

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Where Free Power Costs Something

IN some respects Forest Grove, Oregon, resembles Chanute, Kansas, and in other respects it does not. Both have municipal light and power plants, but where one, Chanute, gets enough money to run its city out of its power plant operation, the other, Forest Grove, doesn't much more than break even although light rates are considerably higher than neighboring communities served by private companies.

The new certificate of convenience and necessity law which the last legislature passed in its haste to enact the main planks of the Joseph platform, has played hob at Forest Grove. When the barrier was removed by law the private company operating in the vicinity moved its lines into the suburbs of Forest Grove and as its rate was 8 1-4c per kilowatt hour against 12 1/2c for the municipal plant whose lines ran out to the environs of the city, the private company got the business. In order to stop further loss of this outside business the municipal plant cut the rate to 8 1-4c but this applies only to the territory outside the city limits. Those living in the town still have the privilege of getting their electricity at 12 1/2c per kilowatt hour. And of course the city collects no taxes on its own light plant.

About a year ago the town decided it would have to install a newer and more economical method of generating electricity. As McMinnville had had good luck with Diesel power, Forest Grove voted to install a Diesel plant and issued special bonds to pay for it although there were still bonds outstanding on the obsolete plant. In switching to oil from sawdust it lost its best customer, the lumber company from whom it had bought sawdust, which switched over to private company lines.

Forest Grove, because of its predicament over its light plant, is one of the few cities in Oregon which will have higher rates in 1932 than in 1931.

What does this prove? Nothing, except that all that glitters is not gold standard; and that while some cities succeed well with their municipal light plants, others have difficulties. Forest Grove will probably see the thing through and after suffering high rates for sometime get their indebtedness reduced enough to enable them to cut their rates. In the meantime their chief satisfaction must come in fighting the octopus and voting for the Joseph platform.

The Cheerful Giver

DIVERGENT views are taken on the levy of a day's pay from employes of all state offices and institutions under the ukase of the governor. The Klamath Falls Herald commends the generous instincts of the professors at Eugene and Corvallis. The Corvallis Gazette-Times however looks upon the levy as an autocratic draft and says:

"It seems to us that the plan to force teachers at O. S. C. and the U. of O. to disgorge one day's pay every month for five months amounts too much to autocracy. Moreover, it is a totally unfair proposition. For instance, we know a teacher at O. S. C. who is supporting not only his own family, but his father, mother or an invalid sister. It would seem to us that he is already doing his bit to aid unemployment. We know of other cases similarly situated. This sentence served on the teachers means that they will subscribe more to unemployment relief than the merchant, manufacturer or other business or professional man. What lawyer is going to subscribe \$50 for unemployment relief? What doctor is going to do so? Maybe they would if there was some way for the governor to put the screws on them for political effect. The whole thing smacks too much of Russian czarism. The college has always been a good source of Red Cross memberships and this highwaymanship threatened to disturb the annual drive. Chairman Yundt got in touch with General Riley who has charge of the matter for the governor, and he very graciously stated that Red Cross receipts would be taken in lieu of money to relieve the local Red Cross drive, but not the teachers."

Those in reasonable security of position ought to be and for the most part are willing to contribute without pressure; but there should be a method of exempting those who are already carrying a full load.

With congress about to convene the professional educationists are bringing up the old gag about a secretary of education in the president's cabinet. Aren't the schools from kindergarten to university absorbing about enough of the public revenues at the present time without the additional expense of a full executive department? Education is primarily a state function; and a bureau at Washington in all that is needed to collate the national statistics and issue monographs on educational subjects. The last treaty of federal experts into this state cost \$25,000 and stirred up enough friction to run the state for a decade. A federal department could hardly do more damage than the academic theorists who expeted higher education in this state.

It is difficult to see how the funds of the proposed utilities tax could be used for raising the remainder of the health fund. The six per cent limitation is in effect, and the proceeds of the utilities tax would have to be credited to the amount of revenues anticipated from other sources than taxation. And before the additional \$1000 could be spent it would have to be budgeted. The health item should stand on its merits; there are plenty of places in the budget to balance the load and still provide this pittance for public health. And the utilities impost should stand on its merits and go into the general fund either to relieve direct property taxation or to fill up the yawning void of the deficit.

Willamette valley homes are now reveling in chrysanthemums. Some are hothouse grown, but most of them are outdoor grown. Glorious flowers they are, the last bounty of nature in a season that began with brilliant tulips and dainty daffodils. Some fanciers have developed truly wonderful chrysanthemums, large in size and with a pleasing variety of colors. An untimely frost would end their beauty, but until it does there is the promise of several weeks of glory from this rear-guard of the floral season.

The Eugene Morning News is a new publication which reaches our exchange desk. It has been launched in Eugene to fill the place made vacant when the Eugene Register was consolidated with the Guard. Both local and state journalism suffered when the Register as an independent publication ended its career, and if the Morning News measures up to the old Register standard it will find a place for itself.

The other towns of Oregon are getting jealous of Ethelbert and Tusko all right. Seaside now reports a Wapole which they name less mass about twenty feet long, small head, eyes five inches apart. There will be no competition for gate receipts for the Astoria-Budget reports it "is in such a bad state of condition that only the fearless and brave are venturing near it."

Two headlines say that General Mah will fight to the last ditch and that house republicans will fight to the last ditch. It looks like both will be drowned in the same ditch.

A shortage in fleas is reported from Paris. Call on California then.

Yesterdays

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

November 18, 1906

Trouble is brewing in the state portage railway commission. L. S. Cook, the superintendent, has been charged by William Stewart, an engineer in his employ, with padding the payroll.

With the \$15,000 recently appropriated, the postoffice block will be filled to sidewalk level, graded, seeded, and set with flowers, shrubbery and shade trees, according to an official of the treasury department.

Salem has the largest flour mills in the state south of Oregon City. Its 30-inch waterpower turbine generates 200 horsepower.

November 18, 1921

DALLAS — Southern Pacific railroad employes yesterday met at the local car shops and voted to seek the assistance of Dallas business men in a movement to have auto truck and jitney service between Dallas and Salem discontinued.

WASHINGTON — Far Eastern negotiations await the reply of Japan to China's declaration of rights, and the American move for limitation of naval armament is slowing up because of objections raised by Japan and Great Britain.

Four lettermen from the team of last year are among the six orators selected to represent Salem high school in debate for the coming season.

New Views

"What do you think of the operations of the Empires Holding company and its officers as revealed by The Statesman?" was asked by Statesman reporters yesterday.

Mrs. C. P. Bishop, home-maker, "I am withholding my opinion until the end of the series of articles."

Miss Edna Garfield, court reporter, "I am wondering why the metropolitan papers have said nothing about it."

James P. Hibler, barber, "I didn't have anything invested in it. It looked all right but I guess it wasn't. I don't know what the outcome will be."

Joseph Benner, postal clerk, "The farmers a few years ago saw bigger salaries voted so the supreme court members could be above financial influence, and here it looks as though a chief justice tried to rob them."

Daily Thought

"What is one man's food is another's poison."—Anon.

PARKERSVILLE CLUB HAS BUSY MEETING

PARKERSVILLE, Nov. 17 — An accorded solo by Joe Schneider, vocal solo by Charles Sussner, and a playlet, "The Light That Failed," were features of an interesting program given recently at the school house by members of the Parkersville community club.

Although the community club is in its infancy 100 were present at this meeting. The club has purchased and installed a piano at the school house for the use of the school children and club members.

Rosemarie Kronberg will serve as president and Genevieve Smith, secretary-treasurer for the ensuing term. J. C. Todder and P. Manning have charge of arrangements for the next meeting at Thanksgiving.

"GHOST SHIP" COMES TO PORT

See passengers and crew starving, the lost "Ghost Ship" of the Atlantic Ocean was finally found by the U. S. Coast Guard destroyer Davis and towed to New Bedford, Mass.

The schooner, the "Arthur James," 36 days late on a journey from Cape Verde Islands ran into severe storms which buffeted it about and caused it to be sighted occasionally. Almost battered to pieces all her masts gone, the craft is shown as it appeared from an airplane. Last spots its skipper, Capt. Fortunato Alves.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow: "Are you Taste Blind?"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salmon Brown in Salem:

Much local interest has been aroused by the series in this column the past seven issues concerning the fact that Salmon Brown, son of "Osawatimie Brown," was, prior to and during the thirties, a resident of Salem; and showing how large a part Salmon Brown took in assisting his father in the bloody days of pioneer Kansas, and leading up to the fateful two nights and a day at Harper's Ferry.

The first phone message to the Bits man, early in the morning after the initial article was published, was from a Salem lady who wished to see the writer right on several points. She came to Salem from Osawatimie, Kansas.

She said Osawatimie was not on the prairie, but in a wooded district, and that its name came from the fact that it was located on or near the Osage and Potawatimie rivers. She added that there was no place named Brownville near there. And she spoke of the John Brown monument, erected 1877 in Osawatimie.

The Osage and Potawatimie Indian tribes gave the names to the two rivers. The writer did not say Osawatimie was on the prairie. He said the Browns took claims on the raw prairie. Their claims joined, and the settlement was then called Brownville, because after the settlers were Brown. After their buildings were burned and their personal property stolen or driven away, they did not resume their residences there, and the name Brownville did not persist. Kansas has no postoffice of that name.

There is also in Osawatimie a John Brown park. The lady told the writer that the John Brown monument marks the spot of the battle. There was a skirmish there August 29, 1856, between the John Brown band and the U. S. troops hunting them, and a few were killed on both sides. That was no doubt the battle referred to, the field of which the monument marks.

The body of John Brown was buried at North Elm, N. Y., where his widow lived. There were 26 children born to the two wives of John Brown, the last one in 1855, soon after the father had hastened to Kansas to take the part of his sons and their

neighbors. Eight of the children died in infancy.

The following letter reached the writer the evening of the first day of the series, dated, Nov. 19:

"Noticing your reference, in this morning's paper, to the Salmon Brown family, I am sending you what I remember of them, which may not be of much use to you, as there are undoubtedly many who knew them better, and also remember much better than I do:

"Please do not use my name, if you do find it convenient to use the few items which I append. I knew Nellie fairly well, as she was frequently at the home of Mrs. McDowell, being for a time a member of her choir which was under the leadership of Mrs. McDowell. Also, I had a very few guitar lessons from Nellie. She was very musical, as was her sister, Edith, or Ethel (never could remember her name).

"If the Salem Salvation Army has kept records for the 1890s, information there for you, concerning Nellie. I am not very clear about all of it. Nellie joined and, I think, married a member of the army. Anyway, she went from here to (The Dalles?) as an army officer, and I believe her husband was a captain. After that I lost track of her.

"Ethel, or Edith (whatever her name) married Ed Chamberlain, a son of the then, sheriff (?) of Multnomah county, just before a contingent of soldiers left for the war in the Philippine Islands. He returned a cripple, having been badly wounded in one hip. They had an infant son, when they left Salem, going to Portland, I believe. Never heard anything about them afterward.

"I also knew the mother slightly, a good soul, and very proud of Ethel's little men. Somewhere among my effects, I have a 5x7 snap negative of Mrs. Brown with the little grand-son in his carriage.

"This is sub-rosa: From everything that I heard said of the family, the outstanding feature seemed to be their great poverty! I have forgotten the cause, but I imagine that Mr. Brown became too old to continue in business. Besides that, it seems to me that there was an element in Salem that put all sorts of obstacles in his way, to defeat his every effort toward a living. My recollection of this is very faint; and I cannot recall who the ringleaders were, but they were interested in the most business. I had an impression that the family was, somehow, persecuted by those most despicable, all because of what I heard here and there. The girls never mentioned the matter, so far as I know.

"Again referring to Nellie and Ethel: They were both in the choir which I mentioned. Nellie as first violin, and Ethel, viola. Ethel was the most beautiful girl I ever heard of. Both very musical. Had Nellie been able to afford it, and had not gone into Salvation Army work, she could easily have become a concert player, and had not Ethel married, I am of the opinion that she could have done likewise.

"A lack of money, and necessary backing, have prevented so many from reaching a field of prominence, which they could have filled with great credit. "This is all that I can recall of the family, on the spur of the moment.

"P. S. My impression is that the Brown family left Salem in 1899; but it might have been in 1895. If 1879 figures at all, that must have been the year of taking up their residence here. They had been in Salem quite a while before I heard of them; 1885 is nearer correct for arrival."

"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

SYNOPSIS
Leaving Hawaii shortly after her father's death, young and beautiful Fanchon Meredith goes to San Francisco, where she meets Tony, Fanchon is shocked to learn that Tony is a racketeer, implicated in a recent murder. She, too, is secretly wanted. Fanchon escapes in an airplane under the name of "Smith", Evelyn Howard, whom she had met on the boat coming from Hawaii, is aboard. Evelyn is enroute to New York to live with her aunt, the wealthy Mrs. Carstairs, whom she has never met. After Fanchon confides in Evelyn, the latter treats her coolly. The plane crashes and Fanchon is the only survivor. She decides to escape Tony and the past and start life anew by masquerading as Evelyn. She requests a doctor to wire Mrs. Carstairs that "Evelyn is safe". A wire comes from Mrs. Carstairs, stating that Collin cannot meet Fanchon. Fanchon learns Collin is Mrs. Carstairs' only son. Mrs. Carstairs meets Fanchon at train exclaiming: "But you're not Evelyn, are you? You can't be." The girl's terror of being discovered passes when Mrs. Carstairs explains she couldn't believe anyone so beautiful could belong in the family. Her kindness and affection pricks Fanchon's conscience.



CHAPTER XI
Mrs. Carstairs left the room after a word to the maid. The little girl, in her suitcase, had brought up and was on the canvas luggage stand. The maid moved toward it.

"Don't unpack it," Fanchon told her, "there is nothing of my own in there. It must be returned."

"Very good, Miss Evelyn. May I run your bath?"
"Please," said Fanchon.

There had been plenty of servants on the plantation, Fanchon was perfectly accustomed to service, although she had lacked it for eight months or more now. But it was easy to slip back into the old ways.

Presently she was lying full length in the great marble tub, her bandaged arm a little awkwardly out of the water. There was a warm scent of fragrant bath salts. The bathroom itself was quite beautiful, tiled in green and black and white. Fanchon closed her eyes and dreamed. But it was all a dream.

Later rested and refreshed she was in the big bed, with pillows piled in back of her, looking about the pretty room. Emma appeared with a table that was set over the bed and a tray. On

this coast. This valuable mine has not been developed as it should have been, and still ought to be.

CLOVERDALE LOSES FAMILY; GETS ONE

CLOVERDALE, Nov. 17—Mrs. Alfred Easter and four sons have moved to Ocean Park where Mr. Easter has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Harris and family, who have lived in the Turner district a number of years have moved into this district and the two boys attend school here.

Mrs. Girard, who has been caring for her daughter, Mrs. George Sherman and baby son, returned to her home in Plainview Saturday.

Mrs. Virgil Lee of Ventura, Calif., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson.

Bert Prince cut his leg below the knee quite badly making it necessary to receive the attention of a doctor.

Miss Helen Dumbuck spent the weekend at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Dumbuck near Albany.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hedges and four sons and Mrs. Hedges were here at their farm near Madras, over the weekend. Mrs. Earl Hedges is teaching school near Madras where she has taught the past four years.

BOOSTERS TO MEET

BRUSH CREEK, Nov. 17—The Booster club of Brush Creek will hold its regular November meeting Friday night at the school. Mrs. J. C. Larson and Mrs. John Goplerud have charge of the program while Mrs. O. Moon, Mrs. Alvin Krug, who is in charge of the supper which is served at its close. Fred Krug is president of the club.

MAY RUN

Rep. Paul J. Kvale (above), Farmer of St. Minnesota, may hold the balance of power in the House of Representatives when Congress convenes. Now the Democrats have 217 seats, the G. O. P. 115, the Farmer-Labor 1. If Kvale votes with the Democrats they can organize the House and gain control. If Kvale votes Republican, they will have 216 seats. The G. O. P. expects one more seat from New Jersey, bringing the total to 217 — deadlocking with the Democrats.

"Don't unpack it," Fanchon told her. "There's nothing of my own in there."

the tray was supper—invalid's fare... a quaint little pottery bowl of soup, the white breast of chicken, a baked potato and a vegetable, a salad, a cup of custard and coffee. Fanchon hungrier than she thought, looked at it with delight, and at the silver, the pretty china, the bread and butter sandwiches cut water thin.

Mrs. Carstairs came in, in a dark tailored satin lounging robe. Her hair, free of her hat, was lovely masses of it, pure silver, waved close to her fine head. Emma pulled a big chair close to the bed, arranged a tip-top table beside it and Jameson brought in the second tray.

"Your mother and I used to do this, now and again." Mrs. Carstairs commented, and sighed heavily.

When everything had been cleared away—Mrs. Carstairs talking of Southampton, of plans in the meantime, lightly and with calculated casualness, the doctor was announced, he came on his way to the theater, in evening clothes. A tall, good looking man, Wynne, by name. With Mrs. Carstairs watching, he went all over Fanchon, looked at her arm, re-bandaged it and pronounced her sound in limb. It bruised and wrenched. Only rest would cure that nature, he said, and added that she had had a severe nervous shock. He left her a nerve tonic and some sleeping powders.

"But I won't need them!" Fanchon protested.

"They will relax you," he told her, smiling. "You are terribly keyed up."

Mrs. Carstairs went out to the hall with him as he left.

"She's all right," he told her in answer to her anxious question. "I didn't of course ask for details. She's pretty badly shocked by the whole dreadful business. And very nervous. Give her lots of sunlight, rest, fresh air and keep off any subject that seems to affect her disagreeably or plenty of recreation, too, and laughter. She'll need that to help her forget."

After a moment he asked, "And Collin?"

"Mrs. Carstairs made a gesture of despair.

"Terribly stubborn," she admitted.

"Does she know?"

"Only what I wrote her. Which wasn't much. There are some things that you cannot possibly write," Mrs. Carstairs admitted.

"She added as the doctor wood there silent, frowning a little. "I told her I would talk to her about it tonight."

"Not tonight," the physician admitted, quickly. "wait until she is more rested. She is struggling for self control. I could see that. But she is really tremendously upset."

He left and Mrs. Carstairs returned to Fanchon.

"I must," said Fanchon, send back the suitcase to the Lawsons. They are the people who took me in after—the accident. I borrowed the case from them and a hat and coat as well. I could have bought things in the town but there wasn't time and I couldn't get out to get them, she explained.

"Emma will attend to it for you," Mrs. Carstairs suggested. "You are not to worry. And you can send them a check for their kindness to you."

"A check?" asked Fanchon, astonished.

Mrs. Carstairs rose and went over to a rosewood desk. From the drawer she took a new bank book and gave it to Fanchon. Fanchon opened it. It assured her that in a certain New York bank a certain sum had been deposited to the order of Evelyn Howard.

"I can arrange for your signature later," Mrs. Carstairs told her. "It is your allowance."

Fanchon stared at the check book. Money! Under false pretenses! But she had money of her own. No. It was not hers. It was Tony's. She could not spend more of it, she must one day manage somehow to return it to him. Yet how could she, without revealing the web of deceit which she had set herself to weave? Yet this money was offered her was not her own, either.

Nothing could make it so. "It is your allowance," said Mrs. Carstairs again, and will be paid quarterly. The deposit was twenty-five hun-

dred dollars.

Fanchon flushed and paled again.

"But I can't—it is too much. I— she stammered.

"Ten thousand dollars a year! Mrs. Carstairs said kindly: "You will need pocket money. And clothes. I am going to give myself the great pleasure of outfitting you, first, from head to foot. And after that, you may use your allowance as you see fit."

She added:

"I have more money than I can possibly spend. Collin has his own income. His father's fortune was divided between us and has more than doubled. Collin has a seat on the Stock Exchange as well and is doing famously. I have already felt that... that I owed you something. You see, while the estate left by your grandparents was not large, it all came to me. Half of it should have been your mother's. I shall never forgive myself," she said law, "and may never forgive me."

Fanchon said, low, desperately anxious to help by some word of comfort:

"I am sure she did." Mrs. Carstairs eyes lighted!

"Do you believe that? You don't know how happy you have made me! But I will not let you talk any more."

(To Be Continued)



There are financial wolves in every community lurking about

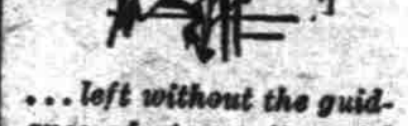
... ready to prey upon helpless as well as fatherless families



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... that a Trust arrangement with this Bank will provide with safety and profit.



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