

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager  
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press  
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:  
Arthur W. Steyer, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.  
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg., Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, Belmont Tower Bldg.  
11 W. 42nd St., Chicago, 369 S. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial street.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily, and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$9.00; 3 Mo. \$25.00; 6 Mo. \$45.00; 1 year \$80.00. Elsewhere \$9.00 per Mo., or \$1.00 per week in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

## California's Crops

WHAT is the second most important crop grown in California? Everyone would guess citrus fruit as the crop ranking first; but what is second? You never would guess so we will have to tell you: it is hay. Surprising, is it not? The wizards of crop statistics at Sacramento have completed their tables for 1931 production and hay is second in the list of important crops, and it has been there for some years. The value of the citrus crop last year was \$76,790,000, and the size in number of boxes one of the largest in history, perhaps the largest, 44,300,000 boxes, which compares with 31,300,000 boxes in 1929 with a value of \$119,640,000. The 1931 hay crop was three and three quarter million tons worth \$38,218,000; the 1929 hay crop of a little over four million tons was worth over \$67,000,000; which shows how prices have slumped in recent years.

The third most valuable crop in California is grapes, which might be guessed; and this includes raisins, dried and fresh, table and juice grapes, but the grape business isn't what it used to be either in quantity or price. The fourth crop in point of value will come as another surprise, it is not peaches or nuts, but lettuce. This is the development of the Imperial valley and other parts of southern California. The country surely ate a lot of salad last year because the California production alone was over twelve million crates worth nearly twenty million dollars.

Next after lettuce comes beans, old-fashioned beans, not the aristocrats of the diet like oranges and lettuce, but army and navy beans. Other crops in order were: cantaloupes, prunes, nuts, peaches, asparagus, sugar beets, apricots, barley, apples, potatoes, cotton, pears, peaches, rice.

The 1931 prune production was 173,000 tons, bringing in ten millions. Peaches took the worst licking in prices of any of the crops, the drop being from \$15,495,000 in 1930 to \$3,744,000 in 1931. Sugar beet production is expanding, 1931 showing a gain of 25,000 acres and 300,000 tons over 1930. California has branched out in cotton growing in recent years but the 1931 crop brought in only \$5,628,000 compared with \$22,265,000 in 1929. Though the pear production was 24,000 tons more in 1931 than in 1929 the value declined from \$13,063,000 to \$4,906,000.

We make considerable sport of California, her climate and her boastful citizens. But California is a great state, producing a vast amount of mineral, agricultural and horticultural wealth. And California is undoubtedly our best customer, buying annually millions of dollars worth of lumber, flour, fish, and other products; and her citizens leave many thousands of dollars annually in visiting Oregon, their summer playground.

## Bancroft Bonds

CITIES are waking up to the burdens they will have to carry under the Bancroft act which makes the city responsible for the principal and interest of bonds issued for street improvements. Eugene for example finds that the interest from improvement districts is behind \$107,000; and the city is losing \$6,000 a year interest on this sum. More over a million dollars of improvement bonds fall due in a few years and some property will doubtless go delinquent. While the city may take over the delinquent property it will take considerable time for it to make resales and get its money back. So Eugene is starting to wrestle with its problem now before it becomes more acute.

In Salem the last audit showed that the city general fund had been dipping into the street improvement fund. It was also found that if all the assessments could be collected the sum would not cover the outstanding improvement bonds. So Salem cannot afford to let matters drift along. There should be more diligent effort made in collecting the assessments, and property which is badly delinquent should be foreclosed on and resold.

It is poor policy to temporize with public liabilities; and it is not too early for the Salem city council to sharpen its pencils and do some diligent figuring.

## An Island Memorial

ANALOSTAN island of ninety acres lying in the Potomac river in front of Washington has been purchased by the Roosevelt Memorial association for a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt. It is a historic spot, first owned by Lord Baltimore, and later the property of the Mason family, the ruins of the Mason manor house still standing amidst the riot of vegetation. The island has long been unoccupied, is overrun with trees and brush. While plans have not been made for the improvement of the island, it will undoubtedly be made part of the Washington park system and some monumental work erected thereon in memory of the great Roosevelt. In location the island is just above the new George Washington memorial bridge which leaves the north shore just below the Lincoln memorial. The tip of the island is almost in line with the Lincoln memorial, Washington monument and the national capital.

Washington is already one of the most beautiful of cities. With the proper treatment this Analostan island may be made into one of the most lovely spots in the national capital.

The government has allotted over twenty million dollars to the Indians for the next fiscal year. If times do not pick up we look for a strong movement to turn the country back to the "reds."

Commissioner Spaulding says he will keep silent. Since his fellow commissioners have taken his cue and ordered out of 30% in expenses the silence now seems golden.

The Judd case is developing into a quadrilateral instead of a triangle affair. That little old green-eyed cat, jealousy, gets the blame again, as is usual.

It is getting about the proper season for the democratic war-horses to start talking about having a candidate for every office.

In memory of the late William Wrigley, Jr. the jaws of all waitresses will stop for two minutes at the hour of the funeral.

Secretary Hal Hess is out talking to the grange. We give you one guess on what Hal is up to.

Modern business seems to embrace making one bank grow where two failed before.

Seed catalogs and spring fashion plates are filling the mails again.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 28, 1907

Fruitgrowers yesterday decided that this summer's Cherry fair, at the time of the Pacific Coast Nurserymen's association convention here, shall be changed to include show of all fruits and flowers in season at that time.

Senator Coahow yesterday introduced into the senate a bill for protection of the workman and mechanic in putting forward claims against corporations and companies for personal injuries.

The most talked-of bill introduced into the legislature this session will come up for consideration tomorrow. It is the act for creation of the Railroad Commission of Oregon, carrying a \$50,000 appropriation.

January 28, 1922

The steamer Mexico was scheduled to leave Portland yesterday for Mazatlan, Mexico, carrying as part of its cargo a large part of the equipment of many residents of Salem, who have cast their fortunes with the island of Palmyra off the west coast of Mexico.

W. A. Weddle of Stayton, president of the Oregon Funeral Directors' association, yesterday demonstrated that a hearse is not a truck and not a pleasure car, by loading his hearse with a ton of oyster shells and one live man and driving over a rough road. The law classifies a truck as a vehicle capable of negotiating an ordinary road with a load of over one ton.

WASHINGTON—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, yesterday protested the proposed "wage deflation" mentioned at the national agricultural conference.

## New Views

"War veterans are asking cash payment in full for their adjusted service compensation certificates. Do you favor such a payment by the federal government?" This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Joseph Benner, Salem postoffice: "With the one-half payment made last year and the full payment promised in 1945, it seems to me the veterans have been well taken care of."

C. J. Pugh, machinery business, 550 S. 21st: "I would say yes, because I think those fellows earned the money. It isn't quite right, but I would say yes rather than no."

W. H. Clark, grocer, 2290 State: "I haven't made any study of the matter. I don't suppose it'll do a great deal of good; I mean, I suppose the money they did get a while back is all back in the hands of the big financiers now."

Alfred G. King, Willamette university majoring in political science: "The matter can be considered from two angles, that of the taxpayer and that of the man who will get some of the money. It may be rather hard on the taxpayer but after all those it will hit hardest are those who have the most. I favor such payment. Who knows but that this extra money in circulation might bring an abrupt close to the depression?"

Dakley A. Newman, department store manager: "I don't think so. Better let them run."

Jack A. Johnston, pharmacist: "No I'm not in favor of it. I'm well satisfied along that line and think the rest should be."

## Daily Thought

"The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work."—Sarah A. Bolton.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

VERY few persons escape that annoying and distressing condition known as "sty." You don't need to be a doctor to recognize it. It is unpleasant to look at and certainly contributes to an appearance of real misery. It is amusing to hear the various theories given as to the cause of sty. "Bad blood" and overuse of the eye are among the most frequent explanations. A sty is an infection of the tissues in the margin of the eye-lid. At first there are redness and inflammation. Within a few days the spot begins to swell. The inflamed area increases in size and a yellowish spot appears in its center. Pretty soon this ruptures and pus escapes. The whole trouble clears up within a few days. In the early stages, hot compresses should be applied to the sty. Hot boric acid solution is excellent to use in this way. The heat brings the sty to a head and hastens the escape of pus. Frequently it becomes necessary to open the sty. When this is done, the duration of the trouble is shortened by many days.

Answers to Health Queries  
A—Improve your general health first of all. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.  
B—Mrs. S. R.—How can I improve my blood? I often feel faint, breathless and my heart palpitates—what foods should I eat?  
C—Please remember that recurring sties are a sign that you are indulging in habits that are injurious to the eyes. Correct your habits. Keep the eyes clean. Eat abundantly of foods that supply the necessary vitamins. Wash the eyes with a point to obtain sufficient sleep.

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow: "Toot-toot," Says Mr. Coolidge

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Lincoln to Oregon editor:

One may find in the March, 1907, issue of the Oregon Historical society Quarterly a letter from Abraham Lincoln to Simeon Francis—the writer at the time being a candidate for president of the United States, and the recipient editor of the Portland Oregonian. The letter was dated at Springfield, Illinois, August 4, 1860. It read:

"Friend Francis: I have had three letters from you—one a long one, received in February; one, telling me of the deputation of Mr. Greeley to cast the vote of Oregon in the Chicago convention; received a few days before that convention; and one since you knew the result of your Oregon election, received a few days ago.

"I have not, till now, attempted an answer to any of them, because I disliked to write you a mere note, and because I could not find time to write at length. Your brother, Allen, has returned from California, and I understand, intends remaining here. Josiah is running the J. P. court, about as when you left. We had a storm here last night which did considerable damage, the largest single instance of which was the Withles—a wall of their brick shop building was thrown in, and, it is said, destroyed ten thousand dollars' worth of carriages. I have heard of no personal injury done.

"When you wrote, you had not learned of the doings of the democratic convention at Baltimore; but you will be in possession of it all long before this reaches you. I hesitate to say it, but it really appears now as if the success of the republican ticket is inevitable. We have no reason to doubt any of the states that voted for Fremont. Add to these Minnesota, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the thing is done. Minnesota is as sure as such a thing can be, while the democracy are so divided between Douglas and Breckinridge in Pennsylvania and New Jersey that they are scarcely less sure. Our friends are also confident in Indiana and Illinois. I should expect that the same division would give us a fair chance in Oregon. Write me what you think on that point.

"We were very anxious here for David Logan's election. I think I will write him before long. If you see Col. Baker, give him my respects. I do hope he may not be tricked out of what he has fairly earned.

"Make my kindest regards to Mrs. Francis, and tell her I both hope and believe she has no unhappy when I saw her last. Your friend as ever, A. Lincoln."

Simeon Francis, as said above, was editing the Oregonian. He had been a printer and publisher of several newspapers, and he edited the Illinois State Journal at Springfield, Illinois, from 1831 to 1857. During those years he had naturally formed an acquaintance with his fellow townsman, Abraham Lincoln, which ripened into a life long and most intimate friendship.

Mr. Francis came to Oregon in 1859 and was connected with the Oregonian until September 9, 1861, when President Lincoln appointed him paymaster in the United States army, holding that position for a long time. He died at Portland, Oct. 25, 1872. He took a lively interest in developing the resources of this, his adopted state, believing they justified his belief that in their proper use lay the making of a great commonwealth.

Scott's history says that, in 1840, Mr. Francis was offered the Indian agency for Oregon. If so, this must have been in 1841, and it must have been the sub-agency, which was given to Dr. Elijah White. The unhappiness of Mrs. Francis, spoken of by Lincoln, was probably due to her pending departure for Oregon in 1859. It will be recalled that Lincoln himself was offered the office of first territorial governor of Oregon, and declined, on account of the objections of Mrs. Lincoln.

David Logan, spoken of, was a son of Judge Stephen T. Logan, once a law partner of Lincoln, at Springfield. David Logan loomed large in Oregon politics for a number of years. He was in the territorial legislature from Washington county in the session of 1854-5, having been elected as a whig; that county then including what is now Multnomah. He was a member of the constitutional convention from Multnomah county in 1857, a seatmate of John R. McBride.

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

Bob Harkness, a respected rancher in the Mexican border town of Venad, is "El Coyote," the masked bandit and bitter enemy of Paco Morales, self-appointed ruler of the border country. "El Coyote's" identity is known only to Ann Reed, an entertainer at a notorious resort. She is in love with him and acts as his spy. "El Coyote" wreaks vengeance on Morales for his unjust treatment of the ranchers. There is a high price on "El Coyote's" head, but his search has proved futile. Bob's former friend, Ted Radcliffe, is in love with Adela, the Spaniard's beautiful niece. Jim, Morales' ward, is jealous of Ted. Major Blount of the U. S. Cavalry summons Bob and Ted to his headquarters to hear one of "El Coyote's" lieutenants reveal his identity. Bob goes outside. Two shots ring out. Bob returns and, shortly after, the informer is carried in, mortally wounded. He dies without a word. On the way home, Bob collapses from a wound in his side. Ted realizes the truth. Bob sends for Ann. Against Bob's wishes, Ted calls in Dr. Price and swears him to secrecy. Under Ann's and Ted's care, Bob recovers. "El Coyote" years ago when Morales tried to ruin the ranch, calls on Ann and asks her to ascertain "El Coyote's" identity, and also employs her to entangle Ted to wreck his romance with Adela. Adela and Mrs. Blount visit Bob.

Bob looked at Adela. "This young lady, should be a warning and a lesson. See to what depths the high passion of young love must come at last."

Adela smiled. "I'm terribly frightened, but I know that if anyone threatened the major, Aunt Clara would be the first to scratch."

"Hear, hear," applauded that lady, in high derision.

Bob's eyes softened. "I'm just wondering," he told her, "what I wouldn't give to be just your age and have the dreams your years give, and perhaps to know again what love is like."

Aunt Clara dropped her cigarette. "That settles it. We've got to go before he sets it to music. Love and dreams and everything. I can stand cavalry profanity and modernistic painting, but middle-aged poetry—"

She rose and dusted the ash from her dress. "Adela, come out of this influence."

Adela laid her hand against the rancher's cheek. "Get well, soon, old friend, and I'll tell you another story—perhaps a love story. And I'll leave you to find for me the happy ending."

"There'll be a happy ending, somehow. Never doubt it, Adela. But before that night was over, the hope of any happy ending was farther away than ever before."

For it was on that evening Bob had sent Ted over to Mendoza's to bring Ann Reed out to the hacienda. "Ann has some information," he told Ted. "She won't trust it even to Manuel. I've sent word that you would come for her."

In the little roadster Ted came for her just before sunset. As he circled the driveway at Mendoza's a Mexican stood eagerly watching from among the palms in the patio. He waited in patient immobility among the shadows until Ted and the girl entered the roadster, then he drove rapidly out toward the hacienda of Paco Morales.

Not until she was seated on Bob's porch and the cigarettes lighted did the girl begin. Then, as she sat there smoking, Ann told them of the visit of Morales and of his seeking for information of El Coyote. Through it all Bob smiled silently.

"I think the old devil suspects," Bob said at last. "Well, unless he moves quickly, his suspicions won't help him. Manuel and I are laying plans of our own. What else is new, little oracle of the border?"

She turned toward Radcliffe. "There was something I learned that may interest you. You know, they talk much of you over at Mendoza's. They talk of your strength and of the time you threw Jim, and always they talk as if sometime you and he are bound to fight again. One night there was a man, a lawyer, over from Sonora. He sat with two others at our table, and at a time Mendoza was with him. When they spoke your name this man from Sonora remembered something about you. I made him talk—it's never very hard to make you men talk. He told me that some years ago a piece of land had been transferred from father to son, and the records of it were entered with his law firm. He said that the land was in your name."

Bob leaned forward. "What did he call the land?"

"He called it the Esperanza property."

"Esperanza!" Bob's gray eyes sparkled. "Good Lord, that holds two of the best waterholes in the part of the country." He drummed with his fingers on the porch rail. "It would be too good," he murmured.

Ted's own eyes were bright with excitement. "That was the name," he cried. "That was the name dad used the last night we talked. But how would it get transferred to me?"

Col. Baker, mentioned by Lincoln, was Col. E. D. Baker (mutual friend of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Francis), who was elected to the U. S. senate by the Oregon legislature in September, 1860, took his seat, but joined his regiment in the field, and was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff, Virginia, Oct. 21, 1861. He was one of the nation's greatest orators. The vote on which Baker was elected senator was 26, to 20 for Geo. H. Williams. It was taken in the Holman building, opposite the Statesman office.

Lincoln guessed correctly on the outcome of the presidential election in November, 1860. He received 5270 votes, Breckinridge 5096, Douglas 3951, and Bell (of the "constitutional union" party) 153.

It is evident from the letter to Francis that the latter was "in" on the sending of the proxy of Leander Holmes to Horace Greeley, which was the act that gave Greeley a seat in the Chicago convention for the lack of which Lincoln would likely not have been nominated for president. No wonder Abraham Lincoln was interested in Oregon! And what a change in history that proxy perhaps made!

The Lincoln letter, above, was given to the Oregon Historical society by Mrs. Byron S. Holmes, a niece of Simeon Francis. The "Allen" referred to was Allen Francis, her father, who for many years was U. S. consul at Victoria, B. C., an appointee of President Lincoln.

"I can only guess," Bob replied. "Your father must have transferred it before the crash came. He must have bought that tract when he was laying plans to irrigate the valley, and Morales never knew. That's the best of it. Morales, of course, thought it went up in smoke with the rest of those concessions. Won't that old octopus squirm when he learns that one hundred thousand acres of the best range land he has been using belongs to you!"

"But I still don't understand. Why couldn't anyone have bought it? Why did Morales take the chance of losing it?"

"No one could have bought it, because it wasn't for open sale. To get it you had to have first a concession from the government. Your father got that concession long ago with Morales' influence when they were partners. But neither Morales nor I knew he actually bought any land. Then, through Morales' treachery, your father lost those concessions, but in between he must have made fast to that one tract of land, the Esperanza. Meanwhile, Morales has gone on using it, as he uses dozens of others, preferring that it remain the property of the Mexican government and without expense to him."

Suddenly he stopped. "That is, of course, if it's all true. Who told you this?"

"I can't remember. He wrote his name and the law firm down for me. I have his card in my room."

Ted looked at his friend. "This means as soon as you're better I have for Sonora. If that land is really mine, I'm going to start a little squeezing on my own side of the line. Morales will find he's got a new neighbor."

But Don Bob had already risen in his chair. "If the tale's true it will be a bad blow for Morales' dream of empire. Oh, it's too good to wait for! Let's ride over with Ann. I want to see that name. Then I can do some telegraphing to an amigo in Sonora. He'll tell us quick enough."

The girl looked at him in quick concern. "Are you able to drive to Mendoza's?"

Bob's voice was confident. "Dear girl, I've recovered. You've been the best little doctor in the world."

He went inside, strapped on his shoulder holster, and led them down the steps. In the darkness as they drove up at Mendoza's none noticed the long limousine parked in the shadow of the patio. Before they reached the door Bob stopped.

"Ann better not be seen with me. You two go on ahead. I'll take a table and Ted can get that card from you and join me."

She led Radcliffe down the long, darkened hall, and throwing open the door of her room, turned on the light. "Sit down a moment," she said, and closing the door, stepped behind the tapestry that hung before her small dressing-room. In a moment she had returned with a card, but as the man rose to go she shook her head. "I've got to sing now, but I want to talk to you now for five minutes while you're here alone. It's about you." She reached for the spangled dress and a pair of stockings, then disappeared behind the tapestry, and Ted heard her kicking off her shoes.

"I wanted to warn you that you're in danger—very real danger," came the voice. "Morales suspects you are in love with his niece. He's afraid she is beginning to love you."

"How do you know?"

"For a moment he heard only the soft rustle of silk, then she answered: 'Morales himself. Two days ago he came here. He offered me money to entangle you, so that she would hate you. I agreed because so long as he hopes this plan may succeed you will come to no harm. After that, I'm afraid to think. We mustn't worry Bob, but we've got to—'"

(To Be Continued)

## Mortgages — Investments — Insurance

# Preferred Stocks of Local Public Utilities to Yield Handsome Return

You don't have to go far afield to obtain exceptionally profitable returns on your investment. In fact an investment close at home is frequently far safer and more profitable. If you cannot call, send coupon for information on certain recommended Utility Stocks.

MAIL COUPON  
Please send me information on local Utility Preferred Stocks recommended for sale and profitable investment.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Hawkins & Roberts, Inc.

Second Floor, Oregon Bldg., Salem

## Physicians and Surgeons Hospital Association

Business Office  
New Location  
191 SOUTH HIGH STREET  
Corner Ferry Telephone 5568