

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Economic Stalemate

THE Minneapolis Tribune, Frederick E. Murphy, publisher, has been a valiant partisan of the farmer. The Tribune at its own expense has conducted campaigns for legislation and reforms which would benefit the men on the soil. So when Mr. Murphy pictures agriculture as "steadily sinking to the level of peasantry" the country may sit up and listen. There is truth in what he says, though the farmer is not the only one broken on the wheel of misfortune. The jobless living on charity or on work-doles of the government are likewise undergoing a moral deterioration which is alarming. When Murphy further declares that "intergovernmental debts are at the bottom of the difficulty, and the fundamental cause for the stoppage of international trade," he drives home a fact which merits consideration in the present study of war debts.

In his address, which was delivered before the Academy of Political Science, Publisher Murphy said, as the press dispatches quote:

"Inter-governmental debts have forced all the debtor nations on a buyers' strike. The debtor nation obviously must sell more than it buys. The tariff is the device by which the debtor nations seek to gain a favorable balance of trade in order to meet their debt requirements. When every nation refuses to buy and strives only to sell, we arrive at a condition reminiscent of trench warfare."

"And thus it comes about, that the products of the American farm are being sold in diminishing quantities in Europe and at prices which will not sustain the American farmer."

"... The fear of another war, undoubtedly plays a part in this determination of Europe to attain a food self-sufficiency. It follows inevitably that the removal of these causes for suspicion and hatred will rebound to the benefit of the American farmer. When the United States adopts a policy of isolation, which includes a system of bounties, sufficient to insure the American farmer a fair exchange basis for his products, the American farmer must look to the prosperity, peace and confidence of Europe for any immediate benefit to agriculture."

Murphy puts the issue clearly before the people: stop our policy of economic isolation and let international trade revive, though this means postponement, reduction or cancellation of war debts, and downward revision of tariffs; or else we must hold to embargo tariffs and adopt internal bounties for those groups producing surpluses. The country faces the dilemma; and gradually the people are coming to understand the factors on each side. The time is one which calls for great leadership. What will Hoover do in the few months of his power which remain? What will Roosevelt do as he enters office backed by the strongest mandate the people have ever given a presidential candidate since the "era of good feeling"?

Harmony Without Pain

WILL it be possible to heal old wounds between the university and the state college? It would seem that under a single administration in which both institutions had confidence that such might be accomplished, though never to the extinction of sharp rivalry between the schools.

The interchange of professors and their families ought to be beneficial. We have had reports that those transferring from one school to another were very graciously received and made to feel at home in their new environment. Occasional interchange in the future may also be helpful.

There are possibilities also in the way of conferences of scholars. Teachers of mathematics, sciences, engineering, may have, entirely outside of their regular duties, occasional "smokers" for discussing new developments of common interest in their field. Teachers of English should always find plenty to talk about in new trends in literature. Teachers of social sciences and of commerce on both campuses may find real inspiration in informal "get-togethers."

A start was made in this direction in a banquet given in Corvallis honoring Dean Allen of the university school of journalism. The Emerald at Eugene speaks approvingly of the affair and hopes for a repetition in other departments of activity. To quote the Emerald:

"A stronger feeling of cooperation between Oregon State college and the University has been brought about by such affairs as the banquet given last night at Corvallis in honor of Dean Allen. It is this type of thing that will help us fast anything else to bring about a new and better understanding between the two schools. The banquet was given by the Oregon State chapters of Sigma Delta Chi and Theta Sigma Phi, who invite members of the local chapters to attend the affair."

"Similar affairs are being planned on both campuses by other professional and honorary organizations at the college and here in Eugene. While such joint meetings have always been held in the past, there is every reason to believe that under the new system of organization put into effect this year by the State Board of Higher Education, with one man in charge of cases heading departments on both campuses and other cooperative measures being carried out, we can be assured of closer fellowship and a better understanding between the two institutions."

"The pioneers who founded the two state schools probably never dreamed of students being able to go over to Corvallis and back in a single evening or of professors teaching some classes in Eugene and some in Corvallis, but we are confident that those pioneers would rejoice in knowing the close cooperation brought about through modern means of transportation."

Senator Wesley L. Jones of Washington died Saturday after 34 years of service in the lower and upper houses of the congress. He met his only defeat at the polls in the last election. In some cases defeat has hastened the death of some senators. McGill McGormick, for example, failed physically after his loss of the Illinois senatorship and soon died. McKinley of Illinois did not long survive his defeat, nor Albert B. Cummins of Iowa. Such was probably not the case with Jones who had been in very poor health for some years and was physically unfit for the strenuous campaign he entered. Jones was faithful to his party, faithful to his state, faithful to moral ideals. He was not, a brilliant man; but considerable important legislation bears his name.

As we suspected Raymond Robins strayed away while suffering from amnesia. The mystery is that he remained undiscovered as he did. Robins worked always at high tension, never sparing himself. One of America's most useful and self-sacrificing citizens, the country hopes for his early and complete recovery of mental faculties.

Yesterday's squib to the effect that such candidate for congress in this district lost his home county, was incorrect. Mott carried Marion county by 2500 votes and Starkweather his county by fewer than 100.

His Bed Quilt



New Views

The question asked about town yesterday by Statesman reporters was: What is your reaction to the latest angle of the friction between Salem charity organizations; that is, the demand made by the Legion upon Community Service for certain funds?

E. M. Brooks, 475 South 24th:
"I should not think they would be entitled to anything from Community Service any more than the other groups here."

Daily Thought

ART
This rock, this quartz, this crumpled wall of life—
Carve at its granite crust with plant knife
See if the stubborn grove will glean with gold
Before the knife is worn, and you are old.

—Robert McBlair.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

First Congregational church: 30th anniversary of founding:

(Continuing from yesterday.)
"If Judge Boon's example had been steadily followed by later officials in both the state and counties, the people would have been better served, and large losses of public funds avoided; for our large defalcations in public money have not arisen from the fault of bookkeeping, but from the mistakes of some officials in putting the public money in the wrong sack."

"The days of compulsory sidewalk walks had not then dawned, and the profession of boot and shoeshiners was unknown. There was one barber, but even that important department of skilled labor was not then, as now, performed by learned professors, having diplomas. Of physicians, there were several, but no drug stores, and the doctors, who had to travel on horseback, carried their medicines and surgical instruments in their saddlebags. . . . There were several merchants. . . . Joseph Holman, J. H. Moore, J. D. Boon, William Griswold and Geo. H. Jones. . . . Money was plentiful, consisting of gold dust from the mines of California and southern Oregon. There were Mexican silver dollars, and doubloons, and soon afterward gold \$50 pieces, called slugs. . . . I knew wheat to sell for \$5 a bushel, in 1853, and flour at \$16 per hundred. This flour was loaded on pack horses, at the NeSmith mill (now Ellendale), in Polk county, and destined to Jacksonville in southern Oregon. (Before that, much of it was carried in the same way to Fort Sutter and the California mines. . . . Although in crossing the plains (the covered wagon immigrants), they had generally lost most of their worldly goods, they had brought their religious notions safely through with them, and their churches were served by zealous and earnest preachers, who rendered very acceptable service."

Why Buy Theatre Tickets When Auction Sales are Still Going?

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

TWO auctions have been going on in Salem's business district during the week, both seeming to attract considerable attention from the buying public. There have been, and perhaps still are, places in the country where an auction, more particularly an auction of household goods, is looked upon as good entertainment, and especially so if the sale includes a weeping woman, a worried-looking man and a number of small children. The star in every such drama is, of course, the auctioneer. In my younger days I have listened with delight to small town auctioneers. Their patter was almost as enjoyable as that of the various street salesmen, known in the vernacular as pitchmen. There is much of zest and somewhat of art in forcing people to buy. The auctioneer, big town and little, still has his lure for all of us.

The newspapers of late have told of the death of a prisoner on a chain gang in the south, and the evidence has seemed to indicate that the prisoner was killed by a guard who had taken a personal dislike to him. One chain gang horror of many that have been made public notice; one of many others not heard of by the general public. Give us time and we take notice of such things in our land; give us more time and we become aroused to the point of protest. Perhaps we are slow in such matters, because, removed from actual contact with deplorable conditions, we are loath to believe. A book written by a man named Burns, published under the title "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang", giving the experience of a prisoner in one of these camps prior to his escape and after, has done much to create sentiment against this system of punishment. I note that one of the motion picture producing companies (Warner Brothers, I think) is releasing a film under the title of "Scarface" fame featured in the cast. I shall await with interest the early showing of this picture in Salem. Perhaps the story is not entirely a pleasant one, but, unfortunately, many life stories are unpleasant; and we improve no lamentable conditions by refusing to see them for what they are.

Whatever may be the reason for it, election results or something else, the average Salem business man is in a more cheerful frame of mind than he was four weeks ago. He is using more refined cuswords. There is still room for improvement, however. The average Salem business man is by no means threatened with constancies because of trade conditions. He is just feeling better. And that is something.

A number of local business houses which have had the pangs of death upon them for months have come again to life. The Capitol theatre has passed from darkness into light and is presenting regular programs under the schedule that prevailed prior to the slump epidemic. Commercial orders are easier to get. Collectors report the promises of debtors more reassuring. The quality of five-cent cigars shows a steady upward tendency. All in all and everything considered, conditions are better.



D. H. TALMADGE

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days
November 20, 1897

Electric railway service between Salem and Portland will be a reality within a month. Last spikes on the tracks were laid yesterday. Traffic will start as soon as the crews finish laying ballast.

Fine, large ripe strawberries at this time of the year! A box of them, Magsons grown by Mr. Bushy of near Turner, is on display at the board of trade rooms.

The new chemical fire extinguishing system recently installed in the capitol was yesterday officially tested and accepted by Governor Chamberlain, Secretary of State Doonan, and Walter Low, chairman of the city fire committee.

November 20, 1922
The 1923 city budget, adopted by the council last night, calls for the expenditure of \$212,460. An ordinance was adopted raising the salary of the city sanitary inspector from \$1000 to \$1200 a year.

Every ex-service man who believes that he has a claim for federal vocational training should get in his application at once, it was announced yesterday.

The question of allowing a taxpayer to pay for street assessments with city warrants was brought up at the council session last night. Ray L. Smith, city attorney, pointed out that it was not a regular procedure. The matter was referred to Smith.

Vachel Lindsay, America's first poet, will appear here Wednesday at under the auspices of the Salem Art League.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini



Monsieur de Bernis' dark eyes glowed as they rested upon her. "By my faith, mademoiselle, you must compel a man to do so."

SYNOPSIS
Priscilla, lovely young daughter of the late Sir John Harradine, Captain-General of the Leeward Islands, leaves the West Indies aboard the "Centaur" bound for England. She is accompanied by the pompous, middle-aged Major Sande, her father's aide, who seeks to win her hand and fortune. The time is 1690, the scene, the Spanish Main. Although his chances for succeeding Sir John as Captain-General were negligible, the Major leads Priscilla to believe he gave up the opportunity in order to be with her. She, however, considers him one of the family. At Barbados, a handsome, young man resplendent in blue taffetas, boards the "Centaur." The major says the stranger looks like a buccaner, but Priscilla claims he has an air of importance.

CHAPTER THREE

To say that their curiosity on the subject of the newcomer was gratified in the course of the next hour, when they met him at dinner, would not be merely an overstatement, for the fact that meeting which took place in the great cabin, where dinner was served, merly want to excite a deeper curiosity.

He was presented to his two fellow passengers by Captain Bransome as Monsieur Charles de Bernis, from which it transpired that he was French. But the fact was hardly to have been suspected from the smooth fluency of his English, which bore only the faintest trace of a Gallic accent. Major Sande, who had come prepared to dislike him, was glad to discover in the fellow's personality no cause to do otherwise. If there had been nothing else against the man, his foreign origin would have been more than enough; for Major Sande had a lofty disdain for all those who did not share his own good fortune of having been born a Britisher.

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thing of them. So I'm giving a wide berth to a pirate's nest like Guadeloupe. It's bad enough to be taking you to Sainte Croix."
"Oh, that . . ." The Frenchman smiled and waved a long brown hand, tossing back the fine Mechlin from his wrist.
But Bransome frowned at the deprecatory gesture. "Ye may smile, Mossoo. Ye may smile. But I know what I know. Your French West India Company ain't above suspicion. All they asks is a bargain, and they don't care how they come by it. There's more a freight goes into Sainte Croix to be sold there for a tenth of its value. The French West India Company asks no questions, so long as it can deal on such terms as they. And it don't need to ask no questions. The truth's plain enough. It shrieks. And that's the fact. May be ye didn't know it."

The Captain, a man in middle life, broad and powerful, ruddy of hair and complexion, lent emphasis to his statement and colour to the annoyance it stirred in him by bringing down on the table a massive freckled hand on which the red hairs gleamed like fire.
"Sainte Croix since I've undertaken to carry you there. And that's bad enough, as I say. But no Guadeloupe for me."
The Captain's face was seen to turn a deeper red. His contradiction took the form of elaborate sarcasm.
"Do you speak of pirates, Captain Bransome?"
"Aye!" said Bransome. "And that's the fact."
Conceiving her alarmed, the Major entered the discussion with the object of reassuring her.
"Faith, it's not a fact to be mentioned before a lady. And anyway, it's a fact for the timorous only nowadays."
"Oh!" Vehemently Captain Bransome blew out his cheeks.
"Buccaneers," said Major Sande, "are things of the past."
The Captain's face was seen to turn a deeper red. His contradiction took the form of elaborate sarcasm.
"To be sure, it's as safe cruising in the Caribbean today as on any of the English lanes."
After that he gave his attention to his dinner, whilst Major Sande addressed himself to Monsieur de Bernis.

"You go with us, then, no farther than a Sainte Croix?" His manner was more pleasant than it had yet been, for his good-humour was being restored by the discovery that this intrusion was to be only a short one.
"No farther," said Monsieur de Bernis.
The laconic answer did not encourage questions. Nevertheless Major Sande persisted.
"You will have interests in Sainte Croix?"
"No interest. No. I seek a ship. A ship to take me to France." It was characteristic of him to speak in short, sharp sentences.
The Major was a puzzled. "But, surely, being aboard no fine a ship as this, you might travel comfortably to Plymouth, and there find a sloop to put you across the Channel."

"True," said Monsieur de Bernis. "True! I had not thought of it."
The Major was conscious of a sudden apprehension that he might have said too much. To his dismay he heard Miss Priscilla voicing the idea which he feared he might have given to the Frenchman.
"You will think of it now, monsieur?"
Monsieur de Bernis' dark eyes glowed as they rested upon her; but his smile was wistful.
"By my faith, mademoiselle, you must compel a man to do so."
Major Sande sniffed audibly as what he accounted an expression of irrepressible impudent Gallic gallantry. Then, after a slight pause, Monsieur de Bernis added with a deepening of his wistful smile:
"But, alas! A friend awaits me in Sainte Croix. I am to cross with him to France."
The Major interposed, a mild astonishment in his voice.
"I thought it was Guadeloupe that you desired to be put ashore, and that your going to Sainte Croix was forced upon you by the Captain."

upper Mississippi river, was with the Ashley (American Fur company) Rocky mountain trapping expeditions, led a covered wagon train to Oregon in 1845, was a member of the Applegate party that opened the southern route in 1846; first settled on the site of Dallas, then on the Luckiamute. The people cared little for style or ceremony. They had come to Oregon and founded a state, and, like their Revolutionary fathers, they had formed a church

without a bishop . . .
"What to them were glided dome or towering spire?
'Neath their sturdy oaks and pines arose their anthems winged with fire."
The people who lived in Oregon prior to 1852 had nearly all crossed the plains, endured the hardships and taken the risks of their perilous journey. . . . Here, nestled among magnificent mountains, was the Willamette valley, a land as fair as where Arcadian

plains extend, or the famed Hydaspes flows . . . When they had achieved their daring and dangerous journey, and passed the Cascade mountains—the last rampart that barred their way to the promised land—and rode out on their weary horses into the luxuriant meadows surrounding them, where the native grasses covered them above their saddle skirts, and saw their worn out oxen feeding and lying down contented on (Turn to Page 9)

(To Be Continued)
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The affiliation of this bank with the United States National Bank of Portland results in greater security for your deposits and a broader service in respect to meeting your loan requirements.

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