

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Yesterdays
... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from the Statesman
Down Talks from the Statesman
of Earlier Days

November 10, 1906
With the Willamette river last night at 12 feet above low water and indications that it would continue to rise for several days, serious flood damage is probable. Bridges at Jefferson and Stayton have been weakened, the Salem mill race is so clogged with logs the Salem Flouring mills may have to shut down. A crew of men yesterday fought for several hours to bolster the dam near West Salem.

WASHINGTON—President and Mrs. Roosevelt yesterday called for Panama where they will view construction work on the isthmian canal "to see how the big ditch is getting along," the president shouted as his yacht, the Mayflower, stood at the dock.

Silver now is selling at the highest prices in years. The federal government recently purchased 600,000 ounces at 70.13 an ounce, a 50 per cent increase in price over 1922.

November 10, 1921
Plans for erecting a civic auditorium at a cost of \$100,000 to be dedicated to the soldiers, sailors and marines of the World war were launched at the meeting of the Salem Commercial club last night.

The validity of county road levies, which is being discussed since the passage of a new budget law, will be discussed when all the district attorneys of the state meet in conference. Levies totalling \$4,331.56, which were voted in Marion county, are among those questioned.

WASHINGTON—A plain soldier, weighted with the honors of America, lay under the shadow of the capitol dome, representative of the unknown soldiers of the World war.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

RUBBER FENDERS
A SINGLE-PIECE FENDER OF RUBBER HAS BEEN INVENTED FOR USE ON AUTOMOBILES

CIGARETTES CAN NOW BE TREATED TO 'DIE' INSTANTLY WHEN THROWN AWAY. THE TOBACCO TASTE IS NOT AFFECTED

75 PERCENT OF ALL 'TIDY' MEN HAVE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Tomorrow: Heated Windshields.

"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

SYNOPSIS
While the newsboys shouted, "All about the big gang killing," Fanchon Meredith and a man named Tony planned their getaway. Tony gives Fanchon \$4,000 and reserves passage for her under the name of "Miss Smith" on an airplane chartered by the wealthy Mr. Eames enroute to New York. A fellow-passenger, whom she had previously met on the boat coming from Hawaii, recognizes Fanchon. She is Evelyn Howard. Evelyn is going to live with the wealthy Mrs. Allison Carstairs, an aunt whom she has never seen. Fanchon envies Evelyn flying to happiness, while she is trying to escape because she was Tony's girl—Tony, who led his way through life and whom she had innocently accepted on face value. Fanchon confides in Evelyn about her love for Tony.

CHAPTER IV
"I suppose," said Evelyn primly, "he made love to you?" her eyes shone.
"Yes," answered Fanchon. She said in dreamily. She forgot everything for a swift moment of remembering rapture.
"Well?" said Evelyn.
Fanchon looked up. "Oh, not that, not that!" cried Fanchon, flushing, palling again to that glorious golden hair she had.
"No, not that," Antonio Francesco had known a "good girl" when he met one. So had Rosie. Rosie, who had been Tony's girl—and not so good—before Fanchon with her golden skin and quick eyes and blue-black hair had smiled across a library desk into Tony's dark, smouldering, dazed eyes.
"There isn't much more to tell," Fanchon went on swiftly, "remember I had no one to warn me. No friends. And very little knowledge of the world, especially of Tony's world. The world of the racketeer."
"Racketeer..." gasped Evelyn.
"Yes, he—he is a gunman. I only learned that... a little while ago. And there was a dope ring. Oh, I don't understand it, I never shall! But there was—a murder lately. He's implicated. I was seen with him the night it happened, a few hours before. They..."
"You..." said Evelyn, staring, "you are the... the mystery woman..." in the papers. I read about it."
"Yes, I believe," said Fanchon, smiling wearily, "that if you wanted to report me to the police they would be very grateful to you. They want to find me—and question me. They... they have much idea who I am. Tony gave me money to get away. He found out somehow about this small airplane company and the plane Mr. Eames had chartered and the failure of the booked passengers to take the trip. He said the railroads, the air ports and the boats would be watched. He booked the passage for me under the name of Smith—I spent the night before the flight in a little hotel in Oakland."
"I heard them call you Smith," remembered Evelyn slowly, "when we started. I thought it just a mistake."
"I know. Well, of course when I saw you, I was terrified. But I'm glad now. I—I had to tell somebody. Ask for help. I must get work in the East. I don't care what it is. I'd go into domestic service if it were safer than anything else. I want to bury myself somewhere. I must!"
"And this Tony?" asked Evelyn, with distant eyes.
"I don't know. He says he'll get away. Hide. Lie low for a time. And then come east and find me. I am to watch the personal columns in the papers. I want him to find me."
"You don't care for him any more?" asked Evelyn.
"I don't know. I cared for the man I thought he was. But this..."

A flash that lit up the entire countryside—darkness—a sensation of madness—

is a different man. When I think of what his life must have been! There may be," said Fanchon, and shuddered, "there may be blood on his hands. I don't want to see him again. Not ever. I'll pay back the money he gave me. But—I don't want to see him again," she repeated.
Evelyn was silent. Her face had hardened a little. She looked at Fanchon as from a great distance. She was remote, aloof, very superior. Fanchon looked at her and her heart turned over. This pleasant, rather silly girl had suddenly become her judge.
"You believe me, don't you?" she pleaded, "that I know nothing of his way of life. That my relations with him were perfectly clean."
"Of course I believe you," Evelyn replied, but without conviction. Fanchon did not notice the lack. She was too intent. She went on still impulsively.
"If you would speak to your aunt and ask her to help me, without telling her the story—I ask her to help me find work."
"I'm afraid I couldn't," Evelyn said, rising. She looked down at Fanchon, literally and figuratively. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't. You best turn over the money very well afford to be mixed up in an affair of this sort if it were ever known. I'm awfully sorry, Fanchon," went on Evelyn, "but I'm sure you understand. I will keep your confidence," she added with conscious kindness. "You mustn't worry about that. And I'm sure you'll find work. Modeling perhaps. Or the stage. I guess," she added, "I'll go to bed now. It seems to be cooler." It was much cooler. In more ways than one.
"Well," said Fanchon, "I don't blame you. I understand. Of course you and Mrs. Carstairs couldn't afford to soil your hands. Gangster's girl," she added bitterly.
When Evelyn had left, murmuring conventionalities, Fanchon lay still and thought fully—what a fool I've been. To tell her! Of all people! But she won't tell. She's too ashamed to think that she even knows me, thought Fanchon. Well, that's that. Help! You can't expect it from people, she warned herself, you've only yourself now, with your back against the wall.

She slept very little. They made a very early start the next morning. The new plane, a replica of the first, tuned up and overhauled was waiting. They took off into a cloudless sky, but the days were just commencing, was very warm and oppressive. Evelyn's attitude toward Fanchon was, in a sense, amusing. Even Fanchon had to admit that. She spoke to her as little as possible and then condescendingly.
In the early afternoon Evelyn, going past Fanchon into the lavatory left her handbag with her. Fanchon sat with it on her lap and looked out on the wide scene about and below her. The sky darkened. There were mutterings and sudden flashes of lightning. "A thunder storm," remarked Mrs. Eames nervously.
"It's far away," said her husband consolingly.
But she has a right to be nervous. Heavier than air craft is hard put to it to exist in a thunder storm. The air currents developing before and during a storm are markedly dangerous. A squall wind was rising and soon the heavy rain would fall.
There were two courses open to this pilot; or any pilot. He might run for it and make a forced landing; or he might try to fly above and around it. The former course did not appear feasible because of the nature of the land over which they were passing. He decided therefore on the latter. But his mechanic cried out suddenly and pointed to the gas gauge. There was a leak somewhere.
Nothing to it but the forced landing. The passengers were informed, asked to stand by. They lost altitude rapidly. Evelyn forgetting her purse, which Fanchon held mechanically, began to cry quietly. Mrs. Eames was perfectly white and still. Eames was swearing in an idle fashion, the son was trying to reassure his mother and the others.
Swift, downward swoop—rain coming in sheets—a flash that lit up the entire countryside—darkness—a sensation of madness—of smothering—a woman's mad frantic scream—a terrific crash—
Darkness.
(To Be Continued)

Driving a Golden Spike
THIS is really an eventful day in Oregon history, though few people are paying much attention to it. It is the day for driving the golden spike in the new Great Northern-Western Pacific line connecting at Bieber, south of Klamath Falls. It is not the importance of the 200 miles of railroad which have been constructed in recent months, but the fact that a new traffic lane is opened up. Hitherto the Western Pacific has had but one outlet: east through Ogden-Salt Lake City. Now it has a northern outlet as well, and a connection which opens up the vast northern mountain and plain area of the United States as well as a portion of Canada.

The Great Northern on the other hand opens up a new southern outlet, giving it a longer haul on products of northern mines and farms and mills destined for California and the south. The special importance is that for the first time the Southern Pacific has a north and south-trail competitor. We may expect the new route to attract a great deal of traffic, particularly from the Spokane gateway, or that billed to go through the Spokane gateway.

The ceremonies of driving the golden spike will be attended by many notables in the railway world: Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern, Harry M. Adams, president of the Western Pacific, Fred E. Williamson, president of the Burlington R. R.; W. F. Turner, president of the S. P. and S., all related roads; and Arthur Curtis James reputed to be one of the largest individual stockholders in the so-called Hill lines who is in large measure responsible for the construction of this connection.

Indicating the character of the tonnage which will move the following shipments are reported: 80 carloads of lumber from Bend which will move east to Pueblo; 11 carloads of potatoes from Redmond; 7 carloads of horse meat from Butte; 7 carloads of apples from Wenatchee; as well as mixed cars from Portland and Spokane. There will be later a considerable movement of flour, of poles, of northern-grown fruits and vegetables headed south for California. From the south there will move sugar, citrus fruits, early vegetables and fruits, merchandise.

What volume of business will be gained we cannot tell; nor can one tell whether the Southern Pacific will be seriously injured, nor yet if the Great Northern will find the investment profitable. Regardless however of the effect upon the fortunes of the individual roads, the great interior country lying back of the Cascade range will be greatly benefited, clear from Sacramento north to Spokane.

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

John Brown's son in Salem: Robertson, the teacher, remembers that Edward Brown, one of the sons, helped his father in conducting the meat market. Miss Robertson also recalls that Nellie, one of the daughters, went to South America, as a mission teacher.

The Brown residence on Marion street is opposite the present Washington grade school, 12th and Center, that was first used as the Salem high school, before the present Sam High building was erected or enlarged. The oldest public school building now standing in Salem. But it occupies the site of the pioneer East school, which was the largest one in its halcyon days, and the most prominent and best. In that period the East school playgrounds extended clear to Mill creek.

The Bits man believes that the first frame dwelling erected in what became Salem, after the completion of the very first one, the home of Jacob Lee, now 260 Broadway and still standing, was thrown together near what is now 14th and Center, near the creek—and that the missionaries who had charge of the Indian manual training school when it was opened in 1842, lived there—and that among them were Joseph Holman and wife, grandparents of Jos. H. Albert.

That second temporary dwelling in what became Salem, if there was such a dwelling at all, was erected on the site of the present "the parsonage" was erected, now standing at 1325 Ferry street, and was according, now standing at 1325 Ferry street, and was accordingly torn down. The Holmans later had a tannery on North Mill creek, between 14th and Center, which was the second tannery in Salem, the first one being near "The Mills," at Broadway and High, built and operated by Mr. Strong, father of Amos Strong, famous old time restaurant man of Salem.

So much for the history of that particularly section of Salem—and the writer would be glad for additions or corrections, if any reader can make them.

The Bits man seems to recall that the Salmon Browns, before they moved to their Marion street home, resided somewhere in the vicinity of North Front street, near Marion square, and that they often exhibited relics of the Brown family can back to the little company that for the sake of freedom of thought and speech dared the dangers of the deep and came to the bleak New England shores, where they might findland their own consciences—and, in the cycle's words, make their neighbors do the same.

Oswatimie, Kansas, that when it gave Oswatimie Brown his best known name in the bloody days of border warfare, is now quite a city, and the Kansas state hospital for the insane is located there. It has accumulated a population of 5000 or more since the Browns fought to hold their sod houses on the raw prairie there in '54, against the onslaught of ruffians in the employ of Missouri slave holders. It is in Miami county and has two newspapers.

Many books have been written on the career of John Brown. But this story will have to be continued tomorrow, and perhaps a day or two more.

DEPRESSION A CHALLENGE
"It may be true that I have much less to live ON than I had a year ago, but I have just as much to live FOR. I took an invoice and discovered that I am still rich."
"My \$200,000 eyes are as good as ever. A hundred thousand dollar sense of hearing is still unimpaired. Then there's my half-million dollar appetite. No doctor has sentenced me to spinach for the rest of my life. The depression hasn't lowered the value of a single friendship. My faith in the goodness of the universe is unimpaired. No man can find enduring satisfaction in life BY OWNING something—only BY BECOMING something."
"This depression has cost us some of the things we created, but it has robbed us of none of our power to create. It is a CHALLENGE, not a catastrophe. Beret of profits and dividends. Many individuals are discovering the sustaining powers of a strong religious faith, the abiding values of courage, honor, charity and trustworthiness."
"A financial crisis can wipe out profits and bring business to a standstill, but character is beyond its reach. It can rob us of what we HAVE, but it cannot affect what we ARE. The deepest satisfactions of life—those which come from sharing and serving—remain secure."—Roy L. Smith in September Rotarian.

An Economic Boycott
JAPAN'S defiance of the pressure of other nations as represented by the league of nations, and the United States acting separately brings to the test the whole elaborate machinery for preservation of peace. The Manchurian situation has the seeds of trouble as surely as did the Balkan situation 17 years ago. War between China and Japan might easily involve Russia; other powers might become embroiled, including the United States. Only crippled public finances and the still smarting injuries of the last war seem to hold back the powers specially involved from making the now localized affair a real war.

Japan is a member of the league of nations, she is also a signatory of the Kellogg anti-war pact. Yet her course in Manchuria has shown little regard for her obligations under these engagements. Granted that she has had provocation for direct action due to the lack of orderly government from the Chinese in Manchuria, still Japan finds no support from other powers in her demands before she will withdraw her troops and attempt a peaceful settlement.

While Japan thus thumbs her nose at the league, the other nations are by no means impotent. They retain the power of boycott, which if exercised might speedily bring Japan to her knees. An interdiction on trading with Japan would quickly bring starvation to her people and industrial stagnation, for Japan is dependent on outside supplies of rice to feed her people and on foreign markets for silks, etc. to keep her people employed. Even the genuine threat of a boycott should be enough to force acquiescence from the Japanese who have treated their treaty engagements so lightly.

While we do not believe yet that Japan is setting about to conquer Manchuria and to make it a colony as is Korea, the chain of circumstances indicate that the military party continues in the ascendancy in Japan, and military power is always expressed in terms of conquest and territorial aggrandizement.

Editorial Comment
From Other Papers

GOOD JUDGE OF GOAT FLESH

His fondness for goats having received world-wide publicity, Mahatma Gandhi, nationalist leader of India's millions, was invited to the dairy show held at Jefferson, Eugene, recently. Gandhi is pictured with his devoted follower, Madeline Slade (center), admiring two of the prize goats exhibited at the show. Gandhi drinks no milk but that...

Robert Massey New Literary Club Held

QUINABY, Nov. 9.—The Buena Crest Literary society held its first meeting of the season Friday night.

New officers elected were: president, Robert Massey; vice president, Ralph Girard; secretary, Gladys Rogers; treasurer, Alice Massey.

Next meeting will be November 20.

Ben Boswell and John A. Vaught, Texas Christian university tackle and guard, are being touted for "all" teams.

New Views

What do you think of the newspaper lit and the board of control scrap between Rufus Holman and Hal E. Host? This question was asked yesterday by reporters of The Statesman.

Mrs. James Humphrey, home maker: "Oh that lit is too much for me to try to decipher."

W. G. Allen, business man: "What is in doubt, don't talk. I am in doubt."

S. F. McCracken, carpenter: "I have read a little about that but have not given it much thought."

W. H. McCollum, cannery worker: "I have not paid much attention to it."

MRS. WEDDLE HEAD OF TEACHERS' CLUB

BETHEL, Nov. 9.—The newly organized Teachers' club met at the Bethel school Thursday. The teachers composing the club are Miss Klame of Oak Ridge, Mrs. Baker of Macleay, Mrs. Branche of Fruiland, Mrs. Schulz of Fruiland and Mrs. Weddle of Bethel.

The officers elected are Mrs. Weddle of Bethel, president; and Mrs. Schulz of Fruiland, secretary.

There is to be a discussion of some phrase of teaching at each meeting. At the organization meeting a month ago, the discussion centered on sixth grade geography. Thursday evening's discussion topic was the teaching of language. Each teacher was given an assignment of one division of the work and allowed 10 minutes to speak. The club will meet the first Thursday of each month.

Sunday Papers Carried the Story

Sunday papers carried the story that when he got back to Salem the governor would find his desk clear, and nothing much for him to do. Is that so? What about setting the fees on the highway commission? What about the steel doors on the cell block at the penitentiary? What about Rufus Holman? Well, if there were nothing left for Meier to do he would start something right off; that man craves action.

With silver climbing up out of the depths

With silver climbing up out of the depths without an international conference the democrats will not even have 16 to 1 for a campaign slogan for next year. And Borah and Mitt Miller will have to think up a new one to run for office on.

New that Mary Pickford, Lindbergh, and Will Rogers have all

radiated on how to end unemployment, everyone ought to be relieved, except the unemployed.

"Hoover Dog Bites Two-Year Old Child."

Isn't it like a democratic contemporary to put that story about the administration on page one?



Daily Thought

"Duty is the noblest word in the English language."



THE OSTRICH buries his head when faced by difficulty

HE doesn't know how to face it. You can keep your head up in the world if you know that regular deposits of a portion of your income are accumulating interest—and that in time you will have enough money to meet any business or other emergency. Start a savings account with us today.

The FIRST NATIONAL BANK
in Salem