

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Public Credit

SALEM school board decides to issue interest bearing warrants directly to teachers and creditors instead of borrowing the money in large blocks at the bank and then having cash for those having claims against the district. This will not make a great deal of difference in cost to the district, because it will pay the same rate of interest, 6%, which it has been paying. There will be a little more work in calling warrants and figuring interest on each one.

The district runs continuously from \$100,000 to \$200,000 behind. This is because the school year begins in September and runs till June while the tax collection year is the calendar year and the money is not in until November and December following. Even with this delay in tax receipts the district ought to be on a cash basis so it could close its year in June without unpaid warrants. This constant floating debt is costly and impairs the district credit.

These are times when the public credit is under scrutiny. Astoria is defaulting on its obligations and giving the community and hence the state a black eye. Bend is in serious straits because its big lumber mills have not paid their taxes. There is condition so bad that a delegation visited the governor Thursday to see if the state could help them out; but no way was discovered. In other school districts teachers find difficulty in cashing their warrants even at a discount.

It is a good time to drive home the dangers of mortgaging public credit through the indebtedness of the taxing units. It is too bad the state constitution didn't put some brakes on issuing bonds by cities as it did for the state and counties. Salem is now in the process of being led by its nose to vote \$2,500,000 in bonds to build a water plant when a bond issue of only \$1,500,000 is all that is needed to provide the city with the finest kind of water. If the people do not wake up they will find that the taxpayers will put this two and a half million dollar mortgage on the homes and business blocks of the city, in addition to all the other load of debt the city and school district are carrying.

Another good time to Stop, Look, Listen!

Another Murder at Ashland

ACTION swift, well-directed, and energetic has followed the brutal killing of Victor Knott, Ashland police officer. The automobile carrying the murderers was quickly spotted and was steered into the Rogue river as the men leaped out and escaped into the brush. At this writing they have not yet been taken into custody, but vigilant posses are still in the field, and hope to corner the fugitives quickly.

The state police department at Salem instantly became the nexus of investigation work. The car was traced, the revolvers were traced; and now the department has the men spotted. If they escape this cordon of guards they will still be pursued wherever they may go. And it is a safe prediction that Supt. Charles Pray will get the men and bring them to justice.

The ruthless murder of Knott coming shortly after that of Sam Prescott, another Ashland policeman, has roused southern Oregon, the whole state in fact. Prescott's murder did not go unpunished. The slayer of Policeman Iverson at Silverton is yet uncaptured. Now another officer in the discharge of his duty is shot down in cold blood. The people must realize that the criminal element knows no law of God or man, stops at no crime, and must be kept in bound only by the ceaseless vigilance of a trained, experienced and well-disciplined constabulary. Under Supt. Pray such a force is being built up. Speed the day when it may become so efficient that its very name is a terror to gunmen, that they may give Oregon a wide berth. Professional police force is required to fight professionalized crime.

A State Wood-Yard

ONE of the prize suggestions for scattering state funds is that made by Secretary of State Hal Hoss for setting up a wood lot and hiring men to cut wood for the state which needs some 4000 cords for heating in a year. This would indeed provide employment, but at what a cost to the state. For it would take a horde of foremen and timekeepers to keep track of the men, and the efficiency would be low unless they were paid on a piece work basis.

The best and cheapest way for the state to get the wood is through contracting; and if the total is too large, then to let the contract in parcels to different men. Hundreds of men would need to be employed by those who contract to sell the wood to the state. Thus labor would be given employment, the individual contractor would rate its efficiency, and the state would have no worry about keeping crews of men in the woods.

In wood-cutting the laborer is supposed to provide his own tools; but if the state started a wood-lot to give employment then the state would assuredly be expected to provide the tools. The experience both of hardware stores and wood dealers is that it's a poor risk to furnish tools to the cutters; and the state would doubtless have the same experience unless it made regular and expensive check.

Give the farmers and the wood-dealers a break. Let them tender bids. The bids are sure to be as near bedrock cost as the state has any license to expect in these days of fierce competition.

SAMUEL ZUSSET HAS SERIOUS ACCIDENT

PERRYDALE, Nov. 20—Samuel Zusset of Sheridan came near losing his life when his car overturned at the bridge just west of Robert Mitchell's farm Tuesday night.

The bridge has just been re-decked in the center but not reaching to the banisters. Mr. Zusset got the hind wheel off the decking and in an attempt to right the car and get all wheels back on the decking, hit the banister at the end of the bridge with a front wheel. It caught, whirling the car around. It turned, turning

over and rolled down the bank and would have landed in Salt creek but for an oak tree that held the car up.

Mr. Zusset was quite badly shaken up and received a bad knock on the head.

The car was badly damaged. A wrecker from Sheridan worked more than a half day to get the car up. This is the second accident of this kind at this bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. John Van Northwick and his mother Mrs. Frank Van Northwick of Cottage Grove called at the O. E. Kurtz home Monday.

GUEST OF COLES

MISSION BOTTOM, Nov. 20—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cole have as their house guest this week Miss Alma Blyeu of Crabtree. Miss Blyeu is a niece of Mr. Cole.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

November 21, 1906

Already 40-story skyscrapers are being built in New York city. To keep them from blowing over, the architects will have them anchored with three and one-half inch steel rods.

The thief who made his flight last Wednesday morning with the horse and buggy of a Salem woman yesterday was arrested at Cottage Grove. He stole the horse and buggy from the postoffice grounds where the animal was hitched to a tree.

One packing company here by the end of the season will have shipped nearly 4,000,000 pounds of Oregon prunes.

November 21, 1901

With the Willamette river roaring by yesterday at 24 feet above normal level, the Oregon Pulp & Paper company's plant was halted and valuable machinery hurriedly removed from the sub-basement.

Two wooden bridges and portions of the Pacific highway south of Jefferson were washed away when the Santiam river flooded waters broke through the Southern Pacific railroad fill. Damage was estimated at from \$20,000 to \$30,000.

Two armed marines have been stationed here to guard the mails at the postoffice and in transport to and from the trains.

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked about federal taxes: "If federal taxes are increased, do you favor higher levies on the 'big man' or evenly distributed levies?"

Chris Sheldon, retired: "The big man has had the break for so long. I'd say let him pay higher."

Chester A. Page, superintendent, Thomas Kay Woolen Mill: "The most equitable tax would be the sales tax proposed by Senator Smoot. If it is to be an income tax, it should be heavier on the larger incomes."

Henry J. Millie, attorney: "I think the big man pay more. Comparatively speaking, they can pay it better than the little men."

WACONDA CLUB HAS ALL DAY GATHERING

WACONDA, Nov. 20—An all-day meeting of the Waconda community club was held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Ellsworth Hubbard.

Quitting occupied a number of the group, while others were busy with fancy work pieces.

Special guests present for the day were Mrs. Walter Thompson, Salem; Mrs. Jesse Manning, Gervais; and Miss Irma Blyeu of Crabtree.

Club members present were Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Sil Wayne, and Vera Osgood, all of Salem; Miss Mary Jones of Portland, Miss Hatie Skelton, Mrs. Frank Cannard, Mrs. Van O. Kelly, Mrs. Farn Run-corn, Mrs. C. C. Russell, Mrs. Ray Jones, Mrs. Frank Felton, Mrs. Henry Stafford, Mrs. I. A. Loren, Mrs. Robert Cole, Mrs. F. R. Nesom, Mrs. Charles Hall, Mrs. J. E. Sharif, Mrs. Allyn Nusom, Mrs. Karl M. Brown, Mrs. George Lemery, Mrs. William McGillchrist and the hostess, Mrs. Ellsworth Hubbard.

The next regular meeting will be held Wednesday, December 2, at the home of Mrs. Henry Stafford.

George Lemery and Frank Felton returned this week from a successful fishing trip to the coast.

Lois Purdy, daughter of the author of the marching song, "On Wisconsin," is a student at Wisconsin university.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

PREVENTING WINTER DAMAGE



PUT CALCIUM CARBONATE IN THE WASHING TUB. IT COUNTER-ACTS SULPHURIC ACID FORMED WHEN CHIMNEY SMOKE REACHES MOISTURE ON THE CLOTHES.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A sugar factory: The Bits man still believes Salem should have had a beet sugar factory long ago.

This valley should have a number, will, without doubt, some day. The canalization of the Willamette river, which is bound to come, will go far towards giving irrigation to every acre of this valley in need of it, to insure adequate moisture for many crops in the greatest growing season of summer, when, usually, we get little or no rainfall—especially needed by sugar beets.

But let's take the case of Salem. Here we have canneries and packing plants that use, at a low estimate, 6,000,000 pounds of sugar a year. The 60,000 people in and within a radius of 20 to 15 miles of Salem use, also at a low estimate, 6,000,000 pounds more. The state of Oregon, for its various institutions, uses about 120,000 pounds annually; three car loads of 40,000 pounds each.

Experiments carried on in Marion county, in 1916 and 1917, showed that we have scores of sections with land that will produce 15 tons or more of sugar beets to the acre, with better than 15 per cent sucrose (sugar) content. Not one type of land only; several types.

That means around five tons of sugar to the acre. Figure it yourself. Take 15 short tons of beets from an acre. You get 30,000 pounds of beets, or by 11 per cent sucrose content, and you get 3,300 pounds. And the experiments showed some 18 per cent beets in sucrose content, in unfavorable seasons. And some better than 15-ton yields. None of the land was irrigated.

Figuring not too liberally, on the average per capita consumption in the United States, of about 110 pounds of sugar annually, and allowing an average increase of population of only a few years, and we can count on 15,000,000 pounds annually of sugar needed in metropolitan and suburban Salem.

The beets to make this much sugar can be grown on 3,000 acres of our land. Easily, where irrigation can be had.

Sugar beets are a cultivated and they are also a rotation crop, and one of the best. They leave the land in prime condition for

BEST INSURANCE POLICY IN WORLD



Courtesy New York Herald Tribune

"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

SYNOPSIS
Young and beautiful Fanchon Masquerade leaves San Francisco by airplane to escape arrest in connection with a murder in which her sweetheart, Tony, is implicated. She had not known that he was a gambler. Evelyn Howard, whom Fanchon had met on a voyage from Hawaii, he school. She is enroute to New York to live with her wealthy aunt, Mrs. Allison Carstairs, whom she has never seen. The plane crashes and all but Fanchon are killed. Grasping the opportunity to start life anew, Fanchon goes to the Carstairs' affection wins her heart. At Southampton, awaiting the arrival of her son, Collin, Mrs. Carstairs warns Fanchon not to make him seriously. He arrives and accuses Fanchon of being there under false pretenses. Collin objects to "Evelyn". He alludes to Evelyn's Hawaiian escapades.

CHAPTER XIV
"It was clear to me why you gave my mother's name as reference to the San Francisco school and why your professional references did not date from the Hawaiian period. Naturally, a school which had dispensed with your services because of your conduct was not going to supply you with references. I have never told the people in San Francisco that your stay in the Islands had been in the nature of a visit. If you told them anything, Fanchon's mind was working furiously. Evidently Evelyn had left Hawaii under some sort of cover. Evidently this Collin Carstairs had had her looked up and had found out all about it. And, very evidently, she had given Jennie's name as her nearest relative and had refrained from telling the people in her island experiences. Now that Fanchon looked back, she recalled that on the boat during their mutual journey, Evelyn had questioned her knowledge of the school in which Evelyn had taught in Hawaii, and finding that she knew nothing, had dropped the subject.

"I dislike," said Fanchon, coldly, "all this hinting and implying. Please endeavor to make yourself a trifle clearer, Mr. Carstairs."

"Must I dear cousin?"
"I am afraid so. For," she went on, "you labor, very evidently, under a false apprehension."

"I think not," he said smoothly. "In the first place, shortly after your arrival in Hawaii, you compromised yourself rather severely with a naval officer. A married man."

"When the story broke and you were questioned, you swore that you had never known Commander Gaines was married, although his story did not agree with yours. He said he had told you... and that very distinctly. Your employers, however, gave you the benefit of the doubt, whereupon you distinguished yourself by a very indiscreet, very sentimental flirtation, let us call it, with a native who was employed in a minor capacity about the school."

"You interested yourself in his welfare, you gave him lessons in English, you entertained yourself with... shall we call it getting back to nature—with Hawaiian nature? The man was young, handsome, and gifted. He was also a rather simple soul. He understood that you were willing to marry him... When you refused, in righteous anger and horror he made a scene. A scene which nearly cost you your life. When it came to the ears and eyes of the school directors, you were immediately persuaded to sail for San Francisco."

Fanchon was scarlet. Evelyn! Evelyn! She felt a pang of pity for the silly, weak, selfish and insincere girl who played with fire and led her way out of it. No use protesting. This man knew what he was talking about. Was, she wondered, was everybody escaping from something? She had thought herself the only desperate person aboard that ill-fated

plane. But Evelyn, in her way, had been as desperate as she. "Have you," she asked steadily, "adequate proofs of all you say?"

He looked at her with something approaching admiration. She had not, he told himself, turned a hair. And her eyes, very calmly on his own, very beautiful, were not the eyes of guilt or shame.

"Yes," he answered shortly, "otherwise I would not have made my accusations."

"Your mother—knows?" asked Fanchon and leaned forward, earnestly intent upon his answer. "Well, naturally," he answered in some astonishment. "People... acquaintances of hers, who knew of your relationship to us, and who happened to be in Hawaii, and to have heard the general scandal, wrote her. It was that which determined her to write you to make your home with us. She did so, therefore, after you had been in San Francisco a time. It took her a little while to arrange matters, to find out your address after you had left the school. Naturally, you left no forwarding address! She said... that you should be given your chance. I agreed. She, therefore, wrote you and asked you to come. But in your acceptance and in your subsequent letters you told her nothing made no mention of the circumstances under which you had left Hawaii. That, I confess, is what antagonized me. I was willing," said Collin, "to overlook all that had gone before, your parents' attitude toward my mother, and what at the time, her husband's own. Loyal to them, you were. I could understand that, for I was loyal to my mother. But this silence, this naive acceptance of everything my mother offered in, I must say, having read your letters, I was righteously and I-deserve-it-apart—was not calculated to make me wish to receive you with friendship."

"So she knew—all the time!"
"Yes, of course," Collin answered impatiently.

She was silent a moment, remembering all she knew of native life and character and of the misunderstandings which had before this arisen between the children of the Island sons and alien occupiers of the Islands. "I am not pleading for myself," she continued, "only for as you put it, the benefit of the doubt."

"You mentioned," she said, smiling, suddenly, Hawaiian moons and susceptible youth. "You forgot to mention loneliness. A girl, alone. Is it likely that when offer of haven and harbor and affection were held out to that girl that she should refuse...? Or that she should, as she would think, seek to jeopardize herself by a confession of what, at its worst, was only folly?"

After a moment, fascinated against his will by her smile, by the warmth in her eyes and her voice, Collin nodded:

"You have me there... Al-moost you have convinced me. Let it go, then, as folly. I understand folly. What man does not grow to man's estate? But what alienated me was your attitude... She said swiftly:

"You know nothing of my attitude. Only from my letters. Letters are dangerous, they mislead. I have never been," she laughed a little, "a ready letter writer. I am sorry, I would like you to know that I care for your mother... very, very much. I never knew mine," she added, unconscious of where her words were leading her.

"What!" asked Collin in blank amazement.

Fanchon flushed scarlet. She said, hurriedly:

"I mean—it has been some years since she died. Before that I was a child, busy with the adjustments of childhood, of growing up. I never came close to her. Only since her death, and that of my father, have I felt the need of her. Of someone to whom I belonged. I am putting this very badly," she said, hopelessly. He was suddenly gentle with her.

"No, I think I understand," Fanchon rose to her feet. "I must," she said, "get back to the house and dress for dinner. Mr. Carstairs will be here."

"Collin, please. We may be enemies, but we are cousins," he said rising.

"I am not your enemy," she said, so sweetly, so simply that his heart misgave him and he took a step toward her, "even if you are mine Collin. If you like, I will talk to your mother about what has happened."

"That is generous of you. No, if she had not spoken of it herself, perhaps she would rather not. Perhaps she wants you to begin all over again." Collin said, a little awkwardly.

(To Be Continued)

SCHOOL GIRL HURT AT PLAY, BASEMENT

SWEET HOME, Nov. 20 — Three of the girls in the Sweet Home grade school were badly injured Thursday afternoon, while playing in the basement, when they ran into a low hanging pipe. One girl, the daughter of the Sweet Home saw mill operator, had her tongue severed quite badly. The other two were the relatives of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Benson, service station people. Their injuries were slight.

Dr. Langmack was called to the school building immediately and found the school in a panic. The children rested Friday, but it was some time before they will return to school.

Mrs. Wright Home
The friends of Mrs. Pearl Wright, telephone operator here, were grieved Thursday to see her moved from her home to the Lebanon hospital, where she is in a critical condition. She fell on the sidewalk about a week ago.

At first her injuries were not thought serious, but as time went on it developed into an abscess of the bone, her suffering was unendurable. Mrs. Wright has operated the Sweet Home telephone booth for the past nine years, and this fall was relieved of the work. Mrs. Rucker of Lebanon is now operator.

CONSUL'S HOME BOMBED



The residence of acting Italian vice consul, Chevalier Fortunato Tiscar, in Scio, Italy, after it was wrecked by a dynamite blast which seriously injured the 75-year-old official and his wife when they were blown from their bed while asleep. Police believe the bomb was set off by members of an anti-Fascist organization. Inset depicts the "Jured Italian official."

REAL PROPERTY IS ON MOVE IN SCIO

SCIO, Nov. 20—Among the real estate transfers this week was the purchase of 57 acre track in the DeWane district by Mrs. Ella DeWane; a 150-acre tract on the Rodgers mountain by G. E. Rodgers from W. M. Downing of Murrill; and the 13-acre track adjoining town of G. Meridan to H. E. Winter of Portland.

Mrs. Fred Messelt has consented to look after the Red Cross roll call in Scio.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Blyeu and little daughter Helen May of Cut Bank, Mont., are visiting relatives and friends here.

Mr. Wilbur Funk and Mrs. J. N. Long, both patients at the Albany hospital are expected home Saturday.

A girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Silbernagel near Jordan Nov. 17.

Supreme Representative Fred Johnson of Astoria was in Scio this week on an official visit to the Knights of Pythias lodge.

CORRECTION

RICKREALL, Nov. 20 — The story telling of the celebration of the 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rowe was all right, except that two letters were left out of the honored guests' names. It should have been Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rowell. Mr. Rowell is postmaster here.