

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Princes of Beelzebub

THE Portland city council seems to be getting over its stage fright whenever the terror trio of Carey, Harlan and Gross appear to jimmy the door to the city treasury. Backed by an unscrupulous sheet, the News-Telegram, this outfit has cut a wide swath in Portland city affairs and endeavored to carry their reign of frightfulness into the state. In an apparent effort to muzzle the press of the state label suits in fantastic sums were filed against this newspaper and the Oregonian. If the press which is the bulwark of free speech and free comment can be bulldozed, terrified and cowed then this outfit will be free to complete its terrifying political authorities and under the guise of "experts" and special counsels get employment at fat fees which the public treasuries would be milked for.

The first indication that this gang of political porcupines had overshot themselves came in connection with a public market deal in Portland. They tried their usual strong-arm stuff but their false teeth fell out when it was found that the trio were stockholders in the alternate proposal for a site for the market. Instead of disinterested "experts" on real estate along with electric light rates, telephone rates and water company valuations Carey and Harlan were in on a real estate promotion which was unloading a lot of real estate onto the city.

The Tuesday council meeting was a regular donnybrook fair with all the killyenny cats in attendance. One man called Harlan an "unprincipled crook" and Harlan countered with calling him a "contemptible, low-down, dirty liar". Commissioner Mann, who has recently felt the sting of scurrilous abuse from the News-Telegram called Gross an "atheist" and "a liar by the clock". Os West got in his two-bits by referring to them as "these burglars" and "Johnny come latelies".

The deal arose when the council was considering Commissioner Clyde's newest racket to mulct the telephone company 5% tax on its gross earnings and then to put half of the proceeds into a shush fund to use for "investigations". As Clyde and the terror trio sleep in the same political bed the set-up was plain for another raid on the public treasury by Carey and Harlan with Gross for "counsel". Carey and Harlan have already sucked up \$103,000 of the people's money in Portland and as they haven't found any other cities as good suckers as Portland they hang around there thinking up new ways to drag down fees. A man named Evans from Milton claimed that Harlan agreed to pay a debt Evans was trying to collect after he got \$50,000 from the city on telephone investigations, \$100,000 from San Francisco on similar work, and another \$100,000 from the Peppo for getting Clyde to report out a new street car franchise for Portland. Harlan denied the accusation and Pres. Griffith denied that his company was in on any deal to bribe Carey and Harlan.

Now everyone is calling for a grand jury to decide just who are the princes of Beelzebub in the fracas. The mere fact however that the city council is showing guts enough to stand up against the further raiding of this packet indicates a return to sanity in Portland that may spread out over the state.

The Cow Jumped Over the Moon

AND that made the little dog laugh. Likewise the way the wheat price is climbing the ladder is making the farmer laugh, and the banker in the wheat belt, and the business men, and the school teachers who have been worried about where to cash their warrants.

We do not want to throw a chill on the spectacle, but the rapid uprush of wheat prices bears some earmarks of a speculative run-up. The facts about the wheat situation have not altered materially in the last sixty days, although it becomes clearer that the exports from Russia will not be as large as was feared.

The fact is that wheat prices sagged to unjustifiably low levels. It was just a panic of fear that beat down the prices, aided of course by bears. Then when the desperately low levels were reached bull speculators got busy and now are just as busy spreading bull propaganda as the bears were in knocking the props under wheat for months and months.

Supply and demand are after all the controlling factors in prices. But mob psychology is another factor which speculators use to advantage. Spreading fear keeps buyers from making normal purchases; spreading unbounded hope stimulates buying so that prices mount to stilly heights. The history is the same in all markets: wheat, corn, cotton, stocks. You can never "stabilize" prices until you can stabilize mob psychology. That's why you can never avoid periods of boom and depression—men act with the mob, they either buy, buy, buy or sell, sell, sell.

So we have the strange spectacle of wheat which a few weeks ago had no friends suddenly becoming sought after by buyers of many continents.

Coach Spears needn't be so churlish about being greeted by the governor, the mayor of Portland and other notables of the state as well as alumni of the university. Wasn't he given a grand reception when he first arrived in the state and didn't the president of the university travel all the way to Montana to greet him? He was hired at a fancy salary to win victories; and if he doesn't win them of course he'll get panned by the alumni. A coach may expect that the Corvallis coffee-katch is busy hunting for a new coach at OSC too. This paper likes to see Oregon teams win victories from teams representing other states, but there is no disgrace if they fail and no reason to "fire the coach" when they do lose. Another thing, it's a mistake to pay extravagant salaries to coaches just to win victories. The coach may not be able to deliver.

A member of the Canadian mounted police spent seven years worming his way into the communist party councils, getting evidence on the reds. Then he appeared on the witness stand and testified against them, giving all the inside dope. A similar effort was recently reported in Portland where a police informer got to be keeper of the books of the communist organization. Were these men trying to break up a liquor smuggling gang they would be hooted down as stool pigeons, traitors and informers. What difference is there in stool pigeoning for enforcing one law or another?

At last the railroads got a break. Commissioner Thomas has issued an order approving their new and lower rates on transporting gasoline in tank cars. This business ought to be confined to the railroads except for very short hauls. These moving caravans of gas-filled tankers are a menace to the public safety. The legislature might well follow up this action of the commissioner and prohibit use of any trailer for the transport of gasoline. That would put quite a crimp in the business.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

November 6, 1906
Court and State streets are to be paved with bitulithic pavement from the east line of Commercial street to the west line of Church street, the city council last night decided.

Oregon is said to be the greatest hop-growing state in the union. Capital invested in the industry is estimated at \$7,500,000 and land, 20,000 acres.

A survey is being conducted to ascertain what should be the nature of the feebleminded institution which probably will be constructed here. It is estimated there are over 1,000 feeble minded persons in the state.

November 6, 1921
Plans yesterday were announced by the Marion hotel for the building of a 125-person seating capacity modern banquet hall. The improvements will cost approximately \$10,000.

In a starring, passing game, Salem high school griders yesterday held the Corvallis eleven to a 0 to 8 score on the Aggie field.

For the first time in 14 years, Pacific university yesterday defeated Willamette university in football. The score was 27 to 10.

New Views

Appropos of yesterday's auction at the fairgrounds, Statesman reporters yesterday asked: "Would you be willing to contribute to the support of Tuske this winter rather than see him butchered?"

George Myers, painter: "Well, I wouldn't have contributed much cash but if I had any I would have given it to him. You know, they would be taking a lot of liberty taking the life of an animal like that. He never asked to be taken out of the jungle."

Hugh Rogers, city engineer: "Yes, I would have contributed. Killing him wouldn't have been the right thing."

V. D. Bain, superintendent of Woodburn schools: "No, I don't think so, for two reasons: I need the money, and I think he would be better off dead than in his present cramped circumstances. I would rather contribute money to some of the people who need it."

Mrs. G. R. Moorhead, home maker: "Are you interviewing me? Well, if they keep him on exhibition we will all go and see the poor old fellow; that might help."

Prof. R. W. Hans Seits, professor of music: "Well, I will donate the grass in my back yard."

Margy Jean Thomas With Parents Here; Town Minus Water

VALSETZ, Nov. 5.—Margy Jean Thomas left Tuesday morning for Salem where she will join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Thomas. Margy has been staying with Mrs. George March the past few days. Martin Rudy and family returned Monday from a visit with relatives in Portland.

Martin, Wilda June Brooks, the small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Brooks have recovered from very severe colds. Valsetz was without water and light Saturday due to a broken water main. Ted Davis and Jim Dodson repaired the main.

LOOK LIKE WASHINGTON?



SANDFORD G. DONALDSON • WILLIAM I. SACERD
In preparation for the bicentennial celebration of the birth of George Washington, to be held next June in the Capitol, the George Washington Bicentennial Commission of the District of Columbia recently sent out a request to all States, seeking a man to play the title role in the pageant. The qualifying conditions are exacting, for not only must the chosen one bear a twin-like physical resemblance to our first President, but he must also possess some of the Washington spiritual characteristics. Despite the stringent qualifications necessary, many replies have already been received from all over the country. Above are four of the candidates. Roderick M. Edson, of Marion Station, Pa., has the Washington profile. M. Rowland, of Los Angeles, shows in Colonial uniform, claims to have the military carriage that one expects in a portrait of General Washington. Sandford G. Donaldson, of Yakima, S. D., has played a similar role in many local pageants and has many supporters who urge his candidacy. Dr. William I. Sacerd, of Philadelphia, also has enacted the role of the "Father of His Country" and thinks he does it rather well. One application was from a parent who urged the appointment of her son "because he has always wanted to be a general."

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



TO SHUT FOUR EYES TAKES HALF A SECOND

GUNPOWDER THAT WILL PROPEL BULLETS TEN TIMES FURTHER THAN ANY NOW IN USE HAS BEEN INVENTED IN GERMANY

Tomorrow: "Street Beggars are Mentally III"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

History at its source:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon's first territorial delegate in congress, whose election was secured partly on account of his taking the side opposed to all British influences in the Oregon country, introduced and has passed through congress a bill confirming the title given to Oregon City lots by Dr. McLoughlin up to March 4, 1849, and appropriating the balance of the Oregon City claim of \$40 acres to the legislative assembly of Oregon for the establishment and endowment of a university, at such place as that body might designate.

The territorial legislative assembly that met at Oregon City in the autumn of 1850 confirmed titles to lots sold by Dr. McLoughlin after March 4, 1849, and up to the time of the passage of the act making such confirmation.

The legislature of 1851-52, meeting in the basement of the Oregon Institute, after Dr. McLoughlin had completed his naturalization as an American citizen, passed an act accepting the donation of the unsold part of the Oregon City claim for the purposes of a university. In the legislature of 1854-5 a resolution was offered thanking Dr. McLoughlin for his generous conduct toward the early settlers; but it was indefinitely postponed.

The legislature of 1855-6 sent a memorial to congress asking that the land in the Oregon City claim that had been taken from him by the act of congress and accepted by the territorial government be restored to Dr. McLoughlin, and two townships of that land in lieu thereof should be granted to the university.

Nothing was done about this, however, for the relief of Dr. McLoughlin while he lived, or for the benefit of his heirs, until 1862, when the state legislature conveyed

to his estate, for \$1000, the unsold and ungiven balance of the Oregon City claim, thus belatedly in a measure undoing a long series of injustices to the dead and living.

Shortly before his death, Dr. McLoughlin said to L. F. Grover, then a young man, afterwards congressman, governor, U. S. senator: "I shall live but a little while longer; and this is the reason I sent for you. I am an old man and just dying, and you are a young man and will live many years in this country. As for me, I might better have been shot (and he brought it out harshly) like a bull; I might better have been shot about 40 years ago than to have lived here and tried to build up a family and estate in this government. I became a citizen of the United States in good faith. I planted all I had here, and the government has confiscated my property. Now what I want to ask of you is, that you will give your influence, after I am dead, to have this property go to my children. I have earned it, as other settlers have earned theirs, and it ought to be mine and my heirs." Said Grover: "I told him I would favor his request, and I ways did favor it; and the legislature finally surrendered the property to his heirs."

In the very closing words in regular text of the two volume Oregon History, Bancroft's writer (Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor) used the words that follow:

"It is a pleasure to the historian, who, by closely following the himself with the character of his work, to observe with what unflinching justice time makes all things even. At the annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer association at Portland, in 1887, Matthew P. Deady, acting as speaker for the city, presented to the association a portrait of John McLoughlin, which was afterward hung in the state capitol, 'where,' said the speaker, 'you may look at it and show it to your children, and say: "This is the old doctor; the good doctor; Dr. John McLoughlin." And this sentiment was applauded by the very men who had given the "good doctor" many a headache along in the forties. "But," concluded Judge Deady, "the political strife and religious bigotry which cast a cloud over his latter days have faded away, and his memory and figure have risen from the mist and smoke of controversy, and he stands out today in bold relief, as the first man in the history of this country—the pioneer of pioneers!"

Mrs. Dye in her talk to the history class portrayed Dr. McLoughlin as a genuine American citizen at heart. Irish blood ran in his veins, as well as Scotch. When a medical student in Montreal he resented the insult of an insolent English officer, and fled to the protection of his uncle the Frasers, of the Fraser river country, factors in the fur trade; his mother, er was a Fraser. Thus he became a northwester; by accident was led to join the forces of the great traders, and had a part in the turbulent period of rivalries in that trade that followed—and was at London and had a large hand in the proceedings that resulted in the joining of the two great rivals, the Northwesters and the Hudson's Bay company, under the name of the latter. He had gained prominence with the Northwesters, and was chosen chief factor of the newly organized concern, to have control in all the Oregon country.

He was one in sympathy with F. X. Matthieu, and would in the same setting have been a rebel, like the latter, and been obliged to get over the line into the United States.

"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

CHAPTER I
She stood at the dressing table in the small hotel room and counted the money Tony had thrust upon her, with hands that shook. She did not glance into the mirror as many women would have done, yet her young face, although blind with pain, deserved the tribute of a personal appraisal.
It was very early in the morning. She had come, alone, to the hotel in Oakland the night before. Tony had told her to go there. "It's quiet," he'd said, "they'll be watching the hotels in San Francisco. Register as—as Miss Smith." He'd smiled, she remembered incredulously, white teeth flashing in the dark instant face. "I've made your plane reservations," he went on. "Miss Smith. They'll be watching the big commercial airports, too. This is safer."
He had given her a few tense, terse directions, risen from his chair at the plain deal table, bent over her a moment, kissed her stunned cold lips into something resembling life and then, "Good-bye, kid," he'd said easily, "happy landings! Watch the eastern papers for a personal. When I set out of this mess I'll find you again. Don't worry!" From the doorway of that little backroom in the speakeasy he'd waved to her still sitting there. There was one else in the room—the eastern papers for a personal. When I set out of this mess I'll find you again. Don't worry!" From the doorway, his lips had moved once more making no sound. But she'd thought they had formed the words—forgive me.
She couldn't forgive him. She couldn't forgive herself.
She counted the money again. Four thousand dollars. Some day she would pay it back. How? When? To whom?
She put the bills in her handbag, looked once briefly into the mirror, a mechanical gesture. Pulled her small felt hat closer over the broad forehead.
Her skin was satin in texture. It was amazingly golden; partly a gift of nature in benevolent mood, partly a bestowal of the years lived under the hot Hawaiian sun. Against such skin her eyes were as blue as turquoise, her hair heavy, blue black, and her mouth a wound of crimson.
She was a girl at whom the passerby would look twice... this "Miss Smith."
She turned from the dresser; walked across the room to the old bed and snatched her overnight case shut, picked up her coat and put it over her arm. She was very correctly dressed. Her suit, matching the top coat, was of dark blue, her fine blue stockings, small Oxfords, her gloves, smart and serviceable.
She went downstairs and asked for her bill. The clerk gave it to her incursively, accepted the money she handed him and said something conventional and pleasant in farewell. The one formed factogram of the hotel took her bag out and called a taxi for her.
On the way to the private flying field she sat well back in the car, her hat pulled low, her hands twisted together in her lap. Panic rode her like a nightmare; panic greyed the golden skin, whitened the curved red mouth, clouded the eyes of turquoise. Panic was her familiar, he'd traveled companion since she ate and walked and slept with her and had done so for these last few hideous days.
He finally forfeited his office and his \$12,000 salary, and came to Oregon City and applied for American citizenship. And he was a free American citizen, an idea of freedom and popular government ran back to what he had seen in Canada, to the Irish and Scottish blood that ran red in his veins.
He brought Margaret, widow of his best friend Alexander McKay, daughter of a Scotch father and granddaughter of a Canadian Indian chief, and later married her at Fort Vancouver. She was Madame McLoughlin, first lady of the land. She was faithful and true, and became a loved figure of early Oregon history. Dr. McLoughlin could not then have brought a white wife to Oregon. No white women were here then—it would have been considered, was considered, unsafe for them here. Their daughter, Eloise, was the belle of the old Oregon country, queenly in bearing, beautiful in face and figure, and in character, and was until a short time ago an honored pioneer woman of this state, passing away full of years and respected by all who knew her.
The writer is warranted on behalf of all the members of the history class in extending sincere thanks to Mrs. Amory Dye for the gracious part she took in instructing them on Sunday. Her many friends will be pleased to know that Mrs. Dye is in good health, and looks better than she has for years.



"Goodbye, kid," he'd said easily, "Happy landings."

A newboy jumped on the running board as they slowed up in traffic with early editions. "All About the Mystery Woman," he howled, "get your paper—all about the big gang killing!"
The cab went onward with a jerk. The newboy dropped off. Now "Miss Smith" was perfectly white, white to the lips.
If someone should see her... recognize her... as "Tony's girl?"
She mustn't think of herself. She must think of Tony. Must pray that he get off... safe... safe... No matter what he had done, no matter how mistaken she had been in him—she laughed aloud, thinking of the gullible girl who had come to San Francisco from Hawaii eight short months ago—no matter how things had turned out, he had been good to her after his fashion; had even loved her—after his fashion. And she had loved him, in a thoughtless, thrilled, unthinking sort of way... in the way of first love, careless and sweet.
That was all over now.
She sat quite still trying to think of all his last directions. She was to go to this flying field. It was one owned by a small commercial company. They operated planes for private charter. One had been chartered by a rich man and his family, to make a two-stop flight to New York. At the last minute two of the passengers had been unable to come; one plane had quickly been filled; Tony had heard of the final vacancy, in his underground fashion. How Tony heard things, she never knew, never had known. So he had reserved the place in the name of... Miss Smith.
They were at the field now. She got out of the cab and paid her driver. She walked over to the little office. A plane was just landing. Another was tuning up. She looked at it, dully. It was a young woman. She climbed in, taking her place beside the solitary girl. She casually looked at her and then smiled suddenly, with obvious delight.
"Why, Fanchon Meredith!" she exclaimed, "who in the world would have thought of seeing you here!"
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

subpoena... from men who would try to win from her all her knowledge of Tony, his means of living, his method of business, his whereabouts.
An escape.
The office formalities were completed, the money paid and Miss Smith's name was crossed off the list. The overnight stops explained to her; the route which would be taken. There was a refreshment stand nearby, a mushroom-like growth. She could have coffee there. The man in the office told her. She refused, forcing a smile. She had had early breakfast at her hotel. Mr. Eames and his party had arrived, she was told. They were waiting for one more passenger "we expect her at any moment now," said the office manager.
The girl left the office, stood for a moment at the barriers to the field. An elderly man, a fat, comfortable woman and a young man stood together, their luggage about them, talking excitedly. It was a very windless, warm day in summer. The sky was without a cloud. The sun shone brilliantly. How could it? thought the girl, standing there alone.
The field was vocal with activity. The plane, in readiness, was of twin-motored cabin type, carrying eight passengers including pilot mechanic and steward. The girl walked toward it just as the office manager turned from his desk to greet the last arrival who came up in a panting taxi.
Presently...
The passengers climbed in settling themselves. Mr. Eames arranged his party fussily. The office manager standing on the field made the introductions. Mr. Eames, his wife and son acknowledged the presence of "Miss Smith". They looked conscious that she had only joined the party by a fluke, the failure of their own friends to make the trip. The last passenger was also a woman; a young woman. She climbed in, taking her place beside the solitary girl. She casually looked at her and then smiled suddenly, with obvious delight.
"Why, Fanchon Meredith!" she exclaimed, "who in the world would have thought of seeing you here!"
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)



Thrill Includes Judicious Spending
Two traffic lanes traveled by well guided dollars
Saying all of your money is quite as uneconomic as spending all of it. One's income and reserves dictate the percentage of saving and spending necessary for well balanced financial condition.
Just now business is offering a decided premium for spending... better merchandise for less money than obtainable in the past ten years... or which may again be obtainable when the wheels of commerce begin spinning faster.
So, if your financial condition warrants buying the merchandise you need... or building the house you have wanted... why wait until everybody else takes the notion to do likewise... demand thus re-establishing higher costs. Judicious spending, like judicious saving, pays you a profit.
The United States National Bank
Salem, Oregon