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A PERFECT GUIDE—And the man bowed down his head, and worshipped the Lord. And he said, "Blessed be the Lord God of my master, Abraham, who hath led me to the house of my master's brethren." Gen. 24:33.

THE BEST BOOKS

"Where," asks a reader, "can I find a book that will give me the names of the hundred or five hundred best books of all time?"

There are many such books, but before naming even one of them, a few observations and quotations ought to be made. It is foolish to suppose that a hundred books can be named as those which are best for each and every one.

For the simplest experience of the world proves that a work of great excellence may deeply move one person, while it leaves another untouched; and that a book which has influenced one strongly in one's youth may lose such influence over one's later years.

There is virtually nothing that every man may read at every time.

Georg Brandes, one of the world's greatest living critics—he is a Dane—observes that:

"Most people read without any particular attentiveness; perhaps, too, they select reading matter which does not deserve any particular attention."

"But it is a matter of fact that they forget what they read."

"Many people, after all, are not accustomed to understand fully."

"They are like young people reading in foreign languages who neglect to refer to the dictionary for words they do not understand; they infer them from the sense, so they say, that is, they understand half, and are content with that."

The fact is that the knowledge that can be acquired through reading usually is over estimated. It is a poor substitute for direct knowledge of the world and life.

"As a rule books are only to be considered as presenting a theory," Brandes points out. "As a doctor must study his case and cannot obtain his knowledge by reading, thus we cannot learn anything from books unless we learn also from life. If we have not knowledge of mankind, we cannot even enjoy a novel. We are not in a position to judge whether it gives a true or false picture of things as they are."

And now, in reply to the reader's query, the writer suggests, but does not recommend, Powys' "The Hundred Best Books."

HORACE GREELEY'S CHALLENGE

Horace Greeley used to challenge free traders to name a single industry in the United States enjoying protection for a number of years, where products were not selling at lower prices than similar products could have been purchased before the American manufactured product, was brought under the wing of a protective policy. It is not on record that Greeley's challenge was successfully disputed.

In Greeley's day it appears to have been admitted that protection was a method of stimulating home industry; but the free traders declared it was a hot house method. In answer to this, Greeley pointed to Ireland, a country which for the want of industrial development was then sending a great proportion of its sons and daughters to the United States, a much greater proportion than today when the Irish Free State, master of its own fiscal policies, is adopting various features of the protective policy.

Bits For Breakfast

"Icy Blast Grip Midwest"

So read a newspaper headline of yesterday.

While the Salem district has balmy spring weather.

Pieplant is coming up in the garden, the snowdrops are in bloom, and Ella McMunn says her brown hen has gone to sitting, and this is sad, because they can't "set" her. Why? Because nearly all the early chicks are roosters and would have to be killed; and Miss McMunn would make a fuss about this as usual.

She says it is odd that so many of the early chicks are roosters, but she supposes the Lord thinks that the "boy" chickens can battle with the rough storms of early spring better than the girls.

Many people are saying this is the balmyest January in their recollection; but the oldest of the old timers remember that it is like the Januarys of the early fifties, when so many immigrants came to Oregon by ox team. They had open winters like this for several years—and after their experiences on the plains they thought they had struck next door to heaven. In fact they had.

But if this warm weather keeps on, there is going to be a bigger fight than usual to keep down the cut worms and other pests.

Roy Harris, field representative for Dunham & Co., says the buyers of fruits and vegetables, says his people are looking for a connection that will give them 40 to 50 acres of celery in the Salem district.

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 criminals.



Where once the cattle rustler and the horse thief ruled their trade, up and down the Arizona-Mexican border, and the same stolen rope one day brought out stolen calves to be branded with another owner's mark, and served to hang the thief on the next, all is now, say the border sheriffs, quiet and serene.

Gone are the horse-riding, chaps-wearing, heavy mustached figures of other days. The Studebaker is their modern mount.

"Just like a Sunday school now," say the sheriffs. But their tanned faces are set off with clear, blue eyes—always blue—and the guns at their belts are the same old, long-barreled forty-fives of old, with an ejector underneath like a recoil spring of a field piece.

"Quiet as a Sunday school," says Percy Bowden of Douglas, youngest and best known deputy sheriff of Cochise county—had in years.

For instance, there was that gentle soul, Ed Meade, wanted in five states for bank safe blowing, and in Detroit for murdering two men.

He hid out in Agua Prieta, just across the Mexican line. Every two days he came across to Douglas for mail, watchful, wary, upper buttons on his coat unfastened. Inside, as easy to reach as his watch pockets, rested two big pistols.

Bowden watched him, for he knew he must be wanted somewhere.

From Detroit, in routine channels, came the "lookout" notice for Meade, with a \$5,000 reward offered for information leading to his arrest.

Bowden thinks guns are noisy, destructive things. His two fists make little noise and, while many a border character will testify that they are destructive, the destruction is temporary.

Bad man—sought for murder—desperate, mean and watchful. Meade came across for his mail. Bowden met him coming out of the postoffice.

"It just so happens, stranger," he said to Meade in a quiet voice, "that I'm an officer of the law here, and I'll have to sort of take you in for a day or so, I guess; been asked by police up north to get you."

"By the way," he added quickly—and a sting in the tone with which he said it stopped Meade's hand just as it was entering his coat—"don't reach into your coat, pardner, or I'll throw a handful of fingers plumb through you before you can touch your shirt."

"Kinda bad habit, I've got, that way, stranger, and I don't like the fellow that's runnin' our hospital now, nohow. I don't want to give him any more business than I can help."

"So, if you'll just raise your hands up a little, like, we'll be going."

Meade, the killer, looked the young officer over for just a moment and up went his hands and away went his liberty, with Mexico just half a mile away.

Bowden unstrapped the two big pistols, hung them over his shoulder and with no weapons of his own, marched Meade to jail. Jailers, learning the prisoner's reputation, fed him in his cell at gun-

point. Bowden went in bare-handed and talked to him; when Meade commented on:

"Well, stranger," said Bowden, "you aren't much bigger 'n I am, and if you need an operation of any kind, I can save you the cost of chloroform."

Not a cent of the reward came to Douglas. It was claimed by those who sent out the notice, for hadn't they given the "information" leading to the arrest of Meade?

"Bub"

No tenderfoot business for Bub Parks, just in from Baltimore, believe you me. He was going to be a real, two-fisted tough Western—ridin' horses, totin' six-shooters, shoot on sight—and all that.

Maybe you think that nickname "Bub" didn't make a hit with him. Here he was in Clifton, down in the bottom of the 3,000-foot San Francisco River canyon in Greenlee county, Arizona, already fitted out with a nickname, like the rest of the hard-fisted lads thereabouts.

Bub was working in the offices of the old Arizona Copper Company, now Phelps-Dodge properties. Clerking was really not such a daredevil job for a red-blooded he-man like Bub wanted to be, but one must eat, even out in this rich state.

One day a bright idea struck him, after he had read of an attempted train robbery down in Cochise county. The robbers had set sacks of Mexican dollars, or "dobies," as they are called, scornfully against a safe, and when the dummies went off, had scattered dolbies all over eastern Cochise county.

Every real hombre around Clifton had, or was reputed to have had, a past. That was it: he would get himself a past.

Now, there was quiet, easy-going, hard-working old Walter Foote, the company paymaster in the next room. What a snap it would be to stick Walter up, get away with a big payroll, have a fling and then come back—another doer of dark deeds to add to the community.

Of course, Bub still had much to learn, so his preparations were somewhat incomplete.

He did get himself a good horse, with an ornate saddle; a regulation six shooter of approved 45 calibre, and a strap with which to tie his clothes to the back of the saddle.

One noon, when he knew Foote would work through while the others were at lunch, Bub tied his horse right out in the front yard of the company offices, got his six gun and unmasked, went right in on foot and demanded the company payroll.

"Boy, would they talk about the nerve of Bub, when he was away spending his ill-gotten gains! Well, they sure talked long and laughingly of Bub. But that's ahead of the story."

"Gwan-away with that thing," Foote snorted at Bub; "you'll drop it on your foot and squish a toe off. They oughtn't let kids play with them things till they are able to grow a moustache."

"Honest, Frank," Bub insisted, "I'm an outlaw and I'm holding this place up. Stick 'em up, like a good fellow now, before I get rough, 'cause when I get rough I'm a howlin' timber wolf."

Foote apparently didn't know how bad a howlin' timber wolf could be, for he got up and slapped Bub in the face, and started to take his gun away from him. In the melee the gun went off, shooting Foote through the leg.

Well, the holdup wasn't a total success; but, still, Bub had shot his man and was entitled to make a scratch, not a full notch, on his gun. That was something, and he might as well throw a leg over his boss and let 'em start talking about his daredevilry. So, "adios" called Bub, and away he clattered down the canyon.

Unfortunately, before anyone

One Congresswoman Crusades for Better Pie, Two for Beer



While Mrs. John Jacob Rogers, Massachusetts congresswoman, is crusading for better pie in the congressional restaurant, the two other women representatives, Mrs. Mary Norton, N. J., and Mrs. Julia

Kahn, California, are actively aiding Representative John Philip Hill, Maryland, in his effort to obtain wine and beer modifications of the Volstead act. Tp. Representative Hill conferring with Mrs.

Kahn (left) and Mrs. Rogers. Below, Mrs. Rogers feeding pie from the house restaurant to Representative S. J. Montgomery, Oklahoma, "baby of congress" and other colleagues.

can get away from Clifton, they have to climb over half a mile up the canyon sides to the mesa or plateau above. Bub had forgotten to learn the way out, except over the main road.

So when "Skeets" Witt, the prospector-miner-banker-sheriff, was told of the ruckus, he just drove up on the mesa in his Studebaker and sat on the rim of the canyon and smoked, waiting for Bub to put his head above the big gully. It was the easiest man-hunt the car ever had—no cactus to run over at all.

It took five days to starve Bub out and force him onto the road for water.

Skeets saw him come up. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, touched the self-starter and drove casually up to the crestfallen, hungry and now tearful outlaw, the erstwhile terror of the mountains.

"Tie your horse on behind, Bub and get in and I'll give you a life back to town," he told the scared lad, who saw the muzzle of a 30-30 high-power rifle leaning over the side of the car.

Bub got a year in the state prison, but he had some vengeful satisfaction.

The meal he ate when Sheriff Witt sat him down in the Clifton Hotel dining room almost bankrupted the county!

BUSINESS ACTIVITY SHOWS SOME GAINS

Continued Increase in Bank Clearings Indicates Lull Is Now Past

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—(By Associated Press.)—Dun's tomorrow will say:

"Not only is the stability of general business maintained, but there are accumulating signs of renewed activity in different directions. The post holiday lull, though still visible in some quarters, has been less marked and of shorter duration than usual, and there are many reports of dealings in excess of those of a year ago. This phase is reflected in most of the statistical barometers and the continued gain in bank clearings is the more significant because prices for various commodities are below the levels prevailing at this time in 1925. The current week developed easing in a number of markets and Dun's list shows a considerable excess of declines, but in the

main there has been an absence of unsettlement in prices for both raw materials and manufactured product."

Weekly bank clearings \$10,150,031,000.

TIRE MANUFACTURER DIES

AKRON, Ohio, Jan. 22.—G. M. Straddleman, president of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber company, dropped dead at his home here at 8 o'clock tonight.

Your Consideration Is Invited

To investigate the unique plan and the lasting advantages that may be created for YOUR CHILD through our Juvenile Educational Trust Fund.

Our aim is to guarantee \$1,000 or more at age of 18 or sooner. In event of your prior death we will immediately pay \$1,000 or more without further deposits from your estate and \$1,000 at age of 18.

If death is caused in consequence of an accident, we will pay \$2,000 or more. A.D. we require no further deposits from YOUR FAMILY, but we will still pay your child another full \$1,000 at age 18.

If YOU become disabled so that YOU cannot work any more, WE, the company, will make all future deposits so that your child still gets the full \$1,000 or more at age 18, besides, we will pay you a monthly income while you are so disabled.

In the sad event of your child's death any time prior to age 18, we will pay the full \$1,000 or more immediately to you regardless of former benefits which may already have been paid.

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY offers this unique and individual service to you for a small deposit, according to ages.

We have over \$100,000,000 of protection in force now.

VICTOR SCHNEIDER, Special Agent
Phone 577 247 N. Commercial St., Salem

DURKIN WAITS IN CELL

GUNMAN LOSES SOME OF HIS SWAGGER IN JAIL

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—(By Associated Press.)—Martin J. Durkin, 24-year gunman, automobile thief, police slayer and perhaps bigamist, was in a cell at the county jail tonight, with a week's grace before he is required to enter a plea to the two murder indictments that face him.

Aside from the week's postponement of arraignment granted by Judge Harry B. Miller this morning, following an agreement between the state's attorney's office and attorneys representing Durkin, the day's developments were not of an encouraging nature to the young killer. He had lost some of his swagger and defiant air when he was locked up for the night.

"One way or another, we'll get Durkin to the gallows," State Attorney Robert E. Crowe said tonight. He indicated that state planned to bring Durkin to trial first on the indictment charging him with the murder of Federal Agent Edward C. Shanahan and if a hanging verdict was not obtained on that count to try him for the killing of Police Sergeant Harry Gray, slain when a trap was set for the young killer.

Resulted in the slaying of two men in a gunfight and the wounding of 50 acres of celery in the Salem district.

Where Ex-Kaiser Stored His Wines and Hid Imperial Gems and Plate



Famous wine cellars in Berlin of the former Kaiser are being used by the public for the first time as a commercial firm takes them over as storage space. This photo shows the corner of the cellars where the imperial gold-plate and gems were hidden during the revolution of 1918.

DINNER STORIES

George Ely Crosby, the champion fly-caster, said at a banquet: "I'll conclude my remarks, gentlemen, without any mention of the fall of the franc or other questions of international finance, for I don't know any more about international finance than my new housekeeper knows about fishing."

"I was getting ready for a week's trout fishing last June when my housekeeper bustled into my bedroom with a big bundle of sticky, black-speckled trash that she began to shove into my grip."

"Hold on," I said. "What are you doing with those flypapers?" "I've been saving them for you ever since the hot spell," said the ignorant old dame. "You know you told me, Mr. Crosby, that you always had to buy flies when you went fishing."

An Englishman was recently invited by a New York man to accompany him on a hunting trip on Long Island.

"Large or small game?" laconically asked the Britisher, who had hunted in every other quarter of the globe.

"You don't expect to find lions and tigers on Long Island, do you?" queried the New Yorker.

"Hardly," responded the Briton, "but I like a spice of danger in my hunting."

"If that's the case," answered the other with a grin, "I'm your man, all right. The last time I went out I shot my brother-in-law in the leg."

A high building was being erected when a workman lost his footing and fell from the roof. In his fall he managed to grasp a telegraph wire, which still left him at a perilous height from the ground.

"Hang on for your life," shouted his fellow workmen, and some of them ran to procure a mattress on which he could drop.

He was picked up senseless and taken to a hospital. On his recovery he was asked why he did not hang on longer.

"Shure," he said, "I was afraid the wire would break."

More people overeat on Sunday than on any other day.

TODAY!
—and every day
next week



MILLER'S JANUARY CLEARANCE SALES