

The Oregon Statesman

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

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City Credit Pains

THE spectacle of heads of big cities going hat in hand to money lenders to get loans with which to meet city payrolls is indeed alarming. This country has seen its units of government enclose wonderful credit for so many years, and meet their obligations with such punctuality that it is disturbing to the public. New York's mayor, Jimmy Walker, who so lately journeyed across the continent to save Mooney, spent Sunday on his prayer bones before the town's bankers trying to do something to save the city payrolls.

Detroit is in a financial mess partly because the mayor spent millions of dollars taking care of the unemployed there. He was recently re-elected so the soup kitchens satisfied the voters if not the taxpayers. Philadelphia recently had threats of a tax strike. There are in most large cities the political pack rats have had to be fed so many years that government costs have become excessive. The plight of Chicago is of course well known. Chicago's trouble is due to illegal assessments so that taxes have not been collected for several years. Her bonded debt is much less than other large cities. If they can ever get the taxes validated and the money started to flowing into the city coffers again everything will be all right.

Public finance is no different from private finance, and often is bungled just the same way. Too many luxuries, too much spending, too much going in debt, then when the pinch comes people are not able to pay their taxes as formerly, delinquencies mount, and units of government have to scratch to meet their obligations.

These big cities will come through all right, though they are getting a bad scare right now. Manhattan island will not be sold back to the Dutchmen for \$24, nor for any other sum. Perhaps the hard times may teach our cities and states something—that they will have to follow sound, conservative policies of spending and borrowing the same as farmers, manufacturers and storekeepers. We will all learn through this depression, and then forget again.

What the Reparations Are

THERE are a good many people who have a very hazy idea of what the war debts and reparations are. Then there is a large body of young people who have come to maturity since the war and so do not have knowledge of events by which reparations were fixed, through their own memories of occurrences.

Reparations are what the allied nations assessed on the vanquished nations, notably Germany. War debts are what the allied nations, notably England, France and Italy, owe the United States for money loaned them during the war. The Associated Press has prepared this summary which may be helpful to those not fully informed about these matters which have been vexatious for over ten years:

"To get a picture of the war debt and reparations situation it is necessary to go back to the years immediately following the World war."

"When the victors met at Versailles they left determination of the total amount of indemnity for Germany to pay to a newly created reparations commission. This commission in 1921 fixed this total at 132 billion gold marks, or 33 billion gold dollars. The annual payments were made up of determined amounts of 'reparations in kind' (payments in coal and other materials), and \$500,000,000."

"This arrangement collapsed in 1923, and a commission headed by Charles G. Dawes was formed which substantially scaled down immediate payments. The Dawes plan, a complicated financial structure, provided for an annual yield of \$25,000,000 to come from proceeds of German railways, certain customs and consumer taxes."

In 1929 it was deemed wise to recast accounts as the Dawes plan placed no limit on the number of annual payments. The new plan, framed by Owen D. Young, chairman of the commission which, in 1921, established a Bank of International Settlements, determined the total debt and reduced the annual deliveries in kind. The total was fixed at approximately 26 billions to be paid between 1929 and 1938.

"No reparations were asked after the war by the United States. What the Allied nations owe this country consists of war and post-war loans amounting to more than 20 billion dollars."

The board of higher education finds the recent Holman order governing the state-owned cars a great handicap in the work of county agents who are accustomed to being out most all times of the day or night, attending farm meetings, returning from distant trips on their official business. The strict ruling would not permit a board member to receive compensation for driving on Sunday so as to attend the board meeting on Monday, which is certainly unfair. There is no reason under the law for the board of higher education to regard this Holman resolution which was adopted by the board of control. The board of higher education is not responsible to the board of control but directly to the governor. It should fix its own regulations on use of autos and then stand by its own decision.

The Bend Bulletin thinks Sgt. Charles Devin of the state police was shabbily treated in being ordered to change from Bend to St. Helens within less than 24 hours after receipt of orders. Devin resigned and took a position with the Bend police department. While we have no knowledge of the circumstances connected with this transfer, it seems to us good policy to shift men from time to time in the state police department. Sometimes it is hard for a man who is firmly attached to a locality to perform his duty with the conscientiousness he should. If he is assigned to duty elsewhere he may do his work well. Likewise with city patrolmen it is sometimes a good thing to readjust beats.

It would be interesting if meteorologists would put a tin tag on raindrops like they do on the tails of salmon. Then they might make a check on how long it takes a drop of water to make the round trip from Salem to the sea. Some of the water must be on its fourth round trip this season; at least we recognize a good many of the drops as having been in town last month.

JOSEPH ZIELINSKI SERVICES ARE HELD

HAZEL GREEN, Jan. 18—Final rites were held at St. Vincent dePaul church in Salem Monday morning for Joseph J. Zielinski, 52, who died Friday night at the home of his son John.

Joseph Zielinski came with his father, Andrew, and brothers, August, George, Peter and Charles, and sisters Matilda Kobow and Julia Whelan from Poland in 1871, stopping a few years in Iowa and then coming on here, where the brothers and Mrs. Ko-

how have lived for more than 60 years. He and his brothers August and George served in the German army.

Mr. Zielinski leaves a widow, Mary; son John here; daughters Mrs. Hattie Himmelstein, Woodburn and Mrs. Leona Wayjorek of Portland; brothers, Peter of here and Charles of Salem; and sisters, Mrs. Matilda Kobow of Clatsop, Mrs. Julia Whelan of Clatsop, Calif., and Mrs. Francis Brunkala of Milwaukee, Wis.

CLAIM RADIUM FIND NEUHAUS, Lower Australia Jan. 18.—(AP)—A report from Nelder-Waldkirchen that prospectors had discovered a deposit of radium-bearing earth reached here today.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Towns Talk from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 10, 1907
Establishment of the "Oregon Railway commission" is the latest proposal put forward at the 36th session of the state legislature. The new commission would regulate all affairs of railroads which thread the state.

It is understood that Senator Kay will introduce a bill tomorrow asking for an appropriation of \$30,000 for the purchase of property lying between the statehouse and the Southern Pacific railroad tracks, bounded by State and Court streets.

The latest transportation move in the county is for a motor line from Salem to Silverton.

January 10, 1923
With the thermometer standing at 20 degrees above zero, Salem is experiencing the coldest weather in several years.

Idaho drew the long end of the score of a 27 to 19 score, in the basketball game with Willamette here last night.

Due to a decrease in the school levy, the millage tax in Salem this year will be 47.1 instead of 48.6 mills as last year.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you believe every person should save at least 10 per cent of his monthly income?"

H. E. Brown, real estate: "It's a good idea, all right, but where are you going to get the money to save?"

C. M. Inman, attorney: "Mickles make muckies," is still true, but the 'mickies' are hard to find these days."

H. O. Case, office worker: "Well, I think it would be a good thing for everyone to do it, but actual practice isn't so easy. Maybe if everyone had done that so many wouldn't be crying wolf now."

Elmo Johnson, laborer: "Sure, it would be a good thing—if I had large enough salary to start with."

Mable Temple, school teacher: "Well, I think it's a good thing."

A. C. Shaw, chairman: "If he can, yes, if it's possible, I think it's a good thing."

Daily Thought

"The cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."—Wilde.

Resignation of Devin Reported

Charles T. Pray, superintendent of state police Saturday accepted the resignation of Sergeant Charles Devin, who has served as state police officer at Bend for several months. Devin has accepted a position on the Bend police force. The resignation followed instructions for Devin to report for state police duty at St. Helens.

Father Cox May Seek Presidency

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 18.—(AP)—Father James R. Cox, benefactor of the poor, declared "I may be a candidate for president" on a proposed jobless party ticket. The crusading priest made the statement before a crowd, estimated by police at 55,000, at an unemployment rally at the Pitt stadium.

Union Fights Burial Fees SYDNEY (AP)—The Northern Miners' Union, one of the most powerful labor organizations in Australia, is calling for bids for funerals of its members.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

CROCODILES ARE IN STYLE!



Tomorrow: "Depression Cost him 100 Wives"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Two things, and more:

Of immediate current interest to the people of Salem city and district are these facts:

First: The free employment office, working with the state and county emergency work programs, has now listed 1156 men asking for jobs. About 550 are being given some work. That leaves 601 asking for chances to earn wages who have not been given anything to do. There must be among them some who are desperately needy. Listed under Y. M. C. A. employment department, the phone number is 3754. The office occupies the whole of the second floor of the old Y. M. C. A. building, Commercial and Chemsoketa streets.

Second: The Capitol theatre is showing the last times today and this evening the first great picture after "Climax" by Wesley Ruggles. The title is, "Are These Our Children?"

It is a strong play, presented in a way that will make you think if you have a heart that feels for your children; or your neighbor's children. Who has not? This silver screen presentation is a strong indictment against the trends that mark the paths for our "flaming youth." The day of chaperones is over. Perhaps it is well so. But the strongest girl or boy needs such warnings as this masterpiece gives. Aside from all this, it is a thrilling and worth while picture. Who has not read Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," and appreciated it? Well, this is "Seventeen" on the "talkie" screen, only told in more gripping ways, a thousand times more tragic. But it cannot be described. You must see it. And here is hoping you may, if you need the lesson, learn and apply it. And you will at the same time encourage the making of pictures of this class.

Numerous amusing mistakes crept into the newspaper news reports about the guests who attended Hal Patton's big 60th birthday party a week ago Sunday. One of them had Mrs. C. G. Dyer crossing the plains in 1851 with the family of E. N. Cooke, grandfather of Hal. That would make Mrs. Dyer older than she will be for a long time yet. She was not born until over 10 years after the Cooke came to Oregon. The place of her birth was Church and Mill streets, Salem, where the Hansen sash and door factory stands now.

There was plenty of matter the reporters might have got about

her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Clark. Her father was in the early days editor of the Oregonian, and he was a great booster for the then small town of Portland. In after years, he was a railroad builder, planted the first prune orchard in the Salem district, owned and edited The Statesman, wrote a book of two volumes on the history of Oregon, was one of the foremost correspondents of eastern newspapers in the west, etc., etc.

The news reports contained several such blunders; had men attending the Oregon Institute before they were born, and the like, or made worse mistakes.

Harold Marsh, Portland architect, among the guests at the party, dates his origin back to pioneer times in Salem. His mother was Marie Smith, sister of Mrs. P. S. Knight, whose husband was a Congressional minister here, editor of The Statesman, superintendent of the school for the blind—the first one after it was taken over by the state—organizer of the company that built the second street railway line here, the first to be run by electric traction, and generally prominent in early day affairs. Mr. Marsh was accompanied by "Jimmy" McCoil, the wild life editor of The Oregonian, who knows more about game animals than any one else in the northwest.

Old timers can tell a lot of stories about the Smith girls, the one who was married to Rev. P. S. Knight, and Marie, who became the wife of Mr. Marsh, moving to the Dailies' with her husband, where they were a leading family. The father of the Smith girls died on the plains, and these daughters grew up in Salem in the family of Joseph Holman, grandfather of Joe Albert, whose (Joe's) grandmother was Almina Phelps, a teacher coming on the Lausanne to the old mission; the first meeting of Holman and Miss Phelps being on the day of the arrival of each at Old Fort Vancouver, June 1, 1840, she by ship over half around the world and he, half naked and more than half starved, by the plains journey with the famous Peoria party. The Smith girls were pretty and popular, moved in high society, and had much attention from the best of the bachelor blades of the period. Oh, well, ask some old timer.

The Bits man has just been re-reading J. W. Nesmith's diary on his journey across the plains with the Applegate covered wagon train of 1843. Every entry is interesting. Here is the one for Sunday, July 30:

"Most beautiful morning, the weather calm and serene. After breakfast, myself, with some other young men (Nesmith had celebrated his 23rd birthday the Sunday before, July 23, 1843, on the Platte), had the pleasure of waiting on five or six young ladies to pay a visit to Independence Rock. I had the satisfaction of putting the names of Miss Mary Zachary and Miss Jane Mills on the southeast point of the rock, near the road (the Old Oregon Trail), on a high point. Facing the road, in all the splendor of gunpowder, tar and buffalo grease, may be seen the names of J. W. Nesmith, from Maine, with an anchor. Above it on the rock may be found the names of trappers, emigrants, and gentlemen of amusement, some of which have been written these 10 years. The rock is an unshapen pile, about half a mile long, and half that breadth, and 100 feet high. The Sweetwater runs by the foot of it about 50 yards distant, and a great many high mountains and peaks are in the neighborhood. The distance from the Sweetwater to the (North) Platte by road is about 43 miles."

There were three men bearing the name of Mills in the 43 immigration, John B. Isaac, Wm. A. and Owen. Miss Jane Mills was no doubt the daughter of one of them. There were two Zacharys, Alexander and John. Can any reader tell whom Jane and Mary married, and give the names of the other young ladies in that Sunday party nearly 90 years ago at Independence Rock?

The rock is in Natron county, Wyoming, in the Humboldt district, not far from Casper. Literally thousands of names were painted or written on the rock in pioneer days. It was the great guest-book of the plains. The tired travelers were there approaching the summit in the South pass of the Rockies, where they would halt Oregon, land of their dreams. The Applegate train crossed the divide, and entered the Oregon country, Aug. 7th.

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

For years, Poco Morales rules the pecos 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 Ted. Bob Harkness, 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 Mendoza's, a notorious saloon, Bob leaves Ted and goes upstairs to visit Ann Reed, an entertainer. Bob is "El Coyote" and Ann his spy. She is deeply in love with him. As summer comes, "El Coyote" makes ready to overthrow Morales. Ted accepts Jito's apology for driving Bob's cattle from a water-hole, but warns him against a recurrence. When Ted notices Bob's stolen cattle among Jito's herd, the latter explains he just found them and intended returning them.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Without a word he turned and rode down the slope. As he passed the fallen man, now seated in the sand, the Mexican scowled and examined him, but made no move. Quietly Ted rounded up his cattle. Jito had not stirred. He sat his horse, brooding, watching the American with eyes that glowered beneath his sombrero. "Dios," he muttered at last, "when will Don Poco give the word?" For the next month Ted rode the southern range with Don Bob's cowboys. They were busy days. Days that Don Bob, with careful foresight, had made so fall they gave Ted no chance either to think or to dream.

But as the weeks passed Bob seemed more preoccupied, more silent than before. He sat more often on the porch of the ranchhouse, sunk in thought, gazing out over the desert.

So it was Ted found him one morning in early spring. "I heard a rider leaving. Thought it might be you," Radcliffe said. Don Bob tapped a piece of paper in his hand. The gray eyes that looked out over the desert were narrowed to just a hair's breadth and the square jaw seemed a bit more grim.

"It's a message from the major," Bob waved the open letter. "A rather curious message, too, when you consider it carefully. There might seem to be a touch of subtle irony in it if one could suspect the major of being playful. Tell me what you make of it." And Don Bob tossed the note across the table and busied himself with a cigarette.

Ted read: Important developments here will probably lead to the immediate capture of the bandit. To-night in my tent we will know his identity. I have asked Morales and Jito to be there. I should like you present and bring Radcliffe also. This, of course, is confidential.

L. R. BLOUNT, Major, 37th Cavalry. Slowly Ted laid the letter down. His eyes grew questioning as they looked across the table, and after a moment Bob threw back his head and laughed.

"It's never well to take our major too seriously, old fellow, he cau-

tioned. This isn't the first time the capture of El Coyote has been just around the corner!"

"But what does it mean?" "I haven't the least notion. I was thinking about it when you came out. He may have captured some of El Coyote's band—although I think not. It may be Morales has learned something and that they're planning some sort of dramatics for the falling curtain of the drama. Many things might happen. But why the devil does he want me there? He knows I'm not in sympathy with Morales." Bob drummed for a while on the railing with his fingers. "At any rate, come with me tonight." He smiled and stretched lazily in the spring saddle. "Life can be so damned interesting at times and so terribly dull at others. I'll have to remember both the major and Morales in my will. In their blundering way they've made this past year quite endurable," he added smiling.

But more than once during that long day Ted saw his friend sunk in puzzled contemplation. Later he was to look back and realize in admiration and sorrow the black hosts of apprehension that already bore their man unwelcome company. Yet at dinner Don Bob seemed in higher spirits than for many days. The exultation of danger was upon him, and the rest of life sang again in his veins. Boredom and half-contemptuous cynicism were gone. His was the complex character to whom the presence of danger is like wine. It made life, he said, "endurable." So over his coffee Don Bob hummed a cowboy ballad and, rising at last, put an extra clip of cartridges in his pocket and examined the automatic that lay within his shoulder holster. He smiled while Ted looked on with watchful eyes, conscious of some vague impending danger.

"Let's go, old son," he said at last. Bob looked out into the sunset and drew in a deep breath of the warm desert air. For a moment his own eyes were misty. "What is it," he asked slowly, "that keeps us from happiness when there is so much beauty in the world? If any God exists, He probably despises men as the most ungrateful of creatures. Come."

Many days later Ted was to remember those half-whispered words. They turned south just before entering Verdi and struck out on a winding road that led, after many turns and twistings, toward the nearer foothills of Mexico. The major had moved camp, Bob said, as they drove through the night. "We can drive within a few miles of it, and I've asked him to send horses to meet us there."

Once during that ride Ted turned and asked, "Bob are you expecting something to go wrong?" But the other only smiled and urged the low roadster to greater speed. "What could go wrong on such a perfect evening?" he asked.

It was dark when they drove up at the road's end. A soldier waited with two horses already saddled, and in half an hour more they arrived at the cavalry camp.

Everything was picture of military precision. The major, all Verdi knew, prided himself upon orderliness. Nearly a hundred little tents had been pitched in neat rows at a spot where stunted trees told of a waterhole. The site was cleared of cactus and mesquite. A half-dozen mess tables, scoured and shining, stood at the farther end. Horses dozed in a wide corral, and beside a campfire soldiers lounged. As Don Bob approached, his eyebrows rose in a little gesture of surprise, for in the glare of the firelight he could make out dimly a ring of armed cavalrymen riding, patrol about the camp. He smiled across at Ted.

"I'm just wondering whether that patrol is to keep people in or keep people out." Then he spurred forward.

"He says so, in full knowledge that he is putting himself in our hands, and that if his news is false he will languish uncomfortably in a Federal jail for some time. Anyone who brings us false leads is going to suffer. But I don't think this man wants to mislead us. In fact, not until I promised him protection out of this country would he even tell me who he was. And I learn that he is true by the bandit for the good reason that once El Coyote saved his life."

"It's dirty work," Ted growled, and instantly regretted it. Morales raised his shoulders in deprecation. "Oh, as to that," Then, dismissing the interruption, he asked, "Do we know this man?" (To Be Continued)

WASHINGTON —(AP)—The sun is calculated by Dr. Charles E. St. John at 29,000,000 degrees.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

CANCER is regarded as one of the greatest problems of the human race. It was so classified at a conference recently held by the American College of Surgeons. At this meeting notable surgeons of this country and other lands discussed this problem.

Tremendous advances have been made in the recognition and treatment of this disease, but unfortunately there has been no new development in the prevention of cancer. The disease is more easily recognized than it was in former years. This is important for when unrecognized little help can be given.

Contrary to a common belief, many cases of cancer can be cured. This is only true when it is discovered in its early stages and the treatment is given immediately. The figures of the total number of cases of cancer are misleading. Though the number has increased each year, this does not mean necessarily that cancer is on the increase. It merely means that the disease is more readily recognized.

Ten of scientists is that cancer begins as purely a local disease, confined to one part of the body. As a result of some disturbance a tumor develops. Once it begins to grow it cannot stop by itself, but must be removed or destroyed. This growth may occur anywhere in the body. It may be on the outside or the inside of the body. At the outset it is small, but gradually it gets larger, taking nourishment away from the body. This explains in part the great weight that the victims experience.

When the growth is on the surface of the body, it is usually discovered in an early stage. When the growth is confined within the body, the problem is different. That form is usually neglected. When the growth can be seen is quickly brought to the physician for attention. Internal tumors may not show themselves until they begin to disturb the body. This occurs in a serious condition is spoken of medically as "metastasis."

Cancer is most common after the age of thirty-five. It occurs most frequently in the stomach, the breast and skin. It may be found in any other part of the body.

For many years it was believed that cancer was hereditary. There is no evidence to prove it. There is a certain susceptibility towards cancer found in some families. This does not mean that the disease is actually hereditary.

The importance of early recognition and immediate treatment cannot be overemphasized. Many neglected cases of cancer could have been cured if treated at an early stage.

The early recognition of this disease depends upon the individual as well as upon the physician. If you have any complaint, no matter how small, do not consider it unimportant. Consult with your physician. He is trained in this work.

If there is any doubt in his mind concerning the cause of your discomfort he will subject you to the necessary X-ray pictures and other tests. These will prove or disprove the presence of cancer. But I beg of you, don't neglect it.

Answers to Health Queries

Q.—What should a girl of 16, 5 ft. 1 inch tall weigh? A.—She should weigh about 110 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination at a health center. A girl weighing 100 pounds above or below is a matter of little or no significance.

Q.—What causes pimples, blotches and enlarged pores and what can be done for these blemishes? A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and request your question.

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OFFICIALS FEAR RACE RIOTS IN KILLING



Here are the principals and other important figures in the slaying case that has Honolulu in a state of intense excitement. Lt. Thomas H. Massie, U. S. N., his mother-in-law, Mrs. Granville Fortescue of Washington and New York, and Albert O. Jones, an enlisted man, under arrest charged with the killing of Joseph Kahanawai. The latter, a native, was out on bail awaiting a second trial for assaulting Mrs. Thalia Massie, wife of the young officer and daughter of Mrs. Fortescue. The jury disagreed at the first trial despite Mrs. Massie's positive identification of Kahanawai and four others accused of participating in the crime. Major Fortescue, husband of the accused society matron, is ill in New York, but is preparing to go to her assistance as soon as possible. Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., naval commandant at Honolulu, took steps to prevent further rioting between sailors and natives as a result of the assault, and it has been officially announced that all shore leave during the visit of the Pacific fleet next month has been cancelled.

There were three men bearing the name of Mills in the 43 immigration, John B. Isaac, Wm. A. and Owen. Miss Jane Mills was no doubt the daughter of one of them. There were two Zacharys, Alexander and John. Can any reader tell whom Jane and Mary married, and give the names of the other young ladies in that Sunday party nearly 90 years ago at Independence Rock?

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