

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## A Veto Demanded

THE special session of the legislature did more damage than it did good to the critical situation which confronts the state of Oregon. It not only voted \$10,000 to pay its own expenses (including double mileage at 15c per mile); but it voted a repeal of the property tax levy and thus left the treasury with wholly inadequate income. The special session found on examination that the deficit of approximately \$4,000,000 was genuine, that it could not possibly cut the budget to come within the dribble of receipts from other sources. But it rejected the sales tax and repealed the state property tax of three mills.

Inasmuch as the legislature did not solve the problem for which it was assembled it becomes the duty of Gov. Meier to veto the bill repealing the property tax levy. Otherwise the credit of the state will suffer a disastrous blow. Warrants will be issued of doubtful legality, would be subject to discount. Bond interest may be defaulted, with all the attendant evils of a sovereign state to maintain its credit.

The situation is serious. Those experienced in finance know and dread the future unless remedial action is swiftly taken. Are the people of Oregon to be rated with the republics of South America to repudiate their debts and default on their solemn obligations?

It becomes the duty of Gov. Meier to veto the legislative measure repealing the property tax. The measure is considered unconstitutional anyway by competent authorities. Even if it be constitutional it is such a grave blow to the credit of the state of Oregon that it should not be allowed to become a law.

If the legislature in regular session is able to provide adequate revenues to meet that portion of the deficit which represents short time borrowings that must be repaid in a few months, and the additional revenues required to meet the budget during the biennium without any property levy, then it might be reasonable to cancel the property levy. Otherwise it must stand to preserve the credit of the state.

Why preserve the credit of the state? Because default would be a stain on the record of Oregon that would cost us dearly for a century and longer. It would increase the interest rate which the state and every subdivision of the state would have to pay on its bond issues for decades. It would further cause outside capital to stay out of Oregon because of the uncertainty of ever getting return on its money. This would make more difficult the financing of legitimate private business and utilities.

Some members who have voted to kill the sales tax and to cancel the property tax are vehement agitators for bond issues to finance the state's going into the power business. Where will they sell the bonds if the state lets its credit go to smash?

This paper has not specified just how the state revenues are to be provided. We think there are sources available other than a sales tax which would meet the emergency. But we shall fight to the last ditch to preserve the financial integrity of the state of Oregon.

The governor should veto the property tax, repeal and demand that the legislature face and meet the problem of state finances. It dare not cut and run like it did Saturday in the special session. The property levy must stand until some other and adequate source of revenue is provided. Any other course is costly folly.

## The State of Nazilia

SOME thousands of our readers, we are sure, follow daily the daring deeds of Popeye on the comic page, and his characters of Thimble Theatre. Others will do well to get the sequence of the strip with its generous offering of comedy as relief to the serious affairs of life.

A week ago King Blozo of Nazilia gave each of the citizens of his state a chunk of gold the size of a door-knob, whereupon the people all stopped work and moved to the city. It was worry, worry, worry for the king till the resourceful Popeye shot craps with them and got all the money away from them, forcing them to go to work.

Then the ambitious General Bunzo, seeking to gain favor for himself and disfavor for the king, promised the natives one working day a week and six days of rest, and received their hearty applause. Loudly he announced: "I will not tax you to live in Nazilia. I will pay you to live here."

Hark to General Bunzo of Nazilia!

But Bunzo and Nazilia have nothing on Oregon and its legislature. We do not need to move away from Oregon to get the blessings of Nazilia. Did not our own legislature vote down taxes and vote itself wages and double mileage?

Long live Bunzo! Long live Nazilia! Long live the Oregon legislature!

## League of Oregon Cities

THE League of Oregon Cities has been in existence some seven years, and has a good record of accomplishment to date. If given proper support and proper direction this organization may become a powerful agency in this state for the improvement of municipal administration.

One great difficulty with city government is the changing personnel both of city councils and commissions and of executive officials. Each new set has to bungle along till it learns from experience the best policy and practice in running city affairs. With a league bureau to assemble and correlate statistics and information from cities in this state and in other parts of the country a source of useful material is provided for the benefit of new boards and administrators.

The league through a manager or secretary may develop improved practices in accounting, in administrative methods, in bond and budget control. The experience of one city is made available to other cities. Experiences in engineering, in traffic control, in street improvements, in use of particular materials and designs will enable other cities to profit in planning their own expenditures.

The league, we understand, is to establish an office in Eugene in proximity to the university, securing cooperation from the school of social sciences. This will be a fine arrangement, of value to the faculty and students of the college and of service to the cities through the office of the league.

In other states these league bureaus have done a great deal in developing better administration of municipal af-

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

### BALANCE THE STATE BUDGET AT ONE STROKE

To the Editor:

In Saturday's Statesman I read the letter from C. Beecher Scott of McMinnville. His idea of how to balance the state budget at one stroke should not be lightly considered, but possibly two strokes might be better. He expects a shower of brick bats to come by reason of his suggestion to stop all appropriations for higher education. Now just at this time we have come to the parting of ways, and the trails are dim. I hear much criticism about how the legislature is tinkering with ways to meet the budget. But for the loud screechers I wish to say that the legislature is deserving of our sympathy. For they cannot possibly solve the problem without making many feel sore. The critics themselves would make a shocking failure if they had the work in their hands to adjust, now for a sale tax, it has two sides, falling on the poor and unfortunate in the same proportion for money expended as it does on the very wealthy. It looks unjust but we are up to a serious problem, and many of our best citizens are suffering in ways they never dreamed of and have to sacrifice many things. Some dropping their telephone, others are letting the auto stand in the shed for lack of license money and gas. Others are selling off things they never intended to sell to meet taxes and other problems. I talked to a man last week who I always supposed was prospering. He told me he had not paid any taxes for two years and no signs of his being able to pay for another year. To make it brief we all have to sacrifice, and many to the very limit. And what is most provoking much of it came about in a very unexpected manner, why this great deficit, and will live on this or that to meet the problem. No, never; the solution does not lie in taxes. We are sore and weary tinkering with the tax problem and the more we agitate it the worse it grows. The only solution is to curb in on expenses. In the last deficit the state of Virginia elected a farmer for governor. He was elected on his own platform, "pay as we go". During that term of office for a single term the state spent over seventy millions on roads, improved over 3000 miles of road and never bonded the state for a single dollar, nor left any outstanding warrants. Now who paid the bills? Indirectly it all came from the auto owners in the way of license and gas tax. Now what was the state of Oregon doing in all that time? It was putting over on the people bonds and bonds by the millions and that is what causes much of the loud crying about taxes. Now if the state of Oregon had taken the same course that the state of Virginia did we might have been just where they are. The man at the wheel means so much to the common wealth. We need more doing and not so much theorizing to get out of office. Going in debt is not natural. It is a product of man's weakness. If the world could only shake off the shackles of going in debt we would soon know no depression. We have too long worshipped at the shrine of a false God by sowing the seed of a poor standard and now we are reaping the whirlwind. In conclusion I want to say that I think that Mr. Scott should have sided to curb in on the state highway appropriations.

D. R. RUBLE, Rt. 1, Salem, Oregon.

### With his partner, General Stephen Coffin, he built the Gold Hunter, the first ocean steamer owned in Oregon. He first dreamed of a railroad up the Columbia and on to transcontinental connections at Salt Lake. He made extensive surveys, attended several sessions of congress, and sent agents to London at his own expense, making himself poor in the effort to secure his aims. He failed, because of the Central Pacific interests opposing his efforts. Chapman died in 1884, after living to see another company dreamed of and have to sacrifice many things. Some dropping their telephone, others are letting the auto stand in the shed for lack of license money and gas. Others are selling off things they never intended to sell to meet taxes and other problems. I talked to a man last week who I always supposed was prospering. He told me he had not paid any taxes for two years and no signs of his being able to pay for another year. To make it brief we all have to sacrifice, and many to the very limit. And what is most provoking much of it came about in a very unexpected manner, why this great deficit, and will live on this or that to meet the problem. No, never; the solution does not lie in taxes. We are sore and weary tinkering with the tax problem and the more we agitate it the worse it grows. The only solution is to curb in on expenses. In the last deficit the state of Virginia elected a farmer for governor. He was elected on his own platform, "pay as we go". During that term of office for a single term the state spent over seventy millions on roads, improved over 3000 miles of road and never bonded the state for a single dollar, nor left any outstanding warrants. Now who paid the bills? Indirectly it all came from the auto owners in the way of license and gas tax. Now what was the state of Oregon doing in all that time? It was putting over on the people bonds and bonds by the millions and that is what causes much of the loud crying about taxes. Now if the state of Oregon had taken the same course that the state of Virginia did we might have been just where they are. The man at the wheel means so much to the common wealth. We need more doing and not so much theorizing to get out of office. Going in debt is not natural. It is a product of man's weakness. If the world could only shake off the shackles of going in debt we would soon know no depression. We have too long worshipped at the shrine of a false God by sowing the seed of a poor standard and now we are reaping the whirlwind. In conclusion I want to say that I think that Mr. Scott should have sided to curb in on the state highway appropriations.

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### S. A. Clarke, in 1862, as Mr. Craig stated, of Baker county, which had been organized in 1852 and named for Col. B. D. Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff, and of which the now long dead town of Auburn was then county seat, was one of the early newspaper publishers of Oregon, at one time editing the Oregonian, and of The Statesman; railroad promoter, nationally known news correspondent, and writer of books. His home was long in Salem; he was the first to develop a prune orchard in this section, just south of Salem. Auburn was given a city charter by the 1863 legislature.

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### The democrats are rivaling the republicans in congress for their lack of record. Speaker Garner in particular seems to be singing off the key. He blurted out that he will support a sales tax; and gets a spanking from the coming White House spokesman, who says that F. D. R. is shocked at the very idea. Then the faithful hold a conference with Roosevelt and agree on getting more money from income taxes by lowering the exemptions; and Speaker Garner back in Washington pulled the wrong organ stop again by saying he had an idea of how to get the money without changing the income levy. The only way to muzzle Garner is to move him across to the senate wing as vice president. That may pat upon her mouth.

### Political poison dies hard. Sen. Dill comes forward and moves that the treasury buy a quarter of a billion dollars of silver at market prices and issuing silver certificates against the billion. Nations ago learned the impossibility of maintaining currency on the basis of bimetallicism. It is like riding a Roman race with the horses headed in different directions.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

How Salem was fought for permanent capital:

(Continuing from Sunday.) W. Chapman was a conspicuous figure in pioneer Oregon. He was active politically; was a member of the '58-9 and 1868 legislatures. Came near going to the U. S. senate. In 1859, for contempt of court, he was sentenced by Judge O. O. Pratt to 30 days' imprisonment and to have his name stricken from the roll of attorneys. It was a political issue. Chapman was assisted by his Portland friends to escape, was rearrested, and, on application of Judge Hale, secured a writ of error. In 1859 he was made surveyor general of Oregon. He had been the first surveyor general of Iowa, its first delegate in congress, and one of its first presidential electors.

With his partner, General Stephen Coffin, he built the Gold Hunter, the first ocean steamer owned in Oregon. He first dreamed of a railroad up the Columbia and on to transcontinental connections at Salt Lake. He made extensive surveys, attended several sessions of congress, and sent agents to London at his own expense, making himself poor in the effort to secure his aims. He failed, because of the Central Pacific interests opposing his efforts. Chapman died in 1884, after living to see another company dreamed of and have to sacrifice many things. Some dropping their telephone, others are letting the auto stand in the shed for lack of license money and gas. Others are selling off things they never intended to sell to meet taxes and other problems. I talked to a man last week who I always supposed was prospering. He told me he had not paid any taxes for two years and no signs of his being able to pay for another year. To make it brief we all have to sacrifice, and many to the very limit. And what is most provoking much of it came about in a very unexpected manner, why this great deficit, and will live on this or that to meet the problem. No, never; the solution does not lie in taxes. We are sore and weary tinkering with the tax problem and the more we agitate it the worse it grows. The only solution is to curb in on expenses. In the last deficit the state of Virginia elected a farmer for governor. He was elected on his own platform, "pay as we go". During that term of office for a single term the state spent over seventy millions on roads, improved over 3000 miles of road and never bonded the state for a single dollar, nor left any outstanding warrants. Now who paid the bills? Indirectly it all came from the auto owners in the way of license and gas tax. Now what was the state of Oregon doing in all that time? It was putting over on the people bonds and bonds by the millions and that is what causes much of the loud crying about taxes. Now if the state of Oregon had taken the same course that the state of Virginia did we might have been just where they are. The man at the wheel means so much to the common wealth. We need more doing and not so much theorizing to get out of office. Going in debt is not natural. It is a product of man's weakness. If the world could only shake off the shackles of going in debt we would soon know no depression. We have too long worshipped at the shrine of a false God by sowing the seed of a poor standard and now we are reaping the whirlwind. In conclusion I want to say that I think that Mr. Scott should have sided to curb in on the state highway appropriations.

### J. G. ("Joe") Wilson, as told by Mr. Craig, was one of the most prominent Oregonians of the early days. He was born in New Hampshire Dec. 13, 1826, son of a dissenting Scotch Presbyterian minister; graduated from the Cincinnati law school in 1852 and came to Oregon. He began practicing in Salem and was very successful. He built the pioneer steamer of the capital city, he became a large holder of down town property, buying a considerable number of well placed lots from the original holders. W. H. Wilson and Chloe A. Wilson his wife, and from her he became a wealthy man. He built the opera house, the Bligh theatre is now, and it became a pioneer hotel, under several names. With J. W. NeSmith, he owned the building, Front and Trade streets, where the Fry warehouse is now—and that he housed the office of The Statesman when it first came to Salem, and was the meeting place of the lower house of the territorial legislature in the session of '53-4.

### He was a leading member of the First Congregational church and a fine singer, musician and director of the pioneer band, and the late Jos. A. Baker, who was a member, often told feelings of his splendid response to all calls of community endeavor with music and other help.

### "Joe" Wilson was the first clerk of the supreme court after Oregon became a state, and in 1862 became circuit judge of the district that contained all the eastern Oregon counties, as told by Mr. Craig, and, by virtue of that position, was a member for the next eight years of the supreme court. The highest court was then made up of the circuit judges in Oregon. He had also served as prosecuting attorney.

### At the polls in 1872, he was elected to be the state's representative in congress, but died before the session for which he was chosen convened.

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B. F. Bonham was a prominent attorney, afterward of Salem, circuit judge, postmaster, U. S. consul in India. His son, "Rate" Bonham, is U. S. immigration agent in Oregon, office at Portland.

Some of the unnamed men who assisted in promoting the cause of Salem in the capital fight of 1864, as related by Mr. Craig, were former students and graduates of Willamette university, who were scattered all over the state, many of them in prominent stations in life. It has been often stated by old timers that, but for their work, Salem would have lost the capital. That is no doubt true.

In the balloting for state capital in the general election of the first Monday in June, 1864, as the date had been fixed in the constitution, Portland received 3564 votes, Eugene 1588, and scattering for other towns, 537; total, 6029. Salem received 6108 votes, making her majority over all 79, and as only a majority was availing, the margin was not large, as Mr. Craig pointed out.

Article 14 section 1, of the constitution read: "The legislative assembly shall not have power to establish a permanent seat of government for this state. But at the first regular session after the adoption of this constitution the legislative assembly shall provide by law for the submission to the electors of the state, at the next general election thereafter, the matter of the selection of a place for a permanent seat of government, and no place shall ever be the seat of government until such law shall have received a majority of all the votes cast on the matter of such election."

The second section of that article read: "No tax shall be levied, or money of the state expended, to defray the cost of the erection of a state house prior to the year 1865."

The third section: "The seat of government when established as provided in section 1, shall not be removed for the term of 20 years from the time of such establishment; nor in any manner than as provided in the third section of this article; provided that all public institutions of the state hereafter provided for by the legislative assembly shall be located at the seat of government."

The third section was in 1908 amended to read: "The seat of government, when established as provided in section 1, shall not be removed for a term of 20 years from the time of such establishment, nor in any other manner than as provided in the first section of this article. All public institutions of the state, not located elsewhere prior to January 1, 1907, shall be located in THE COUNTY where the seat of government is, excepting when otherwise ordered by an act of the legislative assembly, and is ratified by the electors of the state at the next general election following such act, by a majority of all the votes cast on the question of whether or not such act shall be ratified." This amendment was carried by a majority of only 1197 votes.

(Continued tomorrow.)

## "THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

"Have you... Is he dead?" the Major asked him, stammering. "I do not do things by halves, Major."

There was a significance in this that prompted an awkward question from Frisicella. "You meant to kill him? You sought him for that purpose?"

He sensed the recoil in her. "It had become necessary. For some days, indeed. But I had to wait. I had to wait until the time was ripe for it. It was not easy waiting; for he had become a danger. Above all, he had become a danger to you, Frisicella."

"Was that... Was that why you killed him?" she asked in a hushed, faltering voice. He considered her gravely an instant before replying. "Not entirely. But if it did not supply all the reason, it supplied all the desire. Because of you, and because of what he had dared and what he hoped, I killed him without compunction."

She set a hand upon his arm. At the impulsive gesture, the Major frowned a little and looked down at her. But no heed was paid to him.

"I was afraid—so afraid—that I supplied the only reason. If you had fallen..." She seemed to choke. When she recovered, she continued on another thought. "Afterwards, I was even more afraid. I thought his men would have torn you in pieces. I still do not understand. It seemed to me you must be in great danger."

"I am in danger," he answered quietly. "But I was in no danger there. The danger is still to come." As he spoke, Pierre, from a pace or two in the background, leapt suddenly forward.

De Bernis turned to face the sea. Into view round the shoulder of the bluff, a cable's length beyond the entrance of the cove came three tall red ships, sailing almost abreast, and taking in sail as they majestically advanced into fuller view. Across the water came the creak of blocks and the rattle of spars.

Monsieur de Bernis appeared to stiffen. "It has come, this danger," he said, in a low voice.

On the beach below them the buccaners stood staring out across the lagoon in an utter stricken silence, as if suddenly paralyzed. Thus for a half-dozen heart-beats. Then, as the Union flag broke from each main-trunk, and the ships began to swing into line to starboard, leading straight for the entrance of the lagoon, it was as if hedges had vomited all its devils onto the shore. Shouting, cursing, raging all together, the groups broke up and the men ran this way and that, blindly, aimlessly scattering. Thus had de Bernis seen rats scamper and run when into the dark hold of a ship a light had suddenly been lowered.

In a first sudden panic, only a few of them were purposeful in their flight, and ran deliberately for cover behind the careened hull of the Black Swan. For the thought in the minds of all must have been that these heavily armed vessels, obviously hostile, and probably belonging to Morgan's Jamaica squadron, which for months had been scouring the seas in quest of Tom Leach, would presently be sweeping the beach with their guns, and would anchor there in the roadstead.

It was Wogan who led the way to cover, whilst Bundry stood and cursed him for a loathly coward and a fool, who by his very conduct was betraying them all to observation eyes upon the ships. For Bundry kept his head, and succeeded, when that first spasm of surprised terror had spent itself, in recalling the main body of the buccaners to

their senses and to some semblance of order. "What's to alarm you, you rats!" he roared at those, striding a voice that was anything but low, until it cracked upon his words. "What's to alarm you? Whoever these may be, what can they know of us! What can they see here except a ship careened, and another riding peacefully at anchor?"

Men paused, steeled themselves, and came clustering about him to hear him. "Keep your heads," he bade them. "Why should these rats be hunting us? They may be coming here for fresh water. How should they have known we are here? Don't you see this is but a chance arrival? Even if they be Morgan's ships, how should they recognize the Black Swan, careened as she is? If they see you scuttling to cover like those who've followed that fool Wogan, they'll learn the very thing we must conceal from them. Calm, then, in heaven's name. Let 'em land, if so be that wants and what's to be done."

Thus he harangued them, and thus restored, gradually, some of their spilled courage. Ellis and Halliwell, themselves encouraged by Bundry's obvious common-sense, went to his assistance in this task of restoring order. The buccaners broke into groups again, and squatted on the sands or moved now, as if unalarmed, like men whose consciences are at ease. Thus, within the leading ship, a powerful vessel of forty guns, being within the neck of the lagoon, swung broadside on, and revealed open gun-ports with the guns run out ready for action.

At this the buccaners fell again to muttering ominously, their adopted calm dissolving before that menacing sight. Still, Bundry held them in leash. "A pox on you, you fools! What if she shows her teeth? What then? Not knowing who we are or what we may intend, she puts her guns on guard. That's all. But, to give him the lie, a white caniffower of smoke broke suddenly upon the flank of that leading ship, followed instantly by the boom of a gun, and simultaneously with this the Centaur staggered where she rode so peacefully at anchor, and, with a crash, there was a flight of splinters from her bulwarks where they had been struck high up by that shot at short range."

A cloud of gull rolls from the bluff, and circled menacingly in affront at this sudden shattering of the silence. And like those white birds, the buccaners too started up again in panic from the calm into which Bundry had laboured to bring them.

A second shot, following hard upon the first, to batter the bulwarks of the Centaur, riveted them there at gaze, awe-stricken and momentarily silent, expecting a broadside to follow that should sink the appropriated merchantman.

But none came. That second shot evoking no response from the Centaur, her gun-ports remained closed, and her decks displaying no sign of life, the newcomer held her fire. She had taken in sail by now, as had the other two; and in the queer, uncanny silence rang the rattle of chains and the creaking of windlasses. They were coming to anchor there in the roadstead, within a half-dozen cables' length of the shore.

That the buccaners had to deal with a foe, and with a foe who was well informed of their identity, they could doubt no longer in view of that demonstration against the Centaur. What particular action would be taken by these ships when

they had anchored, these men could not surmise. But that it would be action to their undoing they were assured, and in their rage at finding themselves thus trapped, helpless here ashore, in the very situation that Leach had always feared, they cast about them for a scape-goat, as stupid men will in their anger.

Thus it happened that presently there was a surge of them up the beach to the spot where Monsieur de Bernis was standing, with Miss Frisicella on his left, the Major on her other side, and Pierre, with a strained and anxious look on his coppery countenance, in the immediate background.

Monsieur de Bernis, who never in all his adventurous life had been more alert and watchful than in the last few moments, expecting precisely this development, and exercising his wits as to how to meet the onslaught when it came, drew closer to Miss Frisicella until his arm touched her shoulder.

"It comes now, this danger," she heard him murmur. "Stand firm, and do not be afraid."

With that he stepped forward boldly to meet this human wave that was sweeping forward to engulf him. Very straight he stood, his chin high, his plumed hat slightly cocked, his left hand resting on the hilt of his long rapier, so that the weapon standing out behind him made a right angle with his body.

Wildly clamouring that fierce wave—that mob of close upon two hundred men—came to break and recoil a little at his very feat. A sea of angry, evil faces confronted him; curses and foulness almost deafened him; brassy bare arms were outflung towards him; fists were shaken in his face, and one there was at fairly close quarters who brandished a machete as if to cut him down.

He stood like a rock before it all, dominating them by his height and his intrepidity. His voice rang like a trumpet, clear and sharp, audible even above their howls.

"What's here?" he demanded. "You fools! Do you attack the only man with the wit to save you from this danger?"

Their noise fell to a mutter, a rumble as of receding waters, and presently it was still so that they might hear him before they made an end of him. Bundry, he saw, was trying to break his way through to the front rank. And presently that clay-faced, resolute shipmaster struggled up to him, and there turned to wave the assailants back.

Bundry, after all, had a practical mind. He was not a man to be swept by passion into blindness. Never in any situation did he lose sight of the essential thing.

"Wait! Back there!" he croaked at them. "Give us air! Let's hear what Charley has to say." And he turned to de Bernis. "What are these ships? Do you know?"

"Don't you? The leader there is the Royal Mary, Morgan's flagship. There are all three of the Jamaica squadron. We're Morgan's men. He comes too late for what he seeks. It's Tom Leach he's hunting."

They roared at him that they, themselves, still remained to be brought to account, and how did he suppose that they would fare at Morgan's hands?

"I know how I shall fare," he answered them, and he actually laughed as he spoke, though with more than a touch of bitterness. "There's no doubt at all on that score. No need to be a prophet to foretell it. So if you want to cut my throat, so as to thwart Morgan of the pleasure of hanging me by my faith, ye're welcome. I dare say it will be the pleasanter end."

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## Editorial Comment

### From Other Papers

### THE VIRGIN BIRTH

THE VIRGIN BIRTH appropriately reprints the gospel story of the first Christmas. If people have time today they might compare the gospels. Two of them, Mark and John, make no reference to the birth of Jesus. The accounts given in Matthew and Luke are radically different. That is why there are many professing Christians who do not accept the doctrine of the Virgin Birth.—Salem Statesman.

We doubt that that is the reason there are several others just as good or better. The principle reason it would seem to us for sound minded, thinking people to doubt the virginity theory is that it is contrary to physical possibilities. No other testimony or evidence is needed.

But, in case there are those who believe in miracles, there is still no evidence of miraculous conception worthy of credence. There were numerous gospels in circulation during the second century, some of them written as early as some of the four. They are known in history as the "lost gospels," and are frequently cited by the early Christian writers. There is no evidence that any of them taught either the miraculous conception or the physical resurrection.

The doctrine of miraculous conception was not mentioned in any of the pagan, Jewish or Christian histories of the period. It was not thought of nor taught by the church itself till the second century. Paul seems to have known nothing of it. Clement says nothing about it. They are known in history as the "lost gospels," and are frequently cited by the early Christian writers. There is no evidence that any of them taught either the miraculous conception or the physical resurrection.

The first suggestion of it in history is in the Epistle of Ignatius to the Ephesians in the second century. It should be remembered however that he was Bishop of Antioch, in Syria, a country dominated by the mystical and mythological ideas of the Orient. It was an article of faith there that Zoroaster had been immaculately conceived. In Rome the same thing had been said about Julius Caesar and in Greece of Alexander. It was quite the thing to deny great men and it was therefore only natural that in their effort to impress the superstitious, the founders of Christianity should have pronounced this theory about Jesus 115 years after his

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