

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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National Grange Meets

THE national grange has just concluded its 66th annual convention, which was held at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, a great tobacco city. The grange is the oldest and strongest of the farm organizations of the country. To judge from the resolutions adopted at the national convention the organization as a whole is far more conservative than its western membership. We find no recommendation for the government to go into the power business or the banking business. It does not go in for paper money; instead it stands by the gold standard but would take steps to make it more effective. The national grange favors cooperative marketing and would amend the marketing act to include the export debenture, "a simple form of domestic allotment, or other practical plan to insure a sound, workable policy of surplus control". The grange never did endorse the equalization fee plan.

The grange favors Philippine independence, perhaps so the tariff may be applied to imports from the islands. It wants lower freight rates and urges continued development of waterways but at the same time would free the railroads from some of the restrictions they are forced to operate under. The grange favors entrance into the world court under suitable reservations, oppose sales of war munitions to foreign powers. It would put under federal control sales of stock in holding companies, not reached by state legislation.

The grange opposes a general sales tax applying to the necessities of life; opposes repeal of the 13th amendment, establishment of a national department of education. It also opposes advance payment of the bonus and compensation to veterans whose disability is not connected with war service. The grange would not cancel the war debts; opposes diversion of proceeds of gas tax to other purposes than roads; opposes corporation farming, also introduction of propaganda into the public schools.

Naturally other groups will not agree with all the recommendations of support and opposition; but on the whole the national grange sets a high standard in its pronouncements. It wants to go ahead, but wants to go ahead wisely. It is concerned about the welfare of its own members, but by no means indifferent to the welfare of others.

A Futile, Stupid Gesture

THE action of the county budget committee in failing to include the levy for state taxes, as directed by the state tax commission, is both futile and stupid. It is futile because the committee has no alternative in this particular, and a mandate from the court will immediately be sought if the committee should arrogate to itself powers which it does not possess. The gesture is stupid also because Marion county, on the whole, is in about the best shape of any county in the state, with the possible exception of Multnomah and Clackamas counties. If this county whose resources are by no means exhausted, would refuse to bear its share of the costs of state government, legally imposed, what about the other counties like Curry and Grant and Coos where their economic vitality is at far lower ebb. The gesture is stupid further because Marion county, of all the counties of the state is the chief beneficiary of the expenditure of the state funds. We have located here the state capitol, the penitentiary, the asylum and numerous other state institutions. What excuse has Marion county which gets the lion's share of the benefit of expenditure of state revenues, to stage a silly tax strike against the state?

We think it probable that the budget committee was merely expressing its peeve because a state property levy was restored. But its chairman, Keith Powell, is a banker, a man of standing in the county and state; its other members are men of business affairs. They should not have been swayed by momentary fretfulness. They should have been quick to see the hazard of advertising to the world that Marion county is unwilling to pay \$170,000 in state taxes when ten times that amount is expended here.

When the committee meets December 30 it will of course insert the state item; but the publicity will do this county no good.

Taxes as Well as Fees

WHEN the legislature considers the truck and bus business it should give some attention to the levy of taxes on these vehicles as well as fees. As it is now all the proceeds of licenses and transportation taxes go to the state road funds. Practically nothing goes to the general funds for support of schools, cities, counties, etc.

Compare the railroads. They of course maintain their own rights of way. In addition they pay large sums in taxes for the maintenance of government in every county they pass through. What would our school districts and counties and towns do without these railroad taxes? If the railroads are to continue losing business to competing forms of transportation their tax load will have to be lightened. Will the burden then pass to other property? Why should not part of it pass to the agencies which have taken the business from the railroads?

We are not advocating double or triple taxation of the trucks and busses, but a proper division of their contributions to government so that part will go to the general funds instead of all to the highway fund. There is some reason in the statement that pneumatic-tired trucks with load properly distributed do not damage the highways excessively, where the roads have been built according to modern specifications. Then they should be able to share part of the general load of government.

If this means an increase in their charges the public will have to pay, the same as the rate-payers pay the railroad and power taxes assessed against these companies.

Now the budget director talks about stopping the "continuing appropriations", which go to keep up experiment stations. But what will the state do to fight nematodes, weevils, borers, maggots and flies which make life miserable for the farmers?

CPS seems to be in line for the inevitable dehydration process that follows floods. Whether by voluntary or involuntary reorganization its capitalization will have to be scaled down to present-day values and earnings.

A Yale university man urges toleration of 4% beer. But wait till the committee hears from Princeton!

"Brother, I Can't Spare a Dime!"



Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

December 9, 1907

City aldermen last night drew up a tentative budget for 1908 calling for expenditure of \$357,700. Fire department appropriations would be \$7100, police department \$3400. The tax levy will probably be 4 1/2 mills.

NEW YORK—James Henry Stoddard, the veteran actor, died at his Seward, N. J., home early today. He was born in England in 1827.

Skating is going on as usual every morning, afternoon and evening at the Auditorium rink. Tonight is "society night" and music will be for couples only. There will be programs, a grand march, and special music by McElroy's celebrated rink band.

December 9, 1922
Willamette chapter of the Red Cross, and the city of Salem offered their assistance to the 2000 homeless, fire-stricken people of Astoria yesterday, and the Salem lodge of the Knights of Columbus last night met specifically to collect a cash donation for the Astoria relief fund.

After two years of constant negotiation between the government and Marion county, the government has at last contracted for the building of the long hoped for road between Detroit and Niagara. The road will be built along what is familiarly known as Minto trail.

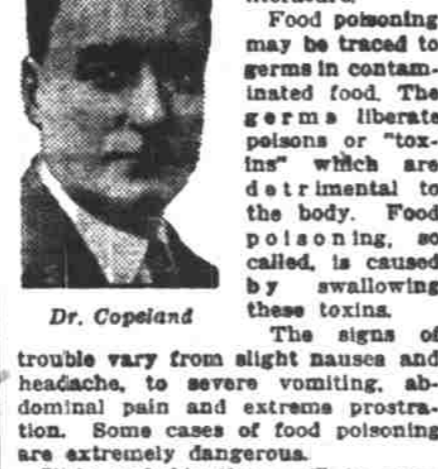
ASTORIA—Its heart eaten out by flames which raged through it

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

MANY PERSONS use the term "ptomaine poisoning," when in reality they are referring to food poisoning. Ptomaine poisoning is an impression rapidly disappearing from scientific literature.



Food poisoning may be traced to germs in contaminated food. The germs liberate poisons or "toxins" which are detrimental to the body. Food poisoning, so called, is caused by swallowing these toxins. The signs of trouble vary from slight nausea and headache, to severe vomiting, abdominal pain and extreme prostration. Some cases of food poisoning are extremely dangerous. It is probable there will be more and more reduction in the number of cases of food poisoning. Modern refrigeration, rapid transportation and other facilities that aid in keeping food fresh, are doing away with the danger. There is apt to be trouble if the food is handled too much or is permitted to stand around after cooking.

Keep Food Fresh
Some foods are more likely to deteriorate than others. We should guard against this danger and thus prevent food poisoning. I should warn you that it is a mistake to keep cream soups and cream sauces until they grow stale and germ laden. When these foods are kept for days, they make beautiful breeding places

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

McLoughlin's answer to apies:
(Continuing from yesterday:)
"If the emigrants received the encouragement to leave the states and come to this country it was not from the expectation of a cordial reception from us, as I understand the emigrants of those years left the states with the impression we would excite the Indians against them, and for which they were well prepared, being well armed and accompanied by Lieut. Fremont (Fremont was just behind the 1843 immigration) with his exploring party and a six pound howitzer, and so impressed were they that the Hudson's Bay company would act hastily towards them that they thought they would have to dwell in forts a year or two, and as a measure of security it was proposed to take Vancouver, and which, in the prejudiced state of the people's minds, they could easily accomplish by a coup de main if there had been any plausible pretext; and I thought and still think this evil was averted by management and receiving these immigrants civilly, which was due to myself and to them—as they had the same right to come as I to be here; and if mistaken I would wish Messrs. Warren and Vancouver would point it out to me, or in acting as I did anything improper or unbecoming.

"Their number has increased so rapidly that the British party are now in the minority."
"To me who have been in the country since 1824 and thought I had an opportunity of ascertaining correctly (but I may be in error), I always thought ever since 1828 when Mr. Smith (Jedediah Smith) came with a large party of his countrymen to hunt the Snake country that in the Columbia including the Snake country, the British party (as to number) were the minority, and on the Willamette ever since 1840 in consequence of the numbers of American Methodist missionaries and straggling trappers from the mountains and from California before any regular party of emigrants left the states to come to the Columbia.

"And the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay company have been obliged to join the organization without any reserve except the mere form of the oath of office."
"And I think I can prove from the unaccountable silence of British officials, and as I handed all the correspondence which led to it to Mr. Warren and that others may have the means to form their opinion on my conduct in this affair and the representation made of it by Messrs. Warren and Vancouver, I beg to state that in seeing the large immigration of 1848, and knowing how prejudiced they were against British interests, and learning there would be a greater next, and that it was evident there would be an annual flow of immigrants to this country, as bills had been brought forward in the congress of the United States holding out an expectation of a donation of land to immigrants, I wrote that year to the governor, deputy governor and committee of the Hudson's Bay company that it was necessary to get protection from our government, because I felt confident that some of these immigrants would infringe on the Hudson's Bay company premises which must lead to trouble and serious consequences, and in 1848 I received their answer, 'That in the present state of affairs protection could not be obtained and that I must protect the Hudson's Bay company's property the best way I could.' In the meantime one Williamson, an American citizen, built himself a hut on the Hudson's Bay company's premises which I caused to be pulled down—and sent an account of the whole affair to H. M. Consul, Gen. Miller at Oahu, to which he made no reply, though he vessel that conveyed my letter to him—and this led me to suppose the British government did not intend to contend for the Columbia, as at the time when General Miller received my letter H. M. S. Dublin (the Talbot), Capt. Thompson, was at Oahu and had been there for some time, and as I was told there would be a large immigration in the fall, and I knew among them there could be many who would join Williamson's party, and as an influential American (Jesse Applegate), had got a clause put in the organic compact by which persons in office could not be compelled to do anything contrary to their allegiance, and as the Hudson's Bay company officers had the influence, I may say the power, to nominate the officers

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

SYNOPSIS

It is the year 1699. The "Centaur" sailing from the West Indies for England, is captured by the cut-throat Tom Leach, who, on board his vessel, "The Black Swan," has long terrorized ships on the Spanish Main. Passengers aboard the "Centaur" are Priscilla Harradine, daughter of the late Sir John Harradine, Captain-General of the Leeward Isles; Major Sands, Sir John's middle-aged assistant, who hopes to marry Priscilla; and Monsieur Charles de Bernis, gallant, young Frenchman. De Bernis was a lieutenant of the notorious buccaner, Henry Morgan, who returned to enter the service of his King and rid the seas of pirates. Morgan has offered a reward for the capture of Leach. After seizing the "Centaur," Leach murders the captain and crew. The passengers are spared a like fate through De Bernis' wit. He introduces Priscilla as his wife and the Major as his brother-in-law. He then tells the pirate chief a convincing story about his leaving Morgan to search for Leach and enlist his aid in capturing a Spanish plate fleet worth a king's ransom. It is agreed that De Bernis is to take command of the "Centaur" and lead Leach in "The Black Swan" to the treasure. Major Sands, who dislikes De Bernis because of Priscilla's interest in the Frenchman, believes the Frenchman to be in league with Leach. De Bernis assures Priscilla and the skeptical Major that they are in no immediate danger.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

He turned aside, to summon Pierre and give him orders to lay dinner for five persons. He explained this, addressing himself to Miss Priscilla. "My lieutenant and my sailing-master will take their meals with us. I would have spared you this but that it would scarcely be prudent. Beyond that, however, you need fear no invasion of your privacy, and, except during meals, this cabin will be exclusively your own."

Her clear blue eyes considered him steadily and searchingly, from out of her pallid face. But his aloof and rather chilling impassivity baffled scrutiny. She inclined her head. "We are in your power, sir. It only remains for us to thank you for any consideration you may show us."

A little frown puckered his dark brow. "In my power? Oh, that I say, rather, under my protection."
"Is there a difference?"

"When we are all in the power of circumstances, Priscilla."

She imagined the beginnings of a disclosure in this, and would have pursued it, but the Major must at that moment come blundering indignantly.

"You make very free with Miss Harradine's name, sir."

"Of necessity, like the rest. Is she not my wife? And are you not my brother-in-law, my dear Bartholomew?"
The Major quivered, and glared at him. Perceiving the one and the other, Monsieur de Bernis stiffened as if he had been struck. He spoke now with an incisive edge to his tone. "You embarrass me terribly. Another in my place might end it quickly. Pray remember that, Bartholomew. And be good enough, both of you, to address me as Charles, unless you want to endanger your necks with my own. The intimacy may be distasteful to you, Bartholomew. But less distasteful, I hope, than to find yourself swinging from a yardarm. That is not at all amusing."

It was that he went out again, leaving the Major in a fever of indignation.



"And you prove that you're a fool," was her interruption.

"By heaven! That cut-throat had the audacity to threaten me, I think." From that reckless beginning he would have continued recklessly to pour out his wrath had Priscilla not collected her wit and strength to check him, her eyes on the lean, soft-footed half-caste, who was busy with the table.

"After all, Bart," she reminded him, "Monsieur de Bernis did not invite Captain Leach to come aboard the Centaur."
"But he welcomed him! He associates himself with this bloodthirsty scoundrel! He has confessed that it was his intention to join that murderer, and that the ruffian's assault of us was timely. What better is he?"

"I wonder!" said Miss Priscilla. Amusement brimmed his pale eyes. "You wonder? After what you've just heard? When you know him to be in command here in the place of that poor murdered Bransome?"

"Oh, but that proves nothing—as against all the rest."
"Nothing? It proves that he's a damned pirate, a cut-throat villain!"

She was on her feet to check him; for Pierre, who had momentarily passed into the pantry, was coming forth again. "And you prove that you're a fool," was her interruption. "And unless you can succeed in concealing it, you'll come by a fool's end before long, and you may drag others with you."

He could only gasp and stare, shocked, scandalized beyond all expression that a child, so meek and gentle as he had always supposed Priscilla, should bring herself to address him—a man of his parts, an officer of his consequence—in such outrageous terms. It passed all understanding. He could but suppose that the events of that terrible morning must have unbalanced her reason. When he had recovered breath, he began remonstrances, which she cut short with the same incredible new-found manner. In a moment of Pierre's absence, she stepped close up to him, caught his arm in a tight grip, and muttered swiftly: "Will you run up before that man of his? Have you no sense or discretion?"

If she thus made him aware that she was justified of her apprehensions, nothing in his view could justify the terms she chose in which

to convey her warning to him. He was profoundly annoyed, his sense of fitness outraged. He said so, pompously. And having said so, lapsed again into a sullen silence in which she judged it best to leave him, since in that mood at least he could do no damage.

Thus until Monsieur de Bernis returned, accompanied now by the tall Irishman Wogan, and an extremely corpulent but nevertheless powerful-looking man, of middle height with enormous shoulders, an enormous dowlap, and features that were by contrast ridiculously small. He presented him as Halliwell, the sailing-master.

They got to table, and Pierre, ever swift and silent in his movements, a very shadow of a man, came forth to wait upon them.

De Bernis took the chair in which the ill-starred Bransome had sat, so care-free and good-humored, as lately as last night. He placed Miss Priscilla and the Major on his right, with their backs to the light, Wogan on his immediate left, and the elephantine sailing-master beyond him.

It was a gloomy meal. At first the pirates were disposed to be hilarious. But something compelling in de Bernis' cold manner and the silent aloofness of the supposed Madame de Bernis and her supposed brother gradually damped their humor. Wogan's dark, fat-featured face became mask-like in a sullen resentment. The sailing-master, however, a man of voracious appetite, considering nothing at table of an importance to compare with the victuals, discovered here all the entertainment he could desire in the fresh meat and vegetables in which the Centaur was well-found. Nolis and repulsive in his feeding, he paid little heed to anything else.

The Major curbed himself with difficulty from reproving the fellow's abominable table-manners. As for Miss Priscilla, overcome by the horrors of the day upon which these table companions placed a culminating horror, secretly racked by fears, and entirely miserable, yet bravely dissembling it, she made a pretence of eating that could have deceived no one who had been concerned to observe it.

(To Be Continued)

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can citizen, built himself a hut on the Hudson's Bay company's premises which I caused to be pulled down—and sent an account of the whole affair to H. M. Consul, Gen. Miller at Oahu, to which he made no reply, though he vessel that conveyed my letter to him—and this led me to suppose the British government did not intend to contend for the Columbia, as at the time when General Miller received my letter H. M. S. Dublin (the Talbot), Capt. Thompson, was at Oahu and had been there for some time, and as I was told there would be a large immigration in the fall, and I knew among them there could be many who would join Williamson's party, and as an influential American (Jesse Applegate), had got a clause put in the organic compact by which persons in office could not be compelled to do anything contrary to their allegiance, and as the Hudson's Bay company officers had the influence, I may say the power, to nominate the offi-

cers on the north banks of the Columbia, this was a security to them and to the Hudson's Bay company's servants, as they would not be called on to do anything

(Turn to Page 13)

Daily Thought

"Of all kinds of pride I hold national pride the most foolish; it ruined Greece; ruined Judea and Rome."—Herder.

New Views

"How do you like the weather?" This question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters brought the following answers:

G. O. Rice, city treasurer: "Let's go to Arizona for the winter, where it's winter and you can see the sun. The office was terribly cold today."

Irwine Lang, bellhop: "I think it's pretty good, don't you?"

Ethel Lerman, bookkeeper: "It's like Wyoming. If it gets much colder, I'll think I'm there."

W. W. Hill, courthouse janitor: "This weather is mighty cold; it makes my ears ache, something that hasn't happened since I lived in a real cold country. It's hard weather on sheep and dumb brutes, isn't it?"

James Nutter, A. P. reporter: "This kind of weather makes me romantic—have to be to keep warm."

Mrs. H. R. White, home maker: "I don't like it. If it has to be this cold I wish it would snow."

Jim Beall, Clarion sports editor: "I don't like it. It's just a little too cold to suit me."

MEMBER United States National Group

The Service Is the Same

Individuality of service has always been a feature of this bank — and continues to be. Our affiliation with the United States National of Portland simply brings into the background greater facility for service and the strength of 90 million dollars in combined resources.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

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"The Bank that Service Built"