Oh, that little flutter of ours? Don't worry about that. Bless you, Milly, Bill and I are already counting on pouching our winnings!" Jim responded with a laugh. "As I haven't a doubt we shall, you can see that Jim's weird fish should prove nothing more than a fish!"

Unselfish But it was for Katharine's sake, not because of that two hundred and fifty of his and the Graysons that represented the "fish" in question that Jim Wynter was devoutly hoping he might be a true prophet.

For Katharine's sake chiefly—but for other reasons too. In his mind was the thought of Federoff's devoted loyalty that had guarded these rubies until death and death had come winged to the house of Murinov... of that same unwavering loyalty that more than ten years later, in his efforts to the last of the Murinov line, had cost Federoff his life when he died still guarding them. It might be, too, that Frank Severn's fate was bound up with those blood-red stones. Intolerable to think of their sacrifices being in vain.

Yet though he had spoken with apparent confidence that Katharine, Jim knew but too well that prob-

ably her chance of ever recovering that gift from a royal house hung on only a slender thread or whether they succeeded in getting Frank Severn out of those merciless hands alive. And that was on the knees of the gods. Bill hoped to see Inspector Haste that day.

It was true they had found out far more than they could have reasonably hoped for in so short a time—thanks chiefly to luck and that unknown correspondent who seemed so determined to remain anonymous. But the difficulty was to get definite proof of their suspicions. That they were up against a problem calling for all the expert advice and help they could get both realized.

Possibly the key to the mystery lay behind that underground door in the ruins, that Sant had been so determined they should not open. Sant had promised to have the debris that now blocked it cleared away—but had he any intention of keeping his promise? His policy would probably be to put them off by endless excuses and delays.

"And the devil of it is that we aren't in a position to force his hand," Jim reflected. "He's in authority at Beggar's Court, authority given by Severn—and he can please himself what he does." Luncheon at Manorways was nearly over that morning when a boy from the postoffice handed in a telegram.

Jim tore the buff envelope open. It was from Bill Grayson: "Inspector Haste keen as mustard. Things beginning to move." Intricate Problem Jim Wynter read Bill's telegram with a sense of relief to know that Detective Inspector Haste's help had been enlisted. The handling of this intricate problem was altogether too big for a couple of amateurs to tackle, with Frank Severn's fate hanging in the balance.

"A wire from Bill—but nothing alarming, Milly. He doesn't want bailiffs out or anything of that sort!" Jim explained lightly. "Merely to say that Bill's seen a man on a matter of business I'm interested in."

If Milly were to know that they were consulting Inspector Haste about the Beggar's Court affair she might in all innocence mention that interesting fact to Sant. But he spoke of it afterwards to Katharine, who already knew of their suspicion of Sant. Jim had taken her into his confidence when she had confirmed the suspicion that the letter supposedly from Severn might be a forgery. Katharine had been less surprised at his news that he would have expected. From the first, she admitted now, she had not liked Sant, had been conscious of a vague unaccountable mistrust of this big smiling man.

"But for the present we've got to act as though we suspected nary a thing, not let him have a hint," Bill had warned her. "That's why Bill decided it was best Milly should know nothing yet. Milly's one of the best going—only keeping state secrets isn't her strong suit!" (To be Continued)

666

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Portland, Oregon, Oct. 24-31
Reduced Rates All Transportation Lines

Largest Livestock Show in the World - 11 acres under one roof



Poultry farmers now optimistic

Reports regarding poultry raising (the nation's third largest agricultural enterprise) indicate profits are being made by farmers whose flocks are fed and managed properly.

One of the important divisions of the 21st Annual Pacific International Livestock Exposition to be held at Portland, October 24-31 is the Poultry Show.

Every farmer interested in Poultry should attend this year's Exposition is the unanimous opinion of the officers here at the United States National.

The United States National Bank
Salem, Oregon