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BROTHERHOOD—"And Abram cried unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we are brethren." Gen. 13:8.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT; THE WATER SYSTEM

Mayor Giesy renews in his annual message his recommendation to the city council that measures be taken to give Salem her own water system—

And he urges the special water committee which was appointed during the past year to "make preparation at the earliest time possible for submitting a definite and practicable plan for accomplishing this very important project."

There is a committee of citizens to cooperate with the council committee in bringing this matter to a head—

To arrive at a proper valuation of the present water system and to submit a proposition for taking it over to a vote of the people.

The city ought by all means to either take it or leave it. The owners of the water system have shown a disposition to meet the demands of the city, to pay their part of the cost of a proper valuation of the system—

And the owners of the water system have a right to know what is to be done. If the city is to have a vote on the question of buying the system, the time of that vote ought not to be delayed indefinitely. In fact, it should be done with every expedition proper in good business practice.

The reason is that Salem is growing, and large extensions of the mains must be made.

The argument in favor of the city owning the water system is that it can borrow money at a lower rate than is possible for a private company, therefore it can afford to look to the future and put in larger mains and in other ways prepare for the growth that is bound to come.

If the city is to own the water system, the sooner the decision is made the better for all concerned—

And the owners of the system have a right to expect that they will have a definite decision, in order that, in case of a failure of the vote to buy, they may make the best arrangements possible for extensions. They cannot make arrangements with any assurance as long as the matter is in the air. While they do not wish to be put in the place of having their property on the bargain counter, they are willing to sell at a reasonable price, such as would be a good investment for the city—

But they have a right to know definitely, in order to be able to plan definitely.

There is another consideration—the going to the mountains for a supply to be brought in by gravitation, saving the mounting cost of pumping, and perhaps supplying power that may be sold for the benefit of the city. But that is in the future. First things must come first.

The important thing now is to take it or leave it.

COOPERATIVE SELLING

A fine example of cooperative selling is the Pacific Cooperative Wool Growers' association in Portland. The organization was started in Albany four years ago, has grown into a membership of three thousand and handles from six to seven millions of pounds of wool annually. Its organization area covers Oregon and the other Pacific states.

The wool is graded, ready for examination by buyers who come here from the East and various other parts of the country to purchase for their mills. The association has warehouses also in San Francisco and Boston.

This organization through the large volume of product handled is a tremendous power in the marketing world. It is able to control distribution to prevent overflow of the market and, by this orderly procedure, to stabilize the prices.

As a demonstration of what a well-managed cooperative can do, this organization is enlightening. And it will no doubt give impetus to the establishment of others of a like nature over the country.

WARNS AGAINST BOOZE

"Whiskey should not be given to a person who has been bitten by a snake" is the warning of Dr. Howard Kelly in an article on "Snakes and Snake Bite" in the January number of Hygiea, a popular health magazine published by the American Medical association. "Whiskey has buried many a victim who would have survived; alcohol does no good but acts as a depressant" is another hot shot taken by this high medical authority, at booze.

It is doubtful if even his snakeship could survive the shock of a few drops of real red "bootleg."

THE ARIZONA SHERIFF

Tales of his adventures, his courage, his humor, his keen Intelligence—as collected by Major Grover F. Sexton, "The Deputy from Yavapai County." How with nimble gun and motor car he brings swift and sure justice to evildoers.

Methodical Slim

He was a methodical man, was Slim Ed Johnson, deputy sheriff and county ranger of Coconino county, the largest single county in the United States.

When he started to perform even a commonplace task, nothing must be allowed to interfere with its completion.

Careful, too, he was, and frugal, wasting nothing unnecessarily, as shall be seen.

Slim Ed was being shaved one afternoon in Ben Chaston's barber shop in Flagstaff, almost diagonally across from Blind Pete's place, just off Front street.

There had been a lot of quarreling among the Mexican's thereabouts, the old Villa-Carranza feud of Old Mexico still waxing hot among its expatriate sons way up here near the Utah line.

And this day in particular, and at this hour, when there should have been quietude in a town where Deputy Sheriff Johnson was undergoing the careful and delicate task of being shaved, it was truly most thoughtless for two Mexicans to start the old quarrel over.

More so, since just at that moment, one half of Slim Ed's face being shaved, Old Ben was just rounding the farthermost point of Ed's chin, where any sudden disturbance might mean a slice off his anatomy, and consequent dire results for half a generation.

But, thoughtless as Mexicans are, that-away, one had the bad grace to shoot the other dead, affording a temporary victory for the Carranzistas. The Carranzite, having thus triumphed right across the street from Chaston's barber shop, sought to run toward the shop to spread the glad tidings.

"Confound that ornery greaser," quoth Slim Ed, blowing surplus lather out of his mouth, "why couldn't he have waited ten minutes?"

Pushing Ben out of the way, Slim moseyed out into the street, holding the white apron to one side.

Here came the slayer right at him, waving a wicked looking pistol. Slim waited for a moment.

Then out came his deadly 45. It gave forth a sound like unto an aerial bomb going off, and a bullet hit the Mexican squarely between the eyes.

Slim went back into the barber shop and resumed his seat.

"Get a move on you, Ben," he told the astonished barber, "that lather's all dryin' up and I don't want to spend the rest of my life layin' out in a barber's chair."

Afterward there was some speculation over the deliberation, the slight delay before Slim shot, likewise regarding the careful placing of the bullet which stopped the slayer's career. They asked Ed about it.

"Use your eyes," he told them. "The Mexican wore a good hat, and there was no use spoiling that, and he ought to have a decent coat to be buried in, hadn't he?"

Frugal and not a bit wasteful, was Slim.

The county prosecutor, hearing the shots, dashed around about the time Ed was coming from the barber shop the second time, his face now clean shaven and aromatic of Ben's choicest bay rum and his whitest face powder.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the prosecutor, turning to John Parsons, then a stage driver and now Coconino's sheriff; "can't you get something, John, and rush these two Mexicans to the hospital?"

"Don't waste your time running up to the hospital," suggested Slim Ed. "Just haul them down to the morgue and save yourself a trip up the hill. You see," he explained quite clearly to the questioning prosecutor, "I shot that one; it's a waste of time hauling him to any hospital."

It was the same Slim who shot mysteriously, never identified Peg Leg, the old outlaw who lived by little, petty, cheap thieving around the lumber camps up here where are some of the biggest sawmills in the world.

He was a terrible nuisance, was Peg Leg. Never seemed to steal anything worth arresting him for and making the county board him in jail. Usually it was the food and supplies taken from a rancher's house during the absence of the owner.

But he kept at it, up south of San Francisco mountain, highest peak in Arizona, until Slim thought he might as well waste a day and clear him out.

About twelve miles north of Bellemont, and right in the shadow of the San Francisco peak, was Wild Bill's ranch. That's the only name it ever had.

Slim, at the time, was riding with some men from the O-C ranch, and they told him old Peg Leg was at Wild Bill's. So over goes Slim, and in a ranch cabin out next the branding corral he saw someone move.

So Slim just walks right up to the door. Watchful he was, too, for everyone knew Peg Leg carried a murderous six shooter, a sawed-off shotgun and a 30-30 rifle.

But Peg Leg hadn't seen Slim till he came to the door. Slim's 45 was out and he told Peg Leg to hoist his hands.

Instead Peg Leg, with astonishing nimbleness, reached for his shotgun, slung across his back.

Though it isn't a matter of official record, Peg Leg must have been wearing a good hat, too, for Slim's 45 bullet found its mark square between the outlaw's eyes.

Sheriff Parsons, starting out for an automobile thief in his big Studebaker car, doesn't mind the fact that Slim no longer is a deputy. The county's finances need careful economizing, and 45 ammunition costs $2.85 a box. And, says Sheriff Parsons, Slim did use up a powerful lot of it!

CRIMINAL INSANE WARD AT PRISON REQUESTED

(Continued from page 1.)

state penitentiary reported that practically all the recommendations contained in Governor Pierce's investigating committee had been carried out at the institution. He said a new guard tower had been constructed, three machine guns installed, and that the stairs leading to the towers from within the walls had been removed.

He said the prison engineer now had under consideration the installation of a giant siren and electric alarm system extending to all parts of the institution. The siren would be used to warn the countryside of escapes and other serious dsturbances at the prison.

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GAME REFUGE ASKED

PORTLAND, Or., Jan. —(By Associated Press.)—A game refuge, comprising the area in Wallowa county which contains Oregon's only mountain sheep, will be established in the near future, as the outcome of a recent meeting of sportsmen in Enterprise, E. F. Averill, state game warden, said here today. Protection in the area will also extend to deer, bear, birds and other game.

Silverton—C. A. Benson will raise chipmunks on commercial scale as reforestation aids.

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Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

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—Adv.

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