

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Short Sand Beach

It was in 1924 that we first visited Short Sand beach which has now been deeded to the state as a park by E. S. Collins, Portland lumberman. With a small party we made an over-night trip of it. Then to reach it one had to take the narrow trail around the face of Neah-kah-nie mountain, which shoulders out into the very ocean. The marine view along the trail was magnificent, one that has few parallels on this coast. Tillamook Head is something like it, and Cape Perpetua down in Lane county. From Neah-kah-nie mountain one may see far out over the ocean, and the fringe of summer homes along the shoreline in the settlements of Neah-kah-nie, Manzanita, the mouth of the Nehalem with its spit of sand where the beewax ship docked centuries ago, and on beyond to Manhattan and Rockaway beaches and Cape Mearns with its light. To the north is Treasure Cove, and beyond is Cape Falcon.

Short Sand beach is tucked in between Cape Falcon and one of the ridges of the mountain which breaks down to the sea. The water runs in and forms something like a hollow square instead of the usual v-shaped indentation of the coastline. Mighty hemlock and spruce rise beyond the short stretch which limits the tides; a creek meanders through the woods and spreads out over the tide-washed beach. On the Cape Falcon side there are agate caves, accessible at low tide.

The beach itself is long and shallow, perfect for bathing when the tide comes in. At extreme low tide clamming is a major sport, with these fancy razor clams to reward the nimble.

Last summer we revisited Short Sand beach. Now a road has been chiseled around the mountain, hanging over the edge of precipices, possessing the matchless marine view like the old trail did. The highway will cut in back of Short Sand beach, though at present there is a half-mile of trail from the end of construction to the beach. When the road is built and tourists roll in over the oiled macadam, then thousands will see and enjoy this little gem of a beach. We hope it may be preserved in its wild state; for the tourist overrun might soon bring desecration to a beauty now almost divine.

One by one the threads of highways are woven into strange places, the remote is brought near, and the charm of distant mountain glen and ocean beach laid open for the multitude. The state is richer for this gift of Mr. Collins. It preserves for the people one of the most lovely spots on the coast line; and saves it from the ruin of commercialization.

## Profits in Bond Flotations

THINGS look pretty bad for some of the big bond houses who have admitted making millions in selling foreign bonds to American investors. One New York institution admitted making over \$20,000,000 on sales of over five and a half billions. Kuhn, Loeb and company made a gross profit of \$4,224,395 on sales of a little over a billion in bonds. Profits of millions look enormous to our eyes because we are accustomed to think of profits in terms of dollars or hundreds of dollars. But when you figure it out in the first case the margin of profit was 5-10ths of one per cent; and in the other case less than 4-10ths of one percent. From gross profit alone would need to be deducted expenses of handling such bond issues. The profits appear large but the percentage of profit is small.

Had the bonds turned out good, there would be little criticism of the bond houses. We were starting out to fill the role of a creditor nation and to lend money all over the world. England had done it for centuries at great profit to herself. Our brief experience has been a sorry one.

Just how much blame attaches to the financial houses which sold the bonds we do not know. In some instances the deals were putrid, as in the case of financing some South American countries and cities. But the great majority of the loans were legitimately negotiated and were for honorable purposes, and no skulduggery is apparent in any part of the transaction.

While the finger of shame is pointed at the foreign bonds because of their political aspect, the record of foreign bonds, aside from South America, is not much worse than that of domestic bonds where values have melted away. Issues brought out even since the depression started have sunk down into the thirties in the quotation tables. Some one is to blame; but it is difficult to say just who. The times are out of joint and the judgment even of the most experienced men has gone sadly awry in many cases.

## A Famous Editor Dies

DEATH has removed one of the greatest editors of the western world: C. P. Scott for 57 years editor of the Manchester Guardian, in England. His paper was little known this far from the seat of its publication, and the name of its editor scarcely at all. Yet the influence of the Guardian under the editorial tutelage of Mr. Scott was world-wide. His retirement from active work a few years ago was the occasion for expression of tribute to Mr. Scott from all quarters of the English-speaking world.

The only papers we think of as comparing with the Guardian under Scott are the Springfield Republican under the elder Samuel Bowes, and the Nation, New York, first under E. L. Godkin and now under Oscar C. Villard. Scott made no attempt at mass circulation after the fashion of Lord Northcliffe. He held to the highest ideals of his profession. He stood for principles which were rooted in instincts of idealism and social uplift, and did not debase his ideas in the race for subscribers.

Out at Mount Angel only \$378.66 of the town's 1930 tax levy of \$5280 remains unpaid. That's a fine record. We doubt if it is equaled anywhere else in the state. Much of the credit should go to the big creamery which has brought prosperity to town and country there.

Brasil is experimenting with coffee as a source of fuel for automobiles. We have had some cups with lots of horsepower in them.

## DESTROYS RECORDS

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 2 — (AP)—Carrying out the highest ideals of the ethics of his profession, Dr. Francis X. Dercum, noted neurologist of this city, in his will ordered destroyed the private case records of his patients, including those of President Woodrow Wilson.

Dr. Dercum, who died last April, had among his patients many notable persons. He considered the records so confidential that they should never be permitted to be seen, even by other physicians, his widow explained.

## URGE FOR WEALTH SOURCE OF PERIL

Whites Exploit Colored Peoples; but Races may Compete

By F. B. COLTON  
NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 2.—(AP)—The urge for wealth that gave the white race world supremacy has created a new kind of "racial peril" that may threaten white rule, the American association for the advancement of science was told Friday.

The new "racial peril" includes yellow, brown and black races and arises from rapid increase of these races in response to the white man's world-wide demand for labor and markets, said Dr. S. J. Holmes of the University of California.

It is financially profitable for the whites to encourage increase of the world's colored races, for these races help produce the white man's wealth and buy his goods, he declared, but this policy may result in an intensified struggle for existence between the colored races and the whites.

"The tendency of industrial development to cause dominant peoples to be swamped out by the descendants of more primitive stocks who are utilized as laborers is one which every wisely-governed people should consider with great care," Dr. Holmes continued.

"Just as bad money drives out good money, so a low standard of population tends to drive out a high standard population."

"The white race's policy of exploitation has contributed not only to the increase of the white race but it has also aided the increase of its rivals," he said.

"In the present period of the world's history, the white race, after having spread over and exploited very considerable portions of the earth's surface, and afterward wrought unspeakable havoc as a result of its domination, has now come to minister to the welfare of its colored cohabitants, because it is finding them a valuable financial asset."

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 2.—(AP)—The annual \$1,000 prize for an outstanding discovery was awarded tonight by the American association for the advancement of science to Dr. Carl Caskey Spiedel of the University of Virginia.

He is the first scientist to make a nerve grow so that all its secrets are visible from its "birth" to maturity.

## Yesterdays

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

January 3, 1907  
Local democratic chieftains are preparing to entertain William Jennings Bryan here on January 23. The opera house probably will be used to accommodate the large crowd expected to turn out to hear him.

The coldest day during the last December was 23 degrees, the warmest 58. Only 4.75 inches of rain fell and no snow at all.

The total estimated expense of the state for the year 1907 is \$1,435,565.88, of which \$1,000,000 will have to be raised by direct taxation among the several counties.

January 3, 1922  
The Marion county road bond issue of \$200,000 has brought bids with a premium of \$4860, or a price of \$102.43 per \$100 bond.

Seeking to make Rickreall a flag growing center, farmers of that district will meet next Wednesday to order seed and pledge their acreage.

Continued upward movement of business and the gradual restoration of normal conditions are indicated in the comparison of reports in the last month with those of December 1920.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

SCARLET FEVER is a disease of children, rarely seen in adults. It is highly contagious and rapidly spreads from one child to another. All too often serious complications follow this disease.

Children differ radically to this malady. A child with a mild form of scarlet fever may pass it on to another child, who then may have the disease in a much more serious form.

I wonder how many of you know that there is a test by which a child's susceptibility to scarlet fever can be determined. This is called the "Dick test." It is based on the same principle as the "Schick test" which determines a child's ability to take diphtheria.

A child's Dick test is a small amount of a prepared toxin is injected under the skin. It is a simple and painless procedure. If a reddish spot appears on the skin within twenty-four hours, the child is regarded as susceptible to scarlet fever. If the reaction is positive this spot does not disappear for from two to three days.

When the test is negative and the child is not susceptible to scarlet fever, there is only a slight discoloration and this disappears within twenty-four hours.

Although scarlet fever is extremely contagious, children do not contract it. This is due to a natural immunity which they possess. This immunity, or resistance to the disease, increases with age and that is one of the reasons why the disease is rarely seen in adults.

Few young children possess this immunity. It is important for them to acquire it, if possible.

A Simple Test  
Many authorities believe every child should be tested to find out whether he is susceptible to scarlet fever. If the test is positive, the child should receive a series of injections of scarlet fever toxin so that he may build up his resistance to the disease. These injections are given at weekly intervals. Their success is checked by another Dick test, to determine whether or not the desired immunity has been developed.

Encourage by the amazing success of the efforts to control diphtheria, it is hoped that scarlet fever will be eradicated eventually. This can only be hoped for when there is complete cooperation between parents and health officers.

Since the test is so simple, every mother should think seriously about the advantage of this added protection for her child. Anybody, talk with your doctor about it.

## Answers to Health Queries

W. J. Q.—What treatment is indicated for sciatica? The pain has persisted for about four weeks. Does this require operation?  
A.—Sciatica can usually be traced to some underlying infection. Try

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

## NO WONDER HE STRUTS!

HIS STREETS ARE PAVED WITH GOLD—IN MAGELLANESE, CHILE, SOUTH-ERNMOST CITY IN THE WORLD, TAILINGS FROM NEARBY GOLD MINES MIXED WITH CEMENT, WERE USED IN MAKING CONCRETE FOR PAVING STREETS



HOT DOGS IN BERLIN NOW WEAR SPOT STRIPES. LEAST CONGESTED AND BY WIRELESS PHONE TELL LAND COPS WHERE TO ROUTE TRAFFIC

## Resolution Broken Better Than No Resolution At All

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Eight death notices and eight birth notices in the day before Christmas are no misprints. The same old common level.

Ab, many a burst of genuine eloquence has burst itself against a sudden stoppage of the throat, and one small trickling tear sometimes speaks more loudly than a rush of many waters.

And ah again, if you would be listened to you must learn to listen and be patient.

And why should a person be vexed in spirit because another person evidences a weakness similar to the weakness of the vexed one?

When one human calls another a fool, meaning to the understanding of those who hear that he himself is the fool, it would appear that there is no need for further words.

How shall we know our neighbor? Note the tone and manner in which he says "Pass the butter," both when he is alone with his dear ones and when company is present.

The bee stings but once, but man stings many times. Once is the superior insect.

There is dignity in a reticence. Sometimes, sometimes not. A reticence of bill collectors is not so hot.

Life is sweeter to him who hopes not overmuch. The year just gone was tough in spots. Most years are tough in spots for some of us. So long as we come through a year in a fair condition of body and spirits, with our appetite for hotcakes unimpaired, why lament?

Much is to be said, and much has been said, for the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. And much is to be said, also, for the holiday and shopping season, which sometimes makes two corns grow where one grew before.

We may laugh or we may cry at life. Laugh when you can, brother or sister, blubber when you must, and thank God you do not suffer more grief than you can increase for.

It seems as if there should be some means of relief, other than singing, for those folks who cannot sing, but who feel they must.



D. H. TALMADGE

sing. However, there isn't, and there is nothing for it but to let 'em sing. I've heard that for serious annoyance. There are worse vocal effects than those produced by singers who cannot sing.

Again comes thought of Mr. Tennyson—"Ring out, wild bells, the frosty light; the year is dying in the night; ring out, wild bells, and let him die." We have—we did—we seemed unable to think of anything else to do.

Quite a lot of rain in December. Isn't the rain wonderful? As a matter of fact, isn't all nature wonderful? As Mr. Whitlitt says, "The Harp at Nature's advent strung has never ceased to play; the song the stars of morning sung has never died away. So nature keeps the reverent frame with which her years began, and all her signs and voices shame the prayerless heart of man." And the beautiful Willamette is having a swell bath.

Which reminds me—a whisper is passing about that the Willamette river has bedbugs. The same old gossip. I've heard that story about the neighbors so many times and in so many places that I pay no attention to it any more.

I calculate a good resolution shattered is better than no good resolution at all. One has, at any rate, the fragments to throw at offending temptations.

Praise be for comedy! Portland, with her battlement and her whale and her elephant, moves us to smile, and heaven knows we need something to move us to smile in these days. A city and its gifts from the gods! Gilbert and Sullivan might have done something with it.

Tusko lost his good name a while back, and whether or not it was his own fault doesn't matter now. All of his present troubles are due to a blameworthy reputation. Nobody seriously wants an elephant with a complex for giving more or less correct imitations of tornadoes and earthquakes. Portland, I presume, might be induced for the children's sake to adopt a nice elephant of sweet disposition, left in a manner of speaking, on the municipal doorstep. But even the genial showman, Mayor George Baker, whose heart is palpably wrung by the predicament in which the elephant finds himself, shakes his head.

There are upwards of 50 public eating places in the city of Salem. Hail to the chef!

Mother O'Leary, Incorporated, is taking over the White House restaurant on State street and Mrs. Olmsted has rescued the Rose Cafe from the dark on North Commercial. Good luck to the Georgians, who are leaving the White House after many years, and good luck to the Olmsteads, and good luck to Mrs. Olmstead. All thoroughly efficient restaurant people. I cannot eat everywhere. Sorry. Lack of space, as the editor says.

Big news from the Wade City-

## "The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

### SYNOPSIS

The Mexican peons, grown tired of Paco Morales' oppression, await the word from "El Coyote," their masked protector, to overthrow him. Morales has enlisted the aid of the U. S. Cavalry to capture the notorious bandit. Ted Radcliffe, a young American, learns that Morales was responsible for his late father's ruin. Bob Harkness, Ted's friend, urges him not to make an enemy of Morales, as he has other plans. Ted is enamored of Morales' beautiful niece, Adela. At a fiesta, Jito, Morales' ward, jealous of Ted, challenges him to a wrestling match. Ted wins, and Adela, sensing Jito's hatred, exacts a promise from Ted never to fight with him. Morales informs Bob that his men will join in the search for "El Coyote" and that Jito has dedicated himself to kill the bandit. Adela tells Ted he must not let his lack of wealth keep him from love. Bob receives a note and leaves the merrymaking. Shortly after, news is received that Jito's vaqueros are raiding the village. When Morales refuses to interfere, Adela leaves in her car. Ted and Morales go, too.

### CHAPTER XXI

Straight into the crowd Adela drove the car. Horses and men leaped wildly aside as she threw on the brakes, almost in the center of the vaqueros. Ted leaned forward, hemmed in by shouting horsemen, an old man stood, bound with leather thongs, and directly beside him a young vaquero held a girl in his arms. Helplessly she struggled there. Her blouse, caught in his fingers, had ripped, exposing her breasts. Laughing, the vaquero held her high up to the delight of his fellows.

"Por Dios," he called, "what a morsel, this little pigeon! I could eat her in one bite." And he pretended to close his teeth on her shoulder.

The girl's head had fallen back, her eyes were closed. The old man moaned feebly.

Ted gathered himself to jump, but Adela had already leaped from the car, and snatching the skirt from the hands of a rider, lashed it full in the vaquero's face with all her might. Dropping the girl, the Mexican turned savagely, while a white scar stood out across his cheek. Once more the skirt bit deep into his skin. He raised his clenched fist, seeing Adela Morales, started back and snatched the sombrero from his head.

"Señorita," he began. "You damned dog!" Once more she lashed the skirt into his dark face, then buried it at his feet. "You drunken cowardly cur! Out of here, you and all your blood pack!"

Before her white fury the dismayed crowd pushed back. Adela knelt and gathered the girl in her arms. Ted still stood on the running-board, ready to strike if the need came. His hands were clenched, but the vaquero, like a beaten dog, crept into the crowd. The sobbing girl hid her face in Adela's arms.

From the outer fringe of the crowd came the sound of renewed shouting, and the galloping of horses. Triumphant the vaqueros raised their hats in greeting. Jito, their leader, had arrived. Now would come the between them and their just loot! Jumping from his horse the big Mexican shouldered his way to the little group. He had eyes for none but Adela, and at her he frowned.

"Why are you here? You ought not be here among these people." He turned to Morales. "Señor, why do you let her come out on a night of fiesta?"

"Why do you dogs come among these people on fiesta?" the girl demanded, and Jito stepped back a pace before the hot anger of her eyes. The contemptuous voice went



"Por Dios," he called, "what a morsel, this little pigeon! I could eat her in one bite."

on. "Your damned wolf pack must have blood, always blood, from these peaceful people. Each year it is the same. Always the same tale of rape and terror and drunken raids along the border towns, and always a shrug of the shoulders. It is just Jito's boys at their pleasure." She raised her clenched fist. "I hope to the Mother of God some day El Coyote seeks you out and finds you at your play. Your cries will have a different tone. You will taste a different sport from tearing clothes from unconscious girls and striking down men already tottering with age. Is there no other way to show your bravery than here at peaceful ranches? Last month at Agua Dulce—yes, I heard about that too, and what you did at Tierra Brega, when your pack went blind mad because the people of the village had fenced in their farm land. You are a brave man, Jito, and a leader of brave men, and some day I hope to God I shall see you all fawning at the feet of El Coyote for that rotten life of yours."

She would have said more, but Morales placed his hand over her mouth.

"Not another word," he said. "I will not have it."

With the strength of anger she struck her uncle's hand aside. "Tell him you will not have his cruelty or cowardice. Tell him! Do you remember two years ago, when your vaqueros raided the village? That was sport too, wasn't it? And do you remember the girl who never became quite sane after those ruffians of yours and Jito's had their way?"

A sob caught the girl. "Be very glad I have not my way tonight, or some of these merry-makers would die."

Jito raised his huge hands—tears of pent-up anger stood in his eyes. "If a man had spoken to me as you have, he would have died. His only answer was the girl's disdainful laugh."

Jito turned to Morales. "I come here tonight to deal out justice to one who defies your rights. This is no time for the interference of women."

Steadily Morales looked at Adela. "She will not interfere. I forbid it. But let your justice be brief."

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Now you tell one."

(Continuing from yesterday:) Under the heading of biography, Bancroft said of "Black Harris,"

"He held the palm as the prince of liars in the charmed circle of the 'mountain men' who were among the earliest arrivals overland in the settlement of Oregon by Americans."

"Moses Harris, the 'Black Squire,' a famous scout and trapper, came to the Willamette valley in 1844. He was well versed in the Shoshone dialect, and was in this and other ways of much service to the expedition (meaning the 1844 immigration). He returned to the states in 1847, and died at Independence, Mo."

Bancroft referred to him again in this way: "Moses Harris, commonly known as Black Harris, or the Black Squire, among mountain men, like others of his class, had the gift of story telling, and was noted for a famous fiction about a petrified rooster which he had seen, on which the leaves and birds were preserved in all the beauty of life, the mouths of the birds still open in the act of singing!"

We find the first reference to Harris by writers of Oregon history in a record of the 1844 immigration covered wagon trains, with the information: "Moses Harris, well known in the mountains among the fur traders and trappers as Black Harris, acted as guide (that is, of the company

under Capt. Nathaniel Ford and Capt. John Thorp). A company under Sublette (likely Milton Sublette) traveled with them from the Platte to Green river."

We find Harris with the party starting from the old mission near what became Salem with Dr. Eljah White on July 12, 1845, in his then well known attempt to find a passage over the Cascades for future covered wagon trains arriving from beyond the Rockies. The other members of this party were Joseph Gale, Baptiste DuGuerra, John Edwards, Orris Brown, Joseph C. Saxton, and two others. They explored up the Santiam, and further south, perhaps as far as the McKenzie, but made no headway in finding what they were searching for.

We find Harris in the spring of 1846 going with another party up the Santiam on the same quest, the other members being the J. M. Garrison, J. B. McNamee, Thomas Holt, James P. Martin, J. W. Boyle and A. C. R. Shaw, known as "Sheep" Shaw.

Still later in that year, Harris was with the party on the same quest, mentioned by John Minor, the party headed by Col. Cornelius Gilliam, and of which Judge T. C. Shaw was the youngest member—and in which was Joseph Gervais. Certainly it is a wonder the Minto pass was not found in time to give great relief to the covered wagon trains from

1846 on; especially since the Hudson's Bay company men had used it up to the thirties or later, and the Indians had come that way from time immemorial up to the early part of the last century.

And the search for a better way across the Cascades went on. That same year (1846), Black Harris started June 22 from the Appleton settlement on the Rickreall in search of the "southern route," and the other members besides Jesse Applegate headed the party, John Scott, Henry Bogus, John Owens, John Jones, Robert Smith, Samuel Goodhue, Bennett Osborne and Wm. Sportsman. The party had a harrowing of many hardships and dangers, through southern Oregon, the Klamath country, and on eastward, and arrived at Fort Hall right after July 25. Henry Bogus learned there that a son of James Grant, factor at Fort Hall, had started for St. Louis, and, wishing to return across the plains, followed him, and was never again heard from. He was probably killed by the Indians. The use of the southern route, by way of the Klamath, Rogue and Umpqua valleys, resulted from the efforts of that exploring party. It is often referred to as the Applegate route.

We see Black Harris in the role of life saving service on two notable occasions. Stephen H. L. Meek, probably on the advice of Dr. Eljah White, who was on his way east after serving as sub-agent for the Indians, attempted to lead about 200 families of the 1845 immigration from a point near Fort Boise by way of what became known as "Meek's cut" (Continued on page 9)

## LADD & BUSH, BANKERS

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