

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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Taxes Without Brains
THE following news story appeared in the university daily, the Oregon Emerald, on Friday:
"The hopes of the house managers that the fraternity tax burden would be greatly lightened felt to a low ebb on closer analysis."

Even though the tax cut actually was accomplished, it would not be applicable until 1932 taxes were due in 1933.
"Students would not object to paying for value received," Sherrill concluded, "but what is their return when a group pays \$250 annually for the upkeep of a junior high school?"

What indeed? And what is our return for paying \$250 for the upkeep of the university? Why should the papas and mammas of junior high students be taxed to support the university and college and normal schools, including in Mr. Sherrill's opinion, spacious and beautiful "unit dormitories" for residence? When we read interviews with university men with the mental cramps of Mr. Sherrill we wonder too why the citizens are taxed to support higher institutions of learning.

With Reservations
THIS editor acknowledges receipt of an invitation to the first annual "State House Stag." Although it is the first of its kind its sponsors are hopeful of its longevity because they dub it an annual. It may prove to be strictly an annual, not a perennial. We are advised in the invitation to phone 4171 "so we can make proper reservations". We are not sure about that. Considering the company and all, it may be discreet for us to make the "reservations".

We heard of a proposal that the city council would raise the health budget to \$8000 if the governing board of the health department would "cut salaries." Considering that the city council has jealously refused to "cut salaries" the proposal seems incongruous. The health department will be forced to retrench through the Commonweath fund subsidy even if the tax bodies make the same appropriations. The issue is squarely up to the council and the county budget committee. Either the city and county want this health service or they do not. It has been here long enough to demonstrate in actual figures reduction of death rate and reduction in cases of contagious diseases. But if the governing bodies want streets, roads, fire protection, and other "essentials" and don't want health protection, then all they have to do is use the axe. Considered strictly as health insurance the amount being paid for the health service is about the best money we spend, but we are getting weary of having to fight for it as though the health department was a beggar or a thief.

New Views
What do you think of the idea of giving Tusko 10 gallons of moonshine? This was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.
Harry Plant, former owner of the beast: "Good stuff! Only they ought to give it to me. Ha! Ha! I think there's a lot of bologner, don't you?"
Captain William, central fire station: "Well, I wouldn't care for it myself. I wonder if there was really anything to that?"

Daily Thought
We are made for cooperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature, and it is acting against one another to be vexed and turn away.—Marcus Aurelius.

Synopsis
Lovely Fanchon Meredith is wanted by the San Francisco police in connection with a murder committed by her sweetheart, "Tony" Fanchon. She escapes by airplane under the name of "Sally" and is met by Evelyn Howard, whom Fanchon had met on a voyage from Hawaii. Evelyn is going to New York to live with her aunt, the wealthy Mrs. Carstairs, whom she never saw. The plane crashes and Fanchon is the only survivor. To get away from Tony and the past, she goes to the Carstairs home as "Evelyn". A strong bond of affection grows between Mrs. Carstairs and her "nieces". Collin Carstairs, the son, is at first antagonistic because of his cousin's Hawaiian escapades and her self-righteous attitude when her mother offered aid, but Fanchon's sincerity overcomes his objections. They fall in love. After a happy summer at Southampton, Fanchon makes her debut in New York. Collin, though realizing their relationship is a barrier, cannot resist her charms, and as an inexperienced girl, she had found out who he was and what was his means of livelihood.

CHAPTER XXVII
"WHAT truth?" asked Mrs. Carstairs. She spoke, reaching for her robe and slippers. Her face had aged terribly but her voice was low and her expression had not changed. Fanchon's heart went out to her on a wave of sorrowful love and admiration. But she did not look at Collin again as she answered.
"The truth about myself. He is quite right. I am not your niece, I am not Evelyn Howard. I am Fanchon Meredith."
"Not—Evelyn," gasped Collin. He looked at her then she would have seen that a flash of most incredulous joy swept over his face, blotting out the amazement. Then the amazement returned. He darted a look at Tony, who hands still high, leaned against the dresser.
"Tony's smiling. Nothing was apparent in Collin's face now but sheer male anger.
"I'm getting rather tired of this position," said Tony blandly.
"Wait a moment," Fanchon touched forward. She put her hands on Tony. She loathed touching him—tonight. But she felt in his overcoat pocket, she took out a wicked looking gun, and kept it in her hand.
"Now," she said to Collin, "take him in the library."
Tony went first, prodded by Collin's revolver in his ribs. Fanchon followed closely, turning on the lights as she went. In the big book-lined room Collin indicated a straight chair. He said, briefly, looking at Fanchon:
"Strong cord in the desk drawer. Get it for me, will you? And get it from Jameson."
"No," she said, "better not. If you'll do what is necessary—I'll keep him covered. I promise." she said bitterly as she saw the look of mingled distrust and question in Collin's eyes.
By the time Jennie joined them it had been done. Tony sat as easily as possible, on the straight backed chair, his hands and arms tied behind him. His legs lashed to the rungs. Collin sat in an easy chair opposite, the gun steady. Fanchon, in her plain tweed frock, stood against the desk. Her white face. Only her lips lit.
Jennie came in, and sat down by Collin. He gave her a reassuring glance.
If you are not Evelyn Howard," asked Jennie, evenly, of Fanchon, "where is she?"
"I thought," said Fanchon, as

HERE'S HOW By EDSON
PHEW! IT'S NOT ONLY ZERO!
THE COLDEST SPOT ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE, SCIENTISTS FIND, IS TAKUTSK, SIBERIA, WHERE IN FEBRUARY THE THERMOMETER HITS 94 BELOW ZERO.
AT THE WORLD'S HOTTEST SPOT, THE WILLYS BEACH, DEATH VALLEY, CALIF., U.S. WEATHER BUREAU RECORDED 132° FOR 42 CONSECUTIVE DAYS.
UNCLE SAM IS 'CAR CONSCIOUS' ENOUGH CARS ARE OWNED IN THE U.S. TO ENABLE ALL HIS DRIVERS TO RIDE COMFORTABLY AT THE SAME TIME.
Tuesday: "Growing Whiskers While you Watch."

"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN
Synopsis
Lovely Fanchon Meredith is wanted by the San Francisco police in connection with a murder committed by her sweetheart, "Tony" Fanchon. She escapes by airplane under the name of "Sally" and is met by Evelyn Howard, whom Fanchon had met on a voyage from Hawaii. Evelyn is going to New York to live with her aunt, the wealthy Mrs. Carstairs, whom she never saw. The plane crashes and Fanchon is the only survivor. To get away from Tony and the past, she goes to the Carstairs home as "Evelyn". A strong bond of affection grows between Mrs. Carstairs and her "nieces". Collin Carstairs, the son, is at first antagonistic because of his cousin's Hawaiian escapades and her self-righteous attitude when her mother offered aid, but Fanchon's sincerity overcomes his objections. They fall in love. After a happy summer at Southampton, Fanchon makes her debut in New York. Collin, though realizing their relationship is a barrier, cannot resist her charms, and as an inexperienced girl, she had found out who he was and what was his means of livelihood.

Humanity is Very Interesting; Sense of Humor is Great Boon
By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem
Some of us get along better with everybody than with anything, and some of us get along better with everything than with everybody. Humanity is very interesting, as the Missouri schoolboy said of mules.
Clep Topp, who is in favor of the repeal of the prohibition amendment, tells me he assisted in carrying home an unconscious neighbor one day recently. The neighbor had been, it appears, drinking something erroneously termed whiskey for the purpose of giving himself courage to have a tooth pulled and had over-calculated or something. The neighbor's wife met the party at the door. "Lay him out in the barn," she ordered. "Looks like prohibition is a failure," said Clep to her. "Whether it is or whether it ain't," she snapped, "I'm for it." There was the making of a right smart argument, Clep says, but he was in a kind of a hurry, so he didn't wait.

Queries:
Isn't Elissa Landi a bit the best of the new crop of motion picture actresses?
Are there any better stories for light reading than those written by Arthur Stringer?
What percent of the sporting population attributes the two recent defeats of the Notre Dame football team to the absence of Knute Rockne?
Does the average individual, who declares he loves to sit before a cheerful fire of a chilly night and think, really think at such a time, or does he cease to think?
Is "Street Scene" the strongest motion picture ever shown in Salem or is it only one of the four or five strongest?
Don't you think that much of what we call trouble is caused by the way we've gotten into of thinking in millions, and acting, owing to necessity, in bunches of three or four dollars at a time?
Fifty police officers of 24 Kansas cities were "graduated" from a training school at Wichita, sponsored by municipalities.
A mushroom found in Summit county, Ohio, measured 54 inches across the top one way and 48 inches the other.

One of the ha-ha chaps who make puns, which they laugh at themselves whether you like it or not told me during the late good snap that he was living a full life. Whether he intended a pun or "fall" or "fool" I donno. Anyhow, it was somewhat depressing. The fuel question is not a fit subject for jokes.
Still, I reckon we should be grateful for a sense of humor, regardless of the form it takes, and there is something worse than puns. A few minutes after the human convulsion had acquitted himself of the "fuel life" gem I heard a may say in front of one of the pool palaces. "Well, I ain't never been in a breadline yet." And another man called to him. "There's plenty of time, mister." Then he laughed. He certainly thought that man, that he'd gulled a classic. I heard no other laughs. Depressing as it may have been, the punster's stuff had a more cheerful ring.

Heaven knows the world needs cheering up. Actually, a man was hit by an automobile in this town last week, and he made quite a grotesque fall, too, in sight of a number of spectators. But—would you believe it?—nobody laughed. And folks are sitting through the most disheartening of picture plays without a titter.

The dumps—that's what we're in. The tune-ins on Amos and Andy, I'm told, have dropped off fifty percent the country over, and folks are frankly sniveling over the comic strips in the newspapers. Why? (Not a big word, but it has probably started more talk, covering the entire line from grunts to sermons, than any other word in the language.)

I like to think we are becoming wiser, one generation after another. At any rate, we are doing the best we can, with the facilities at hand, as the man in the desert said when he took a bath in a can of tomatoes.
Hi Higgs, up the valley, is reading a book on the ultimate destiny of the human race. After he has read it and has pondered a while, he'll be chugging to Salem in the old model T and then we'll know what to expect, or at least to tell the children what to look for in the years to come. In the meantime, we cravers for light will be compelled to bolster our drooping spirits (it's odd about my spirits—they won't droop) with wisecrackers and vague theories as heretofore.

Service to our fellows. Great! But, dear Tender Heart, water to the thirsty can't be carried in a steve.
Honestly though, putting aside all levity, conditions will be better presently. You may be sure of it. They must be. And what must be, will be.

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. KENNEDY
The John Brown saga:
In the issues of this column beginning with Tuesday, Nov. 10, and ending with Wednesday, Nov. 18, there was a series on Salmon Brown, son of John Brown of Ossawatimie. Salmon Brown and family lived in Salem for a considerable period, up to the end of 1859; their residence here dating back to early or middle eighties. This series attempted to detail the life of Salmon Brown, as a young man, while he was one of the chief aids of his father in the Kansas and Missouri troubles and raids, leading up to Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, attack, which was one of the causes hastening civil war—and thus sketching the history of the remarkable family that held the territory of Kansas, and defied the forces of the United States army.

This series has attracted a good deal of attention hereabouts and throughout the country. The Bits man has a letter, under date of Nov. 27, from R. G. Collier, editor of "Building Economy", Cleveland, Ohio, a magazine having large circulation in which he says:
"A week or so I noticed in the Sunday Statesman an article by you regarding John Brown, evidently one of a series. In the Statesman which arrived this morning I noticed what may be the conclusion of the series. I am wondering if it would be asking too much of you were I to request you to send me tear sheets of the editorial pages of the papers carrying the entire series? Whatever the charges may be I shall be pleased to remit to you."

"I have been interested in this Brown family ever since, some 20 or more years ago, at Columbus, I met one of the sons, Jason, then nearly 80, who had come to the States to see Roy Knabenstuber operate a clear shaped dirigible just big enough to carry him. Jason, with one foot in the grave, was an enthusiast on aviation."
The letter has been turned over to the circulation department to comply with the request of Mr. Collier. The Bits man, as time may permit, expects to follow up this matter—with something more on the whereabouts of the members of the Salmon Brown family.

Jason, as the reader who followed the series will recall, was the second son of John Brown. He was one of the first four of John Brown's sons to take up claims in the early settlement of Kansas, and he was the one who came to be called "Brooksville", the four soon joined by Salmon. Jason was with the family throughout the Kansas troubles, and later in the Missouri slave raids. He was not at Harper's Ferry.
The father of Mrs. N. D. Elliott, wife of the well known Salem printer, was a member of the party of John Brown in Kansas, when that armed band was operating in defiance of the United States government at Brooksville. Mrs. Elliott took a great deal of interest in the Salmon Brown family while its members lived in Salem.

Be Like the BEE
Provide for Future Needs
NATURALLY, the bee's never heard of Prosperity. He just goes ahead, storing honey for the future, and then making good use of honey when the need arises. It's fine to spend. But first you have to SAVE. Wise saving and wise spending are an unbeatable combination.
The FIRST NATIONAL BANK IN SALEM