

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Silver Dollar:"
 Epile of an epoch
 Screened at Epiphore

Based on the book of David Karsner, "Silver Dollar," the silver screen play that is taking by storm the fancy of American theatre goers, is to be at the Epiphore Saturday night, and Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. The story's high lights:

Men by the tens and scores of thousands, in all former wares and conditions, chasing the rainbow, were lured by the siren song of silver in Colorado's hectic days of her pioneer life; countless picturesque characters rose to the heights of success and fell; ruined by the false gods of gold, gambling, girls and the gussing of gin—

But they were all small of stature and shooting stars in the sky that was the limit of their meteoric flights, compared with the Midas-touched and balloon-inflated H. A. W. Tabor, swaggering New England stone cutter, who left Maine with his prim and proper schoolmarm bride; bound for the farmlands of Kansas, spurred on by Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country!"

The Tabor newly-weds traveled by train to St. Louis, by boat to Kansas City—with oxen and a covered wagon to the snake-ridden wilderness which was to prove the gateway to the then groom's Napoleonic conquests, and in the fullness of time, to his Waterloo.

Legend tells that Cherokee first sighted Colorado gold; but not until 1858 did W. Green Russell of Georgia find the yellow metal there and set the whole country agog; the traces in the sands of Cherry creek, present site of Denver. So began the "Pike's Peak rush."

Tabor, now keeper of a general store, thrilled at the magic word. Their possessions heaped in rickety carts, thousands passed his door, and he found himself humming the road-song of his lusty days. "It's time to pack the bacon and the flour and the beans," etc. It was April, '59, that the Tabor and their small son, Mark, reached the straggling boom town of tents and cabins called St. Charles. Tabor was barely 30.

Tabor disapproved the name of his mushroom town—St. Charles. He set about changing it. Piker Annie opposed. But Tabor won; the name was changed, by vote in the squalid but principal saloon.

As the story goes, to Denver, in honor of the governor of Kansas, whence the Tabor's hailed.

After several rounds of drinks, Tabor was chosen mayor, by acclamation. Later he was told, on the quiet, of a big strike near Leadville—city of the clouds. Clouds indeed; clouds with a silver lining. Again the Tabor's were on the move.

Leadville, a new home, such as it was! Another general store for the Tabor's—bacon a dollar a pound; coffee six dollars, flour \$100 a barrel. All the time he was prospecting, too; going out with shovel, pick and pan. In a few months he had washed out \$7500, the first of his vast fortune. The fates laughed with him the day he grub-staked two unknown Germans for provisions amounting to \$64.75. He was to receive a third of the profits. They looked for gold—found silver. He netted Tabor over a million. He became mayor of Leadville, in nomination, and county treasurer, still running the store.

He bought what was supposed to be the richest in the country; made him twice over a millionaire. Newspapers in the east began to print stories about him, using his picture. He was riding the silver waves to fortune. He built a city; to be governor, may be president. "Lincoln was once poor, and ran a store," he often repeated.

He donated lavishly to churches. The town needed an auditorium; he hired a regiment of carpenters and in a month the Wigwam, seating 5000, rose next to the O. K. saloon. He built an opera house in Leadville; became president of a bank, lieutenant governor of Colorado. He was ever after dubbed "governor." The silver millions multiplied.

On to Denver. He decided to build an opera house worthy of the capital city. The Tabor Grand arose—cost, a million. Furnished with all the splash and tinsel money could buy. Tabor's private office looked like a breakfast room in the Palace of Versailles. (The writer saw "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" played in the Tabor Grand, in 1889, by its greatest interpreter. (What was his name?) The Tabor Grand is still Denver's leading picture house. It was once the finest theatre in America; is yet one of the best in the western half of the continent.)

Enter here Baby Doe, demure, blonde divorcee of the mining camps, coming into the life of the modern Midas; the opening night of the Tabor Grand. General Grant was in the audience, sitting in the gilded box of the builder. Tabor slapped his back and regaled him with tales of his wealth. As Tabor rose from his gilt chair to make his speech, Baby Doe, seated in a box, leaned forward to catch his words. His own wife wasn't there—she could not face the public humiliation of being in the same house with Baby Doe!

The bride of his youth, sharer of the hard days of his upward climb, was getting old; she lacked the zest of the allurements of Baby Doe. Tabor bought from the Colorado legislature a 30-day seat in the United States senate, and his public wedding in Washington to Baby Doe was attended by President Arthur as honor guest.

He was riding high; erected a palace for Baby Doe; built a great hotel, to spite the owner of one across the street who was not kind to him and his new wife. He erected the Tabor block in Denver; lavished his millions in countless grand as well as devious ways.

Cleveland became president; the gold bubble burst; the silver, the bubble blew up. Poverty came. Tabor was appointed postmaster of Denver. The broken headed wife of his youth, still loving, tried to help him in his last, sad days. She died. Baby Doe still lives. Their daughter, named Silver Dollar, met a violent death in Chicago's tenderloin.

This is a mere outline of the thrilling story. (Continued tomorrow.)

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

Ellis made shift to move away. But the cold, calculating Bundry resolutely stood his ground. He tightened his thin lips, and shook his head.

"It will not serve, Charley. We know the message that she carries now. We don't know the message she may carry if you speak to her again."

"You don't trust me?" He seemed genuinely taken aback.

Bundry spat thoughtfully. "I'd rather trust myself if it comes to trusting anybody."

"But what could I do? What other message could I possibly send? What bargain could I drive for myself, simply that must be what's in your mind?"

"I don't know. But, not knowing, we'll keep on the safe side. Come, man. Take your leave here. What the devil! You're man and wife, ain't ye? What need be so coy?"

Monsieur de Bernis sighed, and smiled again, a little sadly. "So, Priscilla. There is no more to say. It is perhaps just as well."

He bent and kissed her. He was his intention to kiss her cheek; but she turned her lips fully to meet his own.

"Charles!" she said again, in that low, anguished voice.

Monsieur de Bernis stepped back, and waved to Halliwell. The corpulent shipmaster obeying the signal picked her up in his arms, and waded out to bestow her in the stern-sheets of the waiting boat.

Then the Major and Pierre followed, avuncular each on the other's side, took their places on the wharves, and got out on the sweeps. The buccaners gave the boat a forward thrust, and so she was launched upon her voyage, a little white flag of truce fluttering in her bows.

Monsieur de Bernis stood with the wavellets rusting at his feet while the boat for a little while Priscilla did not look back. She sat in the stern-sheets, with her shoulders to the shore, a little crumpled figure in green. At last he turned, and very slowly, with his chin sinking into the ruffles at his throat, he moved up the beach, Bundry and Ellis following him with no word spoken.

In the longboat Priscilla was softly weeping, so that at last Pierre, who sat beyond the Major, was moved to comfort her. He spoke to her over the Major's shoulder.

"Mademoiselle," he begged her in French, "do not weep. There is no need. All will be well with Monsieur de Bernis. He knows what he is doing. Believe me, all will be well with him."

"And, anyway," said the Major, "it's no great matter if it isn't."

Thus he expressed the bitterness aroused in him by that little scene he had witnessed at the water's edge. It provided a fitting, exasperating climax to all that he had been constrained to endure in this past month. It was high time, he thought, to restore things to their proper places in their lives, high time that Priscilla should recover the perspective which she appeared, from her latest conduct, utterly to have lost. The vision of that kiss was something that haunted the Major, and set his memory shuddering with horror. Roughly, then, did he attack the business of correcting the focus of Miss Priscilla's mental sight.

His words certainly had the immediate effect of checking her tears. Momentarily, at least, her concern, anxiety, and grief were overcome by indignation. From a white, tear-stained face her eyes blazed as they encountered the Major's.

"What do you dare to say?" she asked him, with such scornful anger that he would not have had the



De Bernis sighed, and smiled again, a little sadly. "So, Priscilla. There is no more to say. It is perhaps just as well."

temerity to repeat his words even if she had given him leave. "Is that nobility is looked in concern for his own skin. Finding himself caught this thieving pirate hopes to make terms; and he counts himself lucky to have us under his hand, so that he may send us with his message. That's his nobility, as you shall see, child."

From behind him came the gentle voice and the imperfect English of Pierre.

"If Monsieur de Bernis escapes himself from t's, he shall be told what a good opinion you 'ave of him."

"Why, so he shall! I shall tell him so, myself," the Major snorted in fresh anger at this further opposition.

Ill-humouredly he bent to the oars again, and after that an angry silence reigned in the boat. Priscilla disdaining to push the argument further.

In this mood they came bumping alongside of the Royal Mary, Morgan's flagship, until Pierre, standing at the bows, steadied the longboat at the foot of the entrance-ladder.

Miss Priscilla, disdaining the assistance of the Major's proffered hand, but accepting that which Pierre extended, was the first to climb the tall red side of the ship, with Major Sands following close behind to save her from falling in case of need.

At the head of the ladder she was received by a middle-aged, overdressed man of an almost fleshy face, adorned by a pair of drooping moustaches, was coarse and unprepossessing. This was Sir Henry Morgan. From the bulwarks he had watched her ascent of the accommodation ladder with a scowling stare. He advanced to hand her down into the waist of the ship. Having done so he stood back a pace to survey her. Behind him, a score of musketeers drawn up in file, a youthful-looking officer standing a few paces in front of them. Like Morgan a they, too, stared, when they saw the lady standing at the head of the accommodation ladder.

"There is nothing to consider but what he is doing. No perversity, no meanness, can change the appearance of that. He has had no thought but to deliver us. It is noble of him. It justifies all my steady faith in him."

The Major permitted himself to laugh at this. Looking at his face, distorted by that sardonic hilarity, she considered it the most repulsive she had ever seen.

"Noble!" he mocked, and went on

to explain his point of view. "That nobility is looked in concern for his own skin. Finding himself caught this thieving pirate hopes to make terms; and he counts himself lucky to have us under his hand, so that he may send us with his message. That's his nobility, as you shall see, child."

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The National Guard

HOW much should Oregon spend on its national guard? Some say, cut out the guard entirely, it never has been called out for service except in one minor labor difficulty in Portland. Others say, cut the guard in half. Still others would make only a small reduction in its staff or expenses.

Undoubtedly the state could reduce its expenditures on the guard over what they have been for the past few bienniums. But we want to call the attention of the public to the fact that the guard is not strictly a local enterprise. It is part of a national organization for defense.

In the old days the state militia was more of a dress-up drill organization than a body trained for real fighting. Dependence on raw militia has been disastrous to the nation in most of the wars this country has engaged in. Washington justly cursed the levies of militia which came to him from various states, and with which he was supposed to defeat the regulars of Great Britain.

The world war showed again the folly of unpreparedness, and the great cost of raising and equipping great armies overnight. Bryan's million men might spring to arms, but they would be worthless without months of intensive training before entering the front ranks. As a result of the war experience the national government took a hand in the maintenance and training of the national guard. No longer is it merely a show organization with blue uniforms and guns and bright swords. It is clad in service khaki, and trained for the grim business of fighting. It is directly supervised by the war department.

We live in a world of reality and the Japanese invasion of China has shown the danger of deluding ourselves that the era of permanent peace is at hand. An army of civilian soldiers, well-trained, like the present national guard, is not an incitement to militarism; and it is a bulwark of defense in case of emergency.

The legislature should consider the support of the guard, not merely for keeping up a body able to suppress violence within our borders, but as a unit of a great reserve army of the United States. By all means reduce the cost to lowest levels. Cut out any trappings and excesses and frumpiness, if such there be; but remember that until war is finally and actually abolished we must maintain a small regular army and a vast body of reserves like the national guard.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 13, 1908

Mayor Rodgers yesterday notified "Dad" Grier, who recently went to the expense of building a platform out from the curb in front of the Model barber shop on Commercial street on which to place his mammoth new peanut roaster, that he must vacate immediately in compliance with the city ordinance pertaining to obstructions in the streets on the sidewalks. The mayor also notified Chief of Police Gibson to arrest every groceryman who did not comply with the ordinance.

The Gray Eagle, tow boat operated by the C. K. Spaulding Lumber company, narrowly missed going over the falls at Oregon City yesterday. A stick caught in the wheel and prevented the engineer from applying the power. A cable dragged to land saved the boat from going over.

PARIS—Henry Farnam, French aeronaut, won the Deutsche Deacon prize of \$10,000 today by making a circuit of 100 kilometers in an airship heavier than air. The time was one minute and 28 seconds.

January 12, 1923

Recommendations for appropriations aggregating \$3,416,832 for the biennium of 1922 and 1924, contained in the report of the state budget commission, will be awaiting the legislators when they reconvene Monday. The commission lopped off about \$1,000,000 from the figures submitted by department heads.

As the first step toward cutting down costs at the state prison, Governor Pierce said yesterday that he has supplanted the \$3000 prison automobile with a Ford. The governor will do away with tractors and go back to horses on the prison farm.

Webb & Clough's new mortuary at South Church and Ferry streets will be completed early in February, according to a statement made yesterday by C. B. Webb.

New Views

"Are you playing contract bridge? If so do you find the game dull after being played for a time? If not, do you expect to take up this 'favorite indoor sport'?" These were the queries put by Statesman reporters on Thursday.

F. E. Needham, hop grower: "Yes. Ha! Ha! Oh, they're always changing the rules around. Every time you play somebody brings in some new rules. It's never the same very long."

Mrs. A. C. Haag, home maker: "I am learning to play and enjoy it very much."

Mrs. Carl Emmons, homemaker: "Yes, I attempt to play contract, and I think that as I learn the game better I will like it very much."

Elections Slated

For Club Meeting Tonight at Howell

CENTRAL HOWELL, Jan. 12.—The community club meeting will be Friday night at the schoolhouse. The December meeting was not held on account of the inclement weather so that the election of officers which would have been held at that time will be Friday night. Mrs. R. C. Ramsden and Mrs. A. E. Kuenst are on the program committee and Mrs. A. A. Natsiger is chairman of the food committee.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bye entertained Sunday with a dinner and all-day gathering in honor of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Meri Bye. There were over 30 relatives and friends present.

Repairs Are Made to Market Road at Zena

COOLIN, Jan. 12.—T. J. Merrick, road supervisor, had a crew of men repairing a bad place on the market road near the Roy Vance farm at Zena where a spring had broken out into the road, Tuesday and Wednesday. A three foot ditch was dug in which the water was placed with two loads of gravel on top of it. The crew is now at work in north Spring Valley.

ALL-DAY WORSHIP SLATED AT BROOKS

BROOKS, Jan. 12.—An all-day meeting will be held in the Community church here next Sunday. The Sunday school will convene at the usual hour and will be followed by the morning worship with preaching by the pastor on "The Thunder and the Angel." At noon a pot-luck dinner will be given under the direction of Mrs. Harry Bosch.

Dr. M. A. Marcy, district superintendent, will be the speaker at the afternoon meeting. The following musical program will be given:

Piano solo, Miss Bernadine Wheeler; vocal solo, Mrs. Malcolm Ramp; class song, by four Live Wire Boys, Leo and Arin Reed, Rob Lamb and Billy Coffindar, accompanied by Marie Bosch; duet, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Streeter; saxophone solo, Albert Harris; vocal solo with guitar accompaniment, C. V. Ashbaugh; quartet, Mrs. M. Ramp, Mrs. C. V. Ashbaugh, O. O. Epley and Mr. Quigley; solo, Mrs. Clyde Harris; male quartet, Earl Streeter, O. O. Epley, C. V. Ashbaugh, Mr. Hornschuch; duet, Mrs. Nell Ramp and Mr. Quigley.

An invitation is given to attend any or all of the services of the day.

Rev. Markham Dies; Served in Sublimity

STAYTON, Jan. 12.—Rev. A. J. Markham, 64, was found dead in his office at Maryhurst college, Saturday, where he had been for the past two and one half years. He was ordained for the priesthood at Denver, May 11, 1915. He was ordained for the vicariate of Alaska, but came to Oregon in 1922, because of poor health. He was first appointed assistant at Sublimity, where he became known and beloved by both that parish and at Stayton where he officiated at the St. Rose, St. Hubert, and St. Joseph churches. He was ordained for the vicariate of the Cathedral in Portland Tuesday morning.

West Salem News

WEST SALEM, Jan. 12.—J. E. Douglas left Monday for Portland to undergo an operation for the removal of tumors on the bones of the ankle. Several weeks ago he submitted to a trial operation which proved successful.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Minton and family, who have been vacationing at Hillsboro and at Albany for a few weeks with relatives, returned to their home here the first of the week. Mrs. J. J. Funk, who has been spending a vacation at Modesto, Cal., with her folks, is expected to return Friday.

Fine progress is being made in the work of the Boy Scouts in West Salem and much enthusiasm is manifested. Saturday the troop and the scoutmaster, W. Harry Wiedmaier, plan an over-night trip to the scout camp beyond Independence known as Camp Doe. They will each carry bedding and food for three meals, and a number of scout tests and reviews are to be given. Andy Helbert, a new member of Troop 15, has passed his tenderfoot tests.

The C. L. Chatterton family, who have been building themselves a new home on Sixth street, moved into it Wednesday. The George Buffins, who erected a small residence within the last few weeks, are occupying their new home also, having moved in about a fortnight ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James Garvin, who arrived here from Albany, N. Y., about six months ago, moved into the Chaplin residence this week. They are occupying their new home also, having moved in about a fortnight ago.

The January meeting of the community club will be held Monday night in the community hall with the newly elected officers taking office. An interesting program is being planned, with the Clough-Barrick quartet to present vocal numbers and some local talent to appear. Mrs. J. A. Gosser, Miss Ruth Engstrom and Miss Helen Gosser are in charge of the entertainment.

Mr. Hawkes and his son of Portland are making their home for the present at the home of Col. Charles A. Robinson, and as-

HEAVY PROGRAM IS ARRANGED BY CLUB

SALEM HEIGHTS, Jan. 12.—The Salem Heights community club is getting off to a flying start for 1933. The regular meeting Friday night at the hall is to be a hang-out affair. Don Ellis is in charge of the program, which he states is varied and will take up the greater part of the evening.

The club has also launched numerous events, among them being the bridge benefit to be given Monday, January 16; five hundred will also be played and prizes given for both games. A turkey supper is scheduled for February 10. The young people are putting on a play at the hall late this month. The older folks are selecting a play for some time in March, and a series of 10-10 teas have started which will continue for several weeks. The community club dance will also be held at the hall Saturday night.

President Bohannon urges that everyone attend the meeting Friday night as it will be decided whether Salem Heights is to enter the community club contest sponsored each year by the county federation.

SHIPLEY'S
 January Clearance
 —OF—
SILK UNDIES



These elaborately trimmed silk crepe combinations and panties—odds and ends of first quality garments. Values to 2.95 go at—

\$1.00

Trillium silk panties in tailored and lace trim styles. Values to 2.95.

\$1.00

Silk crepe panties and combinations embroidered and lace trim. Values to 3.95.

\$1.95

Trillium silk and satin dance sets, gowns and combinations, embroidered and lace trimmed—Values to 5.95.

\$2.95 & \$3.95

One group of silk crepe and satin gowns, elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon. Values up to 6.95. Very special at—

\$4.95

Rayon Pajamas. Values to 2.25

\$1.00



The snappiest little house dresses you have ever seen at—

49c & 98c

SHIPLEY'S

JOINT CEREMONY HELD BY LODGES

SCOTT'S MILLS, Jan. 12.—Royal Neighbors enjoyed a joint installation with the Modern Woodmen at the I. O. O. F. hall Wednesday night. Mrs. Jessie Hartman was installing officer for the neighbors and Mrs. Norma Ettlin, marshal.

Officers elected for the R. N. A. included oracle, Nellie Robinson; vice oracle, Margaret Fry; past oracle, Nellie Amundson; chancellor, Grace Dart; inner sentinel, Annette Hicks; outer sentinel, Mrs. Landy; recorder, Pauline Swartz; treasurer, Rova Moberg; musician, Edith Rogers; marshal, Doris Hoger; assistant marshal, Ada Goren; Faith, Edith Kellis; carriage, Amanda Moberg; unse-

Pussy Willows Come As Spring Vanguard

HAZEL GREEN, Jan. 12.—The pussy willows are blooming, the meadow lark is singing and spring is here. Farmers are reworking their fields. The wheat and strawberries were damaged much more than at first reported.