

**The Oregon Statesman**  
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave"  
 From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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# Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

**January 16, 1907**  
 Papers of incorporation were filed yesterday for the institution of a series of savings banks in various Oregon cities. The incorporators were Messrs. H. S. Myers, F. N. Myers and M. S. Myers, wealthy San Francisco bankers.

"The financial condition of the state was never better in its history than now, there being no indebtedness of any kind outstanding against it," Governor Chamberlain declared yesterday in his address to the legislature.

The fishing in the Columbia river is to be regulated and the shooting of game indiscriminately is to be stopped, if resolutions presented to the legislature are turned into bills and become law.

**January 16, 1922**  
 "The Melody Minstrels" will hold the boards at the Oregon state penitentiary, five nights of the coming week.

WASHINGTON — Facts and figures were presented by Prohibition Commissioner Haynes yesterday to show that the 18th amendment is being enforced.

The new "peace" dollar was on display in Salem yesterday. On the new coin Liberty looks a trifle more up-to-date in the coil of her hair and the fact that she has her ears covered. The American eagle on the obverse side looks more peaceful, its wings calmly folded. Instead of clutching spears, it grasps a wreath of flowers.

**Editorial Comment**  
 From Other Papers

**THE FRIENDS OF HAL PATTON**  
 The book seller of Salem, Hal D. Patton, was host to a few of his friends on his 60th birthday—and something more than 600 were in attendance. There were street cleaners and federal judges, and merchants, and clerks, and state officials, and judges of the state courts, and members of the city council—of which body Mr. Patton has long been a member—and all sorts of persons from many walks of life. The only qualification a guest had to have was to be a friend of Hal Patton. What an astonishing number and variety. In a modest way Mr. Patton occasionally has been identified with public life. He has been a member of the public service commission and has served also as representative and senator in the state legislature. Twice he has been a delegate to republican national conventions. But these, we think, are minor distinctions, when the testimony of Hal Patton's birthday reception is considered. He has been selling books for forty years in Salem, and making friends of whom he asked no more, than simple friendship. And the making of friends is the golden gift. It bears witness to tolerance, and generosity, and kindness, and fine character, as nothing else might do.

The Oregonian wishes to convey to Mr. Patton, book seller, its sincere congratulations on the occasion of his 60th birthday.—Portland Oregonian.

**New Views**  
 Statesman reporters yesterday went about town inquiring: "How do you like the snow?" The answers:  
 Little Madson, Silverton Statesman correspondent: "Oh, I don't. Why? It's too messy."  
 Paul Hendricks, realtor, alderman: "Fine."  
 David G. Drager, county treasurer: "I'm not strong for it. I used to be but I got over it."  
 Eva Roberts, clerk, assessor's office: "Fine."  
 Miss Tansy Nieswander, business woman: "Oh, no; but we have to take it."  
 Mrs. William Rush, homemaker: "Oh, I like it, but I am glad when it is gone."  
 William Wilson, janitor: "I don't know; I've been too busy to get out in it."  
 John W. Smith, recent easterner: "Not very well; it's the first snow I've seen since I left the east. Anyway, it isn't 28 degrees below here."  
 Mrs. Blanche Allen, office secretary: "I hate it."  
 C. A. Vibbert, merchant: "I don't like it."

**Right-of-Way Debate**  
 ONE thing the people here seem to be agreed on, and that is the desire for a thirty-foot paved highway to Portland designed so later it can be enlarged to a four-lane road which is recognized as the ultimate solution of growing traffic density on this important roadway. But when it comes to right-of-way opinions split forty ways. As the Woodburn Independent says:  
 "And still the controversy rages over details of the proposed improvement of the highway between Oregon City and Salem. The 50 foot right-of-way is sufficient. The 60 foot right-of-way is not sufficient. There should be two roads with a strip between. There should be just one road. The edges should be tiled. The edges should not be tiled. The state should buy the additional right-of-way. The county should buy the new right-of-way. And so on, far into the night."  
 Perhaps the communities, having gotten the consent of the commission to a 30-foot roadway, should leave the details up to the commission. Unless we do dissension may hold up the job for months. We do not want another Portland-to-the-sea impasse.

**SOCIETY ELECTS**  
 MONMOUTH — New officers for the Deacon society of the Christian church are: President, Mrs. C. A. Fammel; secretary, Mrs. C. A. Powers; treasurer, Mrs. H. K. Siskafoos; chairman membership committee, Mrs. Iris Powell; chairman visiting committee, Mrs. A. Cooper.

**CLASS ELECTS**  
 MONMOUTH — Mrs. R. D. Elliott's class in music appreciation enjoyed an afternoon of Chinese music at her home Saturday afternoon. Connie Riddell was chosen president, and Imogene De Armond, secretary, at the business session. Mrs. Rodenbaugh is assisting Mrs. Elliott with direction of the class work.

**Daily Thought**  
 "Where law ends tyranny begins."—William Pitt.

Let's all move to Chicago. No taxes there. It ought to be the haven for our two-listed fighters of high taxes like Zorn and W. A. Jones and Lambert and Custer Ross. But no one is rushing to live in Chicago because nobody is paying taxes in that city. Instead the very fact is set down as a great calamity. The point we want to drive in is that a town without taxes is no paradise, that if we are going to have governmental services we must pay for it.

A newboy's call is a veritable rite. It combines with artistic skill the yodel of a Swiss mountaineer and the basso of a Missouri hired hand calling the hogs. The newbie fills his lungs with air, tilts back his head, then gives his cry, wholly unintelligible. This cry over, he chirps out in perfectly clear English, "paper, mister?"

Federal architects have certainly thrown conservatism to the wind. Besides putting gargoyles on postoffices now they are dolling out the very fact in setting out a new building. One would expect the architects to read express from Georgia.

**STARTING CLUBS AT RURAL SCHOOLS**  
 RICKEY, Jan. 15.—S. Botts is serving on the circuit court jury this term of court.  
 Supervisor of Rural Schools Harding visited the school Wednesday and left cards for 4-H club members. So far this year Margaret and Hazel Magee have enrolled for the work.  
 N. J. Bowers, who was born near Zanesville, O., named for Col. Ebenezer Zane, great-grandfather of Zane Grey, celebrated his 83d birthday at his West Salem home a few days ago. Mr. Bowers is the father of Miss Bowers Raymond of this place and Hattie Bowers Boiling of Bethel. Friends of Susan Caplinger will be glad to know that she is much improved after being very ill at a Salem hospital with pneumonia. Mrs. Caplinger was a prominent member of this community for several years. She now owns and makes her home on a farm near Turner.

**HERE'S HOW**  
 By EDSON

**\$300 FOR A HANDSHAKE!**

THAT'S THE PEE THAT HOWARD JONES U.S.C. BOB COYOTE RECEIVED FOR BOOZING IN OREGON WITH A NOTED MOVIE ACTOR RECENTLY!

A 10-MILE SALER IS ALWAYS BLOWING OUT THE BARGAIN STRIKE BLDG. (S-F-FOUR) IN THE U.S. LAB. ORGANIZERS ARE BEING TEST NURTURED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

HE WON'T TALK OUT NOUWAYS

MAHATMA GANDHI SAYS THAT DAY ASIDES FOR COMPLETE SILENCE

Sunday: "Grover Cleveland Hanged two men."

**BITS for BREAKFAST**  
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Uncle Joe not sorry: You will find in the Salem city directory, Annon, J. (Neill, G.) home rear 2450 W. Nob Hill. Mr. Baldwin is the well known auctioneer. Under the heading, "Marion in the Mirror," Rose B. Marsh conducts a column in the Chronicle, Marion, Indiana, a city 70 miles northeast of Indianapolis. The last census gave Marion 21,426 people, about 3,000 less than Salem's 26,326. That column in a recent issue read:  
 "The following humorous letter a few years ago to the late Edgar M. Baldwin by Annon, or 'Specs' Baldwin is typical of the writer. For it 'Specs' wasn't humorous, he wasn't anything. A few decades ago he was one of the best known young men in Marion. For many years before going west he was a salesman in one of the local dry goods establishments, and enjoyed a wide circle of friends. His letter, in part, is as follows:  
 "I recall incidents from hearing my father relate them. He was born March 30, 1810. When a boy he learned the hatter's trade at Richmond, Indiana. His grandfather came to this country in 1830, my father being 20 years of age at the time. They struck camp on the shores of Lake Galatia to get feed for their cattle, as there was some prairie grass around the lake. As soon as he gained his majority father walked through the woods by the aid of a compass and the blaze on the trees to Fort Wayne, where he entered 80 acres of land, later known as the McDonald farm. He afterward entered 80 acres south of Fairmount.  
 "I remember when I was a small boy we lived in Jonesboro, and I went up to visit my uncles, Henry and Phil Davis. I took my Sunday pants along. I was to start home in time to get there before night. I stopped at Fairmount to play with Meach Baldwin's boys. They were wild and woolly and full of fun and had to carry heavy loads of the knees, when it came to rough-and-tumble play. I forgot it was getting late. It was sundown when I left the boys and started down the pike afoot, with my extra pants tied up with a strap hung over my back.  
 "I got along until I came to Back Creek graveyard, where now is the resting place of my father and mother, grandparents on both sides, also some of my sisters and brothers, and many other relatives and friends. I saw the white tombstones loom up in the dark, also a white cow lying down close to the fence. I shied over to the east side of the pike, close to the eye on the white cow, but did not see a black cow lying on the east side, and I ran up against her and fell over her, when she jumped up and bawled. I thought the devil had me sure. I threw away my pants and have not seen them to this day. If you know of any one finding them please send them to me. I am in need of a good pair of Sunday breeches."  
 A. J. Baldwin left Marion in 1885 and lived in South Dakota until 21 years ago, when he came to Salem. He says 51 of his father's and brothers first cousins grew up and had families of their own—and, strange to relate, he himself was in Salem in time to attend the funerals of the last three of them to pass away. One of them, Tristram Coggeshall, was for 40 years president of the bank at West Branch, Iowa, where Herbert Hoover, president of the United States, was born. A few years ago, Mr. Coggeshall died in Salem in his 80th year, and was buried here. His daughter, Alice E. Edmundson, lives at 2709 South Commercial street.  
 His sister, Esther Townsend, mother of Watson Townsend, member of the Salem city council, died here a few years ago and rests in a local cemetery.  
 The third, a brother of A. J.'s father, Charles Baldwin, a retired Quaker minister and yearly superintendent of the churches of that denomination, died and was buried here about 10 years ago.  
 James Baldwin, author of the famous Baldwin school readers, was a first cousin of his father.

# "The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

**SYNOPSIS**  
 For years, Peco Morales ruled the poms in Mexico with an iron hand, confiscating their lands and driving them from their homes, but the crisis has come. "El Coyote," the mysterious bandit, avenges every outrage perpetrated by Morales. The ranchers await their unknown protector's word to revolt. Morales, with the aid of the U. S. Cavalry, has searched for the bandit in vain. Ted Radcliffe, an American whose late father was ruined by Morales, is in love with Adela, the Spaniard's beautiful niece. Jito, Morales' ward, is jealous of Bob Blackson, Ted's friend, tells him he has plans for a reward he will pay. The major has let it out that someone in the band already feels the itch for Morales' gold. He may know much or little. He may be able to ruin me. Tell Manuel what I have said—have him send anyone he may suspect to me. Bob smiled reflectively. "I should not like to kill this dog without good cause. But neither can I wait until it is too late."  
 "Ann, if you find him?"  
 "My dear, what could I do? This is not work for sentimentalists. For two years I have existed because I strike first. That is a fundamental rule of warfare, and this is border warfare, so when I must I am a killer. Does that disturb you, dear?"  
 There came again to the girl that look of submission and utter yielding to this man.  
 "How little you know women. Nothing can disturb me. To me your little finger is worth more than the life of all your band for I find you in every way perfect."  
 Bob rose and, walking to where she stood, took her face in his hands. For a long time he looked down into her great black eyes. Then at last he shook his head. "You make me wonder, Ann, why all this love and youth of yours should find me in any way desirable, and you make me wonder, too, what all this love and youth of yours is ultimately destined for."  
 Ann laughed. "Old, old man," she mocked.  
 "Old enough."  
 "One is never old if one loves. That is your tragedy, Bob, you have never really loved. If you could give yourself as I give myself, freely, happily, and utterly, you would never be old. Why have you never loved, really?"  
 The man patted her cheek and for an answer lit another cigarette.  
 "When you were about five years old, I had already learned a little about this thing called love. The girl who taught me that dangerous wisdom decided at last that there were better men in the world than I. So she chose a better one. And since then, little Ann, life has never seemed a very important or vital business, except in the game I am playing now. That may be why I can't seem to fall in love."  
 He smoked for a time. "Love, I think, has come to this Radcliffe boy, and that way danger lies. Morales suspects it. Jito suspects. Once they are certain—or once they believe Adela cares for him,"—Bob shrugged his shoulders—"Morales will issue orders."  
 "Does your giant, foreman know you are El Coyote?"  
 "I never want him to know. What I do is my own affair. I can't drag him into it. The kid has had a hard enough road since he came here. I want him to go on as foreman for Don Bob—whatever comes."  
 "But he must know something, Bob."  
 "When it is all over."  
 "And that will be?"  
 "Soon. One way or another it will all be over soon. Either I win or I lose. I think the border is ready to declare itself and follow me. Al-

**MRS. POLANSKI IS CHOICE OF BOARD**

KEIZER, Jan. 15.—The Keizer school board met at the school-house Thursday night to select a teacher to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mrs. Sadie Costello, who leaves for Longview, Wash., early in February. The teacher chosen was Mrs. R. F. Polanski of Salem, who comes highly recommended for the third and fourth grade work.  
 Mrs. Arthur Holden was hostess for the Ladies' Aid at her home Thursday afternoon. The time was spent in sewing for the Wilfred Weathers family, who lost everything in a fire which destroyed the house in which they lived on the Louis Lachmund ranch.  
 Present were Mrs. Clarence Poole, Mrs. M. F. Ben, Mrs. F. E. Evans, Mrs. W. E. Savage, Mrs. Ben Claggett, Mrs. H. L. Oldenburg, Mrs. F. S. McCall, Mrs. Carroll Poole, Mrs. J. C. Ackman, Mrs. G. N. Thompson, Mrs. J. E. Barritt, Mrs. R. B. McClay, Miss Rae Kinkaid, Miss Lois Keefer, Miss Irma Keefer, Mrs. G. W. Bownings, Mrs. J. W. Beecroft and Mrs. Arthur Holden.  
 Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Beecroft and Miss Kinkaid assisted in serving. Mrs. Ray Bates, who is in Portland, that Mr. Ketter underwent a second operation at the veterans hospital Wednesday, and is getting on nicely although not yet out of danger. He will have to remain at the hospital for four or five weeks.

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

**I RECEIVE** many letters requesting advice about nervousness. "I am nervous. What shall I do about my nerves?" is the appeal in most of these letters.  
 Nervousness is difficult to describe. It is really not a disease. It is a symptom or sign of weakness in the nervous system, which may be caused by a variety of things.  
 Nervousness is one result of our modern method of living, from which primitive man never suffered. He led a simple life. His greatest problem was obtaining sufficient food. When this was accomplished he rested from his work.  
 Today the problem of food is entirely different. We eat too much, too little, too quickly, or not at all when we should be eating. Our system is influenced by the food we take, by the digestion, by work, sleep and recreation.  
 Men and women suffer from nervous conditions, but it is more common in women. The victim of nervousness seldom feels rested. He awakens in the morning tired and exhausted. As the day advances he may pick up more strength.  
 Various complaints such as lumbago, headaches or vague pains of one sort or another are found in nervousness. The heart is rapid in action and there may be palpitation. Running, jumping or other muscular effort causes excessive fatigue.  
 Usually there are marked digestive disturbances, with sour taste in the mouth, belching, heartburn and constipation.  
 Victims of nervousness complain of feeling depressed. They are easily irritated and find little joy in life. They have their "ups and downs." At times the appetite is poor, and then again it is extremely good. They may eat an appetite, but sleep unusually well. Sometimes they are happy; at other times gloomy.  
 The afflicted person is greatly influenced by his imagination. He often believes he is the victim of some dreadful disease. This belief can be removed only by careful examination and the urgent advice of a physician.  
 It is very important for the cure of nervousness. If possible an afternoon nap should be taken every day. Even sleep is not possible in sleeping for days at a time, and then sleep unusually well. Sometimes they are happy; at other times gloomy.  
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**Answers to Health Queries**

Mrs. E. D. H. Q.—What do you advise for varicose veins and ulcers?  
 A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

C. M. Q.—What causes sharp stabbing pains in the region of the heart and a sluggish lay feeling?  
 A.—Have a thorough examination to determine the cause.

Mrs. M. R. Q.—What causes hemorrhoids and how can they be cleared up?  
 A.—This trouble is usually due to constipation. Proper attention to the diet as well as regular exercise should overcome the constipation and help the condition in general. For further particulars send a self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

**HOLLYWOOD** Coming Sunday