

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Inequalities of School Taxation

At the conference of school superintendents meeting in Salem this week great stress was laid on the inequalities of school district taxation. The superintendents denounced the condition of affairs. State tax commissioner Galloway pointed out some of the divergencies in tax levies in various districts. In Douglas county school taxes ranged from .5 mill in one district to 42.4 in another, the latter 84 times as great as the former. The district tax was shown to vary from 24 cents per pupil in one district to \$157.79 in another. This makes not only for great inequality of taxation, but often for great inequality of educational opportunity for children.

Commissioner Galloway recommended a county unit for taxation, and that seemed to be the opinion of the superintendents. There are three counties now working under the county unit plan, Klamath, Crook and Lincoln. In these tax levies is uniform.

The inequalities of district taxation are apparent. But in the past the drive toward the county unit has been to bring the big areas of timber land under taxation for school purposes. It should be apparent to any one that any such move at the present time would add to the crippling burden which the lumber industry faces. In fact, taking the long view, it is difficult to see how timber land can remain in private hands for a very long period and pay taxes at current rates and compete with the timber logged from the tax-free lands of the government forests. If the timber tax could be changed to a severance tax applicable to operators both on private and public timber then the county unit plan would not meet with the objection which now confronts it.

Our district system is pretty much of an anachronism, held over from primitive days when communities were isolated. Good roads and convenient transport make possible central schools operated by trained teachers and offering a variety of work such as the single-room schools cannot do. The whole scheme of public school support needs reorganization with an eye to reduction of costs and yet without shutting the doors of opportunity to growing boys and girls who will be the leaders of tomorrow.

Too Much Initiative?

LEGISLATION in Oregon is troubled because it is in a constant state of flux. A bill may pass the legislature but it is not law until it runs the gauntlet of possible referendum. Measures are continuously being initiated which threaten to upset laws of long standing and interfere with the liberties and property rights of the people. A few thousand dollars are all that is required to put a measure on the ballot, for it seems easily possible to get the required number of signatures.

The result of this situation is that the political and business structure of the state seems resting on quicksand. Take tax bills. If there is one thing which ought to be just and equitable and not subject to frequent fluctuation it is the tax which a piece of property or a business may be liable for. But in the past decade and a half the state has had a deluge of tax bills. Early measures were for putting all the burden on land, the straight single tax idea. Now we have gone to the other extreme and bills are designed to throw the burden on incomes. Neither extreme is desirable. Yet it is a difficult task to keep the people from voting for foolish bills that may be superficially beneficial.

We have always been in sympathy with the objectives of the initiative and referendum, which gave the people greater control over legislation. But the business has developed into a racket, with professionals taking any assignment and working it for what they get out of it. If street and house-to-house solicitation were prohibited it would go a long way toward ending the inequities which now attend petition shoving. In Washington state it is illegal to compensate a circulator of a petition. Such a law puts a crimp in the game as carried on here, with its reward of a nickel or dime a signature. And another thing, the petitions should remain in the custody of county clerks after being checked, and transmitted direct to the secretary of state. This would do away with some of the sell-outs and hold-ups that are part of the racket.

Fire at Coney Island

MILLIONS of dollars worth of property was destroyed in a fire at Coney Island started when boys touched a match to the creosoted plank walk. This carnival of fun flashed in sudden flame and left ashes in the place where the gilt bauble had lured the pleasure seekers. It has been so wintry here this week we could not realize that this was the height of the season for Coney Island; then we recall reports of the heat wave in the east, with temperatures of 100, so it is easy to see why Coney Island was crowded when the fire broke out.

Ordinarily one grieves over the losses of a fire. But such normal reaction this time is interrupted by a sense of humor. For what would you do if you were on the beach in a bathing suit and saw the dressing rooms burn up, and your clothes and pocket money? There you are in the water, miles from 139th street or Harlem or the Bronx, without a coin for a street-car ride, without a shawl to cover the vast areas of sunbathed hide. The news accounts say there were 100,000 such folk, but do not say how they reached home. Doubtless the New York police as usual helped them out of their predicament. Maybe they got home under cover of darkness, but the lamentation must have been great.

A young gent with a pleasing southern drawl drifted into Medford and touched a generous doctor, an inn keeper, and a local club man for a few days' pleasant living. He disappeared just as they were getting next to his fake. The Medford girls testified though that he was a "good dancer and had a snappy line"; so they may remember the vagrant visitor with a flicker of romantic wistfulness.

"It's just a comic strip—funny and getting funnier" said "Ma" Kennedy-Hudson in announcing her separation from "What-a-man" who turned out to be "what-a-moother". The McPherson-Kennedy-Button-Hudson affair is not so much of a comic strip as a cozy serial typical of the celluloid.

Men have gone to Cocos Island to find a buried pirate treasure. A lot of men have gone ecco before hunting for buried gold.

Sen. Borah was led up to the water trough but refused to drink.



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic markers, etc., Especially "The Parsonage."

(Continuing from yesterday: With the prospect that it will result in giving the historic building to Willamette university in trust for the people of Oregon, the writer proposes to prove that, without a doubt, the building standing at 1325 Ferry street is "The Parsonage" of the Lee mission, and of the early days of Salem, up to the erection of the First Methodist church building here, dedicated Jan. 23, 1853, and long after.

Let us begin with the beginning. "Jason Lee: Prophet of the New Oregon," the new book of C. J. Brosnan of the University of Idaho, has, on page 256, these words from the report in person of Jason Lee to the Methodist mission board in July, 1844:

"A house was wanted for himself (Gustavus Hines) and Bro. Campbell. The plan was drawn out (in late 1841). I thought it (the house) was too small for two families, and it was agreed to build a larger one, the size was defined and Mr. H. (Hines) expressed his surprise. He was displeased and told me I ought rather to have congratulated him upon the noble looking house he had raised."

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

GENERATION ago typhoid fever was one of the most common causes of death. Today it is a rare disease, for the typhoid germ is known, and prevention of typhoid fever is now possible.

Typhoid fever is caused by a germ called the "typhoid bacillus." These germs live and multiply in the walls of the intestine and in the blood of an infected person, and produce a poison which causes typhoid fever.

About fifty years ago it was discovered that typhoid fever germs were thrown off in the eliminations from an afflicted person, these waste materials often being deposited where they contaminated drinking water, while the unwashed hands of a sufferer from the disease, or a typhoid carrier, often infected food.

A carrier is an individual who has been in contact with typhoid fever and harbors the germs without being infected himself. Usually such a person is not aware of the fact that he carries the germs of typhoid fever and is a menace to society.

Scientists soon realized that typhoid fever could be prevented by purifying water and safeguarding all food.

All cities and towns now demand a clean water supply and enforce pure food laws. Public health bureaus follow up and keep track of all typhoid carriers. In this way typhoid fever has been controlled.

But the greatest advancement made in the war against typhoid fever was the discovery of its prevention by vaccination, which consists of injecting dead typhoid germs underneath the skin. The vaccinated person develops immunity or protection against typhoid fever and the vaccination itself is a simple procedure.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

THE microscope was placed over a part of the innards of that bisected sleeve. Colt bent down and gave a turn to the screw of the instrument. A low exclamation escaped him.

"You are right, Herr Commissioner!" "Then—the scorpion was in the sleeve!" "I believe that, too."

"But the bathrobe was put on wrong—" "I know nothing of that."

"Of course, it was! And the scorpion had to be in the sleeve—" "Ah!" cried Professor Luckner, "if that were so, the scorpion would make frantic efforts to escape—most surely it would bite."

With a handkerchief, Thatcher Colt wiped moisture from his brow. "Professor—how could a person obtain such a scorpion? I must know that."

The professor gave a demure wink. "One could go to Durango and look in the cellars of old houses," he suggested with an enormous chuckle. "But otherwise, it would be—well, very difficult to obtain such a scorpion."

"But it could be done?" "Oh, yes, if one were connected with a university laboratory—a biologist or a medical research man—they could arrange it."

"But how?" "Through supply houses who keep the research laboratories stocked with necessary insects, birds—all sorts of living creatures. Did I ever tell you the story—"

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

LYOLA Carew, "The Night Club Lady", is mysteriously murdered in her penthouse apartment at three o'clock New Year's morning.



ready to call on these supply houses!" "Ja wohl! But how? Are you a mind-reader?" "A young reassured Professor Luckner and thanked him profusely, Colt led the way back to our car. Sitting with military correctness in the back seat, he deliberately filled his pipe and lighted it. Then he said:

"It would be possible for a medical man to get that scorpion. The only marks found on Lola's body were the punctures of a hypodermic needle—made by a medical man." "But the analysis showed the solution was harmless," I remonstrated.

Colt's nod was infinitely sad. "Right. But do you remember how Doctor Baldwin as he stood beside Lola reached across her body to lift up the arm that was fattest from him? Why? Suppose he did that strange action because he knew the bite of the scorpion was already there?"

"And he put the point of the hypodermic needle through that bite?" I gasped. "It could have been done," said Thatcher Colt. "I am not ready to say that it was done. But I do want to have a few words with Doctor Baldwin. We have one telephone call to make and then—"

Colt gave directions to the chauffeur to take us to that haunted apartment building where Doctor Baldwin's office was under the same roof with Lola Carew's home. The telephone call was made from a drug-store across the corner of Amsterdam Avenue, one block west Colt wanted the latest reports from his office before tackling Doctor Baldwin.

Flynn was at Headquarters, bursting with eagerness to talk with the chief. It was only a brief talk, but the facts given to Colt were indeed disturbing. The first was that no employee of the North Star speakery could remember having seen Guy Everett in the resort on New Year's Eve. No attendant had opened the grilled iron door to admit the actor, the coat-girl did not remember taking his coat, and no waiter would admit to having served him.

Furthermore, additional inquiries made in the apartment house where Doctor Baldwin made his home, opened a fascinating new field for speculation. It was known that late in the previous evening Mrs. Baldwin had a visitor—a man

running clear out to 13th street. "Night club lady" is in the room—north—for a kitchen, bath room, etc.

In its original location, the parsonage fronted west, toward the Indian Manual Labor School, and of course no other building was in that section; none up to 1846, and likely not until in the fifties, and few until the early seventies, when the railroad came.

The property now belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jepson. Four houses are on the lots now, the one that was the parsonage being the one east of the corner. The Jepsons live in the one furthest to the north, the number being 152 South 13th.

"Billy" Wright, who was a pioneer gardener (the "horse radish man") of Salem and the Independence district, now makes his home at the Doan's hospital. He recalls many of the parsonage's true traditions of the old house. There can be no doubt concerning the identity of the old house. Most of the facts last above related were published in this column September 1 last, and some of them before, and there have since arisen many confirmatory facts—and not one semblance of doubt.

The Pioneer Oil Mill company was incorporated Nov. 1, 1886. The machinery for the plant came around Cape Horn, arriving in October, 1887. The first flyseed oil was made on Christmas eve, 1887. Joseph Holman, pioneer of 1840, member of the famous "Foola party," was one of the organizers, president of the company and active manager. The plant stood where the Key-Woolen mill stands now. Before construction of the oil plant could proceed it was found necessary to move the parsonage. Joseph Holman removed H. Thomas Holman, nephew of Joseph, assisted, and bought the property. The Holmans were among the foremost builders of Salem in the early days.

"Billy" Wright remembers that when he took over the two lots on which the historic building stands, no other house was there, it fronted west, its yard

whom no attendant recognized and who had remained with Mrs. Baldwin until a late hour!

"And further," added Flynn, "you know how I sent a man out to the medical laboratory supply houses. Well—I got something hot. Doctor Baldwin has been buying bugs—poisonous—scorpions—"

"Will they swear to that?" "Sure—a fellow there named Villafraña—he told Baldwin a fresh one this morning!" "Hold on to him!" exclaimed Colt. "I'll talk with you later."

In solemn silence, Thatcher Colt hurried back to the car. Back toward Morningside Heights he hurried. But now a change had come over town and city, as, indeed, a change had come into my own scorpion-haunted brain. When we had entered the drug-store to telephone, we had left behind us crisp, yellow sunshine. Fifteen minutes later the light and warmth of the winter morning were gone. We were embraced in a damp plague of fog.

I felt gloomy and depressed, and without sensible reason, except the fatigue of our long and unlabored effort. Seemingly we were coming nearer to our quarry, and working with multiplying clues. Yet my despondency increased as our car rolled down the steep slope of Morningside Heights. On we hurried, past the little French cathedral—Eglise de Notre Dame—with its Virgin in a rocky niche over the altar, surrounded by the flames of a thousand candles, and decked about with crucifixes of persons miraculously healed. The sight of it seemed to me infinitely tragic and solemn, and this impression deepened as we hurried by St. Luke's Hospital, and Gabriel blowing his long trumpet over the seven chapels of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Down under the roaring bridge of the elevated at One Hundred and Tenth Street read our police car, while the shatter-proof glass of the car windows became obscured with a coating of silver mist that made of the car's interior a chamber of isolation, a compartment of reflection rolling on balloon tires.

I looked at Thatcher Colt. He was refilling his pipe. He looked at me with a lightly amused air that hid, I knew, a deep crisis of excitement.

(To Be Continued)

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HUBBARD, July 14 — Booby Grimspe, small son of Mr. and Mrs. George Grimspe, with his pony, Peanut, is spending a couple of weeks at the farm home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bauman, George Jr. will join them as soon as he is fully recovered from a "spill" he took off the pony a few days ago.



Increase Your Balance Have Money WHEN you sign your name on checks your bank balance goes down, Down, DOWN. Before you sign is the time to think... not AFTER your Money is GONE. Regrets won't bring back your money. START SAVING REGULARLY NOW We Welcome YOUR Banking Business

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK SALEM, ORE. Member Federal Reserve System A Strong Bank, Thoughtfully Managed

COX IN HOSPITAL. INDEPENDENCE, July 14. — Paul Cox, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, underwent an operation for appendicitis Monday at a Salem hospital.