

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From The Statesman, March 28, 1931

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - - Editor-Manager  
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - - Managing Editor

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## The Chain Store Tax

At the tail end of the session a chain store tax bill was introduced, when of course the time is too short to give a bill of that character the consideration it requires. It is rather surprising that the bill wasn't presented early in the session, considering the gravy that lobbyists and politicians and backers might have thought to get out of both sides to the perennial controversy between independent and chain stores.

Former senator, now City Commissioner J. E. Bennett sponsors this bill, so it is sure to be bristle with teeth to take a big bit out of chains. It does, with a sharp yip also for all stores. The annual levy starts at \$5.50 a store and mounts up to \$500 a year, which makes the bill look like a measure to put the chain stores out of business rather than to raise needed revenue. The levy is made per unit, without regard to the volume of business done by each store.

This bill is like many bills in which the clash of competing groups is noted. One group of dentists seeks to put harness on the advertising dentists. Dairy interests have long sought to put butter substitutes out of business by the taxation method. The lobby is full of representatives of perfectly legitimate businesses interested in the placing of handcuffs for or against their own businesses. All this of course is foreign to the old doctrine of "freedom of competition."

Getting back to the chain-store tax, it seems to us the independents have demonstrated the last few years that they can compete very successfully with chains. The worst failures in this city since the depression started have been chain stores.

Independent merchants are meeting competition through improved merchandising methods, closer control of credits, personal attention to business and contacts with customers. Buying organizations have brought them the advantages of mass buying. The situation seems to have stabilized greatly in recent years. There will always be independent stores; and the chain stores are doubtless here to stay. Each will battle for its share of the business. The chains which build themselves into the communities through support of local interests and participation of their employees in civic affairs are the ones which gain public sympathy in contrast with those which manifest no local interest. The proposed special tax will not put chain stores out of business. The way to beat the chain stores is the way many independent merchants are doing, by aggressive and careful merchandising.

## A Farmer's Advice

GIVE Farmer Haines of Washington county a hand. When the embattled farmers appeared before the house committee on taxation and revenue oratory flowed freely. Unanimous were the pleas for relief from tax burdens. When it comes to exacting new tax measures there have been many threats against a sales tax, that a referendum would be invoked and a campaign waged against it to compass its defeat. But Farmer Haines decried attempts to break up the program of the legislature. He said in substance:

"We have come here and presented our cause. We have given our ideas. We have assurance that the legislature is in earnest in its endeavor to do what is best for the state. We have confidence in the members whom we elected to come to Salem only a few months ago. So when after studying the question the legislature enacts its tax laws, let no one sign a petition for a referendum and hold up matters in the state."

Farmer Haines got some applause; yet we are sure that interested groups will seek referendums on bills not to their liking. In many respects mass legislating results in a governmental breakdown. We almost have it in Oregon. Laws are constantly "on wheels". A legislative enactment may be held up by referendum; or some new law will be initiated directly. There is constant uncertainty and unsettlement over taxes, over fish in the rivers, and other controversial subjects. Stability and continuity are the foundations of orderly government. This direct voting system, carried to the extreme it has been in Oregon, is manifesting the same deleterious effects which always develop with pure democracies.

We have always been favorable to the initiative and referendum method; but they should be more restricted. We should rely more on the legislature, and make fewer changes in our basic laws.

To come back to the tax question, hasn't Farmer Haines made a good suggestion? When the legislature has done its work, after numerous and prolonged hearings and generous publicity, will not the people accept the verdict and let the measures go into effect? For our own part we have not been friendly to a sales tax; and hope yet it may be avoided. But if such a tax is voted, we will follow the recommendation of Mr. Haines and not aid or abet a referendum against it.

## Slow Progress

It is hard to be optimistic during this winter of despair. The best guide however is not the news flashes of spectacular occurrences or reports of bad deals which are now "water over the dam"; but the unvarnished, often drab reports from the concerns like Dun's and Bradstreet's who live just as close to facts as possible. The opening paragraph in their last weekly business review is as follows:

"There was more in the reports on trade conditions this week to generate encouragement, and more developments calculated to indicate that progress has not ceased, even though its pace may have slackened somewhat in certain branches of activity. The period of readjustment now under way gives increasing evidence that business gradually is recovering from the most unfavorable phases which have hampered its forward movement, and that for all the lack of outstanding gains in many important divisions, bearish influences to effect recession are being resisted vigorously. Too much attention apparently is being focused on catastrophes and too little interest being taken in the expanding foundation that is being built quietly but steadily by those possessing patience, fortitude, and faith in the future."

The small loan people won the battle to protect their interest rates. The worst feature is the unlimited rate which may be charged on loans of under \$30. Here neither law nor conscience seem to have any limit and the result is that the poor classes are despoiled when they negotiate one of these small loans. The business is at best a risky one; but some protection should be extended to the poor devils who get into the clutches of loan sharks.

The nose-twisters from Pendleton must have been a bunch of cowboys on a winter round-up giving a demonstration of bulldozing the voters.

## Editorial Comment

### From Other Papers

**COUNTY-ISSUED SCRIP**  
Circulation of scrip is successful where its volume is a small part of the circulating medium; but it fails when the volume forms a large share of the circulating medium.

So long as the merchant or trader is called upon to honor a few dollars of it daily, he can get rid of it by passing it on to other local dealers. But when the volume of circulating scrip grows beyond the point where he can exchange it locally, the system breaks down.

The weak spot in any scrip plan of magnitude is the fact that scrip is not legal tender, that banks cannot accept it on deposit and that business organization has become so complex that business men cannot conduct their business except through the transfer of funds through the banks.

Let us suppose that Linn county would issue \$100,000 in scrip, based on a development program; that the issue would be evidenced by 200,000 pieces of \$1 scrip; and that the plan of redeeming them be the stamp plan, whereby the merchant or purchaser would paste a two cent stamp on the back of the scrip piece and the county would redeem them when endorsed by five or more stamps. The result would be that the county would get \$200,000 in work done free of charge and that the merchants or the purchasers would pay for it.

But that is not the chief argument against the plan. If \$200,000 were released in scrip in the Linn county territory, this is the way the plan would work out. Suppose that one grocery firm, say Becker & Roberts, would receive in the course of a day's business \$100 in scrip. In exchange for it they would give \$100 worth of groceries that cost them in actual cash about \$80. Now what would they do with the \$100 in scrip? It is true that they might be able to pay their local bakery, produce, milk and meat accounts with it; but it might happen that those items would be a small part of the goods they put over the counter for the scrip. They could not take the scrip to the bank, nor could they send it to the Portland or Salem wholesalers to pay for their sugar, flour, canned goods, spices, etc. The truth is that within a relatively short time they would have on hand a large accumulation of scrip which they could not get rid of. And inasmuch as there is no retail business through 50 business transactions, the result would be that it would not be redeemed and that they, not being able to pass it on, would be stuck. Of course if a firm's local obligations were its sole obligations, the scrip plan would work, if all local business houses would cooperate; but business organization is not so simple today. There is no retail business firm in Albany but whose larger part of its obligations lie outside of Albany; and this is through no fault of its own but through the conditions that exist in business organization.

So long as the volume of scrip is confined to the amount which merchants can use in paying their local bills, the scrip plan will work satisfactorily through mutual agreement and cooperation; but when the volume grows beyond that limit, the scrip plan is doomed to failure. And to be of any virtue, the scrip plan must be one of magnitude else it has little effect and does relatively little good.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

**BETHEL, Feb. 21**—The meeting of the Bethel Dorcas club which was to have been held on Wednesday with Mrs. A. C. Spranger is postponed one week.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Joaquin Miller, journalist:

(Continuing from yesterday.)  
Hart Wagner of the Harr Wagner Publishing company, San Francisco, recently issued his book entitled "Joaquin Miller and His Other Self," giving the strange story of the life of the poet of the Sierras.

Though Wagner knew Miller as no one else did, being his conductor on lecturing tours, his agent in marketing literary wares and his backer and confidential friend, he unsparringly revealed facts that most men would not want told, even after their departure from this world's life. But Mr. Wagner justified this in the belief, as he set forth, that Joaquin would wish them told in such a book, out of respect to exact truth.

Most readers and listeners to post prandial oratory and elocution have in their minds the currently historic version of famous lines by Joaquin Miller, said to have been written at the tomb of Lord Byron. In the following version by Wagner, no doubt supplied by Miller himself as the best form, the average reader will perhaps note a diversion in the next line to the last from what he has carried in his memory. Reading:

"In men whom men condemn as ill  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
I hesitate to draw a line  
Between the two, where God has not."

Has the reader noted it? The Wagner version has the word "hesitate" for the words "do not dare." Few other six line poems in any language have been quoted as long. Perhaps some reader will recall that in England Miller was proclaimed as the American Byron.

In yesterday's installment in this column, the fact was overlooked that Joaquin Miller, after his return from Europe, engaged in newspaper work in Washington, D. C. He acquired a home there.

He died at his picturesque arranged home facing the Golden Gate, in Oakland, California, February 17, 1913. Frank Irvine of the Portland Journal then wrote of him: "His 'Mothers of Men' and his 'Columbus' are two of the most beautiful creations in the English language. In what other language than that of Shakespeare and Milton and Byron are there creations to compare with such masterpieces? Not gainsaying the fact that in all the outstanding ones there are many gems."

Wagner considers Miller's "Columbus" his greatest creation. It is worth memorizing, especially now. If every American knew it by heart, and caught its spirit, the depression would be over today. Here it is:

"Behind him lay the gray Aegean,  
Behind the gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores;  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray,  
For of the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?'  
'Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly waa and waa."  
The stout mate thought of home;  
Of salt waa washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say?  
If we sight naught but sea at dawn,  
'Why you shall say at break of day:  
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"  
They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
'Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God for those dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—'  
He said: 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
'This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth as if to bite!  
Brave Adm'r'l, say, but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?'  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

Then, pale and woe, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness.  
Ah, that night  
Of all dark night! and then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be time's burst of dawn.

He gained a world; he gave the world  
Its grandest lesson: 'On! sail on!'"

Speaking of after dinner elocution: Has the reader heard this one? It runs:  
"Mose: 'How does dey kill niggers in Louisiana?'  
Sam: 'Dey hangs 'em.'  
Mose: 'And how does dey creak um in G'o'gia?'  
Sam: 'W'y, obah da' dey fest puts 'um to sleep with elocution.'"

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman:  
While you are acknowledged to be one of the outstanding editors of the Pacific northwest, yet, being human like the rest of us, there is a possibility of a lack of appreciation of some things, and your editorial comment regarding the Marion county court house makes me wonder if there is not more beauty in its French architectural lines than you see.

During my 40 years residence in Salem I have shown many people around our city, and almost invariably our court house is noticed with a favorable comment. Many call it beautiful. It is very possible that the old-timers see more beauty in its architecture than the newcomer, and this may partially be the result of a big bump of sentiment, as you suggest, but does not a reasonable amount of sentiment have a place in our lives? Take sentiment out of our lives and what have you? It is of it—a home without sentiment—a city without sentiment—God save us from it.

A lady was showing me her new home which was complete in every detail and very fine throughout. She explained that when the family moved in everything was to be absolutely new. Nothing was to be taken from the old home. Think of it—a home without sentiment—a city without sentiment—God save us from it.

Wolfe sat sideways on one of the

## "The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

SYNOPSIS

The small town of Navestock jolted on, rustily, caginally, contented to jog along in a rut, resenting the interference of anyone who sought to change its mode of living. The people, therefore, were very antagonistic toward young Dr. John Wolfe, assistant to the town's blundering old Dr. Thredgold, when he tried to better conditions. Wolfe, stumped at the unsavory conditions he found everywhere, prepared a map showing the unhealthy districts. Mrs. Thredgold comes upon the map and considering Wolfe's researches "gross disloyalty and underhand spying," suggests that he be warned to discontinue or be discharged. Wolfe's one inducement to keep fighting is the friendship and encouragement of lovely and vivacious Miss MacCall. Wolfe shows Dr. Thredgold the dangerous germs he found in the well-water of a house where there is a case of diphtheria. The narrow minded Dr. Thredgold, afraid to face facts and fearing Wolfe may usurp his position, resents the younger man's "interference". Wolfe warns of a terrible calamity should typhoid fever or cholera strike Navestock. Not wishing to appear superior, Wolfe turns over his findings to Thredgold to do with as he pleases. Later, the old doctor tells his wife a convincing tale of how he put Wolfe in his place. She urges him to burn Wolfe's papers. Discouraged and longing for someone to talk to, Wolfe visits Miss MacCall and tries to stay and fight. Then, gazing into each other's eyes, they are strangely embarrassed. Josiah Crabbe, the one inhabitant of Navestock who has the courage to live up to his convictions and is hated for it, is keenly interested in Wolfe. Following a tirade of abuse from the townspeople, Thredgold decides to discharge Wolfe. He destroys the young doctor's research report.

Chippendale chair, one arm resting upon the back. There was a moment's silence before Thredgold began.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Wolfe, that you haven't been a success in Navestock, sir, not a success. I regret it, but that is the truth."

"I cannot say that this comes as a surprise to me," he said. "I don't think that there is very much to be discussed."

"Mr. Wolfe, I agree with you. But I feel that I am bound to explain my reasons to you. In the first place, sir, you are absolutely lacking in tact—tact, Mr. Wolfe, lacking in tact—tact, Mr. Wolfe, lacking in tact. You have offended old patients of mine. You have caused me infinite annoyance. Evidently untempered by discretion, sir, is a dangerous thing, a very dangerous thing."

"No doubt," Wolfe's eyes were turned towards the window where the little, short, black figure did not come into his line of vision. He was thinking. But by Thredgold—a weak man—a silence was a thing to be feared.

"I have already written to an agency in London, Mr. Wolfe, desiring them to send me one of their tried men. I shall expect him within a week. Our obligations to each other cease when I hand you a month's salary in advance. I shall not quarrel about that. No doubt you will like to be looking about for a new berth."

There was the clinking of coins. The little black figure moved from the window, counted out two silver pieces, and placed them in two piles upon the table. Wolfe did not move.

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Wolfe. I felt that it was necessary to be frank with you."

"And I may take it, sir, that we no longer owe each other anything?"

"That is so."

"Then I must ask you to return me that map and those papers that I handed you the other day."

Thredgold stood a stock-still a moment. Then he went back three steps, thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, inflated his chest, and stared hard at the opposite wall.

"Those papers no longer exist, Mr. Wolfe."

"Indeed?"

"They dealt with matters that I form part of my practice, and you obtained this material while you were in my employment."

"You mean to say, sir, that you have destroyed them?"

"I do. They have been burned."

Wolfe rose up. To Thredgold the tall figure seemed to grow and to elongate itself in the dusk. Into the silence that filled the room came the fluttering of a breeze in the mulberry trees across the way.

"Dr. Thredgold, you had no manner of right to burn those papers."

"Indeed, sir, indeed! And upon what grounds?"

"I will tell you."

Wolfe's voice was very quiet, but it was a voice that gave Thredgold the impression that it might break out at any moment into ringing and passionate anger.

"Those facts that I laid before you are things that cannot be disproved or denied. In burning my papers you have assumed the attitude of a man who wishes to suppress the truth."

"Sir!"

"In your own interests and in the interests—"

The little black figure jerked its arms, vehemently and with indignation.

"Mr. Wolfe, not another word."

"Wait."

It was a word thrown sharply at a rebellious dog.

"You have burned those papers."

Very well. That act absolves me from any sentimental consideration that might have weighed with me in this matter. I shall let this be known. I shall take care to let the facts be known."

Thredgold bubbled like a round pot on the boil.

"Mr. Wolfe, sir, will you kindly leave this house? Take your money, and don't talk impertinent nonsense. You have no further business in this town, and I don't think any of us will be sorry to see your back."

"I have not yet left Navestock."

"Crookeddoe and insolence, Mr. Wolfe!"

There is a possibility that I may remain in Navestock. We need not discuss it. If you will excuse me, I will go and put my things together."

Wolfe picked up the money, and turned towards the door. He passed for a moment as though about to say something, but thought better of it, and left Dr. Thredgold alone in the darkening room.

In the surgery the girl had lit the lamp, and covered Wolfe's tea-cup with a saucer to keep it warm. A plate of bread and butter stood beside the cup. Wolfe made his last meal in Prospect House.

The same room moon that looked down on Moor Farm stared, round-faced at Wolfe walking like an athlete in training along the Wannington road. He had had his belongings moved to the "Crooked Billet," a little old inn at the end of King Street, and had taken a bedroom there for a week. It was the one "house" in Navestock that did not belong to Turrell's brewery, and Wolfe knew something of the man who kept it. In fact, the "Crooked Billet" belonged to Josiah Crabbe, and Ragg, the landlord, had been Crabbe's coachman years ago.

"What, leaving Dr. Thredgold, sir?"

"Yes, I am."

"Sorry to hear it, sir."

"You must be one of the exceptions, Mr. Ragg."

"I don't know about that, sir, I don't know about that."

Mr. Ragg had carried Wolfe's baggage up on his own shoulders. He was an austere man, and kept an austere house, priding himself that decent men could step in and have a decent glass of liquor, with no foul talk and no foul language degrading their premises. Mr. Ragg would deliver little moral lectures from behind the bar, and drop pithy sayings while he filled the beer mug. If such a thing as a Puritanical publican can be imagined, Mr. Ragg was one. His house was as clean and as burnished as the quarter-deck of a battleship. Wolfe found his bedroom to be a study in white, white walls, white chairs, white curtains, white coverlet, and the very furniture painted white.

Wolfe had unpacked his belongings by candlelight, and then sat himself down at the dressing-table and made an examination of the funds in hand. He had received some \$70 in all from Thredgold, but part of it had gone in new linen, boots, a suit of clothes, riding-breeches, a few surgical instruments, books, charities, and tobacco. He had about forty pounds left, no great sum to stock a warehouse with, and, meditating upon the sincerity of these facts, he had gone down to the long, low room beside the bar to make a supper of beef, cold meat, and bread and cheese. Mr. Ragg had shown Wolfe great courtesy in his austere way.

"Look on this room as your own private apartment, sir. A few very quiet and respectable gentlemen drop in on occasions for a whiff of tobacco. But they won't intrude on you, sir, they won't intrude."

(To Be Continued)  
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## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

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

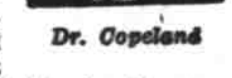
I HAD OCCASION the other day to ride in a crowded train. I looked over my fellow passengers. Many had colds and were coughing and sneezing. I was pleased to note that most of the sufferers made no efforts to cover the mouth and nose and not to poison the air with their secretions.

One of my fellow passengers blew his nose loudly, strongly and frequently. This man, like many other individuals, seemed to believe that to do a good job in blowing the nose, it was necessary to make as much noise as possible.

Excessive and violent blowing of the nose is dangerous. If you have an infection in your nose, the pressure caused by violent blowing is sufficient to force the infected material and germs into the middle ear, or one of the nasal sinuses.

Another common practice that leads to infection is "picking" the ear. Some women resort to hairpins and men seem to prefer toothpicks or other pointed objects. Not only is this an unpleasant sight, but it is a dangerous practice. It may lead to a serious disease of the ear.

Itching of the ear is a frequent and annoying complaint. It may be due to water in the ear, left there after swimming or bathing. It may come from crumbs of the ear canal, or be caused by an excessive amount



Dr. Copeland

## Jitney Supper is Slated Thursday For Rural Folks

ELDRIDGE, Feb. 21—Plans have been completed for an entertainment and jitney supper to be given Thursday night, February 23, at the Eldridge school-house. The program of music and motion pictures will be put on by the "Christian Workers" recently organized adult class of the Eldridge Sunday school, sponsoring this affair. Ten members met last week at the home of the class president, Mrs. A. L. Collins, to sew garments for the Red Cross.

The young people's class is also an active one. A Washington day party will be given Wednesday night at the home of Miss Betty Jean Hicks.

## Duff to Continue Special Meetings For Hazel Green

HAZEL GREEN, Feb. 21—Dr. Walter Duff, evangelist and Miss Naomi Van Cleave, pianist and Miss Phillis Koenig, song leader are continuing the special meeting this week. The interest and attendance having increased.

The program announced for this week is Monday, "Irish Night"; Tuesday, "Yours People"; Wednesday, "Fathers' and Mothers"; Thursday, pageant, "The Pearly Gate," by the young ladies; Friday, special program by the children; Sunday, an all day meeting with basket dinner at noon, Children's meetings at 3:30 each afternoon, in charge of Miss Van Cleave and Miss Koenig.

A three-piece orchestra is being organized by Miss Van Cleave.

## "What the Country Needs"

