

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Marion County Legislation

HOUSE bill 341 would exempt Marion county from requiring constable fees to be collected and turned over to the county treasury. It was introduced by the Marion county delegation. After once passing the house it was recalled and referred to the revision of laws committee where the bill now rests. Let it rest in peace, there.

When the office of constable in the Salem precinct was put on a fixed salary basis the collection of fees, if made, was not reported and the money was not turned over to the county treasurer. In the recent flurry when the constable resigned it was found that the collection of fees was a requirement of law, and that they should be turned over to the county treasurer.

There is no valid reason why the service charges should not be imposed; and since the county is paying the salary of the constable, the money should go into the county treasury to offset that cost.

Most of the service work is in civil cases, a great deal of it being in cases for collection of accounts. The plaintiff should advance the regular fee for filing and for serving the papers, the same as in cases in circuit court. The public should not be taxed to pay the constable for this service.

A reasonable reform would be to reduce the constable service fees to make them definitely less than for circuit court cases.

One other bill by Marion county legislators would be enacted. That is the one to raise the salary of the county judge to \$2000 a year and to fix the salaries of the two commissioners at \$1800 per year instead of \$5 per day. The work of the county commissioner has become a full-time job. Road work, relief work and other matters press heavily upon the time of these officers. They need to be in their offices every day except when trips are needed over the country. The salary contemplated is no more than is reasonable for the work with the responsibility it carries.

Provision ought to be made also to legalize the keeping county offices open during the noon hour. It would be of great convenience to the public, and hours of county employees could be so arranged that no extra help would be required. Banks, the postoffice and commercial houses are open during the noon hour; so should the offices at the court house, unless it be some of the smaller offices where there are comparatively few callers to be served.

Labor Gets Injunction

A FEDERAL judge in San Francisco has given a temporary injunction to union sailors restraining the federal shipping commissioner from requiring seamen to show their discharge books in applying for jobs. The brief news report does not say, but probably the recent law of congress was attacked as being unconstitutional. If the case goes to the highest court and the law is held unconstitutional there the country will have an example of labor's use of the same legal method as employers in defense of what they regard as their constitutional rights.

In this case the seamen object to the books because they fear they will be used for blacklisting purposes by employing companies. Thus the laborer who gets a reputation as an agitator would have a hard time getting a new job because when he showed his discharge book the hiring office would spot the name as belonging to an objectionable person. In the past he could sign on without giving his full record and perhaps not giving his correct name.

The reason for the books, so it is claimed, is that recent marine disasters revealed that men without adequate experience were shipping as able-bodied seamen, and they proved incompetent in case of trouble by storm or fire. The government officials insist on enforcement of the law which requires the showing of books.

Appeal to the courts in the protection of civil rights is a common occurrence; and the appeal is often based on the attempt of law-making bodies to infringe on the limits set by the constitution. The function of the court is to interpret the constitution fairly and justly as between litigants, and particularly to protect individuals in their civil rights. Many of the laws passed in recent years infringe on what were long considered the rights of individuals. Some of these laws are clearly constitutional; others clearly unconstitutional; others in a twilight zone where even the courts have difficulty in steering a straight course.

The fact that the labor union members in San Francisco went into court and obtained a temporary restraining order is a proof of the need of such an agency for the protection of "human" rights.

Union Responsibility

REGARDLESS of how the vote comes out today on house bills 56 and 57, this fact seems certain, that organized labor must come under regulation by government, if it expects to continue to receive benefits from government. It cannot indefinitely remain free in its action and accept no social responsibility. Either government must regulate the unions or the unions will run the government.

In taking a stand in opposition to all regulation, as many labor leaders seem to do, they are proving as stubborn and selfish of their powers as employers whom labor berates for being stiff-necked and unyielding. Mr. Justice Brandeis, a man whom labor union leaders delight to quote, said in 1914 before he became a member of the supreme court:

"This practical immunity of the unions from legal liability is deemed by many labor leaders a great advantage. To me it appears to be just the reverse. It tends to make officers and members reckless and lawless, and thereby to alienate public sympathy and bring failure upon their efforts. It creates on the part of the employers, also, a bitter antagonism, not so much on account of lawless acts as from a deep-rooted sense of injustice, arising from the feeling that while the employer is subject to law, the union holds a position of legal irresponsibility."

House bill 56, which follows the British act in effect since 1871, is not a harsh requirement on labor unions, if they are to have any degree of social control; and its general provisions of requiring registration and accounting of funds do not seem unreasonable. Organized labor may succeed in defeating the bill. If it does and industrial strife continues, more stringent restrictions may later be imposed.

Defeating the Bevans Bill

THE expression of Sen. Best that the Bevans bill to require medical certificates for women as well as men applying for marriage licenses is an insult to every girl and woman in the state is mock gallantry of a poor order. Venereal disease is here, as the senator, himself a doctor, well knows. The way to stamp it out is to crusade against it; and one method is to require freedom from the disease as a condition of issuing a license for marriage. Surely the children yet unborn have the right to expect the protection against procreation by infected parents, for this is one disease where the sins of the parents are visited on the children. There is a suspicion that the medical profession now is lax in making its examination of men. It should not be perfunctory, but thorough; and should apply to women as well as men. Each party to the contract is entitled to such a certificate.

The existence of infection is not proof of immorality on the part of the person infected; so that the assertion of "in-

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Some Oregon pioneer 3-13-37 ferries that were good as gold mines; French names that stumped the early spellers:

Under date of May 7th, 1850, volume 1, page 25, Commissioners' Journal, W. E. Hanson, the abstractor, in looking for items on the Marion county courthouse title, ran across this entry:

"Tuesday Evening the Court Met to reconsider the renewal of the license to W. H. Willson to keep a Ferry across the Willamette River in the Town of Salem; the said Willson refusing to take out license for said ferry at the rates fixed by the Court at the first day of its sitting, May term, 1850, the Court Granted license to the said W. H. Willson and that he, the said Willson, be allowed to charge if he chooses at the following rates for the term of one year by his paying into the Treasury the sum of \$10:

- "Wagons and yoke of oxen or span of horses, \$2.
- "Each additional yoke oxen or span, 50c.
- "Man and horse, 50c.
- "Footman, 25c.
- "Head of neat cattle, 15c.
- "Head of sheep, goats or hogs, 12 1/2c.
- "100 feet of lumber not on wagons, 40c.
- "Horse and carriages, 50c.
- "Hundred pounds not on wagons, 25c.

"Twenty-five per cent may be added during winter months. "Ordered by the Court that the Court adjourn sine die. "B. Walden, T. Crump, Judges of Probate. "Attest: I. N. Gilbert, Clerk, P.C.M.C."

Dr. Willson was the Salem townsite proprietor, and had, only 16 days before, filed the townsite of the main town of Salem.

The fact that this was a renewal of the ferry right shows that he had been in the business before—perhaps ever since the Jason Le mission had ceased to operate the first ferry here, likely in 1844; which it was operating in the spring of that year, and no doubt had been doing since 1840, when, around July 1, it began work on the first building by whites on Salem's site.

But that was evidently the last year, Dr. Willson had the Salem ferry, for, at the April term, 1851, of the Marion county commissioners' court, as the old records show, a new license was issued to Leonard White (first to James White and then to Leonard White), at almost the same allowable fares, the main difference being for 12 1/2c instead of 16 cents for neat cattle.

The courts of Oregon counties that had rivers were kept well occupied with the business of ferry licenses. At the same (April) term at least two more ferry licenses were granted.

One was to Jacob L. and Samuel Miller for a ferry across the Santiam river—apparently at what became Santiam City, a mile or more below the site of Jefferson. The rates were cheaper, based on \$1.50 for an ox or horse wagon and team, 25c for a single yoke or span, 37c for a man and horse, and 25c for a pack animal.

The other one was to Baptiste DeGeere (likely Baptiste Deguire), for a ferry a mile below the mouth of the Yamhill river. His rates were just about the same as the Salem ones; soaking a team or yoke and wagon \$2.

Many fortunes were made by early day Oregon ferry-men. Founded upon ferry money were the first bank at Roseburg and the first department store at Salem—the Alken ferry at Winchester, across the North Umpqua.

One of the first banks at Albany came partly from ferry money—the Cusick bank. The Salem ferry made fortunes for several men. It furnished the Holman money for the first electric plant here. The Stark street ferry at Portland was the site of a dozen or more fortunes. There were many more.

One is amused the way the first deputy clerks of Marion county got the numerous French names—seldom right. They appear often in estate matters.

They seldom if ever got such names as these right: Francis Bernier, Peter Bellique, Lucier Gagnon, Louis Ouant, Laplatte, Langtain, etc. Wonder what the abstractors do about those titles?

It would require a long study to locate many of the old roads that were "viewed" and surveyed with great care. The one from Oxford to Salem, for instance, passing farms the names of the owners of which one sees no more except in history books, and seldom then correctly.

More later. More and more.

Elwin Holm, 18, Called To Beyond; Rites Sunday

SILVERTON, Feb. 12—Elwin Holm, 18, died early Tuesday morning at the Albany general hospital. Funeral services will be held here Sunday from the Eckman chapel.

Holm is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Holm, former residents of Silverton but now of Seio.

sult" to require examination of women is unfair

It is false courtesy to exempt women from the requirement. Before we rid society of the ravages of venereal disease the state will have to go much farther than it is now doing in the direction of prophylaxis and treatment. Pre-marriage examination is a very mild requirement.

"Would that I could believe them all!"



"LUXURY MODEL" by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER XVI

Mr. Vandaveer was in the lobby of the penthouse as Luana and her escort came in. He greeted her kindly. She presented Jimmy.

"I expect you'll want to come to the bar and join the other young people," said Mr. Vandaveer. He led the way to the bar, and introduced them to several people.

He disappeared to get a champagne cocktail for Luana, Jimmy having been instantly seized upon by a pretty debutante who seemed attracted by his good looks.

"Where have you been hiding all the past season?" she chirped up at him, getting as close to him as was possible, under the pretext of the crowded room. "With the death of good-looking boys in the stag-line all this past winter, it's been simply devastating for us! I can only surmise you're one of the world's workers?"

"I hope I am," Luana heard Jimmy answer, with a laugh.

This on-the-make "deb" was pretty, and beautifully dressed. She had an air of absolute ease that amounted to impudence. Luana imagined she was no more than seventeen years of age.

"Get me a brandy flip, big boy, will you? And come right back. I intend to snaffle the best-looking man here, so consider yourself lucky."

Jimmy flushed a little. Luana saw it. He went over to the bar. She thought, with a little pang: "I might have known they would be after him, tooth and nail!"

She forced herself to talk brightly to Mr. Vandaveer, however, and answer his well-meant inquiries.

How did she like New York by now? How did the work go? Jimmy came back with the brandy flip for the debutante.

She exclaimed loudly: "What? No drink for yourself? Here, waiter, a Scotch for the gentleman." Grabbing the glass from a tray, she thrust it at Jimmy.

"With that wine shade of hair, don't let me see you on the water wagon!" Jimmy laughingly denied the impeachment.

They drank together.

Presently the orchestra broke into a lightsome tune. The girl grabbed him by the arm. "Come on, let's dance."

He turned in the direction of Luana, but the girl pulled him off.

Through the open doorway, Luana had glimpses of them, the wretched child with her face literally buried in Jimmy's shirt front.

Two new men came into the bar and were presented to Luana. One of them asked her to dance. She agreed.

She pretended to be unaware of Jimmy and his partner. She chatted gaily with her own. Their faces being on a level, talking was easy.

His opening remark was practically the same as that of the girl who was now dancing with Jimmy so rapturously. He said: "Where have you been hiding all this time?"

Luana laughed. Nice that someone appreciated her, since Jimmy was so very much occupied! She flirted a little. Let it teach Jimmy a lesson. "I'm a woman of mystery. I only appear at the cocktail hour." This was her very first cocktail party, but he must not know that.

"I suppose you're fresh from school?" Here a man cuffed in on them.

Her partner relinquished Luana with a humorous: "Line forms to the left!"

She was glad that Jimmy saw she was successful. He was still gazing fascinatedly with the same partner. She told herself: Don't look their way. Pretend you're having a grand time. Give him a little of his own medicine.

A third man cut in on Luana. Jimmy looked long over at her. Fervently he wished that someone would remove the incubus from his arms!

He thought: "I must look swell with this snub nose buried in my shirt!"

The music came to an end. He parked her at the bar. Escape now, in search of Luana.

But Luana was surrounded by a bevy of new admirers, so that he could not get anywhere near her. He could only see the top of her hat, hear her musical laugh.

He went back into the bar and ordered himself a second Scotch highball. His recent partner had found a friend at the counter, for which he was duly thankful.

He told himself that cocktail parties were not in his line. Why on earth had he come?

Because Luana had asked him to. Because he found his mind continually reverting to Luana, these Spring days that were so magic.

A second conservatory lay directly beyond the one in which the musicians were playing. He would go in there and have a cigarette.

He had no wish to watch Luana flirting with other men, as she appeared to be doing, and enjoying it to the full.

He seated himself beside a little fountain that dripped pleasantly. The place was empty.

He lit his cigarette and thought of Luana. Who was he to spoil her fun? Among the rich, important men here, what was he but a detriment?

So lost in thought was he that he failed to hear the footsteps of a tall, beautiful woman who entered the little conservatory. When she spoke, he started abruptly and jumped to his feet.

Her face was almost on a level with his own. She smiled dazzlingly at him, with a look of only a moment's surprise.

"Do please sit down. I'll have a cigarette with you. It's good to escape the crowd for a minute, isn't it?" she remarked in friendly fashion.

She wore no hat. Her hair was burnished copper, framing a pale, fascinating face.

He said, a little breathlessly: "I think you are my hostess, are you not?"

Lorraine Vandaveer was inquiring. She had followed the good-looking unknown in here. Being from the South herself, she at once recognized his Southern accent.

She had always liked Southern men. They had a wonderful way with women.

This one was handsome, young and shy. An unusual combination, and worth investigating.

Someone of course had brought him to her party. But why was he sitting alone in here?

Lorraine, without being in the least bit intellectual, knew how to handle men. Indeed, it had become her hobby.

Within a matter of minutes she had learned that he was a newcomer in New York and that he knew very few people.

That his work was everything to him. That he was fired with "remendous ambition."

"Such a contrast to Ramon!" thought she. Only a short half-hour ago she had quarreled with Ramon. He had been sufficiently impatient and ill-advised to follow her to her boudoir, which infuriated her, considering how

many people were in the house, and the tongue of gossip ready as always to strike at one whom beauty and fortune favored.

"Get out of her, you fool! Have you gone mad?" she exclaimed.

"Do you want to get me into a scandal?"

Cruel Lorraine! You do not understand how much I love you."

She could have willingly slapped his sleek face. How dare he display such a lack of discretion!

"Get out, I say! D'you want to have me call Simes and have you ejected bodily?"

"Lorraine, be kind to me—"

But she had fairly shoved him out into the passage.

He had stood there protesting, whining. She had been terrified that at any moment some of her guests might take it into their heads to come upstairs, and see the two of them in the middle of a scene. That would be a grand bit of gossip.

Losing her temper, she had said more to Ramon than was wise. His face had darkened ominously.

"You choose to insult me, you who once said you loved me—who have proved to me you loved me—"

"That's all over and done with! Can't you see I'm sick and tired of you? Don't you know when it's time to bring a thing to an end? Have you no sense of proportion? Have you gone perfectly mad with conceit?"

Ramon scowled at her. "Who is the man? Who is it who has taken my place? If I find him, I'll kill him!"

She had broken into a hysterical laugh. A tanning laugh. Fool that he was, to be thinking of sex, and nothing but sex! How could she ever have endured the creature?

"If you don't get down those stairs, I'll call Simes," she said again.

Simes was the butler.

"That Madame, is the final insult," said Ramon, with a peculiar smile that he considered deadly—indeed, he had often practised it for just such occasions. "I shall no more trouble you. I have been mistaken in you. You are like all Anglo-Saxons—cold—cold—thinking only of themselves—so selfish. Now go. I do not come back again. You may telephone me, you may come to me on your bended knees, but never-airs do I see you again!"

With that, he had flung open the door leading from the inside of the boudoir down to the terrace via a flight of stairs. It was the most indiscreet exit possible. The wretch, she thought, was doing it on purpose!

She prayed Joel might not be on the terrace nor any of the avid gossip! Thank heaven for the busy hat!

She went into the bedroom, locked the door and went over to the mirror.

A flush was on her cheeks. That looked bad. She dipped a powder puff into a little bowl of pale green powder.

That was better. Translucent pallor was becoming with her red hair and green eyes and eczotic type. She picked up a lipstick and accentuated the flow-erlike affect of her mouth.

She sprayed scent on her hair.

She searched in her bureau for an embroidered jade handkerchief that was the exact color of her eyes. Ramon had today started her feeling of irritation with him by annexing a similar handkerchief. She had told him it was a bourgeois trick, more suited to the servants' hall than to people of breeding.

"Like a policeman flirting with the cook," she had said, not caring how much she insulted him.

Forget about it now. Go down and mingle with her guests and enjoy herself.

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12—A widespread feeling about President Roosevelt's action with respect to the supreme court—a feeling so widespread that it should become a majority conviction of the people—is expressed by Mr. Walter Lippmann: "If the American people do not rise up and defeat this measure, they have lost their instinct for liberty and their understanding of constitutional government. . . . No blow has been struck, which if it is successful, would so deeply injure the moral foundations of the republic. There is no doubt that a great question has been raised in America."

This judgment I share. I share also the similar conviction which Miss Dorothy Thompson holds, and I have long felt the apprehension which she expresses in a question and a moving appeal:

"This is the beginning of pure personal government. Do you want it? Do you like it? Look around about the world—there are plenty of examples—and make up your mind."

The examples of personal government which I think we can safely assume Miss Thompson has in mind, are those in Germany, Italy and Russia. There is not space here to repeat explanation of the relation between these and the situation in America. There is not space to recite that natural law of inevitability, by which automatically a first step toward a new form of society and government leads inescapably to a second, and the second to a third, so that the process, if once started in America, would carry us infallibly to a variation of the new form of society in Europe.

Those new forms of society divide themselves roughly into two categories. One is communism or socialism. The other is fascism. If either of these forms of society, or any of the nations practicing them, were to attempt to impose their conception of society on America by force, America would resist by force. Because the process is insidious, we fail to recognize what is happening. It is not necessary, at this time, to identify the situation in America with the influence are at work along many lines; back of them are many motives, some have no definite motive. To what extent the process is conscious, and to what extent unconscious; to what degree it is a variation from a man or men, and to what extent it is mere contagion, an infection from

But first—a sip of brandy, to pull her together. Lorraine seldom drank in public, beyond an occasional cocktail—for three good reasons. It was bad for one's figure and looks, and inevitably aged one. On a principle that she usually let another, and then one was apt to make a fool of oneself, or give some secret away, when he drank, better avoid it in public. Thirdly, in this town, one achieved a certain cachet by having the reputation of not drinking.

But Lorraine kept brandy in a locked drawer in her bedroom. She had a stiff one now, followed by a scented cognac before going down to the drawing-room.

Passing the bar, she saw a handsome but unknown young man go past the musicians to a table in the conservatory. She followed him.

She noticed the fine set of his shoulders, his sure tread, his bronze hair. She thought whimsically: "I've never had a beau with hair that is practically the color of my own, although his is darker."

Presently, with the Hawaiian music drifting in on them, they were sitting side by side, and talking together.

He was unspoken. How long would he remain that way in this city of predatory females, she wondered ironically.

She pried out of him his architectural ambitions and hopes in connection with the forthcoming Exposition.

"Now isn't that interesting!" she exclaimed. "It's quite a coincidence, for I happen to be president of a society organized for making New York more beautiful!"

"That's splendid of you. Please tell me about it."

There was little to tell, since Lorraine had never once attended a meeting. Skilfully, she turned the subject back to beauty.

"I love beauty," she said softly, conscious that becoming green light was streaming on her through the glass roof of the conservatory. "My husband often tells me I could have been an artist. As a young girl in Virginia it was my dream to be one. But I married directly into a school and junior high schools yesterday afternoon conducted by Wesley Hoise and Basil Deleise, of Y. M. C. A. Junior board and John Givens, assistant Y. M. secretary.

Seventy-five boys of Salem grade school and junior high schools participated in the hike yesterday afternoon conducted by Wesley Hoise and Basil Deleise, of Y. M. C. A. Junior board and John Givens, assistant Y. M. secretary.

City school superintendent John W. Todd was re-elected by board of education last night at a salary of \$2750 a year, advance of \$500.

Linen mill for Salem seems certain, board of directors of Salem Chamber of Commerce authorized club to buy all flax seed that state board of control can furnish.

Charles K. Spaulding, president and manager of Charles F. Spaulding Logging Company, is contemplating the promotion of a paper mill in Salem, returned yesterday from San Francisco.

(To Be Continued)