

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

ADVERTISING

Portland Representatives
Gordon E. Bell, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Branson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates. In Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.75; 6 Mo. \$5.25; 1 year \$10.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$4.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

The Governor's Message

A plain, brief and straightforward message was read to the legislative assembly as it convened in extraordinary session Monday morning. Gov. Meier noted the limit of time for meeting to be twenty days, and then voiced what is the general prayer of the state:

"I appeal to you, therefore, to test every proposed measure as to whether it be of vital importance to the state at this time. Remember that it is only twelve months until you will have an opportunity to consider general legislation at a regular session."

The governor confined his recommendations virtually to three topics; provision for revenues for poor relief, enactment of control legislation for the liquor traffic, and relief for the public schools of the state. Modification of the truck and bus bill is made conditional in the message and the governor promises a later message on the matter of the Bonneville development.

After reciting the familiar facts as to the history of efforts to care for distress resulting from unemployment and the demand of the federal government for match moneys from state and local sources, Gov. Meier recommends the allocation of liquor revenues to the unemployment funds until June, 1935 after which the revenues should be distributed according to the plan of the Knox committee,—25% to the state and 75% to the counties. "License fees should be returned to the treasuries of the incorporated cities or the counties from which such license fees are derived." The governor is of the opinion that these funds will be adequate to meet the relief need; but if not the counties which run short may be aided by the issuance of "revenue anticipation certificates" payable out of their share of the future liquor revenues.

On the question of liquor control Gov. Meier comes out squarely for the recommendations of his committee headed by Dr. William S. Knox. He endorses the plan of distribution of hard liquors through state-owned dispensaries, after the Canadian system, and oppose sales of hard liquors by the glass in hotels and restaurants.

"In the matter of sale of liquor in restaurants, the committee draws a hard and fast line between the use of naturally fermented wines and beers and beverages and that of fortified or distilled liquors containing more than fourteen per cent by volume of alcohol as intoxicants. The serving of the former with bona fide meals in licensed restaurants is advocated, while the serving of 'hard' liquor by the glass, which will inevitably amount to nothing less than the return of the old time saloon is disapproved."

Revenue is not the prime consideration in the licensing of liquor selling. As the governor says:

"We must not let the consideration that today's revenue raising problem is a particularly pressing one obscure the fact that the primary purpose of the liquor act is to secure a satisfactory system of regulation and control."

Touching the distress of the elementary schools through delinquency in payment of property taxes on which they depend for chief support, Gov. Meier suggests:

"Among other possible available sources of revenue to aid our distressed schools, I would recommend for your favorable consideration a gross earnings tax on public utilities. In this connection I want to call your attention to the fact that the public utility corporations in Oregon have for many years past enjoyed not only a continuous, fair return on their investment, as provided by law, but under the guise of dividends on watered stock and excess holding company fees have also collected and appropriated to themselves enormous sums over and above such fair return."

"In view of these excessive profits which the utilities have appropriated to themselves, it seems only fair that at this time of distress they should contribute toward the maintenance of our public schools, which, since their inception have been maintained by our property taxpayers, who are now collapsing under this heavy burden."

The truckmen get off with this paragraph in the message:

"Since the enactment by your honorable body of the present measure for bus and truck regulation, protest has been made that inequalities exist in the operation of this law. If such inequalities exist they should be adjusted, but the principle that buses and trucks should pay a fair return for the use of our highways should be maintained."

While the governor urges speed and limitation of work to essentials and warns against partisan bias and needless controversy, the possibilities of dispute in the session are many. The governor does chart the way clearly and the session will do well to confine its work almost entirely to the program he outlines. One item is lacking—that of making more stringent the matter of tax collection in order to reduce delinquency. On the whole the governor's message is definite and worthy of serious consideration by legislators and citizens.

Rockefeller's House Cleaning

It was John D. Rockefeller, jr. who took the initiative in ousting Col. Robert W. Stewart as chairman of the Standard Oil company of Indiana following the Teapot dome investigations in which Stewart was disclosed as sharing in profits of Texas oil deals which were never fully explained. Now it is revealed that Rockefeller was responsible for ousting Mr. Wiggin as chairman of Chase National bank after he had led it into investments which resulted in tremendous losses for the bank and its stockholders. The ousting took place the first of this year; although Mr. Rockefeller and his brother-in-law, W. W. Aldrich, who succeeded Wiggin, did not know the extent of Wiggin's personal speculations.

So the country will put down two white marks for young Rockefeller. His example should be followed by other prominent stockholders of companies. Too many times the managers loot the companies, or ignore their interests while playing their own game. The small stockholder has no chance for self-protection as it is now. While improved legislation may give him a better run for his money, what is primarily needed is a finer sense of ethics on the part of men in business. Preachers have a job as well as law-makers.

GATES CARPENTER DIES AT ALBANY

GATES, Nov. 20. — Harry P. White passed away at the Albany hospital after an illness of many months Friday afternoon. He was taken to the hospital two weeks ago hoping to benefit his health.

He, with his family, moved to a farm east of Gates on Mad creek about 11 years ago.

He was an expert carpenter and cabinet builder and was head carpenter in erecting the Gates high school building.

He leaves besides his widow, three daughters, Wanda, Faunita and Zeta and one son, Harry, Jr., also a step-son, Edwin Seaman. Funeral services and interment were at Albany on Monday at 1 p. m.

Orphans of the Storm



Yesterdays

Town talk from the Statesman of earlier days

November 21, 1908
Plans completed for concrete bridge on Commercial street over South Mill creek.

NEW YORK.—John D. Rockefeller to be under fire on cross examination by Frank B. Kellogg, special assistant attorney general, in trust case this week; oil magnate on own behalf outlines growth of Standard Oil interests.

S. S. Gimble announces candidacy for city alderman from sixth ward; campaign against Alderman Greenbaum to be entirely on prohibition issue Gimble says.

November 21, 1923
Business Men's league passes resolution requesting that newly enacted city parking ordinance be revised to extend the parking limit from 60 minutes to two hours.

OKANOGAN, Wash.—One man killed, eight prisons taken and five automobiles containing 167 cases of liquor captured by officers here.

JUNEAU, Alaska.—Delegates assemble for meeting to request statehood for southern Alaska.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Double Salem's population within five years or less:

(Continuing from Sunday): How many steadily employed operatives would be necessary to double the population of Salem?

The 1930 census showed 26,266 people in Salem. This included the population of the Oregon state hospital and the penitentiary—roughly about 4000.

Dr. Diemel proposed to build a factory in Salem that would employ about 4000 people, in making the linen mesh goods to supply the United States. The primary mill or mills to supply its proposed plant with linen yarn would need, perhaps, 1000 operatives. The indirect accretion, including the new people in all other lines to serve the freshly acquired population (the "butcher and baker and candlestick maker" and all the rest in trades and professions) would make up an additional 2000 or more.

Counting four to the family or dependents, multiplying the 7000 by four, you have 28,000.

Industries everywhere come in groups, as in the Belfast district state would be known as South Alaska.

or around or in Detroit. The increase in the industrial family would not stop at a linen mesh goods factory.

A few years ago, two other propositions were on foot, depending upon an adequate and reliable supply of linen yarn. One was a plant making cords, like hat cords, etc., etc.

Another was one proposing to make up linen suits, children's wear, and other specialties. Hon. T. B. Kay was a party to the proposed enterprises, and were he now living, his leadership and enterprise would be sufficient, no doubt, even under the less favorable conditions that have come about in general financial affairs, to warrant a movement in the local field to produce (Turn to Page 10)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

"THE HOG PROCESS TAX" Salem, Ore.

To the Editor:

In the columns of The Statesman issue of November the 14th, a gentleman undertook the explanation of the process tax on hogs, the amount and by whom paid. We have not the pleasure of this man's acquaintance, nor do we know what line of business he is engaged in, but from the tone of his letter we are inclined to believe that he is engaged in processing or dealing in meat products, and wants everyone to believe the meat dealers are the true martyrs to the cause of agriculture and are paying the process tax for the farmer directly out of his own pocket.

In Case of Croup It is always advisable to call a physician and, while waiting for him to arrive, several things may be done to give relief. First, place the child in a hot bath and keep him there for from fifteen to twenty minutes. Then cover him well with blankets and await the arrival of the doctor.

If you have a "croup kettle" in your house, this may be called into service. The steam is conducted into a tent made of a sheet over the bed. This diminishes the spasms and relieves the difficulty in breathing.

Do not neglect any of the ailments of childhood and, above all, respect and heed all of nature's warnings. Persistent cough, hoarseness, and other lung symptoms require expert medical attention and should never be neglected.

In many cases it is advisable to resort to an X-ray picture and other laboratory tests to determine exactly what is wrong. Your physician will advise these measures if they are necessary.

Answers to Health Queries

A. F. L. Q.—What can be done for itching of the body? There is no rash.

A.—This may be due to nervousness or to irritation from some food. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Anxious Q.—What do you advise for low blood pressure? A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

A Reader Q.—What causes noises in the ears and head? A.—This may be due to nasal catarrh. (Copyright, 1934, K. F. S., Inc.)

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS

Unable to find employment, young and beautiful Patricia Warren capitulates her card skill, at fifty cents an hour, by making a fourth of bridge parties given by the wealthy Mrs. Elison Sycott. Julian Haverholt, noted bridge expert, is fascinated by Patricia and impressed by her game. He offers to make her his secretary and partner, suggesting that she live at his home. Aware of Haverholt's unsavory reputation, Patricia hesitates to accept the position. Haverholt escorts Patricia to the club home she shares with her nagging stepmother and stepfather. In the hallway, he suddenly embraces Pat. Indignant, she declines his business offer and rushes indoors. Mrs. Warren, Pat's stepmother, thinking of her own comfort, is furious at Pat's refusal. Bill McGee, a small-time politician and thug, invites Patricia to a New Year's Eve dance. She declines but he retorts, "You'll go, kid, and like it." Patricia is thrilled with the prospect of meeting her ideal, Clark Tracy, the famous polo player, at another bridge party to be given by Mrs. Sycott at the ball. Presently the door opens narrowly and an unshaven, suspicious face appeared in the crack. "Let us in," ordered Bill. "I don't know you." "Jim Blake's a friend of mine. Get a move on. Can't you see the lady's freezing?"

CHAPTER SIX

"I'll go," said Patricia listlessly. "I'll even wear that dress." "Don't you want to try it on? Maybe it will need some altering," suggested the other in a more gentle tone than usual. Something in the girl's eyes made her vaguely uncomfortable. "I'll wear it as it is," Patricia said flatly. "I don't care how I look tonight."

Nor did she. When nine o'clock came she donned the evening frock with the same listless spirit with which she had received it. The dress was a trifle large. Black was not her color. The neckline was too daring for eighteen years. Patricia did not care. Ordinarily she would have ripped off the large silk roses that decorated and ruined the waistline; ordinarily she would have scorned the cheap drapings of black and red on a red-haired girl. Not tonight.

Bill McGee, who arrived promptly at ten, was loudly delighted with his choice in gowns and girl. He had been drinking a little and was obviously prepared to celebrate. The night, Patricia thought to herself, the small time gangster might really have passed for a big time gangster. Diamond studs sparkled in his white dress shirt, a large diamond solitaire, flanked by a ruby, adorned the small finger of his right hand. A silk handkerchief edged in purple peeped from his pocket, a muffer, similarly edged, was suspended over his arm. He wore a slavo bracelet.

"Well, how do I strike you?" he asked complacently, as he strutted about the room. "You look very gay," Patricia informed him dryly. "That's how I feel. You and me are going to paint this old town red before we're through," he declared to the glee of the little sisters, who were watching, wide-eyed and giggling.

"What does that mean?" demanded Teresa. "Nothing, sweetheart," whispered Patricia, bending to kiss the small upturned face. "Let's get a move on," said McGee impatiently. "My feet are itching something terrible."

"Mind now, you get Patricia in early," warned Patricia's stepmother, vaguely disturbed by the

expedition she had insisted upon. "I'll get her in with the milkman," promised McGee, giving Mrs. Warren a jocular poke in the ribs. On that note they departed. Outside Bill hailed a cab, gave an uptown address.

"I thought we were going to a neighborhood dance," said Patricia sharply. "Right you are. But I thought we'd catch a quick one at this place first."

His tone was bland. His eyes warned her to protest no further. They drove uptown and then west in the fifties, almost to the river front. At length they halted before a shabby, unlighted building. It was possible, probable that the building housed a speakeasy. But Patricia felt sure they had not come here for a drink. Why had they come?

Bewildered, frightened she knew not why, she allowed Bill McGee to guide her to a grilled basement entrance. He raved the bell. Presently the door opened narrowly and an unshaven, suspicious face appeared in the crack. "Let us in," ordered Bill. "I don't know you."

"Jim Blake's a friend of mine. Get a move on. Can't you see the lady's freezing?" The attendant looked uncertainly at Patricia. Fatal hesitation! Promptly Bill McGee thrust his foot into the door and forced it open. Pushing Patricia ahead, ignoring the expostulations of the other man, he stepped into the bar, a small, badly lighted room where men at scattered tables talked and drank. Patricia's heart beat thickly, uncomfortably. She was the only woman present.

"Sit down," said McGee. She obeyed. She laid her pocketbook on the table but why had her thin coat held close. Why had they come here? It was plain that they were unwelcome. She felt sure that the three roughly dressed men at the adjoining table were discussing them. Bill McGee sauntered to the bar and after a short colloquy rejoined her.

"Let's go," she said urgently, half rising. She was really alarmed now. She had observed the glances directed at his back. "Not till I finish my business," he informed her grimly. "I gotta see a man." He added jocularly, "Never you mind, baby. We'll make expenses for the evening before we leave."

"I'm going." "No, you're not! Here comes my pal now." His pal was a slight, pale man with cold, blue, unpleasant eyes. The pale man crossed the room in a kind of deadly silence, reached them. He laid one white ringed hand on the table.

"Get out of here, McGee," he said gently. "Get out and stay out." Bill stood up. He towered above the other man. "You know what will get me out," he said savagely. "Fork over, Sam, and fork over quick! You got a crust trying to horn in on this territory. Rafferty sent me and Rafferty's the big shot above 42nd Street."

"I'm boss here!" "I'll show you who's boss here!" Bill McGee reached toward his pocket. The slight man stepped deftly to one side. He seemed to Patricia that he was looking over their heads, at the table behind. Her eyes fell on the mirror surrounding the bar. Her blood seemed to freeze. One of the men at the table behind had a gun. It was pointed at Bill's unconscious back. She screamed. Instantly the man behind fired. Bill McGee gave a short, anguished cry, while a second, a staggering step, he fell forward on his face. It was as simple as that.

Someone sprung for the switch. The lights went out. Darkness smothered the room. Patricia sat in frozen horror, screaming, screaming, led to go out of the hog business which is the purpose of the tax. The only remedy, kill and cure all your heavy hogs and every few days have a fat roasted piglet. You will find they will not be hard to take, but if you sell one to a neighbor you are liable for the process tax unless you can hold up the neighbor.

Maybe some people can be kidded into believing the processors pay the tax, but not the farmers, they always pay.

V. V. SCOGGAN, Gervais, Ore.

Dear Editor:

Reading Mr. Burghardt's report of his trip through parts of the United States and Canada we no-

Around her there were rushing footsteps, oaths, then silence. "Bill," Patricia screamed and then again, "Bill."

There was no answer. The darkness kept its own counsel. It was then that the girl sprang to her feet and began to run. She bumped into tables and chairs, frantically, blindly pushing them aside, only to stumble once more. How she found the door she never knew. It was a rear door, standing open on a narrow, winding alley.

She fled down the alley to the deserted street. She reached the sidewalk as a patrol wagon screamed around a corner. She saw it stop. Again she ran. Eleventh Avenue was silent as the grave. There was only the panic beat of her feet and the silently falling snow.

Some, however, that was all that she could think—if only she could reach the blessed security of home. Exhaustion slowed her feet; fear drove them on. She never thought of the subway, or of a taxi. She had no money; she had left her pocketbook behind. She did not think of that either. Not then. She thought of it at the end of her frantic flight when she saw the lights that blazed from the familiar living room.

She stopped, trembling and appalled, at the very threshold of the haven toward which she had bent all her energies. Had the police come for her already? Had they found her pocketbook? Were they inside now? She attempted to peer through the windows but the shades were tightly drawn. What did the blaze of lights mean?

She stood very still. She tried to plan, to think logically and coherently, tried to convince herself that she must go away, must go some place else. At last she knew she could go no where else. There was no where else for her to go. Hugging the side of the house she crept past the lighted windows to the dreary garden in the rear. There were no lights in the bedroom.

The back door was unlocked and gossamerly she was in the darkness of the bedroom. She listened for sounds from her living room, heard nothing. Presently she quietly turned on the light and looked into the sleeping faces of her little sisters. She sank to a chair, feeling a strange sense of peace. The horror was gone now. Just seeing the children's rosy, sleeping faces blotted out the dreadful picture of Bill McGee lying in a pool of spreading crimson, blotted out the hysteria and the madness that had followed.

She was sitting there when the door from the living room opened. Dully, unconprehendingly she looked up into her stepmother's eyes. Lillian Warren went first white, then red. She closed the door, crossed the room. "Get out," she said to Patricia in a low savage whisper. "What do you mean coming here? The cops are looking for you—there's one waiting in the living room now. Get out, I say."

"I—I—" "You can't stay here, my girl. You can't ruin my business and drag my children into this. You got yourself into a mess and now you can get yourself out of it!" Patricia rose stiffly. It was no use to argue. She went as she had come. She had no money, no place to go; she wore an evening dress and over it an ill fitting, light spring coat. She reached the sidewalk. She was standing there, shivering and afraid, when all New York broke into riotous celebration. Whistles blew, bells rang, cars stopped in the street, honking. From adjoining apartments people leaned from windows beating on tin pans. All New York welcomed in the New Year.

(To Be Continued) © 1932, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Why Should Any Woman Read This Advertisement?

BECAUSE . . . It Tells Her How She Can Relieve and Prevent Periodic Pain by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets

These tablets are a scientifically prepared, clinically tested uterine sedative. In plain English that means a modern medicine, made from the purest and most effective ingredients, which will bring welcome relief to women who suffer from monthly ailments. These tablets do not simply dull the pain for a little while. Any opiate will do that. They reach the cause of the pain and so prevent its return. Why do you endure needless agony? Begin taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets a week before-

LOANS ON YOUR CAR
General Finance Corporation
First National Bank Bldg.

Mt Crest Abbey
SALEM'S COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM
Incomparably "The Better Way"
ENDURING PERPETUALLY ENDOWED

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS