

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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ADVERTISING
 Portland Representative
 Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
 Eastern Advertising Representatives
 Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business days only.
 115 1/2 Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. 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.

Highlights in the Life of Calvin Coolidge

It was the second prize which in 1910 that earned the national spotlight for Calvin Coolidge, and was largely instrumental in his winning the White House. During the post-war months when the nation was striving to adjust itself to peacetime conditions, the police of Boston decided to strike for higher pay. There were disorders and the situation called for prompt action. Coolidge supplied it. He called out the National Guard and in a few days the trouble was over. Immediately, Coolidge was hailed far and wide as a "new strong man of the hour." The incident during the White House campaign became as familiar as the "big stick" catchword applied to the late President Theodore Roosevelt. The incident during the White House campaign became as familiar as the "big stick" catchword applied to the late President Theodore Roosevelt. The incident during the White House campaign became as familiar as the "big stick" catchword applied to the late President Theodore Roosevelt.



Yesterdays . . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days
 January 17, 1908
 Two youngsters placed the bolt on the Southern Pacific tracks near the fairgrounds, it has been learned. Wrecking of a passenger train would have resulted had not a track inspector found the object. District Attorney McNary has reprimanded them and let them go free.

Bicycle riding on the sidewalks has caused so much confusion and trouble that Alderman Stols has sent out to whip into shape an ordinance to ban the practice.

Mayor Rodgers' statement that Mayor does not wish to pay for license can not yet be carried out. The city is appealing the adverse circuit court decision which ruled that a "Stub" Smith did not have to pay a fee to the city for his dog.

January 17, 1928
 Legislation to put motor vehicles back on the tax rolls apparently will be provided for in a bill to be prepared by the roads and highways committee of the state senate. Revision upward of the gasoline tax also is being considered.

WASHINGTON.—The senate oil investigating committee yesterday began examination of Harry F. Sinclair in regard to the Harding administration's leasing of the Teapot Dome naval oil reserves.

Senator Dunn has introduced a bill providing for transportation of all pupils living three or more miles from a school house.

Gold in Oregon

THERE'S gold in them thar hills." That has been the assertion of grizzled prospectors about every diggings. They go into the secret recesses of the mountains, their packs upon their backs, with a parcel of food for a grubstake. Many of them live out their lives unrewarded, hopeful to the end. Some make a living, long periods of privation brought with occasional good strikes. A very few make a real "killing" which is always the goal of the miner and the speculator.

There is a world-wide revival in gold mining. The price of gold being fixed, and now relatively high in terms of commodities, there is a rush to dig out the yellow metal. There have been few big strikes, but a great army of men have made a living out of gold mining. It has thus become a salvation to many otherwise unemployed. Earnings range from a dollar or two a day up to \$10 or \$15 a day, and more of course if the scale of operations is enlarged.

The enthusiasm shown at the mining congress held here Saturday was reminiscent of booster meetings of more prosperous days. The same zeal, the same hopefulness, the same cry for cooperation and for legislation. It is difficult to see however what such an organization can do. Mining law is well defined, and much tinkering with the laws would complicate rather than clarify matters. After that, mining is a matter of individual effort,—and luck. It is just a matter of finding out where the gold is, and separating it from other materials. It has no marketing problems, no grading standards, no quarrels about discounts.

It takes hardy men to follow the lure of gold, men who can labor long and hard, can toll in cold water, can bake their own bread and tend their own shacks. And so great has been the rush into the gold bearing streams that it is growing harder to get good locations. Oregon's gold resources need to be developed, and the production of a half-million and more of gold in 1932 is a big contribution to the state's wealth; but the present enthusiasm needs to be tempered with sound judgment lest too many needy men fare out into the hills, poorly provisioned and inadequately equipped with practical knowledge of gold mining.

New Views

"Bill for a county manager form of administering county affairs was introduced before the legislature yesterday. What is your reaction to such a proposal?" Statesman reporter yesterday asked the above question.

D. H. Mosher, tallor: "I haven't given it much thought; but I believe a county manager plan, if right, kind of man could be found, would work out satisfactorily. They have had them in other counties and they worked out very satisfactorily."

C. J. Rush, 1097 South 13th: "I don't know just how that would go, because I have not given the matter any thought."

Lee Coe, student: "Certainly, it is the only form of county government, only trouble is that not sufficient power is given the manager to make the plan effective."

The republicans in the senate must get some measure of satisfaction in observing the democratic blood-letting that is going on. Huey Long of Louisiana has been filibustering against the Glass banking bill, indicating the dissonance that tears democratic ranks even before the party moves into power. The republicans have been unable to formulate a party policy for years due to the divisions within the ranks. The democrats appear destined to suffer from similar discord. It is doubtful if even Roosevelt will be able to put a silencer on Huey Long.

An Illinois school teacher who was found guilty of murdering his wife, said: "I got tired of always finding the stink full of dirty dishes. God told me to shoot her; I heard Him." Husbands may agree he had ample provocation without any blasphemous claims of divine guidance.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

Bundy turned his clay-colored face to de Bernis, thrusting out a lip and shrugging his disgust.

"I've done what I could, Charles. You've heard."

Monsieur de Bernis was very solemn. "I've heard. I understand. It is finished, then." He too, shrugged. "The fortune of war." Himself he lifted over his head the silver-crested halberd that carried his sword, and proffered it to Sharples in token of surrender.

The Lieutenant took it, inclining his head a little in acknowledgment, and handed it to one of his men who stood by the bow of the stranded longboat.

"And now Tom Leach, if you please," he said, looking round as he spoke, wondering, perhaps, that he had not yet seen that redoubtable pirate, and that he should not have been present at this party.

"As you wish," said Bundy grimly. "Tom Leach, be sure." He hesitated a moment, his piercing eyes upon the fair young face of the lieutenant. "Dead or alive was the condition," he said, between question and assertion.

Lieutenant Sharples stared. "What is he dead already?"

Bundy nodded, turned, and started off up the beach towards the massed buccannons and what lay behind them, scowled by them.

Monsieur de Bernis went after him, and held him a moment by the shoulder. He muttered something to him. It was something that made that pallid mask momentarily change its set expression. Then, with a grin and a nod, Bundy went on, and de Bernis came slowly back, and at a word from Sharples entered the waiting boat.

Watching ever from the red bulwarks of the Royal Mary, Priscilla saw and understood. A little moan escaped her.

"The coward! The treacherous coward!" she cried. "They have surrendered him. Surrendered him to save their vile skins."

The Major, careful to betray no satisfaction, answered coolly. "Naturally. Could anything else have been expected of them? He set an arm about her to steady and comfort her as she faltered there, a sudden eye overcame, her senses swimming.

Tenderly he supported her as far as the mainmast, and gently lowered her to sit upon the coaming. There, with her arms on her knees, she took her head in her hands, abandoning herself to silent misery. The Major sat down beside her, and his arm was soothingly placed again about her shoulders. He could go so far as to stifle jealousy of this overwhelming grief. But he had no consoling words to offer her.

An officer, pacing by the rail of the quarter-deck, looked down upon them, as did, too, from the other side, some of the hands lounging on the forecastle. But Miss Priscilla heeded nobody and nothing. Grief and horror dazed her senses. It was as if some part of her had been violently wrenched away.

She was aroused at last by the gusty passage of the large gaudy figure of the Admiral, who crossed the waist with elephantine tread, a couple of men following him. As in a dream she remembered having just heard someone say that Sharples was returning. She looked up to see Sir Henry Leach on the bulwarks and then she heard his brazen voice raised in passion.

"Where the devil's Leach, then? Sharples hasn't got him, after all. Damn him for a fool below there, when the new lure of gold called from the high Rockies; most of them in wagon trains, and leaving perhaps half a hundred thousand in unmarked graves along the way. Those who never come back, excepting in the glare of our history of them, much of it waiting to be told—the telling of it in modern screen productions the only sure way of inspiring their children and children's children to do the same. He inspired me, and the others, to follow him, and then she heard his brazen voice raised in passion.

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Silver Dollar" and some more of Colorado's colorful history; last American frontier: least in the conception of any present day vision. Surely not in continental United States. It is alone, unique.

Not as epochal as Oregon's in the march of American empire—had not our beginnings been made, here in the environs of Salem in their way and in their times, some of the hands lounging on the forecastle. But Miss Priscilla heeded nobody and nothing. Grief and horror dazed her senses. It was as if some part of her had been violently wrenched away.

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Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

Temporary relief may be obtained, but permanent cure is only postponed.

To cure neuritis, the underlying cause must be determined and removed. A survey of the entire body is necessary to discover the cause. When that is known and removed, you may hope for the elimination and prevention of this undesirable disease.

Hygiene of the mouth, periodic examination of the teeth with X-ray examination of all dead teeth and those suspected of being decayed, are important. Breathe in mind, too, that neglected teeth, infected gums lead to serious disease in other parts of the body. Neuritis is often traced to neglect of the health of the mouth.

Infected teeth, tonsils, gall bladder, appendix, or other diseased organs of the body, should be removed as soon as possible. As I have repeatedly stated, I do not advocate the ruthless removal of teeth or tonsils, but only when they are hopelessly diseased, do not hesitate to have them removed.

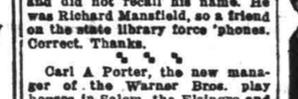
In addition to the removal of all sources of infection, it is important to correct faulty habits and to observe the rules of personal hygiene. Improper food; lack of fresh air, exercise and sunshine; constipation and indigestion, must be considered and attention given them before cure can be hoped for in this disease.

If you are a sufferer from neuritis and have not recently consulted with your physician, do not let this week pass in mind that cure can be made only after a thorough physical examination by your doctor. Do not delay because neglected chronic neuritis is more difficult to cure.

Answers to Health Queries

Ellen R. Q.—How much should a girl of 17, 5 feet 1 1/2 inches tall weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 114 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this 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. (Copyright, 1928, E. F. R., Inc.)



The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

BRICKBATS AND BOSES

To the Editor:
 About the forgotten man editorial in today's Statesman:
 So he turned out to be the fellow who has a steady job, who pays his grocer and has a car and takes the family out for a ride Sunday afternoons, if it doesn't rain.

It is evident the writer of this editorial was talking about himself. It is the first time I know the fellow who fits the above description needed any special attention.

By the same line of reasoning I take it the fellow who has not now a steady job is so much excess baggage, which should be put out of their misery by lethal gas like so much vermin.

Very truly yours,
 C. A. WILLIAMS,
 1890 Court Street.

In the same mail came a letter dated Jan. 11 from a prominent legislator:
 "Your editorial this morning is refreshing and stimulating. Thank God there are a few people still thinking straight—keeping their heads up and their feet on the ground."

GUESTS AT SHILLINGS
 GLOVERDALE, Jan. 16—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Shilling have as guests this week Mr. and Mrs. Lester Shilling and Mrs. Mildred and Margaret Shilling of Husem, Wash.