

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Liquidating Imperialism

At the turn of the century the United States was caught in the current of imperialism. The second Bryan campaign was based on anti-imperialism and he was badly defeated in 1900. The Spanish war had taken the stars and stripes off the continent and placed in distant seas. Our people were profoundly influenced by the Rudyard Kipling philosophy of the "white man's burden". Orators thundered about the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon as the ruling race. Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Samoa came under the rule or protection of the United States. Later Roosevelt obtained the strip for the Panama canal. Disturbances in Haiti and Nicaragua called for intervention of our marines, and the Latin-Indian republics of this hemisphere grew to fear the encroachment of the "colossus of the north".

Our imperialism reached its climax in the world war when for mingled motives of idealism and self-interest we engaged in foreign warfare on a vast scale. Ever since then this country has been "liquidating imperialism".

We have pulled out of Europe save as participants in the negotiations for general restoration.

We refused to join the league of nations, rejected mandates over distant territories.

We have taken the lead in scrapping navies, the pride of the Rooseveltian era of expansion.

We have substituted diplomacy for force in dealing with Mexico.

We compensated Colombia over the loss of Panama. The last of the marines were withdrawn at the new year from Nicaragua.

The congress has voted to set the Philippines adrift, thus "liquidating" our far eastern colonial attempt.

The nation has thus radically reversed its policies of "expansion" which was the polite name given imperialism after the Spanish war. In company with other nations, except Japan, we have adopted a policy of economic nationalism. This is carrying the country to the opposite extreme of narrow provincialism, embargo tariffs, anti-foreign agitation; until it may be as productive of discord and difficulty as imperialism.

The marines are coming home from Nicaragua. The news is a brief item in the daily prints. The fact is, that it marks the end of an epoch,—our adventure in imperialistic expansion.

Politics Adjourned?

GOVERNOR MEIER closed his special message with the reverent hope, quoting Woodrow Wilson,—"Let politics be adjourned". That is breath thrown into the wind, in a situation so agitated by politics as the sessions of the legislature promise to be. In this tax matter politics cannot be adjourned, because there is the jockeying between groups as to the distribution of the tax. Groups of consumers like the labor unions oppose the sales tax. Individual members of the legislature naturally reflect the group with which they are identified so they will not adjourn politics. They will engage in politics to protect their group interest.

In another particular politics will not be adjourned this session. There is an anti-Meier bloc which is composed of malcontents who will not hesitate to do their stuff when opportunity opens. They are chiefly of the group which was most subservient to the administration two years ago, but has now become disaffected.

Then the legislature will see a great deal of stage-setting preparatory to the elections of two years hence. There are congressional jobs to fill. Eastern Oregon looks inviting to ambitious republicans like Upton and Kiddle, so they may chart their course by the 1934 primaries. More politics is in sight on the governorship in that direction and his nucleus in the legislature will move pawns with the master at their elbow counselling them.

Politics adjourned? Not much prospect of that, especially in the regular session. In fact the session promises to be a body of laws entirely surrounded by politics.

We are reluctant to criticize opinions of the supreme court which have to do with questions of admission of evidence and technical construction of the law, but we want to express in general terms our regret that by virtue of supreme court decisions and finance racketeers have been turned out of business. Charlesworth and Moltzer, innocent investors were defrauded by these operators. Their release now accentuates the common complaint that the rich crooks escape punishment. The court may be correct in its law; but the ends of immediate justice have surely been thwarted.

Drift Creek Steps Over Bank; Report Says Damage Minor

VICTOR POINT, Jan. 4.—Drift creek is higher here than it has been for several years, being out of the banks in several places. No serious damage has been reported although a number of fences near the creek have been washed out.

School was resumed Tuesday after a seven-day vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Argus Pearson and children of Ostrander, Washington, who spent the week here at the M. M. Gilmour home, have gone to Willamina for a visit before returning home.

Mrs. Dell Alexander and children Phillip and Patricia Ann have returned to their home at Albany after a visit with relatives here.

Marion Fischer who was recently operated on for appendicitis, has been ill with influenza at his home for several days. He is able to be up at present and is doing nicely.

Macleay Grange to Install on Friday

MACLEAY, Jan. 4.—J. D. Darby of Union Hill and his team will install the newly elected officers at the regular grange meeting Friday night.

Holiday Dance is Called Off When Music is Missing

WALDO HILLS, Jan. 4.—The dance at the club house New Year's eve did not materialize. Two of those who were to furnish music were ill. Games were played until after 10 o'clock when the crowd dispersed.

Miss Claudia Hubbard and Howard Jacobson of Portland, were guests at the Comstock home over the weekend. They accompanied Roger Comstock home Friday night from the city. He had been in to attend a banquet of his fraternity, Pau Xenia.

Library Readers Gain Despite All Other Influences

SILVERTON, Jan. 3.—The December library report submitted to the January council sitting at Silvertown Tuesday night showed 1298 books loaned during the month of December; 34 new readers added; six books removed from circulation; 13 books donated and 75 magazines loaned to readers. Donations were credited to: books, Mrs. S. J. Klein, Hal Campbell, Mrs. H. E. Pickett, Clifford Snyder, Violet Ramsby Dick; magazines, Mrs. Robert Allen, Mrs. R. A. Cowden, Mrs. H. B. Latham and Charles Reynolds.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

And meanwhile there was Wogan confronting Leach, arms akimbo and remonstrance in his lean, craggy face. "Oh, now, Captain, darling, I was asked you'd be letting your temper run away with you. Bad case to it!"

Leach laughed at him, his countenance baffled and unpleasant. "See thee, lad! Leave me to settle my own affairs in my own way."

"Faith, but I'll be reminding you that this is the affair of all of us, so it is."

"When I settle it, I'll not forget that if ye were to kill Charley, there would..."

Scornfully Leach interrupted him. "Kill him?" He laughed aloud, in contemptuous repudiation of the notion. "To be bungler. I know what's to do I'm not killing him. But, by Jove, I'll cut his poxy comb, for him. I'll mutilate him, make him helpless so as he'll not swag'er any more."

"But that's as bad now." Wogan's alarm was clear. "Is it?" Leach closed an eye slowly. "There's no faith in me. Once I have him powerless, crippled, does thee think I've no way to squeeze this secret o' th' plate from him? Wolding man't do it, nor a match between his toes. But there's things we might do to that proud colt gal of his, to Mistress de Bernis. Things we might do under his eyes, the throes o' which would mabe loosen his stubborn tongue. There's more ways nor one o' persuading the dumbest man to talk."

Wogan's eyes grew round in wonder. "The Saints preserve us, Tom! It's a devil ye are." But his tone was one of admiration. "They departed arm-in-arm, to their own quarters."

Monsieur de Bernis found Miss Priscilla, who was now reduced to being her own tire-woman, occupied with needlework within the hut. The Major had been seated there, too, in talk with her. But at sight of the approaching Frenchman, he rose and went forth to meet him.

"Will you walk, sir?" he invited him. "Since we do not fence this morning, we might saunter here awhile within reach of Priscilla. I have something to say to you."

"There was an unusual gentleness in his manner which took Monsieur de Bernis almost by surprise. Of late the Major had been more friendly; but never genial. There was always in his bearing a certain aloofness, suggesting that he never lost sight of the fact that he was a gentleman of family holding the King's commission and that de Bernis was just a pirate rogue towards whom necessity alone prescribed a certain degree of civility."

"At your service," said Monsieur de Bernis, and they fell into step and paced on towards the southern rampart of rock, beyond which, unknown to them, lay Priscilla's bathing-pool into which she was not likely again to venture.

"I am distressed, stam me! I tell you frankly, de Bernis, I am distressed. You seem at odds with the rest of them. I ask myself, if harm should come to you, what is to become of us, or, rather, what is to become of Priscilla."

"Can you suppose, sir, that I am not considering it?" "You are? You relieve me a deal. Yet not altogether. The Major was very grave. "Bear with me a moment, de Bernis. You were impatient with me once before when I asked you what was your intention by us when you sail away on this Spanish raid. Yet now that the time is drawing near, I am driven to ask this again. To ask it again. You cannot surely intend that we should sail with you. It would be—unthinkable, stam me, that you should take Miss Priscilla into the horrors and the dangers of a sea-fight."

"You might remain here at Maldivia until I return to take you off," said de Bernis. "Ah! Some of the gloom lifted from the Major's countenance. "Yes." His tone was musing. "It is what I had thought possible. Yet..." He paused, stood still, and confronted his companion. "What if you should not return, Monsieur de Bernis?"

"You mean?" "You go into a deal of danger as it seems to me. There is danger from the Spaniards, and then there is danger from your associates. You are making bad blood with them, I fear. Bad blood. At least, after what happened yesterday with this black-guard Leach..."

"Would you have had me stiver to him?" "Sir! Can you suppose I? Stab me! The Major became consequential. "You bore yourself as I would have borne myself in your place. Do not misunderstand me. What happened could not have been avoided. But it alters things between you and Leach. It occurs to me that he may curb his rancour only just so long as it suits his ends. And that once you have led him to the plate floor, once you have taken to your sword, he may take a revenge upon you. Perhaps this had not occurred to you."

Monsieur de Bernis smiled. "My dear Major, do you suppose that it is from blindness to the obvious that I have contrived to survive all the perils of such a life as mine?" The Major did not like his tone, and the reflection it contained upon his own scummen. His manner lost some of its geniality.

"You mean that it had already occurred to you?" "And not merely as a possibility. Long before our yesterday's disagreement, I have known that it is not the intention of Leach to keep faith with me. He has confidently been counting upon allying my throat and possessing himself of Miss Priscilla once I have led him to the plate floor."

"Oh, heavens!" said the Major in a horror that blotted everything else from his mind. "He was utterly right. He had stood still again. His heavy face was pale as he turned it upon de Bernis. "But if this is so..." Still he could find no conclusion to his sentence. There was a sort of chaos in his mind.

Monsieur de Bernis smiled. "It is something to be forewarned. Things may not fall out quite as Tom Leach expects them. Indeed, they may fall out very differently. I, too, have my intentions and my plans."

The Major stared, his mind in labour. "I suppose you think you can depend upon his followers, upon the leaders?" "What I think is of no great account. It is what I know that matters. And what I know is that I depend upon myself. Not for the first time, the Major said.

Considering him, so straight and calm and resolute, Major Sands came nearer to admiring him than he had yet done. This, after all, seemed to be a man upon whom it was good to lean in an awkward situation.

"You have no anxieties, then?" "Oh, yes. I have anxieties. Few things are certain in this life, how ever absurdly a man may plan. And too great confidence in them, unluckily, which possibly is true because it makes a man careless. That, at least, you may depend that I shall not be. Hitherto, Major you have placed no great trust in me. I know. At least let my deep concern for her assure you that I have no thoughts but to make her safe. In that safety you will share. His eyes travelled up the beach towards the hut, as if following his thoughts. "Ah, there is Pierre returning," he said, and on that left the Major where he stood and strode rapidly across the sands.

The Major stared after him with a brow of thunder. "His deep devotion to Priscilla!" he said, speaking aloud. "The devil take his impudence!" Monsieur de Bernis, unconscious of the resentment he had loosed behind him, was overlooking the half-caste as he entered his tent. But before he could ask the question that trembled on his lip, the half-caste presented a blank countenance to him, thrust out a nether lip, shook his head, and shrugged. "Sain du tout," he said dimly. Monsieur de Bernis' eyes dilated under a frowning brow. "Ah! But this becomes serious."

Yesterdays Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 5, 1908 Street Commissioner J. M. Martin has brought civil action against a number of Salem's citizens who have refused to pay poll taxes and warrants are being served upon them as fast as Chief of Police Gibson can get around to them. The defendants are given seven days in which to answer.

A daring attempt to wreck the northbound Roseburg passenger train was made yesterday. A large bomb was placed on the track near the state fairgrounds. A few minutes before the passenger was due, the local track inspector's valise struck the object and burst into the ditch.

Arthur S. Benson of this city recently invented a loose leaf book docket blank book which he believes will revolutionize the system of keeping the dockets of the courts.

January 5, 1928 Last night a new 150-horsepower water wheel was put in service by the Salem Water, Light & Power company here. It replaces an old 100-horsepower wheel.

Two racing cars are already under construction at the State School of Automotive Engineering, 173 South Liberty street, here. Myerly and Milson are working over one racing car that cracked up at the state fair last fall.

KLASO, Wash.—The toll of the Coville river bridge disaster yesterday had reached a total of 22 missing persons. The bridge was recently pronounced safe by a state inspector.

New Views

"How does the Japanese-Chinese situation impress you?" This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporters. Answers:

Fred Erickson, general contractor: "I don't think it'll amount to much. But it looks as though the powers will have to step in against Japan."

William Eliven, insurance agent: "I didn't know there was a war. I noticed something about it in the papers yesterday."

Matth Thompson, Y. M. C. A. worker: "I think the situation will continue to get worse and worse. Some of the Japanese do not favor it, but from my own opinion and reports from persons who have been over there, the militarists in Japan are following out a planned campaign to add to their power by continued advances on Northern China and Manchuria."

Elbert Hunt, wood dealer: "I really don't know. I've been too busy to look at a paper for the last three weeks. I don't worry about it anyway."

Daily Thought

The world-wide interests of the United States, aside from the dictates of humanity, make us view with peculiar disfavor not only any danger of being involved in war among ourselves, but any danger of war among other nations. Our investments and trade relations are such that it is almost impossible to conceive any conflict anywhere on earth which would not affect us seriously. The one thing that we want above all else for ourselves and for other

Daily Health Talks

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

WE HAVE crossed the threshold of another year. How do we approach the problems of 1933? Is it in the spirit of defeat, or of courage and determination?

What the year will bring us none can tell of course, but it cannot be doubted that our attitude of mind will have much to do with the outcome. By a very Smith or some body said, "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride." Our thoughts cannot determine the fate of a nation, but they have much to do with what each of us will do to help in the forward movement of mankind.

Fit to Deal With Problems What you can do or what I can do, depends largely on our state of health. A sound mind in a sound body is essential to happiness and ambition. The mind will be sound in its functioning if the body is vigorous and normal in its every part.

Our outlook on life and our fitness to deal with its problems are founded on the state of health. In the last analysis, what we do today and on every day of 1933, will be determined by our physical welfare.

If you wake up tomorrow morning, feeling yourself blue and discouraged, firm in the belief that the

COMMUNITY CLUB IS DANCE SPONSOR

SPRING VALLEY, Jan. 4.—A community club dance was given Friday night at the Stratton hall with a large attendance present. Music was furnished by several young men and lunch served at midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brog and children Dolores and Gerald of Clatskanie are spending the holidays with relatives here. They are now with Mr. Brog's mother, Mrs. Anna Neiger, and are ill with influenza. Mrs. Brog's sister, Mrs. Frank Matthews, is also ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Latourelle (Ethel Sohn) and children, Alice Jones and Milo of Hoquiam, Wash., visited relatives and friends here over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cook and their seven children moved this week from the Kilks place here to near Yampo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McKinney entertained as their New Year's dinner guests, Mrs. McKinney's mother, Mrs. M. J. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Harley McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. Ben McKinney, Ethel, Ida, Veri, Dewain and Pearl McKinney.

INSTALL AT MCCOY MONMOUTH, Jan. 4.—W. J. Stockholm, ex-master of Monmouth grange, acted as installing officer Tuesday night at McCoy grange. He was assisted by an installation team composed of Mrs. Stockholm, regalia bearer; Mrs. R. B. Swenson, emblem bearer; Mrs. T. J. Edwards, marshal, and Mrs. George Kurze, musician.

nations is a continuance of peace. Whether so intended or not, any nations engaging in war would thereby necessarily be engaged in a course prejudicial to us."—President Coolidge.

The Way of All Flesh



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Cy" Woodworth's girl: Best wheat in the world: Oliver Jory, owner of the Oregon fruit dryer factory, 967 South Commercial street, and whose home is back of the factory building, comes pretty near to being the longest continuous resident of Salem, if he is not truly entitled to that distinction.

He remembers "French Louie," and confesses that he was one of the moochers of the grapes of that old reclus. But this was so long ago that the crime, if any, has for time approaching three-quarters of a century been outlawed.

Hugh S. Jory, early pioneer, father of Oliver, up to 1855 or 1856, lived on "Boon's Island," north of Mill creek, near where Liberty street becomes Broadway. That was near the vineyard of "French Louie." The Jory family occupied a house there in which two families lived—the others being the McBees, prominent in Polk county history. That was before the Jory family moved to South Salem.

Mr. Jory tells the writer of an early courtship of "Cy" Woodworth, who has been contributing some interesting old time stuff of pioneer Salem days to this column. Silas Jones, sawyer in the old South Salem saw mill, who then lived at the extreme west end of Miller street, had three fine daughters, Sarah, Columbia and Sabina. Cy was sweet on Sabina. One day at a public function he braced up to Sabina and asked to see her safe home. When they arrived at the front gate of the Woodworth home, Commercial and Oak streets, now the home of Mrs. Rose Babcock, 631 S. Commercial, Cy stopped, and, bidding her "good day," passed into his parental front door, and left Sabina to walk on home alone. That was the current joke of the season of the extreme Salem young set of the day—believe it or not.

was grown in Oregon. Uncle George took great pride in showing it to all who came to his home. That was in 1876. A daughter of George Belshaw, Mrs. George Kinsey, is now living in Eugene, and her granddaughter, May Kinsey, is a well known teacher in the Eugene high schools. My mother, as you know, was a daughter of John Rigdon, a pioneer of 1853. Morgan Green McCarty was her second husband, and I was their only child.

"I am always glad to read your column in The Statesman, as it fills a long needed purpose, that of recording the facts of early history of the settlers of the Oregon country, gathering facts from the few remaining people who can remember and tell of these interesting matters ere it be lost to future generations."

Mrs. Charlton is the mother of E. Carl Charlton, long a popular member of the Salem police force. Her husband, C. M. Charlton, employed in various capacities for many years at the Oregon penitentiary, is now probation officer for the United States court, at Portland.

Former Labisher Accepts New York Pulpit, He Writes LAKE LABISH, Jan. 4.—Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Hahn (Martha Lindquist) write to relatives here that they are located at Placer, N. Y., where he has been assigned a charge.

Rev. Hahn, since leaving Lake Labish, where he was born and raised, has completed and secured degrees from Northwestern university, Moody & Sanky Bible Institute, and more recently from Columbia university.

The Hahns are pioneer residents here.

SCHOOLS REOPEN MONMOUTH, Jan. 4.—Monmouth schools including the Oregon Normal school opened Tuesday after the holiday vacation. Many of the school children had influenza during the past two weeks, but the majority were recovered and able to be out this week.