

The Oregon Statesman
"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Yesterdays
... Of Old Salem
Town Talk from The Statesman of Earlier Days
January 12, 1908
Dealers report that there is a general slump in poultry all along the line. Hens are quoted here at 10c, eggs 7 and 8, roosters 9 and 10c. Eggs sold yesterday at 26c.

TACOMA.—The state federation of labor yesterday voted the Alaska-Tukon-Pacific exposition on the unfair list.

CHICAGO.—Attorneys for the Standard Oil company yesterday filed a petition in the U. S. circuit court of appeals asking that body to certify to the supreme court an allegation as to the validity of the Elkins law under which the oil company was indicted, convicted and fined \$29,240,000 for rebating.

January 12, 1908
Johnson S. Smith of Portland was yesterday appointed by Governor Pierce as warrent of the state penitentiary. He succeeds James W. Lewis, who has held the office for the last year under the Olcott administration.

Anticipating an enrollment in Salem schools of 7779 by 1930, an increase of 17 per cent, the city school board yesterday adopted a plan for the construction of a new building to cost not less than \$2,500,000 will be needed. On the committee are Himo White, W. H. Wilson and Col. E. Hofer.

The first bill to reach a vote in the lower house of the legislature will be the religious garb bill introduced by Representative Woodward of Multnomah county. There is apparently little opposition to the bill. Representative Moore of Astoria yesterday presented a bill asking an appropriation of \$500,000 for that fire stricken city.

New Views

Turning to the tax question, Statesman reporters yesterday asked: "An abbreviated sales or luxury tax, with 10 per cent tax on tobacco, cosmetics and malt, will come before the legislature. What is your opinion of it?"

H. F. Field, veteran: "Yes, I favor that move in preference to the other sales tax plan."

Max Buren, merchant: "It sounds all right. Better than the general sales tax idea. I neither smoke nor drink, so I propose the tax be doubled."

Donald Thomas, plumber: "They've got to put a tax on something. They might as well charge a regular sales tax on tobacco. I'm not in favor of it myself. I'm in favor of cutting out a lot that is not necessary up there at the statehouse."

E. E. Amundsen, far breeder: "I don't care on those things; I don't use them. I think it would be all right."

David Compton, 9A grade: "Certainly, I think it would be a good tax providing the beer bill does not pass in the national congress. That calls for a tax on beer, too, and if the malt were taxed then that would be a double tax."

E. M. Dewey, collector: "No, I don't think it is a good tax. I don't think a tax on anything like alcoholic beverages or tobacco which would create a disposition in people to use that because the price helped to make it prohibitive."

4-H CLUB ELECTIONS

ROCKY POINT, Jan. 11.—The 4-H club members elected new officers owing to the former students resigning. Those elected were Paul Blocher, president; Germaine Stetel, vice president; Ruth Williams, secretary. The next meeting will be held January 20.

Daily Health Talks

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

TODAY I want to talk to you about low blood pressure. This affliction is more common than many suspect. In fact, I believe many vague but chronic ailments can be traced to neglect of low blood pressure.

Sufferers from low blood pressure fatigue easily. They have no "pop". They complain of digestive disturbances and in general are below par. Low blood pressure rarely terminates in a fatal disease. Doctors are often asked what really is the normal blood pressure. This is difficult to answer in any satisfactory manner, because there is a wide range within which the blood pressure may be called normal. In general, it can be said that between the ages of eighteen and forty, the blood pressure is assumed to be normal when it stands at about 120.

It varies in individuals, being higher in males than females. It is lower in warm countries as compared to that found in cold countries. As we grow older, certain changes occur in the walls of the blood vessels and the blood pressure rises.

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Oregon legislature to "Fighting Joe Hooker" Reply, and two old quips:
(Note: "Silver Dollar," silver screen story of Colorado's heroic pioneer days, will be at the Elks-Hooker night and Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. It is another "Covered Wagon," a second "Cimarron," though a better, through newer inventions. It is high history; hectic, strange almost beyond belief. It is taking a nation by storm. Salem, cradle of American history west of the Rockies, should see it—the last man, woman and child. Some particulars in this column tomorrow, and following days.)

In searching through the old records of the sessions of the Oregon legislature in 1862 and 1864, after facts connected with the issue of the capital fight, resulting in victory for Salem, the writer ran across historic resolutions complimenting "Fighting Joe Hooker." That distinguished commander of the Union forces in the Civil war had been a resident of Oregon, as most readers of this column know, and our pioneers were proud of him, and wanted him to know it.

Resolutions were adopted in the 1863 session, meeting in the Holman building on the corner north of the present Statesman building. Samuel M. May, then secretary of state, grandfather of U. S. Senator Frederick Steiwer, then the state seal of Oregon, sent to General Joseph Hooker, as directed, a certified copy of those resolutions, following:

"Resolved, That the legislature of the state of Oregon be gratified to be able to express their just appreciation of the daring deeds and heroic achievements which have so constantly marked the brilliant course of General Joseph Hooker, late a resident of this state, and do acknowledge their deep obligations to General Hooker for the very distinguished services he has, within the past year, rendered to his country."

"Resolved, That the secretary of state be, and he is hereby requested to forward to General Hooker a copy of the above resolutions."

"Department of State, Salem, Oregon, October 29, 1863. I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original on file in this office. In witness whereof," etc., the seal of Oregon was attached, and the communication signed, "Samuel M. May, Secretary of State."

The acknowledgment, dated, "Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Camp near Falmouth, Va., February 1, 1863," and addressed to "Hon. Samuel M. May, Secretary of the State of Oregon," follows:

"Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge, through your distinguished Senator, J. W. Nesmith, the receipt of your letter of the 29th October ultimo transmitting an official copy of resolutions adopted by the legislature of the state of Oregon, at its second regular session."

"It is impossible to receive without emotion the distinguished compliment conveyed in these proceedings, nor can this kind expression of your regard fail to remind me of those happier days, when our fellow citizens on the mountains were employing all their energies in exploring and developing the matchless resources of that famed territory."

"The recollections of my own employment upon one of your great works of internal improvement will always have a place among the most cherished associations of my life."

"Let us hope that this war will not much longer intercept the progress of the nation, and disturb the tranquility of our people. With good cause, unbounded means, adequate forces on land and sea, and a firm reliance upon Divine Power our success is not to be doubted, and should not be remote."

"Soon after the close of the war with Mexico, when my profession

was relinquished for the congenial pursuits of a civil life, I chose a home among the hospitable and generous people who have established American empire on the Pacific. It is my earnest prayer that the day may soon come when a restored Union and a vindicated nationality will enable all of us who took up arms for the suppression of this rebellion to have an honorable discharge, and secure to every loyal household the enjoyments of an honorable and lasting peace."

"I have the honor to be, your obedient servant, Joseph Hooker, Major General Commanding."

General Hooker meant by "one of your great works of internal improvement," the military road from Scottsburg to Wilbur, thence through Roseburg, southern Langley, the Owy creek canyon, over the Grave creek hills, and over the Siskiyou to Yreka, Cal. It was a good pioneer road, with accent on the word pioneer, was very expensive, and made the foundation beginnings of the present Pacific highway. Surveys were made in the early fifties, and a lot of money was thus expended in searching for a better route.

Hooker completed the road in 1858. He was born in Hadley, Mass., in 1819, graduated at West Point in 1837; was adjutant at that post in 1841, and regimental adjutant in 1846. He rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Mexican war, after which he resigned, and went to farming in Sonoma county, Cal., 1853, losing all his savings. (Farming was not uniformly a bed of roses by the side of golden highways, even in those days—especially for men of little or no experience in its pursuits.)

Some months ago, this column gave a great deal more about "Fighting Joe Hooker" and his experiences in Oregon. His headquarters place was in Salem, office in the Holman building, next corner north of the present Statesman building.

The writer has attempted to find the place where he lived while in Salem, but this quest is thus far without success.

Of course, he is well acquainted with U. S. Senator J. W. Nesmith, and with most of the other men prominent in Oregon in the fifties.

Here is an old quip, new to the ears of most Oregonians now on the stage of life, furnished by Oliver J. J. Sanborn. He says he met Capt. Humphrey of the old days, when "Cap" told him he had been to Salem, and had a talk with Judge R. P. Boise, who was prominent in the Grange. In describing the Grange in a Willamette fall right in most ways. The members are in religion as well as in politics non-partisan, and in the matter of slavery the members up—way are apt to be non-compromising!

"W. W. (Glad)" Hazard, also getting to be a Salem old timer, knows the proper come-back to the salutation "top of the morning to you." Do you? He learned it when a clerk in an Iowa store, quite a while back, from his friend, it is: "And the balance of the day to you, your honor."

BIG 4 TELEPHONE LINES CUT WAGES

BETHEL, Jan. 11.—The Big 4 Telephone company stockholders held their annual meeting at Bethel school Saturday night, with A. L. Schulz, chairman, presiding. W. L. Crech, secretary-treasurer, and W. R. Baker, line-man, made reports.

Directors for the five lines were elected for 1933 as follows: Line 65, A. L. Schulz; line 67, H. Ledebur; line 68, Roy Marchand; line 19, A. E. LaBranch; line 109, W. L. Crech. In keeping with the times, the pay schedule was lowered. Common labor, from 25 cents to 20 cents an hour; pay for the secretary-treasurer from \$20 to \$15; wages for linemen from 75 cents an hour and mileage to 50 cents an hour and 5 cents mileage. As considerable repair work must be done on the lines the assessment for line upkeep was raised from \$2 to \$4 per phone.

Switchboard fees for the rural lines was the subject of animated discussion. It was decided that the directors should see the telephone company officials to find out what they are planning to offer for the year, before committing the rural line stockholders to too drastic a pronouncement. It was evident that anything approximating the present rate could not be accepted.

Young Folks From Lake Give Program For Turner Group

CLEAR LAKE, Jan. 11.—A group of local young people put on a play, "A Quiet Family," at Turner Monday night. Characters were Laona Orey, Neva Smith, Gunelle Chapin, Martha Robertson, Ross Chapin, Clifford Orey, Don Orey and Dee Ely. The literary society, meeting Friday, was a great success, and the schoolhouse was crowded. The Oleson family quartet numbers were much enjoyed, as was the play, "School Days." The Valley Motor company installed a loud-speaker for the benefit of the program. The next literary program will be January 27. The Turner group will put on a return program.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

The shot had been fired high to draw their attention. The ball crashed into the palm trees beyond them. And now, as they looked, they saw the roofed foretop of being raised and lowered. Monsieur de Bernis, with his eyes upon that signalling, was quietly counting.

"It is a call to send a boat."

They turned to him again for direction. He took command, quite naturally. "We must obey, or we shall be swept with hail. Some of you launch the longest. See to it, Halliwell."

"D'ye want me to go?" quoth Halliwell, aghast.

"No, no. But he launching the boat, so as to let them see that we are obeying. Thus they will hold their fire. Take your time in doing it."

Halliwell picked out six or eight men for the task, and these reluctantly departed, stifling their curiosity to hear what de Bernis might have to propose, by what means it was in his mind to work this miracle he had promised them.

The Frenchman addressed himself particularly to Bundry, but spoke so that all might hear him.

"You are to remember that there is one thing that Morgan wants, and that he wants it desperately; one thing that he is seeking, one thing for which, in the name of the English Crown, he has offered five hundred pounds. That is what he offers. But if I know him at all, to secure that thing which so long he has coveted, he would pay even more; a deal more. It might be possible even to drive such a bargain with him as would secure the lives and liberty of all of us in exchange for that one thing. Fortunately we are in a position to offer him this to him as previous object. It is the head of Tom Leach."

Bundry sucked in his breath in surprise. He understood; but he was mistrustful. Not so the men; there was a stir among them, even a laugh or two. They perceived a grim humor in such a bargain as Monsieur de Bernis proposed to drive; an ingenious swindle, diverting to the rescues that were to profit by its perpetration; for Morgan was not to know that Leach was dead already.

And then Ellis, stepping forward, showed a difficulty.

"Aye, aye. That may well be. But who's to bear him that offer? Which of us would be safe in Morgan's lousy hands? I know the mangy old wolf of old. If any of us was to go to him with this, that old man would never return. Morgan'd hang him from a yardarm and demand Tom's head as well. That's it, with sudden conviction."

"He'll never consent," said Bundry, with sudden conviction. "Why should he? He has us all at his mercy. The old wolf'll ask unconditional surrender, and you should think otherwise, and we're fools to listen to you."

There was a momentary start from de Bernis. But he recovered at once.

"Pooh, maybe. But not because you listen. Are you sure he has us at his mercy? What if we take to the woods? Will he dare to land a force and follow us? Has he no ambush to fear? And how long would he take to starve us into surrender?" He felt about him the revival of the hope which Bundry had momentarily damped. "What I propose may be a forlorn chance. Morgan may utterly reject it, as you fear. But at least let us try him with this bargain. Remember how desperately he covets the head of Tom Leach; in what danger he

stands of disagree with his Government until he gets it."

The men loudly insisting, Bundry was overborne. He shrugged. "Very well. But, as Ellis says, who's to bear that message? Which of us can trust himself in Morgan's hands? Unless we send Wogan. And, faith, why not? It's Wogan is to blame next to Leach for this situation."

"No!" cried Wogan. "Not you, ye swine, Bundry! Ye're as much to blame yourself!"

"I'm but a shipmaster, not a fighting seaman," Bundry answered him.

Monsieur de Bernis interposed. "Wait! Wait! He half-turned and looked at Priscilla, who, with the Major's protecting arm about her waist, stood there aloof, with all the sun of living through an ugly, terrifying dream."

"There is my wife," he said. "Morgan does not make war on women. He never did, not even before he came to be Governor of Jamaica. Nor can he treat a woman as a buccaneer. She will be safe in his hands. Her brother and my servant Pierre will suffice to man the longest and pull her out across the lagoon. That resolves the difficulty. She shall bear our message; our offer to Morgan: our lives and liberty, with freedom to depart from here in our ships, in exchange for the head of Tom Leach."

"Can ye hope he'll accept?" quoth Bundry, his beady dark eyes searching the calm face of the Frenchman.

"But why not?" He spoke confidently. "He looks upon Leach as the soul and brain of you all. It is his conviction that if Leach were taken, this company would disband. Moreover, as I've said—and it is upon this I stake all—he fears that unless he can shortly report to the Government that he has made an end of Tom Leach, the Government may make an end of him."

There was some muttering and some considering among the men, some argument between Ellis and Bundry.

But whatever they considered, it certainly played no part in their deliberations whether Morgan would be as tender of Madame de Bernis as her husband hoped. If they thought he took too sanguine a view of that, they did not allow the thought to weigh. What mattered was that there was someone who would bear the message. What might afterwards befall her was purely the affair of de Bernis who had proposed it.

And so in the end it was even with a measure of gratitude, and a deal of admiration for the wit which had discovered this possible way of escape, that they urged de Bernis to put his plan into execution.

Miss Priscilla went down the beach to the boat which Halliwell's men had launched. She walked between Monsieur de Bernis and Major Sands, with Ellis and Bundry hanging on either flank, Pierre following at their heels, and a few of the buccaneers straggling after them; and she walked as she had walked in dreams, her mind clouded by a mist of unreality.

Few words had been employed. When the matter was settled between Monsieur de Bernis and the buccaneers, the Frenchman had stepped up to her.

"You have heard what is required of you, Priscilla?" he had said, and he was gently smiling encouragement.

She nodded. "I have heard," she said, and there checked, staring at him, her face blanched, deepest trouble in her clear eyes.

Gravely he answered that look: "You have nothing to fear, Sir."

Henry Morgan will treat you with consideration."

"I could not suppose that you would send me unless you were convinced of that," she answered steadily. Then she asked the question that revealed the real source of her fear. "But you?"

"I?" His smile deepened a little. He shrugged. "I am in the hands of Fate. I do not think he will treat me unkindly. It depends now upon you."

"Upon me?"

"Upon your bearing this message for us and upon how you deliver it."

"If that is really so; if this is really for your good, you can depend upon me indeed."

He inclined his head in acknowledgment.

"Come, then. We have no time to lose. The boat is ready. I will re-echo the message for you as we go."

Thus they had set out, the Major silent, endeavouring to preserve a stolidity upon his broad florid countenance, least he should betray his surprise and satisfaction at beholding the opening of a door of escape from circumstances which to him had been intolerable as a nightmare.

As they went, Monsieur de Bernis gave her the terms of the message she was to deliver, and he desired Major Sands' attention to it also. They were simply to offer Morgan the head of Tom Leach, upon which he had placed the price of five hundred pounds, in exchange for the lives and freedom to depart, at their own leisure in their own ships, of all those now upon Maldiva. If men were needed, and as an earnest of their good faith and their intention to quit piracy, they would disarm their ships, and cast their guns into the sea under Morgan's eyes.

If Morgan would not agree these terms, then let him know that, abundantly supplied with provisions and ammunition, they would take to the woods, and if he chose to pursue them there, he would do so at his peril. In such circumstances, they would be in a position to hold out indefinitely.

At his request, she repeated the words after him, as did also Major Sands. Ellis and Bundry nodded their gloomy approval of the message, and so they came to the wet sand at the water's edge, where half-a-dozen men, knee-deep in the sea, held the long boat in readiness.

Halliwell offered to carry the lady to the boat, the Major and Pierre could wait for themselves.

But now Priscilla, white and trembling, turned suddenly fully to face de Bernis, and caught him by the arms above the elbow.

"Charles!" was all that she could say. "Charles!" But there was agony in her voice, a haunting fear in her eyes.

He bowed his tall uncovered head, and a smile of encouragement, sweet and rather wistful, irradiated the swarthy gloom of it.

"Child! I repeat, you have nothing to fear. Nothing. Morgan does not make war upon women."

There was a flash that was almost of anger from her eyes. "Have you not yet understood that it is not for myself that I am afraid? Must you always think so meanly of me?"

The smile passed from his face; pain was reflected in it; his eyes, considering her, grew sad.

"Brave little soul..." he began, and there checked. He turned to Ellis and Bundry who stood by.

"Sirs, give us leave apart a moment. It is possible that I may never see her again."

(To Be Continued)

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Highlights in the Life of Calvin Coolidge



COOLIDGE'S BIRTHPLACE AND FATHER



TWO VIEWS OF BABY CALVIN

However, Coolidge's boyhood was not spent entirely in farming. As keeper of the village general store, with a farm to look after on the side, his father was a pretty busy man, and the youngster was often pressed into service, either behind the counter of the store or behind a plow in the fields. This training stood Coolidge in good stead. It taught him diligence, frugality and industry, which characteristics became pronounced in later phases of his life. Between "chores" Coolidge attended the ungraded school, a one-room affair, at Plymouth. Here he received the groundwork that prepared him for the Black River Academy at Ledyard and the St. Johnsbury Academy, in which institutions he fitted himself for his entry into college. When Coolidge was thirteen, his mother died, and four years later he lost his only sister. But a warm bond of affection sprang up between him and his stepmother.



AT SCHOOL AGE

Martin of Cheney

WASHINGTON is to have a new governor, Clarence Martin of Cheney. He replaces the colorful Roland H. Hartley who for eight years kept Olympia in turmoil and the whole state on the anxious seat. It is doubtful if Washington ever had a man who promised more and boasted more and accomplished less for his state than Hartley. Vainglorious, bombastic, all he did was strut. The politicians he surrounded himself with pulled the strings.

Hartley did nothing to control state expenses, to hold down highway costs, although he was always agitating against graft. He carried around a little black bag which he said was full of explosive material, politically speaking. He never opened the little black bag. If anyone else did he probably found it stuffed with old paper. It was just a part of Hartley's showmanship.

Martin of Cheney ought to make good if he doesn't have too many hungry democrats to feed. He is a competent manager of business, and has an opportunity to clean house at the state capitol because he has a democratic legislature and all other state administrative officers save one are members of his own party. Ernest Lister, the last democrat to serve, had to fight an old-line republican legislature; and not until wartime smoothed animosities did he really gain control of the situation; and then he died, overworked by the duties of his office, which the war greatly increased.

Washington is the daughter of old Oregon. Her problems are quite similar to ours. The two states follow along quite closely in their economic and political development. So Oregon watches with interest the changes which come in the control of the political destinies of her neighbor across the Columbia.

The Cross-State Railroad

THE supreme court of the United States has vacated the order of the Interstate Commerce commission directed to the Union Pacific for the construction of a railroad line across central Oregon. The court holds, over the dissent of three distinguished jurists, Cardozo, Stone and Brandeis, that the authority to order extensions against the will of the road does not go so far as the construction of a major line of railroad. Its decision does not pass directly upon the practical soundness of the proposed line.

While the decision thus turns upon an interpretation of law and not upon the economics of the railroad, Oregon can accept the decision of the court as justified in present circumstances. It is true that a quarter of a century ago a start was made on this road, and Harriman intended to construct it. But times have changed; and railroading even in good times is not what it was then. In eastern Washington the Northern Pacific about the same time planned the Ellensburg cut-off, designed to shorten the line across the state and avoid the long dip down to Pasco. The road was graded across Adams county and trestles installed, and partly completed. After the panic of 1907 the project was never revived.

The last few years the Great Northern made quite a splurge of building railroads in Oregon. They are profitless now; and it is doubtful if the returns ever will justify the investment. Branch lines are being abandoned by every big system. The big traffic must be thrown on the main lines, and trucks will do the work of feeders to the main arteries of transport.

Eventually the high plateau of central Oregon may be crossed by a line of railroad, but is not in sight until there are fewer jackrabbits and more human inhabitants in that vast region.

Voting in the Peanuts

THE newest parcel of legislation to provide relief for the farmer has reached the floor of the lower house in congress. It is the domestic allotment plan which seeks to supplement the income of the producer by a tax on the domestic consumer. Some representatives from farming districts are supporting it; others are opposing it. Originally the bill was designed to apply to only a few commodities like wheat and cotton. But friends of other products got busy and proposed amendments. At Monday's session dairy products and peanuts were added.

One may be sure that politicians would include peanuts in a benefit plan. Has not the country heard for a long time about the "peanut politicians"?

Congress is once more playing with fire. It tried with the farm board scheme to stabilize prices, and lost up towards a half billion in learning the lesson that even the U. S. government cannot control prices of a world produced and consumed commodity. This new plan is said to lay a food tax of a billion dollars which will be distributed among the producers. Just how the consumers will stand it to have their food costs greatly increased congressmen do not say.

Farm prices must go up to make farming profitable. The legislation which is most practical in this direction is not the subsidy method of the allotment plan, but the building up of foreign markets through tariff adjustments, clearing the atmosphere on the war debt matter, and some internal readjustment of our farming program.

The veteran Senator Strayer showed his political wisdom when he moved for a unit rule on the report of the ways and means committee on the budget. In the confused state of mind in the legislature, with so many diverse interests, practical politics demands some cohesion such as the senator from Baker county proposed. He might go farther and get pledges from legislators to vote the budget as it comes from the committee, without further amendment. Unless these precautions are taken the budget may be torn up when it gets on the floor; and when that happens, instead of further reductions in appropriations the danger is that once the wall is breached the money eaters will race through in chariots.

Honestly now, who expected the veteran's aid department to come out whole? With a legislative provision to loan up to 75% of the assessed valuation how could the commission, which started business on the crest of values, avoid losses? The whole venture should be liquidated. It will be a long time before the taxpayers get through meeting the losses. It is the old story; spend easy, pay hard.

Portland's water wagon caught fire the same day the city commission voted three to two to stay on it.

A group of Vancouver business men are going to build a \$150,000 crematorium. They are optimists on dying at any rate.