

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.  
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Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.  
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Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, 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. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 Year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

"A Rose by Other Name..."  
JULIET may have been right when she addressed Romeo and condoning his identity with the hated faction of the Montagues, used the deathless phrase: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." True; but if it were called skunk cabbage it would not be so popular. The observation seems pertinent with reference to the "sales tax." Given other names, consumption taxes seem not to smell so foul!

The state has been financing its highway building with a gas tax, which is merely a sales tax on gasoline. The rate is now about 25% and has been as high as 100% on the commodity. Yet no one objects to the gas tax, save a few like The Statesman, who believe it is too high. This tax falls on the man with a flivver, the man with a broken down wood truck who is trying to earn a living hauling wood, as well as on the man with a Pierce Arrow or a Marmon.

Ray Gill's organization sponsored the tax on butter substitutes up to 10c a pound, which was as much or more than the article itself sold for. This was not only a sales tax; it was purposely a tax to put the butter substitute out of business, although this is consumed by the poorest classes of the population. Here indeed was a tax on the poor man's bite of food.

The federal government has imposed many sales taxes, although under the name of the excise tax. The list is really startling: tax on playing cards 10c per pack; on liquors; on cigars, \$2 to \$5 per thousand; on cigarettes \$3 and \$7.20 per thousand; on oleomargarin, colored 10c per pound, uncolored 1/2c per pound; on filled cheese; mixed flour; on lubricating oils 4c a gallon; on matches, 2c per thousand; on tires, toilet goods, furs, jewelry, automobiles, auto parts, phonograph records, sporting goods, cameras, mechanical refrigerators, candy chewing gum, soft drinks, telephone and telegraph messages, checks, theatre tickets, 10%.

Now it is adding a whole crop of processing taxes on wheat, cotton, tobacco, hogs. The latter are taxes on the necessities of life, falling heavily on the poorest classes; and the burden is far heavier than the 1 1/4% of the act of the late legislature. The wheat tax is 30c per bushel, which is about 50% of the present price to farmers. The cotton tax of 4.2% is about a 50% tax also. Some protests are heard on these taxes, but not from the grange, which in fact endorses them.

With all these consumption taxes, which assuredly hit every individual who buys food and clothing in this country, with the cigarette tax which hits millions of the people, and the gas tax which is very general in its application, the country is getting sales taxes although under other names. The arguments used against the sales tax enacted by the last legislature would apply with even greater force against the taxes cited above because they are so much heavier in their burden.

To be consistent the organizations which are seeking a referendum on the sales tax should continue their campaign against these other consumption taxes.

**Subsidizing the Unfit**  
STATE TREASURER RUFUS HOLMAN recently urged a stricter law for the sterilization of the feeble minded to prevent their reproduction. Prof. Laughlin of Willamette with his students a number of months ago prepared charts showing the cost to the state of congenital insanity and feeble-mindedness. Studying the records in the state institutions they found family weaknesses recurring in generation after generation. The cost to the state keeps mounting.

Studies along somewhat similar lines have been made by the Human Betterment Foundation of Pasadena. Recently it completed a survey of families who had been on relief rolls for at least five years, thus going back to the pre-depression era. Some of the cases were of families who had lived on the county for ten or fifteen years. What they found was that during these years these families had gone on producing children, at the expense of the taxpayers, the families averaging five living children. Sometimes all the family was feeble-minded. The Foundation declares:

"Public funds should not be used to subsidize the production of feeble-minded children. Many feeble families do not want any more children and would welcome sterilization if this service were available at county hospitals. In this way a burden would be taken from the taxpayers, and a menace removed from society and from posterity."

Poverty is by no means to be confounded with feeble-mindedness. Many people who are poor today are persons of intelligence and good breeding, who are innocent victims of circumstances. But it seems a wrong use of public funds to permit families of the moron type who are already being supported by the government, to bring children into the world who will also be public charges. We do not admit immigrants who fall in that classification. There have been reports of countries on the dole system where children were produced partly because the government allowance would then be increased.

In this state the institutional population has been increasing much more rapidly than the population. In December, 1923 the number was 4190; ten years later, 5942, a gain of over 40%. How much of this is congenital, the working out of recognized laws of heredity, cannot be determined. But enough is known to justify from every standpoint of social welfare the prevention of the reproduction of the congenital insane and feeble-minded. Treasurer Holman, having before him records and reports and having made official visits at these institutions, is in position to speak with authority in a field in which public education is sorely needed.

A few weeks ago we mentioned that Johnny Kelly, the Oga's able Washington correspondent, had John Hancock's bold signature upon the "arc of the covenant". Of course what he is referring to is Noah's arc.

HOPEWELL, Jan. 15. — Bill Duren met with a serious accident Thursday about midnight, returning home from McMinnville. As he was entering the bridge just south of town, his car skidded and plunged through the railing, tearing off 35 feet of it. He landed 60 feet below on the bank of the river. A passerby heard his calls for help and took him to a McMinnville hospital. He regained consciousness at noon Friday. He was much injured about the head. The car was demolished.

4 HAVE SCARLET FEVER  
ATLETTLE, Jan. 15. — Mrs. Anna Hadley is staying at the A. J. Turner home helping care for Mrs. Turner who is ill. Mrs. C. W. Tarter and three children are ill with scarlet fever.

## Still in the Driver's Seat

It is related to this audience, I think they could then say they had been agreeably entertained.

"But the idea of giving a description of the immigration of 1845 is a little preposterous. When limited to the brief space of one hour. Every individual immigrant had his own experience and knowledge of events as they have transpired, and the longest day that Oregon ever witnessed would scarcely be sufficient time in which to recount the many circumstances and events of an interesting character that transpired during that weary tramp across the plains."

Ralph C. Geer, first nurseryman in the upper Willamette valley, one of the early clerks of Marlon county, grandfather of Homer Davenport, in his time the world's most noted cartoonist, delivered the 'occasional address' at the 1870 annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer association.

"We left the Missouri river the 6th of June (1847), and when we got to Wolf creek organized by electing Joel Palmer captain, and the usual officers that belong to such organizations. When we organized we had 85 wagons, and in the Nemaha country we overtook what was called the Chicago company, headed by Uncle Tom's company (who that fall started the first store in Salem with goods he had brought across the plains in 13 ox wagons), which increased our company to 99 wagons. . . . Some thought our company too large, but still we made good travel every day. We traveled that way until we crossed Big Blue river.

"There Wm. Graham's son was so sick we concluded to lay by a day or two. That camp was the finest camp of pioneers I ever saw. It contained 99 wagons, about 400 men, women and children . . . representing nearly all the professions, trades and occupations. . . . The men were all well armed and plenty of ammunition; all determined to go to Oregon and develop its resources.

"The child getting no better the second day after we stopped, 50 wagons drove on and left. Capt. Palmer said he would not leave a fellow traveler on the way whose child was unable to travel and would probably die in a few days. . . . Capt. Palmer had brought a box of cultivated fruit trees from Indiana to St. Joseph, and was so heavily laden that he could not bring them, and I had undertaken to take them for him, and did not feel right in leaving him, and after traveling two days prevailed upon my father to stop at Blue river and await the balance of the train, which they did, and Alva Post and myself went back to meet the train. The boy had died, and the train started on the morning we started back. When father and his little band of seven wagons stopped, 43 wagons went on and we never overtook them."

The whole of the Geer address, preserved in the bound book mentioned heretofore, was interesting and enlightening; and it gave many tributes to the humanity and fine leadership of General Palmer. The whole of the Geer address was printed in this column some years ago.

There were two principal ways of forming camp on the plains journeys. One subjected the women and children to the danger of being run over by oxen and horses, the wagons forming a corral for the stock. The other, used by Capt. Palmer in his 1847 journey, provided a corral for the people, with the wagons so placed that oxen and horses could be quickly hitched to them.

The Palmer 1847 wagon train had a small cannon. It had been made in 1844 by the Whigs to celebrate the wished for and expected election of Henry Clay as president. When he was defeated, the Whigs gave the cannon to the Democrats, and they in turn gave it to Ralph C. Geer to bring to Oregon. It was planned that the cannon be fired every night after making camp—and this was done, excepting a few nights, and only on those silent nights was there any attempted stealing of stock by the Indians. The interesting story of what became of the cannon named "The Young Democrat," after it was brought to Oregon and Salem, has already been told in this column.

On July 4, the Palmer company reached Independence Rock, monolithic guest book of the plains, and at high noon the nation's national day was celebrated by hoisting the Stars and Stripes and firing the cannon on its top.

Camped at Bluff falls on the Snake, some of the cattle swam across the river, and Capt. Palmer and Hi. Simpkins swam over to get them, but they could not force the brutes into the water and, in response to their call for help, J. W. Grim, J. Whitney and Wallace Foster swam over to

**Bits for Breakfast**  
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Gen. Palmer, who put Indians on reservation, friend of Judge J. W. Grim, who helped Keell colonists:

(Continuing from Sunday:) After the 1874 meeting at Aurora, all the annual gatherings of the Oregon Pioneer association for many years were held at the state fair grounds, Salem.

At the one of 1875, the annual address was by Matthew F. Deady, afterward U. S. Judge. He cited some of the leaders of American settlement and government in the Oregon country, like Jason Lee and his missionaries, Dr. Marcus Whitman and his missionary band, Jesse Applegate, Peter H. Burnett, Dan Wadsworth, Joseph Holman, and others. When he came to the name of Joel Palmer, he said: "Few men, in this or any country, have labored harder or more disinterestedly for the public good than General Joel Palmer. A man of ardent temperament, strong friendships, and full of hope for and confidence in his fellow men, he has unreservedly given the flower of his life for the best interests of Oregon—and of all the early pioneers it may be justly said of him: 'He deserves well of his country.'"

Stephen Staats, Capt. Chas. Bennett and James W. Marshall, all from Salem and the Salem district, were the discoverers of gold in California June 24, 1848. Staats delivered one of the principal addresses at the 1877 annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer association, during the course of which he said:

"I must not forget to mention my friend General Joel Palmer, who was first chosen to deliver the 'occasional address' at this time, but, owing to impaired health, was compelled to decline the invitation, . . . and you have missed a great intellectual treat by his non appearance before you today.

"He was an immigrant of 1845 . . . Palmer was captain of a company, that made its starting point from Independence, Mo., and was composed of about 40 wagons. He was also one of those who first made the attempt to cut his way through the Cascade mountains to the Willamette valley." (This reference was to the Barlow road, of which more later.) . . . In the spring of 1846, Palmer was one of the six who started and traveled across the plains to their homes in the eastern states, and he returned, with his family, again in 1847, since which time he has been a true resident Oregonian.

"You see the General has made three trips across the plains, and what has passed before his vision—naturally and mentally—could

**Daily Health Talks**  
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

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

A RECENT newspaper item stated that in the United States the deaths from appendicitis average "one every twenty-nine minutes". This is an alarming announcement. There is no doubt the danger of this disease cannot be over-emphasized. Despite the increased skill of modern surgery, appendicitis continues to take its toll of children and young persons.

A careful analysis and survey of cases shows that the menace of appendicitis lies, not in the operation, but in the delay of the operation. Too often appendicitis is mistaken for a stomachache or another minor abdominal complaint. The sufferer seeks relief by taking castor oil or some other drastic cathartic. Serious trouble follows.

Dreaded "Peritonitis"

In other instances delay in operation can be traced to fear of the knife. Many dread the operation, little realizing that delay to have it is often dangerous. I am confident that if everyone were familiar with that dreadful complication of appendicitis, known as "peritonitis", fewer persons would hesitate to accept surgical treatment.

Peritonitis occurs after the diseased appendix ruptures. When that happens the germs of the infection enter the abdominal cavity which is lined by a delicate membrane called the "peritoneum". This structure dips down between the different organs, covering and protecting them. It serves as a wrapper and secretes a substance which promotes movement of the organs without friction. Unfortunately, when germs reach this delicate membrane a severe and possibly fatal inflammation occurs. It is a serious complication of appendicitis. In most instances, fortunately,

it can be prevented by the immediate removal of the acutely inflamed appendix. It is for this reason that all surgeons stress the importance and necessity of immediate operation.

Danger of Cathartics

As I have often said, a common cause of ruptured appendix and peritonitis is the unwise use of cathartics for the relief of abdominal pain. I am sure that fewer deaths would result from appendicitis if the danger of strong cathartics were familiar to everyone.

If you are stricken with a pain in the abdomen, or a member of your family complains of stomachache, do not resort to home prescribing of a cathartic, but call your doctor. If it is not a case of appendicitis, you will be assured of safe and speedy relief. If the pain is due to appendicitis you will have saved yourself from possible complications.

I beg of you not to fear the operation. I assure you that in the hands of a competent surgeon it is a simple procedure and need cause no undue anxiety. No good can possibly come from delay in permitting removal of the diseased appendix.

Answers to Health Queries

A Reader, Q.—Can tuberculosis be contracted by kissing a tuberculous patient?  
A.—Yes, if the sputum contains germs.

Mrs. H. H. Q.—My husband, who is forty years of age, breaks into a severe sweat, once or twice every night. What would cause this condition and what treatment will overcome it?  
A.—It would be well to have him examined so that definite advice can be given. Nervousness, a run down state of health, a possible weakness of the lungs, are all apt to cause this symptom. The treatment depends upon the exact cause of the trouble.

N. L. M. Q.—What do you advise for poor circulation?  
A.—Correct your diet and drink plenty of water between meals. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

**The Safety Valve**  
Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:  
Would your readers be interested in the following figures, showing by years the average price paid for standard grade gasoline purchased at regular year stations?

Year	Cts. per Gal.	Year	Cts. per Gal.
1915	16.4	1925	22.7
1916	23.4	1926	23.3
1917	24.2	1927	21.9
1918	24.6	1928	23.0
1919	25.5	1929	21.4
1920	21.1	1930	21.1
1921	29.8	1931	17.6
1922	27.0	1932	17.0
1923	22.1	1933	19.3
1924	22.3		

W. C. KECK

# "KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

The telephone rang constantly. Julian had brought into the house three efficient secretaries in addition to his usual one. A fleet of press agents was constantly at his disposal. Still there was work for many hands to do. Patricia was as often at the telephone. Only she could solve certain of the troubling calls. No, she and Julian could not appear before the Bronxville Women's Club; they appreciated being asked. No, she could not take on another newspaper column, thank you just the same. No, Mr. Haverholt never furnished free copies of his book, sorry. Nor did Miss Patricia Haverholt wish to recommend round playing cards; she preferred them oblong.

Telegrams were delivered a hundred times a day; they must be opened, tossed in wastebaskets, or replied to promptly. Congratulatory messages, cheering messages, begging messages arrived in every mail like voices out of nowhere. Most of them were for Julian but Patricia piled up a growing stack. A cattle rancher in Wyoming wired in an offer of his hand and promised upon acceptance to send the railroad fare. A bridge teacher in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was sure that she could improve Miss Haverholt's bridge and would part with her secret system upon payment of a modest five hundred dollars. An astrologer sent Miss Haverholt a complicated chart which predicted victory. Patricia's stars were lucky. It appeared that she must always win that her life would be one grand sweet song. At that the girl smiled rather wryly.

The city was divided. New York had entered lustily into the fight. Which was a winning system? The Haverholt or the Blair? There were those who swore by Reuben Blair's conventions, the most conservative element always. Julian called these folk "the lackwits, the dullards and the fools." The most ardent partisans followed Julian Haverholt. A very few, however, held claims for him, they bet on him at odds of ten to one. They hailed him as a genius—and Julian heartily agreed they were right.

Patricia felt, these days, that she was moving through some crazy maze. At the end of it was the bridge match. All thoughts, all conversations led eventually to that. She saw newspaper reporters and representatives of magazines. She gave her impressions on the young generation of which she was a member, her impressions on prohibition, her impressions on the game of auction as opposed to contract bridge. There was so much to do, so little time to do it in.

The days were rushing by. The bridge marathon, whose fame had spread from coast to coast, was two weeks off, was one week off, was three days off, was to begin tomorrow night. Everything had been arranged. The hotel had been booked. Julian had chosen for himself a dozen applicants, the Beveridge, Park Avenue's newest and smartest hotel. There was to be an entire floor, large enough to accommodate five hundred of the many thousands who clamored for the prized invitation cards.

Patricia was stunned when she heard the extent of the arrangements to furnish the waiting public with every word of news. An entire suite had been given over to newspaper men, who were to report the play, hand by hand. Certain newspapers had put in their own telephone wires; other depended on telephones, and there were a row of them upon a row of desks. A special telegraph office had been installed, and the instruments were ready to flash the results to Kokomo, to Detroit, to San Francisco. The radio men had installed a microphone. The news-reel camera men had been allowed to set up

their cameras in the lobby of the Beveridge.

"Isn't this all costing you a fortune?" asked Patricia in her bewilderment.

"Costing ME?" Julian laughed exultantly. "It isn't costing me a cent. We're news, Patricia, just as Presidents are. Don't you understand? We're news!"

The great night came at last. Patricia was dressed and ready, Haverholt's orchids were at her shoulder, his afternoon words of caution and advice were ringing in her ears, her cheeks were blushing, her heart was pounding, her hands were cold as ice. She went downstairs to join the others. Florists' boxes lay unopened in the foyer, boxes all for her. She spared them not a single glance as she trailed into the living room where Haverholt and a dozen of his most ardent supporters had gathered. They were pledged victory in champagne.

"Skool," said Julian and raised his glass and looked at the lovely trembling girl, who faced him and drank too.

"Too bad," someone said, glancing toward the windows, "too bad it's raining on your night of victory."

"That won't matter," replied Julian arrogant and confident. "We'll have a rain-proof gallery anyhow. I hear the police are calling out reserves."

They laughed, all except Patricia. She leaned back against a marble mantle, white and still. Deep circles ringed her eyes. Except for rouge her face was entirely colorless. She was overwrought to a condition bordering on hysteria. Burning in her veins was the excitement of physical strain too long endured. Julian regarded her anxiously.

"Are you tired, Patricia? Are you nervous?"

"I'm so tired that I can hardly stand, so nervous that I can't stop this shaking. See! Isn't it ridiculous?"

The man was worried and feared to let her see his worry. How, in this state, could she play bridge? With unusual consideration, he fetched her wrap himself, wrapped the folds of fur about her, told the others shortly that he and his niece

ed and should be willing to carry out the bargain.

Even with the bridges paid for by tolls there is still a heavy charge to be met by the highway fund in the cost of features essential to the new bridge use but not covered by the government loan. That is, there are connections to be completed between the highways and the bridges that the highway fund must pay for. At the Coos bay bridge this cost will be especially heavy. At some of the other points the highway has been built with the bridge crossing in prospect but it was not so there.

The state is proud of the coast highway. It opens a section of surpassing beauty and when better known will bring wide renown. The highway has cost a lot of money—more than any other in the state. Oregon is proud but the other sections that have waited while the money was poured into that road will resent and protest against the taking of more money from the fund to save a slight toll charge. — Bend Bulletin.

Patricia stepped from limousine to curb, prepared to make a run for it.

Patricia grew a little calmer, got a firmer grip upon herself as she and Julian drove through the coldly falling rain, secure and snug in the familiar limousine. At least she stopped the shaking. A thousand times she told herself that this was just a game, just the game of bridge that she had known from childhood, the same old game despite its modern trappings, despite the tons of ballyhoo.

Julian said repeatedly: "Do your best, Patricia, that's all you need to do. Your best is good enough for me. It will be far too good for Blair and Sanders."

Apparently he had no fears on his own account. Apparently he was the same old egotist.

The rain was pouring now, drumming on the roof. The streets were black and glistening. The wind-whirls whirled. Julian gripped her hand very tightly. He had said his say.

They reached the Beveridge. Patricia stepped from limousine to curb, prepared to make a run for it. She stopped bewildered as headlights boomed and people shouted. A policeman grabbed her arm, fought with her through the crowd which jammed the sidewalk and surged against the ropes stretched to the entrance of the hotel. Umbrellas struck her in the back as people pressing forward sought to shake her hand. "Goah, were famous," she heard Julian's voice just behind her. She heard other mingled voices, shouts and cheers. The policeman wedged her through the door.

"There she is!"

"That's Patricia Haverholt!"

"The man behind her, the white haired gent, is Julian Haverholt. I got fifty bucks on him."

Patricia was nodding, bowing, smiling. Was this the game of bridge? No, this was ballyhoo!

(To Be Continued)  
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**Editorial Comment**  
From Other Papers

**COAST BRIDGE TOLLS**  
Both the Albany Democrat-Herald and the Salem Statesman have taken notice of the movement that is slowly starting to place the repayable cost of five coast bridges on the highway fund and each voices a protest. The Bulletin joins them.

To make the bridges free will be to require an annual draft from the highway fund that will cut down seriously on other highway development. The coast communities have insisted on the replacement of the ferries by bridges. They have wanted the bridges all at one time and they have repeatedly expressed their willingness that tolls be charged. They are getting what they want.

**TORVEND IN SOUTH**  
BETHANY, Jan. 15.—Palmer Torvend, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Torvend, and Charles Schmedeke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schmedeke, have gone to southern California and Mexico for an indefinite visit. Palmer will visit at the home of his grandmother and uncles at Patterson, California, also.

## Mt. Crest Abbey

SALEM'S COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM  
"The Better Way"

INDURING PERPETUALLY ENDOWED

**Bill Duren Injured; Car Crashes Bridge**

HOPEWELL, Jan. 15. — Bill Duren met with a serious accident Thursday about midnight, returning home from McMinnville. As he was entering the bridge just south of town, his car skidded and plunged through the railing, tearing off 35 feet of it. He landed 60 feet below on the bank of the river. A