By EDSON

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

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Literary Jackals

NAN BRITTON, who wrote a book called "The President's Daughter", has lost a libel suit in Toledo against a hotel-keeper of Marion who circulated a book "Answer to the President's Daughter". While the rulings of the court were considered favorable to the plaintiff the jury didn't require the Portland Railway, Light & much time to deliberate and brought in a verdict for the de- Power company. fendant. While this does not settle the question as to whether or not Nan Britton libeled the memory of the late president, the decision is a blow to the credibility of her book.

Recently that other book of defamation by Gaston B. Means, "The Strange Death of Pres. Harding" has been deflated by the confession of May Dixon Thacker who acted as amanuensis for Means, that Means was a consummate liar and that many of the incidents he relates could not have happened. These are two books which have done much to defame the memory of Harding; but their sewerage contents were lapped up by the public who revelled in such filth. They have done untold damage not only to a man who while weak per- river will some day be canalized formed conspicuous public service, but they undermined con- to Eugene?" This was the quesfidence in the character of all men called to serve in high tion Statesman reporters asked position.

The latest product of literary jackals, though not of the salacious gossip type, is the "Washington-Merry-Go-Round" in which certain press correspondents at Washington seek to debunk the great from the president down. That is an easy thing to do: if one wanted to pick up all the whimsicalities, all the flaws of character, the temperamental acerbities, and the cloakroom gossip about the great and the near-great he can give the public a far different but greatly distorted picture of those in authority. Our officials appointed and elected, are not saints; they are as human as a brick mason or a clerk in a grocery store. These retail packages of backstairs gossip hawked about under the cloak of anonymity deserve scant attention from the public. If the authors are honest in their intentions and honorable in their methods they "If tongue and pen alike be free, will set their names down on their books and assume re- Safe from all foes stands liberty." sponsibility for what they write.

Recently "Editor and Publisher", which is the trade paper for newspapermen, brands as a "scandalous abuse" this violation of confidence on the part of Washington newspaper men who seek to supplement their regular income by side ventures as literary jackals. It said editorially: "We think it just as mean and irresponsible to write an anonymous book, retailing so-called 'inside gossip', as to sell advance tips thus gained for market speculation." It commented further:

We notice that one of the authors of the offensive anonymous book, who was justly discharged for his part in it, is now trying to wrap himself in the folds of the free press flag. He would have us believe that he is in some way a martyr, but we have been unable to discover even a remote connection between th White House situation and his dismissal. His editor demanded to know it he had written a part of the book, with mean and in instances unjustifiable criticism of fellow newspapermen, and he confessed it. His editor then dismissed him, notifying the president that the correspondent no longer represented the newspaper. That seems eminently proper to us."

So long as the public has an appetite to feed on slander and titterings of parlor maids there will be those who will make commerce of books to feed such wulgar tastes. We confess we have read none of the books mentioned, not because we had any idols we feared for, but because there are so many more books whose information is authentic; and whose substance more valuable that we had no time for the products of these literary jackals.

Good House-Cleaning

TIM MOTT is doing a heroic job. It took some Hercules to clean out the Augean stables of these fellows who were pirating innocent investors. Sometimes it was scandalous ley and Edward Wankel. The afbetrayal of trust, and now one of such men, Hattrem has firmative won by a vote of 6 to 3. been convicted in the courts. Sometimes it was legalized The remainder of the class acted milking of the companies, such as seems to have been done have quite a number of debates in some of the building and loan associations. It was a case in the class this winter. of the promoters getting theirs, leaving the investors to get what they could, if anything. This Empire Holding company, a recent promotion, has had a bad smell and now Mott is deag a clean-up there. Friends of Judge Coshow will regret that he became connected with a group who behind the good name of the judge would carry on promotion practices

Mrs. T. C. Bentley (nee Riba
which would bring them into disrepute.

Mrs. T. C. Bentley (nee Riba
Hamrick) of Marquam, and the
baby was born in the Silverton

In this clean-up it is plain that the innocent will suffer ne with the guilty. The exposure of rotten practices and bad management in the savings and loan field in this state makes it hard for the reputable companies because how is the public to know whom to trust? However there are honest, safe and reliable savings and loan companies as one may find out by consulting his banker.

We are glad the Mutual Savings and Loan association is "back home". Under safe, conservative management it can operate successfully. It has been rather a bitter experience for both the local companies to hook up with Portland prometers. Fortunately they were not merged with the Portland concerns, did not change their names, and now can go on operating as independent, local units.

"Says Rufus Holman: " For me the only incentive to endure the personal abuse and flous gossip, is the hope of being of service to the people of my state in time of great need.

As a friendly supporter of the state administration—we have been that and hope to continue if we can-may we suggest the time or such propaganda is passed, and the time has come for acts rather than words?"—Woodburn Independent.

Be careful Rodney or you will be classified with the "subsidized

They keep the dirt circulating in Los Angeles. When Aimes isn't on the job, they have their Hickmans, oil scandals, the muck-raking Rev. Bob Schuler, and now, with the Judd trunk murder mystery moved out for the time, they are digging into the Pringh-Pantages assault mess again. The southern metropolis should be named Los Scandalous.—Astorian Budget.

This year the university and the state college will have a joint bools, A joint luncheon will be held at MacArthur court, Eugene. "Park your machine guns to the left as you enter."

What the country is interested in more than the momi of the Navy League is the list of its contributors. What profiteers of war and of shipbuilding are included among those contributing to keep this propaganda bureau going?

Our weather prediction Friday morning was: "Fair today and turday, but unsettled with light rains". That reads like the platers of a congressional candidate, on prohibition.

land Jimmy Born

Yesterdays . Of Old Salam

November 7, 1906 Charles Evans Hughes today was believed to have defeated William Randolph Hearst by a large plurality in the New York gubernatorial election.

Because of the work being done in the penmanship class of the Y. M. C. A. night school, a strasger yesterday remarked, "there should not be any poor peamen fo

A skating rink is an assured fact for Salem. When the new rink is opened five weeks from now, the proprietors promise to furnish music every night of the

November 7, 1921 esors assembled here yes terday for their annual conference talked opposition to the proposed state income tax. A number of the men claimed the measure would not relieve the farmers of their tax burden as has been asserted

Residents living on River road as far as one and one-half miles from Front and Pine streets, will have electric service, as the result of arrangements made with

The city council last night ocdered the city attorney to draw up a special election ordinance for submitting to the voters the proposition of purchasing the site and equipment of the city tourist campground for \$7000.

"Do you think the Willamette yesterday.

Frank Minto, chief of police: "Not in our day, if they are slow as they have been."

A. R. Tartar, credit man: "I don't know anything about that."

H. Sherill, woodsawyer: "There seems to be a lot of talk about it, Maybe it's nearer canalization now than ever before."

# Daily Thought

AUMSVILLE, Nov. 6-Captains and managers for the first and second girls' basketball teams were elected this week.

Those elected for the first team were: Virgie Bradley, captain, and Louise Highberger, manager; for the second team Madge Cupp, captain, and Myrtle Powell, manager. Miss Gladys Burgess is the coach this year. Although many of the old players are gone, everyone is looking forward to a good team this winter. Games have been scheduled with Stayton, Jefferson, and Turner, but it is hoped that there will be other games.

The sociology class of the high school, under the direction of Miss Gladys Burgess, held its first debate on Resolved, That school attendance should be made compulsory for all children of normal ability under 16 years of age. The affirmative side was taken by Eva Arnold and Charles Pomeroy and the negative by Virgie Bradas judges. Miss Burgess plans to

BIRTH REPORTED

BETHEL, Nov. 6-Rev. and Mrs. S. Hamrick have received word of a grandson born this. week. The parents are Mr. and

Bon Holladay's threat:

Sunday "Guns Fired by Petroleum"

BITS for BREAKFAST

HT9OW 000,000,

OF MAJERIAL IS

DESTROYED IN U.S. YEARLY BY INSECTS!

THIS MEANS ST LOSS PER PERSON

FINDING OIL IS TO

EARTHOUAKES BY

BLASTS

Perhaps the reader, passing on Mission street, has noted in the "Bush pasture" a peculiar ridge ter was that Holladay built his leading nearly stright south, the main line on Twelfth street, presence of which has caused him where it is now, having in the to wonder.

HERE'S HOW

MENTALLY SIEK

MIEY ARE-

B OUT OF 4

STREET BES!

GARS ARE

MENTALLY

BERLIN PSY.

CHOLOGIST

A HEARPY

ILL, SAYS

\* \* \* The ridge, with a depression on each side, begins close to the first stile as one travels east. It runs southward, through the clump of wild rose bushes, and emerges on the other side a higher ridge with deeper depressions. Still further south, then turning in a more southeasterly direction, the ridge and the depressions show still more plainly.

\* \* \* The view is best from the south side of the "pasture", over the fence that ends the open space that is a continuation of Capitol street, from its intersection with Crass street. It is the second street after one gets down the steep hill street, going east.

That ridge is the grade for the Oregon & California railroad. It harks the memories of some old timers back to 1870; back to the Salem of 61 years ago.

Ben Holladay was the failroad magnate of Oregon then; the only one the state had. He started his railroad at East Portland, then a straggling village the present down-town part of which was a series of lakes and sloughs and mud flats, and travelers got over to the city of Portland on the Stark street ferry.

In the fall of 1870 trains were running from East Portland to Waconda, Gervais, that absorbed old Waconda, because the latter was left a half mile or so to one side, had not yet been platted, or named. The first time tables, in a number of years ago. 1870, read from East Portland to

Ben Holladay secured his rights of way with a view to running his railroad through Front street, with the passenger depot near where the present freight dapot stands, and thace across South Mill creek and near the base of the Fry hill and through land now a part of the premises of the school for the blind-thence through the "Bush pasture", and on south,

crew arrived at Salem, having cases, unless sent from the office is able, for the first time in five finished at Aurora August 24, of publication, must be prepaid months, to walk without the aid 1870. Ben Heliaday demanded a in advance'.' bonus from the people of Salem. The bonus was either not forthcoming at all or in amount large copy was that of my father, Tommasiene, sister of Mrs. I enough to satisfy Holladay. The Judge C. T. Tozier," This throws er, at her home in Portland. Hamrick) of Marquam, and the magnate then threatened that he further light on the answer in

thus "make grass grow in the streets" of the capital city.

The upshot of the whole matearly eightles passed to the controi of the Southern Pacific company. Mr. Holiaday should have known that he could not "make grass grow" in Salem's streets. like he did in those of the old Waconda, Oakland and some other towns, by not building his railroad straight through them. This was and is the capital of the state, and there was bound to be a town here, railroad or no ratiroad through the main part of it. Two years later, the Oregon legislature made the first appropriation for the construction of the capitol, and located it within a half block of Hiladay's main

pioneer family running back to caffing the attention of the writer to this old railroad grade that was never used. He has been passing that way all his life.

No right of way deed from A. Bush to the railroad people was recorded, for that stretch of road. One may, of course, have been given-or the grade may have complete the transaction when trains were running. Perhaps the latter; for Mr. Bush was a careful man.

That part of the "Bush pas-ture", the east 50 acres of the lic records of the city and county | the times.

The writer has a card from Albert Tozier, keeper of Champoeg park, which reads: "Relative to postage rates in

Oregon in 1851, the following on page 125 of 'Kimbali's San Francisco Directory, 1850', pub-lished in September, 1850, is of interest: "Postage on letters for all

parts of the United States and Oregon, 40 cents." "Postage on newspapers to the United States and Oregon, & cents, inland postage one and a But before the track laying half cents to be added; and in all

> Mr. Tozier adds: "This rare copy was that of my father, Tommasiene, sister of Mrs. Fish-

baby was born in the Silverton would pass the down-town part this column in the issue of hospital.

## "MASQUERADE" BY FAITH and dark brown hair and a small know too much. Tony's girl,

Synopsis While the newsboys shouted "All about the big gang killing", Fanchon Meredith and a man named Tony planned their getaway, Teny gives Fanchon \$4,000 from the country over which and reserves passage for her under the name of "Miss Smith" on an airplane chartered by the wealthy Mr. Eames earoute to New York. A fellow passenger, whom she had previously met on New York, A fellow passenger, whom she had previously met on the boat coming from Hawaii, recognizes Fanchon.
CHAPTER II

Mrs. Eames was getting her-self settled with jerky festures. "You know each other," she beamed . . . "how nice!" her manner was very pink tea. The girl called Miss Smith who had just been addressed as Fanchon Meredith murmured something. She had flushed and her heart was beating unsteadily. The oth er girl supplied the date. "Of course, . . we came to San Francisco from Hawaii on the same boat, months ago," said, and added reproachfully, "Why didn't you look me up, you

said you would!" Fanchon Meredith lifted her turquoise blue eyes, briefly-"I've been so busy . . ." she said. "So have I - only imagine,"

the other girl began when suddenly there was a shout . . . a call after the fieldman's signal. Contact! The engines turned over, the

plane skimmed the ground, rose without a jar. "Weli!" said Mrs. Eames, spreading her skirts. "Great, isn't it?" her husband asked her, and added, "worth the money." They were off on the long

The girl sitting in the next arm chair to Fanchon jerked her head toward the rest of the party. "Know them?" she asked. Fanchon indicated that she did

"How strange", said Fanchon's chance met companion, "that we should meet again here . . . on such a trip." She giggled, nervously. She was a girl about Fanchon's own height and build. rather mouselike, with blue eyes

out by a Salem lady inquiring about the postage rates of 1851

Many compliments have been given in various newspapers on the handsome appearance and completeness of the Oregon Blue Book for 1931-2. Deserved praise

But the fact has been overlooked that the drawing for the front cover page was made by Murray Wade, well known Salem artist. It is a picture of Crater To Hamilin Smith, scion of a lake, printed in black, the bine to fly. I've always wanted to girl, he thought, turning to Eveloneer family running back to of the book's cover making up a make a long flight." the forties, is due the credit of color scheme that is striking. It

It should be known, also, that several other artists tried their hands at the task, at least one of them a resident of Portlandand the state printer accepted the drawing of Mr. Wade. Murray does many things, in an unas suming way, for his city, and he been made under a contract to richly deserves any such recognition as was accorded to him by

the state printer. The Blue Book is Oregon's official almanae, giving information about state offices, institutions departments, commissions, etc. 100 acre tract, is in the name of and containing historic facts and the city of Salem, to be used for a mass of information that is park purposes, at some future useful in many ways in newsday, to be determined by certain paper and other public offices, contingencies. Agreements to this and to persons in all walks of effect were written into the pub- life who wish to keep abreast of

ORCHARD HEIGHTS, Nov. 6. -The neighborhood invalids are on the mend. Little Donald Reed is able to be in school again following his recent severe elbow fracture. The injured arm is still encased in a cast. Charles Roberts of crutches or a cane.

The C. H. Fisher family were recent dinner guests of Mrs. C. A. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rainbol of Mrs. Rainbolt's brother, J. A. Young. The Rainbolts live at Scio. Flower lovers of this commun-

ity are looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the chrysan-themum show to be given Thurs-day, November 12, at the Oak Grove grange hall. The affair will be sponsored by the Oak Grove Ladies' Aid. Mrs. C. S. Matthews is in Port-

land where she is enjoying a visit with relatives

### ARMISTICE PLANS INCLUDE PROGRAM

INDEPENDENCE, Nov. 6-Armistice day will be celebrated by a program sponsored by the Independence and Monmouth American Legion poets with Dean Walker of Independence as chair-man of the general committees. Wednesday, November 11, vet-erans of all wars, auxiliaries, Gold Star mothers and the general public are invited to a special program in the Oregon Nor-mai school auditorium beginning at 19:15 a. m.

At the noon hour ex-service men will be given a free lunch at the Campbell half in Indepen-dence and the auxiliary members will be honored at a special

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a football game by the Independence high school team vs. Dallag high school team promises to be a big feature of the day.

In the evening a dance will be held at the Haunted Mill in Rickreall free to ev-service men.

Fanchon turned her giance Evelyn's voice had been pitched high. Now she leaned nearer to

"What has?" asked Fanchon, a little wearily. But she tried to force some animation into her glance, her response. She was to travel with this girl as her compagion, she was forced into intimacy with her. She wondered . . . can she suspect . . .? has she read the papers? but of course, even if she has, she can have no cause for suspicion! I must be going crasy! The engine took up the theme . . . Going crazy . . . going crazy . . . said the engines.

"It's like a novel," Evelyn was telling her. "You know I was out in the Islands, teaching for two years? When my contract was over I came on to San Francisco-with you-as it happened, to find a job there. landed one, in a private school.
And while I was there I had word that my only close relative . . . high, clear triumphant, an aunt whom I have never seen and who has been living in Europe for 30 years had returned to the States and wanted me to come Mve with her. She's Mrs. Allison Carstairs," said Evelyn importantly and stopped, waiting Fanchon's word of astonishment. "Carstairs?" asked Fanchon

puzzled, and uninterested. Evelyn made an excited

"Haven't you heard of her-? She's always in the papers," she -" she has codies of money. goes everywhere, knows everyone. You see when my mother, who was much younger than Aunt Jennie, ran off with my fathe :. the family cut her off, they wouldn't have anything to do with her. Poor Dad, he was a struggling professor of English and mether had been presented at court and all the rest of it and vas supposed to make a good marriage. Later, before mother died Aunt Jennie, the only one left of the family, tried to make overtures. But mother was proud and Dad wouldn't let her be anything else. Then after Dad's death went to school teaching. And now, Aunt Jennie is back after all these years and wants me to make my home with her. She traced me, easily enough, and sent for me to come east. She wired me money and told me to at the tremendous vista beyond come as quickly as I could as she and about and below them. She

"You've never seen her? asked Fanchon curiously, roused out of

herself by the girl's story.
"No. Nor she me. Not even a good photograph. All she knows much to her, the sense of flight, is that I have dark hair and blue the feel of wings. It meant notheyes. . . I wrote her that much, ing now save escape. Only that, It's hard to describe yourself," said Evelyn self-consciously and tal vision of Tony in police headdidn't have even a decent snap- quarters. Handcuffs. Would they two of us on the boat . . . do you remember? I sent that one," she heard them questioning him said.

She drew a deep breath. "No more teaching," she said, 'no more-anything. I'm so happy," confessed Evelyn.

Fanchon looked at her. She vied her to the bottom of her happiness. 'Toward something away!" more than happiness; toward peace, safety, security, toward whom she belonged, who would care for her. Fanchon felt her heart constrict with anguish. Happiness meant so little. She had been happy, for a while, with Tony, meeting the dark, ardent eyes, listening to the deep ardent voice, seeing him smile, feeling his strong, brown hand—Tony's hand . . . she shuddered to think of it now-upon her own feeling his tips on hers, Tony's lips which lied and wisecracked their way

And she . . . she was flying toward what? Hiding . . . shrinking trom the glance of every stranger, she who had once met every eye with her chin up and her own said she must.

through life.

prim mouth . . "I have to pinch myself that it's actually I — for you. You've got to get away. Evelyn Howard!" she added. It's safer for you. And for me, And Rosie's on the war path!

said Tony. Rosie, She had been Tony's girl once, Until Fanchon came in on the scene, innocent, gay-hearted, accepting everything,

even Tony, at face value. Evelyn went on talking. About teaching in the very good, rather dull school. About the days back in Hawaii, "Funny, I never knew

you then, Fanchon." "Not so funny," Fanchon repiled mechanically, "I was buried on a plantation most of my life, you know, I rarely came to Hono-

She was silent, remembering the sun-steeped days and her father, who had been her friend, her guide, her teacher, Everything to her. She could not remember her mother. Only her father, her companion for twenty years, years which had run past swiftly and silently as sand

from an hourglass. The young man in the Eames party spoke to Evelyn, his eyes on Fanchon as he did so. The elderly woman leaned forward and said, nervously, "I do hope I'm not going to be air sick?" The steward came from his mysterious, small quarters and started serving bouition and sandwiches and answering the questions flung at him. In a very short space of time all the occupants of the cabin-plane seemed to draw together and become friends, as if their common adventure made conspirators of them.

"Oh!" said Evelyn, "isn't it exciting?"

The air was rough, for the moment. The sky was partly clouded over and it was very warm. Heat bumps were noticeable and Evelyn squealed in her rather simpering fashion. "Just like a scenie railway!" she commented. Mrs. Eames turned slightly green and regarded the sandwich she held in her hand with an expression of fixed distaste.

The steward looked anxious. "Is this your first flight, Miss Smith?" asked the Eames boy. Fanchon did not answer. When he repeated his question, she started and flushed, looking toward Evelyn. But Evelyn was chattering with Mr. Eames and had not heard.

"Yes," replied Fanchon, brief "You are awfully calm about it." Roger Eames remarked, smil-

ing. She looked out of the window hed plans for me. So-I decided nodded, without speaking. Queer other, but difficult. He disliked

difficult women. Calm? Fanchon smiled secretly. Once it would have meant so She had a sudden sickening men-

. . she saw his brown face pale a little and his dark eyes glitter with menace. But perhaps they wouldn't catch him. He'd said they wouldn't, "The dick doesn't live who

can put the irons on me!" he'd boasted to her in that appalling soul. This girl was flyng toward hour of revelation. "I'll get Where had he gone? To whom? Rosie, who had loved him, who

people of her own, someone to was now his enemy. He was surrounded by enemies. Fanchon elenched her small fists until the nails bit into her palms. Why had she run away? She had a moment's impulse to cry out, like a mad women, "Turn back, take me back, I say! you must!" How they would look and stare and murmur among themselves, the fat, complacent Eames and his fat, airsick wife-and his lean; sleek-haired son with whom Evelyn was giggling in her idiotic fashion, They would think she had gone crazy. Well, she had.

No. No. She couldn't help Tony in any way. The most she could do for him was to disappear, take eyes clear. Flying to escape, fly-ing to get away . . . a coward, a quitter, shirker. But Teny had that much, for she had loved him. Or had thought so. Even all that "You mustn't get mixed up in had happened since could not efthis, kid. You don't konw any-face the fact of her once having thing. But all the same, you loved him . . .

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"BY THE GUN'S RED GLARE"



The blinding flash of light that precedes the thun-derous clap which marks the firing of one of the big guns aboard a battleship of Uncle Sam's Paci-fle fleet is the only light the photographer needed to get this dramatic picture. The scene was snapped

during recent battle practice off the Pacific Coast.
Only a moment before the deck of the warship
was shrouded in darkness. It was made as light
as day for an instant when flames and smoka
beliehed from the yawning mouth of the big gun.