

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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A Biography of Beveridge

CLAUDE G. BOWERS, a former editor on the New York World, keynoter at the 1928 democratic convention, author of "Jefferson and Hamilton" and other books, has recently had published "Beveridge and the Progressive Era", a biography of Albert J. Beveridge, senator from Indiana, noted orator, champion of the Progressive party, author of a monumental life of John Marshall, who died midway in the preparation of a biography of Abraham Lincoln.

Beveridge was perhaps the most gifted man in public life of this country in the present century, unless it be Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson; and the sidelights which this biography throws on Roosevelt are not such as heighten his stature. Beveridge made his way to the top by industry, native ability, and persistent self-discipline. He was an orator of the first rank developing his ability as a speaker in college by constant practice. He began speaking in political campaigns in 1884 and continued in practically every campaign through 1924. Always he was popular and called on to carry the heavy load of long campaign tours in the interest of his party.

As Bowers shows, Beveridge was far more than an orator. In fact after he entered the senate he changed his style to conform to changing moods in public speaking, dropping the florid rhetoric for the more practical, debating style which still persists. Beveridge was a thorough student. He prepared his material with great care so that he was ready to meet all comers in the rough and tumble of senate debate.

In a way Beveridge really typified the Progressive Party which was born in 1912 and died in 1916. He was a conspicuous leader of the senatorial bloc which first battled with the old regime headed by Quay and Aldrich. As early as 1902 Beveridge had defeated Boss Quay in the senate on resolutions to make states of New Mexico and Arizona territories. In 1905 he joined with Dooliver and others in backing Roosevelt's railroad rate legislation. He was the author of the meat inspection bill and fought its way through congress; and if Roosevelt had helped him properly he might have secured a better law. He fought for child labor legislation, and here again his failure was due in considerable measure to Roosevelt's indifference.

But the major battle was over the Payne-Aldrich tariff of 1909. Taft was elected in 1908 on a platform pledging revision, and Taft himself in his campaign speeches pledged downward revision. After his inauguration he urged the party liberals like Beveridge to fight for reductions in schedules. They did, in the most bitter fight in the senate during the first decade of the century. Bowers has narrated it with full appreciation of its dramatics. And the leader of the battle was Beveridge, for he had gone to the senate before LaFollette and Cummins and Dooliver. This group of rebels lost the fight; but their speeches sounded the deathknell of Aldrich's control of the senate; and definitely cracked the doom of big business control of legislation. Not that they ended it, for the forces of privilege have fought successfully in post-war battles, but steadily their power has receded. Dooliver died worn out from the strenuous fight; and Taft's defeat was due to his final desertion of progressive principles. Beveridge himself was defeated for reelection in 1910, losing to a democrat because the Indiana standpatters knifed him at the polls.

Then came Roosevelt's return from Africa... and "Armaggeddon". Beveridge's course in the formation of the Progressive party was probably the most honorable of any of its leaders. He was slow to follow Roosevelt out of the party. When he did, it was for principle and he staid with the party until it passed out in 1916. He was indeed very bitter over what he regarded as Roosevelt's desertion of the cause.

Bowers describes thus his attitude after he finally returned to the Republican party by endorsing Hughes for president in 1916:

"He returned a bit disillusioned, with the realization that even the greatest of heroes have feet of clay. It was at this time that he sat down and wrote the article, 'The Rise and Wrecking of the Progressive Party' which he sent to Lorimer with the admonition that it was not for publication. He ascribed the wrecking to treachery and stupidity, tracing the beginning back to the 'Haman incident'. I think, he wrote Lorimer, 'that history has not one single example of a party or movement which was used so cold-bloodedly and wrecked so cynically and selfishly as the Progressive Party has been used and wrecked.'"

Perhaps after time mellowed the wrath and the bitterness Beveridge would not have written so severely about the collapse of the movement which offered once so great hope to the country.

Beveridge ever since he entered political life, had done a great deal of writing, chiefly for the Saturday Evening Post. He began with articles on the Philippines, a "burning question" at the time he took his seat in the senate. He made a trip through Russia and Siberia just prior to the Russo-Japanese war, and his articles acquired fresh interest when that war broke out. After his retirement from the senate he continued his literary labors and on the outbreak of the world war traveled through Germany, France, England as a reporter. At the time, he was condemned as being pro-German in his sympathies, a charge not sustained by the facts. He did oppose our entry into the war, believing we should stay out. Post-war revelations have pretty well substantiated his judgment.

Though he supported his country loyally during the war, he was one of the earliest and strongest opponents of the League of Nations. Beveridge was essentially a nationalist and hated the Wilson doctrines of international pledges. While out of office Beveridge's letters did much to stiffen the opposition in the senate, and his speeches to arouse the country to the dangers of the treaty.

Beveridge's most enduring work was his four-volume life of John Marshall, the great chief justice. It was a labor of years. The publication brought him renown in a new field. Though known as a master of good style in prose, he was not known as a historical scholar. The Marshall biography ranks as one of the greatest ever written in this country. He was doing the same thorough study in the preparation of his "Lincoln", when, exhausted by his long labors, his heart failed him and he died suddenly in April, 1927.

Those who, like the writer, followed in the ranks after progressive leadership, who though never seeing or hearing Beveridge, admired him exceedingly, the book is most fascinating. One wonders how differently American history might have been written if Indiana had gotten behind Beveridge in the 1908 convention instead of Fairbanks, and Roosevelt

A Hurricane of Our Own!



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

November 27, 1907

What are probably the bones of a pre-historic mammal were unearthed yesterday in the street in front of the residence of Frank Hughes on South High street where the grading is being done. The bones are in a perfect state of petrified action.

NEW YORK — Somewhat improved conditions prevail in the financial district. Hysteria has at last disappeared and is now giving way to a sober recognition of the fact that conditions have radically changed, and that the sooner business begins to readjust itself to these new conditions the sooner it will be started on the road to real recovery.

How would you like to have a bed the city jail? Well, there are from half a dozen to 18 men sleeping there each night, not because of wrongdoings but because they have no other place to sleep. Quite a change from a few weeks ago when there were two jobs looking for every man. Now it is the reverse.

November 27, 1923
Necessity of a new state office building, to accommodate the numerous state offices and departments that are now, due to congestion, housed in Portland and Salem outside of state buildings, is pointed to by Sam A. Koser, secretary of state, in his biennial report as custodian of the capitol and supreme court buildings.

Suffering from injuries and fatigue, 10 of the Eugene high school football players were carried from the field in the game here yesterday which Salem high won by a 44 to 0 score. During the last two plays, Eugene ran out of substitutes and had but 10 men on the gridiron.

Daily Thought

"From the standpoint of humanity and civilization, all war is an assault upon the stability of human society and should be suppressed in the common interest."
—Frank B. Kellogg.

A machine which enables paperhangers to place wallpaper smoothly and quickly by a roller method has been developed in Great Britain.

evell had used better judgment in his selection of a mantle-bearer. Wilson and the war killed off the Progressive party and the post-war reaction brought the dark Harding era, which just now the republican party is atoning for.

Bowers has done a workmanlike job. Our memories of Beveridge are those of his early pictures with the high "stand-up" collar of thirty years ago. In a way the Bowers book leaves the same impression. We see a man always groomed and fit for the occasion. While by no means always on parade, the Beveridge Bowers shows us is always the same Beveridge. Even his relaxation is merely to gain fresh strength for renewed effort. There is one picture of him as a young lawyer ushering in the First Methodist church at Indianapolis; but that is the last glimpse of him showing interest in anything but his work, and his work was his country. Even his "Marshall" is a thesis on the Hamiltonian conception of government. We miss glimpses of Beveridge in real repose, miss references to his personal philosophy. But Bowers is probably correct. There was only one Beveridge. From 1898 forward he was absorbed in his work; and his life was dedicated, voice and pen to the American nation.

And this nation will long be in debt to Albert J. Beveridge as it is now to Claude Bowers for giving to so many who lived through the stirring days from 1898 to 1927, such a fair and careful study of one who was one of the chief actors in the events of that period.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

First Congregational church: First schools in city of Salem.

(Continuing from yesterday.)
The later entry, changing the boundaries, shows that the original district touched the donation land claims of A. Areguet, St. M. Fackler, Robert Childers, the Zimmermans and the Case claims, and that of Peter Gethre, and of Amah Poite, and Gideon Senesal, and J. B. Jackson; touched these land claims, or included them or parts of them. It was evidently a large district.

District No. 1 contains property assessed now at \$317,300, the board of directors E. D. Carver of Donald, Leita Giesy of Aurora, route 4, and Nellie Eppers, Donald, Mr. Carver is chairman and Mae St. Helen of Donald clerk. There is a nine months school, and the teachers are Julia Delmas, principal, and Letha Cose, at \$95 and \$80 a month respectively. These facts are from the official directory of school officers and teachers, 1931, made up by Mary L. Fulkerson, county school superintendent.

The writer believes the school

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Resolution adopted by the Business and Professional Women's club, Salem, Oregon, November 22, 1932:

Whereas, it has always been the tradition of our nation that in time of danger, women and children are given protection first, and whereas, it has been suggested in the press, that the office of police matron be abolished and the work be united with the work of the county juvenile officer, as a matter of economy.

Therefore, be it resolved that we protest against any such action being taken by the city council in determining their annual budget.

And be it resolved that we pledge our support to the police matron in her work of aiding those who are society's charge. And be it resolved that copies of these resolutions be sent to the city council and the press of the city.

19. No. 3, Middle Grove, established Feb. 23, 1857. Nellie E. Hammer, principal, Marie Settler second teacher. Fred Scharf, L. M. Dudley and E. S. Barker board of directors. Orton H. Hiltiker clerk. The principal is paid \$110, assistant \$100 a month. (The famous Dorson-Walton, who lived near where that school house now stands, had died not long before that district was established.)

6. Reverting to No. 24, Salem. The old record book shows that the boundaries of this district were established Jan. 3, and the district organized Jan. 18, 1855, by William F. Pugh, Marion county school superintendent.

It shows that the boundaries were changed Feb. 8, 1857, by W. T. Ramsey, county superintendent, and by successors in that office: J. T. Gregg, March 1, 1854; D. W. Yoder, Jan. 19, 1855, and J. S. Graham, Jan. 4, 1856. There appear in the records the following holders of that office: F. S. Hoyt, 1860; P. S. ...

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

SYNOPSIS
In 1599, following the death of Sir John Harradine, Captain-General of the Leeward Isles, his beautiful daughter, Priscilla, leaves for England aboard the "Centaur", accompanied by the powerful and well-armed Major St. Louis, her father's aide, who seeks Priscilla's hand and fortune. The Major rescues Priscilla's interest in their fellow-passenger, Charles de Bernis, fascinating and mysterious Frenchman, and seeks in vain to belittle him. De Bernis wanted to disembark at Guadeloupe, but Captain Harradine refused to go to this pirate-infested port unless he were to drop him at Salina Cruz, Mexico. Learning that the handsome Frenchman was allied with Henry Morgan, the notorious buccannier, now Governor of Jamaica, Major St. Louis calls De Bernis a pirate, adding that Morgan and his cut-throats were just bloodthirsty, thieving scoundrels. Morgan, however, had given up praying on ships to enter his King's employ and rid the sea of pirates, in spite of Morgan's warning, a few still clung to him and the authorities suggested he might be playing a double game and receiving tribute from these still of large. Morgan has offered a large reward for the capture of Tom Leach, a brutal, remorseless scoundrel, who sails the Caribbean in a powerful ship... "The Black Swan"... wreaking havoc.



"I desired not to alarm the lady. It is as I think you already suspect, Tom Leach's ship, The Black Swan."

CHAPTER NINE
Well might Captain Bransome have uttered his prayer that this evil villain should soon come to meetings in execution dock. The following morning was to bring him the urgent dread that, if the prayer was to be answered at all, it was not likely to be answered in time to be of profit to the Centaur.

Going early on deck to take the air and summon his fellow passengers to breakfast, Monsieur de Bernis found the Captain on the poop, levelling a telescope at a ship some three or four miles away to eastward on their starboard quarter. Beside him stood Major St. Louis, his hand on the Major's arm, his eyes fixed on the distant ship, and the Major, whose appetite was never feeble, required no further invitation. He departed, taking Miss Priscilla with him.

As they disappeared into the gangway leading aft, the smile left the face of Monsieur de Bernis. Solemnly his long dark eyes met the Captain's uneasily questioning glance.

"I desired not to alarm the lady. It is as I think you already suspect, Tom Leach's ship, The Black Swan."

"You're certain?"
"As certain as that she's steering to cross your course."
The Captain swore in his red beard. "And this on my last voyage!" he complained. "Fate might have let me end my sailing days in peace. Yet this... I've thought she means to attack...!"

Monsieur de Bernis shrugged. "It is Tom Leach. And he steers to cross your course."
The Captain fell to ranting and swearing as a man will who is spirited and yet conscious of impotence when he sees the black-hearted, blackguardly swine! What's your fine Sir Henry Morgan doing to leave him loose upon the sea? What for did the King knight him and make him Governor of Jamaica?"

"Sir Henry will get him in the end. Be sure of that."
The Frenchman's calm in the face of this overwhelming peril

beak-head carved in the shape of a swan with a gilded crest. He attempted to count the gun ports on her larboard flank as far as this was revealed by the course she was steering. With the same leisureliness he surveyed the mountain of canvas under which she moved, with every sail unfurled, and above which flew no flag.

So long was he in this inspection that at last the Captain's hard-held patience slipped from him. "Well, sir? Well? What d'ye make of her?"
Monsieur de Bernis lowered the glass again, and faced his questioner. He was calm and smiling. "A fine, powerful ship," he said casually, and turned to the others. "Breakfast waits in the cabin."

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Let the Lower Lights be Burning; Takes All Sorts to Make a World

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

A cities go, Salem is very well behaved. Its citizenship is orderly. It has numerous churches. It has excellent stores and markets. It has many beautiful buildings. It has almost as many public eating places—and this is quoting Jimmy Richardson—as Mr. Carter has pills. It has an efficient and, for the most part, a handsome police force. It has—this list might be extended indefinitely, and to extend it, indefinitely or otherwise, would be of little purpose, for I should present only facts which are generally known and would, therefore, be of little interest. And, anyhow, space forbids, as the gentlemanly bus driver said to the fat gentleman.

Sometimes I wonder what might be the emotions, if any, of a stranger in the streets of Salem. Might he say to himself this or might he say to himself that?

If he be in the downtown district and the time is early evening, he might be impressed by other things; by the number of men preaching with great earnestness the gospel of salvation on the different corners. From upstairs halls in at least three places he hears the impassioned singing of gospel hymns, alternated with fervid exhortations to the sinner. Banjos ring and guitars thrum. Pianos tinkle and crash. Horns blare. Occasionally in the midst of the music a human voice rises in an ecstatic shriek. All by way of invitation to the sinner who may be hesitating on the sidewalk to come in and be saved.

Few of these services outlast the early evening. The emotional strain of such exhortative efforts is too great, I presume, for flesh and blood to endure for long.

This sort of evangelism may be a life in other cities as it is in Salem. I do not know. I have no criticism to offer regarding these "lower lights" that burn while the churches are dark. When the im-

This is not a complete list. B. F. Bonham was among the early day superintendents.



D. H. TALMADGE

pulse comes to criticism, and there are moments when it comes, I rush my thoughts back to the Salvation Army and the meagreness of its beginnings and the glory of its present stature and an silent.

Perhaps these people who are preaching and singing here and there about the town are fully warranted by the best of authority in their endeavors. At any rate, they are accomplishing no harm and doubtless somewhat of good. And they are in earnest, oh quite in earnest. We are not required to listen to them. Personally, I rather enjoy a bit of the old-time camp-meeting spirit now and then.

I have listened particularly to a woman who leads the singing in one of these meeting places, a corner over a store on a prominent corner. This woman is not an unusual singer, but Alice is a better singer than she. And when this woman waves her arms and lifts her voice in a hymn, and the banjos and guitars thrum and the horns sound softly and the piano tinkles, it gives a man a sensation in his bosom—

(Turn to Page 7)

New Views

Today one of the great motion pictures of the year, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang", opens for a three-day showing at the Elsinore theatre. I mentioned a few days ago the probable coming of this picture to Salem, but I did not mention so early a showing of the film. The picture seems to me to warrant a special mention. Motion pictures are the greatest potential force for good or for evil that the world has known. This picture should go far in the way of correcting a penal system quite out of place in this day of enlightenment.

When the potato controversy, of which I note mention in The Statesman, shall have been dealt with by the proposed editorial peace congress at Eugene this winter the relative merits of the Bond and the Klammath and am ready to take a moderate oath that no difference exists between them as to quality. Frankly, I consider neither so lickerish as a small and somewhat warty potato, utterly lacking in pretentiousness, that grows in a field a few miles up the creek from Silverton. A potato to be really tested, gentlemen, must first be stolen. Then it must be roasted in the hot ashes of a camp fire, salted to taste and eaten with a mustard paddie. There is a difference between perfection and delatation.

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you favor the national orange proposal that currency be inflated to bring commodity prices to the 1925 standard?" Answers:

Mrs. Allyn Nascom, farmer's wife: "I can't see that it will do any good."

B. O. Schuler, farmer: "They try to make us believe that more paper money will mean bad money but I believe that if they don't issue too much it might help some."

L. T. Willard, salesman: "I don't like the idea of more paper money. It ought to help a lot though if they come more silver."

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