

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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McNary for Justice?

OREGON has the unusual distinction of having both her senators considered for the position of justice to succeed Oliver Wendell Holmes. Senators McNary and Steiwer are both reported to be on the list undergoing consideration. We may strike Steiwer's name off. He is no lame duck and not likely to become one. He is without experience as a judge, is well placed as a senator, and would probably not be selected over many others who are his seniors in national service.

Senator McNary however might well fit in the scheme of things. One thing, his appointment would assuredly be ratified. McNary has served long as a lawyer and for some years on the supreme bench of this state, giving him experience as judge. While he has no affirmative philosophy like the venerable Holmes, being strictly an opportunist, yet his sympathies are inclined in the same liberal direction as Holmes. Thus he would satisfy the Norris group without offending the Jimmie Beck group.

McNary would make a very capable member of the high court, and he deserves to be rated among those given the closest consideration by the president.

Should he be appointed and accept the honor, state politics would be set buzzing again, but probably just long enough for Gov. Meier to name Col. A. E. Clark to succeed McNary, unless he arranges to take the honor himself.

Fourth Street, Portland

PORTLAND has a chance to get a new road through the south part of the city along the old Fourth street right-of-way of the Southern Pacific railroad west side line. It proves to be rather an expensive gift to work over into a highway so the city commission cooked up a nice dish for the highway commission. The state commission did agree to grade and pave the street 40 ft. but required the city to provide right-of-way and to supply bridges. Now the city commission waffles on its end of the deal.

Just why should the state build this road in the Portland city limits? It doesn't build through the other cities of the state. If a precedent is started with Fourth street, will not the state be expected to build other arterial highways into town, East 12th and East 17th and East 39th?

The state's job ends when the city line is reached is a safe rule.

Dr. W. L. Powers of the state college says while there is need for irrigation in this valley, there is also great need for drainage of soils. Oregon's wet land covers, he asserts, pay a "drainage tax" of ten dollars an acre a year; meaning that wet soggy land costs them that amount in poorer crops. Cheap help and cheap materials should encourage tiling this winter.

Great is the efficiency of the efficiency experts and purchasing agents. We called at a state department last week and the officer's secretary came in to borrow his desk pen. He asked why she didn't get one. She replied she had put in a request for one from the purchasing agent and was assured one would come along "in four or five weeks". A little later the department head wanted to use a pen himself. He got up and borrowed it from his secretary. We don't know how they handle blotters.

This man Jay Molmer, convicted of illegal handling of funds of the Guardian Building and Loan association, whined in an interview that he would not wreck his company "when every dollar I have in the world is invested in it". Molmer, so it is stated in official sources, had \$100 (one hundred dollars) invested in the Guardian. In the space of a few years besides his salary of \$675 a month he overdraw his account by some \$38,000. So we can waste no sympathy on him.

The Eugene Register-Guard comments on the Boloff case: "Only Chief Justice Bean and Judge Rand dissented but their dissent was vigorous". Just to keep the R-G straight we would say that the dissenting opinion both on the original case and on the rehearing was by Judge Bell, and it was amply vigorous in both instances. Judge Rand concurred in the original dissent; and Judge Bean who came in some days later after the case had been publicized, added his negative.

Now there is a report from France that increasing pressure for disarmament is coming from two French organizations, one the Protestant Federation and the other the national union of reserve officers. The Laval cabinet has been undergoing a shake-up, so there is the possibility that public opinion in France may force official friendliness instead of hostility to the objectives of the Geneva conference.

California weather! The press has a new meaning this year. Rain, wind, and snow in Los Angeles, make a strange mixture for the land of eternal sunshine. It will not make so much difference as usual this year however, for very few northwesterners have found it necessary to go south for their health this winter.

The one place which is depression proof is the federal salary list. When Borah proposed a cut, all around he got no support at all. You see congressmen think they should be paid not according to what they do, but according to what they spend.

A serious situation exists at the University of Washington: the president of the institution now receives a salary equal to that of Jimmy Phelan, football coach, who took a cut of 20 per cent recently.

The University of Oregon students have retired the bonds issued for the basketball pavilion. As time goes on and athletic stadia gets paid for perhaps athletics may be decommercialized somewhat.

The churches at Oregon City are going to run free buses on Sundays to bring the people to church. Going "into the byways and hedges" to compel them to come in?

Mrs. Gandhi gets arrested. She hasn't figured much in the news. Perhaps she wears more clothes than her distinguished husband; or maybe she has two teeth.

The Chinese describe the Stinson note to Japan invoking the nine-power treaty as a letter with a dragon head and a rat tail. The Chinese are familiar with both, so perhaps they know.

As nearly as we can tell the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is Hoover's answer to the chorus: "Good Gawd, do SOMETHING."

Oil seems to have been successful as a lubricant for South American loans.

The Mississippi river levees seem to be getting all the "breaks" this winter.

Lay Sermon

WHEN YOUTH GIVES

The Youth to the Maiden: "To a maid in Pharaoh's chariot, I compare you, my love. Your cheeks are comely with bangles, Your neck with necklaces. Bangles of gold we will make for you, with studs of silver." The Song of Songs I: 9-11 See this swarthy daughter of the ancient orient who thus steps out of this word-picture. Eyes flashing, white teeth glistening behind her smile, her jet-black hair odoriferous with palm oil and perfume, and the bangles and the spangles, see them too. They go with the barbaric beauty of the daughters of the desert. Gold and silver bangles, that glitter like sword blades in the sunlight; and jewels, red ruby, brilliant emerald, deep jade—vivid they are in color, for the child of the desert needs color to offset that bluish cheek the sun has shaded. Did not the maiden sing to the chorus:

"Do not notice that I am blackened, You blacken with soot. One does not think of a dark-eyed berber maiden without her sweeping earrings and long ropes of jangling beads about her neck, and bracelets of hammered gold and silver, all adding life and brightness to a complexion lacking both.

And one cannot think of a blue-eyed teutonic maiden with any such gaudy adornment. The blonde Brunhildes and Friedas of the Saxon forests; and the Prussian marches, with their long, flame hair, their eyes of turquoise blue, skin so fair, so quick to flush; but never the gold and silver bangles and precious stones rich in luster. True, these were not common in the northland; but neither were they needed as aids to beauty. The golden-haired Angles who crossed to Britain may have worn bracelets but they were more likely to have been of iron than of precious metal.

The rule still holds and the brunettes get most of the bangles. For blondes neat strands of pearls or rings set with opals or amethysts are sufficient.

But to the text. It is the youth who is speaking and promising these gifts to the object of his affections. Youth is prodigal. It lavishes gifts—bangles of gold and studs of silver on the brunettes and platinum and pearls on the blondes. Not for youth the sage advice of frugal and desiccated old age: "give useful gifts." Youth prefers to waste its substance in such "impractical" things as necklaces and lavallieres.

Youth is right. What sentiment is there in the gift of a house apron or a pair of silk stockings? But the bangles and the beads and the bracelet, — and at last the ring there when you no substitute for them when youth feels deep stirrings in its heart.

Nor is the idea outmoded even for men of forty and fifty and beyond; and even in troubled times when the practical and necessary are all-important. A flower, a brooch, an ornament, wibly "useless" perhaps yet heavy with affection, may indeed be timely. There are values beyond dollar signs; and the bangles often bring them to light.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 17, 1907 The new Elks' temple here will be dedicated tonight. A special trainload of Portland Elks will attend.

The introduction of a bill by Representative Nowell, to prohibit the sale of liquor, and gambling at or near the state fairsground, received the approval of many spectators at the statehouse yesterday.

Deputy District Attorney Haney and wife returned to Portland yesterday after having spent several days here as guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holmes.

The initial \$10,000,000 block of state bonds yesterday was sold to a Portland concern which offered a premium of \$17,300. The bonds bear 4 1/2 per cent interest.

The vestry of St. Paul's Episcopal church last night decided to erect a new church building and rectory and move the old building to the west end of the lot where it will be utilized as a parish house. The cost will be approximately \$28,000.

WASHINGTON—The arms convention yesterday postponed adoption of the new Chinese tariff agreement and consideration of China, made in 1915, until the Japanese demands on American "open door" policy has been disposed of.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

NEURITIS is an inflammation of what doctors call the "peripheral nerves." In simple language these are nerves that supply the body, arms and legs. An attack of neuritis may be followed by some disturbance in the power of motion of the part involved, or the sense of feeling may be impaired. Sometimes the health and vigor of the parts supplied by the affected nerves are impaired.

Many cases of neuritis can be traced to injury. That is, why it is frequently met in fractures of the bones or in dislocations. Sometimes inflammation of nearby structures may spread to a nerve. In neuritis the surface, as those of the face, exposure to severe cold may be the exciting cause. The narrowing of the blood supply of a limb may produce a typical attack of neuritis.

The symptoms of the disease depend upon the kind of nerve involved. If the nerve is one that controls motion, a motor nerve only, the patient will feel pain, but there will be marked inability to move the limb. This lack of power varies all the way from a slight limitation of motion to complete paralysis.

When a sensory nerve—one having to do with feeling—is inflamed, the pain is severe. It is made worse by movement and is accompanied by tenderness along the course of the nerve.

Answers to Health Queries

Q.—I am a girl 15 years old, 5 ft. 10 in. tall, what should I weigh? A.—You should weigh about 100 pounds. This is about the average weight for a girl of your age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance.

Q.—When I retire my feet and ankles are quite swollen. What is the cause? A.—This may be due to a kidney or heart condition.

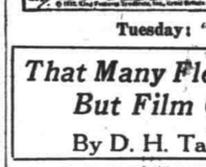
Q.—I have been offered a gift—a dog. I have not accepted the gift, because I am not so located at

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



GROVER CLEVELAND HANGED TWO MEN! AS SHIPPED AT GUN... SPECIALS THE TRIP FOR JACKSON AND PAT MORSEY IN 1922



WEEK END SKATE! JACK RYLAND ROLLER SKATES IN 24 DAYS—BILKINS A.C. TO DETROIT—TO ATTEND AM. LEGION CONVENTION!

Tuesday: "Crocodiles are in Style"

That Many Fleas Can't be Wrong; But Film Critics Can, Often Are

By D. H. TALMADGE

Events, household and otherwise, have a way of coming in bunches. Good or bad, they seem to prefer to travel in troupes. Somebody said something to this effect the other day, and I was reminded of a certain other day in a certain home in the sweet long ago, when the family cat gave birth to a litter of kittens on the hired girl's bed, and the family dog gave birth to a litter of pups in the woodshed, and the family cow gave birth to a calf in the barn, and a telegram arrived at teatime from the eldest son of the family announcing the birth of a daughter in his home. Small wonder, do you think, that the newly-become grandmother pressed one hand to her bosom and the other (clutching the telegram) to her head and did a Lady Macbeth walk from the front door to the tea-table? "My gawd!" she exclaimed tragically, "the entire animal kingdom is bursting into bloom!"

What is a good movie? You tell. Not much dependence is to be put in the theatrical writers (critics, some of them term themselves). They help somewhat, but for the most part they mislead us. They impose on our simple and trusting natures. There are Mrs. W. H. Holmes.

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The vestry of St. Paul's Episcopal church last night decided to erect a new church building and rectory and move the old building to the west end of the lot where it will be utilized as a parish house. The cost will be approximately \$28,000.

WASHINGTON—The arms convention yesterday postponed adoption of the new Chinese tariff agreement and consideration of China, made in 1915, until the Japanese demands on American "open door" policy has been disposed of.

Anyhow, entertainment being only entertainment, it doesn't stand to the best of reason that we should take it so seriously as to destroy the pleasure that may be in it.

Which is, perhaps, the viewpoint of the divorce colony at Reno and of many of the movie stars at Hollywood and of the folks here and there throughout the country.

Risky business for most of us, taking anything of importance for granted. One of the most smart people can take anything for granted and be assured of getting away with it. Folks don't all have the same idea as to what it means to take anything for granted.

Not everybody agrees on anything. Personally, I enjoy frog music (by frogs). Some folks don't.

It is meekly suggested to certain drivers of automobiles that too much honking causes panic in a prospective victim, and that a prospective victim in a panic is not infrequently the beginning of a shocking news-story.

A good many excuses for not attending church are in general use. That of the individual who does not attend church because he knows of a hypocrite in the congregation, or suspects something of the sort, is—well, it seems as if human ingenuity might do better than that.

Excuses aren't of much practical good, perhaps, but they're a great help to life's failures in the persuasion of self-respect. I have never yet met a man so successful that he didn't explode a few fits in my face.

Belated and grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to J. R. S. Salem, for a bottle of rheumatism liniment that is not only effective but has an agreeable odor. I had not thought such a thing possible.

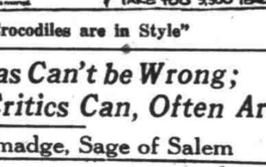
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"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS For years, Peco Morales ruled the plains in Mexico with an iron hand, confiscating their lands and driving them from their homes, but the crisis has come. "El Coyote," the notorious bandit, sweeps every corner 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 Ted. Bob Hackman, Ted's friend, tells him he has plans for settling the score with Morales. While out riding, Ted and Adela lose their way and spend the night in the desert. Adela resents her uncle's suspicions. Later, Bob returns home with Ted and learns that some of his cattle were stolen. He doubts that "El Coyote" is responsible. At Mendocino, a notorious desert, Bob leaves Ted and goes upstairs to visit Ann Reed, an entertainer. Bob is "El Coyote" and Ann his spy. As autumn comes, "El Coyote" makes ready to overthrow Morales.



Ted lunged forward and struck the man full on the jaw.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Already the cattle had caught the scent of water and lumbered down the long, dry slope, stopping only when they stood knee-deep in the shallow, muddy pond. The men watered their horses. Ted's mouth and throat were parched. His canteen was empty, but he viewed the yellow stagnant water before him distastefully.

"Let's ride up the arroyo," he suggested. "We may find a spring at the head of it."

Then for twenty minutes they trotted up the narrow bed of the stream, but found no trickle of water. Manuel shook his head.

"It is no good, sefior. One may not look for living water in this land until the rains come."

Suddenly he stopped and peered anxiously behind him.

"Was it not a shot?" he asked.

Ted listened. Only the creak of saddle leather as the horse moved restlessly. He turned to speak, but this time unmistakably two shots sounded from the waterhole. Without a word both men pulled their horses about and spurred at a dead run down the arroyo. Manuel was ahead by a length, and Ted saw him pull his thirty-eight from the holster and twirl the chamber. Ted's own automatic lay close against his side.

There where the arroyo widened into the waterhole, both men halted. Already they could see their calling racing up the slope, driven by three Mexican vaqueros, yelling and shooting into the air. Down by the waterhole one steer lay kicking off his life. Nearly a half-mile distant five other vaqueros were driving another herd toward the waterhole. Ted's eyes blazed. The caution that Bob had urged so many times was forgotten. Drawing his automatic he fired after the vaqueros, and the bullet threw up the dust ahead of them. The men turned and came at a mad gallop straight for Ted.

"Don't shoot," warned Manuel quickly. "They will not shoot. These are Morales' men."

Ted rode forward, spurring his horse directly in the path of the leading Mexican. "Who shot that steer?" he demanded.

"I, sefior," the leader answered, then he laughed insolently into Ted's face. "What will the big gringo do?"

Slightly Ted put his automatic back in the holster. For a second he measured the distance, then lunged forward and struck the man full on the jaw. The vaquero swerved, and, as his horse plunged back, fell headlong.

Without another glance Ted turned his horse toward the approaching riders. Even from that

distance he recognized Jito, the huge figure at their head. A sudden wave of almost physical pleasure passed over the man at the prospect of coming to grips at last with the enemy. No one had ever dared use violence to any of Jito's vaqueros there in Mexico, where Morales' might was law. And the thought came to Ted, as he rode forward, that the man lying back there in the desert dust might be the one spark needed to set ablaze the long-smoldering enmity between those two. From that far-off day when Jito first seized his hand and looked disdainfully into his eyes—from that day both knew that sometime they must come to open conflict. They had known it, too, on that sunlit morning when Jito rode out to find Ted and Adela returning across the desert. Every-one had tried to keep them apart—Don Bob, Morales, Adela herself, but something written in the destinies of those two men willed it otherwise. And Ted, as he rode out to meet him, found it in his heart to be glad.

Jito had reined his horse to a walk, and as Ted drew up beside him the Mexican raised his sombrero in greeting.

Ignoring the gesture, Ted pointed angrily to his herd, scattered up the hillside beyond the waterhole, and to where one of his steers lay dead.

"Who ordered your men to stampede those steers away from water and to shoot into them?" Ted demanded.

"I did." Leisurely the Mexican curled his leg about the saddle-horn and jotted a cigarette. He held out the bag and brown papers to Ted. "Will you join me?" he asked.

"Is that waterhole yours?"

"In a sense, sefior, it is. At least no one else owns it, and Morales' cattle have used it for many years."

"They have used it because no one else dared. We choose also to use it."

"Sefior, it may be you forget you are in Mexico. Here Peco Morales makes his camp. If we allow every wandering herd to use the waterholes near my uncle's ranch, it would take many vaqueros to keep them from using too his grassland. Besides, we need this water. But, to be truthful, I did not know these cattle were Don Bob's, or I should not have molested them."

Ted listened silently. He could see that the big Mexican was making an effort to speak civilly—that

for some reason he did not at that time seek open conflict.

"Let us put this thing on a clear basis," Ted answered. "Don Bob's herds are grazing near these waterholes. They are also using this waterhole because it is public property, neither yours nor mine. There is room here for both. We come seeking no quarrel, but if from now on I find anyone driving our cattle from water, I'll shoot and order my riders to shoot. Is that clear?"

Jito's face had darkened and the great cords of his neck swelled, but he chose to smile.

"Those are brave words, sefior, especially when used to me. Almost I am tempted—but no. There should be no ill will between the men of Don Bob and of Morales. The man you knocked from the saddle—it was a very pretty blow—is well punished. I myself shall make double payment for the steer he shot. Esta bien?" The big vaquero smiled.

There was something too friendly about him. Ted sensed an eagerness to get away—a suppressed anxiety about the man. More than once Jito looked back at his own herd, where Morales' steers, with the scent of water in the nostrils, were impatiently crowding nearer the waterhole. Even as they watched, a few cattle plunged past the vaqueros. Something vaguely familiar about them made Ted ride forward, and with a sudden start he recognized on the shoulder of each the brand of Don Bob.

Manuel caught sight of them at the same moment. Excitedly he called, "Caramba, these are all of the herd that was stolen last spring!"

For a moment Jito's black eyes were murderous, then he smiled. "Si, your stolen herd is back there, sefior. This morning my vaqueros came upon them abandoned. Tonight I intended to notify Don Bob that the cattle El Coyote had stolen are found again." He looked searchingly into Radcliffe's eyes, and it was only with an effort that Ted refrained from smiling his disbelief. Yet it was all so clear. Jito had driven them away that Verdi might believe El Coyote was at last raiding the Americans.

He looked at Jito. "Don Bob will be happy to know his steers are safe. In the meantime, I am driving my herd back to that waterhole. We will probably be there an hour. After that, your cattle are welcome."

(To Be Continued)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Hal Patton's birthday: Last Sunday afternoon and evening, several hundred old timers trooped through what for long years was the most palatial home in Salem, and still is the most unique family mansion and the best of many in the capital city—helping Hon. Hal D. Patton celebrate his 60th birthday. They came from Seattle, Portland, the towns of the valley and from all sections of Salem, representing every section of our community life, with enough new arrivals and younger members of the pioneer families to make a gay and lively throng.

There was a little note of sadness, too, remembering that Mr. Patton celebrated his 50th anniversary 10 years ago, and a check-up shows that 64 of the guests who attended and aided him in making it a memorable occasion have since that time passed on to the fields of asphodel beyond the stars; among them many men prominent in various walks of life here.

To get a historic perspective indicating why Hal Patton has a justifiable pride of ancestry, one must go back to the very beginnings of pioneer life on this continent. His mother's father was E. N. Cooke, a descendant of the Puritans who came on the Mayflower. In that little band were Francis Cooke and his son, John Cooke. At the time of the Revolutionary war E. N. Cooke's great grandfather, Asaph Cooke, lived near Boston, and has four sons who fought under Washington throughout that long conflict. The grandfather of E. N. Cooke, after independence had been gained, married Thankful Parker and settled in Granville, Washington County, New York, and their eldest son, Asaph, was the father of E. N. Cooke, who married Mary Stewart in 1805, and they moved in 1808 to Jefferson county, N. Y., where E. N. Cooke was born Feb. 10, 1810, near the present city of Adams, 14 miles from Watertown. In 1816 the family removed to Warsaw, N. Y., remaining a year, then to Ohio, where, in Huron county, a number of relatives settled, at what is yet known as "Cooke's Corner." That was a new country then; the mother spun flax for clothing, and the men wore buckskin pants. In 1822 the mother died, and the son went to Sandusky, where he went to school, but soon made his way to Auburn, N. Y., where he worked for his mother's brother, David Stewart, a leading merchant, who soon gave him charge of a branch store at Genesee. Soon young Cooke entered into a scheme, with others, to take a stock of merchandise to Texas—but the ship carrying them was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico. Lashed to the rigging, the young man was

present condition where poor people are called upon to feed the poor."