

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
 From The Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHIRLON F. SACKETT, Publishers
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
 SHIRLON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
 Arthur W. Steyer, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
 San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
 Ford-Parrish-Stecher, Inc., New York, Salmon Tower Bldg.
 11 W. 42nd St.; Chicago, 209 N. Michigan Ave.

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. 25 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.50; 1 Year \$4.50. 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.

Yesterdays
 ... of Old Salem
 Town Talk from the Statesman of Yesterdays

January 7, 1907
 Laying of asphalt over the planks of the city bridges, as done in California, will be discussed at the council meeting tomorrow night.

Attendance at the five Salem schools during December was 1897. Superintendent Powers reported at the school board meeting last night.

Two agents for rival wireless telegraph companies are threatening one another to leave town, claiming first rights here for raising capital for installation of a station.

January 7, 1926
 Governor Olcott yesterday vetoed the legislature's bill providing for a special state election to levy a tax in support of the 1925 international exposition. Committee members for the proposition say they will go ahead with their plans regardless of the veto.

HERE'S HOW
 By EDSON

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES
 TALKIE DIRECTORS CAN NOW SWEAR AS FREELY AS THEY COULD WHEN MAKING SILENT FILMS—THEY USE A "RIBBON MIKE" THAT CANT HEAR THEIR CURSE WORDS WHEN IT'S POINTED AWAY FROM THEM.

A NEW KIND OF COOKIES A WEEK ARE PUT ON SALE BY ONE OF SINGLE SALES BIG GAINS

NOTHING MODERN ABOUT LUSTICI A JAR OF IT FOUND IN KING TUT'S TOMB PROVES GIRLS USED IT 3,000 YEARS AGO

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS
 The Mexican peons, grown tired of Pece Morales' oppression, award the word from "El Coyote," their masked protector, to overthrow him. Morales has enlisted the aid of the U. S. Cavalry to capture the notorious bandit. Ted Radcliffe, a young American, learns that Morales was responsible for his late father's ruin. Ed Hartman, Ted's friend, urges him not to make an enemy of Morales, as he has other plans. Ted is enamored of Morales' niece, Adela. At a festa, Adela, sensing the hatred of Jito, Morales' ward, for Ted, exacts a promise from Ted never to fight with him. Morales informs Bob that his men will join in the search for "El Coyote" and that Jito has dedicated himself to kill the bandit. Adela tells Ted he must not let his head be kept from his shoulders. Bob comes a man and leaves the matrimony. Shortly after, news is received that Jito's vaqueros are raiding the village. Adela goes to the village with Ted and Morales, and lures a vaquero insulting a girl. She calls "El Coyote's" vengeance upon Jito. Just as Jito orders the flogging of a poor farmer, "El Coyote" appears. His man disarm the vaqueros and inform Morales his rule is over. Back at the hacienda, Jito says he will prevent Adela from siding with Ted the next day, as his sinner arrives with the news that one of Jito's men has been killed by Anton, an Indian, whom they have captured.

instance. He gave me something to think about." And for a space of many minutes Don Bob smoked, his eyes fixed in thought. At last he shook his head.

"Morales must be worried. It is as if he, too, felt the breaking up of things. This kingdom of fear that he has built can't go on always. There are mutterings. That Yaqui bluffed his way to freedom. Morales didn't dare hold him. The peons themselves aren't taking things lying down as they once did. And behind all this is the shadow of El Coyote. No, I think Señor Morales has many things to think of this night. Thoughts that will be unwelcome bedfellows for the Spaniard."

But Ted was going out toward the desert, and a little smile rose playing about his mouth. When he looked up it was obvious he hadn't heard a word of Don Bob's soliloquy, for he murmured: "You should have seen her. She was magnificent."

"My son," answered Don Bob sorrowfully, "when they reach your stage, hope, if any, lies in a good night's rest."

And slipping his arm through Ted's he led him up the stairs.

"T'was in the night Ted awoke to hear rain pattering on the tile roof, but the sunrise was cloudless. Adela waited for him in the patio, and in her face lay no sign of the night's happening, but as they passed down the walk to where the horses stood she looked silently up toward the mesa. High up on its edge, touched with the sun's first rays, glittered the Cross of the Conquerors. Lips slightly parted, she gazed up in a kind of silent communion—then turned toward the man.

"The legend of the Cross may yet be answered," she said slowly, "and the peon find his liberator. I thought so for a moment last night."

She mounted, and led the way down the long drive.

"The first morning of creation must have been like this, Ted told her, as they rode through the gate and out toward the desert. "Everything washed and dusted. Those mountains look as if they were only a few miles away."

"They're about thirty. We're going half-way to the Spring of the Saints. There'll be tea and all the food in our saddlebags and come back through the sunset. A whole day devoted to your lordship. I'm being very nice to you, Ted Radcliffe, for no reason at all."

"You're being quite perfect to me. I'm wondering if it isn't because you pity me for—what's happened?" he said.

Leaning forward she fondled the soft cars of her horse.

"I've not felt the least twinge of pity. Why should I, when the future is all ahead of you and you have a mind and a body to do what you want? Besides, you have something I never had—the memory of a father. Mine died when I was too young to remember—I only know he was big and handsome and had a wild Latin temper. And I know he loved my mother very greatly. So don't give me credit for too much charity. These people of mine, they have need of all the charity I possess."

"I love the way you call them your people."

"They are my people. Don't forget my mother had Mexican blood in her veins as well as Irish. And she loved this country and these people just as I do. She taught me their legends and their songs. So I am a creature of this desert country. After a long moment she added, "I wish I could make it a country of happiness instead of tears."

"You mean—"

"What you saw last night. That sort of thing. There is a curse of cruelty on the lords of this land. They love cruelty for its own sake. Even my uncle. With me and Jito he is the gentlest of men. I love him. But to him these people in

Sailing Without Orders
 TUESDAY James Grafton Rogers, assistant secretary of state, in asking the house foreign affairs committee to approve an appropriation for \$450,000 to cover the expenses of the American delegation to the Geneva disarmament conference told the committee that the conference represented "the greatest idealistic movement in the world" and "the greatest world conference in history."

At the same time he was appealing for support for a great humanitarian endeavor President Hoover was conferring with the American delegation to the conference, and the definite word which went from the president to the country was in the highest degree discouraging. The report states:

"It was indicated in high administrative circles today that the United States will not attempt to offer any definite program of leadership at the world arms conference at Geneva."

The greatest nation on the globe, the nation completely insulated and economically the most self-sufficient, on the eve of the conference announces that it will offer no program of leadership! As the peace ship is about to depart, with banners waving, hopes high, the president hastens to throw another rope around the capstan and bind it fast to dock. What possible success is in sight if we thus dash hopes to earth on the very eve of the conference?

A further evident effort to throw cold water on the conference is noted in the report that the president, feeling that the Geneva parley would deal largely with land armaments, felt that the American army was on as low a footing as it could well go. But Wilbur J. Carr, another secretary of state testifying before the house foreign affairs committee, said the conference would consider both land and sea armament and might go into commercial aviation as a part of the potential armament of nations.

And this same red letter Tuesday Secretary Adams of the navy department appearing before the house naval affairs committee urged a ten-year shipbuilding plan and said:

"Personally I think we should build a navy that meets the requirements of the London treaty."

The next day he was irked at suggestions he resign and asserted that he reflected the president's attitude.

With such incongruities are our policies on issues most vital to public welfare made up. The London conference was in large part a failure because Pres. Hoover sent a delegation abroad with no plan and no program. Now he sends a delegation to Geneva likewise lacking in any program of leadership.

Nor is it possible to expect any program from the delegation he has chosen. The only one of force of the group is Ambassador Davies but he is without background and probably without sympathy with the cause. Senator Swanson has been a foe of international accord.

Salem people have been signing petitions by the gross asking for a new deal, for a conscientious effort toward reduction of armaments. The president, quaker born, has on numerous occasions expressed himself as an ardent supporter of the peace movement. Judging from the apparently authorized information given out the day he instructed our delegates, and judging from the personnel of the delegation there is not the slightest hope that anything big and constructive may be accomplished at Geneva. We confess in the recent turn of events in Manchuria and the display of chauvinism in France our hopes were chilled. There was needed only the gospel of futility as preached now by the president at the same time his secretary of state urges building 120 new warships at a cost of \$616,000,000 to completely scatter the ray of hope that was left.

A torn world looks to the United States for leadership; and the United States looks to the president for leadership. And we get a positive, public pronouncement on the eve of the conference that "the United States will not attempt to offer any definite program of leadership."

No wonder Mars laughs.

WASHINGTON—The five greatest naval powers of the world decreased yesterday as between themselves abolishment of submarine warfare against merchant ships.

Proposed legislation for increased municipal license fees on operators of for-hire cars last night was under fire by the operators at a special council committee meeting. T. L. Billingsley, superintendent of the Southern Pacific company's city streetcar system supported the councilmen.

BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Biggest lie's cap sheaf:
 This column on Saturday and Sunday had something about the famous story of "Black" (Moses) Harris that gained for him the distinction of being the biggest liar among all the "mountain men," who were the masters of monumental prevarication in pioneer Oregon.

Peter H. Burnett, who had known Harris in Missouri, in writing his famous "Recollections," containing some of the most reliable foundation matters of our early history, as the reader will recall, said of Harris: "He, perhaps, invented the most extraordinary stories of them all, and thenceforward he had no rival. He said that on one occasion he was hunting in the Rocky mountains alone, and came in sight of what he supposed to be a beautiful grove of green timber; but when he approached it, he found it to be a petrified forest; and so sudden had been the process of petrification, that the green leaves were all withered, and the very birds that were then singing in the grove were also petrified in the act of singing, because their mouths were still open in the petrified state."

But Mr. Burnett, who had been supreme judge in the provisional government, and a member of the legislature, joined the gold rush to California in 1848, and was captain of the first wagon train that went from Oregon. So, perhaps on account of his busy days, he evidently overlooked or forgot the cap sheaf of the prize story of "Black" Harris.

But this scrap of early history has fortunately been preserved though perhaps never published, and the Bits man is proud to be the instrument for making it a matter of record, in order that it may endure. This is the truth concerning the story's cap sheaf:

R. P. Boise of Salem, son of Judge R. P. Boise, outstanding pioneer leader, knew very well Milton Thompson, who came to Oregon with his father in one of the 1847 wagon trains. The Thompsons, father and son, joined the California gold rush in 1848 or '49. They came back with a poke containing about \$10,000 in gold dust. The father then decided that he could do better with that much money in the section whence he came, and so he returned across the plains and never came back.

But Milton ("Milt"), as he was called, remained. He worked for Judge Boise at the Ellendale mills, on the Rickreav near the site of the present city of Dallas. He made himself useful in many ways, went to the Yakima Indian war; married one of the daughters of "Buck" Lewis, Polk county pioneer. Milt Thompson made a good and useful citizen, and he was reliable, and truthful.

Mr. Boise heard Milt Thompson repeat many times the petrified forest story of "Black" Harris, as he heard it from his aunt. It may be that the cap sheaf was added in its later telling, in order to round it out and make it "bite" in the face of doubting Thomases among his listeners. Harris stuttered, said Thompson. He pronounced petrified with the first e having the sound of that letter in Pete. After he had told the story, as related by Burnett, in the presence of a crowd of which Thompson was a member, one of the hearers asked, "But, Mr. Harris, if the birds singing in the boughs were petrified, how about those flying in the air? Were they petrified too?" The dialogue that followed was like this, as often told by Thompson:

Harris: "Y-e-e-s, s-sirree, I declare they were p-p-p-etri-fied too, every bird of them. And, coming through a pleasant valley to the p-p-p-etri-fied forest, it was a sight I never expect to see again."

Questioner: "But, Mr. Harris, how could that be? If the flying birds were also petrified, they would surely fall to the ground. They would be too heavy to stay up in the air. I want to believe your story just as you tell it, Mr. Harris, but there must be some mistake about this part of it, though all the rest may be true."

Harris: "H-h-h-old on, h-h-old on, there! I f-f-for-got that p-p-p-etri-fied forest is all as true as gospel. W-w-h-y, you see, the air, it was p-p-p-etri-fied too!"

That was the veritable cap sheaf. No one could afterward repeat the palm to "Black" Harris, the biggest liar then in all the Oregon country—and, if he were living, he might even now bear the proud distinction, though it must be admitted that there has been much progress here since those Arcadian days, in many ways, not excepting the art of prevarication.

A. N. Moores reminds the writer of a mistake in the series on Salem theatre history. Reed's opera house was opened in the fall of 1869, not in the early seventies, as stated. The Bits man has also written the series, in fact that the Salem Directory of 1872 had this advertisement: "C. A. Reed, agent for Phoenix Fire Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn. Agent for the North American Fire Insurance company of New York. Will attend to any business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office, first door to the right, 2nd floor, OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, Salem, Oregon."

In 1884, the space where he had maintained his office, "first door to the right, 2nd floor," was taken up with rooms for lodgers. The Bits man had a room there then, along with Fred Flood, grandson of General Joe Lane.

A friend, telling the series on the Minto pass, notes the writer that the late Judge "Jep" (J. T.) Hunt often said that his father, George W. Hunt, early Waid Hills pioneer, crossed over the Cascades by way of that pass in the fifties. John Minton and George W. Hunt were great friends, and Minto no doubt received pointers on that route from Hunt. As was stated in the series, Hudson's Bay company trappers, and other white men,

CHAPTER XXIV
 He turned contemptuously from the Mexican and spoke now to Morales. "We are a free people, and tonight there came among us many horsemen, mad with drink. They came with anger in their eyes when they should have brought friendship. They battered down my lodges, they stampered my horses, they threatened my young men, and one of them I had to kill. I take no sorrow for that, but unless these bonds are taken from my hands, you, Pece Morales, will take great sorrow, for we Yaqui of the mountains and our young men have not forgotten other days. It might be easier to urge them to battle than to hold them back." He stopped speaking.

Morales, without a word, walked up to the man and cut the bonds at his wrists. "My men will trouble you no more," he said slowly. "Go in peace."

Not until the moccasins of the Yaqui had shuffled out through the patio did anyone speak, then with a smile that still held a kind of sinister amusement Morales glanced at Jito. "One more loyal follower like you, Jito mio, and I shall be a ruined man. Once the Yaqui joins with this Coyote bandit, your vaqueros will have little time for merriment." A sudden tremor of anger seized him. "Take, for the love of God, your hand forever out of my sight." He rose and bowed to Don Bob.

"Never," said the old Spaniard, "have guests of mine suffered such disturbance. You must forgive me who grows too old to remember the demands of hospitality. Now I am very tired. Good night, señora. As for you, Jito, come to my room a moment. There are a few things that must be said."

His gaunt shoulders seemed more bowed as he left the room. Jito followed after a surlily nod at the two Americans.

For a time Don Bob smoked on in silence while Ted paced the length of the room.

"It's hideous," Ted exclaimed. "This cold contempt for life these vaqueros have. Morales himself cares nothing. I'm wondering why we continue to take his hand and eat his food."

"My dear fellow, what earthly good would it do to insult him now? Take my word, there are better and more subtle ways. That Yaqui, for

lights of an approaching car, ran his car into a ditch. The car fell on its side in two feet of water. The occupants of the car, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Gaines and granddaughter,

roscoe, Willeeta and Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Gaines, except for a cold ducking, received only slight bruises. The car was not damaged seriously.

Mortgages -- Investments -- Insurance

Many Profitable Investment Opportunities

If there ever was a time for making profitable investment it is now. Reports of Babson and other statisticians bear this out. We have complete information on certain Canadian and domestic Bonds, Preferred Stocks and Mortgages which will convince you of the profits to be made.

If you cannot call, forward coupon.

MAIL COUPON

Please send me without obligation information on recommended types of securities as I have checked below:

... BONDS
 ... PREFERRED STOCKS
 ... FIRST MORTGAGES

Name

Address

The Reporter's Privilege
 REPRESENTATIVE LA GUARDIA who represents a New York district in congress has again introduced a bill which recognizes the confidential character of information which a reporter of the press receives in his professional capacity. La Guardia's bill would exempt newspaper men from the obligation of disclosing the source of information which they received in confidence, when they are called to testify in a federal court of grand jury or before any congressional committee. This would not apply in cases where treason was involved.

Without relying on such legislation a congressional committee made such exemption when it released Harold J. T. Horan, reporter of the Washington Post, from testifying the source of information on a story which he wrote for his paper, which dealt with foreign debts. Horan insisted that the information came to him in confidence and that he could not in honor reveal the name of his informant.

While there are opportunities for the abuse of this privilege if it should be legalized, still the gains to society are greater than the dangers through possible abuse of the privilege. The relations of a doctor and his patient, a priest and a person who comes to him for confession or advice, a lawyer and his client are all confidential and the law recognizes the privileged character of these relations. In general the same ruling should apply to reporters. It has frequently occurred that newspapermen would go to jail and serve a sentence for contempt of court rather than violate a confidence. The law could well be modified to protect them when the information has come to them for strictly professional use.

Former Silvertown Girl Gets Fortune In Injury Charge

SILVERTOWN, Jan. 6.—Silvertown residents are interested in the notice that Juanita Hanson has just won \$115,000 from a New York hotel on a personal injury charge. The suit has dragged over a number of years. Miss Hanson, a former motion picture star, was scalded while at a hotel in New York and it was from this that the suit arose. She was ill for many months following the accident.

Miss Hanson, while a small girl, lived at Silvertown with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hanson. Her grandfather, Rev. N. F. Peterson, was pastor of Trinity church for 15 years. Several years ago the family moved to California where Miss Hanson rose to fame as a film actress.

WELCH BURIED
 HUBBARD, Jan. 6.—John P. Welch was buried from the chapel of Sam Miller's Mortuary at Aurora, Tuesday. He was born in Iowa 80 years ago and just recently moved to Hubbard. He leaves a wife and two sons, one in Aurora and one in Hubbard.

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

ONE of the most distressing conditions that doctors encounter is the disease called asthma. If you have ever seen a person in an asthmatic attack, you realize the suffering and anguish that the afflicted one must endure. A person is said to have asthma when he has repeated attacks of difficult breathing. The attacks may last for a few minutes or continue for several hours. In this attack there is a spasm of the windpipe and of the smaller tubes that supply air to the lungs. The breathing becomes so difficult that it seems as if the patient might choke because of lack of air.

Often the color of the face turns dark and the lips become bluish. Breathing is more difficult when lying down. The sufferer assumes some awkward position in an attempt to breathe more freely. There is violent coughing after each attack, and a great deal of stringy sputum is raised.

I am happy to say that within the past few years great strides have been made in the treatment and cure of this disease. The causes of asthma are now divided into three groups. The treatment depends upon the correct classification of the disease.

The first group is often described as the "extrinsic" group. These cases are believed to be caused by a sensitivity to some substance coming from outside the body. Ordinarily the individual is exposed to one or more of these substances he develops an asthmatic attack.

Many of these substances, such as pollen, animal fur, dusts, and certain foods are the principal offenders. To treat this type of asthma it is necessary to find the offending substance. This is done by "sensitivity tests," made by injecting into the skin. It is necessary first to find what the offending substance is; then it must be avoided.

The second group is known as the "intrinsic" group and consists of cases that are believed to be due to disorders within the body. The most common of these disorders are infected teeth and tonsils, nasal deformities, sinusitis, inflammation of the gall bladder and appendix. Constipation, nervousness, lack of fresh air and exercise, as well as continued overwork without proper rest must be considered. Remarkable success is obtained when the cause is removed.

The third group is most difficult to classify and to treat. It is usually seen in the middle-aged and older years of age. The cause is not definitely known, but it is believed to be due to a weakness of the muscles in the windpipe and bronchial tubes. It is often found in sufferers from chronic bronchitis. Change of climate is of greatest benefit in these cases. Warmth, rest, the heart and lungs and such persons should have periodic examinations by the physician.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. V. R. P. Q.—My little boy of 4 1/2 years of age complains of his legs aching—especially when the weather changes. Do you think there is any possibility of rheumatism?

Mrs. R. G. P. Q.—What do you advise for white spots or patches on hands and neck?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Mary Q.—What causes the chest on the right side to become hot and tickly?

A.—This may be due to a circulatory disturbance.

Copyright, 1925, The Science System, Inc.

Parents, Teachers To Meet January 7

SILVERTOWN, Jan. 6.—The first meeting of the Silvertown Parent-Teacher association to be held in the new year will be Thursday, January 7, at 3 o'clock at the school for high school assembly room. The program will be devoted to a demonstration of the work done in the Eugene Field building. The teachers are organizing six committees to study two different phases of classroom activity. Miss Hannah Olson will introduce the committee chairman.

Gaines Car Leaves Road so Occupants Get Bad Drenching

LARWOOD, Jan. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Shanks, entertained a few of their friends New Year's night with music and card playing. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Miles of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Shanks of Proridonee, and Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Gaines.

Mr. and Mrs. Granville Faulkner were hosts to a large number of friends and neighbors Saturday night. Music and progressive 500 were the forms of entertainment.

While returning from the Faulkner card party, Lee Gaines, being blinded by the brilliant

Hawkins & Roberts, Inc.
 Second Floor, Oregon Bldg., Salem