

## YMCA MAN WRITES OF CHINESE WORK

### OAC Graduate Builds Model Village in Squallid Suburb of Shanghai

J. C. Clark, graduate of OAC about 15 years ago, is conducting a unique experiment in Shanghai, China. Mr. Clark is an Oregon man and made a splendid record at OAC as a student. For the past 15 years he has been an outstanding American leader in China. He has had a great deal of influence among the educational, political and civic leaders. He helped to teach the Chinese boys and young men how to play. He has been secretary of the boys YMCA in China, the largest boys department of the YMCA anywhere in the world.

In a late letter from him this month he has described a model village he has sponsored for the working men in Shanghai. He was instrumental in getting a number of citizens interested in buying pieces of ground in the midst of the working men's part of the city and they built 60 brick and tile cottages suitable for one family each. They have arranged for playgrounds, schools, YMCA, and splendid living conditions such as these men had never known before.

This model village, though not complete, is being copied by other cities.

Particular attention is being paid to the health of the children. They conduct a day nursery and baby clinic in addition to the schools and play activities. They also have evening schools and classes for both men and women.

Friends of Mr. Clark in Salem are watching that experiment with a great deal of interest. Mr. Clark was in Salem about three years ago for several days and during that time he made several addresses about his work.

Mr. Clark's letter is in part as follows: "You will be interested I am sure in the news that this association has started a new enterprise for our movement. Yesterday we laid the cornerstone of the 'Y' building in what I believe is the first 'model village' ever built by a YMCA.

"We have one acre of land on which we will build 60 cottages for laborers and a 'Y' building besides leaving a small playground 50x50 feet in the center. The 'Y' building we will call 'Mott Hut' because Dr. and Mrs. Mott made it possible by their personal gift when they were here last January.

"The first six cottages were given by the American Friends' Service committee and Dr. Rufus Jones, the chairman of the committee, was here to lay the cornerstone. Local organizations and friends gave the money to buy the land and to build an additional six houses.

"We have spent Mex. \$20,000 (gold \$10,000) so far on the land, 'Y' hut, and twelve cottages and will have to raise Mex. \$20,000 more to build the remaining houses and put in a deep well and drainage system.

"Our purpose is to demonstrate the possibility of providing decent houses with healthy surroundings for the laboring people who now

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## HOLDS 57 YEAR-OLD COTTON HEIRLOOM

### Bale Grinned in September 1870, Heirs Agree Never to Sell Antique

CHIPLEY, Ga.—(AP)—A bale of cotton almost 57 years old, is owned here by heirs of Christopher Columbus Jones, who in September 1870 had the bale grinned and then held it year after year to the price he resolved to get for it—22 1/2 cents per pound.

Planter Jones sold his other cotton but obstinately held to his bale on which he placed a price of \$132.07 1/2 for its original 587 pounds. Eventually the "resolution bale" became a family pet, so to speak, and its sentimental value was such that in recent years when cotton soared to 45 cents per pound peak, no offers were entertained.

Grinned in the old fashioned way the cotton remains in what is left of the original bagging and ties and its quality has not deteriorated. Experts have graded the lint as "No. 2" and reported that the fibre pulls one and one-sixteenth inches.

The heirs have agreed that the bale should never be sold.

## SALEM TO HAVE ONE OF BEST EQUIPPED BANKS IN NORTHWEST

### Many New Features and Up to Date Conveniences and Safety Devices Are Being Added in the Reconstruction and Enlargement of the Capital City's Oldest and Largest Bank

The reconstruction and enlargement of the Ladd & Bush Bank building have reached a point where it is possible to gain some idea of the appearance the new quarters will present when finished.

The first step in the work was taking over the store room occupied by the Anderson Sporting Goods company, and extending the building, with full basement, to the alley.

Along the south side of this addition are now being erected the new vaults, impregnable enclosures 19 1/2 feet by 60 feet, two stories high, constructed of heavily reinforced concrete, the foundation to be 42 1/2 inches deep, and the walls and ceiling 27 inches thick. The safe deposit vault, in addition, is to be lined with quarter inch steel plates. When these vaults are completed, there will have been used in the walls, floors and ceilings, over 125 tons of structural steel.

## MEMORIES REMAIN WITH OLD VETERANS

### Two Surviving Generals of Confederate Army Enfeebled, but Possess Stories

ATLANTA, Ga.—(AP)—Infirmities of age have weakened the flesh but not the mind of the last two surviving generals who held commissions in the Confederate army.

Sixty-one years ago a battle-worn officer rode up to the headquarters of General Kilpatrick, Union commander at Macon, Ga. A group of young Union army officers observed with some astonishment the figure in gray.

"It's Felix," exclaimed one. There was a rush toward the Confederate, with much handshaking and warm greetings. He was General Felix Huston Robertson.

It was the end of the Civil war. The general having disbanded his command, had come formally to surrender, and had fallen into the hands of his former West Point classmate. The comrades of school days made up a fund of \$180 in gold for the enemy officer, who possessed nothing but a saddlebag full of worthless Confederate money, and with this gift sent him on his way.

Shortly before this incident, in a Virginia camp Fitzhugh Lee dashed by, shouting "Uncle Bobby has surrendered." A Confederate leader turned to General Mulford, whose command was next to his.

"Let's get out of here," he was, and they did, making their way to Lynchburg, Va., where they disbanded their forces.

The general who evaded surrender was John McCausland.

Now, the two generals are spending the closing years of their lives in the retirement of their homes, with memories of their historic past to beguile their days. General Robertson, at the age of 86, lives at Waco, Texas, and General McCausland, 90 years old, on a farm near Charleston, W. Va.

A few days ago in Dallas General Robertson was hobbling across the street when he was stopped by a traffic policeman, who told him that he would have to turn back as the signal was against him.

"Young fellow," said the old one, "I never surrendered to a blue uniform but once, and I've never turned back in the middle of a battle."

The policeman recognized a familiar face, saw the Confederate veteran's button and let him pass. Occasionally General Robertson dips into the modern while when he visits his son, Judge Felix D. Robertson in Dallas. He has two daughters, Mrs. Julia Cleveland of San Antonio and Mrs. John E. Smith of North Manchester, Indiana.

Born the son of a soldier, March 9, 1840, at Washington, the old capital of Texas, Robertson was appointed to West Point by Gen. Sam Houston in 1857.

He was a classmate of General Custer. He would have been graduated in June, 1861, but the incident at Fort Sumter in April, 1861 intervened. Young Robertson, who was a friend of Jefferson Davis, resigned at once, went to Richmond, was appointed a lieutenant of artillery, and assigned to General Beauregard's army.

The battle of Shiloh found him a captain under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson and from then on he was in every great battle fought by the Army of Tennessee. He rose until he became brigadier general in Wheeler's cavalry.

When Sherman marched to the sea he found a stubborn obstacle at every foot of the way. It was General Robertson and his men, who contended every inch of the ground. At the battle of Peach Tree creek, General Robertson performed what then seemed a miracle. He stopped an infantry advance with artillery.

He was wounded in the left arm

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## KING SNAKE LIKE UNTO THE RATTLER

### Man often Puts the Worst Side Out, So Receives Treatment Accordingly

Nobody likes a snake. It seems to be a sort of natural inborn hatred that goes away back to that early time in the garden when the serpent tempted Eve to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree, and sin entered the world. God said that day there would always be hatred between the people and the snake. And so it is.

Yet some snakes are not really very bad. We might call them friends, if only they were not snakes. That is the trouble. They belong to a hated species, or kind of creation. There is the king snake for example. In the desert country, where there are so many rattlers, the king snake is a real friend. He fights the rattle snake and kills them. He will not bite a human being, unless he is cornered and injured, and must fight for his life. And even then his bite is not very dangerous.

One day I killed a big king snake. He was a monster fellow. The largest I ever saw. I was sorry that I killed him, and have often felt a pang of regret for it. But maybe the fact that he was a snake and a big one at that, was my justification for the time being. I did not stop to think that he might be a king. After I had killed him and stretched him out and looked him over then I saw that he was a king, and not a rattler. Now it would be easy to know a rattler, for even when he coils he holds his rattles up so they can be easily seen.

Some men had stopped on the desert, when I drove up. The desert road was narrow at that point and I could not get by with their car before me. So I got out to see what they were looking at. There it was, a great snake, coiled up and writhing and twisting and sticking out its long red tongue as it said, "Why don't you kill it?" and they said they had nothing to kill it with. Well, that was easy enough. There were millions of stones lying about. Only to select one about the right size and hit the snake with it was required. It did not take long to do it. It is not difficult to kill a snake. You have but to strike it across the back with a club or a stone and break its back then it cannot jump or run away, and you can bruise its head. When you had killed him and laid him out he was really beautiful. But he was a snake, and the old hatred was there, and we could not think of letting him go.

Appearances are sometimes deceiving. You know there are lots of people who seem to be better than they really are. Then there are other folks who appear to be worse than they really are. We call them hypocrites. That is a big word; and it means one who pretends to be what he is not. Now I think the man who appears to be worse than he really is, is the most dangerous kind of a hypocrite. He not only injures himself but injures others. Others are influenced by him. The man who tries to show off that he is better than he really is, injures on one but himself. His sham is so easily found out that no one

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## STUDY ICE CAKES FOR UNIQUE SIGHTS

### People Seldom Notice Jewel Work Done by Nature in Her Winter Moods

Ever look to see what you could see in ice? Quite a study has been made of this handiwork of Nature. Few people realize the diversity of the ice jewel work with which Nature, in her winter moods, bedecks the earth.

Water in its liquid form has a variety of aspects—in ocean and dewdrop, in cloud and cataract—but it is simplicity itself compared with the kaleidoscopic combinations of crystals that spring into being when the same substance is touched with the magic wand of Jack Frost.

A block of clear, hard ice does not reveal to casual inspection the slightest hint of its complex structure. There are, however, several ways of bringing to view the innumerable starchy crystals, writes C. F. Talman of the U. S. weather bureau in Nature Magazine of Washington. One method is to rub the surface with a soft lead pencil or dust it lightly with soot by means of a soft brush. The substance thus applied fills the slight depressions between neighboring crystals and discloses their outlines. A coating of soot can be used in a similar way to bring out the details of frost figures formed on window panes.

Another process consists of passing a beam of light through a thin slab of ice and watching the resulting image projected on a screen, or focusing a beam on a point inside the slab and watching the ice itself at this point with a magnifying glass. In either case little shining figures appear, in the shape of six-pointed flowers.

Each of these represents an open space in the ice where a crystal has been melted by the heat of the beam, and retains the shape of the crystal. The space is nearly filled with water, but, as ice contacts in melting, a tiny bubble-like vacuum is left at the center of each flower. The spaces and their contents have sometimes been called "negative" or "inverse" crystals.

GLACIER PARK, Mont.—(Special).—Foot and horse trails through Glacier National Park are being measured this season by a unique device for the purpose of showing the actual distances between all given points.

A bicycle wheel, which is attached a handle and a cyclometer, is pushed ahead by a Park Ranger and covers the trails on foot, and who makes a complete log of all trails traveled by him.

Arthur Best, permanent Park Ranger at Going-to-the-Sun camp, has just completed a log of all of the trails within the territory lying between that camp and Many Glacier.

## SHAW FOUND HAPPY ON 70TH BIRTHDAY

### First One He Celebrated, Abused English in Characteristic Style

(Bernard Shaw, the great English (or rather Irish) author, celebrated his seventieth birthday a few days ago. The following from Little's Living Age for the current month will be enjoyed by many Statesmen readers, as the incident and the words of Shaw have been or will be by millions of other readers throughout the world.)

Germany Greeted Shaw  
It was to be expected that such German writers as Jakob Wassermann, Franz Werfel, and Emil Ludwig would wish Bernard Shaw many happy returns of the day when he reached the age of seventy. Die Literarische Welt gave over its entire first page three days before this memorable anniversary to various tributes in verse and prose, of which the most remarkable was Albert Einstein's.

The greeting of the great German scientist to the great Irish playwright ran as follows: "Few men in the world are sufficiently independent to be able to perceive the weakness and follies of their contemporaries and to remain untouched by them themselves. What few there are of this type usually soon lose the courage to work in any intelligent direction once they have learned how stupid human beings are. Only a very small number indeed can fascinate a whole generation with their humor and grace and hold the mirror of art up to nature. I greet the greatest master of this art with heartfelt sympathy—theman who has delighted and enlightened us all."

Another German to wish Shaw many happy returns of the day was Dr. Strassmann, minister of foreign affairs, who conveyed his greetings through Herr Shamer, German ambassador in London. In acknowledging the felicitation Shaw took the opportunity to get back at his own country's government for refusing to let his birthday speech be broadcasted. This is Mr. Shaw's letter: "My Dear Shamer,—

The public honor done me by the message of the German minister of foreign affairs is enhanced by its coming through your hands. It is the sort of thing that would never occur to a British foreign secretary, because, as you well know, we are a barbarous nation in matters of culture. We have a genuine dread of intellect in any form, and a conviction that art, though highly enjoyable clandestinely, is essentially immoral.

Therefore the sole notice taken on my seventieth birthday by the British government was its deliberate official prohibition of the broadcasting of any words spoken by me on that occasion.

The contrast between this attitude and that of the German government would be a painful one for a nation with cultural traditions, but our governing classes are rather proud of it.

To them I owe my reputation as a dangerous and disreputable person; to Germany I owe my recognition in Europe as a thinker and a dramatic poet.

What is more important, European.

## CRASH TEST DAM IN THEORY WORK

### Stevenson Creek in California Scene of Costly Engineering Feat

FRESNO, Cal.—(AP)—Built in the belief that millions of dollars have been wasted in the construction of hydro-electric dams and that exact data on the amount of stress and strain will enable engineers to avoid waste, a series of tests is being made on the Stevenson Creek experimental dam 62 miles east of Fresno.

The tests, by the United States bureau of standards, are attracting attention world-wide. The dam, sponsored by the Engineering Foundation of New York, has been built at a cost of \$100,000. It is 60 feet high, 140 feet long across the top and 7 1/2 feet thick at the base. Thirty feet above the base it is only 2 1/2 feet thick and that thickness is maintained to its top.

The structure, in the language of the engineers, is a single arch, constant radius dam of ordinary

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## Hundreds of Women Meet in Capital To Study Cause and Cure of Wars



Among the prominent women who are responsible for the second Conference on the Cause and Cure of War are: Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who will preside at the general sessions; Miss Josephine Schain, secretary of the conference; Mrs. John D. Sherman, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Miss Belle Sherwin, president of the National League of Women Voters, and Miss Rose Schneidermann, representing the Women's Trade Union League.

Representatives of five million American club women are to meet Dec. 5-10 in Washington, D. C., in a great gathering to exert all their powers against war. The gathering—officially termed "The Second Conference on the Cause and Cure of War"—is to be attended by 900 delegates, representing the most influential women's organizations in the United States.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt will supervise the organization of the conference this year as in the one held in January, 1925, and will preside at the general sessions. The foreign debt policy of the United States and the situation in Mexico will be discussed as well as the attitude of Uncle Sam toward China, Japan, the Philippines and Latin America, which will be presented by speakers of each of the nationalities in question. Among

the 40 speakers on the program be Brig. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, Norman Angell, the author, and Prof. James T. Shotwell of Columbia university.

According to Mrs. Catt, the causes of war, such as over-population, economic rivalries, armament competition and mass psychology having been well discussed at the former conference, the emphasis this year will be on national security without the expenditure of war.

"We shall neither discuss the horrors of war nor argue whether or not it is possible to abolish it," said Mrs. Catt. "Then conference opens with the conviction that war is a relic of barbarism which should have been abolished years ago. We shall proceed unemotionally to a sane, scholarly treatment of the subject in hand."

## PLANS OCEAN ROAD ON SPANISH TRAIL

### Texas Man Building Highway on Low Lying Islands of State's Coast

ARKANSAS PASS, Texas.—(AP)—Swashbuckling gentlemen, whose business instincts led them far afield when Spain was in her glory, have supplied Col. Sam Robertson of Brownsville, Texas, with a romantic background for an ambitious adventure.

Colonel Robertson is building an ocean driveway along the low lying islands off the coast of Texas. These strips of land stretch for hundreds of miles up the coast from Brownsville and lie within sight of shore.

The proposed ocean driveway will be the longest in the world, and when it is completed, autoists may drive from Brownsville to Corpus Christie, Texas, over the island beaches.

Pirates of the Spanish main have cast their glamor over a stretch of sand. More than 400 years ago, tradition says, a fleet of galleons, laden with the pirate treasures of the Montezumas, set sail from the New World for old Spain.

A tropical disturbance cast the fabled armada about, drove it out of its course for days, and finally wrecked the fleet on the Texas coast, a five days march north of the Rio Grande. More than 300 survivors are said to have escaped by making their way overland to the Panuco river, now the shipping outlet for the Mexican oil fields near Tampico.

This treasure is supposed to have been buried somewhere along the coast over which the pleasure caravans of modern America soon are to travel. Occasionally coins have been picked up in one of the sandy hills near

## SECT OF SHAKERS NEAR EXTINCTION

### Former Powerful Religious Colony Founded Nearly 150 Years Ago

LEBANON, O.—(AP)—Only the epilogue remains to be told of the story of the Shakers, once powerful religious sect.

Less than a half century ago the Shakers owned and farmed thousands of acres of the best lands in Ohio, as well as rich tracts in the east. Today, all their Ohio lands are in the hands of others, and the Shakers have gone. The few colonies remaining in the East, at East Canterbury, N. H.; Pittsfield, Mass., and West Albany, and Mount Lebanon, N. Y., number but a few dwindling hundreds.

More than a century and a half ago, the adherents of "Mother Ann Lee" came to America from England, and established the first colony of Shakers in New York state. Nearly a century and a quarter ago John Meacham, Issachar Bates and Benjamin S. Youngs, missionaries of the new faith, came over the Alleghenies to Lebanon, Ohio, where they set up the banner of the Shakers in the wilderness.

Despite opposition, the new sect grew and became wealthy. The Shakers bought the best land in the region. They were sober, industrious, pious and honest. They abolished marriage and depended upon converts from other denominations or "from the world" to keep up their membership. But they offered the convert little beyond a life of peace and quiet. When a man and his wife joined the sect, all their material possessions passed into the hands of the church, and the conjugal ties were abolished.

Shakers made their life almost

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## WI-NE-MA, HEROINE MODOC INDIAN WAR

### Professor Horner Gives Story of Woman Who Saved Life of Meacham

(Col. A. B. Meacham, United States peace commissioner with the Modocs, was a resident of Salem. He was a part of the Meacham family that constructed the Meacham road across the Blue mountains in the 60's. His life was saved by an Indian woman in the Modoc massacre April 11, 1873. On Wednesday evening last at 7:45, Professor J. B. Horner, head of the department of history of the Oregon Agricultural college, and well known Oregon historian, recited the story of this Oregon Pocahontas over the KOAC radio. This story was censored by Wi-ne-ma's son, Jeff Riddle of Beatty, Oregon, and verified by Capt. O. C. Applegate of Klamath Falls. The story as given by Prof. Horner over the radio follows:)

One day while Dus-Wha-lee was playing with some other little Indian girls in her father's canoe on Link river, the craft parted from its moorings and drifted into the turbulent current. Brives were powerless. Women and children wept.

But with her father's paddle, Dus-Wha-lee calmly steered the craft past dangerous boulders until it floated upon the quiet waters of Lake Ewansa, when she went on shore with her playmates.

An aged Indian from the north having observed Dus-Wha-lee's calmness and courage, pressed her to his bosom and said: "You are brave heart," which in Modoc is "wi-ne-ma." He led her to Chief Secut, who now changed her name from Dus-Wha-lee to Wi-ne-ma. She was informed that she was a descendant of the famed La-la-ca, hence a Modoc princess. Her father took her on many hunting expeditions, and twice the two wandered together to the sacred lake near Mount Yafna.

A sick white man, who came to the tepee of Chief Secut one day told Wi-ne-ma interesting stories of little white girls. He described their dresses of many colors, the houses, wagons, cars and steamships, schools, churches and cities, and, above all, the opportunity that white girls enjoy. These stories made a lasting impression upon Wi-ne-ma, who determined to live as white girls live, and her friends observed the remarkable change that came over her.

When Wi-ne-ma was 15 years of age she was encamped with her parents a short distance from Yreka. Near the tepee was the log cabin of Frank Biddle, a young miner. At the tepee the two young people met for the first time. He was tall and graceful in her eyes and she possessed many charms which he did not ignore. Although he spoke as yet only English and she Modoc, their eyes talked in a common language, saying many things which were immensely pleasing to Frank and Wi-ne-ma.

One day Wi-ne-ma sang an Indian love song for Frank which he could not understand; hence he was not responsive. Yet when her parents moved away, taking her with them, Frank soon visited

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## NEW NORDIC BLOOD FOR CHILEAN RACE

### German and English Blood Mixed With Latin Blood During Past Years

SANTIAGO, Chile.—(AP)—A further infusion of nordic blood into the Chilean race will be brought about if plans now under consideration by the German colony here are developed.

Importation of 2000 additional German families to settle in the rich agricultural regions of the South of Chile has been suggested. The Chileans already are more or less a race apart as German and English blood has been mixed to a great extent with the Latin during many years. It is not unusual to find persons bearing such family names as Helfmann, Lundstedt, Walker, Martin, Edwards, and O'Brien, and O'Reilly, who cannot speak English.

The German and English colonies are large and their influence has had noticeable effects. The army is German trained and is uniformed in typical German style. The navy, on the other hand is a miniature reproduction of Great Britain's.

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