

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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Penny Wise; Pound Foolish

If Oregon is preparing to go out of business and turn the state back to the Calapooias and the Cayuses then it is satisfactory to close the agricultural experiment stations. If, on the other hand, the state is desirous of going ahead and conquering the obstacles which now beset us then it would seem folly to end the work which has been of vital importance to the welfare of the state. Oregon farms and orchards must compete with other districts; and if our farmers are to survive they must learn low-cost production, low-cost marketing, proper packaging and merchandising. The experiment stations and affiliated extension agencies have been of great value to farmers and orchardists; and the need continues even in times of depression.

The state horticultural society took prompt action opposing the closing of the stations. These members have personal knowledge of the practical value of the scientific work of the stations along lines they are interested in. The Medford Mail-Tribune, published in the heart of the Rogue river pear country, while favoring holding down costs, says:

"We do deny that abandoning extension and experimentation work entirely is either necessary or advisable. And we feel confident that when the members of the legislature get together and consider this problem, calmly and in the light of all the factors involved, they will agree that the dollars saved by such extreme action, would be a mere drop in the bucket, compared to the financial loss to the agricultural and horticultural industry of the state, as a whole—a loss that would be suffered not only next year, but through the years to come."

Those familiar with the work of the experiment stations are confident that they have paid for themselves many times over. The Moro station for example developed Hard Federation wheat which has proved one of the best varieties for growing in eastern Oregon and Washington. The Clatsop station has led in transforming the lower Columbia district from a timber and fishing country to a dairying and truck-raising country. This agricultural development is proving the very backbone of that area at the present time. When the pear growers saw their markets threatened because of regulations against spray residue, scientists at the Talent station and the state college developed a simple, inexpensive treatment which saved the day for them. These are only a few recent examples of valuable work which these stations have performed.

Experimentation is a continuous process. Each project covers a term of years. To abandon work entirely means to throw away the investment in partially completed experiments.

How much money is required for conducting the essential work, we do not undertake to say. There may be some services which we could afford to drop for the time being. But it seems to us foolish economy to suspend the scientific investigation which is indispensable in this highly competitive age.

Why Not a Modified Income Tax

A sales tax, if imposed in this state, will work a lot of hardship, and that upon the weakest members of the communities of the state. It may cause the death of a lot of retail establishments which cannot absorb the tax and cannot pass it on. Those doing business in items costing less than a dollar will have difficulty in adding the one or two per cent sales tax. The restaurant charging 5c for a cup of coffee and 10c for a sandwich cannot add a cent to the unit price, so he will just be stuck for the sales tax. He might of course put more hot water in the coffee or slice the ham a trifle thinner; but it is hard to be accurate and still keep patronage.

Understanding as we do that the state needs more revenue, why not obtain it by a modified income tax? This would reach the ones actually enjoying a net income. Taxes have to be paid out of income. The opposition to an income tax should pass when it is realized that a sales tax is apt to cumulate many times so the person of small income may pay considerably more in a sales tax than he would on an income tax.

While it may seem outrageous to suggest it, even the old property tax has something to commend it. It reaches those with property in this state who reside outside its borders. Timber has been overtaxed it is true, but timber represents a large portion of wealth in this state. Should it not pay some tax either in the form of a direct property tax, a severance tax, or an income tax? Persons owning farm lands, city property, etc., who reside outside the state, would pay no sales tax here, yet their property derives benefits of government here. Imposing a sales tax lifts that much load from the non-resident property-owner.

The trouble with the sales tax is that it does not distribute the burden with full equity, is subject to considerable evasion, and may be made burdensome because it is indirect. The legislation should not rush a new tax through in just a few days.

The Elks lodge here has for Christmas put on a Christmas entertainment and raised money for its Christmas cheer fund. The shows have been presented so many years, and have been so popular that about all they have to do is to announce the dates and they get packed houses for two nights. Many times they have engaged professionals to put on the program, but this year the performance was strictly home talent; and there is enough variety in the lodge membership to put on a fine program. Lyman McDonald and Clifford Mudd and Tiny McNamara, orchestra leader, and their corps of assistants won many compliments for the performance put on Thursday and Friday. And there will be many happy homes and hearts this Christmas when the Elks baskets go the rounds.

Football paid few dividends this year. Graduate managers are scratching their heads now to see where the money will come from to meet coaches' salaries and all the other expenses of a modern athletic establishment,—to say nothing of the interest on stadium mortgages.

Meacham at the summit of the Blue mountains, comes to life at this season of the year along with Havre, Montana and Medicine Hat, Alberta. It was 18 along at Meacham yesterday morning; and doubtless the railroad water tank has long whiskers of ice on it.

We have a notion to write our friends not to wish us a "happy and prosperous new year". The wishes sent last year are still unused so they will do for 1933.

Why all the grouching about the cold weather? Remember, it might have been worse.

Fourteen days till beer—by the wet calendar.

"Anyway, Pa, We C'n Have a Tree, Can't We?"



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

December 21, 1907

The cause of industrial peace was last night presented to a gathering at the Unitarian church, by Patrick Scullion, originator of the peace movement which is rapidly assuming more than national prominence. Governor Chamberlain, who heartily approves of the movement and had been appointed to act as chairman of the meeting, was kept away by business.

NEW YORK—Weekly Financial Letter—another week of gratifying recovery has been experienced and since the panic, security values show an advance of 10 points and over on the leading issues. In bonds, also, there have been substantial gains, and the whole drift of the financial situation shows genuine recuperation.

SAGINAW, Mich.—The state grange at its annual meeting here yesterday adopted a resolution calling on the constitutional convention now in session at Lansing to insert a clause in the new constitution prohibiting all traffic in liquor.

December 11, 1923

At Astoria yesterday afternoon was held a meeting that may prove to be the solution of the irrigation problem for much of the fertile but all too dry Santiam valley. A committee was appointed to make an exhaustive study of water rights and ditches of the old Willamette Valley Irrigated land company, and to frame up a tentative plan for operation. Committee members are: T. E. Thompson, A. E. Bradley, J. W. Duncan, Harry Coliga and J. W. McKinney.

National Commander Elvin M. Owsley of the American Legion is to be in Oregon the early part of January, visiting Portland, Salem, Eugene and other cities. He will be in Salem only a few hours, according to Adjutant General George A. White.

An additional detachment of 10 supply sergeants and cooks was ordered to Astoria last night by Adjutant General George A. White of the state, to meet the heavy demand for meals at that place. More than 1700 meals were served yesterday from the emergency military kitchens sent by General White to Astoria following the destruction of the business section and all restaurants by fire.

The KGW radio audience liked the Willamette university philharmonic choir so much that the choir has been invited to appear fortnightly on Sunday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock. On the alternate Sunday afternoons at this hour, Willamette university will provide a program of another type. Two weeks ago Dr. Doney spoke, and his address brought in many requests for printed copies. Today Cameron Marshall and Miss Metton of the music department will give a recital. Friends of the university will be glad to know the hour and get the habit of tuning in at 3:30 Sundays on KGW.

Clerks in the American consulate quizzed Albert Einstein to the point of his exasperation when he called to get his visa admitting him to this country. Einstein is one of the greatest scientists and mathematicians of the world. It was humiliating and disconcerting to him to be put through a category of questions. The insistence on the routine is incredible to our own foreign service. This country should rejoice that Einstein is willing to pay us another visit, instead of bounding him like a coodle or communist.

There is the army mule; there is the slipper "mule" which the shoe stores advertise every Christmas. There isn't as much kick in a slipper mule as an army mule.

Even grandpa has a hard time balancing his budget; his bread and his butter don't seem to come out even at his meals.

Fifteen boxes of gold arrived in this county from France. When a box like that falls on your toes it doesn't hurt a bit.

Is that opportunity knocking at the door? No, it's just the bill collector.

Some one is proposing the churches give courses in marriage. A good many post-graduates will be available for teachers.

If He Will Stand and Run, Maybe He'll Have Walkover and Then Sit

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

THE open season for wild duck closes December 15. Wild duck meat is very good eating and wild duck shooting is very good sport, as William Everett Anderson and a dozen or more other reputable citizens of Salem will testify. Personally, I know little about it.

I once spent a Sunday afternoon duck hunting with Mike Terry. Mike had the gun. I went with him for the exercise and because I had nothing else to do. We walked fully five miles on frozen mud before we saw a small party, or whatever it's called, of ducks. Mike fired both barrels at the ducks and knocked a feather from the tail of one of them. The feather came fluttering down. Then Mike discovered that he had left his supply of shells at home.

"Well," said he, after exploding a number of other words, "we may as well go back. If 'twas the gods or something like that we are hunting 'twould be different; we could club them to death. But 'tis no use hunting ducks without ammunition. I'll take the feather along; 'twill come handy for oiling the clock."

So we went back. Mrs. Terry saw us coming and stopped onto the front stoop to greet us.

"Where are the ducks?" she asked.

"He flew away," said Mike. "I hit him all right, but 'twas not in a vital spot."

Dr. Frank Visetelli, managing editor of the new Standard Dictionary, said in the course of a recent address: "Mistakes, and I make my full share, may be avoided by concentration upon what we have in hand, even if we do use a language that enables us to say, 'If Mr. Henderson, who sat for this constituency, will consent to stand again and run, he will probably have a walkover and sit in parliament.'"

These horizontal telephones are annoying. Users persist in placing them wrong end to, and the result is, as Mrs. Annie Brennan elegantly says, we put our baso to the ear thing and nothing desirable happens.

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"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

SYNOPSIS

It is in the year 1599. 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 de Bernis, a gallant, young Frenchman. De Bernis was a lieutenant of the notorious buccaner, Henry Morgan, who refused to enter the service of his King and rid the sea 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. Pierre, De Bernis' servant, warns his master that Leach intends to double-cross him and not give him his share of the loot.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Meanwhile, now on the poop, leaning on the taff-rail, and observing the Black Swan where she followed in their wake, her yards squared to the breeze, Monsieur de Bernis was thoughtfully frowning. It would be a half-hour or so later when he roused himself from his deep abstraction. As he took his elbows from the rail and suddenly drew himself erect, the deep lines of thought were smoothed out of his face. Into their place crept the creases of a speculative smile.

He turned, and came briskly down to the quarter-deck, where Halliwell was at the moment consulting the ship and instructing the quartermaster at the whiststaff below.

He surprised him by commanding him to heave to and to signal to the Black Swan to heave to also. Further, he desired a boat to be manned and launched to take him aboard Tom Leach's ship. He had a word to say to her captain.

He was obeyed, of course, and a half-hour later he was climbing up the side of the Black Swan, on which the paint was blistering and cracked, to be received by Leach with a volley of blasphemous questions touching the purpose of this morning call and the time it wasted.

"As for time, we have time to spare. And even if we had not, it would still be my way to go surely rather than swiftly."

He stood at the head of the entrance-ladder, tall, commanding, and oddly elegant for a buccaner. By contrast with the Frenchman, Leach in his gaping shirt and red breeches, wearing his own black hair in short clustering greasy curls, looked a coarse ruffian capable of commanding only by aggressiveness and noisy, blustering self-assertion.

"It would be your way, then?" "There's come to give orders, then?" "I've come to discuss with you your present destination," was the answer in that cold, level voice, a voice which seemed constantly to announce that, whatever emotions might be excited in its owner, fear



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would never be one of them. The hands crowding the waist looked on with interest, and even with a certain admiration for the Frenchman, an admiration by no means due only to his fine exterior and impressive manner, but nourished by all those legends which had come to be woven about his name as a result of his activities when he had sailed and marched with Morgan.

His answer meanwhile had curbed the aggressiveness of Leach. If there was one piece of information the pirate craved at that moment, it was just this which De Bernis announced that he came to give him. Once in possession of that, he would soon know how to change the Frenchman's tone.

"Come below," he said shortly, and led the way.

As they went, he beckoned first to one and then to another of the buccaners to follow, and when they came to the spacious but unclean and untidy cabin, Bernis made the acquaintance of the mate and the sailing-master of the Black Swan. Both were short, sturdy soundrels. Ellis, the mate, elected to take the place previously held there by Wogan, was a red head of a man, with fiery hair and beard and red rims to a pair of pale eyes that seemed to have no eyelashes. Bundry, the sailing-master, was dark with a peck-marked face that was of the colour of clay. He wore clothes of a decent, sober cut, and affected a certain fastidiousness of person and quiet dignity of manner.

They sat down, and an elderly Negro, clad only in a pair of cotton drawers and with the mark of the branding-iron on his shoulder, brought a punch of rum and limes and sugar, and then withdrew at a growl from Leach.

"Now, Charley," the Captain invited his visitor, "we're waiting."

Monsieur de Bernis sat forward, leaned his elbows on the stained table, which was of solid, heavy oak, and faced Leach squarely. His opening was unexpected.

"I've been observing your sailing," he said. "Not that it was necessary, or that it told me more than I had discerned yesterday. I've already said, as you may remember, that you've been overlong at sea."

"That's because he guesses what's in my mind," de Bernis continued. "He's not without intelligence. He knows that if the Centaur with her well-greased keel had beaten up against the wind, she would probably have outsailed you."

"Outsailing me is one thing, sinking me another. You spoke of sinking me."

"(To Be Continued)

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"And that's a fact," Bundry cut in. "You don't need to be a seaman to perceive it."

"You'll talk when I bid you," Leach growled at him as if annoyed by this early agreement with anything that de Bernis might say. "What next?"

Monsieur de Bernis paused a moment before continuing. Bundry's confirmation of his opening statement was as encouraging to him as it was unexpected, and as it had been irritating to the Captain. He was strengthened by the quick perception that he had here an ally whom he came to do, and that, therefore, his task was suddenly rendered lighter than he could have hoped.

"I told you yesterday that so foul is your bottom that if I had been in command of the Centaur you'd never have boarded her. In fact Tom, you'd still be chasing me if by now I hadn't sunk you, although you've forty-five guns and the Centaur had only half that number of poor pieces."

After a moment's surprise, Tom Leach received the statement with a broad, jering laugh. Ellis grinned broadly. But Bundry's countenance, which the scarring of the smallpox had rendered naturally expressionless, remained grave, as de Bernis observed.

"You was ever a ruffing, fleeing coxcomb, Charley, puffed up w' your own conceit. But this beats anything I've ever heard even from you. There's a great fighting seaman, to be sure. The devil of a top-gallant, high above all other canals. Maybe there'll tell us how they'd 'd done this miracle."

"Your sailing-master isn't laughing," said de Bernis.

"Eh?" Leach scowled inquiry at the solemn Bundry.

"That's because he guesses what's in my mind," de Bernis continued. "He's not without intelligence. He knows that if the Centaur with her well-greased keel had beaten up against the wind, she would probably have outsailed you."

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D. H. TALMADGE

We aren't always reasonable. We insist too much on tangible results from our individual efforts to accomplish things, and when such results are not apparent we become discouraged and fall a prey to the inferiority germ, which like the flu germ are ever hanging about in search of lowered resistance. Usually, some of us buy a pair of 98-cent all wool trousers and expect the transaction to have an immediate and uplifting effect on the cotton market. Ridiculous!

That which in this valley is termed a cold wave, but which is really only a cool wave, is a great revealer of unsuspected ventilators.

One of Mr. Cohen's Birmingham friends might state it thus: "It don't seem to me in summut at my apartment gets any fresh air into it a-tall, but in wintuh

nice fresh ventilation is what dat apartment hain't got nothin' else but."

A good many of us feel a sort of personal interest in Macie Drisler, whose latest picture, "Prosperity," is being shown at the Elsinore theatre today, tomorrow and Tuesday. I am not expecting to see another "Emma."

As a matter of fact, I am not much concerned about the picture, knowing well enough that it will be a "Drisler picture" and as such fully worth the seeing.

McLaughlin's answer to spies:

(Continuing from yesterday:) "As the officer conducting the Hudson's Bay company's business in the department, it was my duty to use my utmost exertions to manage it to the best advantage consistent with the duties of regulation and the usage of business. As a good and faithful subject it was my duty to do my utmost to maintain peace and order between the British subjects and American citizens, and I exerted my utmost endeavours to do so, especially as I knew, in the state of the public mind in Great Britain and the United States, it difficultly unfortunately arose between British subjects and American citizens in this country, the two nations would be involved in war—and if I have been the means by the measure I adopted, and the conduct I pursued, of averting any of the evils I dreaded, I will be amply repaid by the approbation of my own conscience and of all good men who will say I have done well and express their unbiased opinion, then I may throw to the winds the charge which Messrs. Warre and Vavasour make of my being more than accessory to the introduction of this very people."

"It is true I assisted the immigrants. But there is a time and manner in doing all things, and

erty to presume to judge for myself and follow my own measures, at the same time communicated them to Chief Factor Mr. Douglas under the injunction of secrecy, that in the event of my accident happening to me, he might do the needful, and who, I am happy to be able to say, agreed with me as to their expediency and assisted me most ably and zealously to carry them into effect. And though Messrs. Warre and Vavasour may have collected much correct and valuable information from the sources whence they drew it; but if Mr. Warre had done me the honor to avail himself of the offer I made him to give him every information in my power in regard to Columbia affairs, at the same time telling him I was happy of an opportunity to do so, as from circumstances I had been obliged to be silent, and I could give him correct information which no one else could. But as he did not apply after I made the offer I did not deem it necessary to obtrude. But if he had applied he and Mr. Vavasour might have seen reason to doubt the correctness of some of the information they have received and stated as facts in their reports, and I think the world will admit that the Hudson's Bay company, if they knew the object of Messrs. Warre and Vavasour's mission, and those who sent them, ought in justice to me and to the situation I held in the Hudson's Bay company's service and to themselves, so as to obtain correct information of the affairs of the country, to have instructed those gentlemen to have at least handed up their report for perusal, that I might have an opportunity to explain and not have as it were my character assassinated in the dark, and which I think, considering the offer I made to Mr. Warre and the acquaintance I had with him and Mr. Vavasour, the world will admit they ought in justice to themselves to have given me a perusal of their report, unless they had positive orders to the contrary. And I must in conclusion be allowed to observe, it is a treatment I did not deserve, and which I did not expect to receive from any of the parties."

from the time and the manner in which this was done it had the desired effect, and every American in the country believes and says he could not have gone on without my assistance. And was I as the representative of the Hudson's Bay company to be such a simpleton as to destroy the beneficial effect of my measures and tell them, 'It is true I assisted you from principles of humanity; but if I had not done so you would have fallen on our hands when we would have been obliged to feed you gratis? I assisted you with means to sow wheat in the spring of 1844, but if I had not done so there would have been a famine in the country in 1845, as I know you would not allow your families to starve to death when there are provisions in the Hudson's Bay company's store and as a quarrel about them would be extremely injurious to the Hudson's Bay company's business, indeed, much more than assisting you, of two evils I chose the least?' It is true I heard several say they would not do differently, and if my memory does not deceive me, I heard Mr. Vavasour say so also—once. But as explanation might give publicity to my apprehensions and object, and destroy my measures, I was silent—in the full reliance that in due time justice would be done me, and as those gentlemen were not responsible, but I was, I took the lib-

erty to presume to judge for myself and follow my own measures, at the same time communicated them to Chief Factor Mr. Douglas under the injunction of secrecy, that in the event of my accident happening to me, he might do the needful, and who, I am happy to be able to say, agreed with me as to their expediency and assisted me most ably and zealously to carry them into effect. And though Messrs. Warre and Vavasour may have collected much correct and valuable information from the sources whence they drew it; but if Mr. Warre had done me the honor to avail himself of the offer I made him to give him every information in my power in regard to Columbia affairs, at the same time telling him I was happy of an opportunity to do so, as from circumstances I had been obliged to be silent, and I could give him correct information which no one else could. But as he did not apply after I made the offer I did not deem it necessary to obtrude. But if he had applied he and Mr. Vavasour might have seen reason to doubt the correctness of some of the information they have received and stated as facts in their reports, and I think the world will admit that the Hudson's Bay company, if they knew the object of Messrs. Warre and Vavasour's mission, and those who sent them, ought in justice to me and to the situation I held in the Hudson's Bay company's service and to themselves, so as to obtain correct information of the affairs of the country, to have instructed those gentlemen to have at least handed up their report for perusal, that I might have an opportunity to explain and not have as it were my character assassinated in the dark, and which I think, considering the offer I made to Mr. Warre and the acquaintance I had with him and Mr. Vavasour, the world will admit they ought in justice to themselves to have given me a perusal of their report, unless they had positive orders to the contrary. And I must in conclusion be allowed to observe, it is a treatment I did not deserve, and which I did not expect to receive from any of the parties."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

McLaughlin's answer to spies:

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Some new information concerning the history of the First Congregational church, and interesting slants on matters brought out in presenting that story, have come to the desk of the writer, and they will appear later in this column, probably on Tuesday.

Long Buys Farm And Continues to Operate Station

AURORA, Dec. 10.—A. H. Long, proprietor of the Aurora service lunch and filling station, has purchased a 40 acre farm in the Union Hall district, 27 of which are under cultivation. Improvements on the place are a five room house with modern conveniences, a barn, chicken house and other outbuildings. All stock, grain, hay and machinery are included in the transaction. Mr. and Mrs. Long will continue to run their place of business, making the 16 day drive back and forth each day.

(Indeed, the world has long since fully justified the course which Dr. John McLaughlin took. And this justification extended to his superiors in the great concern he represented, and has followed in the case of their successors—for that ancient concern still exists in active business and is one of the largest in the world dealing in furs and trade goods at far flung interior posts, much as in the old days, besides having modern stores in many cities and towns in various countries, notably in Canada. It is one of the oldest existing business concerns on earth, organized over 200 years ago.)

The treatment that great and good man, Dr. John McLaughlin, received from both his British superiors and from our pioneer American citizens, was a blot on their spirit of fairness and sportsmanship. The truth of all this has long been acknowledged, and the pity of it is that this came after his death, and not in time to smooth the path of his declining years.

Some new information concerning the history of the First Congregational church, and interesting slants on matters brought out in presenting that story, have come to the desk of the writer, and they will appear later in this column, probably on Tuesday.