

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Taxing Municipally Owned Utilities

THE meeting of the interim committee of the legislature to consider the question of taxing municipally owned utilities prompts the ever querulous Portland Journal to ask some questions:

Should municipally owned electric plants pay taxes the same as privately owned plants? Should city water plants be taxed? If these municipal utilities are to be taxed, what about port and dock property and all other property a city may own? Is, or is not, the proposed plan to tax city-owned power and light companies a scheme of the privately owned power and light companies? Well, the committee was organized to study precisely these questions; and its report ought to be informative. It is designed to point the way for practice in this state. We might crack the problem open however and see what the kernel of the thing is.

The whole business arose in the matter of rate comparisons. Publicly owned electric plants advertised to the world their low rates for electric energy. Then the private companies replied that municipal plants pay no taxes, so the comparisons are unfair. It is obvious there can be no fair comparison unless the same basis is used. Accordingly either municipal plants should pay taxes, or in their reports the tax element should be computed so the true facts would be apparent.

Within its own area there is little difference whether the city water plant or light plant is taxed or not. The usual practice of these utilities has been to keep charges just as low as would take care of operating expenses and capital obligations. To allow city councils to dip into funds of the utility for running expenses has been recognized as a danger, because the spenders can always think up good reasons for spending more money. The injustice comes however in the levy of taxes for the larger units. Take Eugene and Albany. In the former the publicly owned water and electric properties are all off the taxrolls; while Albany assesses those facilities in that city because they are privately owned. So in the levy of state and county taxes in Eugene that vast investment escapes taxation whereas the Albany property has to bear it. The net result is that the rate-payers in Eugene can get these services at a little lower price than Albany because the rate-payers there have to pay enough to cover the private company's county and state taxes. The difference amounts to little in small communities; but in the case of large cities, like Seattle which has gone into public ownership in a big way, the difference is real and is felt by the outside counties.

We will fire some questions back at the Journal: Why should taxpayers in Linn county pay more taxes to the state to relieve Eugene utility property of paying any taxes? Is it fair for Seattle's fifteen million dollar street railway to be off the tax rolls and to shift the burden it formerly carried to the rest of the counties of the state? Is or is not the resistance of municipally owned power plants to taxation due to a desire to make their rates appear lower in comparison with private plants? We have no feeling at all in the matter. So far as local taxes go the community may decide for itself whether it wants to pay taxes all directly or in part indirectly through higher rates of its municipal services. When it comes to paying county and state taxes there should be justice between the two classes of communities. It is not a question of encouraging or discouraging public ownership, but of fairness in tax levies among communities.

The Portland Journal grows sad because every child born in this county must carry a burden of \$250 debt. Don't worry about that, every one that dies goes out from under the \$250. Also, since the American debt is practically all internal, we might figure that each child born "owns" \$250 in government bonds, which cancels the debt. That must be the way the baby figures it, because we don't recall hearing one cry because of his debts.

The governor called in officials and prominent citizens to talk over state finances which are in a big red mess. That's just the same kind of conference husband and wife engage in about once a week after the kiddies have gone to bed. And they arrived at the same decision, — to hold another meeting.

Some jobless are starting a fresh hunger march on Washington. This is hardly necessary as government officials are aware of acute distress everywhere; and there is no justice in piling up the needy upon the mercies of the people of Washington city.

Doc Riley refers to the new administration as Franklin D. Roosevelt, or Al. Perhaps but it looked for awhile like Al was "let tu Brute".

Cottage Grove people couldn't understand why their paper was so much better last week. Gilbert Beale explains to them this week he had to go to press without any editorial.

We haven't heard of anyone pouring out his likker now that he is violating no law by possessing same, in order to demonstrate his personal liberty.

A New York divine came out to Portland and suggested the barter method of paying the preacher. That's all right, but preacher's families like to have something to eat besides carrots.

A Portland legislator proposes quarterly payment of taxes. That will just double the pain of paying money to the tax gatherer.

The p. of w. climbed a wall and beat a drum at Belfast. And didn't fall off either.

Reports from the negroes cooperative are to the effect that the buying this year is "hand-to-mouth". That would seem appropriate for walnuts, all right.

Half of Chicago is reported up for tax sale. Wouldn't be interested if it were all up for sale.

What about a prophet and honor in his home town? Each candidate for congress in this district lost his home county.

An Iowa has named his 11th child, a daughter, "Fins". Who knows, maybe she will be the finest?

The great question in Oregon now is, who will be minister to Slam?

"Forgotten man" promises to become the national counterpart of "free power without cost to the taxpayers".

Dempsey's manager, Sacks, is defendant in a damage suit. Just the conventional sack suit.

And Oregon City may now have a homecoming — for Ed Brodie.

"Deutschland uber Hitler"



Yesterdays

Of Old Salem Towns Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

November 19, 1907 BOISE — Sarah Emily Flood, daughter of the late General Joseph Lane, first governor of Oregon Territory, and widow of John Crowd Flood, pioneer merchant of Roseburg, Ore., died here November 17 at the age of 73 years.

Enrollment at Willamette university is greater now than at any other period in its history. There are over 608 students now registered and more are coming in every day, giving hopes that the goal of 700 will be reached.

Sheriff Stevens of Multnomah county has written Sheriff Culver here to ascertain if a nice bay horse he took with the capture of a gang of horse thieves had been stolen from Marion county.

November 19, 1922 P. J. Hanley, treasurer of the Catholic Civic Rights association, reports to the secretary of state an expenditure of \$27,374 in opposing the anti-provincial school bill prior to the November 7 election.

Sweepstakes in the Independence corn show held yesterday were won by T. L. Hartman for single ear exhibit, Norval Pease for 10 ears and T. L. Hartman for 50 ears. All are of Independence. Class B winners were Mark Capps, Jr., for 10 ears, Charles Wilson of Independence for 50 ears.

Football scores yesterday: Oregon 10, Oregon Aggies 9; California Bears 61, Nevada 13; University of Washington 12, Stanford university 8.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND, United States Sanitar from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

IN RECENT years there has been much discussion about the value of hot lunches for school children. Many of our modern schools are so equipped that the school child can have a hot dish at noon-time. This is a good thing, of course, but I think too little has been said about the importance of breakfast for the growing child.

The practice of rushing through the morning meal, grabbing coffee and toast at breakfast time, is all too common in this country. Children who see the grown-ups in this manner naturally are tempted to do likewise. This meal should be at an appointed time every morning. The child should be awakened at an early hour so that he will have ample time to attend to his daily toilet and to dress in leisure. When he is seated at the table he should know there is plenty of time to eat slowly and deliberately. The youngster should never be sent off to school unless he has performed a good substantial breakfast.

Eating breakfast in the proper manner is a habit that should be taught every child. It can only be acquired by beginning early to carefully regulate the first meal of the day. The breakfast should consist of fruit or orange juice, a hot cereal, an egg, toast and milk. Children should not be given coffee or tea. In cold weather a hot beverage, such as hot chocolate or some other similar preparation, may be given. The importance of a good breakfast for every school child cannot be overestimated. It makes for health and for mental progress. It has been found that children who go to school with empty stomachs are backward in their growth and brain development. They are incapable of giving the necessary attention to their studies.

For Mental Energy The energy required for good school work cannot be supplied without the eating of the right food. Foods supplying the necessary calories of heat must be offered in the form of a nourishing breakfast. Bear in mind that mental fatigue is similar in its cause to physical fatigue and can be prevented by proper nourishment. The child who is well nourished is healthy and happy. He makes good grades in school work and school speaks to him. The child who is ill or undernourished is not happy and rarely makes the desired strides in his work. If you are not satisfied with the report of your child, check up on his breakfast. Encourage the eating of cereals or a hot plate at breakfast time. A good breakfast has often been described as a meal "that strikes to the ribs and lasts all morning". It supplies the necessary strength and energy that the child will need for his morning activities.

Answers to Health Queries Q.—What is good for various veins? A.—For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope. (Copyright, 1932, R. S. C.)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

First Congregational church: 80th anniversary of founding: (Continuing from yesterday:) "There were some houses and other buildings near where the Salem flouring mill now stands (the site of the paper mill.) In one of these, belonging to J. W. NeSmith, (one of the houses of the legislature held its sessions in 1855, and it was the capitol building for the time. Dr. Belt had a dwelling on Cottage street, and there were some houses scattered here and there between Cottage street and Commercial street. The Market House (where the Masonic temple stands now), on High street, was then built, and the supreme court held its session in it in December, 1852.

"At that time, little had been done to redeem the present townsite of Salem from the wilderness. "All west of Commercial street to the river, from North Mill creek, including Marion square, was a dense thicket of trees and brush, and the thick brush extended in patches as far south as State street. "THERE WAS A SCHOOL HOUSE on the lot now owned by Charles Claggett, just south of Marion square. "The stately trees that now adorn the square were then small saplings, not 20 feet high. "When the late Rev. O. Dickinson built his residence west of Front street, he had to cut a road to it through dense brush — and it was many years before he could see out to observe the growing city from his residence. (It was the second house north of the northwest corner of Union and Front streets, and still stands.) . . . The Willamette river flowed clear and beautiful as now, between banks covered with cottonwood, alder, maple, ash, and the towering fir, undisturbed by crafts of commerce, except the bateau and the Indian canoe.

"I remember the OLD METH-ODIST PARSONAGE, which occupied the present site of the Thomas Kay woolen mills. (Now standing at 1235 Ferry street, and in process of passing to the ownership of the people of the state of Oregon as a memorial building, in the trusteeship of Willamette university.) It was situated on a most beautiful spot, shaded by magnificent oaks. . . . (Under these oaks the family of Rev. Gustav Hines had camped while "the parsonage" was being built, in 1841-2.)

"Then what is called East Salem, east of Winter street, was a wheat field. . . . Between this field and the more thickly settled parts of the town on the west were here and there patches of grass where I have staked my horse, held to a stake or bush by the lasso which we then generally carried attached to our saddles, as our horses had then to depend on grass for feed, as the TIME FOR RAISING OATS had not then arrived in Oregon. The feed was ample, however, for those Indian and Spanish ponies could travel a long day's journey, fed only on the native grasses, then everywhere abundant.

"In those days prices were high. For a set of common rough chairs Mr. Watt, the chairmaker, charged \$12. A common bedstead was worth \$20; a two horse wagon \$200, and ordinary work horses \$200. I remember that Hon. Fred Waymire sold his oxen that had hauled him to Oregon across the plains for \$100 each. The people were generally thrifty.

New Views

The question asked by Statesman reporter yesterday was: "What do you think of the 50 per cent reduction in auto license fees which the state motor association will propose to the legislature?"

L. O. Cramer, laborer: "I think at least a 50 per cent cut should be made. In fact, the \$3 proposal will get a strong backing among the common man, I believe. It's too bad the man with money can pay a high license and the man without the \$3 fee."

John A. Switzer, farmer: "That sure would help me out. I had to go without my truck several weeks when I needed it last summer, because I couldn't pay \$35 for a license."

Jim Frontry, mechanic: "Lots of cars are standing idle in garages. The owners can't buy licenses. I should think the state would profit by lowering the license fee so more people could operate their cars. They'd pay in more on gas taxes than."

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

SYNOPSIS Priscilla, lovely young daughter of the late Sir John Harradine, Captain-General of the Lewward Isles, leaves the West Indies aboard the "Centaur" bound for England. She is accompanied by the pompous, middle-aged Major Sands, who seeks to win her hand and fortune. The time is about 1690; the scene, the Spanish Main.

CHAPTER TWO

Bartholomew Sands had acted as the Captain-General's second-in-command. He had lived at Government House with them so long that Miss Priscilla had come to look upon him as of the family, and was glad enough to lean upon him now. And the Major was even more glad to be leaned upon. His hopes of succeeding Sir John in the viceroyalty of Antigua were slight. Not that in his view he lacked the ability. He knew that he had ability to spare. But court favor in these matters, he supposed, counted for more than talent or experience; and court favor no doubt would be filling the vacant post with some insipid fribble from the colonies. The perception of this quickened his further perception that his first duty was to Miss Priscilla. He told her so, and overwhelmed the child by this display of what she accounted an altruistic nobility. For she was under the assumption that his natural place was in her father's vacant seat, an assumption which he was far from wishing to dispel. It might matter little when weighed against her possible need of him. She would be going home to England now. The voyage was long, tedious, and fraught with many perils. To him it was as inconceivable as it was intolerable that she should take this voyage unaccompanied and unprotected. Even though he should jeopardize his chances of the succession of the viceroyalty as a consequence of leaving the island at such a time, yet his sense of duty to herself and his regard for her left him no choice. Also, he added, with impressive conviction, it was what her father would have wished.

Overbearing her gentle objections to this self-sacrifice, he had taken himself leave of Sir John, and appointed Captain Grey to the lieutenant-governorship until fresh orders should come from Whitehall. And so he had shipped himself with her aboard the Centaur, and with her at first had been her black waiting-woman Isabella. Unfortunately, the Negress had suffered so terribly from seasickness that it was impossible to take her on board. So the Centaur had had to be content with her own maid, Miss Priscilla must wait upon herself. Major Sands had chosen the Centaur for her fine roominess and seaworthy qualities despite the fact that before setting a course for home her master had business to transact further south in Barbadoes. If anything, the Major actually welcomed this prolongation of the voyage, and consequently of this close and intimate association with Miss Priscilla. It was in his calculating nature to proceed slowly, to spill nothing by precipitancy. He realized that his wooing of Sir John Harradine's heiress, which, indeed, had not begun until Sir John's death had cast her, as it were, upon his hands, must be conducted yet some little way before he could account that he had won her. There were certain disadvantages

to be overcome, certain possible prejudices to be broken down. After all, although undoubtedly a very personable man — a fact of which his mirror gave him the most confident assurance — there was an undeniable disparity of age between them. Miss Priscilla was not yet twenty-five, whilst Major Sands had already turned his back on forty, and was growing rather bald under his golden peruke. At first he had clearly perceived that she was but too conscious of his years. She had treated him with an almost filial deference, which had brought him some pain and more dismay. With the close association that had been theirs and the suggestive still with which he had come to establish a sense of appreciation for her, this attitude in her was being gradually dispelled. He looked now to the voyage to enable him to complete the work so well begun. He would be a dolt, indeed, if he could not contrive that this extremely desirable lady and her equally desirable fortune should be contracted to him before they cast anchor in Plymouth. It was upon this point which he had staked his slender chances of succession to the governorship of Antigua. But, as I have said, Major Sands was no gambler. And this was no gambler's throw. He knew himself, his personableness, his charms and his arts, well enough, to be confident of the issue. He had merely exchanged a possibility for a certainty; the certainty of fortune which he had originally come overseas to seek, and which lay now all but within his grasp. This was his settled conviction as he leaned forward in his chair, leaned nearer to tempt her with the Peruvian sweetmeats in the silver box he proffered, procured for her with that touching anticipation of her every possible wish which by now she must have come to remark in him. She stirred against the cushion of purple velvet with its gold tassels, which his solicitous hands had fetched from the cabin and placed behind her. She shook her head in refusal, but smiled upon him with a gentleness that was almost tender. "You are so watchful of my comfort, Major Sands, that it is almost ungracious to refuse anything you bring. But . . ." She waved her green-and-scarlet fan. He feigned ill-humour, which may not have been entirely feigned. "If I am to be Major Sands to you to the end of my days, faith, I'll bring you nothing more. I am called Bartholomew, ma'am. Bartholomew." "A fine name," said she. "But too fine and long for common everyday use, in such heat as this." His answer to that was almost eager. Disregarding her rallying note, he chose to take her literally. "I have been called Bart upon occasion, by my friends. It's what my mother called me always. I make you a free gift of it, Priscilla. I am honored, Bart," she laughed, and so rejoiced him. Four couplets sounded from the ship's heltry. It brought her to sit up as if it had been a signal. "Eight bells, and we are still at anchor. Captain Bransome said we should be gone before now." She rose. "What keeps us here, I wonder. As if to seek an answer to her question, she moved from the shadow of the awning. Major Sands, who had risen with her, stepped beside her to the taffrail. The cockpit with the buffed

kind and generous. I remember of John D. Boon, who was a local preacher and elder in the M. E. church, and also a merchant in North Salem, and very busy in the conduct of his trade, telling me that the newly appointed pastor of the Salem church came to his store and admonished him that he was negligent in attending class meeting. Mr. Boon said he apologized, and in giving as a reason for his neglect of duty his pressing business, suggested to the pastor that he should receive the most gracious thanks — and was not again admonished for neglect of religious duty.

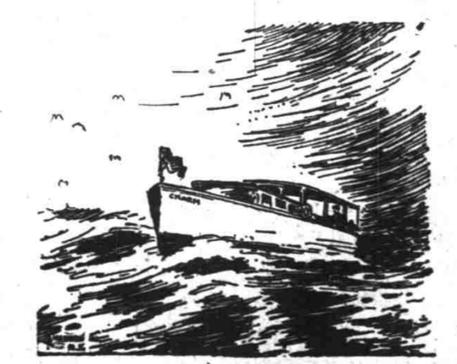
room, and as I turned it over I found on the lower side an order written by Judge Boone removing my client from the guardianship! When the case came on for hearing there seemed to be nothing in the evidence which would warrant his removal, and I moved to dismiss the case for the want of any proof of misconduct, but the court promptly overruled the motion, alleging as a reason that my client had appealed from some former orders of the court relating to the ward's estate — and said that any guardian who would appeal from his decision would waste the estate of his ward and must be removed; and so the

Jew was already on its way back to the shore. The passengers were falling away, their occupants still vociferous, chopping wit now with some sailors who leaned upon the bulwarks. But the longboat, which Captain Bransome had been watching, was coming alongside at the foot of the entrance ladder. One of the naked brown Caribs by whom she was manned knelt in the prow to seize a light of rope and steady her against the vessel's side. From her stern sheets rose the tall, slim, vigorous figure of a man in a suit of pale blue taffetas with silver lace. About the wide brim of his black hat curled a pale blue outch plume, and the hand he put forth to steady himself upon the ladder was manned with gold and emerald from a cloud of fine lace. "Odds His!" quoth Major Sands, in amazement at this modishness of Martinique. "And who may this be?" His amazement increased to behold the practised agility with which this modish fellow came swiftly up that awkward ladder. He was followed, more clumsily, by a half-caste in a cotton shirt and breeches of hairy, untanned hide, who carried a cloak, a rapier, and a sling of purple leather, stiff with bullion, from the ends of which protruded the chased silver butts of a brace of pistols. The newcomer reached the deck. A moment he paused, tall and commanding at the ladder's head; then he stepped down into the waist, and doffed his hat in courteous response to the Captain's similar salutation. He revealed a swarthy countenance below a glossy black periwig that was sedulously curled. The Captain barked an order. Two of the hands sprang to the main hatch for a canvas sling, and went to lower it from the bulwarks. By this the watchers on the poop saw first one chest and then another hauled up to the deck. "He comes to stay, it seems," said Major Sands. "He has the air of a person of importance," ventured Miss Priscilla. The Major was perversely moved to contradict her. "You judge by his foppish snery. But externally, my dear, can be deceptive. Look at his servant, if that rascal is his servant. He has the air of a buccaner." "We are in the Indies, Bart," she reminded him. "Why, so we are. And in so them this gallant seems out of place in them. I wonder who he is." A shrill blast from the boat's whistle was piping the hands to quarters, and the ship suddenly became alive with briskly moving men. As the creak of windlass and the clatter of chain announced the weighing of the anchor, and the hands went swarming aloft to set the sails, the Major realized that their departure had been delayed because they had waited for this voyager to come aboard. For the second time he vaguely asked of the north-easterly breeze: "I wonder who the devil he may be?" His tone was hardly good-humored. It was faintly tinged by the resentment that their privacy as the sole passengers aboard the Centaur should be invaded. This resentment would have been less unreasonable could he have known that this voyager was sent by Fortune to teach Major Sands not to treat her favors lightly.

order MADE BEFORE THE HEARING BEGAN stood when the hearing was ended. "When Judge Boon became treasurer of the territory and state (he was the last territorial and first state treasurer), it is said he kept his accounts in the most simple and exact manner, that is, he had TWO STRONG BUCKSKIN SACKS, in one of which he put the money of the state, and in the other he put his own money, and when state warrants were presented he paid them out of the state sack, and his own bills payable he paid out

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26 Years Ago JACK LONDON SAILS AROUND THE WORLD



From the Nation's News Files, San Francisco, Nov. 20, 1906 Jack London, the famous author, has started on a trip around the world in his 55-foot motor boat, Charn.

Clients have commented on our fairness in helping them select furnishings which will enable them to keep the cost around the figure which they felt fair. The use of our modern mortuary is part of the Rigdon Service.

WT RIGDON & SON INC FUNERALS SINCE 1891 SALEM OREGON