

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Says Us; No Fair Shall Ave"
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The Safety Valve - -
 Letters from Statesman Readers

TO THE OREGON STATESMAN, and THE CAPITOL JOURNAL, of the City of Salem, Oregon:—

It seems that the time has come for the veterans of this community to answer two editorials in your respective papers. One "VETERANS' RELIEF" published in the Capitol Journal and the other "REVOLT OF THE SERVICE MEN" published in the Oregon Statesman. Now either or both of these papers are laboring under misapprehension as to the merits of the ex-service men's adjusted service certificate, or are manifestly hostile toward the ex-service men in this community. Therefore looking at the press in a charitable light, will say that the articles are written under misapprehension of the veterans' rights and merits of the claim.

First: The amount of adjusted service compensation certificates issued to World War veterans totals 3 1/2 billions dollars. That compares favorably for a payment of 50% of the face value of these certificates as a loan to the veteran at 4 1/2% compound interest. The veteran has now borrowed 1 and 1/3 billions dollars under this provision. This money has not been raised by taxation by any federal government from any source. The money has been taken from the adjusted service certificate fund and from the War Risk Insurance fund, for which every ex-service man contributed out of his monthly earnings during the time he was serving in the armed forces of the U. S. during the World War. Thus we have the curious situation of a man borrowing one half of his entire reserve at a rate of interest, which if such interest is not paid will completely annihilate the remaining portion of that reserve in a period of a little over 14 years.

Let us see in all fairness to the merits of the case, if any one has conducted organized raids against the United States treasury, and if so who? At the close of the World War after the surrender of federal government control of railroads, the Esch-Cummings bill passed by congress paid the railroads 1 1/2 billion dollars in adjusted compensation and instructed the Interstate Commerce Commission to add 7 billion dollars to the physical valuation of their properties. In addition to that and regardless of the President Hoover's pledge and plea for economy, that on account of the condition of the treasury the ex-service men should not ask for the remainder of his wages earned 14 years ago. Regardless of this plea the railroads have demanded, and the administration is about to give them in cash the further sum of two billions.

Beginning in the year 1922 and up to the years 1929 the federal government has refunded to the big business corporations on the theory of excess depreciation and returned them the sum of two billion dollars. Please bear in mind that these large corporations are on a ratio of about 90% World War contracts and World War profiteers.

If the ex-service men who fought in the trenches and went through the intense military training during the war, for a wage of \$1.10 per day, had been paid in cash on the same ratio as the railroads and big interests as above referred to have been paid, he would now have for every \$1,000.00 held by virtue of the adjusted service certificate have due from the government \$5,000.00.

The argument has been advanced that the veteran administration spends a large amount each year for the relief of the World War veteran. It must be born in mind that the veterans administration has charge of the affairs of the veterans of all wars and by no stretch of imagination can the full amount be charged to the Veterans of the World War. Furthermore no amount of this money is being paid to able bodied men of the World War.

Had it not been for the bravery of our American soldiers at the front carrying our arms to victory, what would be the price that this government and business in general would be forced to pay the Imperial German government and her allies. It would mean for one thing the 3-4 of the profits of the newspapers of this country would be taken as a war tax and reparations by the Imperial German government. In the light of this established historic fact born out by other wars, it seems to us it little behooves the press of this country to beguile and oppose an honest debt and compensation due to ex-service men, and that such indifference would be so trivial as against former conditions herein mentioned that the same would not be worthy of computation. Since we have obtained victory instead of loss, we receive criticism instead of assistance from those most able to render assistance vis., the press.

TO RECAPITULATE
 Railroads\$ 1,500,000,000.00
 Contractors 2,000,000,000.00
 (able bodied)
 Cash on hand 10,700,000,000.00
 Govt. employees who received less than \$2500.00 per year 300,000,000.00
 Tax refunds to large corp. 3,000,000,000.00
 Grand Total\$16,500,000,000.00
 Contrast this 16 1/2 billions of dollars, a large part of which was refunded to war time profiteers (blood money, as it were), against the paltry two billion necessary to pay an honest debt long past due for services already performed.

**BRYAN W. CONLEY
 FRED R. BIRCH
 WM. BLIVEN
 MILLER D. HAYDEN**

HERE'S HOW
SOMETHING NEW FOR HOT DAYS.

By EDSON

A NEW CONFECTION FOUND BY U.S. GOVT. SCIENTISTS IS PROMISED TO BE A POPULAR SWEETENED AND FROZEN DRINK. IT HOLDS THE TASTE OF THE ORIGINAL FLAVOR.

Tomorrow: "Cobras in the Air"

BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Butcher shops:
 Under that heading, G. B. Woodworth, old time Salem boy and young man, now of Portland, writes for this column:

"We call them meat markets now, but many years ago they were called butcher shops, because every shop had its own slaughter house and did its own killing. The shops were all alike. There was always a meat block in the chopping block was a cross section of an oak tree, but wedge check while drying, but wedges were driven into the cracks to make a good surface. They were not sanitary, but that word had not been coined at the time, or it was not one ever heard of it. All of the meat before it was cut up was hung out in front at the edge of the sidewalk where it could collect the dust and dirt and where the flies and dogs could get a good whack at it.

"It was a common practice to let it hang out all night. There was always a chunk of liver left outside and no one touched it. Liver was not popular. In fact it was decidedly unpopular. The shops all gave it away. Not one ever charged for liver. There was what was called 'liver boarding houses'. By this it was meant that the boarding house keeper fed his boarders on liver too much, as he got it for nothing. In fact there were more shes doing this than hes.

"One of the first, and a popular place, and one which has survived to the present day was owned by 'Tommy Cross'. It was located on the north side of Center street, near Liberty. The posts which supported the awning were made from trees in a natural state with part of the limbs left on to the length of some six or eight inches. The posts were painted a bright green, and painted quite frequently. There was a brick wall in front of the shop. A painting of this old shop is still shown in one of the meat markets in Salem.

"Tommy Cross was also a packer. He had a large slaughter house southeast of Salem a short distance, near Mill creek. He had a method for curing hams that gave them a fine flavor and a reputation that extended to Chicago. Many of his hams were sent to Chicago for sale through Allen & Lewis of Portland, Oregon. It would be interesting at this date to know just how these hams were cured. His shop was also famous for its corned beef. He did not wait for the beef to get to a point where he had to corn it to save it. It was corned while fresh, and the whole carcase was packed in a large wooden box, and his successor is in existence today.

"Some of the shops were filthy beyond description. There was one that was owned by a man who had the nick name of 'Dirty Dan'. He deserved the name for the manner in which he kept his shop, but that is not the way a German and spoke some in questioning him, asked how old he and his wife were. He replied, 'My wife is dirty and I am dirty-two'.

"A unique character as far as his personal appearance was concerned was Mr. Nesbit, an Englishman, who was known as a man with the 'golden thumb' butcher with the 'golden thumb' on account of a habit he had of weighing his thumb with every piece of meat sold. His face was adorned with corkscrew sideburn whiskers. He took great pride in them; they were trimmed as he pleased. He also wore a plug hat at all times while in the shop. A good citizen and intensely religious. His shop was extremely clean and his apron always white and spotless.

"J. C. Thomson was another old time butcher whose memory is recalled. He was active for many years. Was well liked and a good citizen.

"The history of butchers in

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

SYNOPSIS
 Shortly after her mother's death, Mary Kennedy, young and pretty stenographer decides to live her own life and avoid the poverty she has always known. She rents a small room and then seeks a position. Mary meets Buck Landers, elderly sports promoter, who proposes to her. She does not love Landers, but his wealth attracts her. Without waiting for Mary's decision, Landers presents her with a diamond ring. He threatens anyone who comes between them. Mary meets Landers' ward, Steve Moore, young college graduate. They are immediately attracted to one another. Landers leaves on a business trip and asks Steve to look after Mary.

CHAPTER X.
 "Do you like to dance?" he shot at her.
 Her eyes lit up. This was what she wanted—fun, music, play. Not with somebody she admired but with somebody she liked. "Of course I like to dance," she told him. "If I go to dinner with you, will you take me some place where we can dance, too?"
 He laughed with clear, ringing amusement at the sheer joy of being well-conditioned and in New York with a date that was provocative, and somehow marvellously agreeable.
 "Will I take you dancing? Oh, stepmother-of mine! I'm going to dance right through my shoes this night, because I've been cramped up five days on a railroad train and the old dogs are wild for exercise. Is it the life? I ask you! Am I happy—am I delighted—am I overwhelmed?"
 He grinned at her and made a funny grotesque quirk with his eyes. "She couldn't help it," she had giggled at him. None of the New York boys Mary knew had such a racy line—she supposed it was because he was from the West.
 "I'm sorry I have that lunch date with a girl today," she told him, "but I'll tell you—we can go to dinner early, can't we?"
 His meeting with Steve Moore had the effect of sending Mary's spirits soaring. A bright golden thread ran through the monotony of her office toil the balance of the day. He was never completely out of her mind, he amused her; he banished all worry. Buck Landers grew fainter in her consciousness. At her work she found herself humming under her voice.
 At the same time, gradually, all of the kinks and tangles of her past discontent were blotted out; she was more patient, more sympathetic with the stupidity of the family relationship she had left behind in Brooklyn. They had no power to imprison her within the drab circle of their own lives. She wanted to be as nice as possible to her sister. Next week, perhaps, she would buy her a small present, a new little dress. Gradually Mary began to feel a surprising sense of confidence and security—and all the while Steve Moore was in the back of her mind. He did what Buck Landers had never been able to do, he made her feel—superior.
 She left the office early and went home to dress in her very best frock. She was satisfied with her appearance, the orchid color of her eyes, the way it was made, suited her exactly, and her feminine instinct told her she would be at her best. While she made herself ready she debated about wearing Landers' diamond ring; at last she hid it in a dresser drawer.
 A bell in the hall two flights below sounded and Mary went down the stairs gaily to meet Steve Moore. He was standing in the vestibule with a smart off and an expression of humorous quirk on his lips. They got a taxi and Steve gave the address of a restaurant.
 "They told me at the hotel that this is a pretty good place where we're going," he explained. "I'm expecting you to show me the ropes, though, because I'm a stranger in your big town."
 It didn't matter particularly to Mary where they went, since all of her senses were invaded with pleasantness. She was glad, though, that they were not going to some oppressively stiff place like the Plaza or the Belmont. Even the Mortgenhoff, where Buck Landers had taken her, was too mature and expensive for a boy like Steve—those places were far too elaborate for moderate youth. A little streak of affectionate common sense gave Mary a protective feeling toward Steve; of course, had he been rich it would be different, but he wasn't rich—yet.
 But no sooner had Steve given the address of Aladdin's Lamp to the driver than she realized they were going to exactly the right place. True, she had never been there herself, but she had heard of its agreeable atmosphere, its touch of theatricality, its coziness and the excellence of its table-d'hotte dinners and celebrated international hors d'oeuvres. It was downtown and, by some miracle, not prohibitive in cost.
 As they drove it seemed to Mary that Steve was the easiest person on earth to be with; she was under no strain whatever. Sometimes he said silly things that were not especially witty, yet he had a trick of mind that saw life through different eyes. By the time they reached the restaurant, he had her laughing at everything he said.
 In the low, softly lighted dining room he continued to blossom; he took charge of the dinner with easy assurance. He was adamant with the head waiter and procured the best table in the place. He ordered with surety.
 They sat opposite each other at the small table and were bathed immediately in the melodious throbbing of the stringed band, which contrived to keep its jazz subdued, yet effective.
 "Shall we demonstrate?" Steve inquired, and Mary rose, quickly willing.
 Steve passed his arm around her and they moved off smoothly with the music. The muted vibrations joined them bodily in perfect, effortless rhythm of movement. Immediately each knew they could dance together interminably without boredom.
 Just by the act of dancing, Mary seemed to know Steve better. It made her happy—she felt infinitely lithe and supple; his arm

around her was strong and sustaining; there was a vigorous clean warmth from his muscular being. "You're the best dancer on earth, Mary," he said, as she yielded herself pliantly to his movement among the other dancers. "I'd rather dance with you than anybody I ever met in my life."
 "You're not, exactly wooden-legged yourself," she replied.
 "Does Buck not much dancing?" he asked suddenly.
 A tightness came swiftly into Mary's body and her dancing, all at once, was cramped an un-rhythmic.
 "I don't think so," she said in a low voice.
 There was something regretful in Steve's tone; "I don't suppose I'll see much of you after you're married. You'll be touring Europe and doing things like that. If I meet you at all it'll be with girls that get their toes under my feet, darn 'em."
 "I'm not married yet," she told him softly.
 "I'm not going to think about it at all," he declared, involuntarily squeezing her hand.
 The music ended and they went back to their table. Their dinner began and, as it progressed, a slight melancholy developed. Steve seemed to lose something of his buoyancy and Mary knew why. They were both thinking of Buck Landers.
 "I'll have to tell Steve the whole truth about it," she thought to herself. "I wonder if he thinks I really love Mr. Landers? Well I don't. If he had billions of dollars, I couldn't have as much fun with him as I could have with Steve without a penny. But I don't mean anything to Steve—I'm just another girl. But he's nice, though, and I'm going to enjoy him while I can."
 "Are you engaged to be married?" "Are you engaged to be married?" "Are you engaged to be married?"
 He looked at her steadily for a moment and then with an odd expression in his eyes he smiled, but not happily.
 "Does it matter?"
 She felt a little pang of regret, a tiny stab of something like jealousy. "Well, aren't you?"
 "Let's don't talk about other people's engagements tonight," he said with a shrug, as he lit a cigarette. "I'm sorry I mentioned your engagement to Buck. It makes me sort of lonesome. Don't you feel sorry for me?"
 "Yes, I do. But I don't see why."
 "Say—we didn't come here to gloom!" he declared vigorously. "The girl I'm crazy about, doesn't even know it. She's perfectly happy and I'm not going to bother her with my foolishness. I'm not even going to think about myself—I'm sorry I mentioned it."
 A suspicion—almost a hope—was entering Mary's heart like a golden arrow. Was it possible that she herself was the girl he meant? Of course it was silly to think so, yet—
 "I'd like another dance," she said.
 They gazed at each other with widening eyes, and almost in a daze they moved from the table and were immediately lost in the dancing throng. His arm around her was stronger than ever.

(To Be Continued)
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Foreigners Not Alone in Defaults

PRIVATE citizens in America who happen to hold bonds of foreign states, municipalities or corporations have witnessed a great shrinkage in the quoted values of their investments and in many cases have sustained losses through failure to receive interest when due. The majority of the issues of South American countries are in default. While thus far none has been repudiated there is little doubt that in several of the countries a scaling down of the debt will be required before the state will resume any payments.

While European countries have done much better, the quotations which prevail seem in a great many cases to have discounted interest suspensions and possible scale-down of principal. Every once in a while we read of some publicist jumping all over foreign states for their faithlessness in borrowing money and then failing to meet the terms of the loan. Germany has been scolded severely for borrowing as much as she paid on reparations, and for erecting pretentious public buildings out of public funds, instead of practicing rigid economy and holding down borrowings.

Severe as most Americans now feel toward the foreigner who owes them (and toward the American banking house that peddled the merchandise) they do not realize that American history is not without its record of default and repudiation. About a century ago the states went on a bonding spree, and some of the debts incurred at that time are still unpaid. For many others there was suspension of interest for a time, which later was made up or compromised. The names include some of our richest states,—Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota. All of these eventually cleared their record, but other states,—Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas still have pre-Civil War debts which have never been paid off. Most of these bonds were sold in England and are still held there.

The period of the 1830's was marked by state expansion and state invasion of private business on a big scale. State banks were financed by state bond issues. Mississippi financed two banks this way. Florida had a territorial bank, Arkansas a real estate bank. States guaranteed railroad bonds or bought stock in railroads from the proceeds of bond issues. Levee bonds or drainage or canal bonds were issued. In 1837 the panic came, years of depression followed, tax receipts fell off and defaults occurred.

Rev. Sydney Smith, canon of St. Paul's, London, held Pennsylvania bonds which had been allowed to go into default. In 1884 he wrote in a petition to congress seeking redress:

"Figure to yourself a Pennsylvanian, receiving foreigners in his own country, walking over the public works with them, and showing them Larcenous Lake, Swindling Swamps, Crafty Canal and Roguish Railway, and other dishonest works. 'This swamp we gained,' says the patriotic borrower, 'by the repudiated loan of 1828. Our canal robbery was in 1830. We pocketed your good people's money for the railroad only last year.' At this may seem very smart to the Americans, but if I had the misfortune to be born among such a people, the land of my fathers would not restrain me a single moment after the act of repudiation. I would appeal from my fathers to my forefathers."

After the Civil War many of the southern states issued bonds chiefly for railroad aid. This was in the days of carpetbag government and graft flourished with proceeds of bond issues as the loot. Later many of the southern states repudiated their post-war debt. Some states,—Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas,—have even adopted constitutional amendments prohibiting any legislature from recognizing or levying taxes for the repudiated debts. In each of these cases a portion or all the debt ran clear back to the extravagant days of state bank financing in the 1830's.

It is not necessary to go far afield either for bonds of government units which have turned out badly. The local improvement bonds of many Washington cities proved a sinkhole for the investment funds of many innocent purchasers, while the Oregon irrigation district bonds, which bore the signatures of state officials and a limited guarantee of interest by the state, fill a sorry chapter in the public financing of our own state.

This gives no comfort, it is true, to the holders of bonds of foreign lands where financial troubles are now acute. But Americans if they know their history, should not be too severe in their condemnation of the faithlessness of their foreign debtors. With American states still having outstanding some \$75,000,000 worth of bonds defaulted and repudiated, and with smaller units of government now trying to compromise their bond issues at a fraction of what the investor paid, our own record for financial virtue is none too clear.

Voter in Wanderland

COL. A. E. CLARK received a deputation from Washington county urging him to run for the U. S. senatorship this year in opposition to Fred Steiwer. Clark promises an early decision and political wise ones predict his answer will be "yes".

That would indeed be an interesting situation for Clark to oppose Steiwer. Here we have Steiwer temperamentally a conservative and a regular who for months past has been waving arms frantically in the direction of independency. And we have Clark, reputedly a progressive, doing his utmost to flume the wild Joseph ideas over into safe and quiet pools of constitutionalism and legality, so much so that independenters charge him with scuttling the Joseph platform.

So it would be a queer race, with each candidate falling over himself trying to run backwards. Steiwer, sponsored by the "organization", elected as a regular, declaring himself his face looking back in the direction of party regularity, but his great frame rushing forward toward moratoriums for farmers, doles for unemployed, and free power via the Columbia. Clark, on the other hand, who has made past excursions toward liberalism, who urged slashing telephone rates, who has prided himself on his progressivism, may be seen in ponderous, tedious manner rewriting the tweedledum of utility legislation into tweedledee, changing "three" to "one" in a commission, giving cities home rule with a snap-back spring in it, and thus achieving the great victory for the Joseph principles,—leaving us still with the same regulatory machinery, and the same rates.

The race will indeed be unique with Steiwer appealing to the radicals and Clark to the conservatives (perhaps), each trying to prove he isn't what he is.

Yesterdays
 ... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days
 March 1, 1907
 Mayor Rodgers has vetoed the council's ordinance calling for licensing of insurance companies. Its rate now encompasses the fee from \$18 to \$50 would drive the agents out of business.

The Northwestern Long Distance Telephone company, operators of the new automatic system, has its crew now camped near the fairgrounds. Plans are for extending the Portland-Oregon City lines as far as Albany.

Following the recent arrest of a Southern Pacific locomotive engineer for exceeding the city speed limit, the company superintendent has informed Alderman F. G. Haas he will see that his engineers respect the speed limit. Haas and the city marshal have given the company 10 days in which to comply.

March 1, 1922
 "Our" taxes have been raised from 40 to 50 per cent since 1921—and isn't that a fright? There is more than \$4,500,000 in delinquent taxes in Oregon. It's time for somebody to protest," declared Judge P. H. D'Arcy at the Marion County Tax Reduction League meeting at Union hall last night.

Preparatory to bonus payments to 3210 ex-service men tomorrow, the state bonus commission yesterday announced that bonds for more than \$3,000,000 will be delivered today to a Portland bank which is to have the necessary cash ready.

According to statistics filed with Dr. C. E. Cashatt, city and county health officer, there have been 10 deaths in Marion county during February that can be traced to influenza. During January there were five such deaths.

New Views
 The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "What do you think of the new reorganization of the highway department?"

N. Christiansen, soap manufacturer: "I believe it is all right for it is in the interest of economy."

E. F. Shoemaker, pastor Court Street Christian church: "I don't know anything about the merits of the particular case. Of course

4-M ON TOMORROW

MACLEAY, FEB. 29—The March meeting of the 4-M club will be held at the M. M. Magee home at Rickey Wednesday. This will be an all day meeting.

ARABIA FINDS OLD QUARRY
 AMMAN, Arabia (AP)—A mokaite stone quarry, last worked shortly after the last Persian invasion of Arabia 1,400 years ago, has been discovered near here.

Daily Health Talks
 By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

TO HAVE healthy hair two things are essential. The first of these is good physical health, and the second is proper care of the hair and scalp.

The hair receives its nourishment through the blood stream, not directly, but through the oil glands. When a disease has developed, the quality of the blood, the hair is particularly deprived of its regular food for growth. Then there is the condition of dullness of color and lack of vitality, and falling of the hair follows.

Disorders of the intestine, especially chronic constipation, are most harmful to the health of the hair. The poisons generated have effect everywhere in the body.

In care of the hair the first requirement is cleanliness. Dust, dirt and tiny scales from the skin gather quickly on the scalp and clog the openings of the oil glands. Frequent shampooing should be given, at least once in ten days or two weeks, according to the condition of the hair. The best method of shampooing is to use a lather of a good quality of soap. This is much better than rubbing the hair with soap. Before applying the cleansing material, thoroughly wet the hair with plain warm water, then rub in the lather, holding the fingers in close position, moving them around on the scalp, thus combining a massage with the shampooing. After the hair and scalp are cleaned, wash well with plenty of clear warm water. Be sure to do this thoroughly, because it is

Answers to Health Queries
 L. L. K. Q.—What causes a small lump, like a pimple, to form under the skin on the forehead? It does not come to a head and usually disappears after a few days, only to return on another spot or part? What would you advise?
 A.—This is probably acne. Be sure that your diet is properly balanced and that your system is clear. For all particulars send a self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

R. M. Q.—What do you advise for falling hair?
 A.—Brush the hair daily for fifteen minutes at a time, and use a good tonic. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for particulars and repeat your question.

"A Reader." Q.—Will cod-liver oil help to put me weight?
 A.—Yes. Should be taken three times daily. King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Daily Thought

"There would be no perceptible influence on the morals of the race if Hell were quenched and Heaven burned."—Charles W. Elliott.