

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Organizing the Campaign

STATE officials headed by the governor, the speaker of the house and the president of the senate have combined to carry forward a campaign in behalf of the fiscal legislation enacted by the last legislature. This includes a higher income tax, a sales tax, a dropping of the personal property tax and reduction of the tax on real property. The program is a comprehensive one. To single out one particular item and assail it or commend it, is not enough. The whole program must be considered in order to come to a wise conclusion.

As reorganized by the legislature the taxing system for support of government would consist of the following:

1. Real property tax, which hitherto has borne nearly the whole load for state and local governments. Under the new plan the real property tax would not be required for state purposes and would be reduced for county purposes. This will mean a substantial saving for farmers, for homeowners, for owners of city property and factories.

2. Income tax: this will be sharply increased, with lowered exemptions, on the ground that those who are getting incomes are the ones who are able to pay taxes.

3. Increased inheritance taxes and a new gift tax.

4. Sales tax. This is a two-year tax, designed to bring in revenues at a time when real property taxes are going delinquent. Part of the tax goes to the state and part back to the counties. Farmers do not have to pay the tax on the produce they sell.

The Statesman will support the governor and the legislature in the tax program. We have been unfriendly to a sales tax; but have come to the conclusion that its imposition is virtually inevitable in order to sustain the credit of the state. We may find it like going swimming: after we make the first plunge the water feels fine.

With the provisions which the bill includes: lifting of the personal property tax and sharing the proceeds with counties, many of the objections are mitigated. The burden of taxation still rests most heavily on the wealthier classes because of the very heavy income tax, the increased inheritance tax, and the new gift tax.

If Gov. Meier and other leaders in the state will carry on a vigorous campaign of explanation to the people, they should be able to "sell" the tax program to the state, which would mean a definite solution of the serious problems which the state faces in its financial structure. A mere endorsement in general terms will be wholly inadequate.

## Toll of the Trollers

UP on Grays Harbor they picked up wreckage of a boat, and it was identified as part of trolling boat of an Astoria fisherman. The owner himself, it is presumed, perished at sea. The brief item in the day's news is but one of many which come from seaports. Such items are part of the price which men still pay who make their living out of the sea, part of the price which is paid that those who live far from the sound of the surf may have their Friday fish, of halibut or cod, or salmon.

When one spends a day at a beach resort he may, if the weather is clear see several trollers at work a few miles off shore. They set out from the tiny bays that indent the coast-line, work for a day or two, spend a night or two drifting and fishing. Luck varies with them as it does with anglers in trout streams. Sometimes they come back with a boat load; sometimes there are few fish to reward their labors.

There is variation too in the seaworthiness of their craft. The more prosperous fishermen keep boats well caulked and painted, their engines in good condition and gear in order. Others take a chance every time they put out of the harbor's mouth: an engine that sputters and dies; a leak that calls for steady bailing; a rudder that fails when a heavy wave strikes.

The tragedies of the trolling ships are seldom recounted. Only a few men man each vessel; when it goes down with all hands lost there is no survivor to tell the tale of a fight against the elements,—with a helpless engine, a broken rudder, or a growing vent in the side. Men still brave the sea however, drawn to it by necessity or by choice; and the sea still claims a toll of victims, spite of man's skill and ingenuity. The toll seems peculiarly heavy among the small boats of the coastwise fishermen.

"The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled." But not Hon. Rufus. He lets the state employes stand on the hot spot, while he does the fleeing on a cool deck.

Snow yesterday afternoon and bare-legged Scotch kiltie handmen last night joined in formally introducing spring to Salem.

Perhaps we are wrong in criticizing Hon. Holman for his flight to Mexico. He may be just going down there to get Mexican money to use in paying state house salaries.

Spring is later than usual. That is one characteristic of the Pacific northwest. Spring gets a little later each year; in the same proportion that our memories get shorter.

McCord is raising money for a memorial to the constable who was slain. Outsiders would think they would work to forget their venomous feud rather than to preserve the memory of it in bronze.

Our program for today: wider and deeper gutters for the new crop of beer drunks.

## SCOUTS TO PREPARE FOR MOBILIZATION

Salem Boy scouts also plan to effect an emergency mobilization organization for service here in case of disaster, such as fire, flood or storm, it was announced at scout headquarters here yesterday. The American legion already has undertaken similar plans. Scout Executive O. P. West stated that he would work out a plan whereby the 300 scouts of the 16 troops in Salem and vicinity could be called out for emergency service of any sort within a matter of minutes. When located at Corvallis, West mobilized the more than 100 scouts there within 15 minutes and similar results were obtained at Albany. Under the plan, each scoutmaster would be prepared to contact all the boys in his charge quickly. Telephones, industrial whistles and bugles blown from speeding automobiles would be used to give the call for mobilization. Boy scouts rendered notable service in the southern California earthquake area and have done likewise in other stricken regions, West pointed out.

4-H Men Call—H. C. Seymour and L. J. Allen, both connected with 4-H club work throughout the state, paid a business call yesterday on Wayne D. Harding, Marion county supervisor of 4-H club activities.

# "The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

Mary Mascall vanished up the darkening stairs. She had to grope her way along the landing. A faint chink of light showed her the door of Jess's room. She opened it softly, and spoke in a whisper.

"John."  
"Yes, Mother?"  
"Mr. Fleming wants to see you."  
"What about?"  
"Navestock. Go down and speak to him. I ask you to do it, John. It's only fair to him and to yourself."

The two men met in the dusk of the hall. Wolfe's face looked gaunt and grey—a hungry face, yet fervent, and fanatical about the eyes. He gripped Robert Fleming's hand hard.

"She is asleep now. I can give you ten minutes. It is just touch and go, the weight of a feather in the scales."  
"I am going to speak out frankly, Wolfe."

"The franker the better."  
"To-day we elected you our Medical Officer. Threadgold has resigned. You have won your way. Don't sacrifice a fine opportunity."

He saw Wolfe's profile as they turned, gaunt and clear against a hard sky.  
"You think I am acting selfishly?"  
"I think that no man should put his private interests before the interests of his—his—you know what I mean. There is a good deal of feeling in the town. I came as a friend."

Wolfe's eyes looked into the grey distance. His face was very stern.  
"For three months I have given Navestock the very blood of my body. They begrudge me three days. I shall not leave Moor Farm until we have either lost or won."  
"I think you are wrong."

"You are one of the few men, Mr. Fleming, to whom I would surrender, if it were possible."  
"Would this girl wish you to do this, if she were capable of judging?"

Wolfe faced round almost fiercely.  
"She has more courage and generosity than twenty Navestocks. It was she who kept me here. I should have kicked the dust off my boots last year if she had not backed me up. 'Stay and fight,' she said. I stayed. If Navestock owes me anything, it owes it to her. All this time she has been nursing me. I would treat no one but myself. They want me to give her a worse chance. They can go to perdition."

It was dark still when Wolfe left Jess sleeping, slipped out of the room and made his way downstairs. In the recess under the stairs he found his overcoat and boots. He unfastened the porch door and smelt the keen fresh smell of a winter morning.

The night had been critical, and the day would be in sympathy with the night. Wolfe felt tired and heavy-headed, with a hot ache in the eyes and dull blood in the brain. Strength of will alone had kept him awake, with his whole body thirsting for sleep as a dry land thirsts for rain.

Mary Mascall put her work aside, and went quickly to the parlour window. The heads of two black horses had passed across the gap in the holly hedge where the garden gate opened. Mary Mascall could see the shining hat and the red face of the coachman, and the slim figure of a young footman standing stiff and erect, and pressing the gate open.

"Bless me, Mrs. Brandon!"  
Mary Mascall hurried to the porch door. She opened it as Ursula Brandon was stretching out a hand to the bell-pull.

"Good morning, Mrs. Mascall. I have come to ask after our lost nurse."



"I wanted to see you, so I asked Mrs. Mascall to send you down to me," said Ursula Brandon.

"She is much better, thank you."  
"I am so glad to hear it."  
There was no apparent reason why these two women should feel uneasy under each other's eyes, yet some vague feminine antipathy spoke at the very meeting of their voices. The one was casual, calm, cold on the surface; the other, ruddy, warm-voiced, mellowly vicious. The blue eyes of the farrier's wife took on a queer surface-gleam of watchfulness.

"You are sure that she is out of danger? In a way, I have felt myself responsible."  
"Dr. Wolfe is very much more hopeful."  
"That is a good sign—to have one's doctor convinced. In Mr. Wolfe here, by any chance?"

She maintained her level, casual, calm under the full stare of Mary Mascall's shrewd blue eyes.  
"I will send Dr. Wolfe to you."  
"Thank you so much."  
When Wolfe came out to her she met him with the easy friendliness of a woman of the world. Mary Mascall had remained with Jess, and there was no questioning and mistrustful feminine spirit to be dealt with, merely a blundering thing called man whose methods were like trampled elephant tracks through the jungle.

"I am so glad to hear that she is out of danger."  
"There is still some danger."  
"Of course there must be. I want to see you, so I asked Mrs. Mascall to send you down to me. When are you going to remember that there is such a place as Navestock?"

"I am giving myself two more days."  
She smiled at him, and the smile puzzled Wolfe. It suggested so many subtle mental attitudes. Her whole presence hinted at clearer, broader skies. She was so much more mature, so much more complex, so much more casual.

"Don't you think that you could deny yourself these two days? I suggest it as a friend. I think the patience of the people in the valley is very nearly exhausted."  
She gave a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, you proud and sincere spiritual Don't you know that one learns to humour fools a nd to triumph over them by smiling over their folly? Drive down with me now. My carriage can bring you back again."

He stared beyond her for the moment, but his face remained obstinate.

"No, I stand by my promise to myself."  
He accompanied her down the stone path to the gate, and saw her into her carriage.  
"Give my love to Jess."  
"I will."  
"Try and relax towards the grumblers at the end of your two days. Good-bye."  
Wolfe's spirit of inexorable independence was to bear the brunt of a second and more strenuous attack in the course of the same day. The two carriages must have passed each other on the way, that of Mrs. Ursula Brandon going towards "Fardons," Josiah Crabbe had all his news from Adam Grinch, and even the old cynic had been alarmed at the outcry Wolfe's absence had aroused. The town had turned like an uncertain-tempered dog, infamous neglect of duty, an audacious hardness that went out of its way to flaunt the public opinion that had consented to be taken by the nose! The gossip of the river alleys said that Jess Mascall had never been in danger. John Wolfe had just taken himself off to show his masterful independence, and his contempt for public opinion.

Mary Mascall had left them alone together in the parlour.  
"You wicked fool, to have let a pair of soft arms get round your neck. Man, you are spoiling everything. We had them beaten, we had them cornered, and now you play the womanish fool."  
His bright, dark eyes flashed at Wolfe out of the yellow thinness of his impatience burned at white heat in his shrunken body. Affection and scorn were curiously mingled.

"Turrell has been back in the town a week. What, you hadn't heard? They are working against you. They have got old Baggeley's nephew down from London, a smart young whipper-snapper, with a bagful of diploma. Partnership with Threadgold; pushed through on the sly. Turrell has been fathering young Baggeley, treating him round, mixing up soft-soap. There has been a dinner-party at Beach Hill. It's as plain as the palm of my hand, and very clever."

(To Be Continued)

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# Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

March 24, 1908  
After almost being persuaded to put up no ticket and to fuse with the Statement No. 1 republicans, the Marion county democratic conference yesterday decided to put a straight democratic ticket in the field. Named on a committee to urge candidates to come out were: George Swigold, August Huckestein, Late Cavanaugh, D. J. Fry and Grant Corby.

HONG KONG. — The boycott crusade against the Japanese is growing and notices declaring the Japanese "barbarous lumbugs" and posted everywhere in this city.

William J. Bryan, in an effort to carry his own state of Nebraska at the coming presidential election, has enlisted the prohibition forces.

March 24, 1923  
The referendum is to be invoked on the state income tax act passed by the 1923 legislature by the Oregon Just Tax League of which R. W. Hagood is president and E. O. Isler secretary.

Sioux City, Ia., was being inundated today by flood waters caused by backing up of the Floyd river by the Missouri. Residents are fleeing in panic.

SILVERTON.—A woman's auxiliary of the Delbert Reeves post, American Legion, here is to be formed soon. Delbert Reeves post is the second largest in the state.

## New Views

Yesterday's question was: "What do you think of the sudden exodus of Mr. Holman for Mexico with the state warrants uncashed and uncashable?"

W. H. Lancktree, painter: "I think he did a dirty trick. I don't think a man's got any right to vote like he did and then run off and leave things."

Lynn Martin, Clarion manager: "It looks to me like a foolish thing for a man in Holman's position to do."

Magda Hoff, insurance: "The whole affair looks like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera—if it weren't so disgusting."

## The Call Board

By OLIVE M. DOAK

WARNER BROS. ELSINORE  
Today—Richard Dix in "The Great Jasper."

WARNER BROS. CAPITOL  
Today—Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante in "What, No Beer?"

THE GRAND  
Today—Tim McCoy in "End of the Trail."

TEE HOLLYWOOD  
Today—Buck Jones in "High Speed."

The Elsinore theatre is the scene of Richard Dix's new triumph. "The Great Jasper" is a translation to the screen, literally and in spirit, of Filton Oursler's novel of the same name. And Jasper is the most beguiling lover who ever begged the pardon in advance of his conquests.

Dix is splendidly supported, Wera Engels, a new German importation, having a fresh young beauty that is charming. Florence Eldridge gives a true portrait of the stern wife and Edna May Oliver is a joy as the taking clairvoyant. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, James Bush and Walter Walker acquit themselves well in important roles.

THE GRAND  
Today—Tim McCoy in "End of the Trail."

TEE HOLLYWOOD  
Today—Buck Jones in "High Speed."

15c  
SALEM'S  
Greatest Amusement Value

Today and Saturday  
The Daredevil of the Screen  
Buck Jones in "High Speed"

Also Comedy, News and Serial "Hurricane Express"

Double Feature  
Mickey Mouse  
Saturday 1:30 P.M.

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# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Beale and Baker murder case once more

An inquiry comes from a California town to the office of the prosecuting attorney about this historic early day tragedy, and is relayed to the writer for answers. As there are frequent references to the case, a review of it is undertaken; partly of what has appeared in this column, and some now newly found particulars. Briefly:

The crime was committed Sunday evening, January 9, 1866. Monday, March 20, following, the case came to trial before Circuit Judge R. F. Boise, at the old court house in Salem. Verdict of guilty brought in by the jury the following Saturday, March 25. The execution May 17, 1866.

May 17 of that year fell on Wednesday. That being unusual for a hanging, the writer, in order to confirm the date, has just made a search of the old records, and found the date correct, and also the day of the week, known from the tables such as are kept at the state library, and other libraries. It tallies with the old records, going back to the Monday of the opening of the trial, when the day of the week beginning the court term was set down.

The murderers were George P. Beale and George Baker. The man they killed for his money was Daniel Delaney, Sr. Beale had come as a youth in the same wagon train across the plains with Delaney, and had been befriended by him, on the journey and afterward. It was the famous Applegate covered wagon train of 1843, the first to bring immigrant settlers clear through with their wagons.

AARON Purdy was foreman of the grand jury that indicted Beale and Baker. The jury that found them guilty of murder in the first degree follows: Wright Forsyth, Eli C. Cooley, L. D. Hall, S. L. Kenworthy, Walter H. Tucker, Frederick W. Geer, William T. Patton, W. V. Woodruff, Coleman B. Burnett, King L. Hibbard, Thomas Dehaven and Green C. Davidson. Prominent pioneer names, those.

The witnesses summoned in the case and answering, according to the old records: D. C. Criswell, Matthew Farrens, Robert Smith, W. Kenyon, C. H. Bowker, Thomas Cross, J. B. Greer, Benjamin Vaughn, Mr. Sheldon, Wm. Sanford, James Greenwood, James Harpole, Mrs. Greenwood, M. D. Swiggett, Mr. Evans, Mary Evans, Simon Swartz, Levi and Alonzo Swartz, Andrew and George Taylor, Mrs. Sarah Taylor, Mary Taylor, T. J. Beale and Elizabeth Beale, W. H. Ruby, H. Z. Taylor, James Morris, Dan Kronenberger, J. R. Herder, D. W. Jones, T. B. Rickety, Mr. M. Thatcher, Mrs. Thibault, Louis Lafore, Wm. G. Verber, and Black Jack. Quite an array of old time names. Note the witness, Black Jack. He was

ness, James Bush and Walter Walker acquit themselves well in important roles.

In late July and early August, 1923, issues of this column many of the particulars were given. Briefly, they follow:

George P. Beale was a saloon keeper in a building that stood where the Marion hotel is now. George Baker was a butcher. Daniel Delaney, Sr., their victim, had his donation claim witnessed by perhaps 5000 people, all in Oregon who could get to the scene, it was a notable one—hence the great interest that has followed it; to say nothing of the enormity of the crime explained.

The court records show that some time before the murder, Delaney had started suit against Beale, probably to safeguard a loan of money he had advanced. There is also a record that Beale had been arrested for the violation of a law against allowing minors in his saloon.

There was another member of the family here, Wm. K. Beale, in the Rogue River Indian war, he was second lieutenant of one of the Salem companies of volunteers, of which J. W. Nesmith was captain, and L. F. Grover first lieutenant. Most readers know that Nesmith became U. S. senator and congressman, and Grover governor and U. S. senator, and both men held many other positions of trust and honor. The court records show that his wife

(Turn to page 9)

WARNER BROS. ELSINORE  
Today & Saturday  
It's Packed with Love... Comedy... Thrills!  
Here is the new Richard Dix that you've been waiting for... He merely reached out and took what life sent him... and it was usually a woman!

Richard Dix  
as the free-lance lover  
'The GREAT JASPER'  
With WERA ENGELS EDNA MAY OLIVER  
Starts Sunday "King of the Jungle" and Laurel Hardy Comedy

WARNER BROS. CAPITOL  
LAST TIMES TODAY  
"WHAT, NO BEER?"  
with Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante  
TOMORROW and SUNDAY  
2 BIG FIRST RUN FEATURES  
Broadway's greatest comedian brings his funniest play to the screen!  
"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"  
with Ernest Truex, Una Merkel, John Miljan, Johnny Hines  
REX BEACH'S  
THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES  
with Eric Linden, Helen McKellar, Jean Arthur, "Skeets" Gallagher

## The Light That Failed



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A Home Owned Theatre  
HOLLYWOOD  
Today and Saturday  
The Daredevil of the Screen  
Buck Jones in "High Speed"

Also Comedy, News and Serial "Hurricane Express"

Double Feature  
Mickey Mouse  
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